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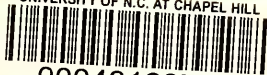
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THE

UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 4, 1941

NO. 1

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NEW YEAR

And as the Old Year slips away,
He kindly with him takes
The pages we have blurred and marred.
With failures and mistakes.
The blighted hopes and needless fears.
Are gone beyond recall,
And ours once more the fair, clean page
The New Year brings to all.

—Marion Sanford.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

OUR NEXT YEAR

About next year we know much that is sure, but we wonder about much that time alone will let us know. On the basis of what we can count on with certainty we plan the year for self, for home, for community, for business and pleasure, for state and church. In plans for next year we are not likely to make many allowances for disappointments or failures or disasters. Probably the most imprudent thing we could do would be to go through next year's calendar and try to mark it with signs indicating when something might go wrong.

Some realities we are bound to face; there is no getting away from them. There is the fact that threatening war clouds may cast long, dark shadows our way. We hope not, but we cannot dismiss it all as impossible. Nothing has more reality for next year than what is uncertain about it; but why worry about uncertainties, that may turn out to be sources of blessings? Besides, worrying about them changes nothing, and may keep us from seeing and hearing and enjoying the things that bless us ere their passing. But the promising realities—plenty we can contemplate for next year with confidence that from this and that, here and there, now and then will come to us good things of which we can now but dream.

The hope and resolves and equipment and opportunity—what a round of privileges will surely be ours next year! Individual and national opportunities in all probability will be richer and fuller and more available next year than ever before. At least we do well to cross the line into 1941 with firm step, head erect, and confident that if we can do anything to make next year all we hope it to be for us and for the world, we will take our individual path toward this goal, and all along the way will do our full part.

But whatever we face next year, whatever happens—still there is God. If our fondest hopes are realized, we can thank Him; if some disappointments come, we can turn to Him for comfort and encouragement and direction.

—Selected.

A NEW YEAR

We talk of a new year, but we read in Ecclesiastes that "there is no new thing under the sun. Is there a thing whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been long ago, in the ages which were before us."

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Nevertheless we insist that before us is a new year. It is new in its being untried, in its undiscovered secrets and treasures, in its unexplored ranges of unpossessed privileges. It is new in the persons who will be in places and positions never held by them before, in the ways of doing this and that, in the products from many sources. It is new in its hopes and fears, in its smiles and in its tears, in its successes and failures. In a thousand respects the year we are entering is new.

The nation will learn of this newness and master it for good or ill. The world will experience much not now dreamed of, some of it to be regretted and some to be thankful for. What is ahead of some races is as yet too new to be even guessed at.

But we can be kept renewed to meet whatever new experience, whether it be depressing or uplifting, that crosses our pathway. So we care for our bodily health to keep fit for our part in just requirements laid on us. We use educational means to keep our mind alert, lest we miss new opportunities for improvement. We cultivate our character traits so as to be built into the growing structure we call life.

It is a new year, full of the unknown that we must come to know, and of the untried that we must try, for we must live on through this year, probably discovering that it is "nothing new under the sun," yet full of new opportunities, many of them like those we failed to enter last year.

* * * * *

HIRAM CATON

Hiram Caton, a familiar and most likable personality, in spite of physical handicaps, made his way through life with a benign smile and a cheery "howdy-do" to all who passed his way. His life presents an example to many who cash in on their misfortunes and have neither the courage nor the will to try. Not alone did he make a living, but reared a splendid family who reflect the glory of an orderly home.

Hiram Caton's interests extended beyond the four walls of his home. They extended into the civic developments of the city and community and along with these interests he had time to devote

to child welfare, especially did he think of the Tiny Tims.

During the activities of the local circle of the King's Daughters it was not unusual for him to call attention to some child without the resources that give social security. He never failed to contribute to the cause as generously as his means would permit for the hospitalization of the unfortunate.

He was always approachable, greeting his friends with a smile that reflected the innate glory of the man. His entire life emphasized humility that makes mankind truly great. Peace to his ashes and may his courage and faith inspire all who knew him to make the best of conditions when the way seems hard. His many friends are sad to know that the curtain has fallen upon the last act of the life of Hiram Caton, a dependable citizen who served the public most faithfully.

* * * * *

PAUL REVERE

Paul Revere, of Revolutionary War fame, was born in Boston, Mass., on January 1, 1735. His father's name was Appollos Rivoire, but the name was changed to Revere so the "Dunderhead" Bostonians—as he called them—could manage to pronounce it. The father came to Boston from the Isle of Guernsey.

Paul Revere was a copper engraver, an artist, and a dentist. He never had a horse of his own, yet during the Revolutionary War days he was continually riding around on horseback, carrying important messages. One authority tells us he never completed the famous ride to Concord. It is said that he started out on the immortal ride, but the British caught him and took away the horse at Lexington. Two other men, William Dawes and Sam Prescott, reputedly made the ride to Concord successfully—but Paul, for having made a start, richly deserves all the credit and fame given by Longfellow in his poem, "Paul Revere's Ride." He did make other rides. He rode here and there—New York, Philadelphia, New Hampshire—with messages urging the patriots to resist the British King, George III. He was, moreover, one of the "redskins" at the famous Boston Tea Party.

When the War of 1812 broke out, he was seventy-eight years

old, but advancing years did not keep him from offering his services to his country. At the age of eighty-four, he died in the city of his birth, a respectable business man who had accumulated a small fortune in the brass business.—Exchange.

* * * * *

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS

The usual custom of this office is to take a week's vacation between Christmas and New Year. In fact, every interest of the Jackson Training School stops work and enjoys to the fullest extent the Christmas holidays with an understanding heart, emphasizing Christmas Day as the birthday of the Prince of Peace. Appropriate exercises, including the singing of Carols, a play and a sermon by one of the local ministers, make clear to the boys of this institution that Christmas is not a day for riotous living, but one of adoration for the gift of the Christ Child. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, therefore, we feel and hope that our boys, the future citizens of the Old North State, are deeply impressed with the manner in which they honor the birthday of the Babe of Bethlehem, and will teach others as they pass through life to do likewise. Instead of a holiday it should be a Holy Day, honoring the greatest gift ever given to mankind.

We take this privilege to thank all who contributed to the Boys' Christmas Fund. The gifts were most generous and there is consolation in knowing that "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." For all past favors we are grateful, and trust we will continue to make ourselves worthy of consideration throughout the new year of 1941.

10-13-8.....	\$25.00
Miss Lena Leslie, Concord,.....	5.00
L. D. Coltrane, Concord,.....	5.00
Mrs. T. L. Ross, Concord,.....	5.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,.....	25.00
New Hanover County, by J. R. Hollis, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Wilmington,.....	10.00
A Friend, Greenville, S. C.....	2.50
Anson County, by Miss Mary Robinson, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Wadesboro,.....	5.00

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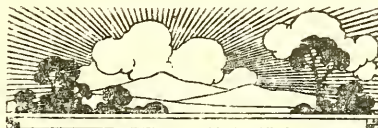
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Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,.....	10.00
Davidson County, by E. Clyde Hunt, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Lexington,.....	5.00
Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Superintendent of Public Welfare, Salisbury,.....	5.00
W. E. Stanley, Superintendent Public Welfare, Durham,.....	10.00
The Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Fund,.....	218.88
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,.....	5.00
A. G. Odell, Concord,.....	10.00
Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro,.....	10.00
Judge William M. York, Greensboro,.....	5.00
Wake County Juvenile Court, by Harvey Jones, Judge, Raleigh,.....	5.00
Willard Newton, Pasadena, California,.....	2.50
Juvenile Commission, City of Greensboro,.....	1.50
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,.....	50.00
Citizens of Charlotte, by Judge F. M. Redd.....	100.00
W. H. Barnhardt, Charlotte,.....	5.00
E. B. Grady, Concord,.....	5.00
A. W. Colson, Mooresville,.....	5.00
City of High Point, by Cameron D. Deans, Boys' Commissioner,.....	5.00
Leaksville-Spray Rotary Club,.....	10.00
\$550.38	

Woman's Club, Greenville: 1 year's subscription to Look Magazine;
1 year's subscription to The American Boy Magazine.

Citizens of Charlotte, by Judge F. M. Redd: 2 truckloads assorted
fruits.

Friends in Charlotte, by A. C. Sheldon: 500 apples, 500 oranges,
500 bags candy.



TWO MILLION WARM FUR COATS

By Wilfred Brown

In the white-capped surf that rolls in on the beach of St. Paul's Island the baby fur seals are learning to swim.

All the long-sub-Arctic morning, thick fog has hidden the rocky Pribilof Islands. But from the Bering Sea patrol boat of the United States Coast Guard we have heard the thunder-loud roar of the fur seal herd. Two million of these valuable animals are spending the summer in their far northern home.

Looking through high-powered binoculars, we laugh as we watch the mother seals push their clumsy babies through the dashing surf into deeper water. Most of the pups learn quickly, but here and there an impatient mother spanks with her flipper a naughty child who refuses to leave the firm rock for the restless sea.

It is not the wetness of the water that the baby seal minds. Under his outside coat of stiff hair he has soft fur so warm that he never feels how cold sea water may be, so thick that his skin never gets wet. That is why he soon will be able to swim southward in search of food, never touching land again until he returns summer after next to these fogbound, rocky shores.

This warm, soft fur also is the reason why the United States Coast Guard must patrol these waters to protect the great seal herd that migrates northward each spring and does not leave the Pribilofs until the

pups have learned to swim in the fall.

Suddenly there is a scurrying among the seals on the beach, as two huge, roaring "bulls" hurl themselves together in a furious battle. Youngsters and mothers keep out of the way until the affair is settled. A love of peace is not one of the virtues of a father seal, and terrific fights enliven the islands throughout the summer.

From time to time, mother seals slip into the surf and head out into the icy Bering Sea, searching for squid—small octopus—their favorite food. A group of vicious killer whales cruises about the Pribilofs during the months the seals are on the islands. But most of the seals escape this peril. They can swim as fast as sixty miles an hour, and take care of themselves under most circumstances. At times a mother seal will cruise as far as five hundred miles from the islands before returning to care for her pup, which she never fails to recognize among the hundreds cradled on the island rocks.

Some day the United States Bureau of Fisheries, which has charge of the seal herd, may undertake hunting the killer whales which prey on the seals. Now it has no funds or equipment for that purpose, and the whales are not the type sought by commercial hunters.

Thirty years and more ago there was heart-breaking tragedy in the return of the seals to their island homes each year. From the time

they congregated off the mouth of the Columbia River near the west coast of the United States until the seal herd reached the Pribilofs, they were hunted by the "pelagic" sealers, boats of hunters under flags of several nations.

Nor were those who reached the islands safe. A ring of the boats surrounded the tiny islands, outside the limits of American law. Mothers swimming out to sea to hunt were shot as they passed the boats. Those escaping at first had to run the line on their way back.

But that was not the worst. When a mother was killed, no other seal would feed her pup she had left behind on the islands. It would die from starvation.

In 1867 there were over five million seals in the Pribilofs when the United States bought the islands, with all of Alaska, from Russia for \$7,250,000. The "pelagic" sealers made such inroads that by 1912 the herd was facing extinction, with only about 150,000 seals left.

In that year, after many previous attempts had failed, a treaty protecting the seal herd was signed by the United States, Great Britain, Japan, and Russia. Under this treaty the "pelagic" sealers were banished from the sea, and the herd given strict protection.

Since then the seals have increased steadily in number. Some day the herd will reach a maximum of about seven and a half million, experts of the Bureau of Fisheries estimate.

By early fall the baby seals will be big enough to take care of themselves. Singly and in groups the

animals will begin to leave the Pribilofs, heading southward out of the Bering and into the broad Pacific. They will separate as they search for food and spend most of a year cruising through all parts of the ocean. Some have been as far south as the equator.

The youngsters will not touch land for nearly two years, not until summer after next. After that they will return every summer. The instinct that prompts the seals to return to the place of their birth, swimming thousands of miles, is one of the strangest of nature's stories. In the late winter they know it is time to start home, from wherever they may be. Heading north and toward the African coast, they always gather into a main herd, off the mouth of the Columbia river, in the month of March.

There the U. S. Coast Guard takes up the patrol, with the service's trim gray cutters trailing along with the herd to protect it from poachers.

Occasionally, as the seal herd moves up the coast, a long frail dugout canoe, hewed from a cedar log, will put out through the waves, bearing a crew of muscular Indians. Using the primitive harpoons and spears their forefathers used before the white men came, they are allowed to take what few seals they can by the ancient methods.

Nearly a century ago, when chiefs of the tribes of American and Canadian Indians and Eskimos signed treaties with the white men, they pledged themselves to keep the peace and were guaranteed forever the right to hunt and fish. But they

promised not to use such modern inventions as firearms and motorboats in exercising their rights.

Under the careful conservation of the Bureau of Fisheries, the Pacific seal herd still yields a handsome profit, and women the world over may wear beautiful coats made from Alaska seal skins, knowing that, because they buy the precious furs, the herd is protected and steadily growing.

Aleutian Indians working under supervision of Bureau of Fisheries experts, remove about 50,000 three-year-old males from the herd for their pelts each year. The number will increase as the herd grows larger.

The pelts are preserved in salt and sent to St. Louis, center of the American fur trade. There they are tanned, made soft and pliable, and the stiff outer guard hairs removed. Last of all, the thick, silky inner fur is carefully dyed. Seal fur is naturally brown, of varying shades. For many years the furs always were

dyed the familiar, lustrous black. Now a rich dark brown has been developed, known as "mahogany."

Buyers from everywhere in the world bid for Alaska seal furs at the St. Louis auction, held by the government after the processing of the pelts is completed. At recent auctions the skins have brought from twenty to thirty dollars each. It takes six to make a woman's coat of average size.

Under provisions of the treaty which protects the seal herd, the net proceeds of the sales are divided: seventy per cent to the government of the United States; fifteen per cent to Great Britain; and fifteen per cent to Japan. Russia signed the treaty to protect her own small seal herd on the Commander Islands, so does not share in the receipts from the Pribilof herd.

The fur seals are not the same as the so-called seals to be seen in zoos and circuses. Those are actually sea lions, which have only the coat of coarse hair, not the inner coat of fine, warm fur.

THE NEW YEAR

And as the Old Year slips away,
 He kindly with him takes
 The pages we have blurred and marred,
 With failures and mistakes.
 The blighted hopes and needless fears,
 Are gone beyond recall,
 And ours once more the fair, clean page
 The New Year brings to all.

—Marion Sanford.

LEANERS

(Selected)

Only a minority of people have what it takes to stand on their own feet, and not lean on someone else. This is particularly true in the matter of earning a livelihood. Many of those who are now looking to the Government (supported by you and me) to provide for them have leaned on others always. They never have been self-sufficient.

Leaning, in the sense that we are using it, is the habit of expecting (even demanding) others to do for you those things which you *should*—and *could* and *would*, if you were decent—do for yourself. Leanners are found in all walks of life and in every social and business contact.

Many a decent man is contributing to the support of a score of personal leaners, related by blood or marriage, in addition to assisting, through taxation and donation, leaners in general. The leaner is particularly marked in business. Millions in stores, offices, and factories will never get anywhere because of their leaning proclivities. Give a man a job to do—the chances are that before he is through with it, you will feel that you might better

have done it yourself. Far too few there are who can be trusted to go ahead and deliver the goods; of whom you can say to yourself, "Well, I've turned that over to John, and now I can forget it."

A full-fledged leaner believes that the world owes him a living. He didn't ask to be born, and that he is here, he's entitled to what he likes to speak of as "his share." If he has to work for that share, he's been exploited. If he refuses to work, and something is done about it, he's being persecuted.

There are degrees of leaners, from the outright loafer to those who are still in the beginner's stage of leaning. The most effective method is to remove them. The latter can be salvaged if prompt work is done on them. The all props. They then fall down or learn how to stand alone. If they have leaned too long to have any stamina left, however, when they fall down they'll remain prostrate.

Leaners are great believers in luck. They use it as a substitute, and an alibi for effect. To them the workers are those who "get the breaks."

There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself, and the dewdrops run off. God rains his goodness and mercy as widespread as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

THE WOMAN WANTED FACTS

(Selected)

Years ago there lived in Fu-Chow, China, a mandarin named Ahok, who had heard the preaching of missionaries and was much inclined to Christianity. Yet thirty years went by before he made an open profession. One of the retarding influences was that of his partners in business, who were not willing to part with a seventh of their gains by Sabbath observance; and he felt that without this he could not truly be a Christian. The other was the opposition of the women of his household. His mother and his wife were both devoted to idol worship, and scoffed at the idea that the Christians were really what they professed to be.

Mr. Ahok urged them to go and hear the missionaries; but they said that words meant nothing—anybody could talk. Instead of going to church, they descended unexpectedly at the mission house, and were very curious about all the details of the household, to see whether the missionaries "lived as they talked."

Even this was not enough for Mrs. Ahok. One day she came and invited herself to visit one of the missionaries so as to study her at close range! "I am sorry," said the missionary, "but I have no place for you." "Oh, that will be all right!" said the lady. "I will bring my own bed and a servant to wait on me." The missionary knew that refusal would only increase Mrs. Ahok's distrust; so she consented, and the visitor settled down to watch her hostess. "Here she stayed; asked to read translations

of all letters written home by the long-suffering missionary; listened to her prayers; and watched her with terrible Chinese thoroughness in her down-sitting and her uprising." There could scarcely have been a more acute testing of one's religion.

At last Mrs. Ahok declared herself satisfied. "I see you really do live as you say Christians should." It was very hard for her to confess herself one of the despised Christians; but when she did, she was equally thorough in her devotion, visiting her wealthy friends to tell them of her new faith.

Mr. Ahok had a great desire to visit England or America and tell people of China's need for the gospel; but he felt that he could not leave his business, so he urged his wife to go to England with a returning missionary, and speak for their people. She made a deep impression there, speaking through an interpreter 100 times in 90 days. She returned to find that her husband had died during her absence.

He had given \$10,000 to found a college at Fu-Chow. She donated one of her beautiful residences to establish a Christian school for the daughters of mandarins. These girls were not allowed by their families to go to the mission schools, where no one could attend with bound feet, which at that time was indispensable among the wealthy class. But they came eagerly to Mrs. Ahok's school, paid all running expenses, and many of them became Christians.

DANIEL BOONE

(World Horizons)

A young man went forth to find himself a home. He trudged many days through the wilderness until he came to a glade in the forest depths, through which ran a silver stream. The young man laid down his pack from his shoulders and spent many hours studying the soil beneath his feet. He found it rich and deep. "Here," said the young man to himself, "will I build my future. Here are all the things that are needed for the deeds I wish to do."

Out of his pack the young man took tools. With these he cut down trees and tilled the soil. With these he built himself a house, and prepared his first fire.

Out of his pack the young man took seeds. With these he planted the soil that he had tilled, and he smiled as he did so, knowing that each seed would be true to the promise of the life within.

All these things were brought to pass in the face of many difficulties that beset the young man. The soil

on which the farm grew into being was filled with the roots of trees that had been cut down. Only through long labor, often from dawn till dark, was the ground made ready for the plow. Out of the shadows of the surrounding forests strange men crept with weapons in their hands. Against these the young man was ever on the alert.

And the years passed, and the forrest fader away, children came and blessed the household; and when the young man grew into an old man, once more he smiled, for as far as his eyes could see, good things that were his surrounded him.

And in such manner's the story told of Daniel Boone (1735-1820), the great explorer and colonizer, that the lesson might be learned, that he who would build for himself a noble future, must select his ground, forget not his tools, and carry with him the seeds of all good things with which he wishes to fill his life.

—————:—————

A nation is made great not by its acres, but by the men who cultivate them; not by its great forests, but by the men who use them. America was a great land when Columbus discovered it. Americans have made it a great nation.

—Lyman Abbott.

THE BLACK BOYS OF CABARRUS

By Carl Goerch in The State Magazine

Inasmuch as "The Black Boys" are featured in the caption of this article, perhaps we'd better tell you about them first.

In the year 1771, some difficulties arose between Governor Tryon of North Carolina and the Regulators. The Governor's troops were short of ammunition, so he procured from Charleston, S. C., three or four wagon loads of the munitions of war, consisting of gunpowder, flints, blankets; etc.

The shipment arrived safely in Charlotte. The wagoners who brought it that far said they couldn't go any further and that somebody else would have to be responsible for getting the shipment to Hillsboro. Opposition to the British government was already beginning to manifest itself in no uncertain terms, and Whig teamsters refused to have anything to do in connection with the matter. However, Colonel Moses Alexander, a prominent Tory, finally succeeded in making the necessary arrangements.

News of the shipment spread in advance of the wagon train. A delegation of young men in what is now Cabarrus county heard of it and determined that the powder should never get to its destination. The following individuals: Major James White, William White and John White (all brothers), Robert Caruthers, Robert Davis, Benjamin Cochran, James Ashmore, and Joshua Hadley, met in an old spring house and took a solemn oath that they would never divulge the secret of their operation. They blacken-

ed their faces so that their identity would not be revealed, and that's why they've come down through history as "The Black Boys." Commandeering some horses belonging to the father of the Whites, they came up with the wagons hauling the powder about three miles west of what is now Concord. They immediately unloaded the wagons, stove in the kegs, threw the powder, flints, etc. into a pile, tore the blankets into strips, and made a train of powder a considerable distance from the pile. Major White then fired a pistol into the train, which produced a tremendous explosion and destroyed all of the equipment.

Needless to say, the Royalists put up an awful howl. Governor Tryon offered a large reward for the arrest of the guilty parties, and when they heard of it they immediately scattered. Most of them went down to Georgia, where they remained until the storm blew over. Then some of them returned to North Carolina, but others never did come back.

Preceding as this act did the date of the Battle of Alamance, many historians have set it down as the first act of violence which set the ball in motion that ended in the independence of the Colonists.

When we were in Concord last Thursday we talked to Les Myers, Aubrey Hoover and some other well-known citizens of that enterprising city and asked them who, in their opinion, could give us the most information about Cabarrus.

"Dr. Smoot," said Mr. Hoover.

"Dr. Smoot," said Mr. Myers.

So we called on Dr. J. E. Smoot, retired physician, 73 years old, and he said—sure he'd be glad to go around with us.

"First place I suggest we go and see is Popular Tent church. It's one of the oldest churches in this part of the state and there are a number of things in connection with it that I think will be of interest."

So we started for Popular Tent. It's located five or six miles west of Concord. We had traveled a couple of miles when Dr. Smoot spoke up and said: "There's an interesting old house over there on the right. Of course you know all about the Cannons and the big textile industry they have built up in this and other counties. The first mill was built by Mr. J. W. Cannon in Concord in 1887. Mr. James Cannon, grandfather of Mr. J. W., was born in that old house."

We went into the place to get a better view. a member of the Cannon family who lives there, said that the house had been built prior to 1800. "There's a date underneath the weather-boarding below that front window," he told us, "and as I recall, it's seventeen hundred and something."

We didn't have nerve enough to ask him to rip off the weather-boarding, but he promised Dr. Smoot that the next time he had to make repairs to the house, he would make note of the date.

Two rows of beautiful old boxwoods border the sides of the walkway leading up to the house.

Continuing our trip, we arrived in a few minutes at the Popular Tent church. How did it get its name? Nobody knows definitely, but Dr. Smoot

told us that prior to the building of the first church in 1762, services were held in a tent beneath a poplar tree. When the new structure was completed, there was some discussion and argument about a name. One man grabbed up a dipper of water, flung it over the tent and said: "I christen thee Poplar Tent church."

Doc said he didn't know whether that was true or not.

"You've heard of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, haven't you?" he asked.

We told him we had.

"Then you'll be interested in one of the graves of the old cemetery here."

After a little search we found it. A flat slab on which was carved the name of Rev. Hezekiah Balch, first pastor of the Poplar Tent congregation. There's a lengthy epitaph on the stone, part of which reads: "He was distinguished as one of the committee of three who prepared that immortal document, the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and his eloquence contributed much to the unanimous adoption of that instrument on the 20th of May, 1775."

Next time we see the Hon. Pete Murphy we're going to have a little argument with him. Pete dosen't put much credence in the Mecklenburg Declaration. He says that a bunch of fox hunters from Rowan (his) county, went down into the Mecklenburg section on a hunt. They got drunk and, becoming inflated with their own sense of importance, drew up the declaration and adopted it among themselves.

"That's all there was to it," says Pete.

But if that was so, how come a

"Reverend" to be one of the principal characters among them? Does Pete mean to insinuate that Mr. Balch was on a hunt with the others and proceeded to get drunk with the rest of the crowd?

We don't believe it, because according to the rest of the inscription on Mr. Balch's grave: He was licensed a preacher of the everlasting gospel by the Presbytery of Donegal in 1766, ordained to the full work of the holy ministry in 1769 and rested from his labors A. D. 1776."

Evidently a very devout and a deeply religious man. If we ever had had any doubts about the authenticity of the Mecklenburg resolves, we believe that a visit to Poplar Tent would have put them at rest.

The present structure is built of brick and was built in 1851.

"How," we asked Dr. Smoot on the way back, "did Concord get its name?"

"The story is," he replied, "that there were two settlements in this section after Cabarrus county was formed. Cabarrus as you probably know, was named for Stephen Cabarrus. Member of the legislature from Chowan county and speaker of the House of Commons. When the people of this section wanted a new county formed from the upper part of Mecklenburg there was considerable opposition to the plan. It came to a vote in the house and resulted in a tie. Stephen Cabarrus cast the deciding vote in favor of creating the county. In their gratitude for his action, the people decided to name their county in his honor.

"Getting back to the naming of Concord: there was a settlement of

Germans in this section and another settlement of Scotch-Irish. They had conflicting opinions on where the county seat should be established. The Germans wanted it near their settlement: the Scotch-Irish wanted it near theirs. It threatened to develop into a serious row.

"Stephen Cabarrus heard about it. He wrote a letter to the leaders of the opposing factions and urged them to get together in 'peace and concord.' They did, and that's how the place happened to be named Concord."

On our way back to town, Dr. Smoot pointed to a house about two hundred yards off the highway. "That's where the Black Boys staged their raid. Some of us put a little marker on the spot some time ago and we're hoping that at some date in the future we'll be able to put up a more appropriate memorial.

We walked over to the place. It took us a few minutes to locate the iron cross, but after hunting around we finally located it. Incidentally, Dr. Smoot may be 73 years old but he certainly doesn't walk like a man of that age. He had us puffing rather hard by the time we got back to the car again.

Cabarrus county has several "firsts" to its credit. Dr. Charles Harris, graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, established the first medical school in North Carolina within the boundaries of Cabarrus. Ninety-two young men received their medical education from him.

The first full-fashioned hosiery to be manufactured in the South was made in the Hoover hosiery mills in Concord. A. R. Hoover, father of the present manager of the mills, started

the enterprise in 1918. Today, one-third of all the full-fashioned hose made in the United States is made in North Carolina, which goes to show how the industry has grown in a little more than twenty years.

In 1839 the Concord cotton factory was organized, and the buildings were put up the following year. There has been a cotton mill on that same site ever since, a full century. The present mills are known as the Locke mills.

Ever hear of Phifer's Inn?" asked Dr. Smoot.

We told him we never had.

"It's a rather unique place, so we'll go out there. George Washington, as you may know, made a trip through the South in 1791. He went down into Georgia by way of Tarboro, New Bern and other towns along the coast. He came back by way of Charlotte and Salisbury. Concord wasn't in the picture at that time. Three miles from here, however, was a large hostelry known as Phifer's Inn, and it was a favorite stopping place with people traveling between Charlotte and Salisbury. Close by was the home of Col. Martin Phifer, which was considered one of the show places of the state during that day and time. Some people claim that Washington stopped at the home of the Colonel, but the records show that the President was not in the habit of stopping at private homes on his trips when inns were available, so I think it's pretty certain that he stopped at the inn."

We had to drive a mile over a rough country road before we arrived at the inn. It is now in a state of sad repair and is occupied by a negro family. Why in the world the people of North Carolina will let historic places

like this disintegrate into ruins is more than we can understand.

Close by is a graveyard, which Doc termed "The Westminster Abby" of the Phifer family. We've been in a large number of old graveyards in North Carolina, but in this particular one saw a stone which, we believe, is older than any we have seen. It marks the grave of Margaret White, who died in 1773. If you happen to know of a stone with an earlier date on it than that, we'd like to know it.

Within the city limits of Concord is an old Presbyterian, cemetery, established in 1804. It is called Memorial Gardens. A lovely place, with flowers, thick shrubbery and winding paths. Some of the earliest settlers of Concord are buried there. Of special interest is the grave of George Yeamin, and Dr. Smoot told us an interesting story about that.

In 1827 a circus came to Concord. One of the performers was George Yeamin, a trick rider. During his act he made a miscue, fell and broke his neck. He died almost immediately thereafter and was buried in Memorial Gardens. The inscription on his tomb reads:

In memory of
GEORGE YEAMIN
Equestrian.

Born in Edinburgh,
Scotland, Jan. 13, 1801

Departed this life
Nov. 7, 1827.

Fare thee well and sleep forever
Fare thee well my husband dear.
May guardian angels o'er thee dwell
While on earth I linger here.

And even to this late day, whenever

a circus visits Concord, some of the performers go to Memorial Gardens and place flowers on the grave of George Yeamin.

"In past issues of your magazine," said Doc as we left the Memorial Gardens, "you've run pictures and articles about old houses. Have you ever been out to the Stirewalt house?"

We told him we hadn't.

"It was built in 1821 and was restored a few years ago to its original beauty," said the Doctor. "It is now one of the most attractive country homes imaginable. Mr. and Mrs. Jake Stirewalt live there now. He's a great grandson of the original Jacob Stirewalt who came down into this state from Pennsylvania. You know about him, don't you?"

"Isn't he the one that built the organ in Organ church over in Rowan country?"

"That's right. But in this house we are going to visit you'll see another interesting old organ. When the original Jacob Stirewalt built the organ in Organ church, his son, Jacob, helped him. A few years later the younger Jacob built a similar organ for use in his home. I believe it is an exact replica of the one that was in Organ church. It has been kept in the family ever since that time and it is still in pretty good condition. It was the first organ ever played in a private home in North Carolina."

Doc was right when he said the Stirewalt home is a beautiful structure. Located on a high knoll, it presents a most attractive appearance, Mr. and Mrs. Stirewalt gave us a most cordial welcome and very kindly showed us over the old house. The stairs leading to the upper story are ex-

trremely narrow, and how the old-time ladies ever got up them with their hoop-skirts is more or less of a mystery.

The old organ is indeed an interesting sight. Mrs. Stirewalt sat down on the stool and played a few hymns. The notes are a trifle labored but the tone of the instrument is still good.

A mantle of beautiful design adorns a fireplace in one of the rooms on the lower floor. There are many articles of antique furniture; some of them built by the present Mr. Stirewalt's grandfather who evidently was a talented cabinet-maker.

"And now," said Doc after we had said farewell to the Stirewalts, "I imagine you'd like to see the Reed gold mine. I don't know whether you know it or not, but this was the first gold mine in the United States. It was operated long before the California gold rush. As a matter of fact, North Carolina produced a considerable portion of the gold in this country at one time."

You drive out on the Concord-Monroe road about four or five miles and then turn to the right and travel a country road about three miles. As we approached the location of the mine, we couldn't help but be impressed with the appearance of the terrain. It looked as though the place had been bombed. Huge holes in one place, great piles of dirt in another. Evidently shafts had been dug in various locations in an endeavor to locate the precious metal.

The old brick chimney near the main shaft is still standing. Ruined buildings are to be seen in the same vicinity. Here and there are heavy pieces of machinery, a steam boiler

and other equipment. If you're planning to visit the mine, keep an eye on the children, because if they aren't careful they'll fall down the main shaft and you'll have an awful time getting them out.

Perhaps you'll be interested in the story of how gold was discovered in this particular section.

The first piece of gold was discovered in 1799 by Conrad Reed, a boy about twelve years old, a son of John Reed, the proprietor. The discovery was made in an accidental manner. The young boy, in company with a sister and younger brother, went to a small stream, called Meadow Creek, on a Sunday morning while their parents were at church. Their purpose was to shoot fish with a bow and arrow. While engaged along the banks of the creek, Conrad saw a yellow substance shining in the water. He went in and picked it up and found it to be some kind of metal, and carried it home. Mr. Reed examined it, but as gold was not known in that part of the country at the time, he did not know what kind of metal it was. The piece was about the size of a small smoothing iron.

Mr. Reed carried the piece of metal to Concord and showed it to a William Atkinson, a silversmith, but he, not thinking of gold, was unable to say what kind of metal it was.

Mr. Reed kept the piece for several years, using it during that period of time as a door-stop. In 1802 he went to market to Fayetteville and carried the piece of metal with him. He showed it to a local jeweler who immediately told him it was gold and requested Mr. Reed to leave it with him and he would flux it.

When Reed returned a short time later, the jeweler showed him a large bar of gold, six or eight inches long. The jeweler then asked Mr. Reed what he would take for the bar. The latter, not knowing the value of gold, thought he would ask a "big price," so he told the jeweler he'd let him have the metal for \$3.50.

The jeweller paid. He paid in a big hurry, too.

After returning home, Mr. Reed made a further examination and found gold in the surface waters of the creek. He then associated several other men with himself and in 1803 they found a piece of gold in the branch that weighed twenty-eight pounds. Later on, numerous other pieces were found weighing from sixteen pounds down to smaller particles. The whole surface of the creek for nearly a mile was very rich in gold. There was much excitement and mining was carried on extensively for a number of years. Finally the gold petered out and the property was abandoned.

"I think it was about forty or forty-five years ago that a man found what he thought was a piece of gold in the creek," said Dr. Smoot. "He drove into Georgeville in great excitement, spreading the news of his discovery. School broke up for the day and dozens of men, carrying picks and shovels, started out for the creek. I've forgotten whether it really was gold or not, but anyway, nothing else was found, and since then there hasn't been any mining done."

After leaving the gold mine, we drove over toward Mount Pleasant, where the North Carolina College, originally an academy, was established by the Lutheran synod. A girls'

school—Mount Amoena—also was located there. For a number of years Colonel McAllister operated the Mt. Pleasant Military academy at that point, but this was suspended some eight or ten years ago. The vacant buildings are still standing.

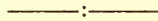
St. John's Lutheran church is located at the outskirts of Mount Pleasant. It was built in 1745. In front of it is a monument erected by Luth-

erans some few years ago to the memory of Adolph Nussman. The inscription reads:

ADOLPH NUSSMAN
1737-1794.

Minister and founder of the Lutheran Church in North Carolina.

Mr. Nussman served St. John's, Organ Church and several other churches in that section of the state.



One of the most popular hobbies is stamp collection. For the benefit of the philatelists among our readers we list the persons in various fields who are being commemorated in "The Famous American Series." The five persons so honored in each of the seven groups are as follows:

Musicians: Stephen Collins Foster, Pennsylvania; John Philip Sousa, District of Columbia; Victor Herbert, New York; Ethelbert Nevin, Pennsylvania.

Authors: Samuel L. Clemens, Missouri; Louisa M. Alcott, Massachusetts; Ralph Waldo Emerson, Massachusetts; James Fenimore Cooper, New York; Washington Irving, New York.

Poets: James Whitcomb Riley, Indiana; John Greenleaf Whittier, Massachusetts; James Russell Lowell, Massachusetts; Henry W. Longfellow, Massachusetts; Walt Whitman, New York.

Artists: James A. McNeill Whistler, Massachusetts; Daniel Chester French, Massachusetts; Frederic Remington, New York; Augustus Saint Gaudens, New York; Gilbert Stuart, Rhode Island.

Scientists: Luther Burbank, California; Dr. Walter Reed, District of Columbia; Dr. Crawford W. Long, Georgia; Jane Addams, Illinois; John James Audubon, Louisiana.

Inventors: Cyrus H. McCormick, Virginia; Alexander Graham Bell, Massachusetts; Eli Whitney, Massachusetts; Elias Howe, Massachusetts; Samuel F. B. Morse, Massachusetts.

Educators: Booker T. Washington, Virginia; Frances E. Willard, Illinois; Charles W. Eliot, Massachusetts; Horace Mann, Massachusetts; Mark Hopkins, Massachusetts.—Selected.

FIRST RURAL DELIVERY BEGAN AT CHINA GROVE

By W. T. Lasley

Pleading with skeptical farmers to let Uncle Sam bring their mail to their front doorsteps is hardly conceivable today with the safety, speed and efficiency that characterizes the highly systematized postal service developed out of decades of experimentation and study. Yet, that is exactly what happened 44 years ago when the first rural free delivery service in North Carolina was inaugurated at China Grove in Rowan county.

A trail was blazed when Postmaster General William L. Wilson of West Virginia, under the second administration of President Cleveland, launched a rural route experimentation program. This trail began with a selected group of farmers and rural citizens who did not think it safe to leave their mail outside in boxes, to today's thousands of miles of rural routes that twist through most every back road and country lane that leads to a patron of the biggest business institution on earth.

A rural mail box is no longer an oddity—it is an indispensable commodity.

China Grove, cradle for the infant rural free delivery, has received little recognition for its distinction. Only a marker is there to commemorate the day on October 23, 1896, when the route was officially approved. Many of its citizens are unaware that the record exists and very few in the country have bothered to care or

wonder about it at all. Yet the town, now a thriving village in the midst of a large textile manufacturing area, carries an honor distinct to itself and Rowan county, as well as to the state as a whole.

When the rural route experimentation program was launched, only 15 sites were selected throughout the nation. Thus, China Grove not only holds the "first" in the state, but is among the first in the entire United States to receive the free delivery of its mail to rural citizens:

One may well ask why.

There was no haphazard selection, nor was a mass of geographical data required. Where calculations are often involved in undertakings of this importance, the selection followed a normal and direct course, proclaiming honor where it was most richly deserved.

Honor came to two men in the naming of China Grove, both sons of Rowan county; Congressman John S. Henderson, chairman of the Post-office and Post Roads committee, and Hon. Kerr Craige, third assistant postmaster general. It was a tribute to their loyal service and diligent labor.

Postmaster General Wanamaker was the first to officially suggest rural delivery, but the seed which he planted did not ripen until five years later when, under West Virginia's Postmaster General Wilson, Congress appropriated sufficient funds to begin the work.

The first bill authorizing rural delivery was introduced in Congress January 5, 1892, by Hon. James O'Donnell, of Michigan. The appropriation was for \$6,000,000 but failed of passage. A bill proposed by Hon. T. E. Watson, of Georgia, became a law on March 3, 1893, appropriating \$10,000 for experimental delivery. An additional \$20,000 was provided June 16, 1894, but the total sum was deemed by the Postmaster General as insufficient for an experimental service. Another \$10,000 was made available on June 9, 1896, and it was then that the total sum of \$40,000 was thrown into the field, the first experimental routes being established from Charles Town, Uvilla, and Halltown, West Virginia, effective October 1, 1896, just 22 days before a similar route went out from the North Carolina town.

On June 30, 1897, the end of one year and nine months after establishment of the first route, the service had grown to 82 routes from 43 post offices in 29 different states.

In 1897, the 82 routes covered 1,843 miles. The annual appropriation was \$40,000.

By 1899, the service had grown to 32,839 routes covering 1,392,657 miles and there was an annual appropriation of \$91,141,653.

The estimated number of families served by rural delivery on June 30, 1899, was 7,708,000 or 28,650,000 individuals.

North Carolina's first week of the service came near being its last. There was so much opposition to the idea (only two families agreed to accept the service at the outset) that the department was advised to abandon the experiment.

The work was not to be shunted aside that easily.

The first man to carry the route was J. B. Goodnight, who lived just outside the town limits. Despite his every effort to convince the rural people, there was no acceptance of the benefits of a rural mail delivery. The worry and aggravation thus experienced led to a conviction that the experiment was doomed to failure. An inspector of the Post Office Department, Mr. Gillespie, and Col. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury postmaster, then took a hand.

A young store manager, C. J. Deaton, was called to Salisbury for a conference with the two men. The outcome was that Mr. Deaton was placed in charge of the experimental service, now divided into two short routes.

The postal inspector requested that two men be procured for an examination on the following day. The two, A. L. Cagle and Guy Trexler, were selected and became carriers on the two routes, starting November 26, 1896. In a very short time, Mr. Deaton was appointed postmaster at China Grove.

He accompanied the carriers on their routes. "I had to go out with the boys," Mr. Deaton recalls, "and beg the people to let me deliver their mail for them for as long as 30 days, and if for any reason they were not satisfied after that time, I would do my best to satisfy them in some other way. There were only two families willing to have their mail sent out, but we gave the very best service we knew how to give and I am happy to say that it was a grand success."

Mr. Deaton is now in his sixth

year as assistant tax collector for Rowan county. He served as register of deeds for a six-year period. The China Grove office is steadily progressing under Postmaster H. A. McNeeley and Assistant Postmaster E. A. Freeze. Roy E. Mills carries the rural route today.

To get the appointment as state head of the big experiment that was to reach out over the entire nation, Mr. Deaton describes his trip to Salisbury:

"On November 26, 1896, Colonel Boyden called me to meet him at a hotel in Salisbury, not even hinting as to what he wanted me to come for. The only north bound pas-

senger train until well in the evening had just passed. The weather was dreadfully cold and all the so-called roads were frozen almost like cement. The distance from China Grove to Salisbury was nine miles and it took me three hours and 10 minutes to drive it with a real good horse."

Thus, the rural delivery began in the dead of winter, a fitting setting for a service that has gone on unceasingly through the years with a tradition that the mail must go out despite snow or sleet or rain or any of the ravages of the elements upon human facilities.

SOUNDS GOOD

The Board of Motion Picture Reviewers has made a point of recommending films that will "stress social behavior and idealism of our youth." They desire future pictures to deal "powerfully and artistically with the challenging social problems." There is a step forward in the film field. Great strides have been made to provide the public with fine pictures. There is criticism of the number of state boards of motion picture censorship who suppress films without just cause. The picture industry has its place in forwarding movements, be they of bringing nations closer, of national defense, or influencing the youthful mind. America strengthens her home ties through uniting people in the common bond of amusement and education. Mooresville supports the betterment of social conditions and the lifting of American ideals through the film.

—Mooresville Enterprise

CHRISTMAS AT THE TRAINING SCHOOL

By Leon Godown

It again becomes a very pleasant duty to tell our readers of some of the happy events occurring during the past Christmas season, as the Jackson Training School's entire personnel departed from the regular routine of duties in order to properly observe the anniversary of the birth of Christ. This was not limited to a mere day or two. For quite some time prior to the holiday, the Christmas spirit could be readily sensed as one visited various sections of the campus. Down at the bakery we found the boys doing a lot of extra work, that of baking holiday cakes, and doing it cheerfully; another group was seen dressing more than one hundred chickens; the carpenter shop boys were busily engaged in the task of preparing and putting up decorations; in school rooms and in the auditorium could be heard rehearsals for the Christmas Eve program. In fact, in all departments both boys and officials showed the same spirit, each one doing his or her part with a smile.

On Saturday, December 21st, as the cottage lines assembled near the Cannon Memorial Building, two truck-loads of fine fruit rolled up, closely followed by an auto, from which two gentlemen emerged with faces wreathed in smiles. They proved to be Judge F. M. Redd, of Charlotte, and Mayor Ben Douglas, of the same city. Superintendent Boger presented Judge Redd to the boys, who, in a few brief remarks, told them that the purpose of this visit was to show them that there

were many friends in all parts of the state, but especially in Charlotte, who desired to contribute something that might bring them Christmas cheer, and that he was happy to announce that the two truck-loads of fruit had been donated by these well-wishers. He then introduced Mayor Douglas, who told the lads that people in Charlotte had always looked favorably on boys from the Jackson Training School, adding there were many young men successfully engaged in business in that city who had once received training here, and that it pleased him greatly to say they were making good citizens. The mayor also said they were expecting the boys now here to go out and make the same kind of records, adding further that if any of them, upon leaving the institution, should make their homes in his city, he would appreciate their calling at his office, and that he would be glad to do anything he could to help them. Mayor Douglas then handed Superintendent Boger a check for \$100, as still further evidence that Charlotte friends believed in our boys and wanted to help make theirs a Merry Christmas. Following a few remarks of acceptance from Mr. Boger, the boys expressed their appreciation by voicing a lusty cheer.

On December 22nd, the Sunday before Christmas, our very good friend of many years' standing, A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, and Gene Davis, also of that city, came to the auditorium to conduct the regular

afternoon service. The minister who had been scheduled to accompany them, was prevented from so doing because of the fact that he had to conduct a funeral at that hour. Gene, as usual, led the boys in singing a number of their favorite hymns, after which he rendered a vocal solo in a most delightful manner.

Mr. Sheldon then announced that he had the usual Christmas treat for the boys, and to each one present he gave a large apple, an orange and a bag of candy. He told the boys that regardless of whether they believed in Santa Claus or not, there were ten "Santas" in the city of Charlotte who for many years had been making it possible for him to present these gifts to them.

Promptly at 7 o'clock on Christmas Eve we assembled in the auditorium, there to enjoy the annual Christmas program. The stage was beautifully lighted by a new set of floodlights, product of our own sheet metal shop, and off to the left of the stage was a huge Christmas tree all aglow with the best set of colored lights and decorations ever seen at the School. Noting the glow on the faces of our youngsters as they gazed at this illuminated scene, our hearts felt a tinge of sadness as we thought of thousands of boys and girls in other lands, living in nights of hideous "black-outs", who were deprived of the joys of this particular season, so dear to the heart of childhood, and our fervent prayer went up that ere the coming of another Christmas season, the black thunder clouds of war might be overpowered by the light which heralded the coming of the Prince of Peace.

The exercises opened with the entire

assemblage singing "Joy to the World", which was followed by the student body reciting in chorus the familiar Christmas story, as found in the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. This recitation was led by William Furches, of Cottage 11, who then made a beautiful Christmas prayer. The audience, remaining seated, softly sang that most beautiful of all Christmas carols, "Silent Night."

Dr. E. K. McLarty, pastor of Central Methodist Church, Concord, then addressed the boys on the true meaning of Christmas. He prefaced his remarks with the statement that upon coming to Concord several years ago, he was informed that Sunday afternoon schedules for services at the Training School were filled by other ministers in the city, but that he was expected to be the guest speaker at the institution on Christmas Eve, as had been the custom of his predecessors at Central Church. He further stated that he had reached a point where he felt that it was a great privilege to be here on this occasion, and expressed the hope this custom would not be discontinued as long as he stayed in Concord.

In alluding to Christmas as the time of God's greatest gift to mankind, the speaker urged the boys to think of giving rather than receiving. He pointed out that as the Master grew into manhood, his time was spent almost entirely in going about the country, doing good to his fellow men, and expressed the wish that every boy within the sound of his voice might make his life one of service to those with whom he came in contact, stating that the joys which comes to one who renders service to

others is the greatest compensation available to man.

Next on the program was the singing of "O Little Town of Bethlehem", which was followed by humorous Christmas recitations by William Ussery and John Bailey, youngsters of the first and second grades, respectively.

Then followed a Christmas play entitled, "Guppy's Folks", a one-act production picturing life on Christmas Eve at a boys, boarding school. The play was staged under the direction of Jesse Hollingsworth, our sixth grade teacher, and it went over without a single hitch, not one of the lads taking part finding it necessary to be prompted as he recited his lines. The boys taking part in this feature of the program were: Eulice Rogers, Raymond Andrews, Leonard Melton, Thomas Fields, Oscar Queen and Dallas Holder.

Next on the program was a song, "Away in a Manger", by a group of small boys from the primary grades. This was followed by recitations by Eugene Puckett, third grade, and Jay Brannock, fifth grade.

A musical number, "We Three Kings of Orient Are", was sung by William Furches, Richard Halker and O. D. Talbert, assisted by several boys. On the stage was shown the familiar nativity scene. The three kings, clad in regal robes, entered from the rear of the auditorium, singing as they slowly made their way down the center aisle, to the stage. As they sang the last verse they presented their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Superintendent Boger then addressed the boys informing them that while the Christmas program had been

going on, old Santa had visited each cottage at the School, and that upon returning to their respective cottage homes they would find large bags, filled with good things to eat, one for each boy here. This was made possible, said he, by interested friends from all parts of the state, who had contributed to the Boys' Christmas Fund, and that this was done because these people believed in the boys and wanted them to feel that they were interested in their welfare at all times, but especially did they want to add to their joys during the Christmas season.

As the echoes of the closing words of the song "Farewell To Thee, O Christmas Tree" died away, the cottage lines began to file out of the auditorium, and a very interesting program was ended.

The boys spent the morning of Christmas Day in the cottages, occupying themselves by enjoying the good things found in the bags given them the night before, opening packages received from home folks, playing games and listening to radio programs, until time arrived for the big event of the day—the Christmas dinner, the menu being as follows:

Chicken with Noodles and Dressing
 Canned Green Beans
 Creamed Potatoes
 Boiled Country Ham
 Cranberry Sauce
 Pickles Cole Slaw
 Japanese Fruit Cake
 Peaches with Whipped Cream

Rain on Christmas Day and for two or three days thereafter prevented any outdoor activities, but we heard of no complaints. Every one seemed

to have caught the spirit of John Ruskin, who once wrote, "There is no such thing as bad weather; we just have different kinds of good weather", and proceeded to have a good time, regardless of falling rain and muddy play grounds. Here our gymnasium proved of great value, and during the holiday season there were daily assemblies in this building, where the boys enjoyed basketball and other indoor recreation.

Another feature which added to the enjoyment of this vacation period was the fact that various motion picture film distribution agencies in Charlotte furnished films, for several days. On the afternoon of Christmas Day we saw "Babes In Arms", a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production featuring Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland; on Thursday, a Columbia film, "Flondie Meets the Boss", was the attraction; Friday's show was a Republic production, "The Man From Dakota," starring Wallace Beery; and on Saturday another M-G-M feature, "The Higgins Family", was shown.

To our many friends throughout the state who contributed to the Boy's Christmas Fund or otherwise added to the Christmas Cheer; to the managers of the various film distribution agencies, who not only furnished films during the holidays, but send them to the School once a week during the entire year; to our own Superintendent and members of his staff; and to the boys of several departments: in fact, to all who in any way added to the joys of this festive period, we now take the opportunity to express our most heartfelt appreciation for thus making possible a truly enjoyable Christmas season for the boys of Jackson Training School,

and at the same time we are delighted to extend to one and all our most sincere wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

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It was our pleasure to receive quite a number of greeting cards from former Training School boys during the Christmas holidays. Many of them have been gone several years, while others left us just recently. These cards came from this and several other states, and in one or two instances, boys now in Uncle Sam's service outside the United States, remembered their friends among members of the School's staff of workers. Those reported as having sent cards are as follows:

James C. Cox, Brooklyn, New York; Harry Smith, Greensboro; Giles E. Greene, Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, The Hawaiians; John Elliott, Laurinburg; Edgar L. Rochester, Charlotte; Horace McCall, Shreveport, Louisiana; Sidi Threatt, Fort Jackson, South Carolina; Paul Lewallen, High Point; Vernon Bass, Fayetteville; Lonnie Roberts, Wilmington; Edward Warnock, Charlotte; William Goodson, Maiden; Carl D. Shoffner, Burlington; Robert Coleman, East Lumberton; Craven Pait, Lumberton; J. Carl Henry, Lincoln Park, Michigan; James Stepp, Hendersonville; Willard Newton, Pasadena, California; J. W. and Peter Jones, Morven; Clyde A. Bristow, Winston-Salem; John T. Capps, Kannapolis; Milton Hunt, Hastings, Michigan; John Holmes, Long Island, New York; Clyde Kivett, Fort Randolph, Panama Canal Zone; David Leary, South Norfolk, Virginia; Richard Mishoe, Lake

Dale; Rev. Jack Ward Page, Broadway; James H. Winn, Altamahaw; Theodore Wallace, Fayetteville; J. Lee McBride, Alexandria, Virginia; Robert McNeely, Fort Bragg; Manford Mooney, San Diego, California; Thomas McKee, Fort Slocum, New York; Charles Davis, Charlotte; Clyde Adams, Kannapolis; Archie Scott, Tampa, Florida; Lonnie Holleman, Wilmington; Henry Cowan, Belmont; Jack Broome, Fort Benning, Georgia; C. Keith Hunt, West Palm Beach, Florida; William Glenn Miller, Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania; Rufus Wrenn, Lincoln, Nebraska; Howard Wilson, Burlington; Neil Huntley, Wadesboro; Thomas Oxendine, Gastonia; Grady C. Allen, Baltimore, Maryland; Arthur Lamar, Danberry; Douglas Matthews, Moultrieville, S. C.

—:—

A PRAYER IN TIME OF WAR.

Thou, whose deep ways are as the sea,
 Whose footsteps are not known,
 To-night a world that turned from Thee
 Is waiting—at Thy throne.
 The towering Babels that we raised
 Where scoffing sophists brawl,
 The little antichrists we praised—
 The night is on them all.
 The fool hath said—The fool hath said—
 And we who deemed him wise,
 We who believed that Thou wast dead,
 How should we seek Thine eyes?
 How should we seek to Thee for power?
 Who scorned Thee Yesterday?
 How should we kneel, in this dread hour?
 Lord, teach us how to pray
 Grant us the single heart once more,
 That mocks no sacred thing,
 The sword of Truth our fathers wore
 When Thou wast Lord and King.
 Let darkness unto darkness tell
 Our deep unspoken prayer,
 For, while our souls in darkness dwell,
 We know that Thou art there.

Alfred Noyes in London Daily Mail 1916

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 29, 1940

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Drye
 Cecil Gray
 Homer Head
 Robert Maples
 Frank May
 Mack McQuaigue
 John Ray
 Francis Ruff
 William Shannon
 Kenneth Tipton
 Weldon Warren
 Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 1

William G. Bryant
 James Bargesser
 N. A. Bennett
 William Callahan
 Eugene Edwards
 Porter Holder
 Burman Keller
 Bruce Link
 Clay Mize
 H. C. Pope
 Jack Sutherland
 Everett Watts
 William C. Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 2

Jack Cline
 Joseph Farlow
 Thomas Hooks
 Edward Johnson
 Robert Keith
 Ralph Kistler
 William Shaw
 Charles Tate
 Newman Tate
 Peter Tuttle
 Donald Newman

COTTAGE NO. 3

Lewis Andrews
 John Bailey
 Lewis Baker
 Earl Barnes
 Clyde Barnwell
 James Boone
 William Ruff

Kenneth Conklin
 Jack Crofts
 Max Evans
 Bruce Hawkins
 David Hensley
 Roscoe Honeycutt
 Jack Lemley
 William Matthewson
 Otis McCall
 Robert Quick
 Wayne Sluder
 George Shaver
 William Sims
 John Tolley
 Louis Williams
 Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4

Paul Briggs
 Arthur Edmondson
 Arlo Goins
 Hugh Kennedy
 Melvin Walters

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
 J. C. Bordeaux
 Collett Cantor
 Robert Dellinger
 Harold Donaldson
 A.C. Elmore
 William Gaddy
 J. B. Howell
 Everett Lineberry
 Ivey Lunsford
 James Massey
 J. C. Rinehardt
 Currie Singletary
 Donald Smith
 Richard Starnes
 Edward Thomasson
 Fred Tolbert
 Hubert Walker
 Dewey Ware
 Henry Ziegler

COTTAGE NO. 6

Robert Bryson
 Leonard Jacobs
 Edward Kinion

THE UPLIFT

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
Edward Batten
Henry Butler
Donald Earnhardt
Lyman Johnson
Carl Justice
Robert Lawrence
Charles McGowan
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash
Carl Ray
Ernest Turner
Alex Weathers

COTTAGE NO. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9

Holly Atwood
Percy Capps
James Connell
David Cunningham
Osper Howell
Mark Jones
Daniel Kilpatrick
Villie McCall
William Nelson
Harold O'Dear
Thomas Sands
Richard Singletary
James Ruff

COTTAGE NO. 10

Junius Brewer
Noah Ennis
James Eury
John Fausnett
Jack Haney
Oscar Queen
Edward Stutts
O. D. Talbert
Claude Weldy

COTTAGE NO. 11

William Bennett
John Benson
Harold Bryson
William Dixon
William Furches
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Fred Jones
Fred Owens
Theodore Rector
James Tyndall
Charles Widner

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
Ernest Brewer
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Woodrow Hager
Eugene Heaffner
Charles Hastings
Tillman Lyles
Clarence Mayton
James Puckett
Hercules Rose
Howard Sanders
Charles Simpson
Robah Sink
Norman Smith
George Tolson
Carl Tyndall

COTTAGE NO. 13

Wilson Bailiff
James Brewer
Vincent Hawes
James Lane
R. J. Lefler
John Murdock
Jack Wilson
Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews
John Baker
William Butler
Edward Carter
Mack Coggins
Robert Deyton
Audie Farthing
Henry Glover
Troy Gilland
John Hamm
Marvin King
Norvell Murphy
Charles McCoyle
John Reep
John Robbins
Charles Steepleton
Jack West
Wallace Woody

COTTAGE NO. 15

Jennings Britt
Ray Bayne
William Cantor
Robert Chamberlain
Wade Cline
Aldine Duggins
Paul Deal

Elree Gaskins
 Beamon Heath
 Jack Hodge
 William Hawkins
 John Howard
 Dallas Holder
 Hardy Lanier
 James Ledford
 J. P. Morgan
 Claude Moose
 Clarence McLemore
 Eulice Rogers
 Brown Stanley

J. P. Sutton
 Calvin Tessneer
 George Warren
 David Williams
 Alton Williams
 Bennie Wilhelm

INDIAN COTTAGE

George Duncan
 John T. Lawry
 Redmond Lawry
 Thomas Wilson

 THE NATIONAL BIRD

The hunting of duck, pheasant, rabbit, squirrel and deer, with a number of states having laws for the protection of certain birds and animals by banning the bagging of various game, gives us thought for the many states that have joined in protecting our national bird, the bald eagle. There are only 7 of the 48 states which do not preserve the eagle by offering it legal protection.

Back in 1782 the eagle was designated as our nation's insignia. Despite the many stories telling of huge birds that swoop down on children, carrying them away to nests, the imagination stretched itself a bit in most cases for the eagle has been proven to carry little over its own weight. There was not much evidence offered to back up the tales. Scientists praise the hawk as a protector of crops from animal destruction. They find that the eagle is not a predatory bird and prefers dead flesh, mice, fish, snakes and rabbits for food. A few states find sport in hunting the bird by airplane due to its destruction to the livestock. However, if there is not better care taken to preserve the life of the eagle we will find ourselves a nation with an emblem of an extinct bird. The king of birds should be protected legally by every state in the union.—Mooresville Enterprise.

JAN 13 1941

CAROLINA ROOM

301
THE

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UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 11, 1941

NO. 2

GOSSIP

Are you willing to sign your name to the story you are about to repeat regarding your neighbor? Would you go into court and swear to it? No? Well, you had better not repeat it then. It may harm your neighbor's reputation. The story may be false. You may then have explanations to make. You may also be sure that you will be put down as a gossip and busybody. You will not be trusted. It is best not to repeat stories about people. Never repeat any story unless you know it is 100 per cent true.

—Selected.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

INTO THE UNKNOWN

Widespread circulation has been given the greeting which King George of England issued to the world on Christmas Day, 1939, and which is continued in a Christmas card sold in recent weeks by the British War Relief Society. Its words:

"I said to a man who stood at the gate of the year, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown' and he replied, Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than a light and safer than a known way!"

These words, written many years ago by Miss Louise Haskins, seem even more appropriate with the start of the history-making year of 1941 than it was at the gate of 1940 in the pre-blitzkrieg period.

Commenting on this message, John Temple Graves II, eminent Southern writer, says:

Never before have men been so in need of a light that they may "tread safely into the unknown," nor so bound to simple trust for the service for their need. Trust in an order that is greater than any mortal one, in a plan that goes at last from bad to good, a purpose that widens the soul of man "with the process of the suns," a scheme of things entire that will prove beneficent when its entirety is known. Or, as the simpler and wiser ones put it, trust in God.

The phenomenon of New Year is not a calendar one. It is psychological. It is the dauntless quality in the human spirit that dies and then appears again. It is the resurgence of human hope and faith and high resolve that are as sure as Spring's return or morning's light. The phenomenon of New Year is that until men are dead beyond recalling they are capable of starting out into the darkness without being afraid, of beginning again without being crippled by what has gone before, of believing in better days no matter how often belief has been mocked at and denied.

If you are one who can "Tread safely into the unknown" of 1941, that is no sign that you are more free than others of troubles or sensibilities. It is rather a sign that you are more blessed with the qualities that have brought mankind to this place of stone and darkness. It is a sign that you are healthy as some of your fellows are failing to be. It is a sign that your hand is in God's as other hands are not.—Morganton News-Herald.

FOUNDERS DAY, JANUARY 12th.

The date, January 12, 1909, marked the opening of this institution for young boys, who lost their way due to unavoidable condi-

tions caused from misfortunes too numerous to enumerate. The child's birthright is an orderly home with Christian parents but frequently fate decrees otherwise, therefore, the need was sensed and the State tenderly and lovingly provided this home, the Stone-wall Jackson Training School, for such cases. After traversing every avenue for a financial nucleus on which to build, the way was equally as hard to mold public opinion and sentiment in favor of a home for the unfortunates. The pull was a long one and a hard one, by friends of the cause, but finally the institution was opened for the reception of the boys. The doors of the first cottage, the King's Daughters Cottage, built by the North Carolina Branch of the King's Daughters, when opened, presented a sweet picture of friends from every walk of life with their gifts and best wishes and a hope for the new venture.

Thirty-two years have passed since January 12, 1909 when there was only one cottage, one boy, and a small personnel to take charge. The picture today shows seventeen cottages, with nearly five hundred boys, a handsome administration building, the gift of Mrs. J. W. Cannon; a large and well equipped school building with an auditorium adequate to seat more than seven hundred people; a modern infirmary; a swimming pool; one of the best, a gift of the Cone family of Greensboro; the Swink Benson trades building, donated by the late W. J. Swink, China Grove; a laundry; bakery; ice plant and a dairy with a splendid herd of Holsteins; a cannery; a poultry yard and a farm of 784 acres. This picture as given, shows not alone the growth of the school but the universal interest of people at large for the underprivileged child in the Old North State.

The boys of this institution have the advantage of being tutored by capable teachers through the seventh grade. There are also other advantages, such as training in carpentry, printing, machine shop, tin and plumbing shop, barbering, sewing room, bakery, laundry, ice and cold storage plant, the poultry yard, cannery, dairy and farming.

It is interesting to know that Jesse C. Fisher, assistant superintendent, has been connected officially with this institution since June 1909. His continued service for thirty-two years has been one of unbroken interest. He served during the administration of Superintendent Walter Thompson, and has worked harmoniously and

agreeably with Superintendent C. E. Boger, for the school in every way.

Superintendent C. E. Boger has given to this institution twenty-seven years of his life and continues to work with unflinching interest. The superintendent and assistant superintendent are still on deck after twenty-seven and thirty-two years, respectively, of service.

This school is a monument to the one who inspired the cause and to those who worked to see it no longer as an experiment but as a need responding to the words of the Master, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven." It is the first school of its kind in the State. It also made the first step towards social service work, thereby giving attention to the underprivileged child.

As a summary of this story of activities given it is of interest to know that approximately 5,000 boys have had the advantages offered here. We do not claim to start all of our student body out on the right foot but statistics show that 80 per cent of them develop into upright and valuable citizen in all walks of life. It is not unusual to learn that some of them have reached the peak of mental culture and are now recognized in professional life, but there is satisfaction in knowing the greater numbers of boys are home-makers, and make return visits to the School and tell of their work, homes and families. If it were possible to record the many stories related by old boys, it would make a book of interesting reading.

* * * * *

SENATOR PALMER RETURNS TO RALEIGH

The Honorable A. B. Palmer has been chosen for the fourth time by the people of Cabarrus County to be their representative in the State Legislature. This is a recognition worthily bestowed, for Senator Palmer has measured up to the demands, serving with the hope of equity to the people of the county. Those who kept informed as to local issues know that controversies pro and con, kept the question for a county hospital from crystalizing, and things were at a standstill. Sensing the need of a county hospital, Senator Palmer gave much thought to the issue. As a consequence of his deep

interest in matters for the upbuilding of the community, in width and depth, and in fairness to all concerned, he wrote a bill for the establishment of a county hospital that measured up to the demands. Therefore, the Cabarrus Hospital was no longer a dream, but soon a picture of architectural beauty and completeness, the equal of any in the state, in responding to human needs.

Senator Palmer leaves for Raleigh this week, renewing old friendships and making new ones, and not alone giving time to the affairs of his own county, but studying the interests of the state at large.

By grapevine communication we have learned that Senator Palmer has in mind a bill that will eliminate from the highways all unsightly automobile graveyards, or "junk-heaps," so named by the general public. Such a measure, if presented, will penalize no one, but have as its objective the moving of junk-heaps farther back from the highways. This issue is one of civic interest, the beautification of highways, and will meet with the approval of all who love system and beauty. The greatest lessons in life are learned through the eye, so it behooves all to keep our lots free from debris, and also make our highways beautiful by doing away with auto-graveyards.

* * * * *

SUPERSTITIONS

The first day of 1941 has passed and from all reports we are inclined to think black-eyed peas and hog jowl was on the menu of the majority of people on this day. There is a tradition passed from one generation to another that good luck, good health and fortune will come to the home in which black-eyed peas and hog jowl is served on New Year's day.

In conversation with a salesman of one of the grocery stores of Concord, he said, "I sold six hundred pounds of peas and a barrel of hog jowl the day prior to New Year's Day." It is interesting to note that Concord has hundreds of grocery stores, and the conclusion drawn is that each of the many grocery stores had a similar demand for the peas and hog jowl to be served on New Year's Day. If one store sold six hundred pounds of peas, and these are a hundred or two hundred stores selling peas it is evident that all super-

stitutions did not pass with the anti-bellum negroes. It has been accepted by those north of the Mason and Dixon line that **Southerners are superstitious more or less**, and that the same was passed down by the slaves. If that be true we do not object for we loved our faithful old slaves and reveled in the spirituals and queer and quaint traditions they passed down to the children they lovingly, faithfully and tenderly nursed. But, we wager there are few people, regardless of boundary lines, made by sea or land, without a superstition of some kind, Who is it does not exclaim when a black cat crosses the road, "Oh, my goodness, there goes a black cat across the road, and that means bad luck. Turn your hat wrong side out."It would be impossible to enumerate the many things you dare not do because of the traditional fear of bad luck.

* * * * *

Another year, unless a happy release can be effected, will witness great changes in heretofore important agricultural pursuits of Holland, Denmark Norway, Luxembourg, Belgium, and even France. Holland will have to give up its tulips as well as its cattle industry; Denmark and Belgium, and others in proportionate measure, have had to reduce sharply the size of their herds because of the strict rationing of fodder. All of them will raise what they are told, of vegetables and grain and a measure of fruit. The conquerors must be provided with what they cannot raise for themselves, partly because of their absorption in military objectives. Perhaps then, the dairy-conscious population of Europe will be interested in the experiments being carried on at Tuskegee Institute. That famous Negro training center in Alabama is developing a new breed of goats that will thrive on the restricted plots of the usual Negro farmer upon a diet of brambles, vines and even paper, on which cattle would starve. So far the experiments already indicate that the new breed of goats will produce from three to six quarts of milk per day for ten months of the year as over against the daily pint the ordinary nanny will yield at present, and then only in the suckling period. Another favorable feature of the experiment is that goat milk is more nutritious than cows' milk, and is virtually free from the diseases frequently carried in cows' milk.

A LITTLE BIT OF OLD ENGLAND IN NORTH CAROLINA

By Marion Wright, in Charlotte Observer

There is so much of England in America. While that nation suffers the travail of war pangs, we Americans are made more conscious of the influence of her culture felt in many sections and particularly in this state, where villages, inns, highways bear such names as Arden and Rugby road. Nor is it unusual to hear the Elizabethan dialect in the North Carolina mountains, while south of Hendersonville, near the post office of Etowah, are to be found a few homes designed after the half timbered architecture of that period.

Etowah (by way of an aside) is Cherokee Indian word meaning "capital city" and has been a post office since Bowman's Bluff ceased to exist as such for that group of English and Welsh people who formed a "settlement" there in the late 80's.

Although Bowman's Bluff is no longer a settlement post office, it does serve to identify the location and is said to have derived its name from the Bowman family, which owned a home and large acreage there, and the tragic accident which befell a daughter, Mary. While riding her horse, it became frightened and together they plunged to their death from the steep rock bluff to the river below.

How did these people find their way so far inland? The answer is in the story I am interested in sharing—not the complete story, mind you, but mainly about the two who founded the settlement, the late

George Holmes and the house he occupied, also called Bowman's Bluff and of Morgan Evans who built a quaint and picturesque home, naming it Byrn Avon.

Out of all the buildings that were erected then—a church, a school house and many homes, Byrn Avon remains most nearly the same as originally conceived. In relating this story it is not always easy to distinguish between fact and legend (perhaps not necessary) but the quality of human interest holds and the legendary element must be considered a phase of folk lore rather than fantasy.

The spirit of the adventure and the pioneer in the two men who established the settlement, combine to make the experience in their new world sound more romantic than real. Through the generous assistance of J. S. Holmes (son of George Holmes) state forester with residence at Raleigh, I am permitted to quote from family records compiled from his own memory and diaries.

"George Holmes and his wife were natives of Birmingham, England. (As I write ugly flames and premeditated destruction ravage this old town.) Soon after their marriage they went to a small farm in Coburg, Canada. Here, a son, James Simcox Holmes (the J. S. mentioned above) and a daughter, Beatrice were born.

"However, they had occasion to return to England and live a number of years in North Wales, during which

time four other children were added to the family. My father was not content to remain in England and after due consideration, acted upon the suggestion of a life-long friend, Thomas A. Weston of Bedford, England, and decided to emigrate to the United States. Mr Weston had been living at Buffalo, N. Y., but had acquired property in Buncombe county, North Carolina. He was the successful inventor of the Weston pulley block. . . . After many changes the son and two daughters are still living near the home, burned down years ago, near Arden.

"So, on September 13, 1881, this family of eight with an English nurse and a strong young man of 18, James Thomas Saxelby from Hall Green, Birmingham, sailed . . . on the Caspian with the little mountain town of Asheville as their objective. The last days of the journey from Best (now Biltmore) to the Eagle hotel, was accomplished on Thursday, October 6, and the next day the family with 33 pieces of baggage were removed into the home of Mrs. Middleton on the west side of what is now the Asheville-Henderson road. It was decided to tarry here awaiting news of possible arrangements with Thomas A. Weston for occupation of Rock Hall at Arden.

"A roving Welshman, Morgan Evans, was making his headquarters at Mrs. Middleton's in search of a farm where he could raise cattle. Born in Anglesea, he had lived in South Africa and then had shared with many other Britishers the failure of the English colony at Rugby, Tenn.

"Mr. Evans soon sold my father a tough, wall-eyed pony (Enthu-

siasm grew with acquaintance, we note) and together they explored the upper valley of the French Broad, past Hogback mountain (now Tox-away) spending the first night, November 21, out from Asheville at the Jim Davis farm, Bowman's Bluff, where the valley is almost surrounded by the river and many hundreds of acres of splendid flat land are thus enclosed. On their return five days later, my father comments, 'During the whole of our journey I did not see any country as inviting for settlement as this part near Bowman's Bluff for quality of land and beauty of scenery, which of course, is not to be despised.'

"By the end of February the Holmes family had moved over winter roads into the Jim Davis house and Morgan Evans was established in one of the four large down stairs rooms. The 700 acres had been purchased and divided—Evans taking the part west of Willow creek up the river, Holmes the down-the-river section including the house. The French Broad river cut through the middle of both portions. There being no bridge, crossing was made by boat. On looking back it seems probable that not mere chance but some foreknowledge on Evans' part led those two to Jim Davis's that November night in 1881."

The fertile valleys yielded rich harvests and George Holmes prospered. This was his great joy as farm life had always held an irresistible fascination for him. Very little remains of the Jim Davis house, Bowman's Bluff, occupied by the Holmes family, where with old friends and new, they shared happy associations—only the long driveway, leading from the

main road to the house, bordered with tall old pines and two or three gates, remains out of several that added decorative notes as well served their designated purposes.

More so than today, the homes of this era were the meeting places of the young. If they were English, as this group was, they met for afternoon tea, to discuss their cross-country rides, tennis games, winter sports and plans for the evening affairs, dances, parties of a more social and cultural nature. Amusements and entertaining events were not exclusively for the young however, and as picnics in the open is an English tradition, whole families joined in the holiday outings.

This story would be incomplete without telling something about the life and personality of Mr. Holmes who is remembered with great respect and deep affection by the residents of Etowah or Bowman's Bluff. He is recalled as a man of distinguished appearance and refinement—a pioneer who practiced the principles of the Golden Rule and the Good Samaritan among the mountain folk, the tenants on his farm and those of his neighbors. He knew something of chemistry and although he had no wish to practice professionally he did give aid to the sick and injured, supplying them with mild and relieving medicines, with never a thought of pay.

His was the "house by the side of the road," open to all. This open door policy can sometimes admit of danger or the threat of it while kindness is going out on a mission of helpfulness. Mr. Holmes' daughters tell smilingly, of the man shy, poor and hungry who was given shelter and

care for several days without question as was the custom. A few days following his voluntary leave attendants from an asylum came in search of him. After this incident all uninvited guests were watched with cautious eyes by the women of the house. But not so Mr. Holmes. His humanitarian spirit recognized no such fear.

The Holmes generosity was proved in other ways, as his collection of saddles showed. Horseback was the customary mode of mountain travel those days, especially for man, (and hasn't the mode changed since then, only 59 years ago) who if they were in need of funds by the time they reached Bowman's Bluff did not find it difficult to borrow from their host. Some insisted upon leaving their saddles as proof of good intentions to repay but many never were reclaimed. Speaking of riding horses and saddles, the daughters in telling about the pleasures of their early girlhood, recall many amusing and flattering incidents, among them their father's habit of shipping his riding and driving horses to Florida each winter in a freight car. And now? Horses travel by motor, too.

The civic developments of the community—churches, schools, roads, were greatly stimulated by the generosity of Mr. Holmes, and he is credited with instigating these movements in some instances. He is thought to have been responsible for the appearance of Rev. Richard Wainwright, believing that the settlement should engage and support its own clergyman.

Of the six children, John S.—previously mentioned—was the eldest. His sister, Beatrice, is Mrs. Francis

Withers Allston, who with the other sister, Mrs. James R. Bromby, resides at Flat Rock, and at Dunedin, Fla. Lance Holmes, a brother, lives in England, Hamilton is a retired banker of Tryon and still makes his home there, and Lawrence was a doctor at the Biltmore hospital, living in Biltmore Forest until his death a short time ago.

With what ease one can imagine the visiting back and forth between those homes where gayety mingled with sobriety, and where home-sickness was alleviated and sometimes forgotten in the exchange of hospitality and making of plans for the future, in the gossip about new gardens and beautiful dwellings, the improvement and development of the lands.

The Evans place seemed destined, from the beginning, for something more than just a family abode. There was no home on the land at the time of the purchase and division—only a mountain shack. But its location could scarcely be improved upon. It suggested possibilities, unusual and many, and permanence. Today it sets gem-like 2500 feet up in the blue splendor of the mountains, reflecting the racial tradition of the builder in its low, half-timbered and stone architecture which has undergone only slight alterations by the present occupants who bought it from Mr. Evans 37 years ago. Using the shack as a nucleus, he constructed a home with numerous rooms to accommodate his large families—by two marriages—and in anticipation of guests who came unexpectedly or by invitation and to provide for prolonged visits since getting in and out of the mountains was a serious problem, some-

times, and distances were long.

Byrn Avon, this home was christened, meaning hill over the river, in native Welsh. A feeling of sentiment and religious reverence is revealed in the inscription and two small, stained glass panels over the main entrance doorway. Translated, the inscription reads, "With God, Everything—Without God, Nothing." The panels are red, one bearing a white cross the other a white lamb. These came from the little church in his home town, Bangor, on the isle of Anglesea, where Mr. Evans had worshipped throughout his youth. Doors and woodwork are made of two woods, walnut and chestnut oak. The livingroom mantel came from a home in England that was 100 years old at the time. Both the living room and dining room fireplaces have facings of beautifully patterned colored tiles from the famous Minton china factory, Stokes-On-Trent, England. The reception room or library, has the largest and most pretentious fireplace. All other rooms are heated in the same manner although the fireplaces are of simpler design and construction.

The health giving qualities of this section was widely known, even then, and through the suggestion of a friend, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Mallett came to Bowman's Bluff in 1903 in search of recuperation from a severe illness Mr. Mallett had suffered, thinking to stay through the summer months only. They were told that Byrn Avon was for sale since Mr. Evans had gone elsewhere to live. They saw possibilities, too, just as had their predecessor. And the temptation to buy was too great to resist. An offer of purchase was

made and accepted. Bryn Avon changed hands. The first transfer of that land title dates back to negotiations with the Indians.

Bryn Avon no less appealing than when the Malletts took possession intrigues the visitors who go for a week-end into asking if they may return for a longer stay. They act like boomerangs, and go right back again. It is easy of access now. Here they may ride, hike, gather flowers and arrange them in the house, helping with anything that suits their fancy, but most of all, clear their minds of confusion, their body of fatigue. A quiet, inviting simplicity prevades Bryn Avon and the slight changes and additions, made to minimize the handling of routine chores and guests does not detract from the very definitely British accent in appearance or style of living.

Except for occasional excursions to Florida those first winters, the Malletts have lived there continuously. However, since her husband's death Mrs. Mallett has "kept open house" the year around. Friends, relatives, celebrities find their way there in every season. This is easy to understand. The tenor of one's life is restored in the atmosphere of gracious living. Here the principles of brotherly love is the rule, not the exception. Each guest as well as members of the family find their niche and fit themselves into the scheme of each day, making it a joyous experience of just being alive.

But, one cannot stop with generalizations about this place, nor discuss it without talking specifically about Mrs. Mallett, affectionately referred to as "the spirit of Bryn Avon." Which is as it should be because of

her inherent love of love and for all people and her ability to detect beauty—often reserved and reticent—all around her. The shy mountaineer and friends are touched by it and at 76 this small, smiling woman with a steady courage, is constantly concerned with ideals of extending greater comfort and happiness to everyone.

She presides at the meals served en famille and then at tea time. This ritual is held on an open terrace or lawn on warm days, otherwise in the living room before a crackling log fire. Here, too, after dinner coffee is served, whether there are two or a dozen people, while animated conversation shuttles from one to another, sometimes even at midnight. Then, with world affairs settled, and current events suspended, everyone turns to their special interest of knitting, mending, needlepoint, letter writing, reading, "fixing gadgets" or, maybe, bridge.

While Mrs. Mallett is the guiding spirit of Bryn Avon, her four children have been actively and sympathetically aiding her, which has made her purpose easier of attainment. Besides "Miss Anne," who resides at home, there are Mrs. Allen E. Brown, Mrs. Chesley Bellamy, and Lt. Col. Pierre Mallett, U. S. A., who with their families flock to their cottages, "Glen Carol," "Pen-y-Bryn," for the summer. All of them are located within a "yoo-hoo" of the big house. There are cabins to take care of the overflow of summer guests. Mrs. Mallett's brother, William Beach, has been a permanent member of the household for years and is a favorite with all visitors.

Come summer, the Wilford S. Conrows of Carnegie Hall, New York,

put in an appearance at their cabin "Yonway" near which Mr. Conrow, noted portrait painter, has built a studio. It is completely equipped, and here he loses himself while finishing a portrait or painting new ones. When they arrive, the place takes on new life. They add greatly to the pleasures, what with their exhilarating enthusiasm for it, their family and friends as well as their participation in the general activities and development going on at all times. Mrs. Conrow is a sister of Mrs. Mallett.

"Yonway" cabin sets a little apart and characterizes an entirely different mood in architecture and nomenclature. (Only in these instances do they digress from the established plan of Bryn Avon.) It resembles a small hunting lodge of chinked logs and in the name they have made is of a colloquialism. Ask any native of this section a direction and the answer is "over yon way," usually accompanied by a nod of the head of an indifferent wave of the hand in the general direction meant. From the front terrace at "Yonway" there is a view that carries into the distance blue, pierced by the peaks of a dozen mountain ranges, a view that holds one in silent amazement.

The cabin, studio, and furniture are made from native materials, the work done by men in the vicinity and native crafts of many kinds contribute to the attractiveness of the interior of "Yonway." The brick chimney was obtained from a man whose house had burned down. And so, we observe that "Yonway" expresses the heartfelt appreciation held by the Conrows for the craftsmanship of their neighbors. Evenings

will find them at Bryn Avon talk fests when studio work is not pressing.

Old furniture, brass, copper, silver and china, books, and old glass fill the rooms at Bryn Avon. These and the rolling lawns, bordered with shrubs or low stone retaining walls, are a part of the charm of this secluded country place. One does not walk far on level ground—it's either up or down and under magnificent trees, many which are showing the effects of age to the almost tearful regret of the family. Ivy, its roots once nourished in Welsh soil, trails over chimneys and walls, fringing the sun dial base and creeping over the stone garden benches, adding to the personality of the landscape.

Few things add so much to the integrated beauty of a home as a garden. At Bryn Avon the four-terraced garden at the east end of the house makes of it a special kind of place. Huge special boxwoods rise above a carpet of grass on the first terrace, some of them planted there by Morgan Evans. The second terrace edged with feathery hemlock is filled with annuals and a third is filled with mixed flowers, bordered with paprus japonica, trimmed level and square. Roses fill another terrace while massed colors of petunias and white shasta daisies give an informal touch to the whole. The last terrace slopes away to the garden's outer limit, outlined by rhododendrons and spruce. Somewhere near this Eden is a tennis court guarded by slender Lombardy poplars. Stately junipers stand sentinel at strategic points on the wide, smooth lawns lending an air of graceful decoration and old worldliness to the several terraced walkways to the house. A walk in

the garden with a member of the family is a part of the initial visit.

At Bryn Avon man may commune with nature in the hills, breathe the crisp invigorating air at night, luxuriate in the revitalizing rays of the sun by day. Here earth and air concur in response to man's co-operation with nature, giving harvest in return for labor, beauty in return for creative cultivation. Here is peace and tranquility in the majesty of the countryside, where nocturnal life serenades the moon and dew laden flowers, in an outburst of bloom and color, greets one with the bird song, at dawn. A nostalgic yearning will urge a return trip if once you find your way to Bryn Avon up that narrow brick paved driveway under a rhododendron arch.

Further indication of the discriminating taste and culture of those English people who came to Bowman's Bluff, was the construction of The Meadows, home of John Wynn Juedwine. It is more typically English than Bryn Avon, which is Welsh. In bad disrepair now, it nevertheless, gives adequate evidence of the style to which they were accustomed. Mr. Juedwine was an Oxford graduate, became a London barrister and came to the North Carolina mountains to improve his health. He remained only a few years before returning to London. The Meadows became the property of Mrs. Mallett's sister. A few years later it passed into other hands and has since been sadly neglected. The furnishing of "the best" walnut furniture, Wedgewood china, old silver, and glass, still are

a source of gossip among the residents of the settlement.

The Valentine family, Frank and his seven children of Birmingham, friend of the Holmes' came to Bowman's Bluff in 1883. A Cambridge graduate, holding several degrees and interested in education, he began teaching soon after arriving. He is remembered for his services as an educator. A son, T. W. Valentine, emulating his father, ranked high in the field of education in this state. Another son, George W., is a prominent attorney in Hendersonville. The senior Valentine built a small school for the settlement children during his first years. It has long since disappeared. Having some musical ability he often played for the Sunday church services supplying the small organ from his home, carrying it to and from the church in a wagon each time. The church, consecrated Gethsemane, was also destroyed. One of the benches from this little church reposes in a corner by the living room fireplace at Bryn Avon.

Of about 16 families represented in this settlement at the beginning, only one, a Mr. Eades, continues to live there. But descendants of several families make their homes in North Carolina adding their efforts toward the advancement of the state in various capacities. The names of Twyford, Stone, Cowan Willis, Bell, Boyce, Beaton, Steele, Brownrigg, and Hulbert fit into the records of this English colony although sometimes their part was very small, their sojourn brief.

There is nothing busier than than an idle tongue.—Selected

UNDERSEA SECRETS REVEALED

C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

If we have taken an ocean voyage in southern waters we may have seen schools of porpoises gracefully curving in and out of the sea, flying fish skimming on the surface. In more northern latitudes, we may have seen an occasional whale shooting water high into the air. These displays are very impressive. Perhaps we have cruised in small glass-bottomed boats off the coast of Florida or around Catalina Island in California and, if so, we have been captivated by the glimpses we have caught of life on the ocean floor. No matter what we have seen, even in the best aquarium, it is as nothing compared with the marvellous display of undersea life that awaits us if we are fortunate enough to visit the world's largest and only "oceanarium" at Marine-land, Florida.

For a moment let us hark back a full ten years to the jungle in Siam. At that time, W. Douglas Burden was an associate curator of experimental biology of the American Museum of Natural History, and on one of his expeditions to the Orient he learned of Merian C. Cooper who produced "Chang," a moving picture which will long be remembered both in the annals of natural history and in those of the motion picture industry, for Cooper developed a new technique. He corralled live animals in a large area of their native habitat and was able to "shoot" action pictures of a primitive tribe pitted against all the cruelty and cunning of jungle animals. Under these controlled conditions, Cooper was able to get ex-

cellent film of all the major denizens of the Siamese jungle performing au naturel. Mr. Burden, thoroughly intrigued with this technique, began to study ways to create such conditions for the display and photographing of marine life, so that scientists and the public at large could observe marine and sub-marine life in natural surroundings. Ilya Tolstoy, grandson of the famous Count Leo Tolstoy, and C. V. Whitney ably assisted Mr. Burden with the development of his ideal and in 1934 a plan of action was started.

Florida was selected the probable place for such an objective because of its semi-tropical location, its good lighting for photographic work, and because the ocean water was clear enough to provide brilliant visibility. Florida, however, has a long coast line and it was some time before the ideal location was discovered. Exhaustive tests had to be made of the ocean water and wells were sunk along the ocean front to determine both the quality and visibility of the sea water. Many wells yielded water discolored by clay products so those possible sites were automatically eliminated; but at one location was a long shelf of coquina rock a few feet below the surface and the water filtering through it was found to be imminently satisfactory.

Two giant tanks, although that scarcely seems the word to describe these beautifully modernistic buildings, were constructed with a connecting flume. One tank is rectangular in outline, 100 feet long and

eighteen feet deep, while the other is circular, seventy-five feet in diameter and fifteen feet deep. The two tanks contain 784,000 gallons of sea water which is changed six times daily. In other words, over five million gallons of sea water pass daily through the tanks. In the sides (and in the bottom of one of the tanks) are over 200 large glass observation portholes, so placed that they command a clear view of the parading undersea life, such as hitherto has been available only to deep sea divers. Through these observation points camera-minded visitors may take photographs to their hearts' content, provided they are "still" pictures. Staff cameramen are available to advise visitors how to use their cameras to get the best possible photographs of the colorful and fascinating undersea world, the inhabitants of which live together under conditions found normally in the open sea and not duplicated in any other aquaria in the world. Through the portholes which are arranged in tiers one can observe marine life from various depths and can also look up from the bottom of the tank which gives one a breath-taking view as seen by a deep sea diver.

In one end of the largest tank ten tons of coral, seafoam and plumes have been meticulously arranged to represent a coral reef. The whole effect is considerably heightened by the presence of innumerable, brightly-colored and oddly-shaped tropical fish that seek its protective crevices to shield them from their larger predatory enemies. On the sand-covered floor of the other tank rest the remains of a sunken hulk, oddly reminiscent of the buccaneering days on the Spanish Main. Its barnacle-covered

ribs and bowsprit offer shelter to sheepshead, jawfish and drums.

Before attempting even a partial description of the piscatorial inmates, it is interesting to learn something of the problem of their capture and transportation. E. B. McCrohan, of New York, associate United States naval architect, was consulted as to the design of a vessel to handle the safe transport of captives weighing up to 2,000 pounds. He designed an entirely new type of fishing boat, built on the lines of a sturdy shrimper, but forty-eight feet long and so constructed that it has a well seventeen feet long, three and one-half feet high and three and one-half feet wide, into which, through a trap-door in the stern of the boat, a metal tank, containing the captive, or captives, may be rolled.

The means of transport being solved, the next problem was how to catch specimens without injury. That naturally presented obstacles, especially when one realizes their massive proportions and great strength. Dr. G. Kingsley Noble, of the American Museum of Natural History, was consulted, as he had done some experimental work on anesthetizing fish. After exhaustive research, Dr. Noble found a drug which would make a shark unconscious in sixty seconds, yet at the end of two and one-half hours the fish was able to swim about actively with no evidence of after-effects from the anesthetic. The next problem was how to inject the drug when out capturing "wild" fish. A special hypodermic needle was designed on the end of a harpoon pole so that it could be thrust into the dorsal region of the fish. **Compressed air from a rubber ball at the opposite end of**

the pole releases the anesthetic as soon as the needle comes in contact with the body of the specimen. As soon as it takes effect it is a comparatively simple matter to guide the inert body into the special tubular container which is then drawn back into the boat. Air and salt water are pumped into the container so that the specimen arrives at the oceanarium in good condition and none the worse for its experiences. Unloaded from the vessel, the tank is taken to the base of the aquarium. It is then hoisted by crane which transfers the specimens to the flume which forms a waterway between the two large "tanks." All specimens remain in the flume for observation before being admitted to their new home, so that only healthy, uninjured specimens are on display.

Not all the exhibit material is native to the locality nor, for that matter, are the specimens limited to fish. For instance, there are black-footed, or rock-hopper, penguins from Robbin Island, near the Cape of Good Hope, and from the Straits of Magellan off the coast of southern Chile. These birds are fast swimmers. Using their scale-like wings for propulsion through the water they are able to outswim the fastest fish on which they feed.

For the first time a porpoise can be seen swimming or galloping, which more nearly describes its motion, under water and its plaintive cries can be clearly heard by visitors. The Marine Studios have the unique distinction of having the only porpoise living in captivity. Weighing 850 pounds, it is believed to be the largest ever caught alive. Caught with its baby on one of the first hunting expeditions in the specially designed "Porpoise,"

mother and child (the latter weighing 125 pounds) soon became acclimated. Visitors enjoyed watching them being fed by hand, for they would actually come to the surface and take food from the keeper's hand, tidbit by tidbit. A strange mother and child relationship must exist in the porpoise family as, like Mary and her little lamb, everywhere that one went the other was sure to go, following closely behind. Unfortunately, the baby porpoise ate but did not digest a ball of eelgrass, which spelled its end. It used to have a lot of fun in its short life and would create great amusement for the spectators by tossing a small turtle about on the tip of its nose, or rolling it into the sand at the bottom of the tank with the aid of its tail—a teasing which kept up until the mother porpoise would take seeming pity on the turtle and gallop over to administer obvious chastisement to her erring, mischievous offspring. A pathetic note followed its death as the attendants, on arrival one morning, found the lifeless young mammal's body being held on the surface by the mother porpoise. Being air-breathers, the mother had instinctively raised the body of her offspring to the surface in a vain effort to revive her baby, a display of instinct or intelligence which has probably never before been observed in mammals.

A large ground shark, weighing approximately 600 pounds and eleven feet, six inches long, was recently transferred to the oceanarium and its advent created widespread interest, not only among scientists, but among the general public. Another ground shark, weighing 400 pounds and eight feet, eight inches long, was also added to the collection. Both of

these were caught off Marineland by Captain Eugene Williams and his crew on board the "Porpoise." From all appearances both are healthy and happy in their new habitat, showing no ill effects either from the anesthesia or from their trip to Marineland in the well in the hull of the ship.

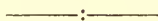
A new departure has been made in science with the advent of ichthyological doctors. A 500 pound jewfish, member of the grouper family, lost the sight of both eyes shortly after capture as a result of a parasitical infection. Staff attendants gave treatment at regular intervals by swabbing the monster's orbs with a silvol solution. Arthur F. McBride, twenty-three-year-old curator of the Marine Studios, recently announced that the procedure had been a success and that the great fish is now able to see as well as ever.

Rays, catfish, shrimp and innumerable beautiful coral and reef fish obtained from the Florida Keys are in-

cluded in the exhibits and, unlike all other aquaria, none of the specimens is segregated from the others. All are in the two tanks in conditions approximating those found in their natural environment. Surprisingly enough, even the smallest of the brightly colored tropical fish is not lost in the immensity of the oceanarium.

At Key West, a fishing station has been established which supplies the Marine Studios with a wide variety of tropical fish. These are transferred in a special railway tank car containing a large canvas vat to which fresh sea water is supplied during the trip to Marineland.

Designed primarily for leasing to the motion picture industry for the purpose of making undersea pictures, the Marine Studios are attracting the studied attention of ichthyologists everywhere, and serve as a source of inspiration to visitors from all over the world.



In these times it is heartening to note that the New York legislature has passed a law providing that public schools should teach the pupils something about the deep meaning of the Bill of Rights in the American Constitution.

In accordance with this mandate, the State Board of Regents has designated a Bill of Rights week for the New York schools.

It would be a fine thing if everybody took the trouble to read the first ten amendments to the Constitution. Known as the Bill of Rights, these amendments guarantee about everything the dictators have taken away and that Americans prize.

Just to mention them is to give the measure of American liberty: no established state religion, freedom of religious worship, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, no right of search of a man's home without warrant from a court of law, when accused of a crime the right to a speedy, public and impartial trial, coupled with the right to confront witnesses for the prosecution and the right to summon witnesses for the defense.

FARMING UNDER THE ARCTIC SUN

(The Periscope)

In the Matanuska Valley of Alaska, lying between the mountains and the sea, a wilderness is steadily being converted into farm lands.

In the spring of 1935 the Federal Government undertook to aid two hundred selected families of farmers then on relief and residing in the northern parts of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota by transplanting them to the Matanuska Valley.

A tract of forty acres was set aside in the valley for each family. The settlers were assisted in building their houses, barns and other necessary buildings; they were provided with food, clothing, tools and equipment as well as livestock. These settlers were also assisted in clearing the land, most of which was covered with a very thick and sturdy growth of trees.

Practically all of the first summer, that of 1935, was spent in constructing the necessary dwelling houses and other buildings, after first clearing the sites. During the winter of 1935-36 the clearing of the land was carried on, although the stumps could not be pulled until spring.

Of the 200 families originally transplanted to the valley, approximately 140 remain, and of those 140 families, not one desires to leave; all are satisfied with the opportunity to make a home and eventually a competence by farming in Alaska.

The Matanuska Valley settlement is succeeding and there is no reason why it should not succeed. Farming in Alaska is bound to be a success when carried on by industrious people

who are afforded an access to market. Those who designed and carried out the Matanuska Valley farm program saw to it that roads were built to each settler's homestead. All roads were connected by a highway to the principal local market, the city of Anchorage, which is situated about 40 miles from the settlement.

In order to make farming a success anywhere, two things at least are necessary, besides having a market for the surplus produce—soil and climate. Matanuska has both.

In arriving at the facts with respect to the soil and climate of Matanuska Valley, we need not rely upon any one individual's opinion. For a number of years the Department of Agriculture maintained an agriculture experiment station in the valley. A few years ago this station was turned over to the University of Alaska. This experiment station has kept a record of the climate of the valley; it has made a thorough examination of the soil. The records and findings are on file in the Department and may be found in several of the books and periodicals published officially by the Department.

The average frost-free period in the Matanuska Valley is 130 days, from May 15 to September 22. Hence the growing season in the valley is as long as that of portions of the continental United States.

But Alaska has one advantage not possessed by these States. During the summer, Alaska has much more sunlight, thus greatly accelerating plant growth of all kinds. In the

Matanuska Valley, for example, in mid-summer the sun is above the horizon 20 hours a day; even as early as April 15, the valley has 14 hours of sunshine. For several weeks during mid-summer there is practically no darkness.

The number of hours of sunshine enjoyed by Alaska in the summer is worthy of futher comment. During the course of the year Alaska enjoys as much sunlight as Calif. but in Alaska the sunlight is largely concentrated during the summer months and greatly reduced during the winter months. Hence, in the Matanuska Valley, and in other parts of Alaska, crops grow very rapidly. In places like the Matanuska Valley, where the spring and fall frosts are 130 days apart, there is sufficient time to grow and mature grain and vegetables.

Many people have heard about the enormous rainfall of Alaska—it is true that along the coast of Alaska the precipitation is very heavy, but that is not true of the Matanuska Valley. The total annual rainfall in the Valley ranges from 12 to 20 inches. The region is free from tornadoes and severe electrical storms; in fact, thunder and lightning occur so rarely that it is almost unknown.

The soil, known as knit loam, is deep, varying from three to twenty feet, and very fertile. All types of grasses, grains and vegetables grow readily and rapidly. Even in dry weather the soil does not harden, and it retains it's moisture exceed-

ingly well. It will be many, many years before any fertilizer is needed in this soil by reason of exceptional depth, for when the top soil is partially exhausted it will be necessary only to plow deeper and bring up identically the same type of soil from underneath.

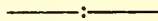
Good water for domestic use is obtainable on all of the farms, although most of it must be had from wells ranging from 15 to 60 feet deep.

The market for the surplus produce of these farmers is almost at their doors. The city of Anchorage alone can absorb all of it, provided there is a balanced production. It is generally considered that the Matanuska farmers will find it most profitable to raise cattle, hogs, sheep and chickens, as well as vegetables. The market is not limited to Anchorage, but is to be found also in the surrounding mining camps. Moreover, the Alaska railroad runs through the colony and thus affords an opportunity to ship surplus produce to Seward, Fairbanks and other places.

But in the boy stood on the
The Matanuska colony is on the road to success. It is as much of a success now as any such venture could be at this stage.

Alaska can easily support many more people. Of course, hard work and plenty of it is required. Alaska is no place for the lazy or the shiftless.

There is opportunity in this land for those who can 'take' it.



Of a truth, men are mystically united: a mysterious bond of brotherhood makes all men one.—Carlyle.

EPILEPSY

By W. E. Aughtinghough, M. D.

Cave men for many centuries suffered from "the falling sickness" as it was called, because its victims usually collapsed. Crude drawings on the sides of their primitive habitations verify this. The earliest writers on medicine repeatedly referred to this tragic illness and believed it was caused by the entrance of demons from the underworld into the bodies of men and women, which might only be driven from their human tenements by exorcism performed by a cleric. No nation, no race, no sex and no age has ever been free from this hideous infirmity.

It is unquestionably due to a spontaneous discharge of a motor nerve force and is characterized by periodic convulsive attacks on its victims, which vary in intensity and in duration. Undoubtedly it is often hereditary. This week I attended a young married man who had been free from these attacks for ten years. A few days previous to his call he had been resting on the sand at a famous Atlantic coast bathing beach and had a spell lasting five or more minutes. While talking with me he had another attack. His grandfather and his father both had been subject to similar spells, as had other relatives on his father's side of the family.

There is another known as Jacksonian epilepsy, so named after the brain surgeon who discovered it. It usually results from an injury to the skull which leaves scar tissue over the covering of the brain. By lift-

ing the depressed bone, freeing the adhesions and removing the tumor, the patient usually is restored to normalcy. In the other type of epilepsy there is no organic change visible in the motor cells even under microscopic examination. Ordinarily victims of both types of this disorder know when an attack is coming on, because they have spots before their eyes, fullness, and ringing in their ears, twitching of the muscles, especially those of the eyelids and mouth.

Many of the greatest men and women in the world have been epileptics, among them being Joan of Arc, Napoleon, Richelieu, Julius Cæsar, Nero and many saints of both sexes.

In olden days leaves were applied to the foreheads of sufferers, then thrown into the wind, which was supposed to carry away the devil causing the attack. Later primitive men made clay images, on which they outlined the seat of the illness, thereby transferring it to the statue.

St. John the Evangelist, in the guise of a beggar asking alms, supposedly approached Edward the confessor, who handed him some coins, in exchange for which the holy man gave him a ring assuring the king it would cure all sufferers from this cause, provided they were touched with it. This mythical story was responsible for the so-called epilepsy cramp ring worn by thousands of victims of this malady.

The French used emerald set rings to prevent this scourge falling on

them. Water, blessed and poured over the face as a prayer was repeated, was also reputed to be a sure cure. In the middle ages epilepsy was considered contagious, and those upon whom it laid its oppressive hand were isolated in hospitals located on the outskirts of cities.

Numerous charms were sold which presumably possessed curative prop-

erties, but all of them were valueless.

In some countries meaningless words, gibbered sentences, and incantations were supposed, to work a cure. Today, recently discovered medicines, the venom from serpents, proper foods, and mild exercise, do much to aid these sufferers, reducing the frequency and violence of the attacks.

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WISHING

Do you wish the world were better?

Let me tell you what to do.

Set a watch upon your actions,

Keep them always straight and true.

Rid your mind of selfish motives,

Yet your thoughts be clean and high
You can make a little Eden

Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?

Well, suppose you make a start,

By accumulating wisdom

In the scrapbook of your heart:

Do not waste one page on folly:

Live to learn, and learn to live,

If you want to give men knowledge,

You must get it, ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?

Then remember day by day

Just to scatter seeds of kindness

As you pass along the way,

For the pleasure of the many

May be oftentimes traced to one.

As the hand that plants an acorn

Shelters armies from the sun.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

PROBLEMS OR PURPOSES?

By Walter A. Quincke

In these days almost every one you meet seems to have a problem. Some of these are intellectual, indicating the wrestle of human minds with truth. Some problems are social and have to do with the adjustments which individuals must make in our rapid-changing society. Some are practical and are concerned with the material or financial affairs of daily life. Not a few are definitely religious problems, indicating the struggle of souls not completely in harmony with the universe and God. The new conceptions of our day and the ever-enlarging experiences in widening realms of life, together with that inborn restlessness for God which characterizes every individual soul, account for many of these problems.

There is always hope for the person who is seeking light. But deeper than these problems of life, are the purposes of the individual who must solve these problems.

Everything about us has a purpose. The tools we use, the instruments we employ, the books we read, the buildings we erect, the vehicles in which we are transported—all these have specific purposes. More definitely, as human skill increases and as science advances our knowledge of nature's laws, are these materials adjusted to the purposes which they are intended to serve.

Every life is a plan of God. He has work for each individual which that individual alone can best accomplish. He would have us each fit into

the purpose of his divine economy. He would have us live and labor in the light of those purposes. It is clearly the first duty of every individual to find that station, which is peculiarly his own, and strive to his utmost to fill it.

It is in the light of this major purpose of each individual that most of our problems, however they arise, must be solved. We may seek counsel from others. We may check up our own thinking with the experience and the wisdom of others. We do well to ask advice of those who have gone over life's way before us. Indeed, we are not even confined to living persons who come within the immediate circles of our acquaintance in the matter of this counsel.

We have the poets, the prophets and the historians and the saints of old beside whom we may stand and through them God may speak to us and we may learn his will. God wonderfully helps us in these times of decision and of opportunity through his many voices and through his faithful servants of our own and of other days.

When most of our problems are measured up to and fitted into the high purposes of our life they disappear either positively, being taken up into the main currents of our life, or negatively, being turned aside, and they thus become an opportunity for service and sacrifice and for the development of the powers entrusted to our care.

OYSTER CULTURE

By James Daniels

At Greenport, on the eastern end of Long Island, a new oyster plant has been opened that will take tender care of the noise-sensitive bivalves and assure a plentiful supply despite Winter storms.

Whaling used to be a million dollar industry at Greenport around 1800, and when the Leviathans of the deep were hunted to extinction small fish took their place as a "money crop." Today oysters bring over \$1,500,000 a year to the region around Gardiner's Bay at Greenport.

Commercial cultivation of oysters in the region dates from 1900. "Warming" consists of planting seed oysters, cultivation (destroying oyster enemies such as starfish, drill and winkle,) and dredging up the crop at harvest time. No matter how severe the storms elsewhere, the coldest weather doesn't affect oysters in land-locked Gardiner's Bay.

There at the new plant, operated by a quick-freezing company four dredging boats can unload as many as 1,200 bushels of oysters an hour. They are shoveled onto a rubber conveyor. (It's silent because everybody knows a noise annoys an oyster.) Then, in accordance with modern assembly line production, they drop

onto a concrete slab where 60 cullers, with iron culling knives sound out thousands of oysters a day by a firm tap to ascertain their plumpness.

After having seaweed, moss muscles and algae scraped off, the oysters are graded for size, in wire baskets. Those too small or misshaped, are returned to the ocean. Marketable oysters then pass through rinsing troughs, are sprayed with cold fresh water, and go into boxes or barrels.

Bivalves for quick freezing are opened by crack shuckers who rip open 4,000 to 5,000 a day. Think of that next time you "wrassle" with a dozen or so. The meats are graded by a machine, working by gravity which grades 100 oysters a minute into standard sizes—250 oysters to a gallon, 210, 180 and 150.

These various sizes are packed into cans, from five gallon to one-twentieth of a gallon. Packages of oysters are quick-frozen for shipping to all parts of the country. Thus Greenport supplies a good share of the nation's oysters.

When you sprinkle sauce on the succulent bivalves perhaps you will remember the mass production methods that have put them on your plate.

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In the literature of the world there is not one popular book which is immoral that continues to exist two centuries after it is produced; for in the heart of nations the false does not live so long, and the true is ethical to the end of time.—Bulwer.

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OF PRINTING

By Rev. Ivan H. Hagedorn

"The greatest invention of history" —was the appraisal of Victor Hugo of the importance of the invention of printing from movable type. Undoubtedly the invention revolutionized intellectual history. Only the invention of speech and the invention of the alphabet take precedence over it. And this year marks the five hundredth anniversary of this epoch-making event.

Like so many who have made grand bequests to posterity, the name of the inventor of printing from movable type is scarcely known. John Lord, in his "Beacon Lights of History," reminds us of our indebtedness to unknown benefactors. He asks, "Who invented the mariner's compass? Who gave the lyre to primeval ages? Or the blacksmith's forge, or the letters of the alphabet, or the arch in architecture, or glass for windows? Who first turned up the earth with the plow? Who first used the weaver's shuttle? Who devised the cathedrals of the Middle Ages? Who gave the keel to ships? Who was the first that raised bread by yeast? Who invented chimneys?"

So, too, the epoch-making invention of printing from movable type is shrouded in mystery and dispute. However, the name of John Gutenberg shines forth with increasing luster. Like Rembrandt in bankruptcy, and Columbus in chains, John Gutenberg in his life lived unhonored. He died February 24, 1468, never dreaming of the far-reaching influence his life and work had exerted. For today John Gutenberg is generally conceded to be

the inventor of printing from movable type.

Medieval kings and princes had their signatures carved upon blocks of wood and metal, reversing the lettering of course, so that when inked and applied to papers of state, they would leave a clear impression. John Gutenberg, while following the trade of lapidary in Strassburg, made experiments in the reproduction of books by a cheaper and quicker method than copying them by hand. At first his attempts were along the line of block-printing, tying the letters together with twine and then with wire. Several books were printed in this manner. But it was found that this took as long as copying them, since each block had to be engraved. As always, great patience and perseverance were required, for one difficulty after another had to be overcome. He found the ink softening the wooden type, and when lead was used as a substitute he found this too soft to bear pressure. At last, he cast individual letters on separate little pieces of metal, all the same height and thickness, thus making it easy to arrange them in any desired sequence for printing.

All his sacrifices, from a material viewpoint, were in vain, for very shortly afterward he was involved in lawsuits, the consequence of which was the seizure of all his printing material and presses. He embarked upon other business undertakings, but financial success ever eluded him. However, though he died poor, he surely has enriched the lives of hosts.

Through his invention he made art and literature democratic, for what was once confined to a favored few became common property. Indeed, through his invention men and women were blessed with every form of enlightenment—the great truths, philosophies, and sciences which had accumulated through the centuries were made easily available to them.

To the invention of printing we owe the development of our mammoth educational system, for it is the principal implement of school, college

and university. We can scarcely think of any department of modern life which would not be seriously handicapped without its aid. And how it has added to the entertainment and enjoyment of life, making possible fellowship with the greatest minds, and making travel possible at really no cost or inconvenience, bring no cost or inconvenience, bring—Europe, China, India, and remote parts of the earth to the breakfast table.

—————:—————

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

The road to daily happiness
Is not so hard to find;
You walk ahead serenely
And leave your cares behind.

A word of cheer upon your lips,
A ready hand to give,
A smiling face, a snatch of song,
Will help you well to live.

Along the road to happiness
Are travelers on the way;
To aid a struggling pilgrim
You have your part to play.

The love you give to others,
The good that you may do,
The helping hand you proffer,
Will bring happiness to you.

There may be stony places,
And rugged hills to climb,
But there lies just beyond you
A vision all sublime.

The road to daily happiness
Is not so hard to find;
It's what you do for others
That brings true peace of mind.

—Grenville Kleiser

HONOR WHERE DUE

(Mecklenburg Times)

American citizens have read with pity and wonder of food shortages in war-torn Europe— of the spectacle of men and women in line for hours to obtain a few potatoes or a loaf of bread— and, in many cases, finally being turned away because the supply had been exhausted.

In this country we are at peace. We have plenty of food, clothing and other necessities. We have a standard of living unparalleled in the world. Much of the credit for that must go to Nature, which has dealt richly with us. But man has aided Nature—and it is man's work which has been responsible for bringing the bounty of the earth to the people.

Think for a moment about the American system of retail distribution. The stores which sell you

food, clothes, necessities and luxuries are the product of an intricate and superbly planned system whose purpose is to provide the nation with the maximum amount of goods for the least amount of money. This system is made up of independent stores, chain stores and other progressive forms of retailing. It is a system in which competition is free and open—in which every merchant is always seeking to improve his business and thus earn more patronage. It is a system which gives the consumer in little towns the same quality of goods at the same price as the consumer in great cities.

Our standard of living must be largely attributed to the American retail system.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

A shaft of faith which sears the night;
 Seen best when all is dark.
 True friendship's like a beacon light—
 Embrace the troubled in its girth,
 Its warming rays dispel the gloom,
 A beam of cheer which finds its mark.
 No mortal man should e'er assume
 To set a price on friendship's worth.

—The New Era.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. T. V. Talbert, a member of our staff, is acting as supply teacher in the fifth grade during the absence of Mr. Wood.

—:—

"Call a Messenger" was the feature on this week's movie program in the auditorium, and the short comedy was entitled "Slap Happy Valley." Both are Universal productions.

—:—

Superintendent Chas. E. Boger and Mr. W. W. Johnson, school principal, went to Kannapolis last Wednesday, where they attended a meeting of a King's Daughters circle, held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bullock.

—:—

With one exception, activities in all departments at the School seem to be functioning normally now that the vacation period is over. The exception is due to the fact that Mr. Wood, fifth grade teacher, is absent because of illness.

—:—

The boys on the barn force and other outside details have been kept quite busy this week hauling coal from our railroad siding to the various buildings, cutting wood for use at the cottages, and moving a considerable quantity of hay from storage barns to feed barn.

—:—

Mr. I. W. Wood, fifth grade teacher and officer in charge of Cottage No. 4, has been quite ill for several weeks. He was taken to his home in Montgomery county some time ago, and we are glad to announce that the latest report coming from there states his condition as being improved.

The School necessarily has to have the services of quite a number of young and active men in order to carry on its work. We have been somewhat disturbed recently, as the Selective Service Draft is calling several of the workers here. About ten employees are in the draft age limit and should all of them be called to go to camp at the same time, the work of the institution would be seriously handicapped. The value of a person's service at the School depends entirely on experience. New men would not be able to fill their places satisfactorily without having had former experience in this kind of work.

—:—

Mr. Paul Caldwell, a native of Cabarrus county, who has been pharmacist at Sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island, N. Y., for many years, is a constant reader of our little magazine. Some time ago he noticed a report in these columns that James Brewer, one of our boys, who had suffered from blood poisoning and a bone infection, having been confined to his bed about two years, was able to be out again.

A kindly feeling for a boy who had not been able to enjoy the normal activities of childhood for so long, prompted our good friend to send a little Christmas cheer to the lad. This remembrance certainly had its effect. Just a few days ago, James was looking over our mailing list, and upon seeing "Doctor Paul's" name thereon, proudly let it be known that he had received a Christmas gift from him, and promptly asked permission to

write a note of thanks. Needless to say his request was granted and the letter is on its way to our old friend.

—:—

Rev. R. B. Shumaker, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. The subject of his most interesting and helpful message to the boys was "The Man I Serve."

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker pointed out how necessary it is for people, especially young folks, to have a leader, and how essential it was for them to learn early in life the right kind of a leader to follow. In Germany and Russia, said he, young people are being regimented into following leaders who have wild dreams of conquering the entire world, which can only lead to destruction. He further stated he was glad that he learned to follow Jesus Christ as a very young man, and urged the boys to decide at once to follow the same leader.

Aside from the fact that Christ gave his life for us, it is necessary that we go back beyond his death to see the things which God put into his life that makes him so outstanding in peoples' minds, said Rev. Mr. Shumaker, adding that there were three characteristics of Jesus which draws so many people to him, as follows: (1) He had hold of or knew himself. We should not think of the faults of others first. Our biggest problem is ourselves, and until we fully understand ourselves, we cannot do much for others. We should never accuse

others of our own failures. The fault lies with us, simply because we did not know ourselves. A mistake made in life need not mean loss, for through Jesus Christ we can be saved.

(2) Jesus knew humanity. One of the most touching scenes related in the Bible is the story of the woman about to be stoned to death. The Master came upon the group about to commit this rash act. It was the law of the land that she be executed in this manner. Christ knew the law, but he also knew humanity, so, turning to the men, he said, "He that is among you that is without sin, let him cast the first stone," and there was not one present who felt that he should throw a stone. Christ then approached the woman, wrote something in the sand, and she became converted. This certainly proves that the Man of Galilee knew humanity. (3) Jesus had hold on God. He could not have been what he was but for this fact. In the Garden of Gethsemane he prayed for power to do the will of his Heavenly Father. He well knew that in just a very short time he was to be cruelly put to death, yet he said, "Thy will be done."

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Shumaker told the boys that as they travel the great road of life, they might choose the wrong road, as countless thousands of others have done before. But he added if they would only be willing to let the hand of God guide them, it would be possible for them to leave the wrong road and travel safely the road that leads to eternal joy.

—:—

"A tooth in the jaw is worth two in the plate."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 5, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Drye
Cecil Gray
Homer Head
Robert Maples
Frank May
Mack McQuaigue
Francis Ruff
William Shannon
Kenneth Tipton
Weldon Warren

COTTAGE NO. 1

N. A. Bennett
William G. Bryant
William Callahan
Albert Chunn
Eugene Edwards
Ralph Harris
Porter Holder
Burman Keller
Clay Mize
Arlie Scism
Everett Watts
William C. Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 2

Joseph Farlow
Thomas Hooks
Edward Johnson
Donald McFee
Bernice Hoke

COTTAGE NO. 3

James Boone
John Bailey
Lewis Baker
Clyde Barnwell
Max Evans
William Matthewson
Otis McCall
William Sims
Harrison Stilwell
Wayne Sluder
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4

Quentin Crittenton
Luther H. Coe
Arthur Edmondson
Paul Godwin

Arlo Goins
Noah J. Green
Gilbert Hogan
John Jackson
Hugh Kennedy
William Morgan
George Newman
George Speer
Melvin Walters

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
J. C. Bordeaux
Harold Donaldson
A. C. Elmore
Monroe Flinchum
Charles Hayes
Everett Lineberry
James Massey
Currie Singletary
Donald Smith
Richard Starnes
Hubert Walker
Dewey Ware
Henry Ziegler

COTTAGE NO. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
John H. Baker
Edward Batten
Clasper Beasley
H. B. Butler
Donald Earnhardt
George Green
Lacy Green
Richard Halker
Raymond Hughes
Lyman Johnson
Carl Justice
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash
Edward Overby
Marshall Pace
Carl Ray
Loy Stines
Ernest Turner
Alex Weathers
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

William Jerrell

COTTAGE NO. 9

Holly Atwood

Percy Capps

David Cunningham

George Gaddy

Osper Howell

Grady Kelly

Vallie McCall

William Nelson

Harold O'Dear

James Ruff

Thomas Sands

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

John Benson

Harold Bryson

William Dixon

William Furches

Robert Goldsmith

Fred Jones

Fred Owens

Theodore Rector

James Tyndall

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond

William Broadwell

Ernest Brewer

William Deaton

Woodrow Hager

Eugene Heaffner

Charles Hastings

Tillman Lyles

Clarence Mayton

James Mondie

Hercules Rose

Howard Sanders

Charles Simpson

Robah Sink

Jesse Smith

Norman Smith

George Tolson

Eugene Watts

J. R. Whitman

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer

Thomas Fields

Vincent Hawes

James Lane

Douglas Mabry

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews

John Baker

William Butler

Edward Carter

Mack Coggins

Robert Deyton

Audie Farthing

John Hamm

Henry McGraw

Charles McCoyle

John Robbins

Charles Steepleton

COTTAGE NO. 15

Jennings Britt

John Howard

Eulice Rogers

INDIAN COTTAGE

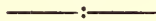
George Duncan

Philip Holmes

John T. Lawry

Redmond Lawry

Thomas Wilson



TRUE LOVE

Beauteous the love of country is,
 The love that gives so willingly its life,
 But may that day more beauteous soon come
 When man, though loving not his country less,
 Shall more than country, love his fellow man.

—Selected



THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 18, 1941

NO. 3

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U. N. C. Library

THE BETTER PART

The days are all too short to waste
A moment, with the time it takes
For hunting flaws in useful folks,
And magnifying small mistakes.
But there is time enough to spare
Between the dawn and sunset's glow,
To recognize the kindly traits
Possessed by people whom we know.

—Edith R. Smith.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

SPECIFICATIONS FOR A MAN

To respect my country, my profession, and myself. To be honest and fair with my fellow men as I expect them to be with me. To be a loyal citizen. To speak of my country with praise and act always as a trustworthy custodian of its good name. To be a man whose name carries prestige with it wherever it goes.

To base my expectations of a reward on a solid foundation of service rendered. To be willing to pay the price of success in honest effort. To look upon my work as an opportunity to be seized with joy and to be made the most of, not as a painful drudgery to be reluctantly endured.

To remember that success lies within my own self and in my own brain, my own ambition and my own courage and determination. To expect difficulties and force my way through them. To turn hard experience into capital for future struggles.

To believe in my profession heart and soul. To carry an air of optimism in the presence of those I meet. To dispel all temper with cheerfulness, kill doubts with strong conviction, and reduce action with an agreeable personality.

To find time to do every needful thing by not letting time find me doing nothing. To hoard days as a miser does pounds. To make every hour bring me dividends in increased knowledge and healthful recreations. To keep my future unencumbered with debts. To save as well as earn.

To steer clear of dissipation and guard my health of body and peace of mind as a most precious stock in trade.

Finally, to take a good grip on the joys of life. To play the game like a man. To fight against nothing as hard as my own weakness and endeavor to give it strength. To be a gentleman so I may be courteous to man, faithful to friends, and true to God.—The Freemason (England).

DAYS OF COMMEMORATION

"The Bulletin", the mouthpiece of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, emphasizes the high spots in the lives of three of the most outstanding men of the South: Robert E. Lee and Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, renowned for courage and loyalty during their careers as generals in the War Between the States, also Commodore Maury, navigator and author of the textbooks,

"Maury's Geographies", the equal of any and superior to many geographies of later publication.

This we copy from "The Bulletin": January brings anniversaries of the birthdays of three of the most famous men in Confederate history—Lee, Jackson and Maury—all designated as days of commemoration. It has been most gratifying to note the response to the suggestion for a religious observance on Sunday, January 19th, with the theme, "Robert E. Lee, the Christian."

Elsewhere in The Uplift will be found splendid contributions, lauding the careers of these men, who are nationally known.

* * * * *

CLEAN SPORTS NECESSARY

The word time is the yardstick that gives the correct measurement of accumulated seconds, minutes, days, weeks, months and other divisions of the march of the years. We listen with interest to Major Bowe's radio programs. His broadcasts carry a co-mingling of humor, music and literature, and his manner in presenting the various performers, shows the technique of an artist. Such programs are helpful for they bring a chuckle from the soul of man whose way seems hard. They make one forget the sordid paths and inspire a desire for more clean and wholesome recreations. Besides, they catch and hold the attention of young people, therefore inspire a more uplifting pastime. Knowing that our nation holds first place in crime among young people, we feel that the programs of this nationally-known entertainer exert a fine influence upon the minds of the youth. The major first announces the number of entertainments given and then states, "Around and around she goes, and where she stops, nobody knows." This brief introduction carries a message that can be applied to the activities of every individual. All of us move in circles with a hope. Hope gives courage, therefore, the same daily grind or the monotony of life is made bearable, and finally the goal is reached. For instance, in the schedule of activities of this institution for the under-privileged boy, there are times when we have taken a spin on the "merry-go-round" and stopped just where we had started. But with all of the ups and downs, the work is fascinating, and reports from the

paroled boys who are making good gives an impetus to continue, so again "around and around we go" with renewed hope. Our stop at this writing is Thanksgiving Day, an occasion for special sports, —football and other recreation,—along with a special menu of good things to eat.

Our superintendent, having boys of his own, thoroughly understands the boys' problems. Knowing that all work and no play makes a dull mind, he endeavors to have clean recreation interspersed with the daily chores.

* * * * *

REPORTS OF HIGHWAY ACCIDENTS

An approximate 15 per cent increase in accident reports for the year 1940 as compared with 1939 was announced this week by the Highway Safety Division.

"This increase does not reflect a proportionate increase in traffic accidents in this state last year, however," said Ronald Hocutt, director of the safety division, "It merely reflects more complete reporting of the accidents that occurred."

Records of the division show that nearly 10,000 accident reports were received during 1940, against some over 8,000 received in 1939. Traffic fatalities for 1940 were around five per cent above 1939.

"The Highway Safety Division is most grateful to the sheriffs, State Highway Patrolmen and police officers of North Carolina for their cooperation in sending in accident reports last year," the safety director said. "We know that these officers are going to bend every effort to make accident reporting in this state as complete as possible during 1941, and we appeal to all drivers in the state to help further by sending in reports on any accidents in which they might be involved."

North Carolina law requires that a written report of an accident must be made to the Highway Safety Division within 24 hours after the accident occurs if any person has been injured, no matter how slightly, or if the damage done to property seems likely to amount to more than \$10.

There are two main uses of accident reports. One is to furnish information as to where accidents occur most often, as a basis

for selective engineering and enforcement. The second is to furnish information about the causes of accidents, as a basis for safety education.

* * * * *

WHAT THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY TEACHES

Many highly interesting periodicals come to our desk each week from penal and correctional institutions in all parts of the United States. Among them is a fine little weekly, "The Record", published by the boys' printing class of the Pennsylvania Industrial School, Huntingdon, Pa.

The superintendent of this institution, Commander John D. Pennington, is a former officer of the United States Navy, we presume, judging from his title, and it is indeed gratifying to note, especially in these turbulent times, the effort he is making to teach the boys placed under his care, the meaning of true Americanism and symbolic teachings of "Old Glory." On the front page of each issue a picture of the flag so dear to us is prominently displayed, with a short paragraph underneath, calling attention to the things for which it stands. We were so favorably impressed by the one appearing in a recent issue of "The Record", that we are taking the liberty of passing it on to our readers, as follows:

The next time you pass the "Stars and Stripes," floating majestically over some public building, or from the top of a pole in a school yard, pause, and look at its bright stripes of red, and scintillating white stars on a background of blue—try to remember what this glorious combination of color symbolizes—what the design, as a whole, means to all who live in the United States of America!

Our beautiful Flag is emblematic of everything we are so proud of today—our Constitution and the democracy based on its sacred precepts. In contemplating this symbol of a free and mighty people, resolve, as an individual, to live up to your obligations of Citizenship—to do all that you can toward helping constituted authority seek out, and punish all who would destroy your freedom by preaching alien doctrines in your midst, and abusing the privileges they enjoy in America. There is no room in America for the "Bund"; "The Facist Black Shirts," and organizations from Russia, whose members call each other "Comrade."

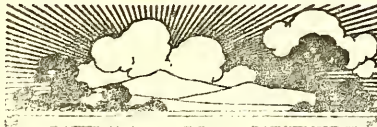
CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

From an editorial in the Concord Tribune the astonishing information is given out that in the rural schools of Cabarrus county there are 12,704 children without Christian training. It is quite timely that the local paper calls attention to this vital need for our young people. The editor of the Tribune, like his father, who for many years conducted a paper in the county, hears the call for the uplift of the youth of our community. The editor is showing a willingness to help the cause through the columns of his paper, hoping to raise funds to purchase literature for this specific and vital cause. This is indeed a challenge to the citizens of the county. We feel sure that this appeal will meet a generous response because Cabarrus has never failed to rise to an emergency for the welfare of childhood. The following we quote from The Tribune:

“All funds sent to The Tribune in this campaign will be turned over to the county superintendent of schools and he in turn will purchase books approved by the county board of education.”

The Uplift commends this move and we hope that this is the first step towards creating interest in Christian Education throughout the state.

If there are 12,704 children in Cabarrus, how many children are there in the one hundred counties of the state without Christian education? This is a question for serious consideration. Do we need Christian Education in the school system?



THREE GREAT MEN

(The Bulletin)

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

(January 19, 1807-October 20, 1870)

Robert Edward Lee was born at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, the son of Lighthorse Harry Lee and Ann Hill Carter Lee.

He graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1829 and on June 20, 1831, married Miss Mary Custis at Arlington.

No attempt will be made to give the military career of this illustrious chieftain of the Confederacy and beloved Virginian. His genius of war has given him rank among the foremost soldiers of all ages and all nations. His military career has been so much emphasized that perhaps some of his other attainments have been overlooked, especially his ability as a writer. True his private letters, official papers, military orders, and the preface to a biography of his father constitute the literary material by which he is known as a writer, but these are models of clear and forceful English. In his sketch of General Lee in the Library of Southern Literature, in speaking of the qualities of his writing states that their charm lay in their naturalness and their dignified informality, their modesty and frankness. His writings too were of a high moral and religious tone and characterized by rare force and dignity of expression.

"No man," says Dr. Denny, "has ever written letters that surpass those of General Lee when measured by

this standard." There are few finer documents in his opinion than his letter to General Scott resigning his commission in the Federal Army; his celebrated address to the people of Maryland or his farewell address to his soldiers. But the most beautiful of all of these and the one that makes the most appeal is one to his wife written on Christmas Day, 1861, expressing his consideration for her and his family. Because of the memories of the sacred season just past lingering in our hearts this letter is appended:

"I cannot let this day of grateful rejoicing pass without some communion with you. I am thankful for the many, among the past, that I have passed with you and the remembrance of them fills me with pleasure. As to our home, if not destroyed, it will be difficult ever to be recognized. Even if the enemy had wished to preserve it, it would almost have been impossible. With the number of troops encamped around it; the change of officers; the want of fuel, shelter, etc., and all the dire necessities of war, it is vain to think of its being in a habitable condition. I fear too the books, the furniture and relics of Mount Vernon will be gone. It is better to make up our minds to a general loss. They cannot take away the remembrances of the spot and the memories of those that to us rendered it sacred. That will remain to us as long as life will last and that we can preserve. In the absence of a home I wish I could preserve Stratford. It

is the only other place I could go to now acceptable to us, that would inspire me with pleasure and local love. You and the girls could remain there in quiet. It is a poor place but we could make enough corn bread and bacon for our support and the girls could weave our clothes. You must not build your hopes on peace on account of the United States going to war with England. The rulers are not entirely mad and if they find England is in earnest, and that war or restitution of captives must be the consequence, they will adopt the latter. We must make up our minds to fight our battles and win our independence alone. No one will help us."

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON

(January 21, 1824—May 10, 1863)

Only a brief outline of the life of Stonewall Jackson, one of the great triumvirate, whose natal days are observed in January will be given, for his career as a warrior and a Christian soldier are too well known to receive further plaudits.

He was born in Harrison County, Virginia (now West Virginia), and was the son of Jonathan Jackson and Julia Beckwith Neale Jackson. His parents died early and he was reared by his uncle, C. E. Jackson.

Through his own persistency, though poorly prepared, he entered West Point in 1842, and by his own admission he had to study very hard, but he rose steadily and in 1846 he graduated from that institution and was assigned to duty in Mexico, where he served in the artillery and won distinction on every field.

His superior officer, General John H. Magruder said of him: "If devo-

tion, talent and gallantry are the highest qualities of a soldier, then he is entitled to the distinction which their possession confers."

In 1851 he became professor of Natural Science and instructor of Military Science and Tactics at the Virginia Military Institute.

Jackson was opposed to secession but when Virginia seceded he cast his fortunes with his native state saying, "I have longed to preserve the Union and would have been willing to sacrifice much to that end. But now that the North has chosen to inaugurate war against us, I am in favor of meeting her, by drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard."

Stonewall Jackson is the most unique romantic character of his times. He served the Confederacy but two years, but his devotion to the Southern cause and his brilliant achievements won him wider fame perhaps than any other soldier on either side.

Winning victory after victory, his career was cut short by a wound from his own men, and on May 10, 1863, he fought his last fight but through it the great Christian soldier received the reward of the faithful—a crown of rejoicing.

William C. Chase in his book *The Life of Stonewall Jackson* sums up his character in these words:

"The lessons of all that make men truly great, Jackson's life taught. He was the embodiment of truth, perseverance, self denial, simplicity, integrity, courage, unselfishness, honor and all the noble attributes of perfect manhood. His nature held no ambition beyond duty and the proper desire to excel in all undertakings. He spurned political place and prefer-

ence; was free from egotism, vanity and false pride; he never speculated in any way; he practiced no art or scheme to win a way to fame. He loved his native state, and his country more than life. He was gentle and tender as a woman and brave as a lion; he loved children, peace and home; he avoided strong drink and excessive indulgences of every sort. He scorned the wiles of human praise. He was the most self-reliant, after communing with his God, and the most politically independent man of which history in all ages gives record. He was an orphan, a helpless, penniless child; he knew poverty, hardships, struggles, but he was clear, clean and pure and glorified the land that gave him birth.

“Stonewall Jackson did not live or die in vain. To emulate his example as a Christian patriot and man, his survivors, their children, children to the end of time will honor themselves. His memory is a sacred heritage, a trust in love and precept ever lifting us nearer to virtue, duty, humility to God and the things that are His.”

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY

(January 14, 1806—February 1, 1873)

Matthew Fontaine Maury, the Pathfinder of the Seas, was the son of Richard Maury and Dina Minor Maury and was born in Fredericksburg, Virginia, but when he was five years old his parents removed their residence to Tennessee. Here he was educated in the country schools, later attending Harpeth Academy near Franklin.

In 1825 he secured a midshipman's warrant and in the following nine years made three extended cruises. The first of these was to Europe on a

war vessel that took Lafayette back to France after his memorable visit to America; the second around the world in the Vincennes, where he began his treatise on navigation so long used as a textbook in the Navy. The third voyage was to the Pacific coast of South America.

On July 14, 1834, he married Ann Hull Herndon of Fredericksburg.

He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in 1838 and in the fall of 1839 while returning from a visit to his parents in Tennessee, he suffered an injury to his knee by a stagecoach accident which resulted in permanent lameness which caused him to relinquish active sea duty and to engage in scientific work in the Naval Observatory of the United States.

Here he engaged in research work of winds and currents and produced a series of writings on the subject. So confident was he of the practical utility of his charts and sailing directions that he predicted a saving of ten to fifteen days from New York to Rio de Janeiro. The fulfillment of this prediction created a great deal of interest in the subject and as a result an international conference was held in Brussels in 1853 of which Maury was the leading spirit and the uniform system of recording oceanographic data was adopted for the whole world.

On the basis of this data he revised his winds and currents charts for the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and drew up one for the Indian Ocean. During the gold rush to California through this knowledge the sailing time from the Atlantic coast was reduced from 180 to 133 days, thus saving millions of dollars.

In 1855 he published his Physical

Geography now recognized as the first textbook of oceanography which considered the sea for the first time as a distinct science.

He was intensely interested in the proposed laying of the Atlantic cable to provide communication between Europe and Asia and prepare a chart of the bottom of the ocean between the two countries, and his wide knowledge of the sea was called upon in selecting the right time for the laying of the cable. Cyrus Field not only consulted him frequently, but publicly expressed his indebtedness to Maury.

In the growing antagonism between North and South his sympathies were with his own section and he was said to have remarked: "That the line of duty; therefore to me is clear—each one to follow his own State; if his own State goes to war. If not he may remain to help in the work of reunion."

On April 20, 1861, three days after Virginia seceded, he tendered his resignation, proceeded to Richmond where he was soon commissioned as a commander in the Confederate States Navy.

In 1862 he was sent to England as a special representative of the Confederate government and was instrumental in securing for it ships of war. He also, while there, continued work on electric mines. With the purpose of using these in the war for the Southern cause he embarked for home but when he reached the

West Indies he found that the Confederacy was no more. He also found himself confronted with signal danger for the terms of the amnesty representatives of the Confederate government, who were abroad at the time, were not included.

He then offered his service to Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, laying before him a scheme for the colonization of the former Confederates and their families. Some progress was made, but the troubled political conditions in Mexico and the failure of a large exodus from the Southern states caused it to be abandoned.

He returned to England and busied himself with his electric mines and with writing a series of geographies at the request of a New York publishing house.

In 1868 he returned to Virginia to accept a professorship at Virginia Military Institute in which capacity he served for four years. In 1872 while on a lecture trip he was taken ill; returning to Lexington his death occurred after four months' illness. He was temporarily interred in Lexington but later his remains were placed in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond.

Matthew Fontaine Maury was about five feet, six inches in height, inclined to be stout, with a fresh, ruddy complexion. He was an indefatigable worker and stressed the importance of industry by declaring: "It's the talent of industry that makes a man."

We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them.—Seneca.

THOMAS PAINE

By John E. Dugan

January 29th of this year will be the two hundred fourth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine, author of *Common Sense*, *The Crisis*, *The Rights of Man*, and many other epoch-making works. Paine, doubtless more than any other man, was responsible for the launching of the American Revolution. When others of our renowned forefathers, even Washington himself, were hesitating and discussing compromise, it was Paine who advocated revolution and the complete independence of the Colonies.

It was his *Common Sense*, a pamphlet of forty octavo pages, printed and distributed at financial loss to himself, which aroused the colonists to action, and his *Crisis* which inspired and encouraged the Continental Army in the darkest days of the struggle for independence. Paine was not only the "Author Hero" of the Revolution, but a hero in the ranks as a volunteer private soldier from the very beginning of the struggle. The records indicate that he was daring and courageous in the midst of danger.

An Englishman and the son of Quaker parents, he was induced to come to America through the influence of Benjamin Franklin who was familiar with the former's views. Franklin evidently knew what he was doing, and it was through his advice that Paine was invited to meet Washington, Jefferson, Adams and other prominent leaders of the

concluded his remarks with the ad-day, to expound his opinions and vocacy of revolution rather than a compromise.

He was first to speak of "the American nation"; "the Free and independent States of America"; first to suggest emancipation of the Negro in this country; he was first to propose constitutional government to the United States; he was a pioneer in advocating the rights of women. Indeed, he was first in many things and ways, but above all he was first, last and always for the rights of man.

"Where liberty is there is my country," said Franklin. "Where liberty is not, there is my country," said Paine, so, naturally, his mind and eyes turned toward France when the American cause had so well triumphed. The people of France had been so terribly oppressed and robbed by the ruling class that they were ready-ripe for a change and the success of the American people hastened their revolt. Paine, whose sympathy was ever with the downtrodden, managed to get to France, notwithstanding a price that had been set on his head, it is said. Soon he was advocating the overthrow of the French monarchical tyranny and was elected a member of the House of Deputies. Here he voted to save the life of Louis XVI for which he was suspected and sentenced to the Bastille, where he remained for about a year. "Kill the system, not

the man," was the noble stand he took, but was misunderstood and this nearly cost him his life. He was saved by mere accident and was later liberated through the influence of James Monroe, then our representative to France. Having now concluded to return to the United States, his friend, LaFayette, handed him the key of the Bastile with the request that it be presented to George Washington with his compliments. This key still graces the walls of our first President's beautiful home at Mount Vernon, Virginia, a grim reminder of an extinct tyranny.

Such was Thomas Paine—a humanitarian and friend of the oppressed everywhere. Said he, "The world is my country, and to do good

my religion," one of the noblest sentiments ever expressed by man.

In recognition of his valuable and self-sacrificing services, the Congress of the United States granted him \$3,000, the State of Pennsylvania presented him with five hundred pounds currency, and the State of New York gave him an estate of three hundred acres at New Rochelle N.Y., where he resided until he died on June 8, 1809, aged 72 years and 5 months. A modest monument was erected to his memory at New Rochelle some years ago, upon which in addition to his name was inscribed "Author of Common Sense." He was ever the friend of man—and one of the world's great apostles of Liberty.

MY FORTUNE

Perhaps I have no funds in sight,
 But what is that to me,
 With all the gold of sunlight,
 And the silver of the sea?

Perhaps I hold no title to
 Rich lands or mansions fine,
 But overhead the skies of blue
 With all their joy are mine.

In coffers running o'er and c'er
 With Love, and Hope and Cheer.
 And in my heart I hold a store
 Of wealth in title clear

—John Kendrick Bangs.

FORERUNNER OF DUKE UNIVERSITY

By R. C. Lawrence

Duke University is a mighty institution. Its numerous buildings represent the last word in architectural design and its campus is a prose poem in beauty, wrought by the genius of landscape artist. The classic lines of the Parthenon in Athens, recalling the rhetorical declaration of the German philosopher, Schelling, that architecture is frozen music; and from its lofty tower "the pealing anthem swells the note of praise" when the bells of its great carillon sent forth the cadence of their sweet symphony. In fact, the entire setting, ensemble and effect of Duke is worthy of the genius of Sir Christopher Wren.

All that is mortal of James Buchanan Duke, whose munificence made all this magnificence possible, rests within the deep crypts of the chapel his architects created; but to look for the real builder of Duke University, the inquiring mind must seek elsewhere.

Every religious denomination has possessed great pioneers, of whom those of that faith instinctively think when reviewing the great names which constitute their heritage. A Presbyterian would naturally think of Prof. David Caldwell, whose Guilford county log schoolhouse was at once "an academy, a college and a theological seminary," out of which came a procession of preachers, lawyers, physicians, educators and leaders in the life of our state for a generation including five governors. A Baptist would no doubt think of Rev. Shubael Stearns, and point with pride to **the fact that he traversed the state,**

founding a train of Baptist churches in his wake. An Episcopalian would probably refer to Charles Pettigrew, first elected Episcopal bishop in North Carolina, whose work laid broad and deep the foundation of the faith of his fathers. But the informed Methodist would undoubtedly refer to Dr. Braxton Craven as the mightiest man Methodism ever produced in Carolina.

I take it that the real builder of a Commonwealth is the educator rather than the statesman. The lofty eloquence of Daniel Webster has not been translated into the sequence of the ages; but the foundations laid down by such a man as Charles W. Eliot at Harvard or by Woodrow Wilson at Princeton, are still being erected into lofty monuments which will not pass away. I therefore refer to Dr. Craven as the builder of the Commonwealth in a very real sense.

He had one of the most powerful intellects our state has ever known; and the two most naturally gifted men of this day and generation were undoubtedly Dr. Craven and Judge David Schenck, both of whom possessed intellectual gifts which **have never** been surpassed within our borders.

Dr. Craven came from humble parentage and his great intellectual attainments can no more be accounted for than can the **genius of an Edison**, a Marconi, or an Einstein. His father was an ordinary farmer seeking to wrest a livelihood from the rugged red hills of Randolph county, and here in 1822 his son Braxton was **born.**

Garfield said that a university con-

sisted of Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other end; and the same statement might, with propriety, have been made concerning Dr. Craven, for he was a natural educator, with the inbred talent of the educator, and when he was only sixteen, we find him teaching a subscription school in the neighborhood where he was born.

His own education was secured at the famous Quaker Academy at New Garden, which educated so many famous men. Here he soaked up the Latin and Greek classics for he had a mind like a sponge which retained everything it once acquired. He read in four languages fluently; and his amazing memory was such that he memorized the whole of Abercrombie's Moral Philosophy, so that he could repeat the entire work! Later in life he took his academic degree from Randolph-Macon. Other academic honors came to him as the fame of his great work as an educator became known throughout the educational world. Our university declared him Master of Arts; Andrews College in Tennessee conferred upon him a Doctorate of Divinity; and the University of Missouri created him a Doctor of Laws, also offering to him the chancellorship of that institution, which he declined. But these honors were to come to him later in life.

He became a powerful preacher in his 'teens and was licensed to preach by the Methodist conference when he was only eighteen. The fame of the "boy preacher" spread abroad, and people flocked to hear him; yet he only held one important pastorate, that of Edenton Street at Raleigh, and that for two years during the civil war. His heart lay in the ministry of

the educator rather than in the ministry of the pulpit.

During the civil war he also saw service in the cause of the Confederacy. He became Captain Craven, and was attached at the large Confederate military prison at Salisbury.

We now come to his life's work. Upon leaving New Garden academy, the young preacher became assistant to the famous Dr. Bradley York, who had founded and was conducting a small school in a frame building, a short distance from what became the site of "Old Trinity" in Randolph county. Two years later Dr. York retired and Dr. Craven became the principal of the little school, then known as "Union Institute."

In 1851 the school was chartered by the legislature and became a "normal college." That same year saw its first connection with the Methodist conference, when that body lent its "moral support" to the struggling college upon the understanding that young candidates for the Methodist ministry should receive their tuition free.

In 1852 the Legislature passed an act directing the trustees of the literary fund to lend the institution ten thousand dollars upon the security of a bond; and it is not entirely to the credit of the Methodist church that it allowed Dr. Craven to pay off a part of this loan out of his own small property. It was with the proceeds of this loan, and certain other funds, that a brick building was erected on the site which has become famous as "Old Trinity." In 1859 this loan having been paid off, the name of the school was changed and Trinity college came into existence, the property becoming vested in the Methodist

conference. Dr. Craven continued as its president until his death in 1882, with the exception of two years during the Civil War, when he occupied a pastorate as above stated.

Dr. Craven built "Old Trinity" largely with his bare hands. He said that his supreme aim and object was to "build men" and in this he attained his objective, for under his leader-

ship Trinity college became a mighty force in the educational life of the state. At his feet sat men who were to go forth to become the pillars of both church and state in Carolina—senators, governors, judges, preachers, educators, lawyers, doctors—the leaders in every profession and in every calling in the life that was Carolina's in his day and generation.

—:—

A SMILE HELPS

No, a smile won't fill your stomach,
 A smile won't keep you warm,
 A smile won't drive disease away
 Or shield you from the storm,
 A smile won't clothe your shivering flesh,
 A smile won't quench your thirst,
 But a smile will keep rebellion out
 When things are at their worst.

No, a smile won't win a job for you,
 A smile won't pay your bills,
 A smile won't feed your hungry child,
 A smile won't heal world ills;
 A smile won't bring the sun or the rain,
 A smile won't start shop wheels,
 But a smile, when you're down, makes a
 wonderful change
 In the way a fellow feels!

—Barton Pogue

LET'S GO ARCTIC

By Bert Sackett

Snow camping is one of the grandest treats the out-of-doors offers us. In spite of cold winds and icy, snow-covered ground, we can by following the wise ways of "old timers," be as snug and comfortable as a bug in a rug. So let's get started!

We find the winter woods mysterious and beautiful under the mantle of snow which muffles sounds so that we walk in a new world. Now's the time to read the tragedies and comedies our wild friends have written for us in their tracks. Those one, two, three, tracks dotting the snow evenly were made by a rabbit ambling along in the moonlight. See now, how he made a frenzied leap! He wasn't quick enough though. The tracks end in the blurred impression where his body was driven into the snow. There are marks on either side as though someone had drawn his spread fingers along. They were made by a hunting owl.

Now's the time to put the grain and suet we brought where the birds can find it. Winter with deep snow means short rations for the birds, and they will thank us for the treat. Nail or tie the pieces of suet to trees and spread the grain on tree stumps and rocks swept clear of snow.

Speaking of feeding the birds reminds us that it is dinner time, so we look for a windbreak to get out of the cold north wind. There are lots of ready made wind shelters so we need take no time to make one. We find a hedge or stone wall or haystack

and go to the south side of it where the sun will warm us. Or, we find a tree uprooted by some summer storm and take shelter behind the great circle of roots and earth that stands on edge. This is a fine place because we can build a fire in the hole the roots came out of. Gullies make good windbreaks too. In fact, any place where we can get down out of the sweep of old Boreas and build a fire, is good.

We make a small fire so we can get close to it while we heat our lunch. Toasted sandwiches and a cup of beef tea, made from those little salty cubes that carry so well in their tin tube, just "touch the spot." Since we're following the example of "old timers," we know better than to build fires without permission on public or private lands. While we're resting we slip off our shoes because our feet have been sweating. Stood not too close to the fire they air out nicely while we slip on the extra socks we put into our pocket this morning.

Rested, we strap on our skis or snowshoes or put on our skates and have a glorious afternoon. We go home with the appetites of starved wolves. We had such a good time that we decide to make our next trip an overnight camp.

Now we are to have the adventure of camping under blazing winter stars. Perhaps, if we are lucky we will see the Aurora Borealis playing in the northern heavens. There isn't any bigger camping thrill than a properly

prepared snow camp, or a bigger chill if one goes at it like a tenderfoot. One experience like that and you'll probably go home vowing never to try it again.

That glassy lake ice we are whizzing over on flying skates is perfect. So is the slick, fast snow on the hillside, down which we zoom on skis. Fine! Enjoy it! But we must not wait until Orion's belt climbs into the evening sky before we think about making ready for the night. It's a lot more fun to know that we have a snug camp ready and a big pile of firewood cut, ready to cook supper and give us warmth. This is the first snow camp rule—make camp and cut wood first, then play.

It's possible to be comfortable in a brush shelter overnight, but since this is our first trip, let's use a tent. Any shelter tent that can be carried by one or two persons will do. We can either make or buy one. We should take time to clear away the snow from a place big enough for tent and fire. We must remove bumps from under the bed place. We pitch the entrance away from prevailing winds, generally towards the south, and bank the tent well with snow. This will keep out drafts and cold. Another "old timer" trick is to cover the tent with light brush, which keeps heat in. Two tents can be pitched door to door with the fire between, thus saving a lot of wood cutting.

For a single tent, build a reflector of green logs or rocks behind the fire, to throw the heat into the tent. Logs are better since they help hold the fire and will not explode as rocks sometimes do. The "wagon wheel" fire is

a labor saver since it requires practically no wood chopping. Long logs are arranged like the spokes of a wheel with the fire as the hub. Logs are pushed in as they burn. This fire is used in the far North and also by the Seminole Indians in the Florida Everglades, proof that out-door men recognize it as good. The fire can be easily regulated to burn high or low by pushing in or pulling out logs. It's almost like regulating a gas stove. The most important fire safety rules for snow campers are: never leave a fire burning when you are away from your tent; always cover the fire with ashes before "turning in." Neglect of either of these rules may mean a burned tent and even a burned boy.

"Sleep tight" is not a good rule for snow camps. Covers must be warm but not binding or too weighty. Soft, fluffy blankets are twice as warm as thick, heavy ones. If one intends to do a lot of winter camping he will need a sleeping bag. Manufactured bags are excellent but very costly. Make your own by folding two or three blankets lengthwise. Stitch the blankets across one end and nearly to the top of the open side. With this arrangement you can have as many covers over you as the weather makes necessary and there's no danger of "kicking out." When you are through with such a sleeping bag it can be ripped apart without harming the blankets. If you have a dog sledge or can carry it in your pack, take a comforter along to put under you.

Time spent making the bed comfortable means sound, refreshing sleep. First comes a layer of straw, marsh grass or pine needles. On top

of this goes a waterproof sheet, then, if available, a comforter. "Undercover" is just as important as what's over the sleeper. Newspapers make good ground cover as far as insulation goes, but they aren't **very soft**. Sweater and shirt can be rolled in a towel for a pillow.

Clothing that has been worn all day is too tight to sleep in, besides it is sure to be slightly damp with perspiration. Change to pajamas and wear a pair of loose socks on your feet. Lay your clothing beside your bed where you can reach out and get it in the morning. A little practice will make anyone an expert sleeping-bag dresser. When you wake, pull your clothing into the bag and warm it up before you put it on. You will slide out of bed dressed except for boots

and coat. Shove the logs together in your "wagon wheel fire," scrape away the ashes and in a few minutes there will be a fire at which to warm your boots before you put them on.

When the sun is well up, shake out the bed clothing and hang it on some bushes to air while you eat breakfast. Failure to air bedding means a damp, chilly bed the next night.

Keep cooking simple but have two hot meals a day. Wilderness travelers in the north woods always stop to boil their kettle at meal times. Fresh fruit and vegetables will freeze easily and be unfit to eat. Fool Jack Frost by storing perishable foods under water in a running spring or brook. Things that water might damage can be kept in screw-top jars.

THOSE WE LOVE

They say the world is round and yet
 I often think it square,
 So many little hurts we get
 From corners here and there;
 But there's one truth in life I've found
 While journeying East and West,
 The only folks we really wound
 Are those we love the best.
 We flatter those we scarcely know
 We please the fleeting guest
 And deal many a thoughtless blow
 To those we love the best.

—Selected

UTOPIA ON THE COAST

By Daisy Hendley Gold in *The State Magazine*

For almost two hundred years the people of Cedar Island, North Carolina have lived absolutely and to the letter by the golden rule. It's about the only law they give much thought—the rest of life just naturally falls into a harmonious pattern. Everybody on this island, located off the ragged Carolina shoreline, literally does by his neighbor as he would be done by. As a result the people there have achieved that status constantly sought by man everywhere—contentment. A cheerful set, they dwell behind their low picket fences, under their wind-swept live oaks at peace with God and man.

Cedar Island has about five hundred inhabitants in the village which scatters for a mile and a half by the edge of the salt water. There's not one rich citizen in the place, not one person on charity. Every family, with one exception, owns their own home. There is not a piece of mortgaged property on the island. Nobody ever borrows money.

There has never been an "arm of the law" in any capacity in the community. There's no need for it. For nearly two centuries nobody has committed even a minor offense. No Cedar Island man has ever had his "court case pled." Nobody locks a door, most people don't have keys to their door-locks. As one old gentleman, looking like a ruddy Santa Claus who'd had a shave, expressed it: "The storms are all that a-body ever has to lock the door against." There is no community organization of any kind; no mayor, no "town

council," no club life or organized civic activity. Everybody attends to his own business and helps his neighbor when needed.

The people of Cedar Island (the place gets its name from the beautiful blueberry cedars that grow there in great profusion) make their living entirely from the salt water, fishing in the waters of the two sounds, Core and Pamlico, that meet off the island. Every man owns his boat and fishing gear, unencumbered. The waters of the sounds that edge the village were divided among the men by common agreement years ago. Stakes mark the fishing grounds of every two men. These grounds are each five hundred yards in width. The men fish in pairs within their riparian domain, dividing their fish equally. Never has anybody been known to encroach on another's fishing territory or to complain of his share of the catch within his own preserve.

People make a comfortable living on Cedar Island, fishing with their pound nets in the winter for white shad, hickory shad and herring; in the summer for trout, mackerel, butterfish and mullet. There is some clamming from time to time. The fish dealers from Atlantic, Morehead City and other places send their boats regularly to buy all the fish and clams that Cedar Islanders catch.

Another remarkable thing about Cedar Island: within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, is the fact that no new family has come to the island to live. This does not mean that the place is inaccessible, undesirable or

in desolate isolation. Although it is an island, it is separated from the mainland only by a narrow strip of very deep water known on navigation charts as "The Thoroughfare." This navigable strip of water is crossed by a drawbridge, and a good road connects the island with the sizable mainland town of Atlantic ten miles away. But the island was settled in the eighteenth century by some good old English families that are still the only families there. Looking at the headstones marking the shell-covered graves—of course seafaring Cedar Islanders would cover every grave with seashells—one finds recorded only names that are still a part of Cedar Island. Occasionally a Cedar Island man brings home a wife from other parts, but it is a fact that no new family name has come to the island since anybody can remember. The names of Goodwin, Day, Lupton, Daniels, Smith, Harris and Styron were names of leading citizens a hundred years ago, and they are today.

Cedar Island natives are not by any means ignorant recluses. They are very much a part of the world, even if their altruistic philosophy of life isn't. They are educated, well read, have their newspapers and radios which they follow closely for news of the all-important weather as well as the state of the nation. They are about the purest-blooded Americans to be found anywhere and most loyal to state and nation. They have no alien blood, no alien ideas. They support with interest their three churches and one good school. Their only enemy is the Atlantic Ocean which on occasion, usually in September, comes roaring around and

over the sand banks that edge Core and Pamlico sounds miles away, and moves in on Cedar Island. Storms at different times have wrecked many of the larger and more pretentious old homes, swept away treasured furnishings of another day, actually changed part of the shoreline.

Not long ago a man, puttering around in his island garden, picked up a handsome doorlock with brass knobs still attached and showed it to the writer. He said, "That came from Grandpa's old home that was washed away in the hurricane of 'thirty-three.' But the islanders come staunchly through these hurricanes, working as usual in perfect unison. The dark wild night of storm in September, 'thirty-three the men of Cedar Island went in their boats from house to house rescuing neighbors and carrying them to a safe point. Not one life was lost on that harrowing occasion. There's a tow-headed youngster on the island they all call "Storm King" because he was born in the upper room of a home that night with the water sloshing all over the lower floor.

They rebuilt together after the hurricanes, fish together amicably in fair and stormy weather, watch their sons marry their neighbors' daughters and live happily ever afterward. This last is attested to by the fact there has never been a divorce on the island.

Here's a noteworthy fact: the community is known everywhere by the name "Cedar Island"; residents always say "I live in Cedar Island"; and yet actually there are two post-offices, one at each end of the settlement about a mile and a half apart. One is labelled "Lola" and the other

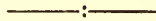
"Roe." The mail boat for Ocracoke stops off shore every day, as it has done for many years, and John Lupton rows out to meet her. "Here's the mail for Cedar Island" calls the mate and hands down the mail pouches for "Lola" and "Roe."

The village has been and always will be to the world "Cedar Island," known as the healthiest place on the coast where none of the mosquitoes carry malaria and all the girls have pretty white teeth. What with the collard greens from their gardens and

the sea food from their front yards the people of Cedar Island have a well-balanced diet conducive to good health. Then too, they're happy and contented, and that goes a long way toward a healthy body.

The people of Cedar Island remind the visitor of those lines of Robert Louis Stevenson:

"—In the country places
 "Where the old plain men have
 rosy faces
 "And the young fair maidens
 "Quiet eyes."



THE DEAD SEA COMES TO LIFE

The Jewish Missionary Magazine informs us that the five-year development program for commercializing the minerals in the Dead Sea in Palestine is progressing ahead of schedule. Last year's output of potash is estimated at from 60,000 to 70,000 tons.

It is said that untold mineral wealth is lodged in the waters of the Dead Sea. Now this wealth is being reclaimed and the Sea that has been used as a symbol of selfishness is giving up its wealth to a needy world and may become a symbol of unselfish service.—Home Missions.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves obscure men whom timidity prevented from making a first effort; who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame.

The fact is, that to anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold danger, but we must jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. . . . A man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty years old and that he has lost so much time in consulting relatives that he has had no time to follow their advice.—Sidney Smith.

AN OLD TALE RETOLD

(The Atlantian)

Some 25 years ago, I believe, the Nobel prize for the best work in literature was won by an Indian poet, who wrote about a wandering beach-comber searching along the shores of various seas for some wonderful touchstone which would turn to gold whatever came into contact with it.

The man wore an iron chain around his neck. He would pick a pebble from the beach and touch it to the chain, watching to see if it would turn to gold.

For years he wander in his weird quest, growing old, losing hope, ultimately becoming mad, but refusing to rest.

One day a boy passing along the beach laughingly asked the ragged wanderer where he got the gold chain about his neck. The madman looked, and behold, he saw the iron chain was now indeed a gold one. But he had failed to get the touchstone.

After years of picking pebbles from the beach to the chain without any effect, he had grown careless—not even looking at the chain, just mechanically moving his hands back and forth, and yet without knowing it he had found the touchstone and lost it because his work had become a motion only, without a thought or lookout for the real aim of his life's endeavor.

So he turned back upon his course

—hunting for the success that was once his, but lost because he hadn't thought to look down to see.

And so is illustrated in the long fable a condition we see about us all the time—men failing of success because they work so mechanically and become so staid in the old back-and-forth movements that they miss the touchstone they all the while are looking for. They had eyes but they saw not, understanding had they but they understood not, and years after incessant labor they had to retrace the steps already traveled, having become sad and sore at heart, disappointed, often malevolent misanthropes and hating those who did see the touchstone when they had it in their grasp.

Success does not depend so much on working as how we work. Good gracious! Look at that madman! Forsooth, he worked hard enough but he lost his observation. In going through the motion of his drudgery in lifting the pebbles to his old iron chain, he forgot the object of his search.

So many men in real life become mechanical and machinelike beings, who fail of real success because they fail to be on the lookout for the little pebble of observation, initiative, suggestion and betterment that will turn the chain of drudgery about their necks into golden success.

—:—

A few men have courage to honor a friend's success without jealousy.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The attraction at the regular weekly moving picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night was "The Housekeeper's Daughter", A United Artists production.

—:—

We received a card this week from Harry Leagon, one of our boys, who has been in the United States Army for some time and is now stationed at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, The Hawaiians. This lad was formerly a member of the group at Cottage No. 13, and asked especially to be remembered to Mr. and Mrs. Morris, officer and matron in charge, and to the boys of that cottage. Harry informed us that he was soon going to be back at the kind of work he learned while at the School, that of driving a tractor. He further stated that he liked the army life and has learned to be very fond of his surroundings at Honolulu.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Bell, the former being superintendent of the Industrial School for Boy's, Grafton, West Virginia, stopped off here recently on their way to Florida. Mr. Bell said that for many years he had heard a great deal about the Stonewall Jackson Training School, what it was, the fine work being done here, and simply could not pass through this section without following a route which would allow a brief visit. After being shown over the place he stated that all the good things he had heard about us were true, even better than he had been told to expect. He was especially enthusiastic about the cottage system carried out here, each building making a complete home, and was also

pleased with the various vocational departments.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell were accompanied by the latter's sister, who lives in Ohio. Upon leaving, they said they would probably return later, as Mr. Bell wanted to take more time to look further into the work of our School.

We thoroughly enjoyed having these good people visit us, the only complaint we have to offer being that there stay in our midst was entirely too brief.

—:—

A committee from the Cabarrus County Grand Jury, now in session in Concord, visited the School last week and was conducted through the various departments by Superintendent Boger. This committee was composed of the following members: A. M. Whitmire, Kannapolis; J. M. Honeycutt, Concord; C. R. Patterson, Kannapolis; P. M. Turner, Stanfield; J. I. Rogers, Concord; J. M. Jenkins, Midland.

That these gentlemen found conditions at the School quite to their liking was evidenced by a very fine report concerning the institution and its work, which appeared in the Concord Daily Tribune a few days after their visit.

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Proverbs 3:1-12, following which he talked to the boys on the importance of acknowledging God.

Rev. Mr. Summers told the lads he had been highly pleased on several occasions by the way they had recited different passages of Scripture, especially a number of the Psalms. He then stated that he wanted as many boys as were willing, to memorize the first twenty verses of the third chapter of Proverbs, and promised to have at least fifty copies of the Book of Proverbs sent to them by next Sunday. He issued a challenge to them to memorize these verses and be able to recite them by the time he came out to the School to conduct another service.

The speaker told his listeners he thought John 3:16 was the golden verse in all the Bible, and his second choice was Proverbs 3:6. In a highly interesting message he said we all have a future of which we know nothing. Nobody knows except Almighty God. Men and women of today who really think, fully realize this fact. We must have someone to follow if we do not want our future to be a total failure. Inasmuch as God says to acknowledge Him, that is the course for us to take, thereby making our paths easier.

Rev. Mr. Summers then told how he had enjoyed reading in *The Uplift* an account of the fine Christmas holiday period at the School, adding how nice it is that boys and girls everywhere in our country are able to know the pleasures of Christmas. God's goodness should hang over from the Yuletide season. We do not need to have the very best of things to let our light shine; we should do this all through the year. As an example, our President has been able to overcome the tragedy of infantile paralysis and become one of the

world's greatest leaders. We, too, can let our light shine, even under adverse conditions. All we need to do is to fully put our trust in God.

The speaker then told the story of the "Mystic Candles", as follows: A young woman named Erma Bilky, grew up in Germany, fell in love with a German boy, and they were married. They came to America on their honeymoon, and liked this country very much. Some years later she was separated from her husband. She had a little boy about two years old, named Jackie. Finding that she could no longer be with her husband in Germany, she and Jackie came to America. She brought with her a number of trinkets to sell.

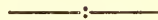
The little boy became seriously ill and she took him to California, hoping his health might improve in that climate. He grew worse, was taken to a hospital, where the doctor told her the little boy could not get well. Wiping the tears from her eyes, she went up to her son's room. Jackie asked his mother why she looked so pale. A little later he passed away. The mother almost lost her mind. She wandered through the streets day and night, hoping she would see someone who resembled her little boy. One night she looked through the window of a mansion and saw a lad kneeling by his bed, just as Jackie had always done. It was too much for her. She hurried home and threw herself on the bed. The next day she went to God in prayer, asking for courage, and He gave her strength to bear her grief. She went to Jackie's room and lovingly handled his little clothes. She then made an altar there and put some candles on it, but they quickly burned out. She thought of a

secret her father, back in Germany, had used to make candles burn longer and shed an unusually brilliant light. After working hard for several weeks, she finally perfected the process and called her products "mystic candles." Once more her grief became unbearable and she fell to the floor, lying there for two days. Neighbors noticed that her candles were not burning, went in, and took her to the hospital. After she was able to leave there, kind friends took her to their home. She gave them six of her candles. The man and his wife had been quarreling, but in watching the beautiful candles, their hearts were fused together again.

Henry Fonda, the famous motion picture star, seeing the candles in the home across the street, wanted to buy some, but the young German woman would not sell them. He was not to be turned down so easily. Returning again, he called her Bilky—no one had called her by that name in years—and once more asked her to sell some of the candles. He also told

her of his old mother back in the hills. she finally gave him some, expressing the hope they would bring joy to the lady. Fonda then insisted that she make the candles to sell but she refused, saying she had made them in little Jackie's memory and not for the market. Some time later a Chinese friend lost her husband and Erma decided to give her employment. In order to help her friend make a living, she decided to make the beautiful candles for sale, and went to New York, where they opened up a small factory. Erma Bilky is making money, but doesn't take a cent out of the factory. Instead she puts all the profits back into the business, thus enabling her to employ other girls in order that they, too, may make a living.

This German woman, out of her own sorrow and disappointment, was led to help others. If we do our best to render service to those with whom we come in contact, in that way are we acknowledging God.



TAKE TIME

- Take time to work—it is the price of success.
- Take time to think—it is the source of power.
- Take time to play—it is the secret of perpetual youth.
- Take time to read—it is the fountain of wisdom.
- Take time to worship—it is the highway to reverence.
- Take time to be friendly—it is the road to happiness.
- Take time to dream—it is hitching your wagon to a star.
- Take time to love and be loved—it is the privilege of the gods.
- Take time to look around—it is too short a day to be selfish.
- Take time to laugh—it is the music of the soul.
- Take time to laugh—it is the music of the soul.—Selected.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL--- DECEMBER

(Note: The figure following name indicates the total number of times boy has been on Honor Roll since January 1, 1940.)

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Reid Beheler 4
 Everett Case 3
 Aldine Duggins 10
 Claude McConnell 9
 Max Newson 8
 Melvin Roland 5
 Walter Sexton 6
 Carl Tyndall 6
 James Tyndall 7
 Torrence Ware 4
 Floyd Williams 9
 J. C. Willis 6

—B—

Charles Crofts 4
 Jack Crofts 4
 David Cunningham 5
 Jack Evans 3
 George Gaddy 4
 Everett Morris 3
 Hercules Rose 2
 Charles Widner 5

SECOND GRADE

—A—

John Bailey 9
 Charles Frye 4
 William Harding 5
 J. B. Howell 3
 Carl Ray 3
 Emerson Sawyer 4
 William Suites
 Hubert Smith 4
 John Whitaker 8

—B—

Cecil Ashley 10
 Wesley Beaver 8
 Percy Capps 6
 William Dixon 6
 Robert Goldsmith 5
 Leo Hamilton 9
 Jack Harward 5
 Jack Hamilton 4
 R. L. Hall
 Leonard Jackobs 4

Winley Jones 7
 Edward Kinion 4
 James Massey 6
 Lloyd Mullis 4
 Marshall Pace 8
 Lewis Sawyer 5
 Edward Thomason 7
 George Tolson 12
 Peter Tuttle 2
 Louis Williams 5
 James C. Wiggins 9
 Frank Workman 6

THIRD GRADE

—B—

Paul Briggs 3
 William Broadwell 4
 William Gaddy 2
 Paul Godwin 8
 Audie Farthing 4
 Eugene Puckett 7
 Richard Starnes 4
 Calvin Tessneer 8
 Wallace Woody 5

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Robert Chamberlain 4
 Robert Dellinger 3
 Hugh Kennedy 9
 Charles McCoy 3
 George Warren 2
 Walker Warr 2
 J. R. Whitman 5

—B—

Kenneth Conklin 3
 George Green 3
 James Johnson 5
 Mark Jones 5
 Hardy Lanier 8
 Canipe Shoe 2
 Arlie Scism 5
 Noah Ennis 3
 Grady Kelly 2
 Feldman Lane
 William Nelson 2

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

William Goins 5
Clarence Mayton

—B—

Thomas Britt
Robert Bryson 8
William Cantor
Mack Coggins 3
Woodrow Hager 8
Jack Hodges
Osper Howell 5
Charles Hayes
Edward Hammond
John Murdock
Norvell Murphy 3
Rufus Nunn
J. C. Rinehardt
Robah Sink
Currie Singletary
Carl Speer
George Speer
Charles Tate 2
Newman Tate
Woodrow Wilson 3

SIXTH GRADE

—B—

Raymond Andrews 6
John H. Averitte 5
Edward Batten 5
Ray Bayne 10
Lewis H. Baker 2
Grover Beaver
Jennings Britt 2

Collett Contor 3
Albert Chunn 2
John D. Davis
William Drye
Thomas Fields
Henry Glover 5
Columbus Hamilton 6
Charles Hastings 2
Beamon Heath 2
Gilbert Hogan 4
Edward Johnson 8
Robert Keith 4
Clifford Lane 2
James Lane 4
James Ledford 2
Clay Mize 4
Leonard Melton 2
Edward Murray 8
Fred McLemore 4
Otis McCall 4
Donald Newman
William Padrick 9
James Quick 7
Eulice Rogers 7
Thomas Sands 6
J. P. Sutton 10
Everett Watts 3
Hubert Walker 9
Jack Warren 4
George Wilhite 3

SEVENTH GRADE

(Note: Due to boys in this grade being out of school part of the month and the teacher on his vacation, no Honor Roll is listed for this grade.)



There are two things which grow stronger in the breast of man, in proportion as he advances in years; the love of country and religion. Let them be never so much forgotten in youth, they sooner or later present themselves to us arrayed in all their charms, and excite in the recesses of our hearts an attachment justly due to their beauty.—Chateaubriand.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 12, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Drye
Homer Head
Robert Maples
Frank May
Mack McQuaigue
Francis Ruff
William Shannon
Kenneth Tipton
Weldon Warren
Basil Wetherington

COTTAGE NO. 1

William G. Bryant
James Bargesser
N. A. Bennet
Lacy Burleson
Lloyd Callahan
Albert Chunn
Charles Cole
Eugene Edwards
Ralph Harris
Porter Holder
Joseph Howard
Burman Keller
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

Jack Cline
Julian T. Hooks
Bernice Hoke
Edward Johnson
Robert Keith
Virgil Lane
Donald McFee
Donald Newman

COTTAGE NO. 3

Lewis Andrews
John Bailey
Lewis H. Baker
Earl Barnes
Clyde Barnwell
Grover Beaver
James Boone
William Buff
Kenneth Conklin
Jack Crotts
Max Evans

Bruce Hawkins
David Hensley
Jack Lemly
William Matthewson
Harley Matthews
Otis McCall
Robert Quick
Wayne Sluder
George Shaver
William Sims
William T. Smith
Harrison Stilwell
John Tolly
Louis Williams
Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver
Paul Briggs
William Cherry
Arthur Edmondson
Arlo Goins
Noah J. Green
Gilbert Hogan
John Jackson
William C. Jordan
Hugh Kennedy
J. W. McRorrie
Eugene Puckett
Robert Simpson
George Speer
Melvin Walters
John Whitaker
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
J. C. Bordeaux
A. C. Elmore
J. B. Howell
Everett Lineberry
James Massey
Fred Tolbert
Hubert Walker
Dewey Ware

COTTAGE NO. 6

Robert Bryson
Leo Hamilton

Leonard Jacobs
Jesse Peavey

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
John H. Averitte
Edward Batten
Cleasper Beasley
Donald Earnhardt
Lacy Green
Lyman Johnson
Carl Justice
Edward Overby
Ernest Overcash
Loy Stines
Alex Weathers
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

Jesse Cunningham
William Jerrell
James Quick
Eugene White
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9

Holly Atwood
Percy Capps
David Cunningham
Osper Howell
Mark Jones
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Lloyd Mullis
Vally McCall
James Ruff
Thomas Sands

COTTAGE NO. 10

Harry Peake

COTTAGE NO. 11

William Bennett
John Benson
Harold Bryson
Robert Davis
William Dixon
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Fred Jones
Broadus Moore
Canipe Shoe
Samuel Stewart
James Tyndall
Charles Widener

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
Jay Brannock
William Broadwell
Ernest Brewer
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Woodrow Hager
Eugene Heaffner
Charles Hastings
Tillman Lyles
Clarence Mayton
James Mondie
James Puckett
Hercules Rose
Howard Sanders
Charles Simpson
Robah Sink
Norman Smith
George Tolson
Carl Tyndall
Eugene Watts
J. R. Whitman
Roy L. Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

Wilson Bailiff
Aldridge Bayard
James Brewer
Thomas Fields
Charles Gaddy
Vincent Hawes
James Lane
R. J. Lefler
Douglas Mabry
Jesse Owens
Randall D. Peeler
Melvin Roland
Jack Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews
John Baker
William Butler
Edward Carter
Mack Coggins
Robert Deyton
Audie Farthing
Henry Glover
Troy Gilland
John Hamm
Marvin King
Feldman Lane
Charles McCoye
Norvell Murphy

John Reep
John Robbins
Wallace Woody

COTTAGE NO. 15

Jennings Britt
William Cantor
Ray Bayne
Wade Cline

Beamon Heath
J. P. Morgan
Eulice Rogers
J. P. Sutton
Bennie Wilhelm

INDIAN COTTAGE

George Duncan



BELLS—AND WHAT THEY MEAN

"Bells! They are mankind's second voice, asserts the Christian Science Monitor.

About this time of the year we become more conscious, if possible, of the meaning of bells—the bells that accompany Christmas music, the bells of the New Year, that "ring out the old, ring in the new; ring out the false, ring in the true."

There's such a variety of bells—much more possibly than we realize, if we have never stopped to think about them. Specifying the Monitor points out that "They sing our cheers, shout our warnings, toll our momentary griefs, announce our friends, celebrate our arrivals, tinkle our presence in little shops order us to school, lead us to church, entice us to dinner. They used to advertise our wares or our needs or call attention to the news or to King's proclamations. They have told time almost since time was. They warmed winter travel with their cheery jingle. They can be as delightfully various as the carillons they compose, as dutifully monotonous as the rocking of a buoy. Bells! But we might have missed a pleasant moment, musical with thoughts of bells, had not a gentlemen in Alameda, California, made a hobby of collecting them. He has an English town crier's bell, very old; the bells from a bride's slipper—"bells on her toes." But to tell of all the bells he has would ring a whole year out and the new one in. Part of the pleasure of his hobby has come from the many people from all parts of the world whose acquaintance he has made through bells, this collector says. What a warmth of friendship must pervade the rooms through which they ring, what messages come from what far lands when a long-wandering breeze sets them a-tinkling!"

JAN 27 1941

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 25, 1941

NO. 4

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NOW IS THE TIME

Pluck sweet flowers while you may,
At eventide or dewy morn.
Surely there will come a day
When you must pluck the thorn.

Do kindly acts at time of need,
Ere the chance be gone.
Thus you will implant the seed
Of deeds yet unknown.

—Author Unknown.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LIFE SUSTAINED THROUGH SERVICE

Two men were wearily trudging through the deep snow, endeavoring to get to a certain village, and were in danger of freezing to death. They came upon a traveler who had sunk down, exhausted, and too weak to travel further. One of the men suggested that between them they carry the exhausted man to the village. His friend refused, saying it was all he could do to care for himself. The first man picked up the stranger, and with great effort placed him upon his own back and began to labor on. The extra weight and effort heated his body and saved him from freezing and possible death. Carrying his burden to the village, he thus saved both his life and that of the stranger; while his friend who refused to help was soon overcome with the cold, lay down in the snow, and perished.—The Trumpeteer.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Franklin D. Roosevelt, the 32nd President of the United States, the son of James Roosevelt and Sarah Delano, was born January 30, 1882 on the family estate, Hyde Park, New York. Private tutors gave him his early education, which was augmented by trips abroad. As a boy he was fond of outdoor sports, such as tennis and football. Agriculture, too, had a fascination for him. He gave special attention to the hunting of specimens for his collection of birds.

At the age of fourteen his parents gave him a twenty-one foot sailboat. Doubtless the experience of learning to sail his skiff inspired his interest in naval affairs. After a preparatory course at Groton School he entered Harvard, where he graduated in 1904. Later he studied law at Columbia, and while a student there he married his sixth cousin, Ann Eleanor Roosevelt, in 1905.

It is of interest to know that while Franklin D. differed widely in a political way with Theodore, he was influenced by his kinsman,

who constantly preached that young men of means and ability should enter politics.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt began his political career as State Senator in New York, and later held the post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy during Woodrow Wilson's administration. He was also Governor of New York State. He was responsible for the laying of the great barrage of mines from Orkay Islands to the coast of Norway to prevent German submarines from leaving the North Sea by the Northern route. It is conceded by statesmen that this barrage was a great factor in bringing about the German collapse.

It is generally conceded that too much wealth nullifies the spirit of service in the minds of young people, but the active interest in his country displayed by Franklin D. Roosevelt, the son of wealthy parents, defeats that argument. His mind and heart, like the magic wires when electrified, responds to the touch when a call is made for country or for humanity. Neither did his physical handicap blight his interest in life, nor make him rebellious, but on the other hand his soul has been enriched to the point that he responds cheerfully in loving service to his fellow man. To withstand the overwhelming influence of an easy life along with the physical handicaps takes a spiritual poise,—the one and only element that makes courageous manhood. In the midst of national and international upheavals the keynote of every speech made is to the effect that "liberty is the supreme right of mankind." In every instance he has proven, by act, word and deed, that he loves a good fight.

* * * * *

GOVERNOR BROUGHTON

Many pleasing and satisfactory expressions have been made relative to Governor Broughton's inaugural address. He is no stranger to the people of Raleigh, having a long line of forebears who have contributed to the upbuilding of Raleigh and community in every phase of interest. His reputation as a teacher of the Bible is well known not only in the city in which he has spent his life, but throughout the state. He finds time from all duties of an active life to respond to the call as teacher of the largest Sunday School

class in the state. From the following editorial taken from the Stanly News & Press, we learn he wears no man's collar, but is free to give out the honors of the state according to merit:

The citizens of the state were favorably impressed with the inaugural address of Governor J. M. Broughton who took over the helm of North Carolina last Thursday, for in it he revealed that he wants the state "to go forward, not recklessly but courageously." In his address he said that he had made no commitments and was under no obligation to any one, which puts him in a position to govern according to his best judgment.

Folks who have met and heard Governor Broughton speak have been impressed with his sincerity, with his evident ability, and with his earnestness to do well any job which he undertakes. Possessed of these prerequisites to success, there is every reason to believe that his administration will be a notable one.

* * * * *

TRIBUTE TO DR. GRAHAM

We were happy to learn that Dr. Frank Porter Graham, president of the Greater University of North Carolina, had been honored in fields of interest other than mental culture and leadership among the young people. Like his father, Dr. Alexander Graham, he has a wonderful personality and a keen interest in humanity and the development of his state. The following item tells the story:

For his leadership in furthering the agricultural research, teaching and extension programs of North Carolina State College, Dr. Frank Porter Graham, president of the Greater University of North Carolina was selected by The Progressive Farmer magazine as the "Man of the Year" in service to North Carolina agriculture.

It was the fourth such annual award made by the magazine, and Dr. Graham was the second person connected with N. C. State College to be honored. Dr. I. O. Schaub, dean of the school of agriculture and director of the extension service, was named the "Man of the Year" in 1938.

In announcing the selection for 1940, Dr Clarence Poe, editor of The Progressive Farmer, wrote: "By being made head of the Consolidated University of North Carolina. President Frank P.

Graham has an opportunity either to greatly discourage and diminish or to greatly encourage and enlarge our own North Carolina agricultural college. Because he was big enough of brain and heart to choose the latter course—we honor him as 1940 ‘Man of the year’ in service to North Carolina agriculture.”

* * * * *

INCREASING IN POPULARITY

It is gratifying news that comes officially from the Gatlinburg headquarters of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park to the effect that travel to this grand recreational area during the 1940 season was the largest on record.

In a way this is not news, since unofficial reports had previously indicated what figures would be.

During 1940 a total of 860,960 persons traveling in 267,789 vehicles visited the park. Fifty-seven per cent of the cars were from states other than North Carolina and Tennessee.

The 1940 travel, which is based on the park year beginning October 1 and ending September 30, was 13 per cent higher than 1939 when a total of 761,567 persons were checked into the park.

Visitors from the 48 states, District of Columbia, Hawaii, Canal Zone, Panama, the Philippines and 14 foreign countries visited the park in 1940.

Perhaps few in this section have fully realized how much the Scenic Parkway and the Smoky Mountains National Park are beginning to mean to Western North Carolina and that as the years go by they will mean increasingly more.—Morganton News-Herald

* * * * *

LAUGH TO THE WORLD

So long as you do not acknowledge it, you haven't failed. Suppose one thing has gone wrong—make something else go right. This is such a busy world that we haven't time to recall unimportant things; and if you don't keep reminding us, we will forget all about the incident.

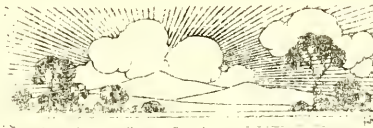
But if you walk around with the badge of despair on your face, and keep telling us of the past, we cannot help remembering. The

greatest trouble with many is their egotism. They overestimate their status in the scheme of life. They imagine that their misfortunes are just as fresh in everyone's thought. But, frankly, they are less important to other people's lives than a dime.

All creation making up its mind that you are through doesn't decide your fate. You are the only one who can decide. The whole world does not condemn you when you fail trying—so long as you don't fail to try again. The world does hate a quitter.

A prize fight is not a pretty thing, but it is a man's lesson. No matter how many knock-downs a pugilist gets, he has not lost so long as he gets up again. If you want to know how people judge you, watch them hiss the man who throws up the sponge while he still has a chance.

We all fail, even those of us whose careers have seemed to be an unbroken success. But we kept the secret tightly locked in our own bosoms, and managed to laugh to the world until we had it laughing with us instead of at us.—Sunshine Magazine.



A COMPARISON

The statistics given below will give our readers an idea of the comparative costs of operation and maintenance of schools similar to ours, in other states. We call attention to the fact that our enrollment is well within the teen age—ten to sixteen years—while many of the others go much higher. The higher the age, the more returns a school would receive, as the older lads are able to perform certain tasks which in schools where the age limit is lower, this work must necessarily be left to outside help at considerable cost. By comparison, possibly we are and have been too conservative in expenditures. It is quite evident, however, that we do not seem to have lost any of the essentials of a good school, since we have the commendation of such authorities as the following:

The late Dr. W. H. Slingerland, former secretary of the child welfare department of the Russell Sage Foundation, New York City, once said: "My visit to the Stonewall Jackson Training School impressed me that it was one of the best schools for delinquent boys in the Southern states, and one that will rank well with such schools in any of the states."

B. Ogden Chisolm, former president of the American Prison Association, made this statement: "Comparing your school with others, I should

put it on a high plane—well developed along the lines that are the most essential for the welfare of the boys. Even though my time was short, it was sufficient for me to absorb the pleasant atmosphere that exists between the boys and their superiors. We can do little without co-operation, and it does seem as if this sort of spirit prevailed at the Stonewall Jackson Training School."

Dr. Justin Miller, former dean of Duke University law school, now with the United States Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., had this to say: "Institutions, of course, vary almost as much as do homes. For example, the Stonewall Jackson Training School in North Carolina, with its house system, its 'mothers', and its wide-spread opportunity for industrial training, is a splendid example of an institution which contains real promise of rehabilitation and social adjustment."

We are reproducing some highly interesting facts concerning the operation of state and national correctional institutions in the United States, taken from a bulletin prepared by the American Prison Association last year, the information having been furnished in reply to questionnaires sent out by the association. We have selected the following from this bulletin:

Name and Location of Institution	Population	Per Capita Cost of Maintenance
Alabama Boys' Industrial School, Birmingham, Ala. Ages 6-18	289	\$346.00
Boys' Industrial School, Pine Bluff, Ark. Ages 10-20	105	229.13
Preston School of Industry, Waterman, Calif. Ages 15-21	670	678.88

THE UPLIFT

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Name and Location of Institution	Population	Per Capita Cost of Maintenance
Whittier State School, Whittier, Calif. Ages 8-16	337	\$774.00
State Industrial School, Golden, Col. Ages 10-16	181	852.95
State Reformatory, Buena Vista, Col. Ages 16-25	239	385.54
Connecticut Reformatory, Cheshire, Conn. Ages 16-25	307	704.71
Ferris Industrial School, Marshallton, Del. Ages 11-16	150	405.00
National Training School, Washington, D. C. Ages up to 18	403	696.05
Industrial School For Boys, Marianna, Fla. Ages 12-17	440	341.95
Training School For Boys, Milledgeville, Ga. Ages 10-18	146	237.22
Iowa Training School For Boys, Eldora, Iowa Ages 10-18	602	255.45
Industrial School For Boys, Topeka, Kansas Ages up to 16	190	700.00
Kentucky House of Reform, Greendale, Ky. Ages 10-18	642	290.76
State School For Boys, South Portland, Maine Ages 11-17	143	485.68
Cheltenham School For Boys, Cheltenham, Md. Ages 10-16	415	278.93
Maryland Training School, Loch Raven, Md. Ages 9-16	288	449.85
Industrial School For Boys, Shirley, Mass. Ages 15-17	273	680.68
Lyman School For Boys, Westboro, Mass. Ages up to 30	333	591.19
Michigan Reformatory, Ionia, Mich. Ages 15 up	1368	\$77.50
Boys' Vocational School, Lansing, Mich. Ages 12-16	540	423.00
State Training School, Red Wing, Minn. Ages 8-21	439	423.00
Industrial and Training School, Columbia, Miss. Ages 7-18	319	212.16
Training School For Boys, Boonville, Missouri Ages up to 17	415	520.68
State Industrial School, Miles City, Mont. Ages 8-18	148	440.00
State Industrial School, Kearney, Nebraska Ages up to 17	200	388.18
Nevada School of Industry, Elko, Nevada Ages up to 21	34	580.22
State Industrial School, Manchester, N. H. Ages up to 18	150	472.80
State Home for Boys, Jamesburg, N. J. Ages 8-16	506	680.71
Agricultural and Industrial School, Industry, N. Y. Ages 16 up	525	631.15

Name and Location of Institution	Population	Per Capita Cost of Maintenance
Stonewall Jackson Training School, Concord, N. C. Ages 10-16	474	279.69
Eastern Carolina Training School, Rocky Mount, N. C. Ages 12-20	130	326.66
State Training School, Mandan, N. D. Ages 12-20	181	532.00
Boys' Industrial School, Lancaster, Ohio Ages 10-18	851	269.09
State Training School, Pauls Valley, Okla. Ages 10-16	200	321.36
State Training School for Boys, Woodburn, Ore. Ages 12-18	93	549.00
Pennsylvania Industrial School, Huntingdon, Pa. Ages 15-25	1272	422.30
Pennsylvania Training School, Morganza, Pa. Ages up to 21	659	444.39
Soekanosset Boys' School, Howard, R. I. Ages 7-18	155	730.60
Industrial School for Boys, Florence, S. C. Ages 12-18	250	265.00
State Training School, Plankinton, S. D. Ages up to 18	70	417.85
Training and Agricultural School, Pikesville, Tenn. Ages 10-18	160	138.00
Training and Agricultural School, Nashville, Tenn. Ages 8-18	300	150.00
State School For Boys, Gatesville, Texas Ages 10-16	815	185.82
State Industrial School, Ogden, Utah Ages 10-18	206	531.62
Weeks School, Vergennes, Vermont Ages 10-21	190	520.30
State Training School, Chehalis, Wash. Ages 8-17	180	682.55
Industrial School For Boys, Grafton, West Va. Ages 11-18	464	230.88
Industrial School For Boys, Waukesha, Wis. Ages 12-18	349	125.24
House of Correction, Milwaukee, Wis. Ages 18 up	579	313.04

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Natural abilities can almost compensate for the want of every kind of cultivation, but no cultivation of the mind can make up for the want of natural abilities.

—Schopenhauer.

INAUGURATION DAY

By Herbert Hollander in *The Charlotte Observer*

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

An American President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, on January 20th repeated these words for a third time, thus rendering this Inauguration Day unique in the annals of the Republic.

But the day will be unique in this alone, for the exercises which marked the great national drama recently enacted in Washington, followed a pattern animated by a spirit unchanged since the earliest days of the Republic.

Now as in the past, Inauguration Day is a vivid symbol of American democracy, a climatic event in the life of the nation in which all of the people share and in which many hundreds of thousands are actual participants.

Neither the fact that this inauguration Day had a special, precedent-shattering distinction, nor that it took place in a time of national emergency and had been seized upon as an opportunity to emphasize our national unity in the face of grave dangers, served to alter the character of its observance.

In a changing world, Inauguration Day last Monday was actually and in essence, a faithful mirror of a cherished past.

George Washington's first inaugural in New York on April 30, 1789, provided an incident that set a

negative precedent. The oath was administered by Chancellor Livingston. Washington repeated the oath, and as he kissed the Bible he said "I swear, so help me God!" Livingston, carried away by the emotion of the moment, turned to the crowd and shouted "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The response was a mighty ovation.

But later many declared the words sounded too much like "Long live the king!" So zealous even that nothing smacking even faintly of hated monarchical forms should obtrude, that Chancellor Livingston's phrase was dropped from every succeeding ceremony.

President Roosevelt again repeated the fateful words after one whomself came within an inch of being the oath-taker. He is Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, who retired on election night in 1916 convinced he had been chosen President. Chief Justice Taft was the only ex-president to administer the oath of office to a President.

Almost all Presidents have requested "quiet" inaugurals. These requests almost always have been over-ruled. That was true of the first Washington inauguration and it was true of Monday's exercises.

Washington's journey from Mount Vernon to New York was a triumph. That was just what he wanted to avoid, but an enthusiastic populace was not to be denied. All along the route he was greeted with wild acclaim. At Trenton he was most

affected. On that battle site an arch had been erected. As he passed, flowers were strewn in his path and an ode was sung. At Elizabethport, Washington boarded a barge for New York. When the city was neared, hundreds of boats came out to meet the barge. The streets of the town were lined with shouting spectators.

Washington wished the oath to be administered in private. But it was not to be, and at noon on April 30, on a balcony outside the federal Building, the first President was sworn in.

The second inaugural was more in keeping with the General's wishes. He took the oath in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. It was administered by William Cushing, Supreme Court justice.

The inauguration of John Adams presaged the bitterness of his administration. Washington was the center of attraction. Adams took the oath from Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth in the old Philadelphia State House. Huge crowds followed Washington and Adams complained that "there was more weeping than there ever had been at the presentation of a tragedy." He said he did not know whether this war from "grief for the loss of their beloved President or because of the accession of an unloved one."

There is a legend that Thomas Jefferson rode to the Capitol at Washington on horseback, hitched his steed to a fence, and took the oath at the then unfinished building. However, while Jefferson might have wanted that much simplicity, he acceded to popular demand and allowed himself to be escorted from his

boarding house by a battalion of soldiers, while artillery fired salutes. He was sworn in by his bitter enemy, Chief Justice John Marshall.

Marshall's appointment, at the close of the Adams Administration, was considered a personal insult to the President-elect. So harsh were the feelings between the defeated Federalists and the victorious Republicans (now known as Democrats) that Adams refused to attend his successor's inauguration. Jefferson's second oath was administered with even less ceremony than the first. The event took place in the Senate chamber.

A great crowd came to Washington to witness James Madison's induction, and the visitors were rewarded by an elaborate spectacle. Cavalry escorted the President-elect from his Georgetown home to the capital. He was clothed in a suit of brown cloth, entirely of American manufacture. Guns boomed, people shouted, youngsters set off firecrackers. Chief Justice Marshall administered the oath in the house, which was crowded to the doors, while many thousands waited outside. That night Dolly Madison was the unrivaled queen of the first inaugural ball.

At the inauguration of James Monroe in 1817, the custom of holding the ceremonies out of doors was revived. Since then it has been followed save when inclement weather has made it imperative to seek protection of the Capitol walls. Weather for the Monroe inaugural was perfect, and the oath-taking ceremony, in which Marshall again officiated, held the rapt attention of the thousands gathered in the plaza before the

specially erected platform. Since March 4, 1821, fell on a Sunday, the second Monroe rites were held the following day.

John Quincy Adams took the oath in the House, where according to a contemporary account "there was a splendid array of beauty and fashion. Diplomats, justices and officials and officers of the Army and Navy escorting ladies, displaying that most interesting and appropriate of associations, valor guarding beauty." Although, like his father, he gained only one term, Adams set a precedent by serving in the House.

The first inauguration of Andrew Jackson beggars description. Never before or since has Washington seen such an explosion. Thousands of ardent followers of the hero of New Orleans came to the capital to celebrate—which they did until it seemed as though they would tear the city apart. They very nearly mortally injured Jackson himself in their wild enthusiasm. The party at the White House, given by the President for all who wished to attend, developed into a free-for-all. Costly rugs and furniture were ruined and men, women and children were trampled in the ensuing riot.

Jackson's second inaugural is interesting now chiefly because it was the ninth and last time John Marshall administered the oath.

Jackson arose from a sick bed to attend the inauguration of his faithful lieutenant, Martin Van Buren. Jackson rather than "Little Van" was the cynosure of all eyes. The strange pair, rough-hewn Jackson and gentlemanly Van Buren, rode to the Capitol in a carriage

made from timbers of the frigate Constitution.

"The ball at Carusi's saloon," says a contemporary account, "Was the most magnificent thing of the kind that ever has taken place in Washington. Many of the most beautiful and accomplished women who have resorted to the metropolis were present and gave grace and luster to the scene. About half past nine President Van Buren entered the room, attended by the heads of departments. General Jackson did not attend. The tables were spread with the utmost profusion and luxury, and champagne flowed most bounteously."

The tremendous popular feeling of the "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," election campaign carried over into the inaugural festivities. General William Henry Harrison, who was to die in office exactly one month later from a cold first contracted on Inauguration Day, rode down Pennsylvania Avenue on a beautiful white charger. There was a great pageant featuring log cabins, hard cider, and a new power loom with operators at work. The oath was taken and the inaugural address delivered in the open. Chief Justice Taney administered the oath. Harrison's address, delivered while standing bareheaded and without overcoat as the March wind and rain eddied about him, was the longest in history, more than 8,500 words. He was the oldest of the Presidents at his inaugural, 68.

John Tyler, Harrison's vice president, took the oath before Judge Cranch of the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia April 6, 1841.

The first dark horse candidate,

was inaugurated in 1845. The campaign cry of his opponents, "Who is aign cry of his opponents, "Who is James K. Polk?" was yelled at him as he rode down Pennsylvania Avenue to take the oath. The day was rendered historically important in that Morse had set up his new telegraph instrument on the platform and relayed an account of the proceedings to Baltimore, forty miles away.

Chief Justice Taney administered the oath to Polk and also to General Zachary Taylor, who was escorted to the capitol by many "Rough and Ready" clubs and military companies. Taylor died shortly and was succeeded by his vice president, Millard Fillmore, who, like Taylor, took the oath from Judge Cranch.

Because of the death of Franklin Pierce's son in a railway accident shortly before inauguration, the festivities were curtailed in 1853. Pierce made his inaugural address extemporaneously, and in taking the oath of office he did not use the word "swear" but the alternative "affirm."

A pageant, featuring a "Liberty Car" drawn by six horses, and numerous social functions featured the inauguration festivities when James Buchanan took the oath. A guest of honor was George Washington Parke Curtis, grandson of Martha Washington. He had been present at every inaugural from that of Washington to Buchanan.

The uneasiness due to tremendous national tension, felt in some degree at the Buchanan inauguration, burst with full force upon that of Abraham Lincoln in 1861. Lincoln's trip to Washington was largely made in secret and he was constantly under hea-

vy guard. United States regulars took the place of the customary honor guard on the way to the Capitol, and from the roofs of Pennsylvania Avenue houses picked riflemen looked down. At the Capitol, venerable General Scott himself took charge of troops.

When Lincoln appeared to deliver his inaugural address, he found himself encumbered with hat, cane, and manuscript. As he hesitated for a moment, his old rival Stephen A. Douglas, stepped forward and took Lincoln's hat. "If I can't be President, at least I can hold his hat," he whispered to a friend.

Each of 34 young women, representing the States of the Union in a feature of the inaugural parade pageant, later received a kiss from the new President.

The most notable feature of the second Lincoln inauguration was the address, now recognized as one of the most masterly state papers of all time. The day had been inclement until it was time for Lincoln to make his speech; then the sun came out gloriously. The first Lincoln oath was administered by aged Chief Justice Taney; the second by Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase.

The Kirkwood hotel was the scene of Andrew Johnson's dramatic oath-taking at 10 o'clock on the morning of April 15, 1865.

President Grant's little daughter, Nellie, clung to her father's hand while he was reading his first inaugural address. She had been sitting with her mother but grew restless and slipped away and held her father's hand for the duration of the speech. The second inaugural took

place on one of the coldest March fourths ever recorded in Washington. Hundreds were frost bitten, and the West Point cadets, who paraded without overcoats, suffered intensely. The ball was a failure because the building was so cold the musicians could scarcely play, the refreshments were frozen solid, and the guests could not remove their wraps. The wind blew so hard that when Grant read his address only those within a few feet of him could hear a word.

The inauguration of Rutherford B. Hayes was shadowed by the bitter contest over the election, which finally resulted in the award to him, by one vote of an Electoral commission, for the Presidency over Samuel J. Tilden. That year March 4, fell on a Sunday, so as a matter of precaution Hayes took the oath from Chief Justice Waite in the red parlor of the White House on Saturday, March 3, in the presence of President Grant and other officials.

President James A. Garfield's first act after the inaugural ceremony was to kiss his 80-year old mother. Garfield was honored by a great turn-out of veterans of the War Between the States. A colorful ball was held at the Smithsonian Institution.

It was at Chester A. Arthur's New York residence that he, as Garfield's vice president took the oath administered by Justice Brady of the New York Supreme Court. Garfield had been shot July 2, 1881, and died September 19. With ex-Presidents Grant and Hayes present, Arthur took the oath again from Chief Justice Waite on September 22 in the Vice President's room at the Capitol.

The Democratic Party returned to power after 25 years in the person of Grover Cleveland. In taking the oath from Chief Justice Waite, Cleveland used a small Bible his mother had given to him as a boy. He attended the inaugural ball at the Pension Office.

Chief Justice Fuller administered the oath to Benjamin Harrison in 1889. The family Bible was used. The inaugural procession was so lengthy that darkness had set in before it had passed the reviewing stand in its entirety.

A violent rain and snow storm did not change the plans for Cleveland's second inauguration, and the oath was taken outdoors.

Survivors of President William McKinley's old regiment, the Twenty-third Ohio, acted as his honor guard at the 1897 inauguration. Clear, fine weather on this occasion and on McKinley's second inaugural in 1901 added to the graciousness of these festivities. Chief Justice Fuller officiated.

It was several hours before Vice President Theodore Roosevelt could be located on September 14, 1901, to tell him that the President, who had been shot some days before at the Buffalo Exposition, was growing rapidly worse. He was out hiking in the Adirondacks. He was found near the summit of Mount Marcy, hurried back to the Tehawus club, and then on the Buffalo, where he was sworn in by Judge Hazel.

The 1905 Roosevelt inauguration was gala, with 400,000 visitors in the Capital. Rough Riders and Civil War veterans provided the honor guard. The parade, one of the most elaborate

ever seen, included civil and military units, Filipino scouts, native battalions from Puerto Rico and Indian students and chiefs.

The weather made it necessary, in 1909, to hold the Taft inaugural ceremonies indoors. This was the worst March 4 in history. Thousands were marooned on their way to the Capital, telegraph and telephone lines were down, and most plans for festivities were abandoned.

When Woodrow Wilson was elected in 1912, extensive plans were made for the inauguration ceremonies, although the President-elect wanted simplicity, and in deference to his wishes no ball was held.

The shadow of war hung over the second Wilson inaugural which, however, was quite festive: and the parade was well worth seeing.

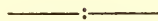
Warren G. Harding's phrase, "back to normalcy" had a subduing effect upon plans for his inauguration, but the Republican return to office was duly celebrated. An unforgettable picture was that of Wilson and Harding riding to the Capitol together. None who saw it would have prophesied that the mortally stricken Wilson would outlive the President-elect.

Recent history are the Coolidge and Hoover and first and second Roosevelt inaugurations; the poignant drama of the former receiving the oath of office at the hands of his father in the dimly lighted parlor of the

remote Vermont farmhouse; the act of President and Mrs. Hoover riding back to the White House from the Capitol in the drenching rain of March 4, 1929, in an open automobile, so that the waiting thousands would not be disappointed in their effort to get a glimpse of the new Chief Magistrate and First Lady; the tenseness of the Nation in 1933 as it waited eagerly to hear the new President's plans to lift the country from the depths of an engulfing depression. The second Roosevelt inaugural took place in a pelting rainstorm, and those who heard the address over the air will recall the beating of the drops which formed a background for the President's words.

On but few occasions in our history have such grave problems confronted the nation and its leaders as on this Inauguration Day, and few inaugural addresses will be heard with as much attention. For comparison one looks back to the dark days of 1861, when Lincoln took the oath as the nation was entering the War Between the States, and to 1917, when Wilson spoke to the nation on what was to prove to be the eve of a fateful decision.

On those occasions, as on this, Inauguration Day stood as an unchanging symbol of the democracy which is the priceless American heritage.



Down in their hearts, wise men know this truth: the only way to help yourself is to help others.—Elbert Hubbard.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, MR. PRESIDENT

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

Strange indeed would it be if the Old Dominion, Mother of Presidents, could not find some Virginian motif in the genealogy of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the nation's executive in whose honor thousands of feet will "tread the light fantastic" next Thursday night when balls all over the land commemorate his natal day.

So it is that a careful scanning of President Roosevelt's ancestral trees brings to light the fact that Northumberland County in particular has a peculiar interest in all things pertaining to the New Deal chieftain. There is Ditchley House, ancestral home of the Lees and named for Ditchley in England, the home of the Earl of Litchfield who was a Lee. And it was the marriage of cousins of President Roosevelt with the Lees of Ditchley that connects the "Man of the Hour" with such famed families here as the founders of Stratford, Ditchley and Chantilly as well as with that of President Zachary Taylor who, genealogical research has placed as a distant cousin to the present executive, scion of Knickerbockers and Puritans.

Today Ditchley House, the center of historical interest due to the coming celebration of the President's fifty-ninth birthday anniversary and his connections with its historic family, is owned by Mrs. Alfred du Pont of Wilmington, Del., herself a Virginian allied to many prominent families in states and bearing the maiden name of Gresham.

Ditchley House was built in 1688

but was later destroyed by fire. The present Ditchley structure, one of the show places of Northumberland County today, contains the same massive walls as old Stratford and other of the early homes, and the old kitchen has a fireplace that would readily roast an ox. Indeed the original frame of the "pig roaster" is still to be seen there.

The original owner of Ditchley was Hancock Lee, a son of Colonel Richard Lee of Virginia, the first of the name in the colony. He was a loyalist to the House of Stuart and history records that he invited King Charles to come to Virginia. The merrie monarch, however, was too much infatuated with Nell Gwynn to accept, but rewarded his faithful follower by making him secretary to the King's Council at Jamestown.

All of Richard's sons won renown and Hancock Lee played a most conspicuous part in Colonial affairs. His second wife belonged to a New England family related to President Roosevelt through the Delanos, and was the great-great aunt of the present New Dealer. This is the most direct connection of the President's with Old Dominion's Ditchley.

This branch of the Lee family historians and genealogists point out, must not be confused with those other Lees of Mariboro, Mass., into which married President Theodore Roosevelt.

Another confusing marital tangle for genealogists was that of the fifth Lord Baltimore who married Char-

lotte Lee of Ditchley, England. This complication of the Lee name as well as that of the Ditchley estate provoked several unfounded connections to be established before it was at length straightened out.

To trace the line of descent of that English family is to follow Charlotte's marriage to Lord Baltimore when she became the mother of Ellenor Calvert who in turn wed Jacky Custis, stepson of George Washington.

And now to begin at a more recent date and trace the lineage of another Lee group backwards, we find that Mrs. Robert E. Lee and her husband, the general, were distantly related as has been known, but their kinship came from the Stratford Lees, being descended from Colonel Richard Lee and Hancock Lee of Ditchley. Mrs. Robert E. Lee belonged to the Randolph family of "Chatsworth" on the James, and through the vein, descended likewise from the Lees of Ditchley, while on her father's side, through the Calverts, she traced her lineage back to the Earl of Litchfield whose daughter, Charlotte Lee, married the fifth Lord of Baltimore.

So we find our present great leader, and that great leader of the past linked by family ties albeit many generations old.

Now let us glance back in President Roosevelt's past again to that eventful year when the Mayflower sailed from the shores of Holland for the new world. Aboard her was one Isaac Allerton who had been living in Leyden. He was a keen trader, a man of great business acumen, the records tell us. With him on his pilgrimage to America came his wife, Mary; their three children, Bartholomew, Remember and Mary, and a man servant

listed as John Hooke.

Fellow passengers were William Brewster and his family. When Isaac's wife, Mary, died he married the daughter of William Brewster Fear Brewster, and she bore him a son named Isaac. The Pilgrim father died in 1659 and the boy was reared by his Brewster relatives and lived in the home of Elder Brewster.

From Mary Allerton, the daughter of Isaac the Pilgrim, descends through the Cushmans President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

From Isaac Allerton the junior descends in direct line Zachary Taylor, twelfth President of the United States. His daughter, Sarah Allerton, whose mother was Fear Brewster, married as his second wife, Colonel Hancock Lee of Ditchley, Virginia. The daughter of this union, Elizabeth Lee, became the mother of President Zachary Taylor, hero of Palo Alto and Buena Vista.

Pursuing our interesting study of genealogy even farther, we find according to a recently uncovered marriage bond of his daughter, Sarah Knox Taylor, that she married one Jefferson Davis, senator from Mississippi, secretary of war of the United States and later president of the Confederates States. Sarah Taylor is revealed as the sweetheart and romance of Jefferson Davis's early life. After her untimely death from fever, he married the ambitious Varjina Howells.

But meager and sparse as the old records are there is still another chapter of President Roosevelt's forebears in which Virginia has a share. Isaac Allerton, the son of the Pilgrim who was the fifth signer of the Compact and who died in New Haven after

the Dutch, or Knickerbockers, drove him from his residence in New Amsterdam, inherited some of the wanderlust of his father. It is recorded that he moved to Virginia where he performed valiantly in the Indian wars, serving under John Washington, founder of that family in America. So the Old Dominion has that claim upon the New Deal leader's kin, too.

So, just as the United States has had two Adams as chief executives; two Harrisons and two Roosevelts, this shows that Isaac Allerton the Pilgrim has given to America two Presidents—Zachary Taylor and Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

It is interesting to note in this connection in old New York, or New Amsterdam, record concerning these same Roosevelt forebears. It recounts how Isaac Allerton the Pilgrim "resided in the house beyond the Wall," which means what is now the locality of Wall Street, where he was most unpopular with the Indians due to his shooting of a squaw he caught stealing his grapes.

Another bit out of this old Amster-

dam setting includes the registry of the old French church there, known as "du Esprit," and dated 1628. It records the baptism of Perer Faneuil who later moved to Boston to inherit the fortune of his uncle, Andre Faneuil, owner of famous Faneuil Hall. And the old church records of the Waloons in New York also mention one, "Nicholas Roosevelt" who on the paternal side was the founder of the Roosevelt clan in the new world.

And it is that same Faneuil Hall which has boasted within its venerable walls 13 captains of the Ancient and Honorables, the nation's oldest military unit, all of whom were grandfathers of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

And so Thursday night in hamlet, town and city across Virginia's rolling miles, wherever President Roosevelt's birthday anniversary is being celebrated and the infantile paralysis sufferers' fund is being augmented, celebrants are really paying homage again to the Old Dominion's Colonial builders of families as well as of empire.

HELP THE YOUNGSTER AROUND YOUR OWN CORNER

(Morganton News-Herald)

The annual campaign designed to combat and as far as possible stamp out Infantile Paralysis is on again. Already the "March of Dimes" is on with the 1941 nation-wide effort to raise funds for this great cause culminating in the celebrations on January 30 of the birthday of President Roosevelt, who was himself a victim

of infantile paralysis.

Never before has the campaign had such a wide appeal. Never before in the history of America has the welfare of our boys and girls, young men and young women been of such vital importance as it is at this moment. Their health and well being is truly one of our front lines of national de-

fense—because upon them the whole future of our nation depends.

Today we are bending every effort to build guns, ships and airplanes against the possibility of attack from without. In army camps from coast to coast, young men are being physically conditioned and trained in the use of weapons of defence. This is a great national effort that we approve, because we have seen how great is the necessity for it. Every day our radio news broadcasts and newspaper headlines remind us that time is short.

The necessity to protect our children and young people against the terrible scourge of Infantile Paralysis is no less urgent. Infantile Paralysis is a treacherous enemy—we don't often read about it in big, black newspaper headlines or hear the news of its fearful work flashed over our radios.

Except in epidemic areas, we are likely to forget that it is such a cruel threat to our children's health and happiness. But once each year, our attention is focused on Infantile Paralysis by the campaign for the celebration of the President's Birthday—once each year we have the opportunity to face the facts about this crippling disease, to see it for what it is and then roll up our sleeves and do something about it.

This year we've got to face the facts that Infantile Paralysis has increased sharply. Ten thousand Americans felt its crippling hand in 1940. Seven states were swept by serious epi-

demics. What 1941 will bring, no one can tell. Infantile Paralysis is completely unpredictable. Where it will strike, when it will strike, how serious it will strike—no man knows.

And so every city and state in America must be ready to deal with an Infantile Paralysis problem of its own—to fight an epidemic if need be. Here in Burke county we must make ourselves so strong that we can meet whatever challenge the future may hold. Everyone of us has a personal responsibility in this campaign. Make no mistake about it—the fight against Infantile Paralysis is your fight. The threat to the health and happiness of your family is always present—the danger is real and immediate.

So let us be grateful that we have the chance to do something about Infantile Paralysis before it does something to us.

Let's pitch in and work as hard as we can for the success of this campaign. Let's work together—joining hands with our friends and neighbors for the common good of all.

There's something for everybody to do. Even a small effort on your part may work miracles. If you distribute birthday cards among your friends, the returns may be the means of saving a life. In any case be sure to give—look for the coin collectors, join the "March of Dimes."

"Enlist in our National Defense Against Infantile paralysis" and "Help the Youngster Around Your Own Corner."



Love for mankind is the elevator of the human race; it demonstrates Truth and reflects divine Love.—Mary Baker Eddy.

TRUE POISE

By Kathleen O'Connor

A dictionary defines "poise" as a "state of balance by equal weight or power; balance; equilibrium; stability." Harmony is defined as "the just adaptation of parts to each other in any system or combination of things or, in things intended to form a connected whole."

As understood in Christian Science, true poise is not a human attribute, but a spiritual state of consciousness, expressing the divine Mind, God, and one creation, man and the universe, forever maintained in perfect harmony. This spiritual truth must, however, be demonstrated in human experience. Only by putting into practice the teachings of Christ Jesus, as understood in Christian Science, with complete subordination of human will to the government of God, divine Principle, will mankind approximate that harmony in which God maintains man in His image and likeness.

Many lessons on the subject of poise may be learned from study of the great Bible characters. Because of his pure spirituality, Christ Jesus furnishes the perfect example of poise and equanimity in the face of unprecedented opposition. Peter, on the other hand, was sometimes too impetuous and personal in his outlook to be well balanced, until he had learned better to follow the Master's teaching. Then, in his first epistle, he was able to say, "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you." Likewise Paul, having suffered count-

less persecutions and indignities, was able to manifest perfect poise, as expressed in his words, "None of these things move men."

A simple but valuable lesson on poise and the conditions requisite for its maintenance was learned by a student of Christian Science when assisting for the first time in the erection of a large bell tent. Surprise was expressed by the novice on finding that the central pole merely rested on the surface and did not have to be sunk into the ground in order to keep the tent upright and stable. It was explained that as long as there was equal pull in every direction from the center, as effected by pulleys, guy ropes, and pegs the tent would remain balanced and able to withstand the elements.

How important are control and balance in the matter of affection and friendship! Even in human experience and observation there can be nothing more unbalancing than emotion or personal feeling. Certain it is that we manifest true poise only as we reflect divine Love, which, as Mary Baker Eddy writes, "is impartial and universal in its adaptation and bestowals."

To be truly poised is to realize the presence of divine Mind in all circumstances. This is accomplished only as one learns to dwell in "the secret place of the most High," in conscious unity with God. Conversely, how quickly is mental balance or composure forfeited through panic, hurry, or excitement! These are forms of a subtle or latent fear that what we

deem to be good or desirable may at any moment be snatched from us, an erroneous belief that good is not natural and normal! These errors should be recognized as aggressive mental suggestion, and should be overcome through constant expectancy of, and preparedness to receive, spiritual good as man's natural heritage.

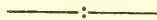
Again, how quickly may we be thrown off our balance by indulgence in intolerance, impatience, anger, false ambition, pride, animosity, envy, jealousy, revenge, self-pity, resentment! All these traits of the carnal so-called mind must be replaced by that Mind "which was also in Christ Jesus." By complete reliance on spiritual means and methods, by the reflection of the perfect Love that casts out fear, we can realize equanimity, and attain that spiritual self-control.

A zeal "not according to knowledge," or a false sense of enthusiasm, will also engender loss of poise and must be guarded against. Are our enthusiasms always balanced? Even honest enthusiasm for a particular branch of work for the Cause of Christian Science, perhaps that in which we are personally engaged, may sometimes result in our holding a disproportionate view of the whole.

Such an outlook, fostered, perhaps unconsciously, by personal sense, could not be helpful either to oneself or to the Cause, nor would it be in accordance with harmony. Even committee work and church organization work generally, although good and necessary, are but human auxiliaries and must not be allowed to assume such proportions in our thinking that they tend to obscure the object for which the Christian Science church exists, namely, the healing and redemption of mankind, and the establishing of God's kingdom on earth.

As Christian Scientists we must learn to steer our course away from the stormy and treacherous seas of personal sense into the peaceful haven of Principle—to anchor our enthusiasm in divine wisdom, our affections in divine Love, our ambitions and motives in Spirit, if we would express stability, proportion, and a right judgment.

Of him "that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly," Isaiah declares, "Thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken." Thus may we dwell in quiet resting places, beside still waters.



The question "Who ought to be boss?" is like asking "Who ought to be the tenor in the quartet?" Obviously, the man who can sing tenor.—Henry Ford.

FATHER NEPTUNE'S POSTAL SERVICE

By John Edwin Hogg

Scattered all over the earth, on all the continents and innumerable islands—from Greenland to Admiral Byrd's Antarctica and from Tasmania to Alaska—are the members of the International Bottle Club. They are a geographically minded group representing all races of mankind, many nationalities, and a wide variety of religious faiths. They are of both sexes; they range in age from eighteen to ninety-eight. And they're having a lot of pleasure indulging a hobby more interesting and with greater appeal to human imagination than the time-honored indoor sport of collecting postage stamps. Their hobby is the operation of a world-wide postal system—the exchange of messages carried in sealed bottles—by river, wind, wave, tide, and ocean current.

Fathered by Colonel Edward P. Bailey, a native of Australia, who is now an American citizen of San Marino, California, the Bottle Club was born at sea in 1926. A twin brother of his International Adventurers' Club, the Bottle Club began when Colonel Bailey, enroute from Vancouver to Sydney, Australia, amused himself by preparing hundreds of messages in a dozen languages, sealing them in bottles and consigning them to the sea. Returning to America, he again littered the Pacific with bottled messages in which finders were requested to communicate with him. Months, sometimes years, later, some of these notes brought responses from widely separated points around the Pacific. One

was reported from India; another from Kenya, on the east coast of Africa. Thus, the Bottle Club began with Colonel Bailey as its moving spirit and with an original membership enrolled from a few dozen bottled-message finders scattered from Chile to Kamchatka, Alaska to Africa.

The growth of the Bottle Club, however, was destined to spread over the earth like an infestation of krautweed. Its membership crept into the Atlantic Ocean; it moved into the Arctic Ocean, to the Great Lakes of North America, to far-in-land points along the great rivers of all continents, and to the Antarctic with the first of Admiral Richard E. Byrd's expeditions. Now, Bottle Club members around the earth collect old bottles by the thousands, seal their messages in them, and send them to sea with members of ship's crews or passengers who agree to heave them overboard—preferably as far from land as possible. Members living far inland "mail" theirs in lake and river for ultimate delivery by Father Neptune's postal service.

Since the Bottle Club now pays a small cash reward for every message reported, with an additional bonus for those breaking previous time and distance records, club headquarters, in San Marino, now has a remarkable collection of much-traveled documents. And the tales that some of these messages tell make the travels of Marco Polo, Vasco de Gama, Magellan, and other famous sea travelers pale into insignificance by comparison. A message set adrift by a Jap-

anese member in the Sea of Okhotsk went to Tierra del Fuego in three years to the day. Chilean messages have gone to Alaska; Alaskan messages to Australia and Papua. A message dropped into the Missouri River at Fort Benton, Montana, went to a beach near Recife, Brazil, in forty-eight months and twelve days. A bottle "mailed" by a New Zealand member from a ship near Honolulu found its way into the Indian Ocean, rounded Cape of Good Hope and was picked up at Mossamedes, in Angola, on the west coast of Africa after seven years and one day in the Neptune Post. Similar tales are told by hundreds of other messages. New ones are being told with every delivery of overseas mail—while tens of thousands of messages are still floating around waiting to be delivered somewhere!

From the study of all available oceanographic data, Bottle Clubbers now know about where a message will go if it is "mailed" in a certain river

or in any particular "spot" on the seven seas. Thus, British members now address theirs to America and have them properly delivered. Simultaneously, American Bottle Club members put their messages in the Gulf Stream south of Cape Hatteras when they want to send them to England. The speed record thus far, via the Gulf Stream Route, is eighteen days from a point off Miami, Florida, to Lochinver, Scotland.

In the relatively few brief years of its existence, the Bottle Club has learned much about where the water goes after it leaves the rivers. A note, for example, that was "mailed" in the Brazos River, in Texas, arrived at Milford, England, nine months later. The club is also correcting a lot of errors in previous bad geography of ocean currents. Thus, in addition to providing its members with a fascinating hobby, the club is steadily making some valuable contributions to our present-day knowledge of oceanography.

WORTH

All the big things of life are made up of many small things interlocking, standing as it were on one another's shoulders, each dependent on the other in different ways. There is no substitute for worth—which is attained often only by a long and complicated series of events. The final values are not the result of snap action.

Human factors outweigh all others. The truth of this may not be evident to the very young or the very careless. None the less it is true. The man who would best serve his fellows will develop worth by strict adherence to and practice of the Golden Rule, not only in the larger things, but as well in those smaller incidents of everyday life which develop into the big things.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys of the barn force have been busy for several days hauling gravel and filling in low places near the dairy barn.

—:—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been spending quite some time recently, re-flooring and painting the kitchens in several cottages.

—:—

James Ledford, of Cottage No. 15, was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, last Tuesday night, where he immediately underwent an operation for appendicitis. The latest report from that institution was that James was getting along very nicely.

—:—

Melvin Walters, a member of our printing class, who has been operating a linotype machine at the Concord Daily Tribune plant for some time, enlisted in the United States Army last week. He is now stationed at Fort Jackson, S. C., and recently wrote friends here that he was getting along fine.

—:—

When attending the meeting of the Board of Trustees, held January 9th, Mrs. R. O. Everett, of Durham, brought with her a number of books especially adapted to our school

grades. The books have been placed in the library, where all the boys will have access to them. Books are always in demand here and we certainly appreciate Mrs. Everett's kindness in bringing them.

—:—

Last week cards were mailed to all of our boys' home addresses, advising friends and relatives that visiting at the School would be discontinued for at least thirty days. This action was taken on the advice of the School physician, in an attempt to prevent the spread of influenza among our boys, as an epidemic is raging in all parts of the state. We are glad to report, however, that there are no cases at the School at this writing.

—:—

William Anthony, of Valdese, who left the School in January, 1935, visited us last Sunday. He is married and both he and his wife work in a hosiery mill in Valdese. Bill was driving a nice car, was neatly dressed and appeared to be getting along fine. He was quite lavish in his appraisal of the School and what it had done for him. While a boy here, Bill was a member of the Cottage No. 13 group, and immediately upon arrival here last Sunday he inquired about his old home, whether the same officer and matron were in charge, etc., and seemed quite happy in anticipating meeting the folks and going over his school life again.

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending December 31, 1940, as follows:

First grade—Aldine Duggins, highest general average; second grade—John Bailey, highest general average; third grade—Eugene Puckett and William Gaddy, most improvement; fourth grade—Nelson Williams and Ronald Washam, best in spelling; fifth grade—James Puckett, best in arithmetic; sixth grade—Collett Cantor and Beamon Heath, best in test on spelling rules; seventh grade—Jordan Melver and James M. Hare, best spellers.

—:—

James Brewer, of Cottage No. 13; Edward Hammond, of Cottage No. 8 and Paul Briggs, of Cottage No. 4, were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday afternoon for observation and treatment. Brewer, who is now able to get around on crutches after having spent two years in bed, suffering from a bone infection, was told by the Gastonia doctors that he was getting along just as well as any they had ever seen having the same ailment. Hammond and Briggs, suffering from broken leg and shoulder, respectively, were given a thorough check-up and the casts removed from injured members.

—:—

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he

read part of the first chapter of I Timothy. Speaking to the boys on "The Glorious Gospel", he called special attention to the 11th verse of this chapter—"According to the glorious gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust."

In referring to these words of the Apostle Paul, the speaker stated that when something is committed to another person, it is done with the idea of safe-keeping or protection. He illustrated by mentioning the vast quantity of the world's supply of gold which is stored away at Fort Knox; how doctors and nurses often give their very lives to save people who are ill. In fact, anything that is worthwhile is protected in some way. In this passage of Scripture we note that Paul speaks about the glorious gospel of God having been committed to his care. He felt that he was given the responsibility of looking after the gospel and was called upon to pass its wonderful teachings on to others. Paul calls it his most wonderful experience.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer then briefly pointed out how Paul at one time worked against God. He was later converted and from that time on he was called upon to share the gospel of Jesus Christ with his fellow men rather than persecute him. He further added that he was thankful because God had enough confidence in him to permit him to preach this great gospel.

The speaker then gave four reasons why Paul considered it a glorious gospel, as follows: (1) Paul called it a glorious gospel because of its divine origin—the gift of God, not of man. (2) Because it revealed infinite love of Jesus, telling how he

gave his life upon the cross to save mankind. To Paul it was a most glorious thing that God gave his only son to the world. (3) Because he found that everywhere lives were being made over, the wicked were becoming good, and darkness was being turned into light. Through the teachings of this gospel, Christ was making new lives. (4) Paul saw that the same gospel that had transformed his life could also save others. Looking into the future, he realized the possibilities of future generations all over the world being changed by the "glorious gospel of God."

—:—

Following is a summary of the monthly School Honor Roll for the year 1940. Boys' names are grouped according to the total number of times they won places on this roll during the year.

12—George Tolson.

10—Cecil Ashley, Ray Bayne, Mack Bell, Aldine Duggins, J. P. Sutton.

9—John Bailey, Leo Hamilton, Hugh Kennedy, Claude McConnell, William Padrick, Hubert Walker, James C. Wiggins, Floyd Williams.

8—Wesley Beaver, Robert Bryson, Paul Godwin, Woodrow Hager, Vincent Hawes, Edward Johnson, Alfred Lamb, Hardy Lanier, Bruce Link, Edward Murray, Max Newson, Marshall Pace, John Reep, William T. Smith, Calvin Tessneer, John Whitaker.

7—Theodore Bowles, Winley Jones, Robert Maples, J. P. Morgan, J. W. McRorrie, Eugene Puckett, James Quick, Eulice Rogers, Edward Thomasson, James Tyndall, Dewey Ware, Ronald Washam.

6—Raymond Andrews, Jay Bran-

nock, Percy Capps, Leonard Dawn, William Dixon, Columbus Hamilton, Robert Hampton, Porter Holder, William Jerrell, Burman Keller, Milton Koontz, James Massey, Roy Mumford, Thomas Sands, Walter Sexton, Brown Stanley, O. D. Talbert, Carl Tyndall, Edd Woody, Frank Workman.

5—J. C. Allen, Raymond Anderson, John H. Averitte, Edward Batten, Jack Cline, Wade Cline, Charles Cole, Frank Cotter, David Cunningham, William Deaton, Velda Denning, Paul Dockery, Harold Donaldson, Henry Glover, Max Evans, William Goins, Robert Goldsmith, Lacy Green, William Harding, Jack Harward, Osper Howell, James Johnson, Mark Jones, Everett Lineberry, James Mondie, Harold O'Dear, Theodore Rector, Melvin Roland, Howard Sanders, Lewis B. Sawyer, Arlie Scism, Charles Smith, Elmer Talbert, Arvel Ward, Jack West, J. R. Whitman, Charles Widener, Louis Williams, Jack Wilson, Joseph Woody, Wallace Woody.

4—Lewis Andrews, Jewell Barker, Reid Beheler, John Benson, William Broadwell, Robert Chamberlain, Howard Cox, Quentin Crittenton, Charles Crofts, Jack Crofts, Robert Dunning, A. C. Elmore, Audie Farthing, Leonard Franklin, Charles Frye, Frank Glover, Ray Hamby, Wilbur Hardin, Gilbert Hogan, Leonard Jacobs, J. W. Jones, Robert Keith, Edward Kinion, Samuel Kirksey, James Lane, Spencer Lane, R. J. Lefler, Jack Mathis, Clay Mize, Lloyd Mullis, Otis McCall, Arnold McHone, Fred McLemore, Richard Parker, Elroy Pridgen, Jack Reeves, James Roberson, John C. Robertson, Emerson Sawyer, Wayne Sluder, Hubert Smith, Ralph Sorrells, Torrence Ware, Edward Warnock, Jack Warren, Jerome

Wiggins, David Williams, Gilbert Williams, William Wilson, Cleasper Beasley.

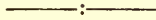
3—Bennie Austin, John Baker, Roy Barnett, Homer Bass, James Boone, Plummer Boyd, J. T. Branch, Paul Briggs, Harold Bryson, Collett Cantor, Everett Case, Mack Coggins, Kenneth Conklin, John Crawford, Martin Crump, Dillon Dean, Robert Dellinger, Lewis Donaldson, George Duncan, Donald Earnhardt, Henry Ennis, Noah Ennis, Jack Evans, Robert Gaines, Elree Gaskins, Troy Gilliam, George Green, John Hamm, Albert Hayes, Roy Helms, Earl Hildreth, J. D. Hildreth, J. B. Howell, Peter Jones, Floyd Lane, Franklin Lyles, John Maples, Douglas Matthews, William Matthewson, Julian Merritt, Claude Moose, Carl Moose, Everett Morris, Norvel Murphy, Charles McCoyle, Thomas Oxendine, James Puckett, Carl Ray, Grover Revels, Leonard Robinson, Eugene Smith, Loy Stines, Melvin Stines, James C. Stone, Brice Thomas, John Tolbert, Carl Ward, Weldon Warren, Eldred Watts, Everett Watts, Joseph White, George Wilhite, Woodrow Wilson, William T. Wood, Clarence Wright.

2—Clarence Baker, Lewis H. Baker, Earl Barnes, Clyde Barnwell, Richard Baumgarner, Jennings Britt, Charles Chapman, Albert Chunn, Samuel Everidge, William Gaddy, Coolidge Green, James M. Hare, Charles Hastings, Beamon Heath, Dallas Holder, Leon Hollifield, Carl Hooker, Raymond Hughes, John F. Johnston, Horace Journigan, Grady Kelly, Thomas King, John Kirkman, Clifford Lane, James Ledford, Vernon Lamb, Oakley Lunsford, Tillman Lyles, McCree Mabe, Leonard Melton, Calvin Mc-

Coyle, Donald McFee, Charles McGowan, Henry McGraw, William Nelson, Ernest Overcash, Fred Owens, Randall D. Peeler, Hercules Rose, William Shaw, Canipe Shoe, Landreth Sims, Charles Steepleton, Edward Stutts, Charles Tate, Houston Turner, Peter Tuttle, Walker Warr, George Warren, Eugene Watts, Joseph Wheeler, Marshall White, Thomas Wilson, Thomas Yates, Henry Ziegler.

1—Odell Almond, Holly Atwood, Wilson Bailiff, William Beach, Charles Beal, Grover Beaver, William Blackmon, Thomas Britt, Kenneth Brooks, Aldine Brown, William G. Bryant, Lacy Burleson, Henry B. Butler, Earl Eass, William Cantor, Craig Chappell, Joseph Christine, James Connell, William Covington, Clifton Davis, John Davis, John D. Davis, William Davis, Howard Devlin, William Drye, Monroe Flinchum, Charles Gaddy, William Griffin, James Hale, Richard Halker, R. L. Hall, Edward Hammond, Vernon Harding, Bruce Hawkins, Charles Hayes, Eugene Heaffner, William Herrin, Jack Hodge, Hoyt Hollifield, Roscoe Honeycutt, Julian T. Hooks, John Howard, Joseph Howard, John Ingram, Lyman Johnson, Daniel Kilpatrick, Marvin King, James Kissiah, Ralph Kistler, Feldman Lane, Olin Langford, Warren G. Lawry, Harvey Ledford, Paul Lewallen, Joseph Linville, Rufus Linville, J. C. Long, William Lowe, Douglas Mabry, Durwood Martin, Clarence Mayton, Walter Morton, John Murdock, Fred McGlammery, J. C. Nance, George Newman, Donald Newman, William Nichols, Rufus Nunn, Earl Oxendine, Harry Peake, H. C. Pope, Robert Quick, J. C. Reinhardt, John Robbins, George Roberts, Lonnie

Roberts, Oscar Roland, James Ruff, land, Newman Tate, Fred Tolbert, Currie Singletary, Oscar Smith, Robah William Ussery, Oakley Walker, Lee Sink, Henry Smith, Norman Smith, Watkins, Claude Weldy, Horace Carl Speer, George Speer, Raymond Williams, J. C. Willis, Alexander Sprinkle, Harrison Stilwell, Cleveland Woody, Edward Young, Charles B. Suggs, William Suites, Jack Suther- Ziegler.



IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
 As there is wrong to right,
 Wail of the weak against the strong,
 Or tyranny to fight.
 Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
 Or streaming tear to dry;
 One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
 That smiles as we draw nigh;
 Long as a tale of anguish swells
 The heart, and lids grow wet,
 And at the sound of Christmas bells
 We pardon and forget;
 So long as Faith with Freedom reigns,
 And loyal Hope survives,
 And gracious charity remains
 To leaven lowly lives;
 Where there is one untrodden tract
 For Intellect or Will,
 And men are free to think and act,
 Life is worth living still.

—Austin.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 19, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

William Drye
Cecil Gray
Homer Head
Robert Maples
Frank May
Mack McQuaigue
William Shannon
Kenneth Tipton
Weldon Warren
Basil Weatherington

COTTAGE NO. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 2

Joseph Farlow
Bernice Hoke
Edward Johnson
Donald McFee
Charles Tate
Newman Tate
Peter Tuttle

COTTAGE NO. 3

Lewis Andrews
Earl Barnes
Grover Beaver
John Bailey
Lewis Baker
Bruce Hawkins
Jack Lemley
Harley Matthews
William Sims
William T. Smith
Wayne Sluder
John Tolley
Louis Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Paul Briggs
Luther H. Coe
Quentin Crittenton
Arlow Goins
Noah J. Greene
Hugh Kennedy
Robert Simpson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
J. C. Bordeaux
Collett Cantor

A. C. Elmore
Ivey Lunsford
Leonard Melton
Rufus Morris
James Massey
Currie Singletary
Donald Smith
Hubert Walker
Dewey Ware

COTTAGE NO. 6

Robert Bryson
Leonard Dawn
Leo Hamilton
Leonard Jacobs
Edward Kinion

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
Cleasper Beasley
Donald Earnhardt
Lacy Green
George Green
Lyman Johnson
Carl Justice
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash
Carl Ray
Alex Weathers
Irvin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

Jesse Cunningham
Jack Hamilton
William Jerrell
Eugene White

COTTAGE NO. 9

Percy Capps
David Cunningham
George Gaddy
Columbus Hamilton
Osper Howell
Grady Kelly
Valley McCall
James Ruff
Robert Tidwell
Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

William Bennett
 John Benson
 Harold Bryson
 William Furches
 Robert Goldsmith
 Earl Hildreth
 Theodore Rector
 Monroe Searcy
 James Tyndall

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
 William Broadwell
 Ernest Brewer
 William Deaton
 Treley Frankum
 Woodrow Hager
 Eugene Heaffner
 Charles Hastings
 Tillman Lyles
 Clarence Mayton
 James Mondie
 Hercules Rose
 Howard Sanders
 Charles Simpson
 Robah Sink
 Jesse Smith
 Norman Smith
 George Tolson
 Carl Tyndall
 J. R. Whitman
 Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
 Charles Gaddy
 Vincent Hawes
 R. J. Lefler
 Jesse Owens
 Jack Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Anderson
 Edward Carter
 Mack Coggins
 Robert Deyton
 Henry Ennis
 Audie Farthing
 Troy Gilland
 Feldman Lane
 Henry McGraw
 Charles McCoyle
 Norvel Murphy
 Charles Steepleton
 Wallace Woody
 Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 15

Jennings Britt
 Eulice Rogers
 J. P. Sutton

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
 George Duncan
 John T. Lawry
 Thomas Wilson



There were 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence.
 Twenty-six were lawyers.

Eight were merchants.

Six were physicians.

Two were soldiers.

Two were statesmen.

One was a sailor.

One was a printer.

One was a surveyor.

One was a shoemaker.

One was a minister.

The oldest signer was Benjamin Franklin, printer, aged 70.

The youngest signer was Edward Rutledge, lawyer, aged 26.

The last survivor among the signers, Charles Carroll, died November 14, 1832, aged 95.—Selected.

FEB 3 1941

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 1, 1941

NO. 5

U. N. C. Carolina Collection
J. N. C. Library

THEY NEVER COME BACK

“There are four things that never come back.” This was the caption a traveler in England discovered on a piece of decorative burnt wood he picked up in the Shakespeare country. Upon closer examination, the traveler read the following phrases: “The spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.”

These are truly words of wisdom that should be remembered when “patience ceases to be a virtue.” The right word is always the kind word.—Sunshine Magazine.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE ONE FELLOW WHO CAN HURT YOU

In all the world there is only one fellow who can hurt you. Only one fellow who can kick down the future you have planned and trample under foot the foundations of happiness you have laid.

There is only one fellow who can waste today for you—who can handicap you for the big things you are going to do tomorrow. Only one fellow who can break your nerve or crumble your hopes—who can blast your love and cripple your faith.

And do you know who he is? You may kid yourself sometimes, make believe you think it is somebody else—but you know.

The only person in all the world who can help or harm you is you, yourself. By your hands alone can be moulded your future—in your heart and in your brain alone lies the answer to every problem you will ever face.

No man can hurt you from the outside—he must do it from the inside. For you must do it yourself—he can't. His meanness and smallness and disloyalty fall like arrows from your armour—if you don't permit him to make you hurt yourself.

The greatest harm a man can do you is to make you hate him, make you harm him. For in trying to harm him—you harm yourself doubly. No man was ever broken by treachery, by ingratitude, by unfairness—only by bitterness that they sowed in his own heart.

Within yourself lies the answer to your future. Nothing can hurt you that you do not take into your heart and nurse.

So don't let anything "get your goat." A sneer in your heart is more dangerous than a bullet in your back.—William Fleming French

NATIONAL FOUNDATION

The spotlight this week is thrown upon the "March Of Dimes." The results of which will reveal the interest of the people of the state, in childhood. Everyone who has ears to hear, or eyes to read, is thoroughly familiar with the story of the March Of Dimes, so it is useless to enlarge upon the subject, but await with abated interest to see results.

The nationwide interest of those physically strong and financial-

ly able, will grasp the opportunity to contribute in some way to the defense of suffering humanity against infantile paralysis.

The person who planned this National Defense Program against this insidious disease selected the most appropriate date, January 30th, the birthday of President Roosevelt, a victim of the malady, who by the right treatment and strong will did to a certain extent overcome the handicap. Of all the appeals to measure up, or meet the demands of humanity from sickness or poverty, the appeal for welfare of childhood never fails to bring forth a most envious response.

By chance we heard of one who successfully solicited for the unprivileged child say, "I am successful in my work not because of my eloquence of speech, but the subject—the story of the uplifted face of the child, the victims of hardships, touches the hearts of all kinds and conditions of mankind." Disease is no respecter of persons, therefore, many children from the poorest of families are cripples for life unless material aid is given. It is nothing short of a national defense against infantile paralysis. Moreover the poor man's child as well as the one of well to do homes is a future citizen, and if a healthy and strong child is an asset, then a crippled child is a liability. Seeing the need of contributing to the national defense against polio we feel the contribution to the cause will be most generous.

* * * * *

TRAINING FOR SERVICE

There are more different kinds of activities carried on in the Jackson Training School than the masses realize. For instance, the sewing room has two most capable women, Mrs. Maude Harris and Mrs. Pearl Young, who are the guiding spirits in this department. They have three boys trained in the art of making wearing apparel and other things required to answer the demands of the institution. It is interesting to notice how nimble the boys' fingers are as they use the needle in the performance of the duties assigned them. They are apt scholars and thoroughly enjoy their work. Knowing that every one is interested in the boys, we relate right here that it is not unusual for one trained boy to make four shirts

in a half day. The three boys with the help of their instructors never fail to turn out twelve shirts daily. This shows the possibility of transforming the most idle boy into a most useful citizen. Everything of material worth conceived, molded or finished by man will perish, but the salvaging of a human soul lives for all time and leaves an imprint that never perishes.

Just lately, the sewing class of this institution, having the permission of the superintendent in response to a call from the local Red Cross, has completed sixty-one shirts to be sent across the waters to the victims of the war. There is reason to feel that the boys who made this contribution of service to the victims of war learned a lesson in answering the needs of social humanity that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

The goal of this institution at all times is to develop the boys as useful citizens and to have an understanding mind so that they will be humanly kind to their fellow man and give a helping hand when necessary.

* * * * *

A PRINCE OF A MERCHANT

We are not familiar with the way J. B. Ivey began his mercantile career, but let that be as it may we do know that he has reached his peak of success as a merchant in the Piedmont North Carolina. His store, J. B. Ivey's, Charlotte, is the mecca for those who want quality and style. Lately the press has released a book telling the life of Mr. Ivey. This institution would greatly appreciate a copy of the same so that our boys may learn something of the life of a man who blazed his way despite difficulties. The following from the North Carolina Christian Advocate gives a brief estimate of this biography:

"My Memoirs" is just from the press. It is a handsome volume of 368 pages that grips the reader from first to last. It is in Mr. Ivey's characteristic style and recounts in his own way the story of his life as a lad through those years immediately following the war between the states. His simple story of the life of an enterprising clerk in a little country store through the years till he became a leader in the mercantile life of Charlotte, N. C., reads like a tale of romance. This merchant prince and churchman has lived

admirably through the years and the story needed no embellishment to make it a huge success in book marking.

This book came from the press just before the holidays and the first edition is already exhausted and there is a demand for the second printing.

* * * * *

GROUNDHOG DAY

The winter up to date has been mild when compared to the severe weather of last year. Our hopes for a continued moderately mild winter will depend altogether upon the superstition of whether Mr. Groundhog remains in his hole or comes out of his habitation on the second day of February. If the Groundhog sees his shadow on the date named he returns to his hiding place for another six weeks of disagreeably cold weather. Despite the fact that many people declare they have no faith in Groundhog Day, the same people who express themselves as having no faith in this prognosticator, draw a sigh of relief if the sun remains under the clouds on the second of February. The thousands who declare they are free of all superstitions, hope the clouds will hang heavy on "Groundhog Day" so that the little woodchuck will not venture out. We bring to a close this rambling thought by saying in unison with the masses "Oh I do not believe in such superstition, but I hope the groundhog will remain in his hole."

* * * * *

RURAL AMERICA: ITS IMPORTANCE

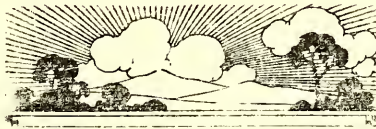
A graphic picture of how America's rural areas have been robbed to feed the rapidly growing population in urban centers was presented before the Morganton Lions Club by Rev. G. R. Stafford, local Methodist minister.

In the decade from 1920 to 1930, a quarter-million people in North Carolina went from rural areas into towns and cities, and this Mr. Stafford translated into economic terms of \$250,000,000, based on an average of \$1,000 as the cost of rearing a child to about 16 years of age. Going beyond this process which would appear to threaten the country with bled-white condition, Mr. Stafford proceeded to

show that the birth rate in centers of 2,500 population and over falls below the death rate, which means that unless the urban areas dwindle in size they must depend on rural North Carolina to supply the population. And that brought Mr. Stafford to the conclusion that Americans must realize the importance of rural life in the future of the country and to see that its homes, churches and schools are of a high order to maintain on a high plane the character of the nation's citizenship. Not only should the nation recognize the investment it has in the source of its future population, but it should go beyond that to repay in part the economic drain to which rural life has been subjected.

There is not in this country—in the opinion of Mr. Stafford and The News-Herald—a disunity in rural and urban interests. Our people have seemed to recognize that the interest of rural families is inseparably bound to the welfare of our towns. But this relationship between townspeople and rural citizens might be strengthened, and to this aim The News-Herald stands dedicated. Such an address as Mr. Stafford delivered tells forcibly of the need.

—Morganton News-Herald



MEXICO

By Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman

Now that war has made tourist travel impossible in Europe and the Orient, American vacationists are confronted with the problem as to where they may spend their annual recreational period. First of all we would say to them, by all means see America first, but if they insist on visiting foreign lands, our suggestion would be a trip to Mexico, a country whose attractions are so ably described by Mrs. Ada Rogers Gorman, of Concord. In the following article she gives a most interesting account of a trip to Mexico taken quite a number of years ago:

A trip to Mexico and return by way of the Grand Canyon is one of the most interesting one living east of the Alleghenies can take. New places and novel scenes are impressed on one's mind more than by any books of travel you could read. The immense scope of territory traversed gives one enlarged views of this mighty continent. Our first stop was Cincinnati, Ohio, built on hills with great ravines between them. We visited the Rockwood Potteries. The china is of great value, made by long and tedious molding and burning and decorated by high-priced artists, and sells for \$1,000 a vase. The cut glass factories were across the street, where men sat in front of great wooden wheels which revolved rapidly. A funnel dripping wet sand on the wheels cut the plain glass into intricate patterns and enhanced the value one thousand per cent. Leaving the West we come to Montgomery, Alabama, the capitol of the Confederacy during the early part of the Civil War. On the steps of the capitol, Jefferson Davis took the oath of office as President of the Confederacy. A room in this building contains the four-poster bed on which he died, a table, bureau, and some chairs. Pictures piled on a table are covered

with dust. Death has claimed the master and mistress—he who bought the things and she who treasured them. Time, the destroyer, is turning them to dust. Montgomery was the second largest slave market in the South. An old building, as black as the negro who lived within its walls, with its broken windows, shingled roof and battered door, tell of the conditions in which some of them live. The house has no occupants, so it has fallen down; the negro master, and the rags gathered from scattered quarters, present habiliments pitiable to the Northerners, but quite understandable on this of the Mason and Dixon line.

Mobile is a city of wide streets and magnificent homes built before the war. The old forts, Morgan and Gaines, are at the southern point of Mobile Bay. The forts are still standing, but the pretty faces that graced their gun-mounted walls in the early sixties, are now crowned with white hair. The master of the home possibly carries a crutch.

Everything in New Orleans is interesting to the tourist. The filthy streets; the French markets; the homes where you can look through to the courtyard and see the family, the flowers, the dog, the wagon; hand-

some homes with a distinctive foreign air and well-kept lawns. An Irishman drove us through the San Roch cemetery. "My wife lies buried here; cost me \$80.00 to bury her," he said. "How are the poor buried?" I asked. "Two feet down, then wrapped in straw, but the water fills in," was his reply. I do not want my relatives drowned after they are buried. The St. Louis Cathedral, at Jackson Square, was given by the daughter of a wealthy Spanish nobleman. Each evening at vespers, chimes are tolled and prayers said for the repose of her soul. Nearby is the Cabildo, the scene of one of the world's most famous transactions—the delivery of the immense province of Louisiana from France to the United States, December 29, 1803. The Mardi Gras marks the Eastertide social season but has little of the Church tradition, having created a quasi-religion of its own. It was originally a festival of the Roman Catholic Church. The day before Shrove Tuesday, Rex, the King, comes up the river with his court in elaborately-trimmed barges, with a magnificently costumed retinue. He is met at the foot of the river by a golden chariot and taken to the city hall, where he is presented with a gold key to the gates of the city. The decorated floats in the procession look as if mythological gods had come to earth, unreal and fairy-like. It is all flowers, gilt, silver clouds, fruits, golden lions, silver snakes, glistening dragons, peafowls, birds of Paradise, and angels that spectators feared would fly away as they watched them.

Leaving New Orleans, we cross the Mississippi River, pass by the rice fields and plantations of sugar cane in Southern Louisiana to San Antonio,

Texas, one of the most interesting and oldest cities in America. The Alamo is named from the cottonwood which grew there when the Spanish fathers built the church which is now a barren shrine. A door fitted in with bricks is an opening to an underground passage to the San Fernando Cathedral. General Santa Anna with 4,000 men, stormed the Alamo, where General Travis with a small force of 170 men, withstood them. They made a long and desperate fight, killing more than 1,500 Mexicans before giving up their lives. The adobe walls of the Alamo are four feet thick, and in two hundred years there has been a crumbling and defacement of color.

Wind-swept plains, towering peaks and blue skies are to be seen in the land of Mexico. The varied scenery, costumes, street life and market places where natives sell bright flowers and golden oranges, and more ragged ones sit under umbrellas made of tow sacks, and eat from earthen bowls food that only a Mexican can eat. Mexico is the most picturesque country. The homes of the rich and those in the American colony are fine homes with beautiful gardens, but the houses of the peons are one-story houses of adobe, all the same height, painted in bright colors. The doors and windows are protected from the intruder by iron gratings. Through the open door you get a glimpse of the patio where the children and the burro rest. In the homes of the rich the flowers bloom, birds sing, oranges ripen, and you may catch a glimpse of a dark-eyed Senorita at her embroidery. The peons have inherited poverty from the past and expect nothing in the future. To sleep, to awake, to be hungry and to sleep

again; his hat his pillow, his zarape his covering at night; earthen vessels as utensils for food; bruised corn, pounded in a stone mortar as his daily ration; seem to be all that he expects from life. From the days of Cortez to the time of Diaz, the peons have been degraded and enslaved; patriotism crushed out; a serving people whose sad faces are in sharp contrast to the bright red blankets they wear. Their pants, light in color, fit tightly and a piece of cloth is bound around the waist for a girdle. With sandaled feet, oftener bare, they trudge through the streets, driving eight or ten burros heavily laden with stone or lumber. You meet burros with great market baskets fastened on either side, a Mexican on the back of one, his height increased by the sombrero he wears. Native Mexicans are yellow-skinned with bright eyes, always courteous, always dirty. The water-carrier bends his back as in Biblical days, each can weighing equally, fastened to a wooden beam, supported at the back of his neck, and every Rachael carries gracefully on her shoulders the earthen jug filled with water from the wells or fountains on the streets. The only wealth or splendor these peons ever feast their eyes on is the call from the bells to the cathedral. All day long they visit there. The Senorita, with lace mantilla, kneels. The Mexican lays his sombrero on the stone floor as he offers his prayer. The market woman creeps slowly in, deposits her basket and covers it with her zarape. An old, beggarly, wretched-looking woman crouches at the altar of St. Anthony, mumbling over her beads, her pitiful face upraised, extending her hand for the crumbs from the

rich man's table. From the altar the priest intones, the incense rises, and the choir answers, "Amen, Amen." The acolytes in red, bearing candles, serve the priests who are arrayed in robes of lace and satin. I am loth to leave a place where heavenly hosts sing "Alleluia!" and priests intercede for penitents who kneel, gazing upward with a faith no man has ever understood.

Tampico is the coaling station of the Gulf Coast. It is a half hour's ride to the gulf, where rolling waves of blue met a bluer sky, and the sweet sea mother of love and men had tempted the natives to leave on the beach the "woven raiment of night and day," and we saw them clothed with the blue and crowned with the foam, "a vein in the heart of the streams of the sea." At Queretaro the natives besieged the cars, selling opals. Maximillian's last stand was made there. A prisoner in the Capuchin monastery, he was taken from there, together with his two generals, (one a Mexican, one an Indian) to a spot three miles from the city and shot, offered as a sacrifice to a selfish sovereign whom he had blindly and unwillingly served. He married Carlotta, daughter of Leopold I, King of the Belgians. She was for many years the most pathetic figure in Europe. After her husband's execution her mind gave way; her heart was broken. The world she loved so much, over which her imagination had pictured her an empress of a kingdom, had crumbled and only death relieved her. In the museum of Queretaro is the chariot of Maximillian. The Austrians have erected a chapel near the city where he was shot, and services are held once a year com-

memorative of his death. To the city of Mexico the ride over the mountain is in the tropics. Tall, blooming trees waft delicious odors. Rich green foliage lapped and overlapped flowers of every hue, finding the sunlight in every opening. Here were seen Calla lilies, Canna, Caladium, Wandering Jew, Abutilons, Maiden Hair Fern that measured three-quarters of a yard across, orange trees, banana trees, all this beautiful luxuriance of leaf and blossom. Leaving the train, we walked down a steep hill to a canyon where cliffs rose 100 feet around a pool of green water. Tropical plants and trees embowered the place. I can think of nothing like it except the forest described in Chateaubriand's poem, "Atala." As we turned to leave the place through the narrow opening we faced a bride and groom: The man held a bunch of brilliant banana blossoms and the maiden, oranges flowers. She gave me the bouquet in her hand. The stalwart Indian took the coin.

Two centuries passed between the beginning and completion of the cathedral. Beneath the Altar Los Reyes that rises from pavement to roof, lies buried Hidalgo, the Washington of Mexico. Angels smile from the pinnacles of the gold-covered altar; colossal figures of them kneel with wings outspread on pedestals at the base of the altar. Prophets and martyrs fill the niches. There are seven altars on each side, and confessionals are spaced between them. The priest puts his hand over his face and leans forward to the window of the confessional, over which is a piece of green cloth. The kneeling penitent pulls her mantilla closer, and gives the priest a piece of money.

The faith and giving up of every comfort for the beautifying of the temple has kept them on the low plane we find them. The water woman, the vendor of fruit or wares, cannot display her goods without the daily tax of two pennies. State, county and government positions are chosen from men of position and names of candidates posted after the elections. The government is not "Vox Populi" nor the church "Vox Dei."

The road leading to the castle of Chapultepec is a copy of the Bois de Boulogne and was planned by Carlotta. Here five carriages can drive abreast. Bronze statues spaced with handsome vases line the driveway to the castle gates. The paseo widens into circles called *gloriettas*, in the center of which are more statues, including those of Columbus; Guanatanamo, the last of the Aztec chiefs; and Charles IV of Spain, the latter being the largest bronze statue ever cast. Stone seats are placed under the trees of the promenade.

Chapultepec, the home of the President, is a palace of turrets and domes, and is rich in history and richer in the variety of plants that beautify the grounds. Around the base of the hill grow many ancient Ahuetes, a species of cypress. Montezuma's cypress, 40 feet in circumference, was old when Montezuma was a boy.

A glass canopy covers the flower market near the cathedral, where natives arrange designs of violets, measuring six feet across, which, when completed, each one would be as tall as a man and all that he could carry. Bushel baskets of nodding poppies, armfuls of cape jasmine, dahlias, roses, violets and the

Mexican men and women in sombreros and brilliant zerapes, gave me an emotion of gratitude for beauty I had never felt before. I bowed my head; the tears came; and I was thankful.

The holiest shrine in Mexico is at Guadalupe. An Indian, Juan Diego, was told by the Virgin, so the legend goes, to gather flowers on a bare hill where there were none. He found some, carried them to the priest, saying the Virgin had appeared to him and told him a shrine must be erected on the spot. He was not believed, but when he emptied the flowers from his tilma, a picture of the Virgin appeared. The church was built 400 hundred years ago. In a frame of gold, over the altar, hangs the tilma in which the Indian is supposed to have carried the flowers. The altar rail is made of solid silver and weighs 40 tons. The interior is finished in white and gold. The cost of the church was \$381,000; the primitive cost from almsgiving, \$800,000; jewelry, gold and silver, owned by the government, \$2,000,000; yet ragged beggars crowd the gates; others cook on the stone steps, sell pictures, rosaries and religious consolatory emblems, in defiance of the anger displayed by Him who drove the money-changers from the temple.

Cuernavaca was the home of Cortez. There he built the palace now used as a state capitol. It was once the summer home of Maximilian. One of the sugar haciendas was erected by Cortez, and was bequeathed by him to the Hospital of Jesus, in the city of Mexico. Seven miles from Cuernavaca is the primitive Indian town, Jiltepec, where a feast is celebrated which combines the rites of

the church with pagan idolatries, and the dance is the same as that of the Aztecs. Our trip again takes us to the tropics, over a road built by the English in 1872, the iron ties and rails were bought from England, the engines from Edinburgh, Scotland. The scenery presents a panorama bewildering in its vastness. The valleys look like miniatures and the cultivated patches like checkerboards. The foliage is more brilliant, the verdure more luxuriant. This is the home of the cape jessamine. Coffee and banana plantations are in the same fields, the banana shading the coffee which grows 12 feet high, bearing fragrant white flowers. Each bush should yield one-half pound for 50 years. A negro slave belonging to Cortez, found four grains of wheat in his rations, planted them in 1530, thus introducing wheat on this continent.

Pueblo has one of the most magnificent cathedrals in Mexico. Onyx columns support the altar. A church surmounts the pyramid of Cholula, built of adobe by the Aztecs, against surrounding tribes.

From the city of Mexico to Guadalupe is over well-tilled country. Mexicans at earliest dawn, dot the landscape. We noted two oxen hitched to a wooden plow; others bearing fodder on their backs to be piled in trees, as we do in barns. Fences are made by the maguey plant, cut every five years and the sap from them made into a milky-looking drink called pulque; from the fibre in the leaves mats are woven.

The silver mines at Guanajuato have been in operation for 500 years. High adobe walls and huts of uniform height line both sides of the streets.

Burros heavily laden with bales of hay, empty barrels or sun-dried bricks, trudge up the path, urged by the whip of the Mexican walking behind. The burros carry tourists to the top of the hill to visit the catacombs. Numbers of skeletons were standing on either side of a long corridor, another wound in a sheet, the grinning head of another dressed in bones. Rent was overdue so they were placed here for sight-seers. There may be gnashing of teeth in getting together again. The journey from Guanaguata is northward over the hills to Aguas Calientes. We pass the silver mines of centuries. In the valleys, Indians were gathering corn. The mountains were barren save for the low growth of cactus. Thousands of sheep dot the hills, giving the appearance of scattered stones, and the Indians' red blankets were moving like huge flowers blown by the wind.

Beyond the Rio Grande lies a land redolent with the tragedies and conquests of a republic's religious and political life. No capital in the western world can compare with the ancient city of the Aztecs, now the city of Mexico. The Aztec temple

stood where the cathedral now stands, and bore a resemblance to the pyramids of Egypt. The museums contain Aztec calendars, round stones which were to serve them for all time, carved in Egyptian figures. Their gods; the death-angel; replica of temples, ornate with friezings and moldings; tell the student these Indians must have come from Egypt. In 1825, the Aztecs in Northern California started in search of a more fertile country. Tradition says that in the 14th century they were told by an oracle to build a city that would be indicated by the discovery of an eagle sitting on the stem of a prickly pear, with a serpent in its talons. On Mexican coins may be seen the eagle with the serpent in his talons. The city of Mexico derived its name from Mexili, the war god of the Aztecs. I would like again to jostle with the market crowd or find my way out of the cathedral into the open plaza where ripe oranges hang on trees, and let the native on a stone bench stare at a tourist who holds for this down-trodden, half-clothed son of an Aztec chief, great respect, for he has been true to the faith of his fathers.

It is generally accepted that wars are made by rulers and fought by the people. Typical of the selfishness of many men in high places is the famous utterance of Napoleon. When Prince Metternich told him that a certain plan of his would cost the lives of a hundred thousand men, Napoleon replied: "A hundred thousand men—what is a hundred thousand men to me?" Metternich walked to the window and threw it open, exclaiming: "Let all Europe hear that atrocious sentiment!"

But Europe did not hear that sentiment, nor has it learned it since. When force meets force, death falls upon all. There are no victories in war.—Sunshine Magazine.

THINK

By H. Miller Lehman

Not long ago the radio "Man on the Street" put this question to pedestrians: "What do you think is wrong with the world?" The optimists seemed to be abroad on that particular day, for almost all of those interrogated answered that there was little or nothing wrong with the world. Pessimists are so numerous at times that they almost shut the sun from view like a cloud of locusts. It was encouraging, therefore, to hear so many persons express themselves as being satisfied with their lot.

Had I been asked an opinion I should have said that the world is as topsy turvy as it is, largely because people do not think. I do not refer to the superficial sort of thinking which most of us do, but to a deeper process which includes reasoning and the weighing of values. Most of our affairs—both personal and governmental—are badly jumbled because of hasty action without due deliberation.

War is a cruel thing whose long fingers clutch even the aged, innocent and helpless. War is accompanied by physical, mental and spiritual breakdown of individuals and nations, and in its wake come disease, destitution and death. If dictators were to purge themselves of the desire for self-aggrandizement and were to think beyond their own selfish ambitions, they would never plunge the countries, which they profess to serve, into needless misery and bloodshed.

If parents would stop to think before they separate or pass through

divorce courts, and would weigh the result of such action, they might hesitate to set their children adrift in life with the lopsided training which inevitably comes from a broken home. The result would change history, for there would be fewer juvenile delinquents and malcontents who are doing so much to disrupt industrial affairs.

If drinkers stopped to think before they stepped into automobiles, or drivers thought before they began their round of drinks, our national death rate would be reduced annually by many thousands.

If the young men and women who run afoul of the law and who ultimately fill our reformatories and prisons, would think and consider the consequences of their acts before committing them, they would doubtless arrive at the conclusion that crime does not pay.

Too many of us are like the old timer with headquarters on the sidewalk in the country store. When asked how he put in his time he drawled: "Sometimes I set and think; more often I jest set." Imagine a person with a capacity for wholesome, constructive thought, being satisfied just to "set"! Yet even "setting" is preferable to that destructive thinking which begets scandal and malicious gossip.

Someone has said: "Thoughts reveal character." They may be kindly thoughts or cruel; carriers of love or hatred; they may be honest and noble or sensual and criminal. Of whatever sort, they publish the true

quality of the individual. "As a man thinketh, so is he." Whoever thinks carelessly, unwittingly announces to the world that he is lacking in depth or character.

Marcus Antonius said: "The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts, therefore guard them well." Guard well the thoughts for they leave indelible marks that either beautify or disfigure the countenance. It is an enlightening experience to walk down a busy thoroughfare and scrutinize the faces of passersby. The majority reveal arrogance, worry, suffering, lust, discontent or discouragement, only an occasional face portrays the peace, contentment, thoughtfulness and happiness which we all crave.

Another philosopher, Plato, says: "Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself." The soul does not shout at its master. It speaks quietly, almost inaudibly at times. Therefore the man who desires to talk with his own soul, and to hear its response to him, obtains more satisfactory results if he takes himself into a quiet spot away from the hubbub. Life is a chaotic affair, and most of us find too little time for meditation. Or, more truthfully, most of us take too little time.

It may be that you and I are of the class which does not think to think. We are too occupied with our activities. But now that our attention has been called to the need, we may decide to devote five or ten minutes daily—or more, if the pastime proves to be an enjoyable one—in which to be quiet and to think. "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

The ability to think constructively is a thing which increases with practice just as muscles develop under continuous exercise. To cultivate this ability, let us here work out a "setting up" exercise for the mind. Each day shall we select a question—ethical, political, social or religious—upon which to think until we reach a conclusion. We first collect every possible argument in favor of the subject. Then we begin a similar process on the negative side. By placing the negative over against the affirmative, we can determine to our own satisfaction where lies the preponderance of evidence. This done, we are able to say: "This is my conclusion. This is what I believe." Surely we will enjoy the self-confidence which must come to one who knows what he believes.

Another "setting up" exercise is to meet frequently with a small group for the sake of "discussion." It will be interesting to get the various viewpoints and the reasoning of each participant. Any one of us may come out of the gathering with our opinions unchanged. We will, however, have had the broadening experience of seeing the question from the other person's point of view. And, after all, though we sometimes forget it, there are two sides to every question and, occasionally, the other individual's deduction is the correct one.

Two many of us have chameleon-like traits of thinking. We take on the color of the person with whom we converse; we think as he thinks—no more, no less, no better, no worse, and yet we are quite as capable as he of independent thinking, of forming opinions and of arriving at logical conclusions.

Today is an excellent time to set in motion a new routine which will involve a daily period set apart in which to think. Each of us will doubtless be surprised at what our heretofore neglected thoughts will reveal to us as to our own doubts or our own convictions.

Every wind bears to our ears

propaganda of various sorts. There is much uncertainty of thought and much indecision. More than ever the world of today needs men and women who are able to speak with authority and who say with assurance "I believe," or "This thing I know," and such conviction comes only to those who think.

—:—

THE BOY WHO USED TO BE ME

A lad stood there, as I opened the door,
Whom I thought I'd seen somewhere before.

"What do you want, my boy?" said I,
As he gazed at me with puzzled eye.

"Excuse me," he said, "for troubling you,
I'm seeking a friend that I once knew.

"You look like him; you bear his name,
But now I see you're not the same.

"He used to live at this address,
But he has moved away, I guess."

And turning away, he left my place
With disappointment on his face.

With a "Good-bye, Sir," he closed the gate,
And left me there disconsolate.

And then I heard, as strange it seems,
A voice I'd heard in my youthful dreams.

An inner voice, that said to me:
"That boy is the boy you used to be!

"His wistful heart has a pang within,
For he's seeking the man you might have been!"

—Andrew R. Marker

THE WOODCARVER OF HOLLENTHAL

By Ruth Sawyer in Farm Journal

The Hollenthal lies beyond Frieberg in the Black Forest. It is a narrow, dark, forbidding "Valley of Hell," but those who live there exult in its wild, unforgettable beauty, and its profound security. Nothing ever seems to change there; all is as it has always been—that is, until the fall of 1939.

Storms appear to make themselves in Hollenthal—the young, tempestuous storms of spring; the grizzled, blighting storms of winter. But in the summer there is a living green to the trees; nightingales nest and sing all up and down the valley. In the clearings, along the fringes of the road, grow lucious berries. The little huts in the valley are built strong, with overhanging eaves and small carved balconies. A stranger is a rare sight, for few climb the valley's steep, black-throated roads.

Woodcarvers are plentiful in this "beloved land of forest." For the most part they carve clocks and music boxes and toys. But Kurt Ulrich carved *krippen*—the Nativity. He carved all the figures with the simplicity of a peasant's mind and hand. But he made of each a flowing and eternal beauty that caught at the breath of those who looked upon them. Into the faces of the figures he put adoration; into their kneeling, reverence; into their garments, the dark brown of the earth, the green heart of the forest, the celestial blue of the heavens beyond the pines, the blazing glow of the sun at midday, the rich hue of broken grapes.

Always Kurt had known content-

ment. His hands had never stiffened, as did old Heinkle's, who had to give up carving and become postman.

With the carving of *krippen*, Kurt's ambition grew immutable, profound—something Kurt believed, that could not be taken away from him, as did death, when it took away from him his Anna, and then their daughter. His work and a grandson were all there were left. But the grandson had wandered away foolishly months ago, yet Kurt never ceased to believe that he would return in time to take up his grandfather's carving knife before the Grim Reaper came.

Kurt was busy with his fingers, shaping, shaping, shaping. So good it was to think that his Jesus, Mary, and Joseph had been going out from the Hollenthal these fifteen years to fill the world with love and worship. To every country now they went—even far across the great ocean to America. Those far-away people, he thought, prized them the most, for they called for more.

For two winters there had been rumors of war—a strange war that Germany was fighting beyond her borders. Kurt brushed away these rumors like he brushed away a fly from his hand. War—what nonsense! What man was there who would kill another? Had he not been making *krippen* for years, that all might kneel and worship together? Such could not fight and kill. Men could not wind up their hearts to run like clocks, for one day, or one week!

But old Heinkle had something different to say whenever he passed

that way—which was not often. Kurt Ulrich would shout the rumors down. "Who wants war? It is nonsense, cruel, I say. If you must listen to tales in the Kurhausplatz, let them be true!"

"They are true," Heinkle would say; "some day you will see."

Summer came again. The agent from America never knew why he took the trouble to climb the steep road up the Hollenthal, to Kurt Ulrich's hut, only to tell him to send no more krippen to America. He found Kurt hard at work, humming a carol. Liza, Heinkle's little granddaughter, was there, too. She was a silent child who shared with Kurt the wonder and delight of his work.

"I tell you, Kurt, there is war," exclaimed the agent. "It's thumbs down on everything made in Germany—people won't buy."

"Are they not as beautiful?" The woodcarver held up the half-finished figure of Mary. "Look, tell me, are they tired of the way I see her—make her?"

"That isn't it," shouted the agent; "there's nothing the matter with your carving—it's Germany!"

Kurt watched the agent disappear. Puzzled, he turned to little Liza. "But I have always been proud of that—of putting that on my work—'Made in Germany'! Ach—he is just mistaken. The world needs my krippen—I go on making them!"

But no more calls came. No agents came. In little kneeling groups the figures began to crowd the shelves in Kurt's hut. None was packed; none was carried down the valley in old Heinkle's rucksack. Swiftly the first bitter storm of winter came upon the

woodcarver. He eyed his laden shelves with troubled wonder. "Has the world forgotten? Is there no more room for Jesus, and Mary, and Joseph?"

Winter came again. Krippen crowding the shelves became a frightening thing to look upon. Kurt forgot to eat. He slept fitfully. The roar of planes sounded overhead. Bombs were cracking the forest asunder. Kurt shook a trembling fist aloft. They had taken the good land of the forest away from him. They had taken everything! No—not everything. There was Jakob, his grandson. Some day Jakob would come back and set things aright.

But the winds ran mad, baying like hungry hounds. Heavy snow covered the earth. Kurt Ulrich began to laugh. Like the wind, his laugh pitched higher and higher. The wood-box was empty; the hut was cold. But there were krippen—krippen which nobody wanted. Kurt jumped to his feet and ran to the shelves. "Gasper—does thy frankincense stink to heaven? Balthazar, thy gold is only gilt. The world hast found thee out. Shepherd, watch thy fruit—it will rot soon." His fingers shook as they picked up the little Christ. "Ach, Jesus, so gentle, sleep under Thy feathers—keep sleeping. The world has no longer need of thee." Then he began gathering them up, and piled them on the dying embers—kings, shepherds, angels, Jesuses, Marys, and Josephs.

There came a moment when the images turned golden, like the golden calf of the Israelites. More and more krippen Kurt flung into the flaming images, and his laughter rose until it seemed to shake the rafters.

A loud knock sounded at the door. Kurt staggered to fling it open wide. There stood old Heinkle, and in his outstretched hand was a letter. His two small eyes blinked with something unspoken. Then he was gone. Kurt stumbled back to his stool. His hands did a clumsy job tearing the covering. Then he read, word by word: "Your grandson, Jakob, will not return."

The door opened quietly, and Liza stepped in. "Oh, Kurt, I came to get some of your *krippen*. You know, it will soon be candle-light time, and—Oh, Kurt, where are your *krippen*—all of them! Where have they gone?"

The man shook his head. Liza looked at the embers in the hearth, still bearing forms of the *krippen*. She saw the carving knife on the

floor where Kurt had flung it days before. She picked it up and thrust it into Kurt's hand. "You must work, and make more *krippen*," she commanded with the faith of a child. "We must have *krippen* when we light the candles or there will be no Jesus to worship this Holy Eve."

Kurt Ulrich picked up a block of wood. The point of the knife sank down into its fibers. Liza watched the kneeling form of Mary take life. The hour had almost struck when Kurt held up the image, more beautiful, it seemed, than ever before. Liza cried with delight.

"She is good, Liza—yes?" Kurt shouted. "We shall work hard, my Liza—you and I, and fill the shelves again. Hitler—he will die! But Jesus, and Mary, and Joseph—they will live always! Yes! forever!"*

MY CHERISHED AIM

To take what comes with each new day,—
 To scatter sunshine 'long life's way.
 If ill or well, if rich or poor,
 To find in life an open door
 For service meet 'neath Mercy's seat,
 Where dark and light do ever greet
 The pilgrim-traveler facing west,—
 Where weary footsteps soon find rest.

To give the aged all the cheer,
 To bring a smile instead of fear;
 To lift the lame and tottering frame,
 And let youth live all o'er again!
 If this my task I can complete,
 I will have gained my meed of sweet
 And lasting joy in life's brief day,—
 My cherished aim, now and away.

—Ted Hart.

DUTY

By H. W. Creighton

One of the most impressive of Albert Pike's statements regarding Duty reads:

Do not be discouraged with men's apathy nor disgusted with their follies nor tired of their indifference. Care not for returns or results, but see only what there is to do, and do it, leaving the results to God.

Longfellow expressed the same thought when he said:

Do thy duty, that is best

Leave unto the Lord the rest

Another statement of General Pike is:

Duty is with us always, it rises with us in the morning, and stands by our pillow at night, imperative as destiny.

Gladstone calls it—

the shadow that cleaves to us, go where we will.

To have duties to perform is the demarcation line between man and the beast, and associates us with Deity in quite a definite way. Duty is privilege, and some of our Jewish friends are perhaps more earnest and sincere in acting on this thought than are some Gentiles. Several years ago, while I was visiting in the office of a Jewish friend, a stranger walked in and asked for pecuniary assistance. He was immediately handed a dollar, and told to come back if again in distress and, if funds were available at that time, he could have more, or words to that effect. My friend finished the statement by saying "and I

want to thank you for having given me this opportunity."

Amazed and quite touched by this last statement, I asked the significance of it and learned that according to Hebraic teaching, one has a stipulated number of duties to perform each day—a total of some sixty odd—and opportunities must be looked for in order to complete the quota. If these duties do not materialize, it then becomes evident that one has been remiss in his activities and is in disfavor, as shown by not being given the opportunities. A beautiful thought and, no doubt, one of the Orthodox interpretations of the Hebrew word "Mitzva."

A. M. Alcorn expressed the same thought of acting for God in the following lines:

When you hear the thrushes sing
Little, darting on the wing
Telling you that this is Spring
That is God.

When you see the ripening grain
Freshened with the dew and rain
When you see the bluebells nod
That is God

When you understand, and know,
How to ease another's woe
Seek, and find, and tell him so
You are God

It calls for considerable thought to know just how far we can go in what we might be pleased to call our duty. Moralists and social reformers

sometimes make themselves unpopular in presuming that their duties consist in trying to force all and sundry to accept their personal ideas of right and wrong; their own line of reasoning; and even their own personal habits, forgetting that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," and that if everyone acted the same, and held identical views, there would be no advantage in travel, literature, or even in life, itself. One point that is mostly overlooked is that "vice is, after all, only a virtue overdone," another way of expressing the merits of the "middle path" and "being free from the influence of the pair of opposites," which is only an admonition to be "temperate in all things."

Duty to some minds, connotes money expenditure along charitable lines—which is probably far from its real meaning. One can be mindful of his duty and *perform it* with no cash outlay worth mentioning, by simply living *rightly*, at all times keeping in mind that we are in God's service.

Teach me my God and King
In all things Thee to see
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee.

Let us realize fully what is perhaps the most important angle of

Duty as it confronts us daily; our duty to *posterity*. Practically every boy in his formative age has his own private hero, it might be any one of us, be we simple, poor, rich; a sportsman, gunman or drunkard, and we might totally be unaware of the boy's very existence. Some boy at this moment may be silently watching you and saying to himself: "When I grow up I am going to do just what you are doing." Somewhere in the world today there may be a young man who has perhaps unconsciously patterned his life, for good or bad, after *you* and neither one of you are cognizant of it. The late Tom Mix recently, during "refreshment" period, stated that there was a moment in his career when he first realized that the youth of the land had set him up as a hero. When he came to this realization he said he tried to keep himself on the pedestal where the boys had placed him, and found that in trying to live up to what was expected of him he had made himself a better man.

What a well spent life ours would be if, by our example, we were the instrument that resulted in a great leader of thought, whose life and teachings influenced nations for good.

Duty implies the idea of God, of Soul, of Liberty, and of Immortality.

—:—

Life is no brief candle to me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I am permitted to hold for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations.—George Bernard Shaw.

DRAMA FESTIVAL IN CENTRAL CITY

By Catherine L. Barker in Ford News

"Five minutes till curtain time! Five minutes!" Wielding a large, brass hand bell, a high-booted, frock-coated young usher strides down the steep, narrow canyon streets of Central City, which lies midway between Black Hawk and the ghost town of Nevadaville in the little kingdom of Gulpin County, fifty miles west of Denver in the Colorado Rocky mountains.

For it is Drama Festival time in Central City. Every summer for a three-week period (beginning this year on July 6 and continuing until July 27), this famous old gold camp, once known as the "richest square mile on earth," re-lives, for resident and visitor alike, the glamorous boom mining days of the '60's.

"Two minutes till curtain time! Two minutes!" cries the bell-ringing usher returning from his pilgrimage. An eager crowd falls in behind him, thrilled at the opportunity of witnessing a performance in Central City's old stone Opera House—this historic theater whose four-foot walls have so often, in the past, rung with the applause of prospectors for the acting of Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson, Minnie Fiske and the beautiful Lotta Crabtree.

In the rare mile-and-a-half-high air of this mountain city (often spoken of as the American Salzburg, one will, this year, listen to the new English version of "The Bartered Bride," sung by a company that numbers among its members eight Metropolitan Opera stars. O worthy equal,

indeed, of Central's illustrious theatrical past!

Between acts one will stroll down to the four-story, red brick Teller House—the spacious hotel into which President Grant and his charming daughter Nellie walked over a sidewalk of solid-silver ingots laid by admiring miners in honor of their distinguished guests.

One will marvel at the damask draperies and the heavy walnut bedsteads and dressers of the presidential suit, freighted across the prairies by covered wagon to this frontier mining city.

One will find it a lark to have a tintype taken by the skillful photographer in the nearby Eureka Tintype Parlors. Arrayed in an elegant frock coat, or a bewitching hat of the boom period (loaned for the occasion), one's likeness will rival the best exhibits in the family album.

The toe-teasing strains of "Turkey in the Straw" and "Oh, Dem Golden Slippers" will lure one across the street to the old Williams Livery Barn where, under the inspirational "calling" of the expert Lloyd Shaw (whose book "Cowboy Dances" is a classic of its kind), one will find the Cheyenne Mountains Dancers cleverly executing the dos-a-dos of the western square dances.

One will join them, too, after the opera is over, overflowing with the crowd into the star-and-lantern-lighted streets, and find oneself reluctant to stop even at Dr. Shaw's final:

“Meet your partner and prom-
enade there,
Take your honey to the rocking
chair.”

Hobnobbing, in the sunny days that
follow, with some of the early-day
miners, one will glean many a tale of

sudden strikes and fortunes, and lat-
er, cruising homeward in one's car
over the smooth, well-graded high-
way that has replaced the steep toll
roads of the romantic '60's, one will
feel that the visit to Central has
brought a new kind of wealth—a
deep, rich vein of delightful mem-
ories.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG

I salute our bright banner of glorious hue,
The flag that brings thrills when it comes into view;
But my salute is more than mere courtesy due—
I salute with my heart.

Old Glory flies high o'er the land of the free,
A symbol of justice and sweet liberty.
It thrills me, dear flag, to pay tribute to thee
Deep in my heart.

In battles of yore you have led our brave men,
Led on in dire conflict, led defiantly when
Defeat seemed certain—hope almost gone—then
You inspired the victorious heart.

The patriot dreams of the past you enfold,
Dreams that right must rule might, be it ever so bold—
Dreams of an heritage worth far more than gold
For every American heart.

Ideals of democracy—justice and right,
Progress and industry, liberty's light,
Dreams of peace for the world, when all men can unite
In good will from the heart.

Let's sincerely salute the grand flag of our land—
Let's salute with more than salute of the right hand—
Let's make every salute the American brand—
A salute with the heart.

—Earl Talmage Ross.

THE BIGGEST CLOCK IN LONDON

(Selecttd)

Big Ben was thundering the hour of midnight when we reached the foot of the Clock Tower. The grating of the key in the clock, and the flickering light of the oil-lamp carried by an attendant, called up stories of prisoners who have purged political offences in this gloomy place. Not without regret did I learn that refractory Commoners do not reach their goal by this narrow staircase. The three hundred and odd steps end in a large room. A workman's bench littered with tools, an iron platform near the ceiling, and a huge machine arrest the attention. The machine resembled in general appearance one of the latest forms of newspaper printing presses. A square framework of iron rests on two stone pillars a couple of feet in height. At each is a large cylinder covered with twisted steel rope. The front and back—reached by a short iron ladder—display wheel upon wheel and lever upon lever, while towering above are two steel bars fitted with plates of fans not unlike those used in ventilating shafts. Such is the machinery of the great clock at Westminster to an eye untrained in horological technicalities. The tick, tick of the pendulum sounds like the click, click of a hammer upon the anvil; and no wonder for the pendulum is fifteen feet long, and its bob, swinging to and fro in the darkness below, weighs no fewer than 700 pounds. This giant pendulum is compensated for changes of temperature by zinc and iron tubes; and with such marvelous regularity does it maintain its solitary pace that at one period of the year its accumulated error

for 134 days was only four and one-half seconds. Hourly signals are received from Greenwich in order that comparisons may be made; and twice a day the clock automatically telegraphs its time to the Royal Observatory, where a record is kept, and also to its makers in the Strand. The clock is said to be always within two seconds of Greenwich mean-time; and the striking effected with such precision that the first thunder of Big Ben, or any of his four smaller satellites, may be taken to denote the hour to a second. The weight that drives the pendulum is one ton and a half, and is wound up once a week, after fashion of an ancient hall clock. The weights of the hour and quarter "trains" are three tons and fall from the top to the bottom of the tower in four days at the end of steel winches. While we are listening to those interesting details the lever moves noiselessly towards the half hour. With a loud click it falls; the weight rushes down; the steel rope rattles; and the fan creaks and groans as it turns round and round, Boom! Boom! the half hour has struck. The four dials are each twenty-two feet six inches in diameter and the space between every minute marked on the face is exactly twelve inches. The reflectors are four white-washed walls, which, with the opal glass on the clock, form a four-corner corridor round the tower. Up on each wall at regular intervals are gas jets, numbering in all seventy-six. The hands are exposed to the air and are occasionally stopped by heavy snow.

CAROLINA BIRD-LORE

(North Carolina Bird Club)

THE CANADA GOOSE

Flocks, aggregating many thousands, of these great grey birds spend the winter on Lake Mattamuskeet, though the habitat of the Canada Goose with us is not so restricted as that of the Whistling Swan, large numbers of the former wintering all down our coast-line from Currituck Sound to the southwest corner of the Pamlico Sound, with many scattering flocks to be found on the lower sounds, Lake Ellis and other suitable bodies of water. They also occur in some numbers for many miles up the valley of the Yadkin River. They seem to be equally at home on both fresh and salt water.

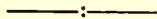
Of course, none of the geese secure their food by diving, taking their eel-grass or other suitable food directly from the bottom in comparatively shallow water. They also feed to a

certain extent, on land, a winter wheat field providing an acceptable area for securing nourishment.

Many of these geese nest within the borders of the United States, contrary to the habits of other members of the group that nest only in the far north. In some sections trees seem to be favored as nesting sites rather than the ground, this being particularly true of the Reelfoot Lake region.

The loud "honking" cry of this species is one of its noticeable characteristics.

Description: Head and neck, black, with white throat and white patch on side of head. Wings and back, grayish brown. Tail, black. Belly and breast, grayish, fading to white on lower belly. Average weight, about 8 pounds, with some old males several pounds heavier.



GOOD BUSINESS

If you had 200 umbrellas, and every rainy day you lent them to any person who might walk in, ask for one, and leave a name and address—how many umbrellas would you have left after eight months?

A women's apparel shop in Cincinnati has been doing just such lending since last February as part of the store service—and offers an interesting answer. After eight months of this trusting service, a census of the umbrella stock shows: Umbrellas on hand, 197; storm casualties, 1; swiped by the public, 2; new accounts opened, many.

It looks like "putting away something for a rainy day" is good business in more ways than one.—Sunshine Magazine.

THE RIGHT SOCIAL ORDER

By Malcom W. Bingay

True democracy is not a thing of formula, ritual, and definitions. Real democracy comes not from the head, but from the heart. Like the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount, it belongs to the intangibles. Even in this most cynical of ages it is well to remember that American democracy lives, moves, and has its being only on the grounds of basic morality. In a properly functioning democracy, where the judgments of the people prevail, morality must always be the key to the solution of any of our problems in the long run. For collectively the people determine, not on the basis of their own individual lives, but on the broader aspects of honesty, good will, and common decency.

James Bryce, British author of the "American Commonwealth," wrote: "When Americans say, as they often do, that they trust to time, they mean that they trust to reason, to the general sound moral tone of the multitude, to a shrewdness which, after

failures and through experiments, learns what is the true interest of the majority and finds that this interest coincides with the teachings of morality."

Now a nation is only a group of people gathered together under a form of government. It is, therefore, the sum total of that people's capacities and, in a democracy, must reflect all the talents, all the virtues, and all the faults of its people.

The French student of American democracy, de Tocqueville, sensed this when he wrote: "Democracy does not give to the people a more skillful government, but it produces what the ablest governments are unable to create; namely, an all-pervading and restless activity, a superabundant force, and an energy which is inseparable from it, and which may, however unfavorable circumstances may be, produce wonders."

sqalx dheae] the boy stood on the

—:—

If you have no friends to share or rejoice in your success in life—if you cannot look back to those to whom you owe gratitude, or forward to those to whom you ought to afford protection, still it is no less incumbent on you to move steadily in the path of duty; for your active exertions are due not only to society; but in humble gratitude to the Being who made you a member of it, with powers to serve yourself and others.

—Sir Walter Scott

INSTITUTION NOTES

The feature attraction at the regular motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night was "Jeepers Creepers," a Republic production.

—:—

James Ledford, of Cottage No. 15, who underwent an operation for appendicitis on January 22nd, was brought back from the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, last Wednesday, and is now recuperating in our infirmary. This lad is making as rapid recovery as any we have had.

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Now that the sun has again made its appearance and the ground is rapidly drying, two of our men, assisted by a force of about twenty boys, have been trimming fruit trees in the new orchard, which consists of about fifteen acres. At the present time there is evidence of a good prospect for a fine fruit crop this year. Here's hoping that Jack Frost and late freezing weather will pass us by this year.

—:—

We recently received a letter from Clyde Kivett, a former member of our printing class, who left the School April 8, 1936. For more than a year after leaving us he operated a linotype machine in Concord, and after following the same occupation in different parts of the country, enlisted in the United States Army last year. He is now a member of Headquarters Battery, 72nd Coast Guard Artillery, and is stationed at Fort Randolph, Panama Canal Zone.

Under the date line in his letter,

he stated that the temperature there for that day was up to 100 degrees. Clyde tells us he is working on the Regimental Press and hopes to make a corporal's rating by next summer.

—:—

At this writing it seems that our boys continue to run the gauntlet of "flu" germs safely, no case having so far developed among them. This cannot be said of members of the staff, as several of them have been confined to their quarters because of this disease, and one, Mr. I. W. Wood, our fifth grade teacher, seems to have had a very severe case, having been in bed since the latter part of November.

—:—

Thirty-one boys have been conditionally released from the School during the month of January, and have been placed by welfare officers in the counties from which they came, in homes that offer reasonable chances for their satisfactory social adjustment. When such record is made the welfare officials will write the School, stating these boys have made good, then a regular discharge will be issued to each boy. We feel sure, basing our assumption on past records, that at least 80 per cent of these lads will make good.

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One of our boys, Frank Glover, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who left the School last September, has been making a good record in the Mount Ulla school, Rowan County. According to the latest reports received here, Frank is in the sixth grade and has made "A's" on all subjects for the

last semester. He made the highest grade on the State Standard Test in his class. Upon admission to the Training School Frank entered the second grade and at the time of his leaving he had been in the fifth grade just one month.

—:—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. Following the singing of the opening hymn and the Scripture recitation, led by Bruce Hawkins, of Cottage No. 3, Mr. Sheldon presented the speaker of the afternoon, Rev. W. M. Boyce, pastor of the First A. R. P. Church, Charlotte. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the fourth Chapter of II Timothy.

In his most interesting message to the boys, Rev. Mr. Boyd spoke of two young men who were followers of Paul as he started on one of his missionary jounies. When Paul was in prison he thought about these two young men. At the beginning of this journey, one young man, went part of the way and then turned back. Paul had heard nothing of him for some time, then suddenly learned that he was coming along all right in his work of spreading the Christian message. The other young man was named Timothy, and was one of Paul's most devoted helpers.

At the time he wrote the verses read for the Scripture Lesson, the great Apostle Paul was an old man. He had suffered many hardships, but was not beaten. The Lord was still with him and he knew that things would turn out all right. Timothy was a young man who had stood the test. He stood by Paul through all kinds of adversities. One thing that

made Timothy a fine Christian man, said the speaker, was that he stood for what he knew to be right.

Rev. Mr. Boyd then cited two reasons for this fine young man's decision to help Paul in taking the Gospel message to all people. First, he came from a good home. Not all of us are fortunate enough to have good Christian homes. Some who have good homes, forget the training received there. What makes a good home? It must have good people in it. Whether the house be large or small, it can be a good home, provided its occupants are so inclined. The first thing to be considered, then, when we build a home, is not only to see that good material is used in its building, but to see that the people living therein are the right kind of folks. Most of us have better homes back of us than we think. The second thing about this young man, Timothy, was that he had a good friend in the Apostle Paul. God sometimes breaks in on the life of a boy when it comes to choosing his friends, but that the lad also has a lot to do with it. We want friends who will help us and not those who will pull us down. The very finest thing any man can do is to be a friend to young boys. Timothy had a fine man for a friend, and he grew more and more like him. We should always remember that the life we live is almost certain to be reproduced in the life of another. Timothy, while a very young man, chose as his friend, the great Apostle Paul, instead of selecting someone who would do him harm, and through this friendship, Timothy was able to measure up abundantly when the test came.

A true friend is one who will stand

by us when the storms of life strike, and the greatest friend that can be had by man or boy is none other than Jesus Christ. He it was who appeared to Paul on the road to Damascus and spoke to him. Immediately Paul realized that he had been living the wrong kind of life. He became converted and accepted the Master as his friend. He then became one of the greatest preachers of all time. He made a true follower of Christ of Tim-

othy by being a friend to him. Timothy was able to carry on Paul's work, and so on down the line we find the great Christian Church of today at work all over the world in an effort to spread Christ's Gospel to all nations, all because Paul, and later Timothy, and countless thousands of others, chose the right kind of a friend to follow—Jesus Christ, man's true friend.

USE YOUR "THINKER"

You have a "thinker" with which to think,
 That's given to you to use;
 Your eyes were made both to see, and blink;
 Your feet to walk on, in shoes;
 You have two hands that were given you,
 To use them as you might need,
 And a "thinker" to think out the things to do.
 Just do them—and you'll succeed.

You have to think, if you want to know
 The things that are worth the while;
 When you start somewhere, think where you go,
 And maybe you'll save a mile.
 If you start at random, without a thought,
 You may wind up anywhere,
 And all your effort will come to naught,
 And you're nowhere—when you're there.

You have a "thinker" to think out things;
 The answers are there to get;
 True thoughts are angels, without the wings;
 Just think—and they're yours, all set!
 There's no one else who can think for you
 And here is a thought to heed:
 Just think out the thing that's the thing to do,
 And do it—and you'll succeed.

—Exchange.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 26, 1941

(Note: The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times on Roll since December 1, 1940.)

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (5) William Drye 7
- (2) Cecil Gray 7
- (9) Robert Maples 9
- (9) Frank May 9
- Weaver F. Ruff 5
- (9) William Shannon 9
- (5) Kenneth Tipton 6
- (9) Weldon Warren 9
- (3) Basil Wetherington 3

COTTAGE NO. 1

- William Blackmon 3
- Everett Case 4
- Albert Chunn 6
- Charles Cole 2
- Howard Cox 2
- Porter Holder 8
- Burman Keller 6
- Bruce Link 2
- Everett Watts 8

COTTAGE NO. 2

- Thomas Hooks 7
- (7) Edward Johnson 8
- Ralph Kistler 3
- Robert Keith 4
- (5) Donald McFee 7
- William Padrick

COTTAGE NO. 3

- (3) Lewis Andrews 8
- (6) John Bailey 7
- (5) Lewis Baker 8
- (3) Earl Barnes 7
- Kenneth Conklin 5
- Jack Crofts 5
- Max Evans 6
- (3) Bruce Hawkins 6
- (3) Jack Lemley 6
- William Matthewson 7
- (3) Harley Matthews 5
- Otis McCall 6
- Robert Quick 5
- (5) Wayne Sluder 7
- (5) William Sims 7
- (3) William T. Smith 4

- (5) John Tolley 7
- (3) Louis Williams 8
- Jerome Wiggins 8

COTTAGE NO. 4

- Homer Bass
- Wesley Beaver 3
- (3) Paul Briggs 4
- (2) Quentin Crittenton 5
- Aubrey Fargis 2
- (5) Arlow Goins 5
- (4) Noah J. Greene 6
- John Jackson 5
- (9) Hugh Kennedy 9
- William Morgan 2
- J. W. McRorrie 3
- George Newman 5
- Thomas Yates 3

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (9) Theodore Bowles 9
- (7) Junior Bordeaux 7
- (2) Collett Cantor 6
- (5) Hubert Walker 8
- (9) Dewey Ware 9

COTTAGE NO. 6

- (3) Leo Hamilton 5
- Reitzel Southern
- William Ussery
- Eldred Watts
- William Wilson 3
- Woodrow Wilson 4

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (9) John H. Averitte 9
- (4) Cleasper Beasley 8
- (2) George Green 5
- Richard Halker 4
- Raymond Hughes 2
- (8) Lyman Johnson 8
- (7) Carl Justice 7
- Robert Lawrence 3
- (2) Arnold McHone 8
- Edward Overby 3
- (5) Ernest Overcash 8
- Ernest Turner 5

(8) Alex Weathers 8

(4) Ervin Wolfe 5

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett

(3) Jesse Cunningham 3

John Ingram

(3) Eugene White 3

COTTAGE NO. 9

Holly Atwood 7

(5) Percy Capps 7

James Connell 2

(9) David Cunningham 9

(2) Columbus Hamilton 2

(9) Osper Howell 9

Mark Jones 5

(2) Grady Kelly 5

Daniel Kilpatrick 5

(6) Vollie McCall 6

William Nelson 7

(4) James Ruff 8

Thomas Sands 8

(2) Robert Tidwell 2

COTTAGE NO. 10

Jack Hainey 2

Max Newsome 3

Harry Peake 3

Oscar Queen 2

Edward Stutts 4

Jack Warren 5

Claude Weldy

COTTAGE NO. 11

(9) John Benson 9

William Dixon 7

(2) William Furches 8

(9) Robert Goldsmith 9

(3) Earl Hildreth 8

Broadus Moore 6

(2) Monroe Searcy 5

COTTAGE NO. 12

(7) Odell Almond 7

Jay Brannock 2

(4) William Broadwell 6

(8) Ernest Brewer 8

(7) William Deaton 8

(3) Treley Frankum 7

(8) Woodrow Hager 8

(7) Eugene Heaffner 7

(8) Charles Hastings 8

(7) Tillman Lyles 7

(8) Clarence Mayton 7

(4) James Mondie 7

James Puckett 4

(8) Hercules Rose 8

(9) Howard Sanders 9

(6) Charles Simpson 8

(9) Robah Sink 9

(9) Norman Smith 9

(8) George Tolson 8

Brice Thomas

(3) Carl Tyndall 5

Eugene Watts 5

(4) J. R. Whitman 7

(3) Roy L. Womack 5

COTTAGE NO. 13

Bayard Aldridge 2

(3) Charles Gaddy 3

(9) Vincent Hawes 9

Douglas Mabry 7

Jack Mathis 5

(3) Jack Wilson 7

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker 8

William Butler 5

(9) Edward Carter 9

(7) Mack Coggins 8

(9) Robert Deyton 9

(9) Audie Farthing 9

Henry Glover 6

(3) Troy Gilland 7

John Hamm 7

Roy Mumford 3

(2) Henry McGraw 5

(3) Norvell Murphy 6

John Reep 6

John Robbins 7

J. C. Willis 2

(2) Jack West 5

COTTAGE NO. 15

(5) Jennings Britt 5

Aldine Duggins 2

Beamon Heath 6

(5) Eulice Rogers 5

(3) J. P. Sutton 7

Bennie Wilhelm 4

Floyd Puckett 2

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) Raymond Brooks 2

(6) George Duncan 7

Philip Holmes 4

(2) John T. Lowry 7

Redmond Lowry 5

(2) Thomas Wilson 7

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 8, 1941

NO. 6

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THINGS THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY

Money can't buy real friendship—friendship must be earned.

Money can't buy a clear conscience—square dealing is the price tag.

Money can't buy the glow of good health—right living is the secret.

Money can't buy happiness—happiness is a mental attitude and one may be as happy in a cottage as in a mansion.

Money can't buy sunsets, singing birds, and the music of the wind in trees—these are as free as the air we breathe.

Money can't buy character—character is what we are alone with ourselves in the dark.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LINCOLN, ILLINOIS.

Of the 24 cities in the United States which bear the name of Lincoln, the one in Illinois alone took the name during the lifetime of Abraham Lincoln, and when he knew no fame, historians say. He christened that city with two watermelons.

When the railroad, which later became the Chicago & Alton, was laid through Illinois in 1852, Robert Latham, Virgil Hickox and John D. Gillett, all famous pioneers of Illinois, purchased a section of land adjacent to the railroad right of way as a prospective town site and county seat.

They were personal friends of Lincoln, who was a traveling circuit lawyer. He was their legal adviser in the location of the proposed town. One of the proprietors said, "Let's name the town for Abe and call it Lincoln." The others agreed. Lincoln's usual modest humor then rose to the occasion and he said, "All right boys; go ahead—but I think you are making a mistake. Nothing named Lincoln, as far as I know, ever amounted to much."

Five days after the new town was named a sale of lots occurred on the new town site, at which the future president attended. At the noon hour Lincoln purchased two watermelons at a vendor's booth. With a melon under each arm, he called the proprietors of the new town to the proposed courthouse square, cut the two melons in half. He gave half to each of the three proprietors and retained a half himself, with the remark, "We will now proceed to christen the new town."—Selected.

A LIVING PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN

While writers and patriotic speakers are eulogizing the memory of Abraham Lincoln with mere feeble words, God, the Master Artist, is peeling forth a perpetual eulogy in the living portrait which He has painted of the Great Emancipator.

Like a giant sentinel the portrait stands, year after year, in the form of a great oak tree which grows near Albany, in Southwest Georgia. It must have been at least fifty years before Lincoln first breathed the breath of life that the first small splash of leaf-green cate that whoever St. Valentine was, he went about spreading sun-

color appeared above the yellowish clay soil. None who now enjoy its strange beauty remember just when the outline of the oak tree evolved into an amazingly clear and impressive profile of Lincoln.

However, for many, many years the contour of the great oak, untouched and untrimmed by human hands, has not perceptibly changed. As one travels southward, at least a mile ahead the lusty, rugged features of the revered president emerge in bold relief against the sky. There is the firm line of his bewhiskered chin, his expressive nose, and even the bushy eyebrows. Then the broad forehead strangely rises in correct proportion and blends into the lines of his well-shaped head. In practically every detail, the living portrait is a replica of any profile photograph of the great man.

As if to prove the invincibility of His handiwork, a few years ago the Artist permitted the skinny fingers of an electrical storm to reach down and scratch great streaks across the trunk of the tree. Admiring citizens were grieved and dismayed, being thoroughly convinced that the lightning gashes had ruined forever this marvelous work of art. Surely it could not survive such a cruel, flaming blow. Surely the colors must fade and die, and the canvas curl into dead, brown nothingness.

But the portrait did not die, and it did not even fade. Instead, the Master Artist reached down His omnipotent hand and skillfully repaired the damaged area. Today, insofar as the eye can discern, all traces of the lightning strokes are gone, for the white streaks have aged and blended perfectly into the original colors.

Long may patriotic Americans laud the memory of Abraham Lincoln, and long may his ideals live in the hearts of Americans. And long may the living portrait which the Master Artist has created, stand to remind men of the greatness of His handiwork!

—Pauline Tyson Stephens.

* * * * *

VALENTINE'S DAY

Choose your own story of St. Valentine, says the Sunshine Magazine, for there are enough variations to go around. They all indi-

shine. One story says that St. Valentine was martyred on the 14th day of February by Emperor Claudius because he secretly married young soldiers against the ruler's will. Claudius, it appears, had quite a different theory about maintaining a large standing army than that held by our modern dictators. Claudius forbade his men to marry, for a married man, he said, was loath to leave his home for war.

* * * * *

THOMAS A. EDISON

This great American inventor was born at Milan, Ohio, February 11, 1847. His contributions to the scientific world far surpass those of any other man, but the following shows that in his very busy life, he found time for little things that expressed kindness:

It seems that Thomas A. Edison, in his wanderings about the grounds adjacent to his Menlo Park laboratories one late autumn day, found a little bird that had become crippled, and was unable to join the autumnal caravan to the southlands. The inventor captured the bird, which after some time showed a decided improvement and an apparent readiness for flight. But the kind savior was doubtful about the bird's ability to meet the demands of a long air journey. So he made a comfortable little box replete with such facilities as the frail passenger would require. Mr. Edison then placed his little friend in the box, labeled it for a destination in South America, and delivered it to the express company with instructions to release the bird at the end of the journey.

* * * * *

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Once upon a time we heard an able physician say, "There is more good medicine to be found in the grocery stores than can be found in all of the drug stores." The following from the Morganton News-Herald is worth your time. Read:

Good has a way of coming out of evil. Nearly every major catastrophe results in some benefit to mankind. The present war situation has turned attention in a general way to nutrition and vitamins.

With the introduction of the rolling mill seventy-five years ago white flour displaced whole wheat. White flour keeps better, and its color is reflected in bread that pleases the eye. When it was discovered that such deficiency diseases as pellagra, beri-beri and scurvy are caused by the absence of vitamins in food, the nutrition experts properly began to rail at white flour. It lacks essential vitamins, especially those of the "B" complex, and mineral salts. A few food faddists, health cranks, and sick people under medical care resorted to whole-wheat bread, but in the main the population preferred white flour.

It looks now as if the war will do more for the more general consumption of needed vitamins than all the preaching of the nutrition experts. In Great Britain a committee of physicists, chemists and physiologists, headed by Nobel laureate Sir William Bragg, has endorsed the Government's policy of importing and storing white flour and enriching it with "B" vitamins and calcium, and Dr. Harriet Chick is busily engaged in raising the value of what the British call "fortified bread." Now comes our own Millers National Federation with the announcement that American wheat processors are to follow the British example and make a "superflour" when the Food and Drug Administration frames the necessary specifications. Fortification will add nothing to the cost of bread, and this because of the advance of chemistry. Thus thiamin, the most essential of the "B" class, now costs only 80 cents a gram; a few years ago the cost was \$700. And a gram is all that any of us need in a year. The same story is repeated in the case of riboflavin, another of the "B" group.

A generation ago we counted our calories. When it was discovered that a man might gorge himself on food rich in calories and yet starve to death, our conception of a good diet changed. War leaves but few benefits in its wake. But out of this war the probability already emerges that the chemical values of food will be more highly cherished than ever before, with an improvement in the national health that cannot be overestimated.

* * * * *

SALT

Salt is a common article, yet it is one of man's greatest necessities. One of our exchanges, "Fact Digest", gives some highly interesting information concerning salt and some of its various uses, as follows:

So dependent is the human body upon common salt that one of the legal punishments once handed out by Dutch judges was

to deprive a culprit of his needed quota of it.

Salt is vital to digestive processes; without it the body could not manufacture the hydrochloric acid so necessary in the gastric juices. According to Dr. E. V. McCollum, many persons consume as much as an ounce daily, but probably the ideal amount—for the greatest prospect of long life—is a quarter ounce (or a little less than two level teaspoons) each day.

Salt was once used for money. It was considered even more precious when the Catholic Church began to use it in making Holy Water. Instead of swearing on the Bible, people took oaths "on salt." Small wonder that the belief has persisted that it is bad luck to spill salt!

Salt causes fluids to be retained in the tissues of the human body. The fact that this is true enables laborers to avoid heat exhaustion and possible death by taking tablets of salt.

Though the ocean grows saltier each year, it is so under-saturated that it could hold nine times as much salt as it has now—and it is estimated that the sea contains enough salt to bury all the land of the earth under a layer 400 feet deep.

Hospitalized patients—both before and after operations—are given saline solution injections to offset relapses. Salt solutions also make one of the safest and most effective eye-washes and gargles. Hot brine compresses are excellent for minor injuries and insect bites.



HE KNEW LINCOLN

By Mrs. Charles P. Wiles

In some school readers of past years a story was related which never failed to provoke a response in the minds and hearts of the boys and girls who read it. It was entitled *The Boy Who Slept At His Post*.

The story ran thus:

"Benny (for this was the name given him in the story) was a likeable young lad, trustworthy and reliable, willing to live for his country. When the Civil War broke out, although barely old enough, he enlisted. Weeks and months passed by and he had faithfully discharged his duties. Then one night something happened."

From this point I shall repeat the story as told me by Thomas H. Sherman some few years ago. Mr. Sherman died at Attleboro, Massachusetts, in August of 1939, at the age of almost ninety-seven.

Like many others he loved to reminisce, and he had experiences worth hearing. He had held important governmental positions, at one time being in the consular service. These were some of the things he told me:

"There came one night to the telegraph office in Washington, D. C., where I was a young telegraph operator, an adjutant general of Massachusetts who said, hurriedly, 'Rush this telegram to Governor Andrews of Massachusetts and get a quick reply. A young soldier has been court-martialed and condemned to die for sleeping at his post. He is to be shot today.'

"Very soon a lengthy message came from the governor in Boston, which

said in part, 'The boy in question had just returned from a long hard march. He should not have been ordered on picket duty.'

" 'Now,' said the general, 'if this telegram goes through the regular channels it will not reach the President in time. The boy's life will be forfeited. Can't you take it to the President yourself?' "

At this point the silver-haired old gentleman sat a little straighter and his eyes became a little brighter. He continued:

"Seven o'clock in the morning found me at the White House, only to be told that the President was 'not in.' But I was familiar with his habit of going to the telegraph office of the War Department early and late, so I hastened there and was admitted.

"Being shown into the room where the President was hearing the latest dispatches from the front, I saw him sitting on a chair tipped back, his hat on the back of his head and his feet on the mantel.

" 'Mr. President,' I said, 'I promised I would put this telegram into your hand at the earliest possible moment.' 'Bet I know what it's about,' said Lincoln.

"Then he arose and began a search for his glasses which he found in the very bottom of his long coat, inside the lining. 'Must be a hole in that pocket,' he said, with a twinkle in his eye. He took the message from my hand, opened it, sat down at a desk and read it. Then, with a sigh which seemed to imply the case was hope-

less, he said, 'I've received more telegrams about that poor boy.'

"But," said Mr. Sherman, in a happy tone, "the boy was not shot."

"Perhaps you would like to hear some more of my experiences," he said.

"I surely should," I replied. "First-hand stories are always thrilling."

"Well," said he. "this story does not have a happy ending and it was my duty to send the first telegraphic messages to the newspapers of the nation telling of the unhappy event.

"I was in Ford's Theatre on the evening of April 14, 1865, where, with many others, I had gone to see Laura Keane and her company present Our American Cousin.

"Having a seat in the orchestra I had an unobstructed view of the box the President was to occupy. Presently he and Mrs. Lincoln, with two friends, entered through a narrow passage in the rear of the first balcony seats. Mrs. Lincoln sat in one corner of the box, the President in the opposite corner, so sheltered by draperies that

he could only be seen when he leaned forward.

"The play had reached the third act when a shot rang out. At first it was thought to be a part of the play, but when smoke was seen issuing from the President's box and a man leaped from the box to the stage, one of his friends in the box cried, 'Hold him! The President has been shot.'

"Immediately there was great confusion. The President was taken in charge and carried gently out by the same way he had entered.

"The assassin had laid his plans carefully, not only for the attack but for his get-away.

"Armed sentinels at the bridge on the east branch of the Potomac challenged him, only to be presented with orders to let him pass. Had the sentinels been aware that the orders were forged, the assassin might have been apprehended that very night."

As stated above, it was Mr. Sherman who sent out the first message of the death of President Lincoln.

—:—

A FINE FAMILY

The father of Success is Work.

The mother of Success is Ambition.

The oldest son is Common Sense.

The other boys are: Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm, and Co-operation.

The oldest daughter is Character.

The other daughters are Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity, and Harmony.

The baby is Opportunity.

Get acquainted with the Old Man and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

—Oasaycap Chronicle.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF LINCOLN

By William E. Borah

If I were going to single out a single virtue from among the many virtues of this richly gifted man, a virtue of peculiar worth and significance in these days, I would point out to you his tolerance, his broad-minded, large-minded grasp of all things. In this respect there is no one who surpasses him in all the history of politics. At the end of a fierce Civil War, when the whole political life of the nation had been poisoned with the searching passions of a long internecine struggle, his heart was still free from malice and his mind unclouded by sectional bitterness. At a time when other great leaders were thinking of punishment, of suzerainty for the South, he was busy turning over in his mind plans with which to bring the States and the Southern people back into the Union. His thoughts were of the future. He wanted to rebuild the Union upon lines of equality and justice, tolerance and amnesty. He never lost sight of the fact that the brave men of the South were Americans all. He had nothing in common with political warriors who fight on after the war is over. He did not believe in that fierce political creed, so prevalent now, that narrow blighting political faith, so universal at present, which regards tolerance as a sin and forgiveness as a manifestation of total depravity. He believed the greatest service which a leader could render his country after a bloody destructive war was to mollify the bitterness of conflict, the passions of the strife, and to plant in the seared hearts of a suffering

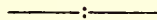
people the trust and confidence upon which alone the fabric of society may rest. Above all things, he had an understanding heart, that which Solomon asked the Angel of God to give him as the most precious gift for a man born to rule.

Twenty years have come and gone since the great war. I think we may well pause and take a leaf from the life of Lincoln. We are told by those who come from abroad and by the press that distrust and hatred and vengeance, which have so long tormented the Old World, have in no sense abated. We see leaders still supporting their claim to power by playing upon the distrust and the fears, the rancor and the vindictiveness of war days. The very ties and ligaments of society will rot and give way under such policies. The whole fabric of civilization will be imperiled by another decade of political bigotry and intolerance. We must either put the past behind us and build for the future upon the saving principles of reason and righteousness, or we must prepare to suffer as a people have never suffered before. You may write treaties and form alliances and frame leagues, and leaders may enthuse and regale the people for a season with the outlook, but alliances and leagues, founded as they all are upon distrust and force, upon imperialism and military dominancy, will be all burned to a crisp in a single hour by the united passions which these same leaders so shamelessly cultivate and keep alive. Better than all the treaties, all alliances, all lea-

gues, just now is example,—a manifestation in deeds of the things we profess and so industriously write into treaties. What the countless millions, some of whom are out of employment, some of whom are facing want, some of whom are ill-clothed and famine stricken, all harassed and worried, what these millions, consciously or unconsciously, demand, and what they must have if they are to survive, is a political creed—not a new political creed, but a creed framed out of the old verities, carved from the sublime deeds of men who have served mankind, a creed of confidence and faith, a creed which finds expression, not alone upon paper, but in the acts and deeds of nations and of men.

Our country is yet young as you measure the life of nations. In the brief years of her existence she has given to the world great men. From among them all, it would perhaps be readily agreed that Washington and Lincoln stand separate and apart. They are the noblest product which free institutions offer to the world's galaxy of great leaders. Under the leadership of one, independence was secured, our government was framed and our great foreign policy was established. Under the leadership of the other, our Union was preserved and the teachings of Washington and his compeers vindicated. Perhaps even more profound and complex than those with which we have had to deal with in the past are the present pro-

blems. But we shall, I trust, solve these problems, do our full duty to our own people, and discharge every obligation which a great and free people owes to mankind. We shall do these things, I venture to believe, without sacrificing or surrendering any of the great principles or policies of Washington or Lincoln. No leader, no political party, can long survive the surrender, open or covert, of these principles—the principles which have made us strong and free and which alone, under the providence of God, will keep us so. The man or woman who teaches you that nationalism is dead, or ought to die, that love of country is a hindrance to noble aims, is a slanderer of every impulse, every belief, of the leader whose birth we commemorate this day. You could have as easily convinced him that you have a wholesome, decent community in which the sacred unity of family had been destroyed as to convince him that you could maintain civilization after the sacred devotion to country had been extinguished. "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." Let us believe that all four score and seven years more will pass many times before the memory of those who suffered and sacrificed to make this nation a fact will be blotted out, or the fundamental policies upon which they built are rejected.



The ablest men in all walks of modern life are men of faith. Most of them have much more faith than they themselves realize.—Bruce Barton.

THE MAN WHO TAUGHT LINCOLN

By Thomas J. Malone

A little more than a century ago, an undertaking engaged Abraham Lincoln that changed the course of his life, and the history of America—that gave him a living and enabled him to choose between the law as a career and—blacksmithing; that headed him toward political leadership, the White House, and immortality.

Late in July of 1831, Lincoln, a 22-year-old farm and flatboat hand—six feet four, about one hundred seventy-five pounds, gaunt, swarthy, sinewy—set out on a cross-country walk of some ninety miles or so headed for a group of fifteen long cabins on the Sangamon river that formed the hamlet of New Salem. A store in which he was to work was to open there as soon as its owner should arrive with a stock of goods.

On August 1, an election was held in New Salem and the clerk at the polling place found himself unexpectedly short of help. Seeing a newcomer in the crowd around, the clerk asked him whether he could write. Such a question implied no disrespect in those days when illiteracy was common among the people in frontier settlements. On the other's replying that he could "make a few rabbit tracks," he was invited to sit in as assistant clerk, and did so.

The clerk of the election was Graham, the schoolmaster. Lincoln's finding in the place such a man as Graham was perhaps the best single piece of good fortune that befell him there. He had been to school in his whole life a total of less than a full year. According to his own statement late

in life, when he became of age he did not know much, though able, somehow, to "read, write, and cipher to the rule of three." And then he met Mentor Graham who held forth in the little log schoolhouse at the south edge of town. Lincoln's senior by perhaps fifteen years, Graham was a man of respectable scholarship and superior teaching ability, zealous to help the earnest student regardless of age, whether in school or out.

The year before, Abraham's father, Thomas Lincoln, with his family had moved from his Indiana home to Illinois. Lincoln senior finally settled on a site in Coles country. It was from that place that young Lincoln had walked to New Salem.

Residence in a village was new to him. He enjoyed the change to relax and get acquainted while waiting for the store to open. In New Salem he, for the first time in his life, met men of education daily—the village and the country around had more than their share of such—and, through them, he had access to a range of books, fit companions and successors of those famous few of his boyhood: the Bible, Aesop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, The Pilgrim's Progress, Weems' Life of Washington, and a school history of the United States. He was to spend six years in New Salem, years of great value to him, for in them by reading, studying, discussing, struggling for a living, friend-making, proving himself, developing his gift for leadership, he prepared for his career.

Less than a year after his arrival,

Graham suggested to him that he study English grammar. A knowledge of grammar, the schoolmaster told him, was something anyone should have who would go far in political life or gain any considerable recognition among men. Lincoln already had an ambition toward politics. He asked where he could get a textbook in grammar.

The condition of Graham's personal library and the curriculum of his school may be inferred from the fact that the nearest book of that kind he knew of was owned by a farmer six miles distant. Lincoln walked to the farm and obtained, as gift or by purchase, a copy of Kirkham's grammar. Let not that farmer be passed over unnamed, he, too, did a real service for Abraham Lincoln. For who will say that John Vance, obscure in life and forgotten in death, along with Mentor Graham, had not a hand in the Cooper Union Speech, the Gettysburg address, the Bixby letter, and the two Inaugurals?

Lincoln plowed through the textbook alone for the most part, but with occasional help from Graham. Not only did he memorize its rules but he disciplined himself to observe them. Nearly thirty years later, in the third-person autobiographical sketch prepared as basis for a campaign document, he wrote that after he was twenty-three he "studied English grammar—imperfectly, of course, but so as to speak and write as he now does."

One of the best stories about Lincoln has to do with that study of grammar. He took up the study in the spring of 1832, when clerk in Offutt's store. He had a young assi-

stant, William G. Greene. Lincoln would have Greene take the book and ask him questions in it, then check Lincoln's answers against those in the text. When Lincoln was president, Greene called on him, by invitation, in Washington. The secretary of state, William H. Seward, was with Mr. Lincoln when Greene entered his office. After greeting his old friend, Lincoln said: "Seward, shake hands with Bill Greene of Illinois, the man who taught me grammar."

When Seward had left, Greene, whose speech was far from being grammatically errorless, asked Lincoln why he had said such a thing, adding, "Lord knows I don't know any grammar myself—much less could I teach you!" Lincoln reminded him of their question-and-answer practice in the Offutt store. Greene said he remembered, but "That wasn't teaching you grammar." To which the President said: "Bill, that was all the teaching of grammar I ever had."

A year after the bout with grammar, Lincoln while conducting a store in New Salem as part owner, read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and Rollin's *Ancient History*. Other "heavy" works he read in that period included Volney's *Ruins*, Paines *Age of Reason*, and some of Voltaire. It seems reasonable to suppose that he discussed the content of those books with the school teacher, who may have suggested some of them to him in the first place. Jack Kelso, the best fisherman and idler in New Salem, imparted to him some of his own love for Shakespeare and Burns. In May of 1833, Lincoln was appointed postmaster at New Salem. The newspapers of the time,

from Saint Louis to New York, available to him as they came to the post office, were textbooks in politics and government. He delved into a volume, Statutes of Illinois, and then into Blackstone's *Commentaries*. In later years in New Salem he read Chitty's *Pleadings* and other law books, preparatory to admission to the bar.

For some time Lincoln made a practice of writing, for "exercise" only, papers on various subjects, some of which he referred to Graham for criticism and suggestion. And who but Graham could have helped him in his study of surveying? After his venture in store ownership had "winked" out the surveyer of Sangamon County whom young Lincoln had impressed as "no common man," offered him a deputyship if he would fit himself to handle it. Lincoln needed that work desperately, for his fees as postmaster and what he could earn at odd jobs in the town and on outlying farms were hardly enough to live on, and he had given some thought to becoming a blacksmith. The surveyer lent him a textbook in surveying, and he pitched into it.

By intense application he absorbed in six weeks enough of the principles of plain surveying to go out in the field and survey accurately. He is said to have gone to Graham, at the beginning, for assurance of help over the difficult parts. To be able to get the most from Graham in the latter's spare time, Lincoln went to board at Graham's cabin, and there the two studied far into the night.

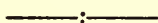
A former resident of New Salem, R. B. Rutledge, writing after Lin-

coln's death of what New Salem had done for him, said: "I know of my own knowledge that Graham did more than all others to educate Lincoln."

What had New Salem done for him? It had been the scene of his poverty, his early struggles for livelihood, his business failures, and the beginnings of his rise to distinction. In his first weeks there his wrestling strength and skill had won him the friendship of the roistering "Clary Grove Boys," which led to his election as captain of his volunteer company in the Black Hawk war of 1832—a victory the sweet flavor of which he never forgot—and to his first elections to the legislature. There, too, he had earned the title of "Honest Abe," which went with him through life. Ann Rutledge and Mary Owens had been part of New Salem. In study there he had made up for many a defect in his education. He had come to New Salem an uncouth farm boy with no definite purpose in life, grasping at this or that occupation as it offered; he had left it with a profession, and as a recognized power in the political life of his state. He had led in the legislature the successful fight for the removal of the state capitol to Springfield, thereafter to be his home; he had been, at twenty-seven, the Whig floor leader in the lower house. The Lincoln of 1854-1855 was not discernible in the New Salem product, but the groundwork was there.

And Mentor Graham "did more than all others to educate Lincoln." One likes to think, one believes, there have been since, and are, in the small towns and rural places throughout the United States, hundreds, thou-

sands, of other Mentor Grahams, of earnest seekers after knowledge.
 with a fire for learning in their breasts But there has been only one Abra-
 and a zeal for the unselfish helping ham Lincoln.



FRIENDS

When your eyes are holding back a tear,
 An' failure seems to haunt what'er you start,
 An' when your soul is burdened down with fear,
 An' care is gnawin' steady at your heart:
 Ain't it grand to hear somebody say:
 "I'm stickin' with you fellow to the end!"
 An' then to know he's with you all the way,
 To be an understandin', faithful friend?

When your back is jammed agin the wall,
 An' odds are high agin you pullin' through,
 An' when you see your castles quake, an' fall,
 An' all your dreams are wryly mockin' you:
 Ain't it swell to feel somebody's hand
 Steal into yours an' grip its warm embrace,
 Assurin' you in words you understand
 That he is runnin' by you in the race?

When you're saggin' neath a heavy load,
 An' weary from your burden an' your care,
 An' when your feet are stumblin' on the road,
 An' when your heart is cryin' in despair:
 Ain't it nice to feel a beamin' smile
 From someone whose encouragement is shown
 By how he cheers you onward, every mile,
 To let you know, you do not fight alone?

When your troubles double by the score,
 An' you're convinced, the fates have cursed your name,
 An' when you're blue, an' sick at heart, an' sore,
 Because it seems you fight a losin' game:
 Ain't it fine just what a smile can do,
 To buck you up, an' help you to the end....
 An' when your heart's a'bustin' 'most in two,
 Ain't it grand to know you have a friend?

A VALENTINE BOX

By Veda Group

Norma Hunter lifted the pot of daffodils and set it where it would catch the sun, yet still be in range of her patient's eye. Just as she placed it in the window, a slender young woman walked briskly by, evidently on her way to work somewhere, for she passed about that same time every morning.

"I don't believe that girl eats enough," remarked Norma as she adjusted the shade and turned back to Mrs. Lowe.

"What girl?" asked Mrs. Lowe, raising herself a little on her pillows.

"Here, let me fix that better."

With deft hands Norma freshened the pillows and made her patient comfortable.

"You have me so spoiled, I won't know how to do a thing for myself when you go home next week," demurred Mrs. Lowe as she settled back contentedly. "But who was the girl you saw passing?"

"I don't know who she is. She's a slender dark-haired girl who passes here every morning. I don't think she catches the bus; I think she walks to work."

"Which way does she come from?"

"East, up Clay Street."

"I think I know who she is. It's Jennie Wilson. You're probably right about her not eating enough; she doesn't make so very much at the office where she works, and she sends part of that home, because her family is having a hard time."

Before Norma left her case a few days later she had established a nodding acquaintance with Jennie Wil-

son. She liked the girl's appearance. She vaguely felt that she would like to do little friendly things for her if she might have the opportunity.

Eagerly she seized on the few free days she would have before going to another patient. She cleaned up her half of the neat duplex cottage, and put everything in shining order—which made her feel much better.

Then she bought valentines—a happy hearted valentine for each child she knew; simple little valentine gifts for some fast-aging friends; little friendly cards for others. She was so glad she was free briefly right at Valentine's Day, with time to do these little things she always wanted to do, but sometimes had to crowd out of her busy, busy days.

She had bought the last valentine gift, and written the last valentine card, and was stretched out lazily on her day-bed for an hour of complete relaxation when she thought of this thing she had particularly wanted to do all the time. How could it have slipped out of her mind like that?

"I can do it yet," she said to herself, slipping into her house shoes. "I'm glad I have brown bread baked."

She planned everything that evening, but not until the next afternoon did she make her box complete. She used one of her own big heart-shaped boxes for a container, the box an appreciative patient had sent her. It had been filled with delicious chocolates then. It was to hold delicious food now, real food.

She made roast beef sandwiches—generous slices of roast beef on home-

baked brown bread, one slice buttered, and the other spread lightly with apple butter. She slipped in a container of fruit salad, and another of baked custard, and filled all the remaining space with crisp heart-shaped cookies.

Then she slipped in a friendly little note, and started up town. She would leave the box at the telegraph office, to be delivered to Jennie at her office just before closing time. It would be in her hands then for a picnic lunch with a friend if she wanted to share it in that way, or she might take it on home to eat in her own room, instead of getting a bite uptown.

As Norma boarded the bus she saw a woman she had known for a long time, but had not seen recently. Of course she slipped into a seat beside her, and they talked along at this and that and the other.

"Guess whom I saw the other day," said her friend presently. "It was Jennie Wilson. I didn't know she was working here, but it seems that she has been for the past six months or so. Well, I hope she makes good; I know she needs the money. You know who she is, of course. You know that woman—oh, I can't recall her name this minute—but the one who did you an unhappy turn when you were due a promotion in your work at Mercy Hospital? Well," finished the woman as she reached up to push the bell, "this Jennie Wilson is her sister; so if your paths happen to cross, just remember that the less you have to do with her, the better off you're apt to be."

The bus stopped and the woman got off.

Norma rode on in silence—in hurt silence. Why did her friend have to

revive that old unpleasant incident? Why did she have to know, especially right now, with this box in her hand, that this shy, but rather pleasing young woman was a sister of that other person? Could she send that valentine box now, after knowing of that relationship? Could she?

She got off automatically when her stop was reached. She attended to the small matters demanding her attention.

She walked slowly toward the telegraph office.

Would she send the box?

Would she take it back home—or send it to somebody else?

Words unbidden began running in her mind:

"Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness—"

Oh, why should those words from the Sermon on the Mount come into her mind just then?

But, after all, even if Jennie's sister had been guilty of all the unkindness she had apparently shown at that past date, should Jennie be made to suffer for it?

For a moment Norma almost wished she had never memorized the Sermon or the Mount back there in childhood; yet she well knew in her heart that she was glad so glad, that she had.

Words farther on in the discourse, as to whom we should love—going the second mile—casting out the beam out of our own eye—began to run in her mind.

Of course there was just one thing to do.

There was just one thing Norma wanted to do—and she did it.

It was a quarter to five when she entered the telegraph office and paid

the messenger. The box would be in Jennie's hands just before closing time.

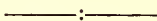
Norma was called on a case immediately—an emergency case. The message was waiting for her when she reached her rooms. She lived for her patient, then for days. She paid no attention to mail and personal things. When at length the crisis had been safely passed, and she turned to her mail, she found in it a grateful little note from Jennie Wilson.

"I was in the depths when I got that box," she wrote, "but this little friendly act of yours gave me courage again; and I know I can go on now."

Norma smiled.

She smiled a different smile when she read the next letter. It was not from Mercy Hospital. It was from a bigger institution. Would she like a connection there?

Would she like a connection there? why, it would be a dream come true.



OLD SAWS IN RHYME

Actions speak louder than words ever do;
 You can't eat your cake and hold on to it, too.
 When the cat is away, then the mice play;
 Where there is a will there is always a way.
 There's no use crying o'er milk that is spilt;
 No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.
 There must be some fire wherever is smoke;
 The pitcher goes oft to the well till it's broke.
 By rogues falling out honest men get their due;
 Whoever it fits, he must put on the shoe.
 All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy;
 There ne'er was a pleasure without its alloy.
 A half-loaf is better than no bread at all;
 And pride always goeth before a sad fall.
 Fast bind and fast find, have two strings to your bow;
 Contentment is better than riches, we know.
 The devil finds work for hands idle to do;
 A miss is as good as a mile is to you.
 A man by his company always is known;
 Who lives in a glass house should not throw a stone.
 Speech may be silver, but silence is gold;
 There's never a fool like the fool who is old.

—Author Unknown.

SHIP DITCHES

By Casper K. Blackburn

Man has never been satisfied to have his ships run over only natural waterways. Ever since the days of antiquity he has been digging ditches so that his water-borne traffic would take less time and could cover more territory.

The Grand Canal of China is probably the oldest of operating canals. Eight hundred and fifty miles long, it extends from Hangchow to Tientsin and has enabled Chinese sailors to tap territories which otherwise could have been reached only by camels and long treks over land. It has been operating since the fifth century before Christ.

When Babylon was the leading nation of the then known world its engineers spread a network of waterways over Mesopotamia. During the days of Rome's splendor, the Romans made canals from the lower Rhone River to the Mediterranean and connected the Tiber River to the sea. Rome, too, was responsible for the canal which joins the Adriatic Sea and the plains of Lombardy.

All these ancient canals had to be dug through the back-bracking labor of individuals, cutting through the soil, shovel by shovel. No steam hovels, ladder excavators, grabs, floating dredges, or rock breakers,—the tools of modern canal builders—were available.

Yet those old-time ditch-diggers for ships did not hesitate to carry their canals over ground higher than the water levels at their ends, a field making necessary the use of locks to raise

ships to higher ground and to lower them from the heights.

Locks in the old canals usually were lined with wood. In modern canals lining of the locks is masonry or concrete. Ships that are to use locks in canals sail into the lower level of the first lock and tie up. Gates at either end are closed. Then the sluices in the bottom of the lock are opened and water pours into the lock. As the water level rises it carries the ship with it. The average rise for single locks in canals is only twelve feet, although each of the series of three locks in the Panama Canal at Gatun lifts ships twenty-five feet.

Only when the lock is filled to the top can the ship move into the next lock or into the open water to which the lock has lifted it. Locks slow up the passage of ships. It takes time to fill them. More time is necessary to go through the three locks in the Panama Canal at Gatun, the single lock at San Miguel and the twin locks of Miraflores than to go through the rest of the canal.

Although locks are still generally used as elevators for ships in canals which are not built at water level, other devices have been used as a substitute for locks in an attempt to overcome the slowness of the operation of the lock system.

At Foxton, on the Grand Junction Canal in England, an incline one hundred yards long is in use. At the top of the incline stands a drum around which are wound wire ropes which connect two steel tanks on

wheeled platforms. As one tank goes up, the other goes down. When a boat is to ascend the incline, it enters the tank at the lower level and is hauled up to the top over eight sets of rails. At the top, hydraulic rams hold it in place until free to move out on the water. This incline has cut down the time formerly necessary to travel through the ten locks in the canal from seventy-five to ten minutes. ty-five to ten minutes.

Other methods not unusual are hydraulic and pneumatic lifts, the first using water pressure, the second air pressure. These work like elevat-

ors except that two must be operating at the same time, one up and one down, each balancing the other. In this way one ship descends at the same time the other ascends. The largest elevator of this kind—it will take ships over one thousand tons—is at Cohoes on the Erie Canal.

If men had been uninterested in digging ditches, much of the world trade of today would be changed. Canals have joined ocean with ocean, river with sea, and have made fit for navigation many rivers that otherwise were unusable for ship carrying wares.

—:—

THE MAN WHO WINS!

The man who wins is an average man,
 Not built on any peculiar plan—
 Not blessed with any peculiar luck—
 Just steady, and earnest and full of pluck!
 When asked a question, he doesn't guess:
 He knows, and answers, "No" or "Yes."
 When set at a task the rest can't do,
 He buckles down 'til he puts it through!
 Three things he's learned: That man who tries
 Finds favor in his employer's eyes;
 That it pays to know more than one thing well—
 That it doesn't pay, all he knows to tell!
 So he works and waits, 'til one fine day
 There's a better job, with bigger pay;
 And the men who shirked whenever they could
 Are bossed by the man whose work made good!
 For the man who wins it the man who works,
 Who neither trouble nor labor shirks—
 Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes—
 The man who wins is the man who tries!

—Anonymous

ONLY A DOG, BUT A HERO

(Selected)

"Yes, boys, Romeo deserves to live in history, as he certainly will in the hearts of at least one family in Johnstown."

"Why? Who is Romeo? Oh tell us about it. Don't whet a fellow's curiosity so sharp," cried Fred, who being his uncle's namesake had special privileges.

"Uncle Fred had just returned from the Conemaugh Valley, bringing stories enough to tell for a year," Frank said.

"Only they make me cry," wailed Mamie.

"That's because you are a girl," exclaimed little Bert, the smallest and in his own opinion the bravest of the family.

"Now, Uncle Fred begin," whispered Mamie laying her head on her uncle's roomy shoulder.

"Well one night, about six o'clock I was walking down Main Street looking for a supper, and a supper, wasn't easy to find, even when you had money to pay for it. I noticed a crowd of men and women in the next block and when I reached them, I saw the attraction was a beautiful water spaniel. 'Come here, Romeo my noble dog!' said one woman."

"If it ain't a dog story!" exclaimed Fred, in parenthesis.

"Yes, Romeo is a dog," replied Uncle Fred, "but he bore his honors in a way to shame some men, who, more by accident than he, have become famous. Another woman said with a sigh, 'Ah Romeo, it's a pity Johnstown hadn't more such as you; there wouldn't be so many people dead here

now.'" (After the great Johnstown flood.)

"I soon learned what was meant. When the South Reservoir gave way, and the flood came upon the town, Mrs. Kress, Romeo's mistress, fled to her sister's house, taking Romeo with her. Still the water came sweeping down, rushing right through the parlors, and driving them upstairs, then rising to the ceiling and upper floors so they soon had to go out upon the roof.

"Suddenly a big wave rushed over them, carrying Mrs. Kress swiftly away down the stream. She was quickly drawn under by the current, and, as she disappeared, Romeo plunged in. When her dress came to the surface he grasped it in his teeth, and pushed her toward a small frame house, which still resisted the waters. His noble effort proved successful and his mistress, dragged on the light frame felt quite secure; but it was only for a moment. Another wave of the widening deepening current struck the weak building, its walls yielded with a crash, and the woman and the dog were again upon the flood.

"The noble brute swam by his mistress' side keeping her head above water while she was borne upon the current. For over half an hour this battle with the waves went on. Finally the dog succeeded in bringing his precious charge to Alma Hall, where she was taken out of the water and carried to the roof for safety. There her strength failed and she fainted. Then for the first time, Romeo 'lost

his head', as Bert here would say. He thought his mistress dead. He howled frantically, and nothing comforted him until she opened her eyes and put out her hand to him. Then he laid down by her side and went to sleep."

"He must have been a tired doggie," said Mamie, wiping her eyes.

"That's so said Frank. "Swimming is hard work." Frank was taking his first lessons in swimming.

"Uncle Fred, what did you mean by saying that Romeo would put some folks to shame?"

"Mamie never gets the whole of a story till she gets the moral." And

Fred's interest was evident.

"You boys need to get the moral," answered Uncle Fred. "I mean, Mamie that Romeo did not get proud of being praised. He looked very happy and it's all right to enjoy being appreciated, but he didn't swagger, and try to boss the other dogs." Frank nudged Bert who changed the drift of the story by wondering "If Romeo got any of the things sent to the Johnstown sufferers." And all agreed that he deserved lasting fame, for loyalty, faithfulness, presence of mind and modesty though he was "only a dog."



I AM AN AMERICAN

On the street, in the home,
In a crowd or alone,
Shout! wherever you may be,
"I am an American,
I am, from the heart of me."

Rich or poor, young or old
Let this message be told,
Shout! wherever you may be—
"I am an American,
I'm proud of my liberty."

In the factory, in the mill,
Through each valley, from each hill,
Raise your voice and give
America a thrill!
On the farms, in the schools,
Let's have just one set of rules.
Shout! "I am an American,
I am, every part of me."

THE SIGN OF THE WAYSIDE INN

(The Ashlar)

It happened in Dorchester town, Massachusetts, and victor in the battle of wills was Edward A. Huebener, an artist, antiquarian, and historian. Although his interests were concentrated in the historically rich district where he lived, he occasionally picked up something novel from other famous places. In this way he had acquired a signboard which formerly hung outside the historic Wayside Inn, made famous in Longfellow's immortal "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

The signboard showed the head of a spirited horse. At that time the horse was the only mode of transportation available to guests at the Inn, so the horse's head was most appropriate. The sign, suspended from a handwrought crane, soon became a familiar landmark. But one day it mysteriously disappeared, and was lost for many years.

What really happened was that a neighbor's boy, while playing, had started swinging on the sign. The old rusted moorings gave way, and the boy and sign fell to the ground. The boy was less hurt than frightened, and lest the owner find out what had happened, he took the sign home and hid it under the bed. Before long his mother found it, and learned the whole story. She and his father feared the consequences; so the sign was given to a friend to hide, and from that friend Huebener secured it many years later.

About fifteen years ago, Huebener was away on a business trip. When he returned, his wife said, "There's been a man calling you up who wants

to talk to you. Says his name is Ford, but won't leave me any number to call." Huebener replied, "I don't seem to know any Mr. Ford. If it's important, he'll probably call again."

One day Huebener was called to the telephone by a friend in the antique business. "Didn't you say you had the old Wayside Inn sign? You know Henry Ford now owns the Inn, and his agent is here. He wants to talk to you."

"Okey," answered Huebener; "put him on."

An excited voice started the conversation. "Is it a fact you have the old Wayside Inn sign?"

"Yes, I have it," replied Huebener.

"I am anxious to buy it for Henry Ford."

"'Tisn't for sale."

"See here," persisted the voice; "Mr. Ford is very eager to buy that sign. He'll pay you a good price."

Huebener's independence was aroused. "I said it isn't for sale, and it isn't. Tell you what I'll do, though. You tell Mr. Ford to come out to my house, and I'll give it to him."

That was too much for the agent. "Well, you know Mr. Ford is a very busy man, and he's in Detroit. Guess I'd better come out and pick it up. I'll start right away."

"Don't bother," was Huebener's quick answer; "I said if Mr. Ford wants it, I'll give it to him personally." And Huebener hung up.

One day Henry Ford was calling at an antiquary in Boston, questioning about Mr. Huebener. Just at that moment Huebener stepped into the

shop, and the two men were introduced.

"Jump into your Lincoln, Mr. Ford," said Huebener, "follow my old Lizzie, and you'll have the sign in a jiffy." The sign was placed snugly in the Lincoln, and then Ford inquired as to the price. Huebener struck to his guns, and insisted it would be a gift. But Ford, equally obstinate, would not accept it as such.

"Tell you how we'll fix it," suggested Huebener; "You take the sign along, and, if you insist, you can swap me something for it. I don't know just what I want, but when I make up my mind, I'll write you, and tell you."

Henry Ford hesitated, but departed with the sign. However, he left behind in Boston his agent who day after day endeavored to tempt Huebener with offer of settlement. "I'm sure," the agent finally suggested, "if you ask Mr. Ford, he will give you a new Lincoln car."

"What do I want with a new Lincoln car?" answered Huebener. "If I had one, I'd have to hire a chauffeur, and I don't want one hanging around. No, I'll write Mr. Ford when I make up my mind" And the agent, having exhausted his resources, returned to Detroit.

Soon after, Huebener received a letter from Ford, threatening to re-

turn the sign if he would not accept pay. Huebener's reply was: "I would like your personal check for one cent; and I will agree to cash it, so your account will balance."

By next mail came a check from Henry Ford, but it was for a handsome sum of money. Back went the check instantler, with a caustic message: "I have set my price, and expect you to live up to the bargain. I want your check for one cent."

Without further discussion, Henry Ford sent his check in the sum of one cent. And Huebener boasted ever since how he was the only man in the country who could beat Henry Ford in a business deal. "I found Mr. Ford a most human and friendly man," Huebener confided to a friend later; "but I honestly feel, way down in his heart he was amused to find something his money could not buy, even if at the time he was made to feel 'like one cent.'"

Huebener had the check photographed, then cashed it. Visitors to the Dearborn Museum look with curiosity upon the canceled check in the sum of "One Cent," bearing the personal signature of Henry Ford. The old Wayside Inn sign is there too, but it may some day find its way back to its old place at the Wayside Inn.

Let us consider whether we ought not to be more in the habit of seeking honor from our descendants than from our ancestors; thinking it better to be nobly remembered than nobly born; and striving to live, that our sons, and our son's sons, for ages to come, might still lead their children reverently to the doors out of which we had been carried to the grave, saying, "Look, this was his house, this was his chamber."—Ruskin

AN ENGLISH TOMMY'S HOPE

(Sunshine Magazine)

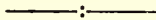
In a volume just off the press entitled, "And Beacons Burn Again," an English soldier, Henry Jesson, writes letters to an intimate friend in America, which express an interesting viewpoint concerning America's part in the present war. The soldier is serving with the Suffolk Regiment somewhere in England. Here is a quotation from one of the letters:

"With more and more people in England finding more and more reasons why the United States should come in and help us, I know with an ever greater conviction than ever that it would be truly and ultimately wrong if you did. If the United States came in too, then I might despair, for this ghastly slaughter has spread so quickly and mercilessly all over Europe that I keep saying, the greatest courage is still found for me in the sure knowledge that true, sane, peaceful living is still going on somewhere. Help us with materials, but beyond that go on living normally

and calmly with everyday ordinary living. Refuse yourselves the luxury of jitters. For all of you that is just as hard these days as fighting and killing is for us.

"Go on acting, writing, and learning. Go on looking at lovely buildings, appreciate calmly their beauty. Go on putting up new and beautiful buildings. Go on discovering how to conquer disease, and to prevent suffering, as well as building armaments; preserve and proceed with that culture we have all been building and creating for so many centuries.

"If you are not left in peace to do this, then indeed I will say that Hitler's rule of the jungle has triumphed over the best of our civilization! If you can guard the real and the good things for us, then, I say, we need not despair. I can sense the future that you will build—build higher and even higher toward the kind of a world you and I believe in."



A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner, neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse the faculties, and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager. The martyrs of ancient times, in bracing their minds to outward calamities, acquired a loftiness of purpose and a moral heroism worth a lifetime of softness and security.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Call A Messenger" was the title of the feature attraction at the regular weekly movie last Thursday night, and the comedy was "Snuffy's Party." Both are Universal productions.

—:—

Mrs. Betty Lee, matron at Cottage No. 2, who underwent an operation on her left knee at the Charlotte Sanatorium about two week ago, is reported as getting along nicely. During her absence, her daughter, Miss Lucy May Lee, is acting as cottage matron.

—:—

While hauling gravel one day this week, Clifford Lane, of Cottage No. 8, fell under a loaded wagon and sustained a compound fracture of a leg. He was immediately given first aid treatment at our infirmary and was then taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, where he will receive the best medical attention.

—:—

For some unknown reason, Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, who was scheduled to conduct the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday, failed to make his appearance. The boys assembled in the auditorium at the usual time, and after singing a number of their favorite hymns, they returned to the cottages.

—:—

We recently received a letter from Mr. Coy C. Harris, of Jonesville, who, several years ago, took one of our boys who could not be placed in his home county. The boy's name was Fred Dyson and Mr. Harris writes this

about him: "Fred certainly made a fine boy. He stayed with me almost three years. He now has a job in the Chatham Blanket Mill and is making good." Mr. Harris closed his letter by asking if we could let him have another boy.

—:—

In going about the campus recently we saw several groups of the smaller boys enthusiastically engaged in shooting marbles, while other were making use of some baseballs and gloves. In making this round, we also noticed some of the shubbery in bloom. These are usually sure signs of the coming of spring, but this year the old groundhog tradition would have us believe there are six more weeks of winter weather in store for us. Well, we shall see what we shall see. Despite the fact that the little old woodchuck failed to see his shadow last Sunday, we're hoping his prediction this year will be at least 100 per cent wrong.

—:—

In writing the School recently concerning another matter, Mr. Henry F. Henrichs, editor of "Sunshine Magazine", a fine little periodical, published at Litchfield, Illinois, comments on the work being carried on here, as follows:

"I am pleased to have the 'Record of Paroled Boys.' Certainly you are doing a grand work in the school, and I doubt not that 'The Uplift,' with its wholesome philosophy has a large share in inducing the boys to see the right way of life. You are building manhood—the finest business in the

world. Let me know if we can be of service to you at any time."

—:—

After the passing of Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Raleigh, recently, Mr. Joseph B. Cheshire, executor of the estate, writes that he found she had left the Training School five hundred dollars in cash; an equity in an annuity in the Equitable Life Insurance Society; and any residue of the estate, consisting of stocks, bonds, etc., after paying all indebtedness.

Mrs. Burgwyn was a loyal, true, enthusiastic friend of the Training School from its very beginning. It was largely through her efforts and influence that the first cottage, the chapel and the bridge spanning the highway were erected.

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One of our outside forces is working daily on the vineyard. Quite a number of years ago a number of grape vines were set out and for some time they failed to produce satisfactorily. A few years ago, Mr. John Carriker asked permission to take over and care for the vineyard, which

was gladly granted. Since that time we have had an abundance of the finest grapes grown in this section of the state. We are now enlarging this vineyard by planting some of the latest and most popular varieties of grapes, and hope to have an outstanding vineyard within a few years.

—:—

George May, formerly of Cottage No. 8, who left the School in July, 1938, spent a couple of days with friends here this week. Upon first returning to his home near Old Fort, George went to work on his father's farm. He later went to Springfield, Illinois, where he was employed in a restaurant for eighteen months. Coming back to the home farm, he helped carry on the work there until July 1, 1940, at which time he enlisted in the United States Army. He is now a member of Company F, 13th Infantry, and is stationed at Fort Jackson, S. C. George told us that he liked the army life very much, adding that the training received at the School had been a great help in enabling him to attain the rank of first class private.

—————:—————

PETITION

Let us thank thee, O Divine, for the days just as they come. Nor would we measure the sunshine against the storms as if to test Thy goodness by some petty form of bookkeeping. Thou president over all our days, and whatever may be the face of nature, we trust Thy love. Let us go forth today, not in critical mood, nor in despondent mood, but in the mood of high faith, anxious—not to test Thy providence, but ready to do our own part, taking care to hold our cup of blessing open-side up; so it shall receive the manna when it falls. Then shall each passing day be full of blessing.—George L. Perin.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL—JANUARY

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Charles Browning
 Everett Case
 Aldine Duggins
 Raymond Hughes
 Sidney Knighting
 Max Newsome
 Ernest Overcash
 Walter Sexton
 Carl Tyndall
 James Tyndall
 Torrence Ware
 Eldred Watts

—B—

David Cunningham
 George Gaddy
 Robert Hamm
 Durwood Martin
 Everett Morris
 James Roberson
 Hercules Rose
 Charles Widener

SECOND GRADE

—A—

John Bailey
 Charles Cole
 Velda Denning
 Charles Frye
 William Harding
 J. B. Howell
 Milton Koontz
 Alfred Lamb
 James Mondie
 Carl Ray
 James Ruff
 Emerson Sawyer

—B—

John Allison
 Cecil Ashley
 Elgin Atwood
 Kenneth Atwood
 Wesley Beaver
 William Dixon
 Jack Hamilton
 Leo Hamilton
 Jack Harward
 Leonard Jacobs
 Edward Kinion
 James Massey
 Lloyd Mullis

Marshall Pace
 Leonard Robinson
 Lewis Sawyer
 George Tolson
 Peter Tuttle

THIRD GRADE

—A—

William Broadwell
 William Gaddy
 Paul Godwin
 Eugene Puckett
 Calvin Tessneer

—B—

Paul Briggs
 Fred Jones
 Broadus Moore
 Loy Stines
 Carl Ward
 Wallace Woody

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Wilson Bailiff
 Kenneth Conklin
 George Green
 John Howard
 James Johnson
 Carl Moose
 Canipe Shoe
 Arlie Scism

—B—

Ralph Fisher
 Noah Ennis
 Bernice Hoke
 William Nelson
 Walker Warr
 J. R. Whitman

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Thomas Britt
 Mack Coggins
 Robert Davis
 John Fausnett
 Jack Hainey
 Woodrow Hager
 Jack Hodge
 Osper Howell
 Charles Hayes
 Ivey Lunsford

Frank May
George Newman
Robert Quick
J. C. Rinehardt
Robert Simpson
Carl Speer
Alex Weathers

—B—

William Deaton
Thomas King
Daniel Kilpatrick
Otis Kilpatrick
Clarence Mayton
Norvell Murphy
George Speers
Charles Tate
Newman Tate
Woodrow Wilson
Ervin Wolfe

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

John H. Averitte

Leonard Melton
James Quick
J. P. Sutton

—B—

Jennings Britt
Collett Cantor
A. C. Elmore
Henry Glover
Clarence McLemore
J. W. McRorrie
Hubert Walker
J. C. Wilson
Earl Wolfe

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Lewis Andrews

—B—

Odell Almond
Theodore Bowles

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 lonely,
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 look pleasant
If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to look kindly,
Although you feel worried and blue;
If you smile at the world and be cheerful,
The world will smile back at you.

So brace up and try to look pleasant,
No matter how low you are down;
Good humor is always contagious,
But we banish our friends when we frown.

—T. G. Parsons

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 2, 1941

(Note: The figure preceding boy's name indicates number of consecutive times he has been on the Honor Roll, and the figure following name shows total number of times on Roll since December 1, 1940.)

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (6) William Drye 8
- (3) Cecil Gray 8
Homer Head 8
- (10) Robert Maples 10
- (10) Frank May 10
- (2) Weaver F. Ruff 6
- (10) William Shannon 10
- (6) Kenneth Tipton 7
- (10) Weldon Warren 10
- (4) Basil Wetherington 4

COTTAGE NO. 1

- (2) William Blackmon 4
- (2) Albert Chunn 7
- (2) Charles Cole 3
John Davis
Eugene Edwards 6
Ralph Harris 4
- (2) Porter Holder 9
- (2) Burman Keller 7
- (2) Everett Watts 9

COTTAGE NO. 2

- Joseph Farlow 6
- Bernice Hoke 4
- (8) Edward Johnson 9
- (2) Robert Keith 5
- (6) Donald McFee 8
Peter Tuttle 4

COTTAGE NO. 3

- (7) John Bailey 8
Jerry Jenkins
- (2) William Matthewson 8
- (6) John Tolley 8
- (4) Louis Williams 9

COTTAGE NO. 4

- (3) Quentin Crittenton 6
Luther Coe 3
- (2) Aubrey Fargis 3
- (5) Noah J. Greene 7
- (10) Hugh Kennedy 10
- (2) J. W. Mc Rorrie 4
Robert Simpson 4
- (2) Thomas Yates 4

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (10) Theodore Bowles 10
- (8) Junior Bordeaux 8
- (3) Collett Cantor 7
A. C. Elmore 7
Charles Hayes 2
Ivey Lunsford 7
James Massey 7
Leonard Melton 5
Mack McQuaigue 8
Allen Morris 2
Currie Singletary 8
Fred Tolbert 5
- (10) Dewey Ware 10

COTTAGE NO. 6

- (4) Leo Hamilton 6
Leonard Jacobs 5
Edward Kinion 3

COTTAGE NO. 7

- Kenneth Atwood 4
- (5) Cleasper Beasley 9
Henry B. Butler 6
Donald Earnhardt 9
- (2) Richard Halker 5
- (9) Lyman Johnson 9
- (8) Carl Justice 8
- (3) Arnold McHone 9
- (6) Ernest Overcash 9
- (2) Edward Overby 4
Marshal Pace 6
Carl Ray 6
Loy Stines 6
- (9) Alex Weathers 9
- (5) Ervin Wolfe 6

COTTAGE NO. 8

- (2) Cecil Bennett 2
- (4) Jesse Cunningham 4
Frank Workman 5

COTTAGE NO. 9

- (10) David Cunningham 10
Eugene Dyson 2
George Gaddy 6
James Hale

- (3) Columbus Hamilton 3
Edgar M. Hedgepeth
- (10) Osper Howell 10
- (3) Grady Kelly 6
- (2) William Nelson 8
- (5) James Ruff 9
Lewis Sawyer 4
- (3) Robert Tidwell 3
Horace Williams 4

COTTAGE NO. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

- William Bennett 8
- (10) John Benson 10
Harold Bryson 8
- (2) William Dixon 8
- (3) William Furches 9
- (10) Robert Goldsmith 10
- (4) Earl Hildreth 9
- (2) Broadus Moore 7
- (3) Monroe Searcy 6
Samuel Stewart 3
James Tyndall 8

COTTAGE NO. 12

- (8) Odell Almond 8
- (8) Eugene Heaffner 8
- (8) Tillman Lyles 8
- (8) Clarence Mayton 8
- (10) Howard Sanders 10
- (7) Charles Simpson 9
- (10) Robah Sink 10
- (10) Norman Smith 10
- (4) Carl Tyndall 6
- (5) J. R. Whitman 8

COTTAGE NO. 13

- James Brewer 7
- (4) Charles Gaddy 4
- (10) Vincent Hawes 10
James Lane 6
- (2) Douglas Mabry 8
- (2) Jack Mathis 6
Jordan McIver

COTTAGE NO. 14

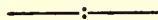
- Raymond Andrews 9
- (2) John Baker 9
- (10) Edward Carter 10
- (8) Mack Coggins 9
- (10) Robert Deyton 10
- (10) Audie Farthing 10
- (4) Troy Gilland 8
- (2) Henry Glover 7
- (2) John Hamm 8
Marvin King 5
Feldman Lane 7
- (4) Norvel Murphy 7
- (2) John Robbins 8
Charles Steepleton 8
- (3) Jack West 6

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (6) Jennings Britt 6
Ray Bayne 3
Wade Cline 3
Robert Chamberlain 2
- (2) Aldine Duggins 3
Paul Deal 2
- (2) Beamon Heath 7
Jack Hodge 2
John Howard 3
Dallas Holder 2
Hardy Lanier 2
Claude Moose 2.
Paul Morris
Clarence McLemore 2
Marvin Pennell
- (2) Floyd Puckett 3
Brown Stanley 3
- (4) J. P. Sutton 8
George Warren 2
David Williams 2
Alton Williams 2
- (2) Bennie Wilhelm 5

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)



The men whom I have seen succeed best in life always have been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with smiles on their faces and took the chances and changes of their mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came; and so found the truth of the old proverb, that good times and bad times and all times pass over.

—Charles Kingsley.



FEB 17 1941

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 15, 1941

NO. 7

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

GEORGE WASHINGTON

For this chill season now again
Brings, on its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

—William Cullen Bryant.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

WASHINGTON

Washington is indeed first in the hearts of his countrymen. Washington has no detractors. There may come a time when another will take his place in the affections of the people, but that time is not yet ripe. Lincoln stood between men that now live and the prize they coveted; thousands will tread the earth whom he benefitted, and neither class can forgive, for they are of clay. But all those who lived when Washington lived are gone; no one survives; even the last body servant, who confused memory with hearsay, has departed babbling to his rest.

We know all of Washington we will ever know; there are no more documents to present, no partisan witnesses to examine, no prejudices to remove. His purity of purpose stands unimpeached; his steadfast earnestness and sterling honesty are our priceless examples. We love the man. We call him Father.—Elbert Hubbard.

TRUTH

As great a statesman as was George Washington, the tale of the famous cherry tree seems to be the foremost reminder of his existence. This incident serves in many a classroom, as a moral lesson for youth, impressing upon them the value of truth. So does outstanding statesmanship, stewardship and keen legislation give way to a cherry tree, an axe and a child whose truthfulness made a moment in history.

Should we deal with the subject of truth as if it was a rare qualification in the make-up of a man? The sense of truthfulness is dominant in the character of the average man. A sense of fairness leads one in this faith. Square shooting you may call it, fair business practice industry may label it, fidelity says the moralist, honesty quotes the proverb, conscience lectures the pulpit, but however you name it, the foundation is TRUTH.

There is always a discussion of just how far one can carry truth and lose friends and injure people! There is a stage when the art of diplomacy enters the picture. To be entirely candid means a troubled house and the argument for a little white lie is used as a stop-gap for hurts and disfavor. There is a way of managing to speak truthfully with consideration for another's feelings. There is a certainty that George Washington could not have cut the figure he did in politics without the clever manipulation of diplomacy and the ability to handle a situation strategically. We are of the opinion that it was also necessary for the statesman Washington to use his axe at various times during his administration!

* * * * *

FOUNDER OF BOY SCOUTS

A kindly Christian old man who loved boys has passed to his reward. The death of Lord Baden-Powell removes from this world one of its most beneficent characters. He rose to fame as a soldier. His heroic defense of Mafeking through 218 days of deadly siege in the Boer War rescued the disintegrating morale of the British Empire due to the failures of generals who underestimated the qualities of the Boer. It was in the siege of Mafeking that Baden-Powell made the first use of boys. They were employed as water and ammunition carriers, as actual scouts on the veldt surrounding the city, as aids to hospital units, and in many other ways, relieving the hard-pressed defenders who were reduced to mere shadows of themselves by long hours in defense positions and by short rations of food.

After the war, B-P, as Baden-Powell was affectionately known, did not forget his experience with boys. When he had completed his task of organizing the South African Constabulary, he founded the organization of Boy Scouts by camping with twenty-five boys on Brownslea Island, England, in 1908. With the co-operation of his sister, Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, he established the Girl Guides in 1910. Both of these efforts caught the imagination of the youth of the world in subsequent years, until today there is not a civilized country that does not have these organizations or their equivalents.

It was never Baden-Powell's idea that Boy Scouts should ever

be a junior military organization. His objectives were the inculcation of mental, moral, and physical ideals into boys. While in no sense sectarian, the movement inspired by him encouraged spiritual faith and reverence toward God as a necessary factor in the building of strong characters in boys.

Baden-Powell became a soldier as a result of a youthful prank. He was educated at Charterhouse and intended to go on to Oxford. In a playful mood, he entered army examinations, came through successfully, and found himself commissioned with the Thirteenth Hussars, one of England's crack cavalry regiments. His father was an ordained minister and professor at Oxford. B-P spent much of his life on Britain's empire frontiers.—The Watchman-Examiner.

* * * * *

MRS. W. H. S. BURGWYN

In the early history of the Stonewall Jackson Training School there was not a person in the state more deeply interested in the progress and development of the institution for the underprivileged boy than Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn. As leader of the North Carolina Branch of King's Daughters for twenty-five years, she not only talked and worked for this institution, but inspired every member of the order to give of their time and means, so that the forgotten boy might be snatched from the scrap-heap of humanity and be transformed into a courageous and upright citizen.

For twenty-five years, Mrs. Burgwyn held the honored position of president of the North Carolina Branch of King's Daughters, and her command was "follow me." From the date the charter was granted for the establishment of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, and prior thereto, she marshalled her co-workers to the front to make possible a home for the underprivileged boy. With an understanding heart Governor R. B. Glenn recognized in her the nobility of true womanhood and named her as one of the trustees of the school, where, with others, she gave an untiring service until ill health forced her to cease her activities.

During her administration as state president of the King's Daughters, the order built the King's Daughter's Cottage, the Memorial Bridge, the stone Chapel, a memorial to Mrs. Burgwyn,

who loved the work with an intensity that far exceeded her physical reserve. Her life was filled with the desire to render a service, especially to the youth of the state who need to be shown the way of right living, physically, mentally and spiritually. Therefore, from Samarcand, the state's home for the underprivileged girl, she heard of the need for a chapel. The erection of this building was another unit of service for the cause of humanity, inspired by Mrs. Burgwyn, who realized the joy of witnessing the dedicatory exercises.

Her will revealed a sweet story of interest and loyalty to the cause—the welfare of the forgotten boy—by leaving to the School, cash, stocks and bonds to the amount of more than a thousand dollars. It is not the amount given for social needs that inspires one to do the finer things, but the generous spirit of this noble woman. Having the combined elements of a fine mind and a generous spirit, she never failed to meet all emergencies with a courage that reflected her innate ideals of the old-time Southern womanhood. The one word that tells the story of her life is SERVICE.

* * * * *

THE CLARA HARRIS P. T. A.

The Parent-Teachers' Association of the Clara Harris School, Concord, is considering the most essential things first, according to the following article by Mary Passage in a recent issue of the Concord Daily Tribune. The goal of this fine assembly of mothers is looking after the proper diet of the child, which means a sound mind within a sound body. Congratulations parents. Read:

Fifty bright faces peered eagerly into the new cafeteria at the Clara Harris school yesterday at 12:15 when the lunch room was opened for the first time. Mrs. Guy C. Miller, county superintendent of lunchroom projects, assisted by a cook and a number of interested parents had prepared a delicious and wholesome lunch for the children.

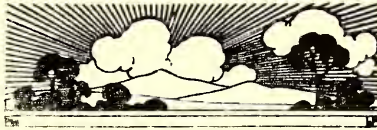
Complete kitchen equipment and an attractively furnished lunchroom make an inviting place for the youngsters to eat. Ivy and small potted plants are used to make the room more attractive. On the the first day 60 lunches were served, several of them going to indigent children.

Mrs. Walter Curran, president of the Clara Harris P. T. A., along with Mrs. W. T. Airheart and Mrs. W. C. McGee planned menus for the rest of the week. The cafeteria is a project of the Parent-Teacher association and the WPA, and plans are already being discussed to secure more modern equipment for the kitchen.

To give the parents an idea of the type of meals that will be served in the cafeteria the committee prepared the following for the rest of the week: Tuesday, smoked bacon with lima beans, cornbread muffins, cole slaw, hot biscuits, and stewed peaches; Wednesday, potato salad, meat balls, grapefruit juice, apple sauce and biscuits; Thursday, deviled egg salad, carrots and black eyed peas with bacon, hot biscuits and raisin custard, and hot chocolate; Friday, fish balls, spaghetti, cabbage salad, sponge cake with lemon sauce and hot chocolate..

These lunches are being sold to the children for ten cents a day.

This is the third PTA-WPA dining room opened in Concord schools, the others being at Long and Central Primary.



MOUNT VERNON MEMORIES

By Jasper B. Sinclair

Like a page from the past, a two-storied colonial house stands on the brow of a hill overlooking the broad sweep of the Potomac River. A stately old house that stands on the river's west bank just a few miles downstream from the nation's capitol.

In the ever-lengthening span of American years the Potomac has looked upon some stirring scenes and events as it flowed its seaward way. Here has passed a veritable cavalcade of history—of events, scenes and personage that played their part in the making of America.

But in all the years of its Atlantic journey this old river looks upon no more inspiring scenes than stately Mount Vernon.

If you can approach Mount Vernon with anything less than a feeling of reverence and a deep sense of loyalty then you are not genuinely American. For this is one of our most cherished of patriotic shrines—for better than half a century the home of George Washington.

Mount Vernon awakens memories of the past and quickens the pulse of all who step across its threshold. Within are mementoes of both George and Martha Washington on every hand; reminders that the Father of this Country once lived in these very rooms and walked along these self-same halls. You are made increasingly aware of that fact the longer you stay within the four walls of Mount Vernon, and the more you inspect the relics of its distinguished occupant.

George Washington was not born

here, of course, though a surprisingly large number of Mount Vernon's visitors think it is his birthplace. George was just three years old when his parents moved to Mount Vernon, then known as Hunting Creek. In 1739 the original dwelling was destroyed by fire.

The present historic house was built in 1743 by Lawrence, half-brother of George Washington. A few years later it was inherited by Washington himself, and remained his home for a little more than half a century. There he passed to his eternal rest and there, on the slope of the hill that overlooks the waters of the Potomac, the Father of his Country was buried in the simple dignity that he would have wished.

When George Washington went to Mount Vernon, the house consisted of two stories and an attic, with four rooms on each floor. At the time of his marriage to Martha Custis the house was enlarged, and later remodeled as it is seen today.

The estate of Mount Vernon once contained 8,000 acres and stretched ten miles along the banks of the Potomac. It was named, as any reader of history can tell you, after Admiral Vernon, the British naval commander under whom Lawrence Washington once served.

The present area of the historic estate is only about 470 acres. It belongs, not to the government as might be expected, but to the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union. Thanks to the members of this organization the house itself has

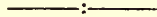
been kept in good repair; and the grounds have from time to time been enlarged by the acquisition of different portions of the original estate.

Memories quicken and crown rapidly one upon the other in your Mount Vernon pilgrimage. Memories that encompass a lifetime spent in the service of America, without question, without complaint.

Perhaps the brightest of all the memories that leap to mind is a scene many miles distant from the peaceful vistas of Mount Vernon. It is the

figure of a man, kneeling in the snows of Valley Forge beside his ragged Continentals, praying for divine guidance that his America might travel the road to independence and human liberty.

That memory, familiar though it is to everyone, is one of the most priceless heritages in American liberty. That memory, more than any other, reveals the utter simplicity and humbleness of soul of the man who once called Mount Vernon home.



LIFE'S HIGHWAY

As I journey along the highway of life
 I see many joys, and much of its strife,
 I see selfish people, unselfish ones, too,
 In which class am I, in which class are you?
 Am I doing something to wipe out the strife
 As I journey along the highway of life?

As you journey along the highway of life
 Do you look for its joys, forget all the strife?
 Hear the song of the birds, as it flutters on high
 Forgetting the clouds, see the blue of the sky?
 Just what you put in, you will get—joy or strife
 As you journey along the highway of life.

Only once we journey this highway of life
 So let's help to blot out and end all its strife
 Have a song in our hearts and much joy within
 Make happy our friends, as well as our kin,
 Then all will be joyous, we'll end all strife
 As together we journey the highway of life.

—Mary C. Scott

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S HOME

(Selected)

George Washington was born February 22, 1732, in Virginia. The house where he was born no longer stands and only a few trees and flowers show where the garden was. The place is called Wakefield and some people visit it just to see the grounds but most people go to Mount Vernon where Washington lived when a man. This property is now owned and cared for by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, an organization of patriotic women throughout the United States through whose efforts this shrine has been preserved for future generations of Americans.

There are many acres of beautiful land covered with huge forest trees belonging to the estate of Mount Vernon. The house stands upon a sloping hill overlooking the broad Potomac River. It is typically a southern mansion of the olden times. The well kept lawns are densely shaded and the gardens are gay and beautiful with blooming plants and flowers. The box hedges are those planted there by Martha Washington and great care is taken to preserve them.

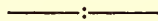
Inside the house one sees articles of furniture, gifts and mementoes of all kinds. These were collected by The Mount Vernon Association when it purchased the property. The bed

on which Washington died is in the room he once occupied. While in the attic one is shown the little room where Mrs. Washington stayed after his death. She selected this room because from its window she could look out on the tomb of her husband.

Among the many relics found at Mount Vernon is the key to the Bastille which was given to George Washington by LaFayette.

The old time piano or harpsichord that Washington gave his step-daughter is in one drawing room, and everywhere one turns one sees old and interesting things.

After passing the detached kitchen and the carriage house which still contains the stage coach in which George and Martha Washington rode, one comes to the tomb where Washington and his wife are buried. It is a scared and hallowed spot for all Americans, and most foreign visitors to our country make a pilgrimage there. It is a simple tomb built of brick and covered with ivy. Near its entrance there usually stands an old colored man whose white hair and stately manners are typical of the old time Virginia servant who served General and Mrs. Washington when they lived at Mount Vernon so long ago.



A right act strikes a chord that extends through the whole universe, touches all moral intelligence, visits every world, vibrates along its whole extent, and conveys its vibrations to the very bosom of God.—Binney.

SHE HONORED GEORGE WASHINGTON

By Earle W. Gage in Young Folks

Few people in this day know the interesting story of how the American people came to celebrate Washington's Birthday. For many years after the Father of His Country passed away, no attention was paid to his birthday. It remained for an American society woman—one of the wealthiest, handsomest, most vivacious and popular of her time, Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, of Boston, to originate the idea of a national observance of Washington's Birthday. It was she who also helped to save historic Mount Vernon, the home of the nation's first President from being sold for building lots.

Mrs. Otis was known and loved not only in America, but the fame of her good deeds spread to Europe. When she visited the flagship of a squadron from a foreign navy in Boston Harbor, salutes were fired and sailors manned the yards, Mrs. Otis receiving all the honors paid to high dignitaries.

During the Civil War she was the friend of the soldiers and sailors of the Federal forces. Her benefactions that lasted from the beginning to the end of the struggle gained for her the affectionate title "Queen of the Army and Navy."

Wealthy in her own right, widowed at thirty, and the mother of five children, almost until she passed away at the age of fourscore, Mrs. Otis was a leader of society and patriotic functions. After the death of her husband she lived in the mansion at 41 Mount Vernon Street, in Boston, which is still preserved, noted for its associations and because it

was there that she began the observances of Washington's Birthday that ended in its becoming a national holiday.

For it was here that Mrs. Otis, early in the last century, decided that the American people should pay attention each year to the birthday of their illustrious leader. She decided to commemorate the first twenty-second of February that came around after the occupancy of her new home by holding a public reception. She explained that she felt that the Father of His Country should have this day set apart in honor of his memory, and announced that so long as she lived thus publicly would she observe the anniversary of his birth. She expressed the hope that this custom might spread and be made perpetual.

Mrs. Otis was at the time the acknowledged social queen of Boston, and the exclusive set of the city was somewhat scandalized at the idea of her throwing open her doors for the day, once a year, to any who might feel disposed to call upon her. There was a storm of bitter criticism, but the prestige of her position was so unassailable that none dared to remonstrate with her openly, and it remained a nine days' wonder at that period, in 1842. Washington had then been dead less than fifty years, and although there were many who remembered and had known him personally, Mrs. Otis was among the first to recognize **the greatness of** his personality in its historic perspective.

The morning of that February 22, when Washington's Birthday was first publicly observed, the news spread all over Boston that Mrs. Otis' house was elaborately decorated with bunting and flags, and the crowds flocked to see it. Little by little the humbler folk got up courage enough to pass the great portals. Once within, the visitors passed through the great hall and into the spacious drawing rooms. There they were met by Mrs. Otis, gowned magnificently in a dress of royal purple velvet, wearing her finest jewels.

As the throng approached her she gave each a courteous welcome with a word regarding the day she wished to commemorate and of the true great-ness of character of their first President. The house within was tastefully decorated with flowers in abundance, and all were amazed at the orderliness maintained. From noon to midnight the people came and went.

Refreshments were served on the same bounteous scale as everything else, and all went away praising Mrs. Otis and commending her idea. Even those of her own social set were present, confiding in one another that they had been moved by curiosity, but they finished by becoming quite as enthusiastic over the inauguration of the new custom as their hostess could have wished, and in all it is estimated that about four thousand person attended the first Washington's Birthday reception.

Due to her high position socially, it was not surprising that officers of the commonwealth and city began to follow her lead in holding informal receptions on Washington's Birthday. But these occupied second place for

many years to those held by Mrs. Otis. Even after the State of Massachusetts decreed that the twenty-second of February should be observed as a legal holiday, the people recalled that it was Mrs. Otis who had brought it about. The military spirit was strong in Boston, and the people celebrated the day by great parades of soldiers and civic bodies. When passing through Mount Vernon Street these were reviewed by Mrs. Otis, and as each company came abreast of where she stood on the balcony of her home the colors would be dipped, sword and musket brought to salute, the bands would burst into their most stirring music, and the handsome lady looked down upon it all smiles and bowed happily at the voluntary honors bestowed.

After Massachusetts established Washington's Birthday as a legal holiday, state after state was influenced to follow its lead, until now it is observed from one end of the country to the other.

When Mrs. Otis was quite aged, and past the time when people thought a person should take a prominent position in life, she organized the Women's Mount Vernon Association, and by unwearied effort raised nearly enough money to purchase for preservation to posterity the famous shrine. The fund lacked ten thousand dollars of being ample, and everyone was becoming weary of their task. Mrs. Otis gave a magnificent party, which is still considered an outstanding mark in Boston's social life, and raised the money. Americans can thank this lady for making February 22 a national holiday, and for saving Mount Vernon to posterity.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

(The Ohio Mason)

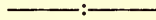
(The following tribute, written by an Englishman and pronounced by many to be the most scholarly contribution to the life of our benefactor, hangs in the anteroom of Alexandria-Washington Lodge No. 22, F. & A. M., Alexandria, Virginia.)

This great and good man died at his seat in the State of Virginia on the fourteenth day of December, 1799, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, after an illness of only four and twenty hours. This illustrious general and politician was characterized by such rare endowments and such fortunate temperament, that every action of life was equally exempted from vice and from weakness. The powers of his mind, and the disposition of his heart, were admirably suited to each other. It was the union of the most consummate prudence with the most perfect moderation. His views, though large and liberal, were never extravagant. His virtue, though comprehensive and beneficent, were discriminating, judicious and practical. His character had nothing in it to dazzle by wildness and surprise by eccentricity; it was of a higher order of moral beauty; it included everything great and elevated, had no false and tinsel ornaments, and was incapable of change from the varying accidents of manners, of opinions and times. General Washington, placed in circumstances of the most trying difficulty at the commencement of the American contest accepted that situation which was preeminent in danger and responsibility. His perseverance overcame every obstacle; his moderation conciliated every op-

position; his genius supplied every resource; his enlarged view could plan, revise, and improve every branch of civil and military operation; he had the superior courage which can act or forebear to act, as true policy dictates, careless of the reproach of ignorance. He knew how to conquer by waiting, in spite of obloquy, for the moment of victory; and he merited true praise by despising undeserved censure. His prudent firmness in the most arduous moments of the great struggle proved the salvation of the cause which he supported. His conduct was on all occasions guided by the most pure disinterestedness. He even acted as if his country's welfare, and that alone, was the moving spring. He performed great actions, he persevered in a course of laborious utility with an equanimity that neither sought distinction nor was flattered by it. His reward was in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and in the success of his patriotic efforts. As his elevation to the chief power was the unbiased choice of his countrymen, his exercise of it was agreeable to the purity of its origin. His prudent administration consolidated and enlarged the dominions of an infant Republic. Voluntarily resigning the magistracy, which he had filled with such distinguished honor, he enjoyed the unequalled satisfaction of leaving to the State he had contributed to establish the fruits of his wisdom and the example of his virtues. It is some consolation, amid so many instances of violent ambition, and the criminal thirst for power,

to find a character whom it is honorable to admire and virtuous to imitate. A Conqueror for the Freedom of his Country! A Legislator, for its security! A Magistrate, for its happiness! His glories were never sullied by those excesses into which the highest qualities are apt to degenerate. With the greatest of virtues he

was exempt from their corresponding vices. His fame, bounded by no country, will be confined to no age. The character of General Washington will be transmitted to posterity, and patriotism and virtue are held the memory of his virtues, while sacred among men, will remain undiminished.



THE PATRIOT

Who is the patriot? He who lights
The torch of war from hill to hill?
Or he who kindles on the heights
The beacon of a world's good will?

Who is the patriot? He who sends
A boastful challenge o'er the sea?
Or he who sows the earth with friends,
And reaps world-wide fraternity?

Who is the patriot? It is he
Who knows no boundary, race or creed,
Whose nation is humanity,
Whose countrymen, all souls that need.

Whose first allegiance is vowed
To the fair land that gave him birth,
Yet serves among the doubting crowd
The broader interests of the earth.

The soil that bred the pioneers
He loves and guards, yet loves the more,
That larger land without frontiers,
Those wider seas without a shore.

Who is the patriot? Only he
Whose business is the general good.
Whose keenest sword is sympathy,
Whose dearest flag is brotherhood.

—Frederick Lawrence Knowles.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S JUSTICE

(Selected)

One morning General Washington was riding along the road near his camp and he passed a log cabin. He saw a poor woman sitting on the steps crying, so he stopped and asked what was the matter. She told him that some soldiers from the American army had been there the night before and robbed her of almost everything in the garden. She said that both her sons were in the king's army and her husband was sick in bed; so she had no one to help her. Then she talked against Washington. She blamed him for all of her troubles; but she did not know that she was talking to him. Washington felt very sorry for her and gave her some money. He told her that he would report the soldiers and he was sure they would repay her for what they took. She thought he was a big-hearted man. When Washington returned to the camp, he found out who the soldiers were that robbed her garden. They did not think it would mean so much loss to the poor woman and when Washington told them

they must pay her, they were willing to do it and in the evening a jolly crowd of young soldiers visited her cabin. They told her how sorry they were. They liked raw turnips and other vegetables and only wanted to have a little fun. They gave her a great deal more money than the vegetables were worth and made her happy. They told her how just General Washington was and the soldiers all loved and honored him. Then she found out that the officer who stopped and talked to her was General Washington himself and she had a very different idea of him. The next day she went to the camp and thanked him for his kindness again. She said she knew that he was trying to help our country to win freedom.

When her sons came home on a visit, she told them about General Washington. They were beginning to feel differently about the war and soon joined Washington's army. In after years she told the story with pride.

Advice and reprehension require the utmost delicacy; painful truths should be delivered in the softest terms, and expressed no farther than is necessary to produce their due effect. A courteous man will mix what is conciliating with what is offensive; praise with censure; deference and respect with the authority of admonition, so far as can be done with probity and honor. The mind revolts against all censorian power which displays pride or pleasure in finding fault; but advice, divested of the harshness, and yet retaining the honest warmth of truth, is like honey put around the brim of a vessel full of wormwood. Even this, however, is sometimes insufficient to conceal the bitterness of the draught.—Percival.

A FAMOUS MILLER

Talks: Columbia Broadcasting System

One morning many years ago, the docks at the British West Indian port of Kingston, Jamaica, were piled high with merchandise. Three vessels had arrived that morning from the American Colonies. Boxes and barrels were being weighed, opened, and inspected. If their contents were according to specifications, the official stamp was placed on them. Otherwise, they were shoved to one side to be disposed of later.

The newly appointed Governor of the island was making a tour of the docks. At length he and his attendants came upon a number of barrels that seemed to be of a sturdier make than the others. An inspector glanced quickly at the markings and, without hesitation, placed his official stamp on the barrels. The Governor was surprised at this apparent dereliction.

"Look here inspector!" he exclaimed. "You have approved these barrels without making the slightest effort to inspect their contents. Why have

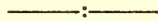
you passed them by with such scant attention?"

The inspector looked at the Governor in surprise. "Your Excellency has not looked at the marks on them," he said.

Examining the tops of the barrels closely, the Governor read these words: "George Washington, Mount Vernon."

"Oh, I remember now," he said. "Yes, in England I was told that the flour manufactured by George Washington at Mount Vernon was of such an unvarying high quality that it always was passed in our West Indian ports without inspection."

It is recorded that of the many accomplishments of George Washington, none afforded him greater personal pride than his success as a miller, and the recognition for superior quality everywhere accorded the flour which he ground in his grist mill at Mount Vernon.



CAN YOU SING A SONG?

"Can you sing a song to greet the sun,
Can you cheerily tackle the work to be done,
Can you vision it finished when only begun,
Can you sing a song?"

"Can you sing a song when the day's half through,
When even the thought of the rest wearies you,
With so little done and so much to do,
Can you sing a song?"

"Can you sing a song at the close of the day,
When weary and tired, the work's put away,
With the joy that it's done the best of the pay,
Can you sing a song?"

MAKING A MAN OF WASHINGTON

By Cora S. Cocks

Irma Leland halted abruptly at the door of the dormitory room, her round blue eyes staring at the disorder within.

"Anne Bradly, what *is* the meaning of this—this mess?" she demanded. "Why aren't you ready for the rally?"

Smiling brown eyes looked up at her as Anne tossed back a vagrant lock of dark hair. "No time for rallies," she smiled, indicating the piles of papers, magazines and books surrounding her on every side. "My paper for the Loyce Memorial Contest," she announced with a wave. "I must win it."

"But you finished your paper two weeks ago; it's practically due. Just fancy the efficient Anne rushing through an important piece of work in a week. Irma jibed. "I haven't been that bad an influence. Something more is in this than greets the eye. Confess!"

"I did finish one paper," Anne admitted. "You know we were all assigned the same subject this year; and mine was just another resume of the accepted information on 'The Father of Our Country.' But the winning paper will have to be better than that, and I want to write the winning paper. So," she folded her arms and made her announcement: "I'm making a man of Washington."

"You're *what*?"

"Sit down and I'll explain." Anne laid down her pen, rubbed a smudge of ink across her forehead, tossed back the unruly lock of hair. Irma deposited a pile of books on the cluttered

floor and sat on the narrow bed.

"Don't you think of Washington as a tradition, as a marble bust rather than a flesh and blood person?" Anne began.

"Sort of: 'I cannot tell a lie' personified," Irma nodded.

"Well, I'm humanizing him so the boys and girls of the future will think of him as a person, as real as Babe Ruth—or Doug Corrigan. I'm taking him out of the class of Santa Claus."

"You aren't going in for the contemptible pastime of exhuming respectable reputations to throw mud at them?" Irma demanded.

"No thank you," Anne denied quickly. "But Washington was a kindly man, generous, energetic, likable and full of the joy of living. He was a regular fellow, and boys and girls could like him as well as honoring him if they knew that side of his nature."

Irma smiled at her enthusiasm. "I'm going to write as if I were a girl on Washington's plantation. I'm starting with the story of the time George and Martha were to give a party for Lafayette, their guest. Martha was fretting about the shabbiness of the wallpaper in one room. It was too late to send for workmen; so George and the Marquis doffed their powdered wigs and papered it to her liking."

"Sounds like a good idea," Irma admitted, "but a lot of work. You have the prize as good as won already. Edna Evans is the only one who might be a threat, and an English major always wins the Memorial."

"Not necessarily, although Professor Marion will be disappointed if one doesn't. But Edna is working for a master's degree, you know, and she has studied original manuscripts in her history work. She's a pains-taking worker. I want to win mostly for mother's sake."

Irma's vivid face sobered. "Your mother will be proud of you," she said sadly.

Anne's thoughts went back to Irma's first day at Brentwood. The dean had asked Anne to be "big sister" to the freshman girl. "I am asking you," Dean Steele had said, "because of a peculiar need. Miss Leland's mother—er—left her when she was only six. A devoted father has tried to compensate by lavish indulgences. The child has had little discipline, but she shows admirable qualities, and with sympathetic guidance will develop into a woman worthy of our standards, and her father's hopes. Please be a very good friend to her."

Anne had quickly learned to love the impulsive, affectionate girl like a sister. She moved over and put her arm about Irma.

"Jobs, are scarce this year, and the only school I have in view so far is on the desert. Mother won't be able to stand to live there with me, but I do want to find some way for us to be together at Christmas time. It will be expensive keeping two establishments, and mother has given up everything to keep me in school since father died. I hate to think of her being alone again next year, but at least if I can get this extra money, I can have her with me part of the time when it gets cooler."

"Bert will be disappointed if you

don't come to the rally," Irma teased. "But I'll make the alibi good and strong."

"He won't miss me," Anne denied, but a flush crept over her face at thought of the young graduate coach who was doing graduate work in Brentwood and who occupied most of her day dreams. "I have so much to do," she sighed. "I'll have to go over most of the material I've already covered. I'm going to the city to-morrow to the library; so I can spend all next week writing. But run along and have a good time, and remember, I'm trusting you to be in on time."

"I know I've had my last warning," Irma admitted. "And I'll watch the clock closer than Cinderella. Poor daddy won't be disappointed in me again if I can help it." She paused as she started out the door. "Have faith in me, Anne. I'll graduate from Brentwood, if not with honors, at least without loss of any." With a grin she was gone and Anne returned to her work.

Anne worked with such concentration that she was scarcely aware of the noise about the big dormitory as the girls came trooping in to their rooms at ten. After the huge building had been quiet for some time, she was suddenly distracted by a stealthy noise. She listened but could hear nothing further and dismissed it with a shrug, deciding that she had been working too long and was nervous.

She left for the city the next morning on the early train and worked steadily all day. When she found a note on the dresser upon her return asking her to see the dean, she attributed the dread that came over her to her weariness. Surely it could

be nothing of great importance, she argued with herself.

But the gravity of Miss Steele belied her hopes. "Some girl was seen entering Elliott Hall at eleven o'clock last night, Miss Bradley," she began at once. Anne started. That noise she had heard; it might have been a door closing. It must have been near her room. And Irma hadn't come in to say good-night to her. Of course, she knew Anne was working—

"You studied late last evening; you weren't by any chance down on the ground floor?" Miss Steele watched her closely. Evidently she, too, had her suspicions but she did not wish to put Anne into a difficult situation without time to make a decision. Anne's thoughts whirled in a crazy circle. Irma was such a heedless little thing. She was ordinarily honest about her escapades, but she realized that one more infraction of rules would mean her suspension and another worry for her father. She had promised Anne seriously that she would be in on time; had told Anne to have faith in her.

"I know how much this means to you," Miss Steele said slowly. "I realize you have worked hard on your contest entry; but we feel we must take some drastic action to stop infractions of our rules before anything more serious develops. So unless the guilty girl confesses, no resident of Elliott Hall will be allowed to participate in any extra-curricular activity this semester."

Anne paled as the full import of the decision impressed itself upon her. She would not be able to enter her paper in the contest.

"What about the proctor's book?"

she demanded. Doesn't it show who didn't sign in last night?"

Miss Steele shook her head. "Several of the girls who failed to sign have furnished proof they were in on time. And we find a few of them have followed the practice of signing in before they leave—so they won't forget. I hope the girl will feel her responsibility and admit her culpability in time—or that anyone having knowledge of her identity will give me the information."

Anne's mind was in turmoil all evening. She was glad Irma was out so she would not have to face her. She did not want to ask Irma outright what time she had come in the evening before. She was ashamed of her suspicion; she knew an unjust accusation would have a serious effect on the trust and understanding between her and the high-spirited girl for whom she felt a responsibility. She thought of kindly Mr. Leland, of the effect dismissal would have on Irma's future.

Then her thoughts returned to her paper, to the work she had done on it, to what it meant to her and to her mother. Irma had no right to jeopardize her chance to win the Memorial! In quick and contrite honesty she admitted to herself that it wouldn't be like the generous, impulsive girl to sacrifice her friend's welfare to her own security. But her mind kept coming back to that noise, to the fact that Irma had not come in to see her. She made up her mind to avoid her friend. If Irma were guilty, she must make her own decision about confessing. Anne had enough on her mind. Tired, disappointed, apprehensive, she tossed aside

her work and went to bed early. No use now to work on her big idea.

The next afternoon Annie saw Irma getting out of a flashy roadster just outside the school gates. She had been out with Speed Wills again, and she knew the dean's office frowned on any association with the manager of the town dance hall. Anne knew she should speak to Irma, try to reason with her; but she was too hurt to bring herself to do it. Irma had apparently made her choice; she was going to pursue her own care-free way no matter who was hurt by it. She rushed up to her room and locked her door, and spent a miserable evening alone.

Monday evening she talked to Bert at basketball practice. Briefly she told him what had happened. "If your text was going to make high school boys eager to follow Washington's example, I'm sorry you gave it up. They could do with a bit of the stuff he was made of."

Anne looked at him curiously. She knew his team had not had a very successful season, but it was unlike him to be bitter. "Do I detect a sour note?" she asked.

Bert went on, ignoring the question "George took on a hard job and he did it well, but he didn't have any press agent selling the people on what a hard time he was having at Valley Forge and what a genius he was for winning his battles; he didn't get any public buildup or ballyhoo. He had his loyalties and that's all he needed to keep him plugging along. Loyalties seem to be out of date."

"Why so intense?" Anne demanded.

"We've had a bad season, but we had prospects of building a winning

team for next year around Stevens and Wade, two star frosh who are coming up—or were. I talked with them today. They have had a good offer from a big school in the East."

"And they're leaving?"

Bert nodded. His lips were held in a hard line." I talked to them for an hour. After all, their fathers have businesses in this town; they depend on the college for a lot of their trade. It is to their own advantage to build up the school; they owe their loyalties to it. I told them a small school has advantage over a large one; Brentwood stands for ideals, for service; it has the best of instructors. They should identify themselves with the school. But it's a second rate team, and they won't get anywhere playing on it. I guess the Continental Army was second rate, too, when Washington led it!" He shrugged: "I guess we can't blame them; it's a materialistic age, and all the boys ask: 'What do I get out of it?' But as I said, they could do with a few of Washington's ideals."

On the way to her room Anne discovered that her sympathy with Bert and his disappointment and her indignation with the two freshmen was giving way to a new thought in her honest mind. She was blaming the boys for not living up to the ideals that Brentwood had tried to instill in them; for lacking in loyalty in asking personal reward for giving their abilities. Bert had had faith in them; they weren't justifying that faith. She, too, had been a part of Brentwood—but for a much longer time. She owed it loyalty. Professor Marion had faith in her. Shamefacedly she had to admit that she was giving up

a task that was only distasteful to her because she was not to get something out of it for herself. She was basing her actions on the same question: "What do I get out of it?" She thought of Irma; she hadn't been loyal to her, either; she thought only of herself. Brentwood stood for ideals and for service. Was she going to prove Bert's assertion that loyalties were out of date?

She decided she'd quit playing to the grandstand. Professor Marion would be just as proud of her paper as if it had won the Memorial. And she would make up to Irma for her neglect, too.

She had to work hard to make up for the days she had lost, but she discovered herself actually enjoying the task. Turning out the best job you could seemed to carry a reward of its own. Irma was quiet during the week; she appeared to have something on her mind. Anne was friendly with her, and Irma seemed grateful for her renewed interest, but they had little time to spend together.

Anne finished her paper on Friday evening; she would turn it in Saturday morning. She felt that a brisk walk about the campus would ease the brain tension she had been under all week. She knocked on Irma's door and found the younger girl dressed to go out.

"Isn't it late to be going anywhere?" Anne asked. Irma looked defiant for a moment, then suddenly she threw her arms about her friend and words tumbled in relief from her lips.

"Oh, Anne, I was so afraid you thought I was the one who came in late that night, and I felt so terrible about your paper! But you do know

I wouldn't let you pay for my shortcomings, don't you? I couldn't bear it when I thought you had lost faith in me; so I was going to find out who the guilty person was and prove to you that I had kept my promise."

"How could you find that out?" Anne demanded.

"Well, that night I caught a glimpse of Speed Wills' car at the gate, and I knew he must be waiting for one of the girls. I talked with him the other day and he said if I'd go out with him tonight, he'd tell me who the girl was. I have been afraid to go, but I thought if I found out in time, you could still win the Memorial."

Anne gulped as she patted the shaken girl. "You poor sweet little kid," she comforted. "You know what loyalty means; but of course I couldn't hear of your doing such a thing. In the first place, I don't believe Speed would keep his word even if he does know who the girl is; and if he did, the risk isn't worth taking. You forget all about it and come on out for a walk with me. We'll both feel better."

Anne was honestly sincere in the congratulations she was able to offer Edna Evans the day the Loyce Memorial winner was announced, but she was totally unprepared for the response. The thin, quiet girl widened her eyes behind their thick glasses and a flush spread over her pale face. "I—I feel guilty about winning," she admitted; "I tried not to feel glad you couldn't compete; but I needed the prize money so badly to finish my work on my degree, and I prayed I would win. I almost feel as if I had cheated you out of it."

"Nonsense; you deserved it, and

"I'm glad you won," Anne declared. She thought of ways in which she might make the rest of the school term a bit happier for the lonely, hard-working girl; invitations she might arrange, tickets to an occasional entertainment. It wasn't easy working your way though school and studying so hard, too. She was more than glad Edna had won; funny how heartbreak often worked out to a new sort of happiness.

A few weeks before the end of the term one of the girls quietly left Elliott Hall for home, and though no explanations were forthcoming, rumor spread the news that she had admitted having broken other dormitory rules when she was discovered in an infraction. Restrictions were removed, and life in Elliot Hall bustled with graduation preparations.

Anne had her last conference with Professor Marion. "We were sorry an English major did not win the Loyce Memorial Contest," he told her, "but under the circumstances Professor Clark and I were particularly gratified with the theme you turned in for term paper. Miss Leland told us of the extra work it entailed, and we appreciate your continuing with it even after it was ineligible for the contest. We especially liked the intimate style and the manner in which you made the historical figure take on depth and meaning as if you were writing of a contemporary person.

We think you are a very successful press agent, Miss Bradley."

Anne beamed her pleasure at this rare commendation.

"The department is working on a text for high school English students. The committee feels it desirable to bring literary figures to the attention of students in a personalized manner. This will require a great deal of sympathetic research and the ability to present the material entertainingly as well as authentically. We should like to have you consider a teaching fellowship at the college next winter. If you wish to take a short vacation now and come back ready for work this summer, so much the better."

Anne rushed out of the office to wire the good news to her mother. Now Anne was sure of a good position. She would not have to leave Brentwood, and her mother could live with her. She could not help thinking of Bert, too, and as if her thoughts summoned him, she met him on the campus. She greeted him with excitement.

"That's wonderful, Anne," he praised as she told him of the offer. "You certainly deserved it, and I'm glad you have proven that the old-fashioned virtues still justify their use."

Anne laughed. "I started out to make a man of Washington," she said, "but I found he didn't need me half as much as I needed him."

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What we do upon some great occasion will probably depend on what we already are; and what we are will be the result of previous years of self-discipline.—H. P. Liddon.

UNION COUNTY RED CROSS CHAPTER DOING GREAT WORK

By Fannie Lou Bingham In Charlotte Observer

The Stars and Stripes fly over the courthouse at Monroe. Under them wave the insignia of the American Red Cross—heralding to the world that here is located the No. 1 Volunteer Red Cross chapter of all America—so rated at the last national convinction in Washington.

One day last week the Union county chapter sent 800 garments to European war sufferers. This was a small task to a group whose activities permeate the entire life of the home communities during peace time.

This group, which today is rated at the top of all such in the country, was tactfully listed in Red Cross records three years ago as "quiescent." The answer, according to Monroe citizens, is the chairman, Ray Shute.

When one addresses Ray Shute as Mr. Chairman, which often happens, he really means Mr. Chairman spelled with capital letters, for Mr. Shute is now or has been chairman of practically every worthwhile group in the county. He is chairman of the Board of County Commissioners, the County Board of Health and the County Planning Board. He has recently retired from the chairmanship of the County Board of Education and the County Library Board.

He has a positive mania for organization and an almost weird intuition as to the right people for the right places.

When he became chairman of the Union County Red Cross he studied

the program and saw that when fully developed it took care of many needs of a county of small towns and rural communities.

He set to work to develop fully every requirement of the National Red Cross. The result is America's No. 1 organization.

Monroe has the only Municipal Mobile First Aid Unit in the states.

This consists of six cars, four trucks, one motorcycle, one motor boat and one airplane—all owned by the city. These patrol the city after drug stores are closed at night and patients needing first aid receive it from the doctors in their homes.

The Chapter maintains ten first aid stations—three in Monroe and the others at Waxhaw, Mineral Springs, Wingate, Marshville, Roughedge and Benton Heights.

These stations are located at service stations, fire stations or country stores and are equipped with first aid kits fitted out with materials to take care of highway, home and farm accidents. The operators of the business houses are trained in first aid.

All swimming pools in the county are under the supervision of Red Cross life guards. The Red Cross trucks carry the life guards from their homes to their places of duty.

The Junior Red Cross flag flies over every schoolhouse in the county. No students can be graduated from a Union county high school who does not have a first aid certificate.

The Union County Chapter is the

only one in the United States which has its own staff physician. He is Dr. Parker C. Hardin, a fellow of the American College of Surgeons. Dr. Parker trains the instructors who in turn conduct first aid classes throughout the county.

The Red Cross' own busses transport children from the rural areas to the municipal pools for life saving classes.

The motor corps, composed of young married women, who pay their own gas bills, perform multitudinous transport duties. When a child from Union county needs to go to the orthopedic hospital at Gastonia, a member of the motor corps carries her. Indigent mothers are transported to the pre-natal clinics by this group. Tuberculosis patients are carried to sanitoriums and first aid instructors to their classes in rural communities.

The Production Corps manufactures and repairs garments for the jail, hospitals, county home and welfare departments during peace time and during war they send garments to suffering areas

All clerical work is done gratis by the Staff Associates Corps.

Through the Home Service Corps stranded ex-service men are helped along their way, military discharges are cleared and arrangements are made for ex-service men needing to enter hospitals.

The Red Cross nutrition stations throughout Union county furnish milk to school lunch rooms and day nurseries and work with the County Health department in furnishing proper nourishment to tuberculosis and pellagra patients.

As for the man who has brought

all this about, Who's Who in American Commerce and Industry says: "J. Ray Shute was born in Union county January 14, 1904, the son of John Raymond and Mary Summerset Shute. He was graduated from the Georgia Military Academy in 1921 and was a student at Duke University from 1921-24

"On May 2, 1924, he married Miss Sara Mason. They have three children, John Raymond III, Sara Mason and Joseph Kirkland.

"Mr. Shute was manager of Shute & Wilson, Monroe, 1924-25; president Shute-Wolfe Motors, Inc., 1925-29; president of United Airways of North Carolina 1927-29; president of the Simples Manufacturing Co., 1927-28; business manager of the Ellen Fitzgerald and Lancaster hospitals, Monroe and Lancaster, 1929-30; president of J. R. Shute Real Estate and Development since 1934.

"President of the Nocalore Press since 1930; president of the Monroe Investments since 1938; director Educational Research Association; N. C. State Senator, 1935-36; chairman of the Union County Board of Education, 1939-40; chairman County Library Board, 1939-40; member of the Monroe C. of C., past president of the Duke Alumni Association; a Democrat and a Methodist.

"Member of the Monroe Lions club; member of the London, England, Authors club; and author of Tales of Yore; Voice of the Vault; the Broken Square; the Roanoke Council and Sanctuary of Memphis."

The men and women composing the Union County staff are: Leo Wilhelm, J. H. Price, Mrs. J. H. Price, C. M. Preslar, Miss Carrie Godfrey, J. Rich-

ard Howie, A. W. Brown, Myron Hardin, Mrs. J. M. Smith, Mrs. H. B.
 Greene, Erskine McIlwaine, Mrs. Ezell, H. B. Ezell, Mrs. R. F. Beasley,
 Charles Napier, H. C. Thompson, Mrs. Jr., J. B. Boyd, Mrs. Neal Sturges
 Parker C. Hardin, Dr. Parker C. and E. H. Broome.

SHALL WE PAUSE

When we've finished our work at the close of day,
 And our evening chores are done,
 And the lengthened shadows have given way
 To the gold of the sinking sun,
 Do we pause just now—in the twilight's glow
 As time speeds on its way,
 When our conscience whispers soft and low,
 Have we done our best today?

Or do we through careless and thoughtless ways,
 In this region of vice and strife,
 And our ceaseless struggle for wealth and praise
 In the bustle of mortal life,
 Neglect to pause in the eventide
 And with selfish thoughts away,
 To ask of the soul, did we abide
 By the Golden Rule today?

When our work at the close of life is done,
 And we watch with failing sight
 The golden glow of the sinking sun
 Give place to the shades of night,
 Have we ever paused in our headlong stride
 To ponder our actions o'er?
 If not, can we hope that our soul may abide
 In peace on that beautiful shore?

To pause and reflect at the close of day
 Is a life-giving balm to the soul.
 To rush in is to drift ever farther away
 From the path leading up to the goal.
 Shall we pause often then—that all may be well
 With the soul for a home over there,
 Or plunge on, to be dragged through the whirlpools of hell
 And wrecked on the rocks of despair?

—Eugene H. Huffman.

A PARABLE FOR PREACHERS

By Rev. Edgar Warren

Now it came to pass in those days that a church called a certain man to be its minister; and the church agreed to pay him two thousand shekels in silver, a house, and a leave of absence each year.

And, lo! the man was glad to accept the call.

Now the minister prided himself upon being very much up to date; and after a while he said to himself: This church is behind the times, and it needeth the Social Gospel.

So instead of preaching Christ and Him crucified, he preached Old Age Insurance, Unemployment Relief, the Abolition of the Profit Motive, and Reduction of Armaments.

Moreover, he seemed more interested in Socialism than in Salvation.

And the hearts of the people were heavy, for they longed for the Old Fashioned Gospel.

And, behold; they sent a delegation to the minister and asked him to preach something they did not read about six days out of seven.

And the minister was angry and said, I believe in the Freedom of the Pulpit. I know what you need much better than you know yourselves. I shall continue to preach the Social Gospel. If you do not like it, depart unto Gehenna.

And the hearts of the people were sore, but they held their peace.

Now the minister had purchased a farm in a far country, where the owner had starved to death, but there was a very fair set of buildings on the farm.

For the minister had said within

himself: It may come to pass when I am old and well stricken in years that no church will desire me, and I shall stand all the day idle in the market place, so I will buy this farm as a place of refuge against that day.

And, behold! he and his family did spend their summer vacations there.

Now the buildings on the farm sorely needed paint, and the minister agreed with a local painter for six shekels a day to paint the buildings white.

And when the bill came in, the minister did send his check to pay it.

And in due time the minister visited his farm, and, lo! instead of painting the buildings white the painter had painted them red.

And the minister was very wroth and he sent for the painter and said unto him,

Thou wicked and deceitful painter! Did I not agree with thee to paint my buildings white, and, lo! thou hast painted them red.

And the painter answered and said, Go to now! It is true thou didst order me to paint thy buildings white, but I believe in the Freedom of the Painter. Red is a much better color than white. Moreover it seemeth to be a popular color at this time.

And suddenly there shined round about the minister a light from heaven, and he said, I do see my sin this day. Why should I rebuke this man for painting my buildings red when I commanded him to paint them white, when I am called to preach, Christ and Him crucified and I preach the Social Gospel?

I will return to my people, and I will say to them, I know now what Jesus meant when He said, Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God; for verily the only way unto a better world is through better men.

—:—

BUILDING A LIFE

This life of mine I have to build
Requires work I can't escape;
None other can perform this task,
The job is mine to plan and shape;
And I must choose some stately norm
To guide my work and give it form.

The tools which nature gave to me
May not be all I might desire;
The age in which I have to build
May offer less than plans require;
But I can aim to do my best
With what I have and toil with zest.

It may not be that I can rise
To heights sublime which some attain;
Nor win the praise or honored rank
Which birth or wealth help others gain;
Yet it is mine to mar or make
This humble life which seems my fate.

I can decide what I shall be,
And from those habits clean and strong;
Give place to acts of love and truth,
Rejecting all that's mean and wrong;
Return to life more than it gave
Of sincere friendship all men crave.

None can excel in gentleness,
More fervent in their righteous zeal;
Nor quicker to reject the false,
And toil to bless the common weal;
For I can win the world's acclaim
By playing clean in life's grand game.

So let me build my life today,
And build it in a Godly way;
Then years ahead, though come what may,
The voice of time will truly say,
"Behold a temple built to stay,
Made from the deeds of yesterday."

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Mr. Doodle Kicks Off, an R-K-O production, was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night.

—:—

A mild epidemic of mumps has been in our midst for about two weeks. Twenty-six cases have been reported to date, but we are glad to say that all are doing well.

—:—

Mr. Roy H. Ritchie and his machine chop boys are quite busy these days, overhauling tractors and various farming implements in preparation for the spring activities in our agricultural department.

—:—

We notice from the windows of the printing department quite an improvement in the appearance of the low, marshy spot between the pond and dairy barn since the outside forces finished hauling gravel and grading that section.

—:—

Plasterers from Concord are making repairs to the plastering in several buildings at the School. At this writing they are working at Cottage No. 9. While these repairs are being made, the boys in that building have been assigned to temporary quarters in the other cottages.

—:—

Thomas Sands and J. P. Sutton, of Cottages Nos. 9 and 15, respectively, were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday, for the purpose of donating blood for a transfusion given to Clifford Lane, of Cottage No. 8, who recently sustained leg injuries in fall-

ing from a wagon while hauling gravel. According to the doctors in charge, Lane's general condition was quite satisfactory, but the injured leg did not seem to have the proper blood circulation, and the transfusion was given in hopes of remedying this condition.

—:—

Paul Briggs, of Cottage No. 4, who broke his shoulder some time ago, was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, the other day for observation. The shoulder was pronounced "O. K." by Dr. Augustine, surgeon who had been in charge of the case, and the patient was dismissed.

—:—

We are again indebted to Mrs. George H. Richmond, of Concord, for a nice collection of magazines recently donated for the use of our boys. This good lady has been making such contributions for many years, and we wish to take this opportunity to assure her that her kindly interest in the lads at the School is greatly appreciated.

—:—

John Whitaker, of Cottage No. 4, was allowed to go to his home in Concord last Monday, to attend the funeral of his mother, who passed away at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, last Sunday. The loss of a mother is about the most terrible blow a boy can receive, and we tender our deepest sympathy to Johnnie and other members of the family in their hour of bereavement.

—:—

We would like to correct a state-

ment appearing in these columns last week concerning the afternoon service at the School on the first Sunday of this month. Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill M. E. Church, Concord, and Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, also of that city, alternate in coming to the School on the first Sunday of the month. As was stated here last week, the minister thus scheduled failed to make his appearance, and we wrote that Rev. Mr. Herbert was the "guilty" absentee. A few days later, Rev. Mr. Arrowood called, saying that he was very sorry that he neglected to come to the School as scheduled, giving as his excuse that he had to conduct a funeral and forgot to provide a substitute. He also said that it was the first time in fifteen years that his regular appointment at the School had slipped his memory, which is an unusually good record. So we tender herewith our deepest apology to Rev. Mr. Herbert for alluding to him as the one who failed to appear at the appointed time, and to Rev. Mr. Arrowood we would say that considering his long record of most faithful service, cheerfully rendered, we entertain no hard feelings because he forgot us, especially since his mind was occupied with matters of greater importance.

—:—
 Rev. C. E. Baucom, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School

last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, he and the boys read responsively selection No. 519, in the back of the hymnal, consisting of verses from the 119th Psalm, third chapter of II Timothy, first chapter of II Peter, and the fourth chapter of Hebrews. As the text for his most helpful and interesting message to the boys, Rev. Mr. Baucom read Psalm 119:11—"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee."

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker called attention to a popular old game called "Hide-and-Seek", saying that it was one most of us thoroughly enjoyed as children, adding that it was one we should continue to play all our lives—hiding and seeking God's word.

He pointed out that the word of God was given to us as a guide to our way of living. Along the great road of life we will come upon many things placed there for the purpose of distracting our attention, and if we pay too much heed to them, we will stray from the straight and narrow way and become hopelessly lost. While many of these false guides may seem attractive at first, on close examination we shall find them to be most harmful, and should make every effort to avoid them. God points out the right course to pursue, and if we will only follow His teachings, we cannot lose the way to eternal happiness.

No man's abilities are so remarkably shining as not to stand in need of a proper opportunity, a patron, and even the praises of a friend to recommend them to the notice of the world.

—Pliny

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 9, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (7) William Drye 9
- (11) Robert Maples 11
- (11) Frank May 11
- (11) William Shannon 11
- (7) Kenneth Tipton 8
- (11) Weldon Warren 11
- (5) Basil Wetherington 5

COTTAGE NO. 1

- N. A. Bennett 5
- Lloyd Callahan 7
- Everett Case 5
- (3) Albert Chunn 8
- (3) Charles Cole 4
- (2) John Davis 2
- (2) Eugene Edwards 7
- Doris Hill
- (3) Porter Holder 10
- H. C. Pope 3
- Jack Sutherland 3
- (3) Everett Watts 10

COTTAGE NO. 2

- Thomas Hooks 8
- (9) Edward Johnson 10
- (7) Donald McFee 9
- Charles Tate 6

COTTAGE NO. 3

- Lewis Andrews 9
- (8) John Bailey 9
- Kenneth Conklin 6
- Jack Crotts 6
- Max Evans 7
- Bruce Hawkins 7
- Jack Lemley 7
- Harley Matthews 6
- (3) William Matthewson 9
- Otis McCall 7
- Wayne Sluder 8
- William T. Smith 5
- (7) John Tolley 9
- (5) Louis Williams 10

COTTAGE NO. 4

- Wesley Beaver 4
- Paul Briggs 5

- (4) Quentin Crittenton 7
- (2) Luther Coe 4
- Authur Edmondson 8
- Arlow Goins 6
- (6) Noah J. Greene 8
- John Jackson 6
- Morris Johnson
- (3) J. W. McRorrie 5
- (2) Robert Simpson 5
- John Whitaker 3

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (11) Theodore Bowles 11
 - (9) Junior Bordeaux 9
 - (4) Collett Cantor 8
 - (2) Currie Singletary 9
 - Donald Smith 5
 - Hubert Walker 9
- ## COTTAGE NO. 6
- John Maples 3
 - Emerson Sawyer
 - Reitzel Southern 2
 - Houston Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (2) Kenneth Atwood 5
- John H. Averitte 10
- Edward Batten 5
- (6) Cleasper Beasley 10
- (2) Henry Butler 7
- (2) Donald Earnhardt 10
- George Green 6
- Vernon Harding 2
- Raymond Hughes 3
- (9) Carl Justice 9
- Robert Lawrence 4
- (4) Arnold McHone 10
- (2) Marshall Pace 7
- (2) Ervin Wolfe 7

COTTAGE NO. 8

- (3) Cecil Bennett 3
- (5) Jesse Cunningham 5
- Jack Hamilton 2

COTTAGE NO. 9

- Holly Atwood 8
- James Connell 3
- (11) David Cunningham 11

- (2) George Gaddy 7
- (2) James Hale 2
- (2) Edgar Hedgepeth 2
- (4) Grady Kelly 7
- Daniel Kilpatrick 6
- Alfred Lamb 3
- (3) William Nelson 9
- (4) Robert Tidwell 4
- (2) Horace Williams 5

COTTAGE NO. 10

- John Fausnett 5
- James M. Hare 2
- Jack Haney 3
- Jack Harward
- Howard Noland
- Harry Peake 4
- Willis Thomas
- Jack Warren 6
- Claude Weldy 6

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (2) William Bennett 9
- (2) Harold Bryson 9
- (3) William Dixon 9
- (4) William Furches 10
- (4) Cecil Gray 9
- (11) Robert Goldsmith 11
- (5) Earl Hildreth 10
- (3) Broadus Moore 8
- (4) Monroe Searcy 7
- (2) James Tyndall 9

COTTAGE NO. 12

- (9) Odell Almond 9
- William Broadwell 7
- Treley Frankum 8
- (9) Eugene Heaffner 9
- (9) Tillman Lyles 9

- James Mondie 8
- (11) Howard Sanders 11
- (11) Norman Smith 11
- (5) Carl Tyndall 7
- (6) J. R. Whitman 9

COTTAGE NO. 13

- Bayard Aldridge 3
- (2) James Brewer 8
- (5) Charles Gaddy 5
- (11) Vincent Hawes 11
- (2) James Lane 7
- (3) Jack Mathis 7

COTTAGE NO. 14

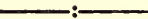
- (2) Raymond Andrews 10
- (3) John Baker 10
- (11) Robert Deyton 11
- Henry Ennis 3
- (11) Audie Farthing 11
- (5) Troy Gilland 9
- (3) John Hamm 9
- (2) Feldman Lane 8
- Roy Mumford 4
- (5) Norvell Murphy 8
- Henry McGraw 6
- (2) Charles Steepleton 9
- (4) Jack West 7
- J. C. Willis 3

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (7) Jennings Britt 7
- (5) J. P. Sutton 9

INDIAN COTTAGE

- George Duncan 8
- Redmond Lowry 6
- Thomas Wilson 8



AMERICA

America has proven that it is practicable to elevate the mass of mankind—the laboring or lower class—to raise them to self-respect, to make them competent to act a part in the great right and the great duty of self-government; and she has proved that this may be done by education and the diffusion of knowledge. She holds out an example a thousand times more encouraging than ever was presented before to those nine-tenths of the human race who are born without hereditary fortune or hereditary rank.—Daniel Webster.

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FEB 22 1941

CAROLINA ROOM

THE

UNIT

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VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., FEBRUARY 22, 1941

NO. 8

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

May every soul that touches mine—
 Be it the slightest contact—
 Get therefrom some good,
 Some little grace, one kindly thought,
 One inspiration yet unfelt,
 One bit of courage for the darkening
 sky,
 One gleam of faith
 To brave the thickening ills of life,
 One glimpse of brighter skies beyond
 the gathering mist,
 To make this life worth while,
 And heaven a surer heritage.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

A LEGEND

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it, ah, well, it matters not.
It is said in heaven, at twilight, a great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken to the wonderful music that rings,
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion, pain, and strife,
Heartache and weary longing that throb in the pulses of life—
If he thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings.
And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and to me.
Let us look in our hearts and question, "Can pure thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin?"
So, then, let us ponder a little; let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us—you and me.

—Rose Osborne.

A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE

Public sentiment seems to be molded to the effect that after passing the age of forty years there is no place in the different activities for those so marked by the march of time. It is a common occurrence to hear some one who is in the forties or fifties remark, "I've got to freeze to this job, for my age puts me on the shelf." It is most unfortunate that experience no longer counts in the many and varied fields of service. The span of life is not so long at the longest, and to become trained and seasoned for any profession takes a major portion of life. Training is the watchword today and many capable persons of wide experiences are retired when at the peak of their careers, and young people fresh from college are given preference.

We fully realize that the Twentieth Century is the age of youth and that we are marching forward on the feet of young people, but we must have a heart for the capable and dependable units of workers who have been carrying on while these young people were being prepared for their life work, and not brand them as being "too old." The word dole or pension is distasteful to many because as long as they are physically and mentally strong, they want to serve.

Despite the fact that trained workers have the advantage over those with credits of long experience, we find occasionally men and women who burgeon out a happy life regardless of age or other handicaps due to the lack of educational advantages. If a person has the will to do and the courage to carry on, the battle of life is half won. We have in mind just such a character, and he is a neighbor and fine friend of this institution. He is none other than David S. Teague, a South Carolinian by birth, who will next November, if spared by a kind providence, celebrate his ninety-first birthday. He has lived a long and useful life and his success is not measured by the yardstick of big finance, but by his thrift, his loyalty to country and love for his fellowmen. There are times when Mr. Teague expresses himself as a being "a little lonely", especially so since the passing of his wife a few years ago, but that does not cool his ambition or slacken his pace in trying to make two blades of grass grow where one grew previously. Work, to him is a tonic. He feels that it makes one physically fit to meet the emergencies and inspires one to think upon worthwhile things—peace of mind and happiness.

This fine old citizen is a South Carolinian by birth, but a North Carolinian by adoption. He lives at Rocky Ridge, with his daughter, Mrs. Arch Marshall, just a short distance from the School, and is proud that he is able to perform all the duties of a farmer. When the season comes for turning up "mother earth", he follows the plow with the interest and earnestness of a much younger man. Mr. Teague raises annually much over a bale of cotton, plenty of grain, vegetables sufficient for home consumption and furthermore, does the other chores of the barnyard, such as attending to the hogs, cows and the poultry yard. His life, at the advanced age of ninety-one years, is worthy of emulation, especially to those who have their hands extended for the dole. If we had more people like Mr.

Teague, thrifty and energetic, the bread lines would be curtailed and taxes for revenue would be greatly reduced.

We take our hat off to our very fine neighbor, and sincerely trust he will be on deck next November to celebrate his ninety-first birthday. He is a worthy example of the men who rebuilt the Old South after enduring the hardships of a devastating war. The lesson learned from the story of his life is that work is a panacea for all ills.

* * * * *

THE THREE R'S

Just lately we had contact with many students of the public school system and find that spelling is a lost art, reading is not what it should be and that few know the tables in arithmetic, required to be memorized by pupils in the days of long ago. They are practically foreign to students of today. We are not mentioning this in a critical way, but must admit we are just confused to know how it is possible to sorely neglect the fundamentals of an education and be what is accepted today as highly learned. If the system of teaching today is right, then the manner in which the pupils of the little red school house were taught, was wrong.

Are there many who recall the Friday afternoon spelling contest? This weekly event created a thrill among the contestants as they battled for their side to win. This is an echo of the yesteryears' school activities and carries delightful memories, despite the hardships of acquiring an education during the lean days of the Southland.

While touching upon the value of being conversant with the fundamentals of education, we just want to drop a word here so the public may know that this institution emphasizes the subjects—"Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic." Likewise the teachers of the seven grades endeavor to inspire the boys to higher attainments mentally. It is generally understood that the Jackson Training School is not expected to return to the State finished products in any line of work, but to inspire to higher ideals and start the youngsters off on the right foot. We have the courage of our convictions, therefore, speak in favor of emphasizing the three R's, and commend this institution for holding fast to this special work.

We could enlarge upon this subject, but it is satisfying to know that after our young men finish the seventh grade they do not have to refer to the dictionary for nearly every word they wish to spell. Permit us to paraphrase a little right here. Instead of saying life is swell if you keep well, let us say life is swell if you are able to spell, for there will be little stumbling or floundering around if one is called upon to read an article.

* * * * *

COST OF TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS

Traffic accidents cost North Carolinians more money each year than it costs to operate the entire State-supported school system, Ronald Hocutt, director of the Highway Safety Division, stated this week.

"We are inclined to look upon the cost of highway accidents only in terms of human suffering, twisted limbs and horrible death, while overlooking the economic aspect of the accident picture," he said, "Last year, for example, the cost of traffic accidents in North Carolina reached upwards of \$25,000,000. This sum included all costs of hospitalization, doctors' bills, repairs and replacement of damaged vehicles, working time lost by accident victims, and an estimated valuation of \$5,000 placed on each life lost."

Traffic accidents cost North Carolina industries a pretty penny, too, Hocutt said, pointing out that the average compensation costs paid to industrial workers involved in traffic accidents in connection with their work is higher than in any other type of accident in industry, and that the average number of days lost as a result of traffic accidents in industry is greater than that in any other type of accident.

"Yes, highway accidents cost more than human suffering, tears and anguish," the safety director stated. "Accidents cost North Carolinians many millions of dollars each year. And while it may be true that much of this cost is borne by insurance companies, we all know that these companies are not in business for their health, and the cost of these accidents ultimately must be borne by all policy-holders."

Hocutt said that if North Carolina drivers are not concerned over

their safety, consideration for their pocketbooks ought to prompt them to drive more carefully.

* * * * *

PROGRESSING BACKWARDS

We recall "once upon a time," a long time ago, when from the viewpoint of economy, a "penny wise and dollar foolish" wife suggested to her husband that they revert to oil lamps. The laconic reply of the husband, a wise one, was "it is hard to progress backwards."

The conversation brings to mind the marvelous growth of Concord, and the manner in which the city officials, including the mayor and his co-workers have measured up to the demands of the times. They have built asphalt streets, sidewalks, installed a lighting system, extended the sewer lines so that each and every home can participate in all modern comforts—but there is one thing that has been overlooked and that is supervised playgrounds, in the different wards, for Concord's most precious possession—the child. In this manner we feel the city authorities have overlooked, surely not forgotten, to make possible profitable and pleasant pastime for the hundreds of children roaming the streets daily. If the children of today are saved, they are the future heads of families, therefore we are building a better citizenship for our state. The point we wish to emphasize is that unless we take care of the roaming child we are progressing backwards. The care of the child in every instance should come first. It is clear to all who understand children's problems that clean sports help many children over rough places and develop fine citizenship. The City of Concord has beautiful homes, handsome churches and school buildings equipped for the development of the child, but no supervised playgrounds. Have we finished the work?

TWO BIG MEN

By Verne Godkin

The Morning Glory Limited usually rushed through the village of Freetown, with only enough slowing up to drop a mail pouch and pick up another from the automatic arm that hung suspended in front of the station. But this day it came to a full stop to allow an impressive, well-dressed man to alight amidst a great company of people assembled on the station platform. Immediately the Freetown band blared forth a more or less accurate rendition of "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes," as the welcoming committee pressed forward.

Byron Channing had come home for a brief one-day visit, his first in twenty years. The confident, dynamic man who alighted from the train had in those twenty years climbed to the top of the engineering ladder, widely acclaimed as the builder of the longest bridge in the world.

The town's mayor led the reception committee as they surrounded Channing, and greeted him boisterously. With pomp they escorted him to a gayly decorated town-car, and then began the procession up the main street.

At the rear of the line a tall, slender figure walked along with a springy step. No one paid much attention to Gene Camp. He was just the unassuming bookkeeper of a Freetown department store. He produced also, as a sort of hobby, the "Mercantile Bargainer," a weekly stenciled sheet listing bargains featured by the store. This division was the one ray of sunshine in a monotonous existence. Gene spent many

evenings at the store stenciling elfin figures, out of whose mouths extended ballons bearing bargains words.

This afternoon the store was closed in honor of the returning hero, and Gene forsook his hobby because he really wanted to see Byron Channing. Byron probably would not remember him, he surmised—twenty years is a long time. But they had been pals when they were younger. Gene remembered how they used to lie in the sand down by the old swimming hole, and talk of things they were going to do some day. Byron had dreams of building adventures in far places, such as a highway in Africa along the trail that Livingstone had taken through the jungles and over tropic streams. Gene had dreamed of being a future advertising magnate, the head of the largest agency in the country, dispensing advertising magic to the four corners. But after high school their paths had parted. Gene had not been able to go to college with Byron, but had taken a position as bookkeeper in Bill Branner's store. There he had stuck, and slipped into obscurity.

As he walked along at the end of the parade, the music of the band caused a straightening of his shoulders, and a responsive jauntiness in his step. There was a new sparkle in his eyes and a flush of color on his cheeks as he watched the guest car at the head, where Byron was being honored.

When they came to the hotel, the reception committee escorted the guest to the hotel veranda, and the

marchers crowded around the entrance to shake the hero's hand. The mayor gave a brief address lauding the native son on his marvelous achievements. Channing replied with a few well-chosen words, while his eyes swept over the faces below him. During the applause Channing rested his eyes on a gaunt figure at the edge of the crowd, and he turned to the mayor and spoke in a low voice. The mayor nodded, and the next moment Channing elbowed through the throng.

"Gene Camp!" exclaimed Channing. "I hoped I would see you!"

"Hello, Byron," responded Gene meekly; "I didn't think you'd remember me."

"Listen, Gene; see me in an hour, will you?"

"You bet!" And Gene felt a distinct quickening of his heart.

Half an hour later, Channing excused himself from the committee. He wanted to be alone. He had sensed his old friend's disappointment—the youth who had planned and dreamed of great accomplishments with him, but who had drifted into a rut of mediocrity. All his fine inherent talent had been allowed to lie dormant. "It's a shame!" he muttered pacing back and forth in his room.

There was a knock at his door in due time, and the two men met affectionately. In a moment they were deep in their reminiscences. Byron was fluent in relating his experiences in engineering. He almost forgot himself, but he stopped short, and looked intently into Gene's face. There was an ominous silence. Finally Gene's eyes dropped. He read the meaning of Byron's searching look, and sought to forestall the inevitable

onslaught of questions.

"You did it, Byron—you went out and did it. You are a big man. I said I was going to do it, too—do big things. I imagined myself the head of a great agency, with the world at my feet."

Gene attempted to say more, but only his lips moved. Byron sat motionless. "It was only a dream," Gene continued with great effort. His eyes stared vacantly out of the window as he muttered, "I'm glad you have not forgotten me."

Byron reached into his pocket, and as his hand emerged there was clipped between his fingers a slip of paper. He thrust it into Gene's hand. Gene looked at it—it was a draft for ten thousand dollars.

"What's this?" he exclaimed.

"Do you know why I came back to Freetown, Gene?" Byron asked softly. Gene hesitated. "Why—a—because the town invited you for this celebration, of course."

"I accepted the invitation because I wanted to find you," said Byron.

"Me?"

"Yes. You see I learned something a few weeks ago I didn't know before. When I left here twenty years ago, I had only enough money to take me through one year at college. At the end of that year the dean called me into his office and informed me that I had been granted a scholarship for the balance of my college course. I was jubilant, and too self-centered to inquire into the source of my good fortune—until—"

"Until?" Gene repeated the word.

"A few weeks ago I returned to my Alma Mater—after a very profitable venture—to show my appreciation by reimbursing the scholarship fund that

had been accorded me, so that someone else might get a 'break.' When I proffered the money, the dean looked puzzled, and asked, 'What scholarship fund?' Under pressure the dean finally said, 'Well, after all these years, I guess it's no longer a secret: the money was placed in your credit annually by a young man in Freetown.' Byron paused, and Gene shifted uneasily.

"Gene, look me in the face," Byron commanded. "You couldn't go to college yourself—no! But you could work in Bill Branner's store, and for three years could send the biggest

share of your earnings to the dean that I might realize my dreams. And it took me twenty years to find it out!" The man seemed beside himself until the words almost choked him. He reached out his hand and grasped that of his friend in a hard embrace.

"A few minutes ago you said I was a big man," continued Byron, more composedly; "Gene, you are a much bigger man than I dare hope to be. Tonight you shall sit beside me at the banquet, while I tell the people of Freetown of their biggest native son."

COMPANION

A man was moving with slouching feet;
 Midday, and the sun was riding high,
 But he saw no beauty in earth or sky,
 Beside him an unseen spirit walked,
 And often and softly to him talked.

"We've traveled together a long, long way,"
 It said, "but I leave you, my friend, today.
 I have followed you morning, noon, and night,
 I have whispered warnings to guide you right;
 I have taken your hand, and urged you on
 To seize the chances that now are gone;
 I have coaxed and driven and pulled in vain,
 And thundered cautions again and again.
 To what avail! Ah, behold you now—
 The sunken eye and the lifeless brow.
 I leave you, my friend, for there is no school
 For the man determined to be a fool!"

"And who are you?" sneered the man, with a grin.
 Said the spirit, "The man that you might have been!"

—Frank X. Piatti.

STORY OF A GREAT LOVE AMIDST HORROR OF CIVIL WAR

By Burt Singleton, Jr. and Stan Lewis.

Four acres of ground with a number of old oaks and 2,480 small grave markers hold a great deal of romance and a great number of stories that will never be told, as these four acres comprise the National Cemetery which is located about three-quarters of a mile southwest of Florence, S. C.

Grave number 2,480, located in section D of the cemetery is a story in itself. Chiseled out of the stone is the short inscription "2,480 Florena Budwin." This is the grave of the only woman ever buried in a national cemetery. Her story as pieced together from old slaves who lived in the vicinity of Florence and from daughters and granddaughters of women who tended some of the men who are buried here, would indeed make another "Gone With The Wind" from the Northern angle.

Late in December, 1864, during the War between the States the farces of the Confederacy were opposing the mighty Federal army a few miles outside a small Georgia town. Two young Yankee "boys" were fighting side by side in the midst of a hell of shot and shell. Their faces shown amazement and surprise. They knew war; they must, one was a captain but never before had the fighting been so fierce, with the hell of blood, dying men, friend and foe alike, the noises, yells and Rebel shouts on all sides of them.

Suddenly, a Rebel yell caused them to turn. They were surrounded. They threw down their arms, not in fear but in disgust and despair. Later,

while marching in a long double file formation, with the able helping the wounded, sometimes even carrying them, the two young Yankees exchanged horror stricken glances; they had heard of the unbearable hardships of the Southern prison camps and of the high mortality rates of the prisoners.

The long line of prisoners wound and trampled down the muddy road, over hills and through swamps to their destination. During one night's camp in a dense swamp, one of the boys, the captain, tried to escape and was shot by an alert sentry. For the rest of the long tramp, the remaining friend spent most of his time away from his fellow prisoners, morose and silent as if in great pain.

Finally, this group of pitiful prisoners reached the prison camp, close to Florence, S. C. This camp, one of the largest in the South, was famous for its lack of sanitation, food and shelter. Many of the prisoners were quartered in shelters made of long-leaved pine branches. Of medical care there was none, as most of the supplies were being sent to the needy troops of the Confederacy who were beginning to feel the weight of the superior Northern forces. The camp was nothing more than a group of shelters and campfires pitched in a square with an elevated bank of dirt around it, on which sentries marched constantly back and forth.

Many of the prisoners, suffering from the cold and lack of food fell

easy victims to disease and were buried near the fort, thus starting the Florence National Cemetery.

And so death struck down the lone partner of the aforementioned couple of Yankee "boys." He died on January, 25 1865, of pneumonia.

Upon the routine examination of the body, the doctor of the camp made the startling discovery that this soldier was a woman.

She proved later to be Mrs. Florena Budwin, wife of the captain who had tried to escape, and who had been killed on the march to the camp. This woman had endured the hardships of a Federal soldier just to be near her husband.

After Mrs. Budwin's death, the commanding officer of the camp asked

several women who lived nearby to dress the body in appropriate clothing for burial. Florena Budwin was buried in the National Cemetery with full military honors, and remains to this day the only woman ever buried in a United States National Cemetery.

Many Northern visitors who visit the cemetery notice the gravemarker and comment, but little positive information can be given them other than the entry that is in the burial registry kept at the cemetery: "Florena Budwin, buried January 25, 1865."

And so, in Section D, Number 2,480, in the National Cemetery near Florence, there lies one of the greatest love stories of all.

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THE LIFE THAT COUNTS

The life that counts must aim to rise
Above the earth to sunlit skies;
Must fix its gaze on Paradise,
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth by day, by night,
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be;
The cares and needs of others see;
Must seek the slaves of sin to free,
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must hopeful be;
In darkest night make melody;
Must wait the dawn on bended knee,
This is the life that counts.

—Selected.

BRIEF NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

(N. C. Public School Bulletin)

Before the coming of the white man, the territory which is now North Carolina was inhabited by the Tuscaroras, the Catawbias, the Cherokees, and other Indian tribes. Beginning with Verrazano in 1524, various French, Spanish, and English explorers touched this area, and De Soto and his men marched through the mountain region in 1540. The first English colonies in the New World were founded on Roanoke Island, 1585-87, but these failed and the first permanent settlers entered the Albemarle from Virginia about the middle of the seventeenth century.

In 1663 King Charles II of England granted Carolina to eight proprietors. The settled area was gradually expanded, but the progress of the colony was hindered by a dangerous coast and by poor government. Early in the eighteenth century North Carolina was separated from South Carolina, and became a royal colony in 1729.

Progress now was rapid. English settlers pushed inland from the coast, Scottish highlanders settled the upper Cape Fear Valley, and large numbers of Scotch-Irish and Germans entered the piedmont. When the first United States census was taken in 1790, North Carolina ranked third in population among the states of the Union.

North Carolina joined her sister colonies in winning independence from Great Britain. Royal control was overthrown in 1775 and an independent State government under a constitution was set up the next year. The decisive Whig victory at

Moore's Creek Bridge in February, 1776, led to the famous Halifax Resolves, April 12, 1776, by which North Carolina became the first colony to instruct its delegates in the Continental Congress to vote for independence. Cornwallis invaded the State in 1780, but at the battle of Guilford Courthouse, March, 1781, his army was so weakened that his subsequent surrender at Yorktown, Virginia, was a logical sequence.

North Carolina sent delegates to the Continental Congress and participated in the government under the Articles of Confederation. She held back in the movement for a stronger central government, however, failing to ratify the new Constitution of the United States at the Hillsboro convention of 1788 and ratifying only at the Fayetteville convention, November, 1789, as the twelfth State.

For several decades after 1789 the State's progress was slow, and North Carolina came to be known as "Old Rip Van Winkle." The adoption of a new constitution in 1835, however, which gave more political power to the growing western half of the State, marked a re-awakening. Canals, railroads, and plank roads helped solve the problem of transportation; the State university, opened in 1795, came to be recognized as one of the leading educational institutions in the entire nation; North Carolina was the first Southern state to set up a tax-supported system of public schools; and industry and agriculture made

progress. By 1861 the State was moving ahead in many ways.

With the outbreak of the War for Southern Independence North Carolina cast her lot with the other Confederate states, and supplied no less than 125,000 men to the Southern armies—more than did any other state. Early in the war Federal forces occupied much of the eastern part of the State, but the port of Wilmington remained open until January, 1865, and was an important source of supplies for the Confederates. Sherman and his army invaded North Carolina in March, 1865, and the next month General Joseph E. Johnston surrendered his Confederate army to General William T. Sherman at the Bennett House, near the present city of Durham.

The Reconstruction period saw carpetbaggers, scalawags, and Negroes at the helm, and the usual excesses resulted. The Democratic party re-established white control in 1876, but in 1891 a fusion of Republicans and Populists brought another political upheaval. In the meantime the State was gradually recovering from the effects of the war and its

aftermath, and was laying the foundation for later rapid progress.

The Democratic party won control of the State government in 1900 and has remained in the saddle ever since. During these four decades remarkable progress has been made in almost every line. The State's population has nearly doubled, so that in 1940 North Carolina ranked eleventh in the Union. In industry she has gone rapidly forward, and in 1937 ranked thirteenth in the value of all manufactured products. Her agricultural advance had been significant, so that in 1939 she ranked fourth in cash income from the sale of crops. In the 1920's the State pioneered in constructing a fine system of hard-surfaced roads, and in 1933 took over the administration and upkeep of all roads, both primary and secondary. Development in public and high school education has been marked, and the University of North Carolina and Duke University have won world-wide recognition.

At the beginning of the fifth decade of the twentieth century North Carolinians viewed their history with pride and looked to the future with confidence.

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BORES

It is hoped that, with all modern improvements, a way will be discovered of getting rid of bores; for it is bad that a poor wretch can be punished for stealing your handkerchief or gloves, and that no punishment can be inflicted on those who steal your time, and with it your temper and patience, as well as the bright thoughts that might have entered your mind, if they had not been frightened away by the bore.—Byron.

LUNCH BUCKET DAYS

By H. S. Pearson in Christian Science Monitor

A short time ago I made a visit to a New Hampshire town. The hills and valleys were whitely beautiful with winter's first substantial snow-fall. And on the way across the valley, on the middle road to Peterboro, we trailed a busload of happy, singing children. Today they are picked up in the morning and carried home in the afternoon.

A generation ago, going to school in winter was a different procedure for the farm boys and girls who lived from one to three miles from school.

If it happened to be crisp, bright weather, "shanks' mare" was the usual method of transportation. An hour's walk along the crunchy tracks in the road, for the horse, was good exercise. There were only two hitched directly in front of one of the runners. On the two-horse sleds, each horse was in front of a runner. One can remember how his feet, like the horses', went—crunch, crunch, on the smooth, polished, well-packed tracks.

The walk to school was an accumulative process. At each farm, two, three, four, or even five youngsters joined the procession. They were all ages, and we never thought it a hardship to have to go slowly for the little tots. That was a wholesome way to get physical exercise. Today we teach physical education in the school. Therefore, it seems natural that children shall be carried to school so that they may have energy to perform calisthenics!

Walking a couple of miles was good sport. But the highlight of going to

school in winter came in bad, blustery, stormy weather, or on those days when the red line in the big thermometer outside the kitchen window dropped to ten degrees or more below zero.

Those were days of excitement—though no one thought of not going to school unless it looked as if a real storm was brewing. On the cold winter mornings the same hurried but happy preparations were taking place on all the farms up and down the valley road.

Father and the boys took the seats from the pung and filled the body with clean, crackling oat straw. Over this, two or three heavy horse blankets were laid. Then the pung drawn by hand to the kitchen door, and hot bricks and chunks of maple which had been heated in the oven were put in under the blankets. Mother saw to it that mittens, leggins, coats and stockings were warm.

Lunches for the children were packed in the regulation two quart lard pails: hearty meat sandwiches, cheese, a piece of pie, and a piece of cake, and an apple. That was the lunch that we always had. Vacuum bottles hadn't been invented—or at least we didn't know about them. A bag of hay and a generous measure of oats, for Buttercup, the Morgan mare, were packed in the pung.

Father and Mother made a great todo about packing the four of us into the sleigh bottom. There were warnings to keep our faces covered, not to let our noses or ears get frost-bitten. Buttercup tossed her head

up and down, and blew huge blasts of frosty steam in the below zero air.

"No racing, Son," Father would say. Remember you have three ladies with you and it's easy to tip over!"

It didn't take long to go two miles with a fast-stepping Morgan. And was a lad at fault if the other horses on the road thought they could out-step Buttercup?

In the village, we put the horses in Woodward's Livery Stable. At noon, after we ate our lunch, we fed our horses and gave them a drink.

Then at 4 o'clock, once more we hitched up, all piled in, and in the gathering dusk set sail for another brush across the valley road. We all enjoyed it; the horses stretched out in earnest for the home stall and the good supper awaiting them. We shouted back and forth. Ah, yet. Going to school in winter was an adventure and good fun. There were times when it was a struggle. But an education was a glorious goal and going to school in winter was all an accepted part of the joy of living.

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TRUE WORTH

It makes no difference who sang the song
 If only the song were sung,
 It makes no difference who did the deed,
 Be he old in years or young.
 It matters not who won the race
 So long as the race was run;
 So why should the winner be proud of himself
 Because it was he who won.

If the song was sweet and helped a soul,
 What matters the singer's name;
 The worth was in the song itself
 And not in the world's acclaim.
 The song, the race, the deed are one,
 If each be done for love;
 Love of the work—not love of self—
 And the score is kept above.

—Selected.

YESTERDAY'S BLUNDER

(Hyde County Messenger.)

"What will you do about yesterday's blunder?" asked one of two young men who were engaged in a business venture.

"Own that it was a blunder and start again," was the terse and sensible reply.

A wise writer remarked that there is only one sort of man who never makes a mistake, and he is a dead man. Life is a series of beginnings, or experiments, in lessons in learning how, of going down and getting up again. The one who makes no false steps is the one who is simply standing still, and that is in itself the worst mistake of all. Active living, growth, progress, for any of us will include many an error in judgment, many an unwise deed that brings us into trouble; we will see to it, if we are sensible, that our paths for today avoid the stones over which we stumbled yesterday. So, since mistakes are the common experience of humanity, the question at the beginning of this may be general quite as well personal. What are you going to do about yesterday's blunder? You may make it a stepping-stone up to success or down to failure.

People have many different ways of treating their mistakes. There are those who refuse to see them. They do not actually hang about their necks the placard sometimes seen in banks, "We make no mistakes and rectify none," but they insist that what they have done is well done, and because they will admit no error, today must continue to curve its way around yesterday's crookedness until weeks and

years are warped. If it were possible to write a history of the lives that have been darkened, the homes made miserable, and the friends alienated by some one's proud refusal to acknowledge a mistake, it would make a dire chronicle indeed. Strangely enough, there are those who think persistence in any course once undertaken, or any opinion once expressed, a sign of strength and consistency.

"Oh we didn't tell him anything about it," said one, speaking of a member of the family in connection with some matter that affected the household. "We wanted to be sure how it was going to turn out first, for he is so set in his ways that if he happened to get a wrong idea of it in the first place nothing could ever make him take a favorable view of it afterward; he never reconsiders anything."

It is not uncommon to find the majority in a family, church or community taking a little attitude toward some one member who must be carefully managed because of his faith in his own infallibility. It is not uncommon, but it is always pitiable. Near of kin to the one who will not admit that he makes mistakes is the one who acknowledges that they have occurred, but always lays the responsibility for them upon some one else. He was purposely misled or misinformed, somebody pretended to know and did not, somebody else blundered and made his mistake inevitable. He has erred, it is true, but it would not have happened if—

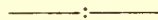
Some one has said that "mistakes

are the growing pains of wisdom"—certainly there is little mental growth or progress within them—yet there are many who view them hopelessly. They allow the whole life to become embittered and despondent because of something in the past that later and fuller light shows to have been an error, more or less grave in judgment or in conduct. "If I only held onto the business a little while longer it would have been successful," laments one who sees another prospering in a place that he abandoned because it seemed unprofitable. Misfortune, accident, the loss of life, it often appears, might have been avoided but for such mistakes to become a crushing weight from which they never rise. The remainder of their days are given over to regret and mourning.

What we do with our yesterday's blunders—our attitudes toward our own mistakes and those of others—is no small factor in making life and character. A mistake is not usually a sin, but it has a wonderful power of degenerating if it is persisted in. The error unacknowledged and held fast becomes obstinacy and selfishness; the error beside which one sits supinely down to mourn becomes cowardice and injustice to others. Life is a school, we say; but what sort of schoolroom would that be in which the pupils made no mistakes? They are there to try, to fail, to try

again; slowly to evolve the one right answer like wisdom yesterday shows as ignorance today, and must be put aside or climbed over. To blame some one else, to insist that the wrong is right, or to weep idly over the slate with its columns of miscalculations, is no help in rising from grade to grade. Surmounting yesterday's self and its blunders is the only way of progress.

In life's larger school the same is true. Very wise, tender, and patient is the Master. He does not expect perfection, but He does demand earnest effort and growth; there is no place for cowardice or giving up. Mistakes should never be considered as final. If we have made one today, great or small, we should be able to profit by it in some way tomorrow. A lost opportunity should make us more keen and watchful, a misjudgment more considerate and gentle, and always our own mistakes should make us more tolerant and helpful toward those of others. "Life is time given us in which to learn how to live"—a sentence that carries with it the thought we should never lose sight of, that the earth life is but a fragment, a beginning. It is the wider outlook, the endless life with all its possibilities stretching far away beyond us, that gives courage to face our mistakes calmly acknowledge them honestly, and go bravely forward.



The art of being able to make a good use of modern abilities wins esteem, and often confers more reputation than greater real merit.—Roche foucauld.

MUSIC FOR MOLLY

By Lois A. Ankewitz

Frederick Hazelbritt Rountrie, III, stood close to the huge bonfire and shivered. His lips were blue, his fingers frozen, and the laces of his skating shoes seemed to have bitten clear through the flesh to the bone. It seemed to him that he had been skating for weeks instead of hours, and still the girl wouldn't give up and say, "Let's go home!" Freddie drew a quivering sigh.

There she was, her grey eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed. She looked as if she'd never had much fun in her life—and she was really beginning to be able to skate, too! From the depths of his depressed spirit Freddie had to admire a courage that could survive a dozen bad falls and come up smiling. She sure was game, even if she had interfered with his most absorbing chemistry experiment and forced him out into the coldest weather in years.

Frederick Hazelbritt Rountrie, Senior, had put his foot down. "You've been plugging away too hard at that chemistry business, Frederick. Beside, in spite of the fact that your unusual energy and concentration are pleasing, as well as surprising, to us, we mustn't let your health suffer. I think it's definitely a good idea for you to be one of Miss Carson's escorts tomorrow afternoon. The fresh air will do you good."

Where her husband had commanded, Mrs. Rountrie, as is the custom with mothers, began to cajole.

"After all, Frederick, this is Miss Carson's last week here. Next Monday she must return to her home in Columbia, and we do want her to

take back the memory of a pleasant time. This is the first time she's been in the State's since she was a little girl. She may not come back again for a long time—missionaries and their families must remain faithfully at their stations, you know, and her father may not ever be transferred."

"I know," Freddie had agreed, "but I'm busy."

"You know, Frederick, that you are the only person with whom I would trust Molly on the ice. None of the other boys and girls are very expert on skates. I know the flats haven't been frozen over since I was a girl, and the young people around here just haven't been used to skating. You've told me, yourself, how you have enjoyed skating on the indoor rinks in Baltimore. And if you can find time away from your studies at school to go ice skating, you can find time during your holiday. It's quite settled. I can't let Molly go unless she goes with you—so you'll just have to go!"

So Freddie had sighed, laid aside his test tubes and turned off his bunsen burner. He had asked Molly if she wouldn't enjoy an afternoon skating on the flats with the rest of the crowd.

But it looked to Freddie as if the afternoon was an entirely indefinite period which had started about half past twelve and might last until the spring thaw. His eyes followed Molly's trim figure gloomily. He was certainly tired. He didn't see how she could keep on and on like that. He

knew he should be out there beside her as per Mrs. Rountrie's instructions.

Hand in hand with Mary Lee Simpson and Jerry Morton she skidded precariously past him.

"We're all going to 'crack-the-whip' just once, and then go home, Freddie. You were a dear to bring me. I've never had such a good time!"

Freddie, half-congealed though his brain was, had a momentary flash of fear. "Crack-the-whip" was dangerous for experts; for novices like this. . .

"Hey!" he shouted, and started after the trio. Then one of those unfortunate accidents occurred which are said to change whole destinies—the lacing of his left shoe broke, he stumbled, stopping to adjust it, and when he finally reached the center of the ice-ring, the whip had already been formed and had started off.

A sick premonition clutched at Freddie's heart. Molly was the "last man," the end of the whip! It was the most dangerous place, for the last man was the one who bore the brunt of snake-like twistings and turnings inspired by the leader of the whip. Even as he stood there paralyzed with fright for what might happen, the whip twisted, broke, and the slim, prostrate figure of Molly slid helplessly across the ice, collided with a dead log on the outskirts of the ring, and lay very still.

When you consider that Freddie was three times farther away from the now broken string of skaters than they were from Molly's crumpled form, Freddie must have made something of a record when he reached her first. She wasn't unconscious, but she gasped with pain as he pick-

ed her up, her right arm limp against her side.

"Oh, Freddie!" she wailed, "I shouldn't have done it! I forgot about tomorrow—and now there's no one to play!" Then she fainted.

While the doctor was busy, Freddie sat numbly in the hall. He knew it was all his fault. If he had only followed his instructions in the spirit as well as to the letter, it couldn't have happened. He should have stuck close beside her, and not let her go off with all the others alone. He remembered, suddenly, what she had said about no one to play. Of course! The Friday night concert that the town had been talking about for weeks. Molly was supposed to play the organ, because the organist had been called out of town. The choir was supposed to sing choruses, and solos, and duets, and Molly was to play for them. Now the concert would have to be called off.

A very cold hand clutched his shoulder. Freddie looked up. It was Jerry Morton, a pale, subdued Jerry Morton.

"Is it very bad?" he muttered.

Freddie gulped and shook his head. "I don't know, yet. They haven't come out."

"I feel awful!" said Jerry. "It was my fault. I—I dared her to get on the end. I—I . . ." He gulped, and was silent.

After what seemed an eternity, Mrs. Rountrie came out, her finger to her lips.

"It isn't nearly as bad as it could be. She only has a broken arm, but that's bad enough. She's worrying herself into a fever because she won't be able to play at the benefit concert tomorrow night. If she can't play it will have to be called off. She has

to leave on Monday, and she did so want to take the money back with her!"

"Couldn't you ask the people who've already bought tickets to let the money go as a donation?" asked Freddie.

Mrs. Rountrie sadly shook her head. "If we had the time, we could. But we can't just tell all the people whose money we've taken that there isn't going to be any concert, and we've just decided to turn the money over as a donation. We'd have to get their consent. It would take too long."

Jerry Morton rose and drew a determined breath. "I—I'll get somebody to play that organ, if it's the last thing I do!"

Freddie rose and followed him out. A group of young people huddled together on the front porch in anxious silence.

"She's got a broken arm," explained Freddie, gloomily, "but she's worried about that concert thing, and it's giving her a fever."

"That's right," said Mary Lee Simpson, she was going to play Handel's Messiah, too, for her contribution. They say she's a wonderful organist. Look, Freddie, maybe we could raise the amount she would have obtained from the concert."

"Three hundred dollars," said Freddie, flatly. "Not a chance. Jerry's going to try to find another organist, though where he thinks he can get one in time to play for tomorrow night, I don't know."

Jerry looked solemnly mysterious. "I've got a hunch," he said, slowly. "Anyway, it's worth trying." He disappeared down the walk.

After a while the others departed one by one, only to reappear in the

course of the hour, tap gently on the door, and leave in Freddie's hands the small sums of money they could call their own or beg from their sympathetic parents. Adding his own slender resources to it, it came to fifty-four dollars. Freddie shook his head. The adults of Blandboro had done as much as they could already. They had bought and paid for all the equipment the mission school would need to start with. It had amounted to one thousand dollars. They could not do any more. The rest was up to the young people themselves.

Jerry Morton cautiously opened the door, and tiptoed in. His face was long and gloomy. "Nothing doing," he replied to Freddie's inquiry. "I actually begged him to play tomorrow night, but he wouldn't do it. Said tomorrow night he had to be on his way to Philadelphia, and he needed his rest. I—I guess I made him kind of mad, too, though."

"How?" said Freddie, stirred to a momentary interest.

"He was sitting there playing, and I thought I'd sort of give him a compliment, you know, to smooth the ground, sort of . . . You know! And I said, 'That certainly was beautiful!' You know what he did? He got red in the face, and spluttered, and almost threw me out bodily. How was I to know he wasn't really playing? Just practicing chromatics?" Jerry's voice was aggrieved. Freddie became entirely alive. "You mean there's an organist right here? In this town? You've been talking to him?"

"Sure," said Jerry. "That was the hunch I had. He stopped here to see some relative. He's on his way to Philadelphia. He's going to take tonight's train. He has to be promptly

on the job. He won't stay over."

Freddie leaped to his feet. "Listen Jerry can this fellow play Handel's Messiah?"

"Well, of . . ." Jerry's reply remained suspended in mid-air, as Freddie rushed through the doorway. He rushed back again to ask, "Where can I find him?"

"In the organ loft in the church," said Jerry, "but, I've already told you . . ." That sentence, too, remained suspended in mid-air, for Freddie had gone.

In spite of the sputtering radiators, the church was cold, but the pale, ascetic-looking man in the organ loft, his head bent above the keys, didn't seem to mind. After one sharp glance of curiosity at Freddie, he didn't seem to mind him, either, for he went right on playing. Freddie slid into one of the pews, just under the organ loft, and settled himself to wait. He was waiting for a propitious moment in which to speak to this cranky organist who had almost thrown Jerry out of the church.

Freddie waited for an hour, while the organist played on and on. Finally he dozed. He was so completely tone-deaf that music, like the buzzing of the bees on a hot afternoon, always put him to sleep, and he had had a strenuous morning! He was awakened by the organist's voice. The pale, sensitive face of an artist was looking at him over the loft-rail.

"You are one of the true music-lovers, eh? Ah. I sometimes think that the only men who could make good music were the old masters, the ones like Handel who made their music for God. The Messiah, now. It is such music as angels might make." He gestured to the sheets on

the organ which Molly had left there. "And the Largo. Each time I play it, I think that no matter what noise the world makes, no matter how loud and ugly, over it one could always hear the Largo. If one listens for it, he can hear it faintly through the din; then it grows louder, until it drowns out all the confusion of sounds, and there is left only music."

Freddie stirred uneasily. "Please, sir, don't get the wrong impression. I . . . To be absolutely frank, sir, I can't distinguish one note from the other!" He dropped his eyes guiltily, before the gathering frown on the older man's face.

"And why," demanded a suddenly stern voice, "do sit here for an hour listening to music that you don't even understand?"

Freddie began to stammer slightly, as he always did in moments of great stress. "You see, it was this way, sir, a hundred dollars isn't to be sneezed at. You can play tomorrow night, take the Saturday train for Philadelphia, and be there in plenty of time to play at the eleven o'clock service Sunday.

"Eleven o'clock service?" queried the organist.

"Yes," said Freddie, eagerly. "In plenty of time for the eleven o'clock service. And after all, even if it is your first Sunday in a new church, the order of the service is always the same, if you've handled one you've handled them all. Honestly, you'd be doing us a big favor—and you'd be a hundred dollars in. Doesn't that make good sense? If it doesn't, I'm no-no chemist!"

The organist smiled slightly. "first, a young man comes and tells me I play beautifully when I am warming

my fingers with the chromatic scale."

"Well," said Freddie, apologetically, "Jerry was just trying to do the best he could." The organist held up a restraining hand. "Yes! Yes! I understand, but I'm afraid it is impossible. I can't do it."

Freddie slid out of the pew, his shoulders sagging, his thin face melancholy. "All right, sir. I—I haven't meant to pester you. I've just been trying to do the best I can."

"Wait!" The organist's voice was peremptory. "You try to turn my own words against me! Very well, I'll do it. I'll try to do the best I can, too. But, mind, I've got to have the hundred dollars within the hour!"

"You'll have it!" Freddie promised, his spirits soaring. "Just wait right here!"

Friday night was clear and cold, but the church was crowded. People overflowed in to the aisles, and crowded the chilly vestibule. A completely impoverished group of young people occupied the four front rows. One of them—who was tone-deaf—fell asleep in the middle of the concert, and was only awakened by the organist's voice appealing quite impromptu, for a silver collection for the little missionary girl who would soon be going home. Freddie stood in the rear of the church, custodian of the missionary box. As the people filed out it got heavier and heavier. The organist came last. To Freddie's wide-eyed surprise he dropped the whole roll of assorted and crumpled bills which Freddie had given him only yesterday into the box.

Freddie was too stunned to speak, but Jerry Morton thanked him. "You can't know how grateful we are, sir. We've taken in over five hundred

dollars and this silver collection will total one hundred and fifty, I'm sure. It was more than sporting of you to do it, sir. Not everybody would have."

"It was an experience I will always remember," said the organist, thoughtfully: "Some of these people must have come for miles!"

"Oh, yes," answered Jerry. "As soon as word got around that you were going to play, they would have come on crutches!"

"Wait a minute," said Freddie, slowly, "the conversation's getting a little out of my depth. Why would they come on crutches when they knew you were going to play?"

Molly gave Freddie's arm a little shake with her good hand. "Silly! Doesn't the name Masterson mean anything to you? Mr. Masterson was on his way to a concert in Philadelphia scheduled for Saturday night."

"That was why Mr. Masterson was hesitant about coming tonight. Any unforeseen occurrence that might keep him from being in Philadelphia promptly would disappoint thousands of people—and he might forfeit his contract. That would mean thousands of dollars!" chimed in Jerry.

"Tch! Tch!" Mr. Masterson shook hands around. "I think I'll make that concert all right—with the help of Providence. She couldn't be unkind to me after such a night as this. Good-by! Good luck to you Miss Molly!" He strode through the door.

Molly looked at Freddie, her gray eyes round. "Surely! Surely, Freddie, you knew to whom you were talking when you asked Mr. Masterson to . . ."

Freddie shook his head, humbly. "No, I didn't. I didn't know I was

practically asking him to take a chance on thousands of dollars. I knew he was an organist, of course, but not a famous one. Jerry said that the man had to be 'promptly on the job' and I thought he meant he

had been engaged to play the organ somewhere in Philadelphia and was just anxious to be there on time." "Why I—I actually told Mr Master-son that a hundred dollars wasn't to be sneezed at!"

—————:—————

Ability doth hit the mark where presumption over-shooteth and diffidence falleth short.—Cusa.

—————:—————

FIRST PIPE ORGAN INSTALLED IN CONCORD

(Concord Daily Tribune)

Many Concordians interested in the preservation of articles of historic interest and value to the city and Cabbarrus County have expressed the hope that the St. Andrews Lutheran Church organ now offered for sale, may ultimately find a permanent place in the Memorial Museum at the Community Center building. The church also, as well as its pews, will be sold and removed to make room for a new church on the same site.

The organ has an interesting history which was brought to light through a "for sale" add in the Tribune. It is the first pipe organ installed in a church in the city, being placed in 1880 in the third building used as a place of worship by the congregation of the First Presbyterian Church. The church was located at the corner of Spring and West Depot streets on the sites later occupied by the fourth church—the building now used by H. and T. Motor Company. At the time of the installation of the

organ. Dr. Luther McKinnon was pastor and he was succeeded in 1884 by Dr. Charles Montgomery Paine who served until 1894.

A young man named Robert L. Keasler was the first organist to preside at the one-manual keyboard. When he went to Boston to study music at the Conservatory, Mrs. Annette Hampton Harris (Mrs. R. S. Harris) became organist and served for a long time. Her little girl, Mary Lewis Harris, (Now Mrs. John F. Reed, organist of the First Presbyterian Church) learned to play that same organ. Mrs. Harris was succeeded as organist by Miss Lucy Lore who served until her death.

Mrs. Charles B. Wagoner, a well-known authority hereabouts on matters historical, says that she remembers attending that church when she was a little girl called Jannie Alexander Patterson. She particularly remembers the leading soprano in the choir, dainty little Miss Katie Foard,

who was so tiny she had to stand on her tiptoes to see and be seen over the high choir-rail. Little Miss Foard, Mrs. Wagoner says, wore her hair in tight curls extending to her shoulders. She had a high, sweet soprano voice which had been cultivated at the Peabody Conservatory of music.

When the Presbyterians built a new church in 1904, and the late James W. Cannon gave the church a new and more modern organ, the smaller organ, then 20 years old, was sold to the First Baptist church and used by that congregation until it was sold in 1923 to St. Andrews.

Mrs. Mattie Jones Crooks played the organ for a number of years, and she says it is one of the pleasantest childhood memories of her son James that he was allowed the privilege of pumping the organ sometimes. For up till the time electrical pumping equipment was installed at St. Andrews Church, the organ had to be blown by hand. Pumping the organ was the regular Sunday morning task of John Kirk, but James Crooks delighted in assisting him.

Mrs. H. G. Black, then Miss Katie Lee Raiford, was organist for some time.

The organ was sold when the Baptist congregation replaced a frame building with the present brick structure during the pastorate of Dr. Martin.

For more than twelve years, Professor S. A. Wolff has been the regular St. Andrews organist. When he is absent Miss Sallie Holland or Miss Laura Louise Walter substitute for him.

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of the church, says that he believes Miss Vera Stirewalt was the first organist to play the organ after its removal to St. Andrews.

The organ, is of the one-manual type now considered so rare that one of them has been placed in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C. Its keys are yellowed with age, and its bronzed pipes and mellow walnut finish make it still a thing of beauty. It has remarkable beauty of tone for its size, but of course it lacks the advantages of many of the modern improvements in organ building.

Its name plate shows that it was made by Johnson & Son, of Westfield, Massachusetts, and is "Opus 567" of that company.

TRUE BEAUTY

If either man or woman would realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble thoughts and hopes and purposes; by having something to do and something to live for that is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—Upham.

FUTURE FARMERS DOING FINE JOB.

(Concord Daily Tribune)

At an age when the average city boy is still a charge on his father's purse, producing nothing, and not having yet decided on what he will be when he grows up, tens of thousands of country boys are already wealth-producing, money-making, responsible young people. That this is so, is shown by the accomplishments of the Future Farmers of America, an organization of rural youth dedicated to training its members in agriculture, and described by Farnsworth Crowder in *The Rotarian Magazine*.

Membership demands first the choosing of farming as a career, and the various degrees are earned by definite achievements on a farm. Training is not restricted to things of the soil and barn. The typical Future Farmer is a well-rounded person. His vocational training includes hand skills and public speaking. He is also a social fellow anxious to cooperate for the community welfare.

A striking example of Future Farmers getting things done comes from Stamping Ground, Kentucky. This chapter, one of 6,300, has 38 of the boys shown on the roll call of 206,000. Its members first did some profitable farming that made their elders take notice of the scientific ideals learned

from their advisor, Ivan Jett. Then they erected a \$1,200 headquarters building. A town beautification project included the painting of fences, the planting of shrubs, and the removal of trash heaps. But their crowning achievement was born of a typhoid scare. They sampled well water, found it contaminated, and proposed a water works system. When the town council took no action, they went to their representative in the Federal government, arranged for a loan contingent on raising an amount to match it. They raised their quota, and now Stamping Ground has a modern waterworks.

That the Future Farmers of America take their responsibilities seriously is reflected by one of their prize-winning orators: "No longer is farming a matter of mere hard labor . . . A trained farmer ranks with doctor, merchant, engineer, carpenter and mechanic. He is all these. He buys and sells, runs an engine, doctors his livestock, applies science in selecting seed, fighting pests, or feeding stock."

These things the Future Farmers are learning. "Much of the future of the nation's agriculture," the author says, "is in their capable hands. Let the countryside be glad!"

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful; but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man, I will oblige many that are not so. I had rather never receive a kindness than never bestow one. Not to return a benefit is a great sin; but not to confer one is a greater.—Seneca.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Romance of the Redwoods," a Columbia production, was the attraction at our regular motion picture show last Thursday night.

—:—

The barber shop has been quite a busy place this week as Mr. Query and his assistants have been giving the boys hair-cuts.

—:—

Following a thirty-day quarantine period because of the "flu" epidemic, relatives and friends were allowed to visit the boys last Wednesday.

—:—

Some of the boys on the outside forces have been hauling gravel and making repairs to the roads in various sections of the campus.

—:—

The work of spraying fruit trees, begun some time ago, which was interrupted by bad weather, has now been completed. This is the first spraying of the season.

—:—

Messrs. J. Lee White, our farm manager, and J. C. Fisher, assistant superintendent, went to Raleigh last Tuesday to attend to some matters in the interest of the School.

—:—

Dr. Hussman, an inspector with the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture, recently spent two days at the School. This visit was for the purpose of testing our herd of Holstein cattle for tuberculosis. While we have not yet heard his report, we are not much concerned as to the outcome of this test, for according to previous similar tests, there have never been any traces

of this disease among the cattle at the School.

—:—

The first Spring planting of the 1941 season at the School occurred last Friday, at which time forty bags (about 100 bushels) of Maine grown, certified Irish Cobbler potatoes were planted. This was all done in one afternoon, the ground having previously been prepared and then found to be in fine condition. It was an interesting sight to see one group of boys cutting potatoes, another squad carrying same to the planters, and quite a larger group of boys dropping them in furrows. Of course, a complement of lads with teams were opening furrows, distributing fertilizer and covering the potatoes being dropped in the rows, Talk about system or co-operation—that was what was used in this work.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Liske, of Cottage No. 10, were hosts at their cottage home, Saturday afternoon, February 15th, to the members of the Mt. Gilead Book Club. The home was appropriately decorated, suggesting the Valentine idea, with its red and white decorations. Arrangements of red roses and white hyacinths were used in the living rooms and dining room, presenting a very pretty picture.

The guests assembled in the boys' living room, where Superintendent Chas. E. Boger addressed them in a most interesting manner, briefly outlining the purpose of the School and the work done here. He expressed his pleasure in being able to welcome

this group of visitors, saying that to have such friends come and see what the School is doing for the under-privileged boy, and then go back and tell what they had seen, is the finest advertisement the institution could have.

Mrs. P. R. Rankin, one of North Carolina's most prominent club women, replied, saying how happy they all were to be here, and assured Mr. Boger that she and her associates would not fail to speak a good word for the Jackson Training School at every opportunity.

Mrs. Liske then informed Mrs. Rankin that a previous gift of five dollars, coming from her, supplemented by another of three dollars on this occasion, for the use of the boys of the cottage, would be turned over to the literary society. She further stated that at the last meeting of this group of boys, they had voted unanimously to change the name of their organization to that of "The Katie Rankin Literary Society." Mrs. Rankin graciously expressed her appreciation and requested that she might be permitted to attend the next regular meeting of the group, and was assured that she would be a most welcome guest at any time.

Following Mr. Boger's address and remarks by several members of the visiting group, the hostess, assisted by Mrs. T. V. Talbert, served a sweet course with coffee and nuts, which repeated the red and white Valentine motif. Each guest was then presented a souvenir folder, containing a picture of the entire group of boys of the cottage, names of officers and members of the literary society, and other information concerning the home activities.

A meeting like this would not be complete unless some camera "fans" were present, so Mr. Leon Godown, our printing instructor, snapped some pictures of the visitors, both in the cottage and on the campus, and one of the guests, who had brought along her movie camera, made several "shots" of the group and of the boys at play nearby.

The guests were then shown the campus, going through many of the various departments. Some of them had never visited the School, and they were very enthusiastic in expressing their delight in having an opportunity to see how the work is being carried on. The ladies present on this occasion were as follows:

Mrs. P. R. Rankin, Mrs. D. L. Swarngen, Miss Mollie Ledbetter, Mrs. J. I. Philips, Miss Mildred McAulay, Mrs. C. A. Ledbetter, Mrs. R. B. Winchester, Mrs. Homer Haywood, Miss Lousie Booth, Miss Frances Haywood.

—:—

In the absence of Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, who was unable to come to the School last Sunday afternoon, the service was conducted by Rev. A. A. Lyerly, pastor of Harmony Methodist Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 19:16-22, and in his message to the boys he pointed out some instances in his own boyhood which he thought might be beneficial to his listeners. Some of the principles taught him as a boy, said he, did not seem to be of much value at the time, but later in life he found they were just what he needed.

Rev. Mr. Lyerly spoke of three important lessons taught him then, as follows: (1) Respect for the Sabbath Day. His parents taught him to re-

spect the Lord's Day, saying that he must go to church and Sunday school regularly. Many times he looked for excuses for staying at home, but his parents insisted that he go, and he went, often grumbling because in his boyish mind, it seemed rather useless to do so. He further stated that his father enforced a stern rule against doing any kind of work on Sunday except that of attending to the necessary farm chores. Such things as playing baseball or swimming on Sunday were forbidden. The speaker also stated that on several occasions he had disobeyed these rules, following which his father meted out rather severe punishment in the good old-fashioned way, well-known to those of us who were reared in a community where hickory trees grew plentifully. While this seemed to be severe ruling to him as a boy, said Rev. Mr. Lyerly, as he grew older the Sabbath meant far more to him because his parents had taught him to respect the day.

(2) Respect for Elders. The speaker continued by saying that he came along at a time when children were supposed to be seen and not heard, especially when older people were doing the talking. He was taught to respect the wishes of old folks. Now that he was a grown man, because of that early training, he had more respect for his father than at any time in his life. He further stated that some of the most blessed things he had learned had come from older

people, who gave him the benefit of their rich experiences in life. School teachers who had seemed hard taskmasters in his boyish mind, he now revered greatly because of the valuable lessons they had insisted he must learn.

(3) The Value of Hard Work. Contrary to the opinion of many, it is no disgrace to work. Some people think the world owes them a living, but that is not true. Just try to collect, and you'll find this old world to be a very poor paymaster. The speaker continued by saying that as a boy, he sometimes thought his father was a terrible man, because he imposed so many hard tasks which must be completed before there was any time for playing. What seemed to be a hard lesson then, proved most valuable when he left home at the age of eighteen. By having been taught to work as a small boy, he was later able to work his way through the university and school of religion, finally becoming a minister of the Gospel. Once more his father's teachings had revealed their true value.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Lyerly told the boys they were being taught things here at the School by men and women who were interested in their welfare. He urged them to take advantage of the opportunities thus offered, that they might develop into the kind of men God wants them to be.

—:—

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.—Walpole.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 16, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (8) William Drye 10
- Homer Head 9
- (12) Robert Maples 12
- (12) Frank May 12
- (12) William Shannon 12
- (12) Weldon Warren 12

COTTAGE NO. 1

- (2) Everett Case 6
- (4) Albert Chunn 9
- (3) John Davis 3
- (4) Porter Holder 11
- Carl Hooker 2
- Joseph Howard 2
- Burman Keller 8
- Bruce Link 3
- (2) H. C. Pope 4
- (2) Jack Sutherland 4
- (4) Everett Watts 11

COTTAGE NO. 2

- Joseph Farlow 7
- Bernice Hoke 5
- (10) Edward Johnson 11
- Robert Keith 6
- (8) Donald McFee 10
- Peter Tuttle 5

COTTAGE NO. 3

- (2) Lewis Andrews 10
- Earl Barnes 8
- (9) John Bailey 10
- (2) Jack Crotts 7
- Robert Hare
- Jerry Jenkins 2
- (2) Harley Matthews 7
- (4) William Matthewson 10
- George Shaver 5
- (2) Wayne Sluder 9

COTTAGE NO. 4

- (2) Wesley Beaver 5
- (2) Paul Briggs 6
- William Cherry 4
- (2) Arthur Edmondson 9
- Aubrey Fargis 4
- (2) Arlow Goins 7
- (7) Noah J. Greene 9
- (2) John Jackson 7

- (2) Morris Johnson 2
- Winley Jones
- William C. Jordan 3
- George Newman 6
- Eugene Puckett 2
- (3) Robert Simpson 6
- George Speer 4
- Oakley Walker 4
- (2) John Whitaker 4

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (12) Theodore Bowles 12
- (10) Junior Bordeaux 10
- (5) Collett Cantor 9
- (3) Currie Singletary 10
- (2) Hubert Walker 10
- Dewey Ware 11

COTTAGE NO. 6

- Robert Dunning 4
- Fred Bostian 2
- Leo Hamilton 7
- (2) John Maples 4
- Carl Ward 2
- Woodrow Wilson 7

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (2) John H. Averitte 11
- (7) Cleasper Beasley 11
- (3) Henry B. Butler 8
- (3) Donald Earnhardt 11
- (2) George Green 7
- Richard Halker 6
- Lyman Johnson 10
- (10) Carl Justice 10
- (5) Arnold McHone 11
- Edward Overby 5
- Carl Ray 7
- Ernest Turner 6
- Alex Weathers 10
- (3) Ervin Wolfe 8

COTTAGE NO. 8

No Honor Roll

COTTAGE NO. 9

- (12) David Cunningham 12
- (3) James Hale 3
- Columbus Hamilton 4
- R. L. Hall

- (3) Edgar Hedgepeth 3
- Mark Jones 6
- (4) William Nelson 10
- Leroy Pate
- James Ruff 10

COTTAGE NO. 10

- Thomas King 2
- John Lee
- (2) Harry Peake 5
- Edward Stutts 5
- Walter Sexton 2
- (2) Claude Weldy 7
- (2) Jack Warren 7

COTTAGE NO. 11

- John Allison
- (4) William Dixon 10
- (12) Robert Goldsmith 12
- Everett Morris 2
- (4) Broadus Moore 9
- (3) James Tyndall 10

COTTAGE NO. 12

- (10) Odell Almond 10
- William Deaton 9
- (2) Treley Frankum 9
- Woodrow Hager 9
- (10) Tillman Lyles 10
- Clarence Mayton 9
- Hercules Rose 9
- (12) Howard Sanders 12
- Charles Simpson 10
- Robah Sink 11
- Jesse Smith 6
- George Tolson 9
- (7) J. R. Whitman 10

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (2) Bayard Aldridge 4
- (3) James Brewer 9
- (6) Charles Gaddy 6
- (12) Vincent Hawes 12
- James Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 14

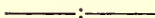
- (3) Raymond Andrews 11
- (4) John Baker 11
- William Butler 6
- Edward Carter 11
- Mack Coggins 10
- (12) Robert Deyton 12
- (2) Henry Ennis 4
- (12) Audie Farthing 12
- (6) Troy Gilland 10
- (4) John Hamm 10
- (3) Feldman Lane 9
- (2) Roy Mumford 5
- (2) Henry McGraw 7
- Charles McCoyle 7
- (6) Norvell Murphy 9
- John Robbins 9
- (3) Charles Steepleton 10
- (5) Jack West 8

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (8) Jennings Britt 8
- Aldine Duggins 4
- (6) J. P. Sutton 10

INDIAN COTTAGE

- Raymond Brooks 3
- (2) George Duncan 9
- (2) Redmond Lowry 7
- (2) Thomas Wilson 9



THE BIBLE

Cities fall, empires come to nothing, kingdoms fade away as smoke. Where is Numa, Minos, Lycurgus? Where are their books? and what has become of their laws? But that this book no tyrant should have been able to consume, no tradition to choke, no heretic maliciously to corrupt; that it should stand unto this day, amid the wreck of all that was human, without the alteration of one sentence so as to change the doctrine taught therein,—surely there is a very singular providence, claiming our attention in a most remarkable manner.

—Bishop Jewell.



MAR 4 1941

CAROLINA ROCK

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., MARCH 1, 1941

NO. 9

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PEACE

The more quietly and peaceably we all get on, the better—the better for ourselves—the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the wisest policy is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.—Bishop Patrick.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

AMERICA--TO PRAYER!

America—to prayer!
Earth's blackest hour demands
The mighty supplication of thy millions,
Who yet alone are free in peace to pray,
And lift to God hands still unstained with blood

Amid the wreck of valiant nations, fallen
Beneath the deadliest blows Mars ever struck
Upon the innocent who loved but peace,
While only one is left 'twixt thee and the fury:
Raise thy strong cry—America!

Pray not in fear nor panic for thyself,
But firm in faith that "gates of hell shall not prevail,"
And great of heart, to feel the woe of all the world;
So link thyself to God by intercession
And the will to serve.

Mayhap no fire from heaven will fall—
The ways of God are wiser than the ways of men—
But known the Lord is stronger than His foes!
So let thy hundred million people pray,
To speed the miracle of peace!

America—to prayer!
All urgent rings that other cry:
"America—to arms!"

—Elda Mae Piero.

CHARLES F. RITCHIE

The many friends of Charles F. Ritchie, a veteran merchant of Concord, have watched with interest, since the announcement of his sudden illness, the reports coming from his bedside. This splendid citizen had the appearance of possessing a fine physique, therefore, the sudden heart attack, the cause of his illness, was a decided

shock to all who knew him. The expected happened, death claimed him, and his soul passed into the realm of blessed peace, after a long service as a kind husband and father, a fine citizen, loyal churchman, and a friend to his fellow man.

In his place of business he greeted his customers most courteously, realizing that courtesy is the technique of success in any business, large or small. The march of time curtailed his activities in the store, but his cheery salutation greeted his legion of friends as they passed his place of business.

His splendid family, including his wife, several sons and a daughter, will miss his sweet and tender companionship, but will accept the touch of the grim reaper's hand with an understanding heart. This institution will miss the kindly interest of Mr. Ritchie in the forgotten child, therefore, the personnel of this School extends deepest sympathy to the members of the bereaved family in their great loss.

* * * * *

IMPORTANT FEBURARY DATES

It has been noted that February is the birth-month of many men who have written their names in the records of fame. The most outstanding in American history are Washington and Lincoln, but there are other names, classed in the ranks of small officials, who have contributed in a large way toward making the United States a unit of good government with privileges of freedom that all people enjoy.

It seems coincidental that February 17, 1897, forty-four years ago, marked the founding of the Parent-Teacher Association, an organization conceived to bring parents closer to the school life of the child, with an understanding of the problems to be adjusted by the teachers. The Parent-Teacher Association has a national membership of more than two millions, and in North Carolina the membership reaches the high mark of seventy-five thousand.

Some one has wisely said, "United we stand; divided we fall", but there is little danger of a break in this august body of teachers and parents, so it is obvious this group of workers for the welfare of childhood, will wield an influence that touches the most remote corners, not alone of our state, but of the entire country.

On Founder's Day we fortunately turned the dial of the radio to just the right point to hear a program that revealed an impressive story. The president of the national organization was the speaker on this occasion. We visualized her as a modest, calm and far-sighted mother who placed the essentials of life first, likewise we observed that she emphasized the health and environment of childhood, the most important fundamentals of a strong defense for our great nation.

She spoke knowingly of the National Defense Program as planned by our government and was thoroughly in accord with same. But she did not fail to impress the large audience within hearing distance of her voice that the strongest defense of any country is a strong and well-trained youth of the land. One could easily read between the lines of this fine address that the child was accepted as the sweetest and most precious gift of mankind.

Therefore, the objective of the Parent-Teacher Association is one inspired by the noble impulses of genuine motherhood—the rearing and training of the children of the Nation. This combined influence, by precept and example, of teachers and parents, can work miracles in molding a strong and understanding citizenship. The women who visualized the possibilities of such an organization surely had a vision of superb service, especially so since statistics inform us there are 17,000,000 children in the United States. Long may the Parent-Teacher Association live, having for its watchword the CHILD.

* * * * *

A MILD WINTER

Two months of 1941 have passed very smoothly without any intense cold weather. There were many days when the clouds obscured the sun, but all memories of dreary, damp days were soon forgotten when "Old Sol" would burst forth in all his glory. A mild winter is always an occasion for thanksgiving, because there is less suffering from the lack of food and fuel. With grateful memories for the blessings of a kind providence, we turn our faces to the approach of Spring with a hope for effective achievements that will rebound to the enrichment of the soul and the development of mind and body.

We all feel that Spring is upon us when Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, forty days of meditation and prayer prior to the resurrection morn, is announced in the church calendar. This season of the year reveals many antics of Spring, such as the budding of trees, the blossoming of the hardy plants, and the chirping of birds on the window-sill, looking for a warm and cozy nook in which to build their nest. Then, too, hope springs eternal in the human breast when mother earth is prepared for the planting of grain and vegetables with a faith that has never failed from the beginning of time. The attentive agriculturist who plows and plants and then patiently awaits the miracles of nature, has an undying faith in the unseen power.

Every season, warm or cold, stormy or calm, carries hidden blessings that at times seem slow in materializing, but in the course of time, the person of undying faith wins. The Winter of 1940-41 has been mild and kind, therefore, we now turn our faces to the approaching Spring with faith and courage to meet conditions with "chins up."

* * * * *

REGULATION OF BICYCLE TRAFFIC

An encouraging reduction in fatal accidents involving bicycle riders in North Carolina has been reported by the Highway Safety Division, which attributes the reduction largely to stricter control and regulation of bicycle traffic in many cities in the state.

The brightest spot in the whole traffic accident picture for 1940, in fact, was the large reduction shown in fatalities and injuries from motor vehicle-bicycle collisions. Last year, 20 bicycle riders were killed and 208 were injured in accidents in this state, whereas 37 were killed and 258 injured in 1939. This was nearly a 50 per cent reduction in bicycle fatalities, and the decrease was particularly noteworthy in view of the increased use of bicycles and the upward trend of all other types of traffic accidents.

"In as much as a great majority of the bicycles are in cities and towns, we feel that an important factor behind this decrease in bicycle fatalities has been the fact that many municipalities in the state have adopted special ordinances designed to regulate and control bicycle riders," said Ronald Hocutt, director of the safety divi-

sion "Fourteen cities in the state have compulsory registration of bicycles, regulatory ordinances, or both, and these have formed the basis for an educational and enforcement program among bicycle riders in these municipalities."

Greenville, Taboro, Wilson and Reidsville have enacted bicycle ordinances and begun licensing bicycles within the past 30 days, and Elizabeth City, Shelby, Salisbury and several other cities have such measures under consideration, Hocutt reported.

"I am certain that if this program is consistently carried on and expanded, the hazards created by bicycle traffic will be greatly reduced," he said.

* * * * *

GRATITUDE

Gratitude is a God-given grace, one of the finest elements of manhood. The following from "The Journal," Coffeyville, Kansas, surely is an expression of gratitude:

Sam Carpenter would like to know who put the \$5 bill in the letter he received recently.

"You won't remember me," a note folded with the money said "but I'm the fellow you bought the overcoat for. I was standing in front of Burger & Adams' filling station, and you took me to Belts' to get me a coat."

As Carpenter remembers the incident, it happened one Saturday night about 12 years ago. He was driving home from a show, and stopped at the filling station to have anti-freeze put in the radiator of his car. A youth 15 or 16 years old was standing at the corner by the station, lightly dressed and shivering in the cold.

Carpenter asked the boy if he had an overcoat and discovered that he was a transient out of work. Tom Turner, the affable "Cap" of the Door of Hope, had given him an order for food and a place to stay for the night, but he was pushing on to California the next day. But the boy needed a coat—it was late January—so Carpenter bought him a mackinaw. Belts' sold him one, a heavy woolen garment a little out of date, for \$5.

The boy is working now at a factory in Los Angeles, but Carpenter doesn't know how to tell him he received the money. His signature was illegible.

A STUMPER FOR THE QUIZZ MAN

North Carolina Congress of Parents and Teachers

What important February date is celebrated by more American people than any other? Is it Lincoln's birthday? Washington's? St. Valentine's Day? Well, we have no way of checking the number of people observing those time honored dates, but we do know that two million, five hundred thousand parent-teachers association members of this country celebrate February the seventeenth as their Founder's Day. It was forty-four years ago, February 17, 1897, that Mrs. Alice McLellan Birney and Mrs. Phoebe Apperson Hearst called an organization meeting of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. Every state and territory in the Union was represented at that historic meeting in Washington, D. C., at that time the home of both Mrs. Birney and Mrs. Hearst. Mrs. Birney was born in Georgia; Mrs. Birney was a native Missourian.

It was twenty-two years later before the parent-teacher movement had gathered sufficient impetus to warrant a state organization in North Carolina. The dream of that small band of women, meeting in Charlotte in 1919, may be better visualized by reading their objects as recorded in the minutes of the day.

"The objects shall be to raise the standards of home life; to give to young people opportunities to learn how to care for children, so that when they assume the duties of parenthood they may have some conception of the methods which will best develop the physical, intellectual and spiri-

tual nature of the child; to bring into closer relations the home and the school that parents and teachers may cooperate intelligently in the education of the child; to surround the childhood of the whole world with that wise, loving care in the impressionable years of life that will develop good citizens; to use systematic and earnest effort to this end through the formation of parent-teacher associations in every public school and elsewhere; through the establishment of kindergartens; and through distribution of literature which will be of practical use to parents in the problems of home life; to secure more adequate laws for the care of dependent children, and to carry the mother-love and mother-thought into all that concerns childhood. The Congress believes that, with the aid of Divine Power, these objects will be accomplished."

Today North Carolina has approximately 75,000 parent-teacher members; she ranks ninth in membership among all forty-eight states, the district of Columbia, Puerto Rica and Hawaii. These seventy-five thousand men and women are organized into around seven hundred local associations. Practically every one of these seven hundred North Carolina parent-teacher associations are dedicating their February meeting to their Founders.

Probably the most interesting and the most enlightening of these Founder's Day programs are those dealing with the early history of locals, them-

selves. But while honoring local past-presidents and loyal workers and reviewing early P-T-A accomplishments, this recent message from Mrs. Fred M. Raymond, national chairman of the committee on Programs and Founder's Day, is before them:

"In this crucial year of 1941 the challenge of our heritage comes with renewed force. In every local association this February there should be a re-dedication to a wiser, more intelligent, more vital interpretation of parent-teacher objectives."

In those objectives, somewhat more streamlined than those set forth at North Carolina's organization meet-

ing back in 1919, it is true, one reads the same meaning.

"To promote the welfare of children and youth in home, school, church, and community; to raise the standard of home life; to secure adequate laws for the care and protection of children and youth.

"To bring into close relation the home and the school that parents and teachers may cooperate intelligently in the training of the child, and to develop between educators and the general public such united efforts as will secure for every child the highest advantages in physical, mental, social, and spiritual education."

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A WHOPPER IS CORRECTED

You may have noticed an Associated Press dispatch from Wilson, N. C., describing the experience of three tenant farmers who went out to cut an old pine tree for firewood. In successive hollows they found a nest of squirrels, a den of raccoons, 200 pounds of pure honey, and finally, a nice fat 'possum. Well, we have a very persistent North Carolinian on our staff, and naturally he noticed it too.

"They didn't get it straight," he complained. "The way it happened was this: First, they chopped open the hollow at the top and found the squirrels. Then they found a hollow containing 150 pounds of the finest paper shell pecans. They chopped some more and found a passel of 'coons, including a rare albino—snow white and worth a lot of money. They chopped some more, and found the 200 pounds of pure honey; but remember this was an old bee tree, so why overlook the 500 pounds of beeswax? They chopped some more, and out popped a fat 'possum. They chopped some more and out popped a bag full of gold the Confederates had hid from the Yankees. They chopped some more, and out popped the Wilson correspondent of the Raleigh News and Observer. That's the way I've always heard it."—Baltimore Evening Sun.

WAR FOR 2500 YEARS

(Sunshine Magazine)

In two and a half thousand years there have been fought nine hundred and nine major wars. In the same historical period, civil war or internal fighting of a grave nature has broken out one thousand six hundred and fifteen times. Twenty-two hundred and seventeen wars, either internal fifteen times. Twenty-five hundred years, or seventeen more than one each year!

What a sad record! But from all indications, this will be thrown into the discard with the next century. The century which boasts its progress, the century which fought a "war to end all wars," can teach our barbarian ancestors a thing or two, not only about efficiency in warfare, but also in finding reasons for fighting.

Looking into the history of conflict finds considerable proof of this contention, and also presents evidence which will doubtless change many a popular conception regarding which nations have been most warlike.

For instance, most of us have always considered ancient Rome as a nation devoted to war. Yet we find that Rome was engaged in warfare only forty per cent of the years of her history. In contrast to this, modern Spain has found reason for fighting in sixty-seven per cent of all the years she has been a nation. This is the highest war percentage on record. Other nations which have put ancient Rome in the discard are England, France, and Russia.

It may be surprising that twenty-four wars have been fought, or are

still being fought, since the armistice in 1918. They are as follows:

- 1918-19—Poland and Ukrania over Galacia.
- 1919—Russian Revolution.
- 1919-21—Revolution in Ireland.
- 1919-22—Spanish war in Morocco.
- 1919-26—War of Conquest in Arabia.
- 1920—Russian attack on Poland.
- 1920—Turkey attacked Armenian Republic.
- 1920-26—Civil War in China.
- 1921-22—Greece invaded Asia Minor (defeated).
- 1925—Druse Rebellion in Syria against France.
- 1925-35—War between Bolivia and Paraguay over the Chaco.
- 1926-28—Communist and Nationalist clash in China.
- 1931-32—Japan invaded Manchukuo.
- 1932—Japan and China fight in Shanghai.
- 1935-36—Italian Conquest of Ethiopia.
- 1936—Civil War in Spain.
- 1937—Japan invaded China (still fighting).
- 1939—German Conquest of Austria and Czechoslovakia.
- 1939—German Conquest of Poland.
- 1939—War between Russia and Finland.
- 1939—German Conquest of Norway.
- 1940—German Conquest of the Netherlands. German Conquest of France. War between Italy and English-French Allies (still fighting). War between Germany and England (still fighting).

THE SOUTHERN'S NEW SERVICE

Deluxe units for "The Southerner", new streamlined train of the Southern Railway, are being completed in the Chicago shops of the Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company, according to advice from Frank L. Jenkins, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Railway System. The new modern cars will be ready to inaugurate a new phase of luxury travel between New Orleans and New York next month, the exhibition date having been tentatively announced as March 17th for New Orleans.

"The Southern" cars are part of an order for 47 ultra-modern units placed with Pullman-Standard by the Southern Railway. The entire order comprises 18 straight chair cars; six partition chair cars; five dining cars; three lounge-tavern-observation cars with square ends; three lounge-tavern-observation cars with round ends; six passenger and baggage cars; two mail baggage cars with 60 foot mail apartments; two mail-baggage cars with 30 foot mail apartments, and two mail storage cars.

Six complete streamlined trains will be made up from the 47 unit order. Three trains will operate under the name "The Southerner." The other three trains, to be completed at a later date, will be known as "The Tennessean" and will operate between Washington, D. C., and Memphis.

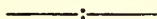
Featured in the new trains will be the latest refinements for safety, comfort and beauty. Cars are fabricated

of high tensile steel, each being particularly attractive in sheathing of stainless steel. Heating and air conditioning are thermostatically controlled. The new trains are powered by Diesel locomotives built by the Electro-Motive Corporation, subsidiary of General Motors.

Comfort arrangements in chair cars include twin rotating, reclining type seats throughout the main compartments, with special lounge chairs for both men's and women's rooms. Settees and card playing accommodations are part of the lounge-tavern planning. In the observation rooms are lounge chairs, settees, writing desks and other comfort and utility arrangements.

Particularly appealing is the decorative treatment of all train units. Predominant colors are blue, beige green, applied in appropriate tones to harmonize with individualized car schemes. Draperies, seat fabrics, floor coverings and the like have been planned to reflect luxury, beauty and comfort. Photomurals are important items in the general decorative treatment.

The dining car of each train seats 48 persons. Accommodations in each of the other units are as follows: straight chair cars, 56 persons each; partition chairs cars, 52 persons each; lounge-tavern-observation unit, 54 persons, and the baggage-dormitory-chair car, 22 persons.



"Ability is a poor man's wealth."

IF GEORGE WASHINGTON COULD RETURN TODAY

(Watchman-Examiner)

The world is not the same as that into which George Washington was born that February day in 1732. Could he return, he would be astonished by the changes that have taken place. Much of the progress his country has made he could trace to policies advocated by him. History appears to indicate he led and directed a transformation that has grown with increasing strength over western civilization.

The circumstances within his life made George Washington the prophet and executor of a new and brighter era. He was born a royal subject of an English king. He was reared in Tory surroundings. Culturally, he was more than ordinarily endowed with education and refinement. He would have graced the court of any king. Standing six feet two inches without shoes, he made no apology for his oversize, but stood erect as any small man ever tried to do. Majesty and dignity were in his bearing. He viewed himself and other men as being not only made for, but, under God, makers of destiny.

It was such a man who providentially was called to bring this nation into being. That he was God's man for his times all devout historians aver. As the first great soldier of his country, he won the Revolutionary War. As its most eminent patriot he refused to use the results of that victory for his own benefit, but bestowed them on his fellow countrymen. As a

wise statesman, he gathered around him the best talent of his times and created the American Republic. The advancing years only reveal how nobly he planned.

What a changed country he would see, could he return today. And yet it would rejoice his heart to see his own policies brought to fruition. Washington was a staunch advocate of education. When Washington was born there were only three colleges in this country—Harvard, William and Mary and Yale—with an attendance of 275 students. Were he to return now, he would find 913 institutions of higher learning, having an enrollment of over 800,000 students and endowments approximating \$815,000,000. The man who declared, "Knowledge is, in every country, the surest basis of happiness," would be amazed how literally his counsel had been fulfilled. In his farewell address Washington expressed his hope that the citizens of this country would be enlightened with true knowledge, that government might always be the expression of that enlightenment. He said:

"Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

Adversity is the first path to truth.—Byron

DANGERS OF THE HIGHWAYS

By Ronald Hocutt, Director Highway Safety Division

Reporting 980 deaths and approximately 10,000 injuries as the result of traffic accidents in North Carolina last year, the Highway Safety Division recently released a horrible story of death and destruction on the streets and highways of this state during 1940.

The 1940 traffic death toll, highest since 1937, represented an approximate 4 per cent increase over the 943 killed in 1939. However, the National Safety Council's provisional report for 1940 reveals an increase of around 6 per cent in traffic accidents nationally.

The 980 traffic fatalities in the state last year included 337 pedestrians, 270 persons killed in motor vehicle collisions, 161 killed in cars that ran off the roadway, 68 killed in cars that overturned on the roadway, 54 killed in collisions with fixed objects, 35 killed in railroad crossing crashes, 20 bicyclists, and 6 killed in collisions between motor vehicles and animal-drawn vehicles.

The 1940 accident report revealed that the 980 persons killed included 789 males and 191 females.

According to last year's figures, a driver stands a better chance than a passenger, and both stand a better chance than a pedestrian. There were 288 drivers killed, 327 passengers and 340 pedestrians.

Now for some facts about the 15,184 drivers involved in these accidents. A total of 13,633 of them were males, and only 1,302 were females. Nearly 5,000 of them were under 25 years of age. In all types of acci-

dents, 7,456 drivers resided in urban areas and 7,099 in rural areas, but in fatal accidents the number of rural drivers increased sharply, 659 rural drivers being involved in fatal accidents while only 476 urban drivers were involved in these accidents.

The report showed further, that 11,315 of the 15,184 drivers involved in accidents last year lived within 25 miles of the accident location, another 2,002 resided elsewhere in the state, and 1,181 were non-residents.

In the matter of driving experiences, only 175 of the 15,184 drivers had had less than one year's experience in driving, and approximately 10,000 had more than five year's experience. More than 5,000 of them had been driving over ten years.

Of the 866 fatal accidents in which the 980 persons were killed, 194 were charge to exceeding the stated speed limit, 123 to driving on the wrong side of the road, 41 to disregard of warning signs, signals or other traffic control devices, 45 to to usurpation of right-of-way, 49 to hit-and-run drivers, 45 to skidding vehicles, 29 to improper turning, and 33 to improper passing.

Of the 1,082 drivers involved in the 866 fatal accidents, 523 were held in violation. Out of the 1,082 vehicles involved, 783 were passenger cars, 165 were trucks and trailers, 13 were taxicabs, 10 were buses, only 5 were oil transports and only 3 were school buses. 1,021 of the 1,082 vehicles had no apparent mechanical defects.

593 of the 866 accidents occurred in open country, 176 occurred in urban residential districts, 41 occurred in

shopping and business districts, and 8 occurred in school and playground districts.

Out of the 866 fatal accidents, 644 were on straight roads, 668 on hard-surfaced roads, 706 on dry roads, 803 on roads with no apparent defects.

Saturday and Sunday ran a close race as most dangerous day of the week, Saturdays accounting for 195 fatal accidents and Sundays for 194. The most dangerous hour was from 7:00 p. m. to 8:00 p. m. A majority of the accidents happened in daylight and in clear weather.

Out of the 1,082 drivers involved in accidents in the state last year,

117 had been drinking and 88 were obviously drunk. 51 of the 337 pedestrians killed had been drinking, and 32 were drunk.

The gist of 1940 accident statistics, according to Safety Director Ronald Hocutt, is that "the typical accident last year happened to an apparently normal, sober driver, who was driving a car with no apparent mechanical defects, on a straight, dry level, hard-surfaced highway, in clear weather and in broad daylight."

Hocutt said last year's traffic accident experience in this state pointed emphatically the need for education of drivers.

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Absence from those we love is self from self—a deadly banishment.—Shakespeare.

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THE TRUTH IS ALWAYS BEST

By Florence A. Middleton

Lorene and Robert and Jean were evidently in a hurry so Aunt Liza, their colored washer-woman, had given them no cause for delay. The unexpected call for three shirts had not found her unprepared, and she had carefully placed the garments in the little basket which Lorene had brought. Father and the older boys were in a hurry for the shirts as they were leaving for town in an hour or so.

Along the homeward way, Lorene was, as usual, keeping the others highly entertained with her lively chatter and jokes. They always enjoyed a stroll through the woods but

they were soon in the road again. Then Lorene called out, "Look over yonder at the cane-mill! Aunt Rachel and Uncle Josh are making syrup. Let's stop and run by and see."

"But Mother told us to hurry back," Robert remonstrated for he believed in strict obedience.

"Oh, it won't take a minute," Lorene firmly said and she was sure that the children would follow her lead. In her careless way she set the basket down by a big oak and then they all went racing down the by-path that led to the mill. A long eared, white-tailed rabbit went

bounding across the path just ahead of them and Lorene gleefully exclaimed, "There goes a Molly Cotton-tail!" With happy hearts and smiling faces they ran on.

At the mill the children enjoyed watching the workers—the mule making the continuous round circuit at the press, where the big stalks were crushed. The juice was pouring down into a big keg. At the big furnace Aunt Rachel and Uncle Josh were very busy. The cauldron pans were seething and with long handled spoons they removed the skimmings.

Time passed so fast for the little folks but at last Robert said with a solemn face, "Lorene, we ought to be going."

"Oh, yes!" Lorene exclaimed, "I almost forgot." So they hastened back to the big oak, but oh, horrors! the basket was gone!

For a moment Lorene looked about with wild eyes but there was no sign of the basket anywhere. Robert excitedly said, "I told you not to go."

But Lorene was sure that she could make things right.

"I tell you what we must do. We must tell Mother that Aunt Liza didn't have the shirts ready."

"But that would be a lie," Robert said with glaring eyes.

"Well, anyway," Lorene declared, "if we don't want a good whipping I guess that's what we'll have to do."

"Well, I'm not going to tell a lie," Robert staunchly said.

"I don't think I will either," Jean said with a sad face.

With heavy hearts and less chatter

than usual they at last reached home. Mother met them at the door and in a clear tone she said, "Why were you gone so long any why didn't you bring the shirts?"

With a flushed face Lorene hastily said, "We waited a while but Aunt Liza didn't have them ironed."

When Mother gave her a stern look, Lorene turned aside but Mother didn't tell her that Father had picked up the basket as he came along the road. He had heard Lorene's merry laughter, too, at the cane-mill.

Mother then turned to Robert and quietly asked, "Robert, is that true?"

Nine-year-old Robert gave a gulp but he bravely said, "No'm, we left the basket by the road so we could go to the cane-mill and—" as his eyes filled with tears—"and somebody got it."

Mother then told them what she knew of their doings and she said severely, "Lorene, you are always leading these children into **mischief and** now you are the one who has told this falsehood."

Lorene was crying now, as she remorsefully said, "But I'll never do it again."

Mother said, "Lorene, I'm not going to let you go to Jennie's birthday party but Robert and Jean may go. Perhaps that will be punishment enough to remind you to tell the truth hereafter and to obey my orders."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," sobbed Lorene.

But now she is a much finer girl and she knows that the truth is always best.

Keep cool and you command everybody.—St. Just

GETTING BACK TO OLD-FASHIONED FUNDAMENTALS

(Concord Daily Tribune)

The final round of the national spelling bee, sponsored by newspapers throughout the country, was recently held in Washington D. C., and recalled that not many years ago the trend in modern education was to eliminate spelling from the curricula of many public schools. It was maintained by some educators that if children read good books they would automatically learn to spell.

Some school systems even went further. They eliminated many rhetoric courses, again on the theory that grammar and rhetoric could be best learned by reading the works of great writers.

"The result was immediately apparent," says The Gastonia Gazette. "Schools operating under these systems began to graduate boys and girls who not only could not spell, but who could not write a correctly constructed sentence. Prospective employers found them inadequately prepared for any position that included expression in writing.

"Most school systems gave up this 'progressive' education after a few years, and now the swing is back to teaching the fundamentals of reading and writing, grammar and spelling, basic arithmetic and history.

"An interesting lesson is learned

from the English method of combining history and reading, while at the same time teaching lessons in honesty and patriotism. English boys read of King Alfred and the burned cakes, Bruce and the spider, the rescue of Richard the Lion Hearted by Blondel, a wandering minstrel. All these stories have a moral, and are taught to the English student at an age when such lessons make a deep impression.

"Not many years ago, these stories and others about our own national heroes, were taught in a similar manner in the early grade in the public schools of this country. Examples of courage, honesty and self-sacrifice were constantly before the students at the most impressionable period of their lives.

"Today, the trend is toward the 'strange as it seems' and believe it or not' type of story. Old stories that exemplified the old, basic virtues take a back seat to these more up-to-date, streamlined reading lessons. Many observers believe this may account for a noticeable lack of understanding and appreciation of the basic principles of honesty, integrity, patriotism and self-sacrifice among school children today."

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Adversity is the diamond dust with which heaven polishes its jewels.—Leighton.

ROBINS IN JANUARY

By Marie E. Kolz

Robins to cheer one in January! To a man facing a blizzard, that seems absurd. With a bitterly cold wind whizzing along driving snow pitilessly against each passerby, what hope would there be for a robin's surviving the storm?

With snow entering every crevice and being whirled around this way and that until the most sheltered nooks are covered with a snowy mantle, there is no place for a robin to live. However, at that time the robins are doing their daily bit of cheering and they would be right there in the midst of the storm if they could.

Where are the robins in January, and whom are they cheering? They linger as long as they dare in parts of the country where the winters are severe. Then, knowing they must migrate, away they fly to a place with an open winter, a place where they can find food and whatever shelter they need.

In California and other parts of the United States that have a semi-tropical climate, robins are seen by the thousands in January and other winter months. They add to the beauty of life and its happiness wherever they go, for they are one of the most charming of man's feathered friends and one of the most cheerful.

How happy is the robin's song of joy! He puts such a cheery note into his song that it finds a responding echo in the hearts of his human friends, brightening their day and each deed thereof. And the robin's friends are legion.

Feeling secure in the friendship of man, robins go about their business contentedly although people may be passing by a few feet away. How proudly a robin walks over a newly sprinkled lawn with his eyes cocked for the welcoming sight of a fat, juicy worm! Soon his sharp eyes spy what he is looking for, and he drives his bill far down, at the same time bracing himself for a long, hard pull if necessary.

Usually after a few hard tugs, the earthworm is loosened and the robin is happy in his conquest. During nesting time, away he flies to his home to feed the hungry babies there. That duty done, back he goes to secure more food, for much is needed by that little family, of which he is justly proud.

The brave robin is willing to give his life in protecting his family if necessary. Fortunately most people—men, woman and children—love the robins, so never harm them and will not tolerate anyone else's doing so. Robins quickly recognize their human friends and show deep appreciation of them through their sociability and trust.

How worthy these feathered creatures are of our protection and love. They are man's true friends, especially so the farmer's and repay him many times over for the few cherries or other fruit they eat. Every year robins destroy thousands of insects that are injurious to field crops, gardens and flowers.

When spring arrives, the robins hurry back to the places where they spent the warmer weather the year be-

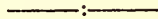
fore. What a thrill it is to the people there when they hear the first robin of spring! Joyfully the word is passed around, "There is a robin! Spring is here at last!"

Some robins arrive so early that a snow storm may come after they make their appearance. What to do! Food is covered! It is cold, bitterly cold! Friends of the cheery birds should come to the rescue, for "A friend in need is a friend indeed!" Those chily feathered friends are truly friends in need during the days of the storm.

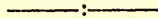
Scatter some food for the hungry little birds. They will appreciate it

and with food to nourish them, they can stand the cold quite well. How joyfully and thankfully the robins will come to the table you set for them! How eagerly they will eat!

Then when the sun comes out again, clear, sweet songs fill the air. Listen! Isn't that melody and the happy look in the robin's eye the grandest thanks you ever received from man's truest feathered friend, the beautiful, cheerful robin? He is one friend who never fails to show his appreciation through his trust in us and by his happy, gladdening song.



Always rise from the table with an appetite, and you will never sit down without one.—William Penn.



HOME RIGHTS

By Helda Richmond

"Hey! I've got to scoot it for home," said a small boy untangling himself from a mass of legs and arms at the foot of the snowslide. "I heard the five o'clock whistle."

"Won't your mother save you something?" asked a chum. "My mother looks over such things in coasting time." But Robert was already on his way home, followed by the pitying glances of his mates. Others followed Robert's example and hurried over the crisp snow where waiting lights told of fast approaching supertime.

"It must be awful to have a mother like Robert's," said one of the group. "Gee! If anyone is late at Robert's

he gets bread and butter and a glass of milk. Mom, she puts something nice in the warming oven for me when I forget and play late."

"So does mine," said another. "That's the kind of mother to have, I say."

But Robert at home, eating good chicken stew with biscuits, needed no pity. The delicious food and the waiting apple pie to follow the stew was satisfying to the lad who had been in the cold air since school was out.

Mrs. Crawford a neighbor ran over to tell Robert's mother about the postponement of a certain Sunday school meeting, and she looked enviously at the evidence that every

member of the family had been at the evening meal. "I wish you could tell me how you do it," she said wistfully. "My two will come tramping in from the hill about six-thirty and then I'll have to get them their supper. I declare at our house it is cook and eat all the time. I never get anything washed up all at once. The girls stay at the library with their chums or dillydally along and its very hard to have order, but I think the children must have some rights in their home and they will be grown and gone soon enough."

"Yes," said Robert's mother, "we have always taught our children that they had rights in their home. They have a right to good food, time for study and for recreation, loving care, training, and all the rest, but we have also taught them that the home has rights, too. A home cannot be a real home without order and system and fairness and consideration, therefore they must help to make it a home by being regular in their hours just as their father and I are systematic. They look for the evening meal at six o'clock and it is always ready, so the home demands that they observe that hour."

"Well, upon my word!" gasped the astonished neighbor. Is that the way you do it?"

"Yes, they have been trained from babyhood to feel they are a part of the homemaking force, and that someday in homes of their own they will appreciate the discipline and order and all that goes with happy homemaking."

"But it is too late for me to try that plan," said the neighbor dolefully.

"Not at all, Mrs. Barker. Just try making a fine chicken dinner or some treat and have it all eaten up when the late-comers arrive. Let them take bread and butter and milk a few times as mine did when they were younger. Once they see the worthwhileness of the plan you will have no trouble."

"Well, it's worth trying, anyhow, and you just watch me tomorrow," said the lady with conviction. "I'm worn to a frazzle and it is my own fault, but I'll try to restore the rights that our home should have had long ago."

"And you'll win Mrs. Barker. It won't be done in an hour or a day but you can succeed."

CHARITY

Every good act is charity. Your smiling on your brother's face, is charity; an exhortation of your fellow-man to virtuous deeds, is equal to alms-giving; your putting a wanderer in the right road, is charity; your assisting the blind, is charity; your removing stones, and thorns, and other obstructions from the road, is charity; your giving water to the thirsty, is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter, is the good he does in this world to his fellow-man. When he dies, people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels will ask, What good deeds has he sent before him?"—Mahomet.

WORK

By F. Donald Atwell

It is singularly unfortunate that so many young Americans regard work as something to be avoided. In all fairness, however, they are not wholly to blame for this adverse attitude towards honest, productive effort. Film productions have contributed largely towards this attitude in picturing opulence and splendor with gay abandon. Countless "society" pictures flash across the silver screen, never pausing to explain just how the wealthy hero and heroine acquired their monied leisure. To the impressionable boy and girl, it is apparent that wealth just comes; should be a part and parcel of everyday life without any effort whatsoever on their part.

Too, the Sunday newspaper supplements are replete with bizarre photographs of "society leaders" playing on sun-kissed beaches; riding to the hounds at exclusive hunt clubs; playing golf on private links, and indulging themselves generally in the joys of life, without responsibility or care. Youth sees all this in a rosy glow, never realizing that some people may have slaved in order that these people might play.

Again, far too much stress is laid on impossible ambitions. It is a well-known axiom that any American boy may eventually become President of the United States. Goaded on by over-ambitious parents, many young people labor under the misapprehension that the world should turn at their command; that they should,

immediately upon graduation, step into high-salaried executive positions, and lead a life of ease and enjoyment from that time on.

Many other unmentioned factors enter in to give youth a biased attitude towards work. The depression has served to show how youth really regards work. The hue and cry today is: "I can't get a job!" A "job," it is presumed, is one that pays a good salary with little work on the part of the youthful employee.

Thus, it is becoming increasingly evident to those intelligently interested in the welfare of young people that these self-same boys and girls must be given a new conception of work. They must be brought down to the elementals—to the realism of life. Daydreaming must be indulged in only moderately, and an intelligently directed program of work substituted for this meaningless longing.

Times have always been hard for young people. They will be for many years to come. It is foolish for young men and women to wring their hands in despair, and exclaim: "I can't get a job!" Youth must turn to themselves for salvation. The creative forces within them will assist in solving their problems. Today there is more opportunity for individual effort and research than ever before in history. And so, let us say to youth: "Up and about! There is plenty of work to do! And you alone can do it!"

DEMOCRACY BECOMES PART OF SCHOOL CURRICULUM

(Concord Daily Tribune)

The school system in this country has gone a long way since the days of the raw-boned fossilized schoolmaster who ruled with a stern countenance and a hickory stick. Nowadays the pupils have almost as much to say about the running of the classroom as the teachers themselves—in some things, at least.

For most normal small fry, school will never be quite as much fun as sandlot baseball or hop-sotch. But education in the lower grades is a lot easier to take these days than it was 30 or 40 years ago. More important, youngsters in public schools are getting a rough idea of what democracy means. The word is beginning to mean more to them than just something they find in their history books.

To find out how far democracy in education has gone, the Educational Policies Committee of the American Educational Association is conducting a survey among public schools in the United States. The results of this study will be used to advance still further the teaching of democracy in a practical comprehensive way.

There was a time, not very long ago, when the schools' total contribution toward building patriotic citizens was to teach youngsters the American's creed, the "Star Spangled Banner" and the Pledge of the Flag. If that didn't make good Americans out of them, it was generally conceded there wasn't much hope.

It has been only with the introduction of streamlined educational systems that children were given a shot at this thing called democracy. They were permitted to organize clubs, elect their own officers, frame their own rules of conduct. Safety cadets were elected and finally student councils were formed. These councils, when they are properly set up, give elementary and high school students about as generous a part in the management of the school as can be safely given without having the pupils vote themselves a permanent vacation.

These youngsters, unlike their forebears, are going to grow up with the idea that democracy means more than just casting a vote for president every four years. They are getting so used to having a voice in the affairs about them that they won't be able to get rid of the habit when they become full-fledged citizens. They are learn not only the meaning of democracy but of Communism and Fascism as well—and how to tell all of them apart.

Flag-waving isn't enough, and reciting the American's Creed doesn't necessarily make a good citizen. But getting democracy mixed in with readin', writin', and 'rithmetic will probably show results in the future management of this country.

THE LEGEND OF CRAWFORD NOTCH

(Sunshine Magazine)

At the foot of Mount Willey stood a small dwelling sheltering the Willey family of seven, besides two hired men. During the month of August, 1826, a terrific electrical storm shook the very rock on which the little mountain stood, and the whole side of the mountain slid into the valley, crushing everything before it. The small group of people deserted the dwelling with the onrush of the avalanche, and was buried alive, but by some strange quirk of fate, the little house which the family had just vacated was left unharmed.

There lived at the same time a hermit, whom they called Soltaire, who made his home in a cavern in a near mountain. He was clothed in skins of wild animals, and his hair hung heavily on his shoulders.

Caught in the fury of the storm, Soltaire was working his way back to his cave home. The thunder rolled and shook the mountains, and boulders were tossed like pebbles into the boiling streams below. Soltaire took refuge under a giant pine, but it snapped like a reed, and he was carried down with it. Miraculously he escaped death, and groping about, his hand touched a soft, warm object. It was breathing. "My God!" he exclaimed, "a child! It's Polly's child!"

When the storm abated, Soltaire, thrilled by his precious burden, crawled up to his cave home. After many hours of tender care, the little girl was brought back to life, but she could not remember her name, nor who she was. So Soltaire called her "Polly," and when she was strong enough, he

told her they were the only two saved from the great slide.

The seasons came and went, and Polly was charmed by the beauties of the mountains and valleys. She grew into lovely womanhood, and if she ever felt secret longing for something beyond her circumscribed life, she had left naught but sunshine in her radiant countenance. A worn, soiled book, his mother's Bible, comprised the whole of Soltaire's library, from which he taught Polly life and love.

One day, roaming a trail far down the valley, Polly was startled by the angry growls of a bear directly at her side. She flung herself into a great spruce.

"Courage, Miss," came a loud voice, and a ringing shot that reverberated through the forest felled the animal. Overcome with fright, the girl swooned, but a refreshing bit of water from a near brook enabled the young man to revive her.

"My name is John Wilber— I will take you to your home," the young man said presently.

Just then Soltaire, attracted by the sound of the gun, appeared. Without a word he led Polly away, leaving the unthanked rescuer gazing in amazement. "Beautiful!" he gasped; "what strange garb!"

Days passed. John Wilber could not forget the incident. The figure of the girl came ever before his eyes. He searched the mountains over for her place of abode. Overtaken by night, he climbed a tree for safety. When dawn came he saw a cave in the

distant side of the mountain, and in the entrance stood the girl.

So John Wilber learned of Polly and Soltaire, and he brought them gifts of food and clothing, all of which were wonders to Polly. The time came when John asked for the hand of Polly. Not unmindful of love's young dreams, Soltaire gave consent to Polly's returning to the world as the bride of John Wilber.

A quarter of a century later, the mountain folks one day were startled by the report that a strange woman was wandering in the mountains. A party of young people volunteered to make a search. Among them were Arthur Garland and Louise Freenoble.

"Behold, a trysting place," remarked Arthur as he spied a tall spruce. "Let us make haste."

"Somewhere here," said Louise is where the strange old man, Soltaire, lived in a cave, and with him was a beautiful girl, so the story goes, whom he tenderly cared for. Nobody knew who she was."

"Look—what's that?" exclaimed Arthur. Near the tall trysting spruce lay the body of a woman.

Louise gave one look, and an outcry. "Grandmother! My Grandmother! Where have you been?" And Louise became hysterical.

The woman was tenderly borne away. Once her lips moved. She flung out her arms. A crumpled piece of paper rolled on the ground. The lips moved again. "Yes—Soltair— I remember it all—now—my mind—

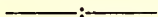
is clear again—it was an awful night—you saved me—saved me—all the others—lost!" There was a relapse, then she spoke again, faintly. "Yes—John—I loved you and dear Soltaire—too—and I wanted—to find him—again."

Arthur picked up the crumpled paper, and read:

"Dear Polly, I have not long to stay. Search for food I must, or starve. It was hard to see you go with John that day. I must tell you now, before I go away—you are Martha, the daughter of Samuel and Polly Willey. I saved you on that terrible night of the mountain slide. The blow on your head took away your past memory. My family was rich. I loved Polly Hilton. I went across the sea. Our ship was wrecked, and I could not return for many years. Then I learned that Polly, believing I had proved false to her, had gone away and married Samuel Willey. I still loved Polly, and I found my way back close to her home in this mountain, and lived in this cave from whence I could see her home. She never knew that I had come back to her, your mother. Good-bye, now dear Polly—for I called you Polly because of my love for your mother. I shall now go out into the wilds and pass on forever. My real name is Mark Garland."

"Mark Garland!" exclaimed Arthur; "why, that was my father's uncle!"

"And my dear old Grandmother was Martha Willey—spared from the great slide!" gasped Louise.



Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—Coleridge

A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS

(Selected)

You feel like a failure. You had your dreams, but they failed to materialize. You had ambitions to do great things, but that was before you discovered your weaknesses and learned your limitations. You did not live up to your promise, and you never had any prime. Where is the novel you were going to write, and the scientific invention you were always on the verge of discovering? Where are the glowing ideals of your bright youth, your heady aspirations to the stars? Lost in the limbo of forgotten things that might have been; vanished as in a dream of things that never were. You were going to surprise a world that had waited expectantly for your appearance, but it managed to ignore you successfully and completely. The crowds did not acclaim you, nobody fought for your autograph, you were not the life of any party, and you were never elected to anything. Life with its prizes passed you by, and meanwhile you have grown old, and you find yourself very much on the shelf. Your friends have scattered, proved fickle, moved away, passed on. Even your family has grown away from you, as its members, once so close, have gradually developed other interests and buried themselves in their own concerns. You are left friendless and very much alone.

Spring comes—but does it come to you? The new green carpet spreads itself for younger feet; the siren call of the enchanted woods is heard but not heeded. No longer will you respond to the once-thrilling invitation

to search out the first arbutus lurking under the leaves, to linger in the park, to dabble in the brook. Your arteries harden, your joints creak, your wrinkles multiply, and that vivid pleasure in the world of sense that once characterized you has finally abated with the gradual dulling of your own powers. To the panorama of dogwood and forsythia that glorifies the landscape, you now bring only a wistful glance that betokens fond memory of the past rather than keen appreciation of the present. Nature still smiles, but you no longer smile with her. The busy world has pushed you aside, and you are relegated to the armchair and the chimney corner. You obtained no recognition as you flitted across your brief stage, and now as you approach the evening of life you are disillusioned. You are old, Father William, and your hair is exceedingly white. And you are a little antiquated., Lady Clara Vere de Vere and your normal blood was never any different from anybody else's, after all. Man or woman, you write yourself down a failure.

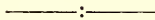
But are you? Have you really received no recognition, missed all the prizes, fumbled all the opportunities, lost all the friends? Is the case as bad as you think? It depends on your sense of values. Were you really missing the prizes when you thrilled at the opera, reveled in the sunset, fed the birds, rode a horse, helped a neighbor, or smiled at a child? And was it nothing to have your courage inspirited, your sorrows

consoled, your temptations surmounted, your sins forgiven? These are prizes indeed. And now about your opportunities? After all, the real opportunities of life were not the big occasions when you might have written your name in headlines; they were the little occasions when the angels might have written your name in heaven. To grit your teeth and bear your burden, to help other men and women to bear theirs, to radiate patience and kindness all around you, to smile eternally—these are the little things that make big opportunities. Neither have you lost all your friends. You have God, and you will always have Him. This makes you of all mortals most blessed.

No, you must be wrong. Far from being a failure, you are a tremendous success. The things you missed are the things that do not matter, and some of them you never even missed. Recapture your youth? You never lost it. It has seemed to recede from you, but you are really approaching it from another direction:

you will be young again. Old age and creaking joints will give away to an eternal spring, and once more you will have gentle rain in your face and wild flowers in your hair—this time with no hay fever. Your success is only beginning. Life is never a failure if it leads to heaven.

Do you know what made your life a success despite all your incidental shortcomings? You really had everything in your favor. But you know now that it was not precocious genius or your handsome beauty that made you a success. They let you down at every turn; they faded, failed, proved illusory; perhaps never existed. Something else changed your defeat into victory, your failure to success. It was something entirely outside yourself, something wholly gratuitous, purely a gift from the skies, that conquered the world for you and made your life a song of victory. It was your Faith. And it can make a victory of every man's life—every woman's life.



If religious books are not widely circulated among the masses in this country, and the people do not become religious, I do not know what is to become of us as a nation. And the thought is one to cause solemn reflection on the part of every patriot and Christian. If truth be not diffused, error will be; if God and his word are not known and received, the devil and his works will gain the ascendancy; if the evangelical volume does not reach every hamlet, the pages of a corrupt and licentious literature will; if the power of the gospel is not felt through the length and breadth of the land, anarchy and misrule, degradation and misery, corruption and darkness, will reign without mitigation or end.—Daniel Webster.

“USELESS”

By Kermit Rayborn in Boy Life

“The boy who rides this pony will get five dollars!” shouted the ringmaster of the circus. “Which one of you boys wants to try it?”

“I will!” shouted a big boy from the gallery. “That’s easy!” And the big boy came forward to climb upon the pony’s back.

But he did not stay there very long. He had no sooner straddled the bare-backed horse than the horse gave a sudden leap and started running around in a circle, and the boy was lying in the sawdust in the middle of the ring. The crowd roared.

“Is there another boy who wants to try it?” the ringmaster asked.

“I’ll try it,” said a ten-year-old lad in the audience, moving forward.

When the other boys saw who he was, they began to laugh. “Look who’s going to ride him!” they shouted. For the young boy was “Lys” Grant, the dull, unexciting, shy, bashful youngster whom all the boys called “Useless,” because he was so slow in moving and talking.

But shy, young “Lys” Grant only smiled at their remarks and their laughter. Of course, if he failed to ride the pony, there would be more laughter and ridicule to face. But if he succeeded, then perhaps the boys wouldn’t call him “Useless” any more. And he knew that he could ride the pony. He had ridden all of his father’s horses, and some of them were not so tame.

So young “Lys” Grant, smiling at the remarks of his comrades, went forward to get on the horse. Just as soon as he was astride the horse he

new why it had not been ridden by any of the other boys. The horse was greased! Not only was the horse greased, but also it had no bridle, saddle, or anything else to hang on to except a little short mane. But “Lys” once on the horse, was determined to stay on, and, as the horse started kicking and running around the circle, the boy held onto the short mane. And he stayed on!

Too long he stayed on! The ringmaster began to get worried that this boy was going to win his five dollars, so he turned a trained monkey loose on the horse. The monkey jumped on the boy’s shoulders, and on his head, and pulled his hair, and grasped him around the neck, but “Lys” still held on. When the ringmaster at last stopped the horse, Ulysses Grant was still hanging to the horse’s back.

The great crowd of people and all the boys cheered and shouted, and “Lys” collected his money from the ringmaster. So it was that Ulysses Grant became known as the best little horseman in Georgetown, Ohio. Though only ten years old, and small for that age, he rode his father’s horses all over town, never using a saddle. Sometimes he would stand up with one foot on the horse, and the other foot on another horse running side by side at full gallop right through main street, while the townsfolk gasped with amazement at the boy’s daring.

But after “Lys” had ridden the circus horse he hoped the boys wouldn’t call him “Useless” any more—and they never did!

HUMOROUS MARK TWAIN INCIDENTS

(Fact Digest)

Clemens' next-door neighbor was Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the famous author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Once Mrs. Stowe was leaving for Florida, and Clemens ran over to say goodbye. When he got home again, his wife looked at him in great surprise and amazement:

"Why Youth (her nickname for him), you called on the famous lady, and forgot to wear your collar and tie!"

"That's right," returned Clemmens feeling his neck. He rushed right upstairs and got his best collar and tie out of his drawer, and wrapped them up in a little bundle which he sent on to Mrs. Stowe with a note attached:

"Dear Mrs. Stowe, herewith receive a visit from the rest of me."

Mrs. Stowe took the pleasantry in high good humor and wrote back: "A fine idea! An excellent idea! And if one must ever pay a personal visit, but lacks the time, why can't he simply send his hat and overcoat!"

Clemens once attended the races near London. While there a fat friend rushed up to him and said:

"Mr. Clemens, I lost all my money on the wrong horse. Can you help me get back to London?"

"Why," answered Clemens, "I just

have money enough left for one ticket; but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll hide you under the seat of my compartment."

After demurring somewhat to this novel scheme, the fat friend finally consented. They got in the compartment, and Clemens made his fat friend get down on hands and knees, and then crawl underneath. He didn't quite fit, so he had to push him in with his foot, and then he dropped the curtain down. In due course the conductor came around, and right off Clemens handed the man two tickets. The conductor looked all around, rubbed his eyes and then asked:

"But where is the other fare?"

Whereupon Clemens tapped his head and replied in an airy way, "My friend is a bit dippy, he likes to ride under the seat."

Clemens tried writing parts of *Tom Sawyer* on a new-fangled machine called a typewriter, but after struggling with it for a while he sent it on to his friend, William Dean Howells, with a note attached:

"Dear Howells: I send you this machine as a gift, it can't hurt you because you haven't any morals anyway, but it makes me swear too much."

—:—

Affectation proceeds either from vanity or hypocrisy; for as vanity puts us on affecting false characters to gain applause, so hypocrisy sets us on the endeavor to avoid censure by concealing our vices under the appearance of their opposite virtues.—Fielding.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Frances Wall, of Spartanburg, S. C., was the guest of Miss Lucy May Lee, at Cottage No. 2, last Saturday and Sunday.

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Two Indian boys from the Croatan settlement down in Robeson county, were admitted to the School last Thursday, and were placed in the Indian Cottage.

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"Young Mr. Lincoln," a Twentieth Century-Fox production, was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show at the School last Thursday. The boys thoroughly enjoyed this story of the early life of "Honest Abe."

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We still have quite a number of cases of the mumps among the boys, and all are reported as getting along well. According to a report from the infirmary yesterday morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Baldwin, our resident nurse, is the latest victim of this disease.

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Mrs. Betty Lee, matron at Cottage No. 2, was brought back to the School last Thursday afternoon, after having spent more than a month at the Charlotte Sanatorium, where she underwent an operation on her knee, injured in a fall some time ago. While Mrs. Lee still has to use crutches in getting around, her knee is rapidly improving.

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Upon arising last Thursday morning we found about one and one-half inches of snow on the ground, and the storm continued for an hour or two. It was the kind of snow which

clings closely to whatever it touches, and soon the trees and shrubs on the campus presented a most beautiful picture. This brought out the local camera "fans," both boys and officers, and one could see them "shooting" scenes in all sections of the School grounds. It was also a good packing snow, just right for snowball battles, and the youngsters lost no time in taking advantage of this condition, thoroughly enjoying themselves until the sun made its appearance in full strength, removing most of their "ammunition."

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Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. He was accompanied by Gene Davis and Mr. O'Glukian, who has charge of the rug department at Ivey's department store. After the boys recited the Scripture selection and sang the opening hymn, our old friend Gene, led them in singing a number of choruses, Mr. Sheldon presented Mr. O'Glukian as the speaker of the afternoon. He is a native of Persia, but has been living in Charlotte quite a number of years, where he takes a great interest in religious activities, being a very good Bible class teacher.

The speaker told the boys that 165 years ago, before anyone could sing "My Country 'Tis Of Thee", George Washington, with half-starved and poorly-clad soldiers, almost gave up the battle. His officers went to him and said, "What's the use? The enemy army is well-fed and have plenty of clothing. We cannot hope to continue." Then General Washing-

ton went to a secluded spot, dismounted from his horse, knelt in the snow, and, with arms uplifted to Almighty God, prayed, saying, "Only you can win this war." Thus America was born, so that 165 years later, we can sing "My Country 'Tis Of Thee."

Mr. O'Glukian then told the boys just what life in this great country means to a foreign born American, and related some of his experiences soon after arriving in Boston, unable to speak our language. He first told how in 1922, he was standing on the street in that city, and heard an explosion. He sought shelter, thinking it was a bomb, but found that it was just the backfire of a large motor truck. This incident seemed to amuse some Americans standing nearby. They evidently thought he was crazy, and he did not know enough English to explain that he thought the noise had been caused by a bomb.

All Americans should be glad and be thankful to God that they do not have to live in a foreign country, continued the speaker. Millions of boys would be more than willing to exchange places with the boys at the School, and would welcome the opportunity to salute Old Glory. Here we worship one God according to the dictates of our own conscience—not having a ruler to say when and whom we shall worship.

Mr. O'Glukian added further that the proudest thing in his life was to

be able to call America his home, saying that he was thankful that he no longer had to hide in bomb shelters, search garbage cans for something to eat or beg for something to keep warm, as millions of people, especially women and children, are doing in Europe today. As long as Old Glory continues to wave, there will not be any airplanes flying over our heads, dropping implements of death and destruction on innocent people. That is enough to bring us to our knees and thank God for such Christian gentlemen as George Washington.

There is nothing in the true American life, said the speaker, to make people unhappy. If we are not happy, we have no one to blame but ourselves. This beautiful land of ours was not always as we see it today. Once it was a wilderness, inhabited by Indians. Our forefathers came here, looking for homes free from tyrannical rulers. They endured hardships; many of them even suffering death in order that this might be a free country. By their sacrifices was laid the foundation of the world's greatest nation. Ours is a great heritage, and when we close our eyes at night and pray, we should thank God for America, and ask Him to help us do our part in keeping this land out of reach of the filthy, grasping hands of power-crazed dictators or any other forces of evil.



He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil of which one can be guilty.—Swift.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 23, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (9) William Drye 11
- (2) Homer Head 10
- (13) Robert Maples 13
- (13) Frank May 13
Weaver F. Ruff 7
- (13) William Shannon 13
Ventry Smith
- (13) Weldon Warren 13

COTTAGE NO. 1

- William Blackman 5
- Charles Browning
- (5) Albert Chunn 10
- (4) John Davis 4
Eugene Edwards 8
Ralph Harris 5
- (5) Porter Holder 12
- (2) Joseph Howard 3
- (2) Bruce Link 4
- (3) H. C. Pope 5
- (5) Everett Watts 12

COTTAGE NO. 2

- (2) Bernice Hoke 6
- Thomas Hooks 9
- (11) Edward Johnson 12
Ralph Kistler 4
- (2) Robert Keith 7
- (9) Donald McFee 11
Donald Newman 4
William Padrick 2
Charles Smith 2

COTTAGE NO. 3

- (3) Lewis Andrews 11
Kenneth Conklin 7
- (3) Jack Crofts 8
Max Evans 8
- (2) Robert Hare 2
Bruce Hawkins 8
David Hensley 4
- (2) Jerry Jenkins 3
- (3) Harley Matthews 8
- (5) William Matthewson 11
Otis McCall 8
- (3) Wayne Sluder 10
John Tolley 10
Louis Williams 11
Jerome Wiggins 9

COTTAGE NO. 4

- (3) Paul Briggs 7
Quentin Crittenton 8
- (2) Aubrey Fargis 5
Hugh Kennedy 11
William Morgan 3
J. W. McRorrie 6
- (4) Robert Simpson 7
- (2) Oakley Walker 5
Thomas Yates 5

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (11) Junior Bordeaux 11
- (6) Collett Cantor 10
J. B. Howell 4
Leonard Melton 6
- (3) Hubert Walker 11
- (2) Dewey Ware 12

COTTAGE NO. 6

- Robert Bryson 4
- (2) Robert Dunning 5
- (2) Leo Hamilton 8
Leonard Jacobs 6

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (3) John H. Averitte 12
Edward Batten 6
- (8) Clasper Beasley 12
- (4) Henry Butler 9
- (4) Donald Earnhardt 12
- (3) George Green 8
- (2) Richard Halker 7
Robert Lawrence 5
- (6) Arnold McHone 12
- (2) Edward Overby 6
Ernest Overcash 10
Marshal Pace 8
- (2) Carl Ray 8
- (2) Ernest Turner 7
- (4) Ervin Wolfe 9

COTTAGE NO. 8

- Jesse Cunningham 6
- Jack Hamilton 3

COTTAGE NO. 9

- Holly Atwood 9
- James Connell 4
- (13) David Cunningham 13

- (2) Columbus Hamilton 5
- (2) Mark Jones 7
 - Edgar Hedgepeth 4
 - Grady Kelly 8
 - Daniel Kilpatrick 7
 - Alfred Lamb 4
- (5) William Nelson 11
- (2) James Ruff 11

COTTAGE NO. 10

- (2) John Lee 2
- (2) Walter Sexton 3

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (5) William Dixon 11
- (13) Robert Goldsmith 13
 - Fred Jones 8
 - Earl Hildreth 11
- (2) Everett Morris 3
- (5) Broadus Moore 10
 - Monroe Searcy 8
- (4) James Tyndall 11

COTTAGE NO. 12

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (3) Bayard Aldridge 5

- (4) James Brewer 10
- (7) Charles Gaddy 7
 - James Lane 8
 - Jack Mathis 8

COTTAGE NO. 14

- (5) John Baker 12
- (3) Henry Ennis 5
- (13) Audie Farthing 13
 - (7) Troy Gilland 11
- (5) John Hamm 11
 - Marvin King 6
- (4) Feldman Lane 10
- (3) Roy Mumford 6
- (3) Henry McGraw 8
- (7) Norvell Murphy 10
 - J. C. Willis 4

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (9) Jennings Britt 9

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (2) Raymond Brooks 4
- (3) George Duncan 10
- (3) Redmond Lowry 8
- (3) Thomas Wilson 10
 - James Johnson

 HUMANITY OF SOLDIERS

“A soldier is nobody,” we hear people say:

He is an outcast and always in the way.”

We admit there are bad ones from the army to the marines,
 But you'll find the majority the most worthy you've seen.
 Most people condemn the soldier when he takes a drink or two,
 But does the soldier condemn you when you stop to take a few!
 Uncle Sam picks his soldiers from millions far and wide,
 So place them equal with everyone, all buddies side by side.
 Now, don't scorn the soldier when he takes you by the hand
 For the uniform he wears means protection for the land.
 When a soldier goes to battle you cheer him to the skies,
 But to you he's never a hero until in his grave he lies.
 The soldier's hardest battle is in the time of peace,
 Because the mockery and scorn shown him will never cease,
 With these few words we end, but when you meet a soldier
 Treat him like a friend!

—Phifer Godwin

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., MARCH 8, 1941

NO. 10

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T O D A Y

Look not back, but ever forward,
Lift your gaze up to the stars;—
What is done cannot be undone,
The past is only prison bars.
Take today, and use it fully,
Live each moment at its best,
Look not back, but ever forward—
Today is yours,—forget the rest!

—Doris R. Beck

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE PRIMROSE FABLE

A primrose in a shady corner of the garden grew tired of its seclusion and, jealous of the flower that gained attention out in the sunshine and on display, begged to be removed to a more conspicuous place. But, transplanted to the hot sunlight, it lost its beauty and began to wither away. The wise Gardener, the divine Husbandman, knows best where to plant each flower. Some of His children flourish in the sunlight and under the public gaze, while others grow best amidst the shadows and in solitude. It is not for anyone to complain of his lot, but to send forth beauty and fragrance in his own appointed place.

Humboldt, the naturalist and traveler, said that the most wonderful sight he had seen was a primrose flourishing out on a crag amidst the glacier:

"The brightest souls which glory ever knew
Were rocked in storms and nursed where tempests blew."

—:—

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

In the present days of distress and anxiety, no other subject is of more vital importance than that of which we are writing now. Whether there be official proclamation or not in regard to this most pressing thing, brotherhood among men and nations stands first and foremost as the greatest need of the times. It would seem that in the light of present events almost the entire world has forgotten that there is or ever has been such a thing as brotherhood. Since the days of Cain when he asked that question of consequence, "Am I my brother's keeper?" men have been going through life looking out for number one—one's own self, to the exclusion of a deeper and finer relationship with one another as human beings and children of God. It is true that there have been times when men of different nations and races seemed closer to one another in a relationship of brotherhood than at others but now that ideal seems to be far from perfect. In the different denominations of the Chris-

tian Church there are the organizations which are called by the name Brotherhood and in secular groups also, but so often the local group or the national body with which it is connected is as far as the feeling of brotherhood goes. That is not enough; there must be a universal brotherhood between men and women of the nations. To have that relationship therefore, greed and selfishness must give way to love and unselfishness and devotion and brotherly care for welfare of all others—especially the spiritual welfare of all mankind.

In one of the commands of the Bible and one which Jesus Christ Himself emphasized, the closing part goes like this: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Therein lies the solution of all that we are seeking in regard to this thing called brotherhood. For if one love's his neighbor as himself, if one goes so far as to accord to his neighbor the same rights and privileges as he accords to himself then he truly is a brother. And if every person were to follow that principle in life then there would be established throughout all the world and for all generations to come that great brotherhood of men and nations that would make the world an Eden for all ages—a brotherhood in Jesus Christ.

* * * * *

A WISE CHOICE

This section of the State has occasion to feel very much gratified, our neighboring county of Alexander in particular, in the choice made by the Board of Trustees of Duke University of Dr. Robert L. Flowers as president of the University, succeeding the late Dr. W. P. Few. Dr. Flowers has the ability as well as the experience to head this great educational institution and it was both wise and logical that he should be advanced to serve as head of the University. In the interim since Dr. Few's death a number of nationally-known names had been suggested for the presidency, but it did not seem possible that the trustees would do anything but what they have done—select Dr. Flowers. He has been administrative vice-president for several years and immediately after Dr. Few's death was named acting president.

Dr. Flowers is a native of Alexander county, a product of the red hills of piedmont North Carolina. In his youth he attended old

Rutherford College in this county and has always been a great admirer of the late Dr. R. L. Abernethy, who founded that institution. A personable, friendly, democratic "man of the people" Dr. Flowers will give the presidency of Duke a very desirable combination of common-sense and academic training.

At the end of the present school year, Dr. Flowers will have completed 50 years in the service of Trinity College and Duke University. During this half-century as teacher and administrator he has seen the small college, to which he went in 1881 as instructor in electrical engineering, grow to one of the South's and the nation's foremost universities.—Morganton News-Herald.

* * * * *

EFFECTS OF WAR ON CHILDREN

How children take World War II—and how parents should take war-excited children—is the subject of a study of Edna Dean Baker, president of the National College of Education at Evanston, Ill. Her findings and observations are very interesting:

Four- and five-year-olds bit their bread into the shape of guns and played war at the table, started bombing games whenever they got their hands on toy boats or planes, invariably became shrill and tense when they played at war. One child, during a game with blocks, proposed: "Let's give this lumber to the Germans so they won't bomb us." Another, defying his mother, exclaimed: "I am Hitler."

Highly emotional about the war was the group aged 6 to 8. They hated all Germans, talked much about killing. Said one: "I've invented a new kind of gas. The dicators will be dead in two weeks." Another: "I have invented a new way to kill people. You just think about it in your mind if you want to kill anyone. It can kill 6,000. I want to use it on the Japanese Emperor."

Older children, she discovered, were unemotional, surprisingly well informed about the war. They were keenly interested in geography and battle technique. They did not hate the German people, concentrated their disapproval on Hitler.

Miss Baker's conservative advice for parents was as follows:

Children under 6—Reassure them frequently that Hitler will not

get them; avoid talking about war in their presence; keep them busy with pleasant things.

Six to 8—Discuss the war freely, but avoid talking about destruction, brutality, suffering or war guilt; take their minds off war by playing family games, singing old songs, keeping home fires burning brightly.

Nine to 14—Let them listen to the radio; play up stories of gallantry and cheerfulness among war-stricken peoples; discuss with them the background of war, the peace-to-come.

* * * * *

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY

The following tells how the managers of the Southern Railway are endeavoring to combine safety and comfort for the passengers. The railroads were the first to blaze the way for transportation and quick transit from one state to another, and deserve recognition for priority. Read:

"The Southerner," the latest creation in streamlined, Diesel-powered all-coach passenger trains, will be placed in regular daily service between New York and New Orleans, all the way by Southern Railway System lines, on or about March 25th, Frank L. Jenkins, passenger traffic manager, announced Tuesday from Washington. The three streamliners for this service are nearing completion at the shops of Pullman-Standard Car Company and the Electro-Motive Corporation and arrangements are being made for the inaugural trip from New Orleans to New York, to exhibit the train to the public at intermediate points, beginning March 17th.

In keeping with the trains, "streamlined hostesses," chosen from the several states through which the new train will run, have been selected and will report to headquarters on March 3rd to don their natty blue-green gabardine uniforms and berets for a course of training under Miss Wanda L. Myers, director of Southern Railway's new hostess service.

"Each of the three trains for the New York-New Orleans run will consist of seven coaches, including an observation-lounge, tavern car, 48-seat dining car, baggage-dormitory coach and four chair car coaches, powered by a 2,000 h. p. Diesel-electric locomotive. All seats will be reserved at no extra cost above the one and one-half

cent mile regular coach fare. The locomotives will be painted bright green and silver and the coaches will be of stainless steel with interiors of different colors and hues, all of an entirely new design and construction," according to Mr. Jenkins.

* * * * *

A FINE SUGGESTION

It is possible to learn something from all classes of people, including the upper-crust, the middle class and those of the lower strata. Those who do not entertain such an estimate of this source of information have an ego-complex and have permitted themselves to run in grooves until they are positively warped and have a hard time to find a suitable social or business placement. The person with such viewpoints is indeed warped, never having an original idea, and shows a self-satisfied feeling.

We recall hearing a pleasing story about a man who had traveled extensively, and had attained superior educational advantages. The story was that when he traveled by train, and when there was a long delay at any station, he stepped out from his Pullman and instantly, if the opportunity was presented, engaged either the engineer, fireman or porter in conversation. The wife of this man who had the true spirit of democracy, asked, "Why do you always prefer to engage the engineer and fireman in conversation to others?" Her husband's laconic reply was, "I never fail to learn something from them."

The man with such a vision and charitable spirit has chosen the right road to success. There are some profitable ideas to be absorbed, it matters not from what source they come. The person with a closed mind is usually dull and sordid, while the one open to new thoughts is always interesting. An interesting person is one who is ever alert to catch new thoughts. A transfusion of new ideals is a mental tonic, and that inspires a greater interest in people of every walk of life.

CLUBS

By Frank Armfield, Concord N. C.

Homo Sapiens, in days when the figures in which he was adept were those of speech, gave to voluntary groups of his fellows the name of his strongest weapons, "Clubs." If we, his descendants, facing ignorance, disease, discomfort and poverty, would inherit his title and resourcefulness, we will heed the implication contained in his word legacy to us and from clubs.

The clubs to be formed may be as various in kind as the ancient weapons of the name. We must organize them as our ancestors selected their weapons, according to need and material at hand, and on our own initiative, without command from our masters. Since environment, and the personnel obtainable, both varying factors, determine, respectively, the demand for and the practicability of any club, as to types, general suggestions only will be made here; in certain instances, however, based on observed successful operation.

The great, the crying need now is to get idle money into the channels of business. Borrowers are plentiful and willing, but financially weak. What shall they do? They must resort to a device, called in the card game Casino, "building." In that game one throws a ten spot on two fives and calls the group "tens." The group is not really "tens" but it is no longer only "fives". In note building the possibility goes even farther. In it, if the five can get another five as principal, and can get a ten to become on the face of the note their surety, then perhaps an ace, a king,

a queen or almost certainly a knave, can, on the joint strength of the names ahead, be procured as an endorser. If the endorser, before becoming such, will protect himself by a mortgage on real estate or chattels, for example, an automobile, or by the pledge of a diamond or assignment of wages, he will at law secondarily protect also the other signers, and will perhaps, neither in this world nor that hoped for, prove guilty of unwise folly. There is an esprit de corps in groups, even joint debtors, that goes far.

Debtors arranging such a note, or for that matter any other, should begin at once depositing on a sinking fund to meet the obligation. Absolutely nothing has been devised which pleases the most usual creditors at least, bankers, so well as a deposit.

Housewives in families with small incomes should, both to economize, and to escape the drudgery of preparing three meals a day, band together in establishing and alternately superintending for every homogeneous neighborhood an "Edward Bellamy" boarding house.

They, too, since men will not attend to such things, should combine to compel the lowering of extortionate rates for water, gas and telephones—or else render the owner of the plant's "condition intolerable and his life burdensome."

Furthermore, since housewives do 80% of the household buying, they should establish at least state-wide consumers' leagues to boycott products still outrageously high priced,

of which there are literally thousands, —in the interest of the peace of mind of headquarters, however, all communication from its members should be limited strictly to post cards.

Moreover, if any group of housewives cannot obtain, because of local conditions, satisfactory retail prices, they should establish a co-operative store to handle at least groceries. In a grocery store the turnover is so rapid and so thorough that little capital is needed; and results, favorable or unfavorable, are quickly determined. Futhermore, experienced, honest managers of grocery stores are easily obtainable.

Junior colleges, when not supplied by the State, should by a voluntary action of neighboring populous communities, be greatly multiplied. This is especially true since for the first and second years of college work little plant equipment is needed, and since, in these days of good roads, students of nearby institutions of that kind could—and considering their youth, should spend their nights in their own homes. Such institutions would save patrons some real money for succeeding years at college.

Why should not students at all colleges put away their pride, pool their poverty, and, steam-rolling protestants, if any, adopt uniform dress? That they would easily save fifty dollars or more a year each; and the male students at least could still be safely congratulated: 'You don't look a bit worse than you did.'

Then there are debating societies. The writer remembers a voluntary society of this kind with less than twenty members, yet the best debator became governor of a state and three

or four others became editors, preachers or lawyers, much above the average. He remembers another high school debating society, encouraged over a series of years by the principal. It turned out eminent members of each of the professions named above, literally by the score. There is no reason whatsoever why adults also should not form debating societies. Besides, there is fun in the things.

Intelligentsia, who dislike wrangling, should form lecture clubs. Railway conductors, contractors, insurance agents, textile or steel workers, the masters of any business, trade or profession, would speak, read or cause to be read, at the meeting of those clubs, articles at times so accurate, vivid and picturesque of what is going on under our noses, as to be absolutely astounding. These clubs could supplement local talent by noted lecturers from other communities.

Public schools, closely connected by good roads, should procure the same teacher for each higher and less time-consuming branch of study, and thereby cut out present enormous expense of transporting numerous students, by transportation mainly only a few teachers.

Small counties should consolidate, and the government of practically every county town should merge with that if its county.

Tax lists of district, town, county, state and the United States, it is fervently to be hoped, will some day club together and once a year take as complete data—for distribution among themselves and whom it may concern—manifold tyewritten copies of all the tax payer has, has had, hopes or

dreams to have; and then, since these officials are in the public pay, do the rest of the unpleasant technical tabulating and calculating themselves.

Factory employees should have plant clubs to obtain, locally, better housing and sanitation, modern and less dangerous machinery, parks, play grounds, libraries, cheap hot lunches and an elimination of waste, inefficiency and lost motion. National labor unions could, of course, accomplish the same objects, especially if federated of largely independent units in the different homogeneous industrial sections. As constituted at present, however, they seem more efficient in war than in peace.

Farm tenants, that class wholly forgotten by angels and men, and, until the big drought two years ago, even by the Farm Bloc in Congress, should, by neighborhoods, combine to obtain homes large enough to permit decency, and gardens, truck patches, longer leases, reduction of their leases to writing, and a modicum of poultry, livestock, orchards and pasture lands. Until they obtain better advantages in the last four mentioned respects, farm tenants in eastern United States at least would nearly as well be sand-fiddlers on a tideless shore.

Female domestic servants, that other forgotten class, should, in every small town—whether elsewhere or not—unite to obtain wages at least above the prostitution mark.

Farmers, unable individually to buy tractors, feed mills, hay presses, corn shredders, harvesters and the like, ought, of course, to club with each other to buy them. Successful farming nowadays absolutely cannot be done without power.

Community groups of farmers should also, according to their needs, join in buying and maintaining breed animals, and in establishing canning factories, cheese factories, sweet potato curing houses, and—for chilling or keeping fruits, meats and vegetables—cold storage warehouses.

Farmers in any county should arrange, too, with the owners of large grounds and buildings, such as county fair plants, for at least monthly barter days.

They should also agree to raise in large quantities the special type of any crop for which their section is especially fit, or has made a special reputation, as for example, durum wheat, cotton with longer staple, Kovean lespedeza and the like—this to the end of easier and more profitable marketing.

Farmers ought, too, to throw their forests or reforestation plots together for possible fire prevention and the establishment of game preserves, as to which latter enterprises joint action must be had.

The idea, by the way, that farm work is especially fatiguing or distasteful—so prevalent in cities and towns—is not borne out by experience. Whoever is man enough to take ten days of constantly decreasing punishment in enduring his muscles to new movements, will thereafter enjoy, as man has always enjoyed, the recurring triumph of the deft stroke of the cunning device which overcomes the enemy, whether that enemy be a weed, a tree or a boulder; and his boisterous red blood will leap to greet as brother either the biting wind or the blazing sun.

Evidently, then, farm colonies are organizations opportune to the un-

employed who are able-bodied; and city dwellers, apparently left high and dry by revolutionary industrial changes, may well consider what they have in prospect worth more than exercise in the open air, the quiet, the sound sleep, and the homemade vitamins and sky-made ultra rays of farm life.

An ideal arrangement of a farm colony is that of our ancestors of a thousand years ago; a town with the farm land all around, and ideal easily realizable now, when either a railway, surfaced highway or navigable river—each so abundant—will solve the transportation problem.

Farm colonists going together on a large, on an American scale, say in a group of five thousand, would, by permanent settlement on their lands, create an increase of ground values—Henry George's "unearned increment"—the equivalent one can safely say, of nearly a whole year's wages each.

Our large southern and western lumber companies and the large western railway companies would be the best sources of land for large colonies. The Federal, and former Joint Stock Land Banks and the larger insurance, trust and mortgage companies, and the Reconstruction Finance Company can supply abundant tracts for smaller colonies. Any of these holders will give most gracious terms.

The financial stress of those now farming need not deter any from forming farm colonies. The one crop system, failure to raise crops convertible, if necessary, into poultry, livestock, dairy products or meat, the lack of labor-saving implements and the high price for farm supplies and lands, have caused 75% of the farm failures. The greatest obstacle, the

last named, no longer exists. The price of farm land will not now exceed 60% of its ton-year average price prior to 1928. Farm lands, indeed, can in some states be bought for the equivalent of three to five years taxes, and these cheap lands as a rule are in climates so mild that colonists could, with no great hardships, live on them the first year in tents. Furthermore, with all due respect to economists prating of marginal lands, one winter legume and one summer legume, turned under at a cost beside labor, of not exceeding \$2.00, will make 80% of these cheap lands fertile; and from then on either a winter or a summer legume, turned under, will keep them fertile.

Truck raisers can organize their own market associations, corps of price reporters in large cities and fleets of trucks, and declare independence of glutted markets and railways.

Recurring to "unearned increment", professional men in cities, by the way, should garner some. They, since real estate, labor and materials are cheap, should, in homogeneous groups large enough to carry with them necessary satellites and their clientele, buy now just beyond business centers and construct and equip to suit themselves.

Groups of friends who are "well-to-do" owners of town or city homes can profitably pool their properties, if they wish, buy and subdivide suburban land and build on it twentieth century houses, live more comfortably and longer, and make a handsome profit on their surplus lands.

Should independent merchants lie down, discouraged by financial difficulties, by chain stores? Not at all; they should resort to joint action in

delivering to customers, in borrowing to take advantage of all essential cash discounts, and in some instances in occupying together large storehouses. The sphere of small merchants in the world of retail trade is that of service to customers, not as classes but as individuals. They must stand together and fight for that place.

In every city of 250,000 population there are probably 2500 merchants, artisans and professional men who each carry accounts totaling one thousand dollars or more for a term of a year or more against the others of such group. The interest and cost of collection on the total of these accounts aggregate fully 10%. If such groups would club together in a clearing house of mutual accounts, they would make much saving, as for such a clearing house the services of one accountant and one or two stenographers only would be required.

The number of credit union and building and loan associations, trade, professional and social clubs, that ought to but do not exist in the United States would run into the hundred thousands.

Now, a few words as to the requirements for a successful club! In forming any club it would be well to avoid as members both one who, because of ignorance, ill health or indigence, is unable, as at a logrolling, to "come up with his end," and also any of the type of Deacon Jones. As to the latter, it will be remembered that staid brother Johnson had startled the congregation by praying the Lord to kill Deacon Jones. To the shocked pastor, brother Johnson, staying his prayer, explained that Deacon Jones had already joined and broken up successively the Methodist Church and the Presbyterian Church of the town, and now had nearly torn the Baptist Church asunder, and if once dead would break up Hell. So the personnel of a club is exceedingly important. Further, the most needed, the best conceived club can fail under bad management. Finally, every organization has, of course its financial limitations, so the expense of maintenance of any club whatsoever must be adjusted to actual achievement.

-----:-----

Prosperity has this property: It puffs up narrow souls, makes them imagine themselves high and mighty, and leads them to look down upon the world with contempt; but a truly noble spirit appears greatest in distress; and then becomes more bright and conspicuous.—Plutarch.

WINTER IN NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS

By Louis Ellsworth Jaeckel

People who live in the lowlands are disposed to think of the mountains as attractive only in late spring, summer, and early fall. These are the seasonal preferences of tourists, not solely as an escape from the heat of lower levels, but because tradition has established a rule that is not entirely justified. To really appreciate the mountains of western North Carolina, they must be seen at every season of the year. Winter brings a charm to the hills that is not equaled at any other time.

These mountains known as the Blue Ridge mountains are never more blue than during the winter months when their rugged contours stand out in bold relief against the sky. Across the broad acres of basin plains dotted with farm homes these majestic granite hills rise in all the varied hues of blue, and against their sides like sheets of hewn silver cling ice formations that scintillate in the sunlight. Giant icicles hang from rock ledges hidden from the sun, and against their green moss background resemble some jewelled dagger waiting only a warrior's hand.

Down the rock-filled gorges frigid torrents race, dashing against the time-worn, furrowed boulders and splashing a soft spray over them as if mindful of an ageless duty. A burden of rainbow and speckled trout are borne with the current, and where a series of rock shelves create a diamond-like cascade, are plunged downward in a moist mist to disap-

pear in the smother of foam in a deep pool, then on again with the stream as it brushes soggy logs and indents muddy banks.

Sentinel pines and spruces look down the course, nodding and sighing their response to the more insistent murmur of the stream whose never-ending music reaches to their topmost branches. The carpet of nut brown needles, and resin-rich cones, have been untrodden these many weeks, except perhaps, rabbits, squirrels and deer have made their cautious way to the water's edge.

Not far distant, where the forest meets the highway, a few tenacious oak leaves rustle in the wind, clinging stubbornly to the gray-green twigs that wish them gone. The laurel and rhododendron glow glossy green in banks which house the woodland birds that stand the rigors of a mountain winter, and above rises the azalea and dogwood trees awaiting new garmenture.

From a gray granite cliffside you look over the tops of centuries old trees to peaceful coves where cabins speak of human intrusion upon the solitude of mountain forests. Here dwell the hard Anglo-Saxons whose natures seek the primitive pioneer environment. They live by gun, fish line and crude agricultural implements. They ask little of life, but work hard for that they reap. Their farm gardens are cleared patches here and there, and rickety cribs and barns of slabs dot the clearings. The smell

of burning oak wood in the fire-place gives a tang to the crisp air.

Stark trees expose unsuspected vistas of beauty as you drive along the highways carved out of granite mountainsides.

Like a never-ending mirror a river lies broad and smooth across a brown plateau where cattle wander aimlessly. Here and there a farmer more provident than another has a field green in young rye or oats. With the open weather plowmen are preparing for the early plantings, and there begins again the ceaseless struggle for existence.

The pink and rose blush of sunrise, and the glamorous gold and lavender of sunset, bathe the mountain peaks morning and evening as if in blessing and benediction. It is the salutation and farewell of the heavens to earthly nature.

Gnarled trees seem old before their time from much fruit bearing. Orchards in their nudity are like deserted women, stripped of their happiness and the joy of reproducing. Bent trunks and twisted branches give evidence of the ravages of time. The younger twigs, gray in their youth, seem to envelope the whole tree with a net of aged virginity.

Along the borders of the meadows are tall, tasseled clusters of ribbon grass, straw colored, but graceful and delicate, swaying like nymphs with each breeze, but the fields of broom straw lie almost level upon the ground under the blast of a north wind, shedding their seed for the warm spring rains and sunshine.

Beneath flat rocks along the way toads have made their homes, and, as if supplied for provender, nearby are black bugs and moths sleeping

the winter away. Worms have gone deep, only to be unearthed with the coming of the fishing season. Garden pests somehow survive the elements to thrive upon the first green sprouts in early gardens.

If you go deep into the woods and on the protected southern slopes where sunlight filters through, stop and wisk away some leaves. Underneath you will find tender green leaves, pale but hardy. These would be violets, and nearby the slender, pointed leaves of the wild iris. Some of the more protected low branches of pink honeysuckle will have a tinge of color, all giving promise of spring to come.

Wayside fences are festooned with dried and matted vines of clematis, and near the farm homes with rambler roses. Along property lines the brambles and blackberry vines are tangled masses of briars, natural barricades against trespass. Even in winter the ire grass shows green along the banks of drain ditches or on knolls beside the mats of moss.

Beside small brooks you will find low shrubs with long branches bearing purple leaves with an undertone of green. They keep their color all winter, as do the galax leaves, and in the open spaces glossy holly with red berries. There is color—vivid living color in the dead of winter, with the ranges of mountains most colorful of all in their smoke blue overcoats and silver spangles.

The waterfalls have not been still-ed. They rush down precipice and cliff, and where the welter of foam and froth marks their termination far below, the pools lie deep, worn so by decades of pounding streams. Afar, the white falls look like ribbons in the

light of moon or sun, and close, perpetual energy and power.

As you round a curve and a mountain looms before you, at its foot there will be seen a shimmering lake, and around its rim is a dark green edging of pine forest with a background of deep blue, and as the height grows, the depth of color lightens gradually until, at the peak, there is a cap of ice and snow against the azure sky.

It is not often you cannot enjoy the mountains in the winter. Once in a while, perhaps, the cold will be severe, or a foot or more of snow will fall, but this is the exception and not the rule. The roads are wide and smooth, even into the remote parts of the national forests. If you are a sportsman, this is where you will find every-

thing to delight your heart.

Nestled in pine groves, and within easy access of towns and villages, are hundreds of available cabins with all conveniences. In primitive surroundings, yet endowed with all modern advantages, one may enjoy the forests and the game.

It is a regenerating experience, a stimulant to the appetite, a sedative to the nerves and a spiritual tonic.

Winter in the mountains reveals what cannot be seen at any other time of the year, the utter fascination of grandeur and simplicity combined, the beauty of nature in its most evident form and the exhilaration of a healthful atmosphere. When it's winter in the mountains you will be enthralled by the untold revelation of God's providence.

RUSE

An Irish soldier in France during the World War received a letter from his wife saying there wasn't an able-bodied man left, and she was going to dig the garden herself.

Pat wrote at the beginning of his next letter: "Bridget, please don't dig the garden; that's where the guns are."

The letter was duly censored and in short while a load of men in uniform arrived at Pat's house and proceeded to dig the garden from end to end.

Bridget wrote to Pat that she didn't know what to do, the soldiers had dug up every bit of the garden.

Pat's reply was short and to the point: "Put in the spuds."

—Health Rays.

A LAUGH IN TIME

(The Lutheran)

This morning I finished Joan's dress. She was anxious to have it for Sunday school tomorrow, although the one she has been wearing is quite presentable. I had counted on finishing this one at my leisure, instead of rushing at it full speed. Joan, however, had other plans. Once the dress was started, she gave me no peace.

While I measured the hem, she stood like a little statue before the long mirror. There was a speculative look in her eye as she regarded her reflection. "Do you think this is as pretty as Betty's new one?" she asked.

"Yes, I think so. Don't you?"

"Yes, I do, but Betty's mother won't. She thinks Betty is just too wonderful for anything!" Her tone was disgusted.

"Of course, she does," I said quickly, "All mothers think that about their children. I think you are the dearest little girl in the world, and I think Mark is the finest boy in the world."

"Yes, but you don't talk about it all the time, the way Betty's mother does. It's, 'Don't you like Betty's new dress?' 'Aren't Betty's pigtails cute?' She sounds terrible."

I did not encourage the conversation further, but I made a mental note not to offend in the same way. Although Mrs. Cooper is a bit extravagant in her talk about Betty, I wouldn't have expected Joan to notice.

Mrs. Royman, the chairman of the chancel committee, arrived just as I finished pressing the dress. She

couldn't have timed it better. She wanted Jerry to announce tomorrow that the flowers on the altar are placed there by Mrs. Gerber in memory of her parents.

When she left, I stole up the third floor stairs to see whether Jerry was at such a place in his work that I could interrupt him to give him the message.

He looked up pleasantly enough and listened while I told him. His attitude of waiting politely for me to finish did not encourage me to linger, however. As I left, he handed me the January copy of the Expositor.

"There's something in there you will enjoy," he said, marking the place with a slip of paper. I took it and went down to the kitchen.

When the "Bird's Nest Pudding"—apple cake to you, perhaps—was safely in the oven and other luncheon preparations out of the way, I took the magazine to my favorite chair by the big bow-window in the living-room.

The pages which Jerry's slip of paper indicated contained a letter from a minister to his wife. He was writing on the eve of moving to a new parish, begging her to make a fresh start there with him. He describes the way she had gradually assumed more and more responsibility for the parish. Even duties which are rightfully those of the pastor, she had usurped, until it is she, not her husband, who is the dominant figure in the congregation. By her delight in her own achievement, she has spoiled his pleasure in his work. When

the opportunity to move to a new parish came, he took it gladly. Now he is asking her to be his wife again and stay out of church work.

I chuckled. There were several women I could think of who ought to read this article.

Suddenly the thought struck me that perhaps Jerry had a reason for showing it to me. I was instantly furious. I began reciting to myself all the things I was expected to do just because I was a minister's wife.

Then I relaxed. There's little I do that Jerry hasn't suggested. My chief work consists of being my husband's telephone girl. There is really no way to dodge that, if I wanted to, and I don't assume nearly as much authority as many secretaries do. Just the same, I shall take the article to heart and watch myself for any tendency to pose as the perfect pastor's wife. Anyway, "there ain't no such animal." One magazine tells me how to be a fitting helpmeet for a man of God. Another tells me to stay out of my husband's business. I guess, after all, the proper relation of a minister and his wife depends upon the minister and his wife.

About that time Mark burst in the back door calling, "Mother! Mother!"

He might have been practicing for a hog-calling contest.

"Can't you be less noisy?" I asked. "Father's studying."

"Oh, yeah. I forgot. What are we having for lunch?"

"Bird's Nest Pudding. Doesn't it smell good?"

"Bird's Nest Pudding? Why didn't you make pie?"

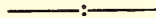
I had had enough advice for one day. Things have come to a pretty pass when I can't even plan my own menus!

When I spoke, my voice was so cold that it would have frozen the marrow of an adult. "It happens that I decided to have Bird's Nest Pudding."

Mark smiled, quite oblivious of my anger. "O. K.," he said sweetly, "but have apple pie soon; won't you? You make such swell apple pie."

My anger turned to pleasure so quickly that I began to laugh. I became so hilarious that although Mark didn't know what it was all about, he joined in.

We made so much noise, Jerry came down to protest, but when he heard what I was laughing about he joined in. We decided that so long as we could laugh, our family was a pretty happy one. No matter how much advice I get, I don't have to take it.



It is a good thing to believe; it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upwards, our minds will themselves grow upwards; as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of those he despises.—Exchange.

STEPHEN CABARRUS— A SON OF FRANCE

By R. C. Lawrence

The names of two Frenchmen have become illustrious in the history of our State. Francois Xavier Martin became a noted historian of our Commonwealth, but his career was passed principally in Louisiana, where he rose to eminence in the legal profession and became Chief Justice of the State. On the other hand, Stephen Cabarrus after emigrating to America spent his entire life in our State, and became at an early date in his career such an outstanding public figure that one of our Carolina counties was named in his honor.

Cabarrus was born in France in 1754, but did not emigrate to this State until the war of the Revolution was drawing to its close. He then settled on a country estate known as Pemboke in Chowan county, where he rapidly rose in the estimation of the public; and there were few men of his day who equalled him in his personal popularity and influence. He was highly educated and possessed of a considerable estate at the time he emigrated to this State. He evidently possessed great natural powers of leadership, which brought him local prominence from the beginning of his residence within our borders.

Chowan was a county which was the residence of many eminent men of his day, Governor Samuel Johnston, Joseph Hewes, James Iredell, Dr. Hugh Williamson, and other eminent men; but notwithstanding this before Cabarrus had been a resident of the county two years, he was elected

to membership in the House of Commons, no small compliment to be paid to a foreigner but recently emigrated to our shores. The following year he was elected to the Commons from the borough town of Edenton, which then had legislative representation as well as the county. He represented either the county of Chowan or the borough of Edenton in the Commons for 12 terms; and as early as 1789, before he had been a resident scarce more than five years, he was elected as Speaker of that body, a position which he filled with such ability that he was re-elected for a period of 10 terms. Cabarrus must have been quite a man to have been thus highly honored.

Prior to his election as speaker, he was such an outstanding legislator that he was chosen as a member of the important committee which investigated the frauds perpetrated against the State during the Revolution; and he served as chairman of the committee which examined those charged with the commission of such frauds. It was this committee which exposed the fraudulent conduct of Secretary of State James Glasgow, which not only drove that official from public life, but changed the name of a county which had hitherto borne his honored name.

Cabarrus was one of the leading members of the Masonic fraternity, and was one of those who met at Tarboro in 1787 and reorganized the North Carolina Grand Lodge which

had ceased to function during the Revolutionary period.

When General William R. Davie piloted through the legislature the bill which established the university, he received the able assistance of Cabarrus, who was one of the original board of trustees of that institution. He was also elected as a member from Chowan of the Hillsboro convention which refused to ratify the Federal Constitution.

In 1792, before Cabarrus had been a resident of this county as many as 10 years, when a new county was established by the General Assembly, so high had he risen in the public life of the State that the new county was named in his honor.

One of the most curious circumstances connected with the founding of the city of Raleigh is connected with the life of this distinguished citizen. There have been numerous instances where a tie vote has resulted in one branch of the General Assembly, but so far as my researches extend, the instance to which I refer is the only one where a tie resulted in both branches.

Several bills were introduced into the legislature regarding the establishment of the proposed capital of our infant State, the first of these being introduced in 1790, which provided that the ordinance adopted by the convention of 1788 should be car-

ried into effect. When this bill came to a vote in the Commons, the result was a tie, broken by Speaker Cabarrus in favor of the measure, thus causing the bill to pass that body. But when the measure came before the Senate, the vote in that body also resulted in a tie, which was broken by the Speaker, General William Lenoir, voting against the bill, thereby defeating it.

The following year a similar bill was introduced which passed both branches, and Cabarrus was one of the commissioners named to select the site of the capital of our State, where his memory is also preserved in one of the streets of that city.

Undoubtedly Cabarrus would have risen much higher in public life, and there is little reason to doubt that he would have become Governor, but for his untimely death in 1808 at the early age of 54. His generous nature and free disposition is shown from the fact that his will not only provided for the emancipation of all his slaves, but he left substantial legacies to those who had served him. He was the foremost son of France to rise to eminence in the public life of our State.

“Ye Sons of France, awake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myraids bid you
rise.”

There may be luck in getting a good job—but there's no luck in keeping it.—J. Ogden Armour.

THE VALUE OF WORK

By David J. Wilkie

"If you're going to be in the manufacturing business, learn it; get down to rock bottom; learn the mechanic's trade first."

That's the advice a hard-headed Irish lathe operator at the turn of the century gave to his 18-year-old son, just out of business college but with an intense interest in things mechanical. The youngster, William J. O'Neil, had entered the manufacturing business by way of the business office of a Milwaukee company.

Today, probably because he accepted his father's advice and got a job as an apprentice at five cents an hour learning the tool and die-makers' trade, O'Neil is president of the Dodge division of Chrysler corporation—and a master mechanic.

It long has been a tradition in the Chrysler organization that its executives are the outstanding workman in its factories. Walter Chrysler started as a mechanic, and K. T. Keller, president of the Chrysler corporation, is a master mechanic. It was O'Neil's mastery of tools that brought him to the automobile industry; it was his knowledge of what tools could do that took him to the top of the oldest division of the Chrysler corporation.

O'Neil is not a pioneer of the automobile industry, but he has contributed much to the development of volume production practices.

O'Neil's associates tell you that he would rather work than talk. His division of Chrysler corporation right now is steadily stepping up the output

of trucks for the nation's armed forces while at the same time boosting its production of passenger cars. Last year Dodge turned out more than 365,000 passenger and commercial vehicles.

Because he knows automobile manufacturing from the bench to the delivery dock, O'Neil speaks authoritatively on every phase of car and truck designing and construction. He talks modestly of his own achievements, but possesses one of the most alert minds in the manufacturing division of the motor industry.

O'Neil was born in Milwaukee, June 10, 1882. From the time he took that first factory job in Milwaukee at five cents an hour until he came to the Chrysler organization, he moved constantly from one post to another, always accumulating experience that was to stand out sharply in his later career.

After completing his apprenticeship in the Milwaukee factory, he spent four years in machinist and toolmaker assignments for the Milwaukee railroad, the Filer & Stowell company of Milwaukee, Western Electric company, Allis Chalmers, Wagner Electric company of St. Louis and the E. W. Bliss company of Brooklyn.

He devoted three years to further education in industrial production when he took charge of the time study department of one of the leading automobile manufacturing companies from 1912 to 1914. Later he became head of the gas engine department of the Fairbanks-Morse company, production manager of Montgomery

Ward & Company, and works manager for the A. C. Smith company.

O'Neil was 40 years old when he came to Detroit to work in the old Maxwell plant. He was made factory "trouble shooter." When Walter Chrysler took over Maxwell, the "trouble shooter" became assistant superintendent of the rear axle department, in charge of the tool room.

Next he was made master mechanic for the Chrysler corporation. In 19-

28 when Chrysler acquired Dodge brothers, O'Neil was made factory manager. In 1935 he became general manager of the Dodge division and late in 1938 he was named president of that unit of the huge Chrysler properties.

National defense preparations, O'Neil says, have made people more than ever conscious of the important role that tools play in large scale production.

Faith in the ability of a leader is of slight service unless it be united with faith in his justice.—Gen. George W. Goethals.

THE FLAG—WHAT IT STANDS FOR

(Selected)

What's a flag? What's the love of the country for which it stands? Maybe it begins with love of the land itself. It is the fog rolling in with the tide at Eastport, or through the Golden Gate and among the towers of San Francisco. It is the sun coming up behind the White Mountains, over the Green, throwing a shining glory on Lake Champlain and above the Adirondacks. It is the storied Mississippi rolling swift and muddy past St. Louis, rolling past Cairo, pouring down past the levees of New Orleans. It is lazy noontide in the pines of Carolina, it is a sea of wheat rippling in Western Kansas, it is the San Francisco peaks far north across the glowing nakedness of Arizona, it is the Grand Canyon and a little stream coming down out of a New England ridge, in which are trout.

It is men at work. It is the storm-tossed fishermen coming into Gloucester and Provincetown and Astoria. It is the farmer riding his great machine in the dust of harvest, the dairyman going to the barn before sunrise, the lineman mending the broken wire, the miner drilling for the blast. It is the servants of fire in the murky splendor of Pittsburg, between the Allegheny and the Monongahela, the trucks rumbling through the night, the locomotive engineer bringing the train in on time, the pilot in the clouds, the riveter running along the beam a hundred feet in air. It is the clerk in the office, the housewife doing the dishes and sending the children off to school. It is the teacher, doctor and parson tending and helping, body and soul, for small reward.

It is small things remembered, the

little corners of the land, the houses, the people that each one loves. We love our country because there was a little tree on a hill, and grass thereon, and a sweet valley below; because the hurdy-gurdy man came along on a sunny morning in a city street; because a beach or a farm or a lane or a house that might not seem much to others were once, for each of us, made magic. It is voices that are remembered only, no longer heard. It is parents, friends, the lazy chat of street and store and office, and the ease of mind that makes life tranquil. It is summer and winter, rain and sun and storm. These are flesh of our blood, a lasting part of what we are, each of us and all of us together.

It is stories told. It is the Pilgrims dying in their first dreadful winter. It is the minute man standing his ground at Concord Bridge, and dying there. It is the army in rags, sick, freezing, starving at Valley Forge. It is the wagons and the men on foot going westward over Cumberland Gap, floating down the great rivers, rolling over the great plains. It is the settler hacking fiercely at the

primeval forest on his new, his own lands. It is Thoreau at Walden Pond, Lincoln at Cooper Union, and Lee riding home from Appomattox. It is corruption and disgrace, answered always by men who would not let the flag lie in the dust, who have stood up in every generation to fight for the old ideals and the old rights, at risk of ruin or of life itself.

It is a great multitude of people on pilgrimage, common and ordinary people, charged with the usual human failing, yet filled with such a hope as never caught the imaginations and the hearts of any nation on earth before. The hope of liberty. The hope of justice. The hope of a land in which a man can stand straight, without fear, without rancor.

The land and the people and the flag—the land a continent, the people of every race, the flag a symbol of what humanity may aspire to when the wars are over and the barriers are down; to these each generation must be dedicated and consecrated anew, to defend with life itself, if need be, but, above all, in friendliness, in hope, in courage, to live for.

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GOD'S BANK

The bank had closed; my earthly store had vanished from my hand,

I felt there was no sadder one than I in all the land.

My washwoman, too, had lost her little mite with mine;

And she was singing as she hung the clothes upon the line;

"How can you be so gay?" I asked. "Your loss, don't you regret?"

"Yes, ma'am, but what's the use to fret?
God's Bank ain't busted yet."—Selected.

THE MIGRANTS' HOPE

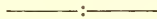
By Martin Shroeder, D. D.

The Tournament of Roses at Pasadena, California, last New Year's Day, produced uncounted striking effects. One of these was created by the float of the Salvation Army. Made out of flowers like others, it presented a huge Bible surmounted by a home. In letters of roses you could read this legend, "Our First Line of Defense." Those who saw it say that a hush fell over the crowds as these valiant practitioners of the Christian faith moved into the scene, their band playing the songs of the church. Its effect made people think.

As we all know something of their particular sphere of activity, we may ask what homes did the creators of that float have in mind as they prepared its design? Was it the home of the apartment dweller, the home of the middle class, or the home of the poor, whose interests they represent so much? No doubt, all of these were kept in mind. But foremost, we surmise that they thought of homes in need of Christian virtues and the homes that ought to be, for people who now do without homes, whom we call the migrants. In the

building of American family life we must think much today of the underprivileged, the dispossessed, who have nothing to call a fireside, the foot-loose families wandering from pillar to post in search of work and a permanent home. These migrants we must have in mind when thinking of our opportunities to help in establishing this "Our First Line of Defense."

The consideration of such a message-bearing float directs us to a field of home missions which otherwise is not so readily thought of. Our first impulse in thinking of a Christian home is the one in which all members belong to church, where family devotions are being observed, and Sunday finds everyone in his respective pew. But we must agree that the complete picture includes economic security, the opportunity to be permanent church members, to have a solidly united family circle in which the home altar can be practiced, and, to give family groups that chance which will make them useful in their church relationship. Migrants do not belong to that class.



That only which we have within, can see without. If we meet no gods, it is because we harbour none. If there is grandeur in you, you will find grandeur in porters and sweeps. He only is rightly immortal, to whom all things are immortal. I have read somewhere, that none is accomplished, so long as any are incomplete; that the happiness of one cannot consist with the misery of any other. Emerson

NORTH CAROLINA BOOK BUSINESS MAKES PROGRESS

(Selected)

R. D. W. Connor in his history of North Carolina quotes Walter Hines Page as having made in Greensboro in 1897, this statement: "There are no great libraries in the state, nor do the people yet read, nor have the publishing houses yet reckoned them as patrons, except the publishers of school books."

Twenty-five years later, Mr. Connor says, publishers still did not reckon North Carolinians as book patrons. He cites an investigation made in 1922 by Louis R. Wilson which revealed the fact "that books like Hamilton's *Reconstruction*, Avery's *Idle Comments*, Brooks' *North Carolina Poems*, McNeill's *Songs Merry and Sad*, Poe's *Where Half The World Is Waking Up*, and Connor and Poe's *Life and Speeches of Charles B. Aycock* were sold in numbers ranging from 250 to 5,000."

The fact that North Carolinians bought and read few books and that there were few public libraries 20 years ago no doubt had a definite bearing upon the dearth of North Carolina authors at that time.

Miss Virginia Williamson, librarian at St. Mary's College, told a local book club this week that "a reading public will create a writing people," and we must believe that our North Carolina

people have made a marked advance in their reading, for Miss Williamson cited 18 or more books written by born and bred North Carolinians in 1940, the least worthwhile of which doubtless has enjoyed a much wider circulation than the books of 20 years ago which Mr. Wilson mentioned.

Significant of some of the North Carolina authors is the high rating they have been given in the literary world. No higher praise could be accorded any writer than that given Thomas Wolfe, whose posthumous novel, "You Can't Go Home Again," was a 1940 production, when one of his critics said: "We have every reason to believe that had Thomas Wolfe lived he would have become the greatest of all American novelists. His death was the greatest loss to American literature in our time."

Miss Williamson made a challenging suggestion when she said even "a small town book club could contribute toward making the 1941, or 1942 or even 1962 list of North Carolina writers far more illustrious than that of 1940." It behooves us to buy and read the books these writers have written. If our own town library could afford a hobby we would choose collecting books by North Carolina authors.

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Men, like bullets, go farther when they are smoothest.

—Jean Paul Richter.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Charlie Beal, of Cottage No. 6, while playing on the athletic field the other day, had the misfortune to fall and fracture his arm. He was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, for treatment, and returned to the School last Thursday afternoon.

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Miss Violet Craig, of Lenoir, a case worker with the department of public welfare, Caldwell county, accompanied by Mrs. Lonnie Brackett, also of Lenoir, visited the School last week. They brought a boy for admission to the institution. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, they visited some of the vocational departments.

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The School suffered considerable loss last week when a stray dog raided our piggery on two occasions. On the first visit two fine, eight-week-old pigs were killed, and the following night five more were victims of the marauder. The killer has not yet been apprehended, but plans have been made to catch him in the act, so we feel sure he will soon go the way of all bad dogs.

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Last Tuesday afternoon a slight hail storm visited this section. While it lasted but a few minutes and did no damage, it was quite interesting to watch the hail-stones falling on

the green grass. The boys were highly enthused as they watched them strike the ground and bounce a few inches in the air. If the storm had continued long at the same rate, the entire campus would have been covered with hail-stones.

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The boys on the outside forces have not been able to get started on regular farm work because of cold and wet weather. They have been spending most of their time this week hauling coal, wood, manure and rocks, raking lawns and attending to various other odd jobs about the campus.

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At the regular weekly motion picture show, held in our auditorium last Thursday night, the boys thoroughly enjoyed the feature, "Three Cheers for the Irish" and a short comedy, "The Land of Midnight Fun." Both are First National productions.

—:—

Samuel Everidge, formerly of Cottage No. 8, who was allowed to return to his home at Jonesville, last September, was a recent visitor at the School. From the time he went home until the latter part of December, Sam was employed by a Jonesville contractor as carpenter's helper. He stated that since January 1st he had been working for the Dodge-Plymouth distribution agency, spending part of the time driving trucks from the fac-

tory in Detroit to Jonesville, and at other times working in the garage.

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Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the twenty-first chapter of the gospel according to St. John, and the subject of his message to the boys was "Follow Thou Me."

Rev. Mr. Arrowood stated that the Master's words referred to in the text were spoken to Peter, but this was not the first time Jesus had used this phrase when addressing his disciples. He first used it when he came upon some men following their usual occupation, fishing; he used practically the same words when he called Matthew; again he said, "He that taketh not up his cross is not worthy to follow me; at another time he said, "if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

Peter was with Jesus when the rich young man went to him and asked what he should do in order to inherit eternal life. He heard the Master make the familiar explanation, closing his statement by saying, "and come, follow me." But in spite of all these commands, when Christ was tried before the high priest, Peter followed afar off, and even went so far as to deny his Lord.

On another occasion, when Jesus asked Peter if he loved him and he replied in the affirmative, Jesus simply said, "Follow me." This was as much as to say, "Peter, you have

spent nearly three years with me, you have seen me heal the sick and raise men from the dead; you have seen me die upon the cross and overcome the power of death; but now the command is the same. Come, follow me."

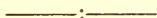
That same message, continued Rev. Mr. Arrowood, comes to us today. Christ makes such a call because of two great needs: (1) our Need of Him. The world has many trials and we need a friend. Jesus is that friend to whom we may go. We know he understands and can help us. We need some one to guide us to eternal happiness. It will be impossible for us to make our lives count the most in this world without Jesus. (2) Christ Needs Us. He needs us, not because he is poor or that we can help him to be God. As with the disciples in days of old, Christ wants the companionship of men—wants us to be his. He wants men to be his, so he can help them develop Christian characters, that they may go out into the world and work for the advancement of his kingdom.

The disciples, continued the speaker, did as Jesus wanted them to do. So it should be with us today. We should think the kind of things Christ would have us think. He has set a goal for us and we should make every effort to reach it. The Master worked a miracle when he told those busy men to follow him. He did not give them a chance to make excuses. They left their important tasks to follow him, thus taking up the greatest calling available to man—that of doing God's work.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Arrowood stated that if Christ should come to

us today, we, like Peter, might feel that we are unworthy, but this could be overcome if we should try to realize what a glorious life the first disciples were called to, and endeavor to follow in their footsteps. Those men have left their names forever fixed in

the minds of countless thousands of people because they recognized Jesus as the true Messiah—and followed him. This act of theirs has pointed the way to many others who have followed their example and become followers of the Man of Galilee.



OUR BOOK OF LIFE

Each one of our days is a leaf from a book
A part of life's story revealed.

What ever is done we cannot undo,
At the end of each day it is sealed.

If we open the page for others to read,
We must care what we say, what we do,
To make of the book, a story complete,
Of a life that is splendid and true.

Each year is a chapter in our book of Life
But each new year depends on the past.
We can't waver a bit as we go page by page
To the chapter entitled, "The Last."

The story is told by our words and our deeds
Are they such that all others will know
We are doing our best in writing our book
As on thought the pages we go?

With the last pages written, with the book all complete
Will we hear from the Master, "Well done,
Come, rest from your toil, your work is all through
Come to the peace you have won?"

—Bowne.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL—FEBRUARY

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Everett Case
Leonard Dawn
Aldine Duggins
Sidney Knighting
Claude McConnell
Melvin Roland
James Tyndall
Floyd Williams

—B—

David Cunningham
Charles Gaddy
Troy Gilland
Sidney Hackney
Durwood Martin
Everett Morris
James Roberson
George Roberts
Hercules Rose

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Robert Dunning
William Nelson
Milton Koontz
Spencer Lane
Alfred Lamb
Carl Ray
Emerson Sawyer
William Suites
Hubert Smith
Huston Turner
John Whitaker
Frank Workman

—B—

John W. Allison
Elgin Atwood
William Dixon
George Gaddy
Jack Hamilton
Jack Harward
R. L. Hall
Doris Hill
Edward Kinior
Marshall Pace
Leonard Robinson
Fred Rhodes
Bryant Smith
Peter Tuttle

J. C. Willis
Clarence Wright
Gilbert Williams
Louis Williams
Charles Widener

THIRD GRADE

—A—

William Gaddy
Calvin Tessneer
Jerome Wiggins

—B—

William Broadwell
Robert Goldsmith
Broadus Moore
Eugene Puckett

FOLRTH GRADE

—A—

Bernice Hoke
Feldman Lane
William Nelson
Charles McCoye

—B—

Kenneth Conklin
Martin Crump
George Green
James Johnson
Hardy Lanier
Carl Moose
Canipe Shoe
Arlie Scism

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Thomas Britt
Robert Bryson
Mack Coggins
Robert Davis
John Fausnett
Edward Hammond
Jack Hainey
Woodrow Hager
Jack Hodge
Frank May
Norvell Murphy
J. C. Reinhardt
Robert Simpson
Carl Speer
Alex Weathers

—B—

Clasper Beasley
 Jay Brannock
 Edward Carter
 William Deaton
 Otis Kilpatrick
 Thomas King
 Clarence Mayton
 James Puckett
 Charles Tate
 Newman Tate
 Woodrow Wilson
 Ervin Wolfe

SIXTH GRADE

—B—

Raymond Andrews
 Edward Batten

Ray Bayne
 Jennings Britt
 Henry B. Butler
 Collett Cantor
 Thomas Fields
 Thomas Sands
 J. P. Sutton
 Hubert Walker
 Dewey Ware
 Basil Wetherington

SEVENTH GRADE

—B—

John H. Averitte
 Lewis Andrews
 Max Evans
 Clarence McLemore
 Edward Stutts
 Thomas Wilson

—————:—————

YESTERDAY, TODAY WAS TOMORROW

“The past? Well what of the past I say?
 Poor outworn thing! Can I mend it, pray?
 Do tears avail for the misspent days?
 Will pining straighten the crooked ways?
 Must yesterday’s heartbreaks last for aye?
 And yesterday’s mist hide the sun today?
 Nay, Life is Life, and farer’s toll
 Is a hopeful heart as the hours roll.
 The path ascends, each winding road
 Blooms at the touch of a blithesome mood;
 I will hold that the best is a bit beyond
 And drink a toast from the lily’s frond
 A toast in dew to the day that’s done,
 And one to the better day begun.”

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 2, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (10) William Drye 12
- (3) Homer Head 11
- (14) Robert Maples 14
- (14) Frank May 14
- (2) Weaver F. Ruff 8
- (14) William Shannon 14
- (2) Ventry Smith 2
- (14) Weldon Warren 14

COTTAGE NO. 1

- James Bargesser 5
- (6) Albert Chunn 11
- (5) John Davis 5
- (2) Eugene Edwards 9
- (2) Ralph Harris 6
- (6) Porter Holder 13
- (3) Joseph Howard 4
- Burman Keller 9
- (4) H. C. Pope 6
- Arlie Scism 2
- Kenneth Tipton 9
- (6) Everett Watts 13

COTTAGE NO. 2

- Joseph Farlow 8
- (3) Bernice Hoke 7
- (2) Julian T. Hooks 10
- (12) Edward Johnson 13
- (3) Robert Keith 8
- (10) Donald McFee 12
- Peter Tuttle 6

COTTAGE NO. 3

- (4) Lewis Andrews 12
- Earl Barnes 9
- Lewis Baker 9
- William Buff 6
- John Bailey 11
- (2) Bruce Hawkins 9
- (3) Robert Hare 3
- (2) David Hensley 5
- (3) Jerry Jenkins 4
- Jack Lemley 8
- (4) Harley Matthews 9
- (6) William Matthewson 12
- (2) Otis McCall 9
- (2) John Tolley 11
- (2) Jerome Wiggins 10
- (2) Louis Williams 12

COTTAGE NO. 4

- Homer Bass 2
- (4) Paul Briggs 8
- William Cherry 5
- Luther H. Coe 5
- (3) Aubrey Fargis 5
- Arlow Goins 8
- Noah J. Greene 10
- Morris Johnson 3
- William C. Jordan 4
- (2) J. W. McRorrie 7
- (2) William Morgan 4
- George Newman 7
- Eugene Puckett 3
- George Speer 5
- (3) Oakley Walker 6
- (2) Thomas Yates 6

COTTAGE NO. 5

- Theodore Bowles 13
- William Gaddy 3
- Charles Hayes 3
- Currie Singletary 11
- (4) Hubert Walker 12
- (3) Dewey Ware 13

COTTAGE NO. 6

- (3) Robert Dunning 6
- Edward Kinion 4
- Carl Ward 3
- Eldred Watts 2
- Woodrow Wilson 6
- William Wilson 4

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (4) John H. Averitte 13
- (9) Cleasper Beasley 13
- (5) Henry B. Butler 10
- Lyman Johnson 11
- Carl Justice 11
- (7) Arnold McHone 13
- (2) Marshall Pace 9
- (3) Ernest Turner 8
- (5) Ervin Wolfe 10

COTTAGE NO. 8

- Cecil Bennett 4
- (2) Jesse Cunningham 7
- (2) Jack Hamilton 4
- John Ingram 2

Otis Kilpatrick 3
Frank Workman 6

COTTAGE NO. 9

- James Hale 4
Robert L. Hall 2
(2) Edgar Hedgepeth 5
(3) Columbus Hamilton 6
Mark Jones 8
Leroy Pate 2
(3) James Ruff 12
Thomas Sands 10

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

- John Allison 2
(6) William Dixon 12
William Furches 11
(14) Robert Goldsmith 14
(2) Earl Hildreth 12
(2) Fred Jones 9
(3) Everett Morris 4
(6) Broadus Moore 11
(2) Monroe Searcy 9
Charles Widener 3
(5) James Tyndall 12

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond 11
William Deaton 10
Treley Frankum 10
Tillman Lyles 11
Hercules Rose 10
Howard Sanders 13

Charles Simpson 11
Robah Sink 12
George Tolson 10

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (5) James Brewer 11
Kenneth Brooks 3
Vincent Hawes 13
James Johnson 2
(2) James Lane 9
(2) Jack Mathis 9
Charles Metcalf

COTTAGE NO. 14

- (6) John Baker 13
William Butler 7
Edward Carter 12
Mack Coggins 11
(14) Audie Farthing 14
(8) John Hamm 12
(2) Marvin King 7
(5) Feldman Lane 11
(4) Roy Mumford 7
(4) Henry McGraw 9
Charles McCoy 8
(8) Norvell Murphy 11
John Robbins 10
Charles Steepleton 11

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (10) Jennings Britt 10
Bennie Wilhelm 6

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (3) Raymond Brooks 5
(4) Redmond Lowry 9
(4) Thomas Wilson 11

 CHARACTER

Look into the face of a man who has fought no great temptations, or endured no supreme sorrows, and you will find little there to rouse your admiration. Look at the man who has weathered a great grief, like a mighty ocean liner ploughing thru a tempest, and you observe grace and strength in every lineament. The expression in your eye, the lines in your face the quality of your smile, the tone of your voice, tell the story—without your being conscious of it—whether your soul has faced its Gethsemane with manly courage, or with shaming compromise and cowardly surrender.—Selected.

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MAR 18 1941

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., MARCH 15, 1941

NO. 11

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SUNSHINE

Just a song of sunshine!
Let it flood the heart,
And of life's completeness
Let it form a part.
Sing it though it cost you
Hours of grief and pain,
You will reap a harvest
Deep of golden grain.
Oh, the joy and comfort
You through life may know,
With a song of sunshine
Everywhere you go!

—Selected

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

EIRE

They call it Eire now, instead of Ireland. And we think of that lovely isle with its beautiful hills and valleys and lakes and rivers; its quaint cities and villages; and its people whose historic background is truly glorious. We must love and admire this brave people.

Long before the Romans came to Britain, the Gaels had their literature, their folksongs, their light-hearted gaiety, and the Ryans, the O'Sullivans, the O'Connells, the O'Briens and others were celebrated for their bravery.

Strolling through that beautiful region where the morning sun kisses the lakes of Killarney and where the birds seem always to sing their sweetest songs and peace is present, surely one need not deny the possibility of succumbing to the spell of enchantment.

But many ages have passed since Druidic altars dotted the land, and yet Irish hearts remain as noble as ever, and the faith of true Irishmen is not the least of the admirable traits in which these people are rich. Eire! Brave little isle. May you ever advance and prosper, and may your sons and daughters shed an ever brighter lustre over the earth, especially in these latter days when true noblemen are sorely needed everywhere.—O-P News

SAINT PATRICK

The seventeenth of March—and everybody smiles, for it is the natal day of Ireland's patron saint, and a time for rejoicing. There is nothing of the ascetic or the killjoy about St. Patrick. He is the very embodiment of happiness and good cheer. But possibly about no other saint are there so many erroneous beliefs and misconceptions.

St. Patrick was not an Irishman. He was born in Scotland, or in England or France. Authorities give his birthplace as Bannaughta, but whether this was in Scotland near the modern Dumbarton, or near Daventry in Northamptonshire, England, they are not agreed. He was not born on March 17; that was the date of his death.

It would seem that he was not a Roman Catholic, for the Roman missionaries under Augustine did not reach the shores of England until 597, and Patrick was born about 387 and died in 463. His life was most romantic and adventurous. At the age of sixteen, he was captured by pirates from Ireland and carried to that island. He lived there in slavery for six years, during which time he became a devoted Christian. He escaped to France and entered monastic life. In 432 he returned to Ireland as a missionary, and he and his monks established the Celtic Church and scattered monasteries throughout the island.

At Ionia, a small island off the west coast of Scotland, St. Patrick established his famous monastery, from which streamed an army of missionaries who preached the Gospel of Christ throughout Scotland, England and Wales. When Augustine and his Italian monks arrived in Britain in the sixth century, they found flourishing Christian communities.

The story of St. Patrick is romantic, heroic and thrilling. He belongs to the Christian Church as a whole, but in a distinctive sense his life and achievements are the proud possession of Irish and Anglo-Saxon Christianity.

* * * * *

THE FIRST SNOW

All day Ash Wednesday, February 26, the heavens were gloomy and gray, but the sting of winter usually expected in February did not seem just the right temperature to suggest snow. The residents of Concord retired without a thought that the next morning mother earth would be covered with a canopy of snow, presenting a landscape that would have inspired an artist to place on canvas this miracle of nature. The picture was made doubly beautiful by the limbs of the trees that reached out to every point of the compass, laden to full capacity with the white, fluffy flakes of snow as white as ermine. We just thought when looking out on this scene, "Well, this is winter's last contribution before the warmth of the spring season is felt."

No one enjoys a snow storm the equal to the joy of childhood. When the ground is covered with a mantle of white, and the flakes fall rapidly in the faces of young people, every fibre of their bodies

become electrified, and the sports of such an event are enjoyed to the fullest. It does something to older people, but they know their limitations, and enjoy the beauty of the picture from some warm nook of the home.

Besides the combined senic beauty and pleasures during a season of snow, their are a multiple of benefits to the farmer who sows wheat, oats and other small grain. The snow is a great help to the crops, doing almost as much good as the application of a coat of fertilizer. After the melting of the snow the fields of grain are beautiful and green.

Each season brings its blessings. Some of them at times are apparently hardships, but when true accounts of the year are balanced, our blessings far exceed disappointments, and we are inclined to agree with John Ruskin, who said, "There is no such thing as bad weather; we just have different kinds of good weather." Today, February 28th, is the last day of winter, and it is cold and icy, but we stand upon the threshold of spring with continued hope of universal brotherhood and that the yield of the fields will rebound to the building up of a finer citizenship in every way.

* * * * *

JUST A WORD

We are now standing upon the threshold of spring, filled with a longing to go out and dig in mother earth. There is not a doubt that spring is around the corner, because the blossoms of the early spring flowers, green lawns and the budding of trees tell us what to expect, provided the weather man does not forestall our hopes by sending a sudden cold wave. The weather is a much discussed subject, but we have to accept the kind of weather given, whether it suits or not, without a murmur.

Even if we are prevented by a cold wave from preparing the soil for garden spots and transplanting shrubs, there is much one can do in the home and around the premises. In the homes, attics, basements, closets and storage rooms can be cleaned and fumigated so there will not remain the danger of lurking germs. It is quite true, whether the story is accepted or not, fires have been known to start spontaneously by leaving woolens indefinitely stored away. Moreover, the gutters around the house are splendid receptacles for

leaves and other kinds of inflammable trash, especially in dry weather. Another good reason for keeping gutters clean is they do not rust out so quickly, therefore, last much longer. The old adage, "a stitch in times save nine", when put into practice is suggestive of an economic mind and the spirit of thrift. Any home, humble or pretentious, that does not present a delapidated picture, surrounded by orderly and clean grounds, reveals a picture of beauty and sanitation, and shows also that the managers or owners of the property are people of fine vision. The sum and substance of this thought is that the current season is the proper time for cleaning up and repairing property.

* * * * *

Those who are worried by totalitarian threats to render America's gold worthless may dismiss their fears. In the first place authoritative Italians have repeatedly defended gold as a standard in international commerce and industry. German and Italian financial experts met secretly (August 17), when victory seemed near, and decided that the Axis powers would return to the gold standard in the event of their triumph. Moreover, when Dr. Westrick, of unhappy fame, was here as commercial counsellor to the German Embassy about the same time he suggested as a use for America's surplus gold a loan of \$5,000,000,000 to European nations for the rehabilitation of the international gold standard. More recently (September 12) Italy demanded that the U. S. A. buy European products and pay with gold. Therefore, any Axis-directed words of contempt for gold revealed merely the attitude of Aesop's Mr. Fox toward the "sour grapes." In the second place each conquest by Germany led to the frenzied hunt for the gold hoards of the conquered. The Reich eagerly took over Austria's \$46,000,000, the two-thirds of Czecho-Slovakia's \$67,000,000 (the other third had been smuggled out, an act that outraged the Nazi sense of fairness), half of Denmark's \$53,000,000 (the rest had moved to England); but they missed out entirely on the gold of Poland, Norway, Holland and Belgium, which is largely in America. Again, whatever the Reich may say about international gold, severe punishment, even to death, awaits any German citizen who tries to keep gold for himself, or is

caught smuggling it out of the country. Finally, it is American gold which is the only effective and fluid means of putting backbone into the defenses of China and the South American states, even as England's gold is backing up Turkey and Greece. Whatever the totalitarian states may say, even if they were to win this war, the world situation would compel them to establish some monetary standard other than barter, and that standard would inevitably be gold. It was on that basis that Europe emerged from the severe local limitations imposed by barter into the ever-extending horizons of modern world commerce.—Julius F. Seebach.

* * * * *

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

If one knows something relative to the life of a writer, let it be prose or poetry, there is greater interest, simply due to the fact that we have a speaking acquaintance with the author. The following reveals the majesty of little things—the one little rosebud that inspired the writing of the words of “The Last Rose of Summer,” that have been set to music and sung by renowned artists because of their sentiment and sweet melody. Read:

It may not be generally known that Moore's beautiful melody, “The Last Rose of Summer,” was composed in a rose garden in County Kilkenny, Ireland. While Moore and his wife were visiting Lord and Lady Bellew, of Jenkinstown, County Kilkenny, he was taken to survey their garden. Later that evening he was seen alone in pensive mood beside one of the rose bushes. It is believed that it was this that inspired him to write “The Last Rose of Summer,” a song which has charmed music-lovers the world over.

Von Flotow adopted it as his theme song in “Martha”, of which opera the great Mozart once said that its theme song was its only redeeming feature.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

(Selected)

A trefoil converted the Irish to Christianity. One is inclined to be skeptical toward that assertion; yet if one is guided by the consensus of several renowned historians, it must be taken for granted that a three-leaved blade of grass caused the Irish to renounce the religion of their ancestors and embrace the comparatively new gospel—Christianity. And because of that first trefoil, March 17 will witness the Irish making fun in honor of the man who introduced them to new religious beliefs.

It doesn't appear reasonable on the surface to credit a three-leaved grass with changing a people's religious life. Whether you hold that up for consideration or not doesn't make much difference. It's just a matter of opinion and should be allowable under the circumstances, because the trefoil did play a very important part in the lives of the Irish somewhere in the third century. And the man who was responsible for it all was, as everybody knows, St. Patrick.

History is somewhat vague in concerning the life of St. Patrick before he went to Ireland in 432. Some writers claim St. Patrick to be a Frenchman; others, a Scotchman or Welshman. Yet, howevermuch historians disagree on his nativity, it is pretty certain that St. Patrick was no Irishman. Among other good reasons for believing that he wasn't born of Irish parents is that he came to Ireland under an alias that smacked of Irish to the last letter—Patrick. Before that, he had been known to his intimates as Maewyn, which

leads many writers to believe he was Scotch.

Despite the native sympathy the Irish sounding name was intending to create, St. Patrick didn't fare so well when he headquartered at Wicklow. Another man of less courage would have given up. The pagan Irish were hard to convince that there was something better than the religion of their ancestors. At first, they treated St. Patrick's preachings with what is equivalent to the Bronx cheer. When that didn't discourage him to leave them their pagan rites, the Irish came out as one man and prepared to shower him with Irish confetti—rocks. Fearlessly, St. Patrick stood his ground and hurled his eloquent preachings into the face of the angry mob.

That St. Patrick's fearlessness and eloquence made some headway in his cause is shown by the fact that he finally got the pagan Irish to listen to his gospel. That would be natural, for it takes an Irishman to appreciate courage and a gift of gab. But beyond that the Irish wouldn't understand, or couldn't understand. It didn't seem reasonable for them to believe that one person could be three.

The more St. Patrick insisted that a three-fold personality existed in a one divine substance, the more confused the Irish became. There was no doubt but what St. Patrick spoke over their heads, considering the simplicity of their minds. However, St. Patrick had been ordered to convert the Irish to Christianity. He went on insisting that a Supreme Being

was also the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

Time went on, and we can picture St. Patrick as a man pretty much bewildered towards the last by his own preachings. The Irish remained stubborn in their pagan beliefs; furthermore, as far as the human mind is concerned there is a limit to arguments that have a tendency to show that a one divine being is three infinite persons. We can also picture St. Patrick sifting and resifting the products of his imagination to win over converts in the face of defeat. Straight arguing had failed; but what could be imagined and yet be so simple as to appeal to minds steeped in paganism?

Whether it was pure chance or un-conscientious deliberateness that made St. Patrick take the trefoil resembling the three-leaved clover to illustrate his gospel of the Trinity, is not

known. What is more important is the fact that the simple illustration lit up the doctrine like an arc light would light up a dark alley. It made a deep impression on the Irish, and history says that they flocked to St. Patrick by the thousands to be baptized.

Today the trefoil grass isn't the symbol it was when St. Patrick made use of it to introduce the Holy Trinity to the pagan Irish. The wearing of the green and the Shamrock on March 17 is merely in honor of the saint, with the day passing in parades, pageants, fun and feasting. Whether that means anything or not, the jollification the Irish resort to on St. Patrick's Day is a fitting tribute to a man who single handed and with a three-leaved clover won them away from pagan rites and established them as Christian people.

THEY'LL LIKE IT

Many proclaim New York City to be an overgrown country town, others say it is a hick town in spite of its population. Anyhow, the big city is going to really go country next September, for they are now making plans to bring to New York City a real old-fashioned country fair, with all the trimmings! It will be held in Madison Square Garden and there will be awards for produce, side shows with all the back drops used in country fairs all over the nation. Since this biggest city hasn't had a fair of this type since 1897, they will be putting on a show that will be different than anything happening in that area for some time. It will be an event for the younger generation, many of whom have no idea of what we mean by science displays, 4-H Club displays, blue ribbons for pickles and pumpkins and pigs, juggling acts, hybrid corn and handwork contests. Those city slickers will get a thrill over something we enjoy in North Carolina each fall.—Exchange.

MUSIC IN THE LAND OF THE HARP AND THE SHAMROCK

By Aletha M. Bonner

Across the Irish Sea, from the coast of Scotland, beckons the Emerald Isle; and sailing the intervening miles of watery blue, one arrives at Dublin, "the captital 'o the foineft nation, wid charming pisintry upon a faithful sod."

This historic old metropolis, founded in the ninth century, holds within its gates quaint relics of the nation's ancient music culture. Of this culture, the Greek historian, Hecataeus (hek-a-tee'-us), wrote in 500 B. C.: "There is a country whose citizens are most of them harpers; who, playing upon the harp, chant sacred hymns to Apollo in the temple."

It is in the National Museum at Dublin that relic-lovers find an instrument of thirty strings, which once was played by King Brian Boru, famous monarch-musician of tenth century fame. Here too, is preserved the old Dallway harp of fifty-two strings, which was made in 1621, or one year after our Pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth.

Much more can be said of the instrument's place in the music life of the land. The refrain to one of the best-known national songs was woven about "The harp that once through Tara's halls, the soul of music shed." A golden harp on a field of green is emblazoned on the flag of Ireland (this being the only national flag featuring a musical instrument upon its folds); and in 1934 a certain denomination of money, bearing the

harp-emblem, was coined; also in that year a series of Irish postage stamps were harp-marked.

While the instrument is recognized as the official musical favorite, the violin runs a close second in national usage; and upon its singing strings the reels, jigs, and hornpipes of the land are played with gay abandon.

The most striking characteristic of the music of old Erin is the wide variety of its appeal; in brief, it ranges the entire gamut of human emotions, and is unsurpassed in poetical and artistic charm. Agnes Clune Quinlan, an Irish-born composer of the younger school, in writing of the music of her homeland groups the variety of types into three classifications: (a) Weeping Music—tunes that have a touching heart appeal; (b) Laughing Music, which, as its name implies, consists of irresistible rhythms that are lively and lilted; and (c) Sleeping Music—soft, plaintive airs, soothing and tender, such as a mother might sing to her baby.

It is well to remember that Ireland is not entirely instrumental-minded: of her vocal attainments John McCormack, that genial Ambassador of Song "from the old Sod," has this to say: "Ireland was singing when the breath of history first parted the mists about her coasts. All down the ages she has sung, whether on the battlefield, amid the clangor of arms, or in the quiet cabin, where

the wandering bard tuned his harp to gentler lays."

One of the last of the old-time minstrel-bards was the blind Tur-lough O'Carolan, who wandered from place to place, singing the songs of the land, to the people who loved them. His death occurred in 1738. Skilled in instrumental performance as well, he won the sobriquet of "the Irish Handel."

Folk music has flourished in Erin as luxuriantly as the nationally-loved Shamrock; the fine old themes being transmitted by ear from one generation to another; and from so rich a treasury background have come many world-loved tunes. In years past a vast amount of this folk music has been put into notation by native musicians, and in preserving this lore of the land, and presenting it to the world in song, greatest praise should go to the most beloved of Irish poets, Thomas Moore (1779-1852).

This gifted lyric author gathered in the old tunes of ancient days, and to these he adapted verses "gay or grave," according to the melodic structure of the tune. In such collections the title of the folk-tune follows that of the poem: for example, "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms," is to My Lodging Is on the Cold Ground; "The Last Rose of Summer," is to The Groves of Blarney; and "The Meeting of the Waters," is to Old Head of Dennis.

It was this same Tom Moore who sang of the "Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock! Chosen leaf of Baird and Chief, old Erin's native Shamrock!" And it was the tiny

three-leaved plant that inspired the famous ballad "The Wearing O' the Green." The rollicking "Saint Patrick's Day in the Mornin'" pays tribute to the patron saint of the Emerald Isle; "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "the Irish Washerwoman" are contrasting pictures of native "colleen" and "biddy;" and whose heart has not been stirred by the musical reverence bestowed upon a legendary hero of the isle, as voiced in the plaintive "Farewell to Cuchulain (coo-hoo-len)," the melody to this song being better known under the title of "Londonderry Air."

Composers of other nations have given much musical attention to Ireland's folk-melodies. Flotow incorporated the beloved "Last Rose of Summer" in his opera, Martha; Beethoven arranged some twenty traditional airs for piano and violin; and Felix Mendelssohn wrote delightful fantasias on Irish tunes. Music creators of the more modern era, as Percy Grainger, Fritz Kreisler, and their contemporaries, have featured many of the tuneful measures as well.

Though a tour of Ireland is not complete without a trip southward "Where the River Shannon Flows," to quote the title of a popular song, on to three famous lakes that "poets have used all the music of their souls to sing of—Killarney": yet the music lover need not leave Dublin to find the birthplace of a trio of the nation's most outstanding composers in modern forms. Here in old Dublin-town first drew breath the modest but famous John Field (1782-1837), the creator of the Nocturn; Michael

William Balfe (1808-1870) whose Grand Opera, "The Bohemian Girl," has been sung in many tongues; and last, but best-known of all, the dis-

tinguished Victor Herbert (1859-1924), master of Light Opera, and America's beloved adopted musical son.

THE LAST MILE

I have traveled this land from shore to shore,
 And over the hills to the sea,
 And I've met with a thousand friends, or more,
 Who were wonderful friends to me;
 But so many I met soon hurried away,
 And so many just tarried awhile,
 I wonder how many I'll meet some day
 When I travel my last long mile.

For we travel this way only once, they say,
 And it would be a wearisome road,
 Were it not for the fellows we meet every day
 With a smile and comforting word;
 So whenever I think of the friends I knew
 Who have traveled their last long mile,
 I am happy to know I was one of the few
 To comfort them once in a while.

I am told the last mile is dreary and long:
 But it really should not be so,
 If we all cheer the other good fellows along
 In the friendliest way that we know;
 For the fellows we help will remember us still,
 While they're waiting up there with a smile,
 And will welcome us Home, at the top of the hill,
 When we travel our last mile.

While we seldom attain much wealth in this life,
 And cannot take it with us we know,
 There's a wealth of "Good Will" in this old world of strife
 We can share with our friends as we go;
 And if we can make this a friendlier place,
 By helping each other a while,
 I am sure that the Lord, in His infinite grace,
 Will go with us the last long mile.

—C. A. Snodgrass

CHARLESTON GARDENS WILL FLOWER SOON

By A. F. Littlejohn

Charleston's three famous gardens—those beauty spots where nature and man combine their artistry to delight the eye and charm the senses—will soon reach the full glory of their seasonal peak.

During the last days of March and up to mid-April great masses of flaming azaleas will burst into bloom, turning Magnolia gardens into a riot of red, pink, and white blossoms, adding color and warmth to the formal walks and terraces of Middleton gardens, and spattering the unique cypress boating gardens with their variegated hues and tints.

In each of these gardens of widely differing types, dame nature will display the vivid coloring of the spring flowers against a more somber backdrop of slender gray cypress trees, spreading live oaks, streaming blue-gray spanish moss, and dark, mirror-like lake waters.

Even now the gardens which year by year bring thousands of searchers for the beautiful to this historic old city are colorful. The camellias, in a score of shades ranging from delicate pink to blood red, are blooming along with many less conspicuous native and foreign plants.

Nearest to Charleston are the Magnolia gardens, 14 miles out on the banks of the lazy flowing Ashley river. They are of the informal or English type, seemingly the work of nature alone but adroitly concealing underneath their meandering walkways and bypaths the infinite

labor and careful planning by which man has developed their beauty.

These gardens took their name from the fine old magnolia trees for which this colonial plantation was once noted, only a few of which remain standing. But it is the azaleas, thousands of them covering some 28 acres, blooming in indescribable profusion, that have made Magnolia-on-the-Ashley a mecca for tourists from all parts of the world for some 75 years.

Four miles farther out on the same river are the Middleton gardens, credited with being the first formal, landscaped gardens in America. This year the 200th anniversary of their beginning is being observed.

Middleton gardens are laid out in geometric lines and regular curves, characteristic of the continental gardens of eighteenth century Italy and France. A striking feature is the series of broad, grass-covered terraces that stretch out from the residence down to the river front.

The cypress gardens, 24 miles north of Charleston on the Cooper river which unites with the Ashley to form this city's harbor, emphasize the natural beauty of a cypress-studded lake, enhanced by the addition of indigenous and imported flowering plants of a multitude of colors.

The lake is criss-crossed by winding trails and bridges by means of which the visitor may stroll over the garden's area of 25 acres. The entire garden may be toured by canoe,

paddled by the visitor himself or if he chooses by a soft-speaking gullah Negro boatman.

Cypress claims to be the only boating garden in the United States. It takes 45 minutes by canoe to cover the usual course from the entrance to the upper end and return.

The Magnolia gardens property has been owned by the same family for 250 years. The gardens, as now known, were started about 1830 by the Rev. John Grimke Drayton, grandfather of the present owner, C. Norwood Hastie.

Ill health compelled young Drayton to give up his career soon after completing his education in England and upon his physician's advice he settled down upon the ancestral estate to live his life in the open air.

For his own pleasure he began to beautify the land surrounding his dwelling, although he was not trained as a gardener and had no formal knowledge of landscaping.

At first he made use of the trees, flowers, and shrubs of this region, building his garden around the magnolias, oaks, and pines. Later he began to import plants from the Orient and elsewhere, bringing in the first "Azaleas Indica" in 1843, and somewhat later still, the camellias japonica, commonly called merely camellias.

During his lifetime, the gardens acquired and developed more than 120 species of camellias; today more than 400 varieties are listed. Some of the bushes are so old that they become trees, reaching up 25 feet or more.

The visitor to the gardens today finds a labyrinth of walkways, winding here and there, making unsuspect-

ed turns and cutting back upon themselves, all through a veritable forest of camellia and azalea bushes. Rose bushes, wistaria vines, and flowering shrubs, shadows overhead by the ancient live oaks and cypresses with their drappings of Spanish moss. The trails lead beside or over a tranquil lake of blakish water which like some giant mirror reflects the scene above with photographic reality.

The first dwelling on the place was burned shortly after the Revolution. Its successor was destroyed by Federal troops after Charleston fell to them in the Civil War. The old stone steps of this second building are a part of the present cottage which is used by the Hastie family as a country home.

Middleton gardens and the surrounding estate of 8,000 acres have also been in the family of the present owner for more than two and a half centuries.

J. J. Pringle Smith, the owner, is a lineal descendant of Henry Middleton who took his bride to the plantation and began to lay out the gardens in 1741. Tradition has it that a hundred slaves worked for 10 years in building the terraces that step down the bluff upon which the residence stands to the level of the Ashley.

Middleton, whose son, Arthur, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, brought a landscape artist from England to design the gardens, which cover an area of 65 acres. Although this artist adopted the continental idea for the garden, he made full use of cypress, oaks, and other trees with which the place abounded in laying out the walkways. One of the giant oaks, which has a circumference of 34 feet, is estimated by

Charleston museum authorities to be 900 years old.

Azaleas and camellias were introduced at the gardens early in their history, and today many of the walks are wholly covered by arbors of these shrubs.

Andrew Michaux, a celebrated French botanist, came to Middleton place late in the eighteenth century as the guest of Arthur Middleton. He is credited by contemporary writers with having introduced many new plants to this region. Among those listed were the Japanese varnish tree, the Chinese candleberry tree, the Japanese Ginkgo tree, the Asiatic acacia, the Chinese azalea.

Visitors are shown tree large thick-boled camellias which are said to have been brought here by Michaux about 1785.

The Middletons were among the most prominent of South Carolina families, and Middleton place is rich in history. When British troops held the river during the Revolution, they spared the fine old mansion but they vented their dislike of the patriot's cause by slashing valuable pictures, breaking marble statues on the grounds, and damaging much of the furnishings in the home.

In the Civil war the place was not so fortunate. Raiding bands of Federal soldiers set fire to the dwelling, and the flames left standing only the curving front steps and the gutted brick walls. The walls were thrown down in the Charleston earthquake of 1886 but the east wing, which has been rebuilt in the meantime, withstood the shock.

No attempt was made to restore the famous gardens until 1921 when the Pringle Smiths decided to make their

home in the wing of the mansion still standing.

Decades of neglect had all but destroyed the chaste beauty of the place, but trees and shrubbery were still standing, having been protected by barbed wire fencing against the cattle which had been allowed to run at will over the place.

A long and expensive task faced the Smiths when they decided to rehabilitate the gardens but they persevered until now there is but one of the original walks that has not been restored to its original dignity.

The history of Cypress gardens is different. It is old, of course, as old as the slender, towering trees from which it takes its name, but as a man-made garden it dates back scarcely more than a dozen years.

The site was originally the reservoir for an 8,000-acre rice plantation, known as Dean Hall, which was acquired by Benjamin R. Kittredge in 1906 as a shooting preserve.

Abounding in wild duck, quail, wild turkey, and deer, it was a sportsman's paradise, and for nearly 25 years Kittridge and his friends hunted over it to their hearts' content.

In 1928, however, the interest of Kittredge shifted from shooting to landscaping and gardening. Visitors to Dean Hall had often admired the quiet beauty of the walks under the cypresses around the old reservoir, and the near-by lagoon with the water made black by the tannic acid of the cypress roots.

Kittridge began to extend a foot-path here and another there, to build foot bridges at intervals and to clear out the debris and under brush that had been accumulating in the waters perhaps for centuries. It was a hard

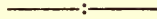
job and an expensive one, as all the work had to be done by hand labor since machinery could not be carried through the closely spaced trees.

Little by little progress was made. When the first parts of the waterways were opened, a light boat was added to the equipment of the lake. As the area of the garden expanded more boats were added. The building of walks and bridges continued.

A flower planting program was adopted. Tons of flowering bulbs were set out. Azaleas and camellias

began to grow upon the edges of the trails. Now in the course of a season, narcissus, daffodils, daphne, wisteria, roses and other flowers thrust out their colors throughout the gardens.

All the gardens are open from December until May. The summer and fall months are not regarded as especially attractive to tourists because of the heat, the absence of flowers, and the millions of mosquitoes that infest the areas.



PEACE

When the madness of war is over
 And the siren's shriek shall cease
 Like the calm of benediction
 Will descend on the world a peace.

And men with holy effort
 In tribute to those who have gone,
 Will seek to establish justice
 And conquer evil and wrong.

They will live with loftier purpose,
 True kindness toward neighbor and friend,
 But with unflinching resolution
 That forever war must end.

—Selected.

RELIGIOUS PIONEERS IN THE CAROLINAS

By Rev. J. G. Garth

It is often said that history repeats itself, and one may well wonder if the terrible persecution now going on in Europe will not form another period of emigration for civil and religious liberty such as took place in the 17th and 18th centuries, when the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes sent the Huguenots to America; the Stuarts of England forced the flower of that country to Plymouth Rock, and Scotch-Irish to Pennsylvania, and persecution in Germany and Holland sent Lutherans and Dutch Presbyterians to New York and Pennsylvania.

Mankind has tasted freedom, and no tyranny can throttle the love of liberty, especially when it is inspired by conscience and the will to serve God according to the dictates of a free interpretation of the word of God.

The late Dr. S. L. Morris, for many years executive secretary of Assembly's Home Missions of the Southern Presbyterian church says in his book, "At Our Own Door":

"The gigantic failure of Spain to establish a great empire in America, as she entered by the southern gate through the Gulf of Mexico, and the equally disastrous failure of France by the north gate through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, can be explained only by those who see the finger of God in history, preserving America for the Anglo-Saxon and Protestantism. Driven from the older coun-

tries by persecution, their settlement of a new continent was not so much in the hope of commercial gain as the establishment of an asylum of religious liberty."

It is our purpose today to investigate some of these springs of liberty, and trace them through several streams to their source. Of course we haven't space for a complete examination of anyone, but we shall observe some of the pioneers at work among the Episcopalians, the Baptists, and the Methodists as the larger groups.

I shall sing today the name and fame of the pioneers, the men and the women who left their homes and native lands and went to the country far across the seas, a land filled with risks and hardships that they might gain true freedom, and live their lives according to the dictates of their own consciences.

Many of course have sought America with the spirit of adventure, like the Cavalier, who with jaunty stride and carefree smile strode along, piercing the forest, crossing the river, and found in the Virginias a land of romance. But most of these pioneers were like the Puritans who dared the bleak shores of New England, that they might serve God as they pleased; of the Lutherans and Moravians who fled persecution in Germany and found in Pennsylvania and later in North Carolina an asylum; or the Scotch-Irish who finally

threw off the oppressor's yoke in the Carolinas.

And along with the men and women came their ministers, who by their learning and piety led the people to the throne of grace and trained their children in the arts of education. Perhaps our thought shall mostly be of the preachers as under the God they were the people's leaders. But that all the pioneers may receive the laurels that are due them, I wish to quote the words of Samuel Walter Foss:

BRING ME MEN TO MATCH MY
MOUNTAINS

Bring me men to match my mountains,
Bring me men to match my plains—
Men with empires in their purpose,
And new eras in their brains.
Bring me men to match my prairies,
Men to match my inland seas.
Men whose thought shall pave a highway,
Up to ampler destinies.
Pioneers to clear thought's marshlands, --
And to cleanse old error's fen;
Bring me men to match my mountains—
Bring me men.

Bring me men to match my forests,
Strong to fight the storm and blast,
Branching toward the skyey future,
Rooted in the fertile past.
Bring me men to match my valleys,
Tolerant of sun and snow,
Men within whose fruitful purpose
Time's consummate blooms shall grow,
Men to tame the tigerish instincts
Of the lair and cave and den,
Cleanse the dragon slime of nature—
Bring me men.

Bring me men to match my rivers,
Continent cleavers, strong and free,
Drawn by the eternal madness
To be mingled with the sea;
Men of oceanic impulse,
Men whose moral currents sweep
Toward the wide enfolding ocean
Of an undiscovered deep;
Men who feel the strong pulsation

Of the Central Sea, and then,
Time their currents to its earththrob—
Bring me men.

The earliest religious settlements in America were by the Church of England. Rev. Edgar Legare Pennington says that while the claim of Spain to the new world was based on the discoveries of Columbus and the grants of Pope Alexander VI, the English disputed these claims on the ground of the Cabot voyages, Cabot having discovered the mainland first. Nearly 100 years after Columbus first saw America in 1492, Sir Walter Raleigh made several attempts to settle North Carolina, and we have in Roanoke Island the evidences of his party of colonists. Christianizing the Indians seemed to be one of their objectives.

As the colony grew, the Lords Proprietors, while anxious to have others besides Episcopalians as settlers, could never bring themselves, so Pennington says, to grant them absolute freedom of religion. They simply tolerated their meetings and customs, but the state and church could not be divorced.

The conversion of slaves raised a question as to whether baptism freed them. But Locke's Fundamental Constitutions held baptism did not alter a man's civil estate.

Daniel Brett was the first missionary the Church of England sent to North Carolina, and early churches began to arise in 1703 at Chowan, Perquimans, Pasquotank, Currituck, and Bath. The Episcopal church at Bath built in 1734 is estimated to be the oldest church in the state. John Blair was another missionary and he arrived in 1704.

We get a glimpse of the conditions these early missionaries had to face. The population was scattered, there were many swamps and no roads, and often there was hostility and indifference among the people. There was a sadly irreligious condition. Many of these people were opposed to the state tax for religious purposes, which made it difficult for the missionaries.

In addition to these things there were constant Indian wars, with the raids on homes and tobacco barns, which were burned, and people slain causing the depletion of food and stock. Yellow fever also ravaged the land, Governor Hyde falling a victim to the disease.

But the mother church kept sending missionaries. We name some of them. William Gordon, James Adams, Ebenezer Taylor, Thomas Newman and others were sent from England by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. But Pennington gives an extended account of Clement Hall who, a native of England, labored from 1743 to 1759 in colonial North Carolina. He baptized 10,000 persons and preached many sermons facing all the arduous physical conditions until he literally wore himself out in the service.

Of course the Episcopal church spread out all over the Carolinas, but our purpose is to give the beginnings of these efforts to plant the church.

While Lutherans and Presbyterians vie with each other for priority in settling in America, and both Dutch Calvinists and Lutherans arrived in New Amsterdam (New York) about the same time the Puritans reached Plymouth Rock, 1620,

perhaps for numbers the Lutherans outstripped them, coming as they did not only from Holland, but from Sweden and Germany, driven by persecution from the fatherland. We find the first Lutheran synod of Pennsylvania in 1748, and the church grew rapidly because of immigration and some of the finest citizens of America have been the old Germans, and their qualities have flowed down to their descendants to the third and fourth generations.

But our special interest today is the settlement of the Lutherans in the Carolinas, and we find them in Cabarrus and Rowan counties back in 1747, along with their brethern the Moravians of Wachovia up in Forsythe who came in 1752. The Lutherans look on three churches as the mother churches of this area, at Salisbury, St. John's Zion on Second Creek, and St. John on Buffalo Creek in Cabarrus county. Zion is commonly known as Organ church, because it possessed the first organ for the help of the music. This old instrument was preserved until a few years ago. It was a home-made organ. In front of the door of this church is the tomb of Charles Augustus Cottlieb Storch, pastor in 1788.

Before the Revolutionary war, there were only 25 Lutheran pastors in America, and in 1772 two laymen of Organ church went to Germany for ministers, and brought back Adolph Nussman, pastor, and John Arends, as teacher. Arends followed Nussman as pastor of Organ. Then came Storch. Other names are household words in Lutheranism, such as Bernhardt, Roschen, Miller, Henkel, and others.

Just 100 years after the first Lutheran minister in America was ordained in 1703, the North Carolina Lutheran synod was organized in 1803, with the Augsburg Confession as the credal basis, and this synod was the mother of other synods, Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia, and Mississippi. Lutherans have always believed in education and their earliest school was Mount Pleasant Male Academy, established in 1855 near Concord, N. C. This became co-educational in 1860, until Mount Amoena Female Seminary was founded in 1868.

As we have said, Dutch Calvinists must have settled New York almost as early as the Puritans did New England, yet Presbyterian history really begins with Francis Makemie who landed in Maryland in 1683, and finally settled down to his life work there. Presbyterian congregation sprang up in various parts of America, until at last the Synod of Philadelphia was organized in 1716. Later came the Synod of New York. It really was called the Synod of New York and Philadelphia, and then divided.

The Presbytery of Hanover was formed in 1855. It embraced the territory of the whole south, from Virginia to the gulf. By this time Presbyterian churches were springing up all over Virginia and the Carolinas, and the fourth and last meeting of Hanover Presbytery was at Buffalo church in Guilford county, on March 7, 1770. At this meeting an overture went up to form Orange Presbytery, and on September 5, 1770, at Hawfields church in Orange county, the Presbytery of Orange was organized, which incorporated

the territory south of Virginia, and east to the Atlantic and as far west as the sunset.

With this as the framework we think now of some of the particular churches of the Carolinas and their pioneer ministers. The earliest preaching in the Carolinas by a Presbyterian minister seems to have been done by William Robinson in 1742. Settlers were few, and there were no organizations. But these began about 1750, and robust churches and classical schools appeared in various sections. There was David Caldwell of Buffalo, whose school was the forerunner of the University of North Carolina: Samuel Eusebius McCorkle of Thyatira, and Zion-Parnassus, Alexander Craighead of Rocky River and Sugaw Creek, Hugh McAden of Duplin, Henry Patillo of Hawfield, Hezekiah Balch and Hezekiah James of Poplar Tent, James Wallis of Providence, Joseph Alexander, of Sugaw Creek, successor to Craighead.

Many of these names are inseparably joined to the movement for the independence of the United States from Great Britain.

In 1784 the Presbytery of South Carolina was set off from Orange and held its first meeting at the Waxhaws in April, 1785, and Alexander, Reece, Edmonds, Harris, Simpson and Francis Cummins were the ministerial members. In 1788 the Synod of the two Carolinas was formed at Center church, near Davidson, and after 25 years, in 1813, these two states divided and formed two synods of North Carolina and South Carolina.

Our space is too limited to trav-

erse more than pioneer history, much as we would enjoy it.

The story of the Baptists is one that Austin Kennedy De Blois characterizes as the annals of the fighters for freedom. The Baptists are a democratic people and love freedom, and have suffered persecution for it. As we read the stories of the lives of Arnold of Brescia, Peter Waldo, Menno Simmons, John Smyth, John Bunyan, Roger Williams and others we are conscious of the sincerity of their faith and the heroism of their courage.

Perhaps Roger Williams illustrates for us what American pioneer Baptists have meant to America. While the Puritans of New England whom Roger Williams came over from England to join, had left their old home for freedom of conscience, yet it did not occur to them that the liberty they demanded of the King of England should also be accorded to others not of like mind. And so they demanded that no man should preach unless he had a governor's license.

Roger Williams loved liberty and believed in the separation of church and state. The civil magistrate, he said, had no rule except over the bodies, goods and outward estate of men, not over their consciences. And so Williams was exiled from Salem, and went to Rhode Island in 1636, and became a pioneer in religious liberty and international justice. He formed the Province Plantations and made a home for men who sought liberty of conscience.

We find the Baptists in Virginia and the Carolinas in 1755 struggling with the problems of the state church and taxation, but nevertheless,

preaching the doctrine of the new birth which seemed to give the most offense. Lewis Peyton Little in his volume, "Imprisoned Preachers and Religious Liberty in Virginia," gives repeated instances of Baptist preachers being put in jail for preaching without a license, and of the people crowding to their cells to hear them preach.

Mr. Little gives a most entertaining account of Patrick Henry pleading the case of Lewis Craig and others at Fredericksburg who had been imprisoned for preaching. Mr. Henry is said to have made such a plea that the presiding judge cried out, Sheriff, discharge those men. The Baptists have about come to the conclusion that the story is apocryphal, but they do claim that the great patriot did appear in the defense of these men.

We submit a list of churches organized by the Baptists about the middle of the 18th century, Sandy Creek, Deep River, Abbot's Creek, Little River, Neuse River, Black River, Dan River, and Lunenburg City.

The Methodist church in America began at Lovely Lane Chapel in Baltimore, December 24, 1784, when 60 traveling preachers gathered there from all over America having been called there by Thomas Coke, representative of John Wesley in America and ordained bishop of America by Wesley, to superintend the societies of Methodism in the new continent.

Francis Asbury was ordained bishop by Coke, and this sainted apostle with saddle bags and sermons, went everywhere over the United States preaching in destitute regions the

word of God, and ordaining men to preach the gospel.

The Methodists faced a different situation from other pioneers. The Revolutionary war produced a fearful epidemic of irreligion and atheism. The sympathy of the American colonies for France created a toleration for the infidelity that characterized the French Revolution. France was the ally of America. The writings of Paine, Voltaire, Hume and other skeptics sapped the religious life of the colonies. Religious persecution had driven the Presbyterians and the Baptists to the uninhabited portions of the continent.

And so the Methodists began in 1784 with less than 100 traveling preachers, with the salary of each \$64 a year, with the same for his wife. This had risen to \$80 in 1800. And then over in eastern Kentucky a revival of religion started, accom-

panied by those peculiar manifestations known as the jerks. The revival spread, and a demand for preaching grew, and the new movement of Methodism was prepared for this emergency, and meeting-houses sprang up at crossroads and deep in the forests. The Methodist preachers proclaimed the love of God for sinners, and with warm and natural oratory aroused the people to confess their sins.

Our space is exhausted, or we would tell of the men who bore the burden of this pioneer work. Suffice it to mention just some of the early bishops. Richard Whatcoat, the Englishman, became a bishop with Asbury, then William McKendree was the first American bishop.

Methodists divided in 1844 on the question of slavery, and reunited in 1839 into one national body of 8,000-000 members.

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Carlyle was once talking with a young friend, and asked him what his aim in life was. The young man replied that he had none. "Get one, then, and get it quickly," said Carlyle, sharply. "Make something your specialty. Life is a very uncertain affair. Knowing a little about five hundred things won't do us much good. We must be able to do something well, that our work will be needed and valuable."

Get all the information you can in general, but choose some one thing, and make yourself as nearly perfect in that as possible.—Kate L. Gates.

NANCY'S NEW BOOK

By Josephine Toal

Nancy could hardly believe it when she heard Miss Brown call her name. It was very still in the little school-room. All eyes were on the book the teacher held up—a book with a beautiful picture on its blue paper cover.

"For Nancy Jackson, for the best record in the school this term," announced Miss Brown."

With flushed cheeks and shining eyes, the nine year-old barefoot girl in the pink apron moved proudly up the aisle to receive the book. Back in her seat she very carefully turned a few pages. Pictures! It was full of them. And there on the white first leaf was her own name—Nancy Jackson. She gasped with delight. Nancy had never before had a book of her own. Her reader and speller and numbers of books belonged to the school. And oh, here were stories with pictures, stories that Nancy herself could read!

Her mother would be proud when she heard about the book. Nancy was herself surprised that Miss Brown had called her record the best of all. For she found it hard to study when Jeff Ballard, the boy in the seat behind her, pulled her braids and bothered her in many ways.

Jeff was a new boy. He had been in school only a week. He came from far down the creek. Jeff walked three miles night and morning to attend the little one-room school in the hills. He was bigger and older than the other boys. Jeff was fourteen and had red hair and a mischievous grin. He never had good lessons, for he was too full of tricks to study.

Now Miss Brown was talking again: "But I have some happy news for you all. The library lady will be here today and you can all borrow books."

The library lady? The children of the mountain school had heard about this "library lady" who went up and down the hill country on horseback carrying books in her saddlebag—books to loan to the pupils in the small cabin schools.

Just about closing time that day, there was the sound of hoofs outside a rap at the door, and all in a minute there she was, the library lady—a rosy-cheeked, smiling young woman with a black bag in her arms.

Miss Brown and the lady had some conversation about the books, and then each pupil was given one to take home and keep until the traveler should come again. Each pupil? No, not quite. There were eight boys and girls here and the library bag had brought only six books.

"You won't mind, will you, Nancy, not to have a loan book since you have your new one of your own?" Miss Brown asked.

No. Nancy didn't mind a bit. She hugged her blue book and smiled happily.

"Still we are one short," worried the library lady. "I'm so sorry."

"Oh, that will be all right, I think for—" Miss Brown finished the sentence in a low tone, but Nancy, who was standing near, caught it—"for Jeff, the big boy, won't care for a book. And I don't think anyone else in his home can read."

With empty dinner-pails in hand,

the precious books under their arms, the boys and girls scampered gleefully out the doorway. Outside they paused to watch the pony and its rider canter away through the woods.

Jeff stood alone on the doorstep, gloomy frown darkening his face. Slowly the other children moved away down the various woods paths on their way home. Suddenly Nancy remembered her dinner pail. In her excitement over her new book she had forgotten it. She turned and ran back.

"It's not fair," Jeff muttered as she came out of the cabin again. He had lingered to watch a chipmunk scolding from a low branch "You all got one but me," he complained.

Nancy stopped, half fearful as she was of the boy. Did you want a book?" she asked. "Perhaps Miss Brown thought you didn't care for one."

"I don't care, only for Mintie," he jerked out.

"Mintie?"

"She's my little sister and she's sick—been sick for a long time. She can read and she's always wishing for books. They might have given men one for her."

Nancy felt sorry for Jeff, and sorry for Mintie. Then a thought propped into her mind, a thought that made her gasp it was so kind of

frightening. Should she let Jeff take her new book to Mintie? Maybe she hadn't a chance to read one single story in it herself, nor to see half of the pictures. But Mintie, he said, was sick—

"Here, Jeff,," Nancy spoke suddenly, thrusting the book into his hands. "Mintie can take mine. I'll let her read it first."

Jeff stared. "You don't mean it—your pretty book?"

Nancy nodded and hurried away before she could change her mind.

Jeff didn't come back to school all next week. Poor Nancy thought she would never see her treasure again. But one morning she found Jeff waiting for her on the schoolroom doorstep. He grinned happily as he held out the book neatly wrapped.

"Mintie was careful," he said, "and she didn't get a spot on it. She did have a good time reading it. She said to tell you thank you. I couldn't get back to school before because the potatoes have to be dug."

"Here," he added, pulling a handful of chestnuts from his pocket, "I husked these out for you. And say, I won't tease you any more. I'm going to be good and study, like you do. I want to learn arithmetic and geography and lots of things, so I can get a job when I'm old enough."

—:—

In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution—to be undetermined where the case is plain, and the necessity urgent. To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it, this is as if a man should put off eating, drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.—Tillotson.

MARCH IS THE WINDY MONTH

(The Tar Heel Boy)

March is the month of Winds. The winds are Nature's tools for pruning her trees and shrubbery. During this period, her trees and shrubbery are buffeted about and all the dead, useless limbs and branches are torn off so when spring comes they are able to grow and develop unhindered.

Our youth goes through a process very much like the trees during what is called the "teen age." This period is sometimes called the "plastic age." A youth begins to meet with life from which he has been protected as a child. In far too many cases, there are too many "dead limbs." He has been allowed to associate with the wrong crowd. In many cases he has learned things from his parents or from older brothers and sisters which he should have never known. He has formed habits which may bring dire results in later life. If these "dead limbs" are not too big and the storms to which he is subjected as a youth can cause him to get rid of them, if he can learn true values and learn to appreciate the responsibilities that life

brings, then he can develop and grow into a useful citizen.

So often, however, these "dead limbs" are such a large part of a boy, that when the "winds" strike, many of them remain and stunt the growth, or maybe break off and leave him a twisted broken derelict, no good to himself or his community.

The only preventive for a case like this, with trees, is for an experienced tree surgeon to cut or prune and treat the scars in such a way that the tree can grow as it should. In the case of boys we have schools like ours and many others, that are doing all they can through trained experienced men and women, to help them through this trying time.

Like the tree surgeon, these men and women often make mistakes and are not always able to undo the damage already done, but many boys and girls are saved from becoming menaces to society. Many are helped to weather the storm of the "teen age" so that they grow into upright honest and respectable citizens.

NEW ROADS

The heart with faith in God will make
 A path of joy for each mistake,
 For each mistake's the stepping-stone
 To higher joys than we have known.
 From every grief the heart doth learn
 Away from ways of pain to turn.
 From every pain the way is clear
 To ways of gladness and good cheer.

—Marion B. Shoen

INSTITUTION NOTES

A fine team of mules has been added to our complement of livestock, in exchange for one whose mate died recently, and a cash consideration.

—:—

"Saps At Sea," a United Artists production was the feature of the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night, and the boys thoroughly enjoyed it.

—:—

Varcy Oxendine, of Robeson county, is the latest addition to our Indian Cottage group, having been admitted last Thursday. He is the fourth Indian boy to come to us in the last four weeks. Before entry of these lads there were but four registered in this cottage home.

—:—

Mr. W. M. White, our poultryman, recently received two shipments of 500 each of baby chicks. These are of pedigreed New Hampshire Red stock, and should be a fine addition to our flock. This breed is among the foremost layers in the improved breeds of poultry.

—:—

We recently received from the veterinary division, North Carolina Department of Agriculture, a certificate stating that the School's herd of 113 Holstein cattle is entirely free from any evidence of Bang's Disease.

This certificate was signed by the State Veterinarian and the Commissioner of Agriculture

—:—

The School is having 60 cotton mattresses made by the WPA workers in their sewing room at Salisbury. About 1500 yards of sheeting, product of our textile unit, have been sent to the Charlotte WPA sewing room to be made into nightshirts for use at the School. About 1000 yards of A. C. ticking were sent to Concord, to be made into mattress covers in the W P A sewing room there. This too, was woven in the local plant. About 1500 yards of hickory shirting was recently sent to a Durham WPA sewing room, where sheets will be made for the Eastern Carolina Training School, Rocky Mount. We are very glad to have these agencies do this work for us, as they have heretofore rendered fine service, and the workmanship has been of the highest quality.

—:—

Whitlock Pridgen, of Wilmington, who left the School, June 28, 1926, called on us last Wednesday. He is now about thirty-one years old and has been married five years. He is still rather small in size, measuring 5 feet 7 inches, and weighs 145 pounds. This young man was neatly dressed; was well-mannered; and made a very good impression upon all who met him.

Whitlock said he spent about ten

of the fifteen years he had been away from the institution in the merchant marine service, during which time he traveled practically all over the world. For the past five years he has been in the taxi business in Wilmington. The purpose of his trip to this part of the state was to call upon officials of the Carolina Coach Company at their Charlotte headquarters, in an effort to sell his business or his share in it, to that organization, saying that during the last sixty or ninety days, since army camps and ship building centers were being constructed near Wilmington, the city had changed considerably, and that the taxi business was getting "too rough." It is his desire to sell out and take up some other kind of occupation.

While a lad at the School, Whitlock was a member of the Cottage No. 2 group and was employed as water-boy for Mr. Alf Carriker, when the latter was in charge of the tractors used on the farm. This was his first visit since leaving the institution, and he seemed very glad to be back and renew acquaintances among the members of the staff who knew him as a small boy, and they were equally delighted to see him and to learn that he had been doing so well. He also expressed his pleasure upon seeing how the School had grown and the many improvements made.

—:—

We recently received a letter from Caleb Hill, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who was one of Mr. W. M. White's helpers in the store room and poultry yard. Shortly after leaving the School in June, 1939, Caleb became an enrollee in a CCC camp, and was

transferred to the Yosemite Valley National Park, in California. He has written us on several previous occasions, and has kept up with the School's activities by subscribing to The Uplift. His letter, dated March 1, reads as follows:

"I hope every one is getting along fine in North Carolina. We are having a great deal of rough weather in Yosemite lately. Just now a nice storm is on. While listening in on the short wave radio this evening, I learned that most of the roads in the park were closed. Short wave is just about the only way we have of receiving or sending messages from camp. While we have men working on the telephone lines all the time, it is almost impossible to keep them open.

"Since your home is in the North, I think you must have seen some snow and skiing. Both this winter and last, I've seen plenty. During February of this year, at a ski resort a few miles from camp, more than ten feet of snow fell. This was a late winter, but when it hit, it hit hard. Skiing is what keeps the park open during the winter. On a clear weekend the crowd is about six thousand, and there will be about two thousand a day during the week. The Yosemite ranks next to Sun Valley in the west, although there are several other nice resorts out here.

"By the way, I am in charge of four 50-horse-power logging "cats" that would make Mr. Ritchie's tractors look like babies. We move out about a thousand feet of dead and burnt timber per week. It's a nice job, especially if you have one of these western lumber-jacks to teach you what a cable can pull without breaking, and what a "cat" can pull

uphill, and forty dozen other things about the business, leaving off the "cussing" he can do when something goes wrong. The other day, I heard one fellow "cuss" for thirty minutes without saying the same word twice. Anyway, I'm liking it just fine out here, but my time will be up next June.

"I'm sending you a few pictures taken in Yosemite, and would like to have you send me some from back there at the School. Best regards to all and write soon. From your old friend,

Caleb Hill."

We were delighted to hear from Caleb, and were especially pleased to receive quite a number of pictures snapped in the park. They were some of the most beautiful snow scenes we have ever seen. They showed what winter is like out in the Yosemite. One picture of the ski lodge showed about eight feet of snow on the roofs of the buildings; in another the giant trees made a beautiful picture with huge drifts for a background. Caleb must have enjoyed taking one of the pictures sent us. It shows Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of our President, surrounded by an admiring group of CCC boys. He also told us that he was doing his own developing and enlarging and that the pictures sent were samples of his work, and we wish to congratulate him, for they are very good, and would compare very favorably with the work of a professional photographer.

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of

the 119th Psalm, after which he asked the boys who had memorized Proverbs 3:1-20, as he requested on his last visit to the School, to repeat those verses. They did so, and he expressed his delight that so many had memorized them. For the text of his message to the boys, he selected Psalm 119:130—"The entrance of my words giveth light."

Rev. Mr. Summers first stated that God's word coming into a fellow's heart, mind and life changes him, and if memorizing some verses of Scripture has done nothing but help one's memory, then it has done some good, but he hoped it had done more than that with the boys whom he asked to learn some verses from the Bible.

He then told his listeners that the 119th Psalm was called the Alphabet Psalm. It is divided into 22 different sections, each section having 8 verses. Every verse in this Psalm has some reference to God. There is no poetry in the world like it. The Psalm itself is a poem, set off in stanzas and 8 verses to a stanza, and deals entirely with the word of God.

The speaker then said that we cannot get along anywhere without the Bible. Many people have made fun of it. Some have tried to write a better book but all such attempts have been failures. It is the guiding light that directs men's souls. We need to have light in order to see our faults, and the entrance of God's word giveth light—it reveals the evil in us. It gives light to enable us to see ourselves in relation to others. Some people forget that anyone lives **but** them, and they can do exactly as they please. Into the lives of **such** people has never come the light of God's word. The entrance of **His**

word let's us see how to overcome our difficulties, and we must have somebody to help us or we would never learn the true way of life.

Some people, continued the speaker, have an inclination to take things which do not belong to them. God's word comes into the life of a thief and helps him to overcome this sin. The entrance of God's word into our lives helps us to see just where we will make the best fit in life. He then told of receiving a letter recently from a boy who had been at the School. This lad is a member of his

church and is at an army camp. He further stated that it was a fine letter and the boy was an unusually good boy, adding that the entrance of God's word into his life was making a real man of him.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Summers told the boys that the entrance of God's word into their lives would help them to finer things now; help them in their future life in this world; and the life beyond would be even higher and happier, because of the fact that they had been willing to have God's word govern their lives.

THE REFUGEE

Let me live in a land that's safe and free
Where men are real men—not traitors—
America land, where you and me
Can live with peace lovers—not haters.

Let me go to a place where I can rest
And lie down to a peaceful sleep
With never a plane, barking with zest,
That might mark my grave in the deep.

Let me hie to a room where I can pray
In comfort and freedom and thought
Make supplication in my own way
Where not to be hounded and sought.

As I sail up the harbor I can see
The bright shining torch held aloft
In Liberty's hand becoming me
And other crushed men on near craft.

Where is there a land so dear on all earth
Such a welcome as this could give?
Where is there a light near any man's hearth
Such a guide that mankind might live?

O! God keep America safe, secure
From foreign ism's crafty lure;
"God Bless America" home sweet home—
This be my prayer 'cross the wde foam.

—Sarah F. John

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 9, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- Herschel Allen
- (11) William Drye 13
- (4) Homer Head 12
- (15) Robert Maples 15
- (15) Frank May 15
- Lawton McDowell
- (3) Weaver F. Ruff 9
- (15) William Shannon 15
- (3) Ventry Smith 3
- (15) Weldon Warren 15

COTTAGE NO. 1

- N. A. Bennett 6
- (7) Albert Chunn 12
- (6) John Davis 6
- Doris Hill 2
- (7) Porter Holder 14
- (2) Burman Keller 10
- Leonard Robinson 2
- (7) Everett Watts 14

COTTAGE NO. 2

- Charles Chapman 2
- (3) Thomas Hooks 11
- (13) Edward Johnson 14
- (11) Donald McFee 13
- Donald Newman 5

COTTAGE NO. 3

- (5) Lewis Andrews 13
- (2) John Bailey 12
- (2) Earl Barnes 10
- Grover Beaver 4
- Charles Beal 2
- Jack Crotts 9
- (3) Bruce Hawkins 10
- (7) William Matthewson 13
- (3) Otis McCall 10
- Wayne Sluder 11
- (3) John Tolley 12
- (3) Louis Williams 13
- (3) Jerome Wiggins 11

COTTAGE NO. 4

- Quentin Crittenton 9
- (4) Oakley Walker 7
- (3) Thomas Yates 7

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (2) Theodore Bowles 14
- Junior Bordeaux 12
- Collett Cantor 11
- Robert Dellinger 3
- Glenn Drum
- William Gentry 4
- Allen Morris 3
- Max McQuaigue 9
- (2) Currie Singletary 12
- Fred Tolbert 6
- (4) Dewey Ware 14
- Henry B. Ziegler

COTTAGE NO. 6

- (4) Robert Dunning 7
- Leonard Jacobs 7
- (2) Edward Kinion 5
- (2) Carl Ward 4
- (2) Woodrow Wilson 7
- George Wilhite

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (5) John H. Averitte 14
- (10) Clasper Beasley 14
- (6) Henry Butler 11
- Donald Earnhardt 13
- (2) Lyman Johnson 12
- Robert Lawrence 6
- (8) Arnold McHone 14
- Edward Overby 7
- (3) Marshal Pace 10
- Carl Ray 9
- (4) Ernest Turner 9
- (6) Ervin Wolfe 11

COTTAGE NO. 8

- Cecil Ashley
- Reid Beheler
- (3) Jesse Cunningham 8
- (3) Jack Hamilton 5
- (2) Frank Workman 7

COTTAGE NO. 9

- Percy Capps 8
- James Connell 5
- David Cunningham 14
- James Davis
- Eugene Dyson 3
- George Gaddy 8
- (4) Columbus Hamilton 8

- (3) Edgar Hedgepeth 6
- (2) Mark Jones 9
- Lloyd Mullis 4
- (2) Leroy Pate 3
- (4) James Ruff 13

COTTAGE NO. 10

- Jack Harward 2
- Thomas King 3
- John Lee 3
- Harry Peake 6
- Walter Sexton 4
- Edward Stutts 6
- Jack Warren 8
- Claude Weldy 8

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (2) John Allison 3
- Harold Bryson 10
- (7) William Dixon 13
- (2) William Furches 12
- (15) Robert Goldsmith 15
- (7) Broadus Moore 12
- (3) Monroe Searcy 10
- (2) Charles Widener 4
- (6) James Tyndall 13

COTTAGE NO. 12

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (6) James Brewer 12
- Charles Gaddy 8

- Randall D. Peeler 6
- J. C. Wilson 8

COTTAGE NO. 14

- Raymond Andrews 12
- (2) Edward Carter 13
- (2) Mack Coggins 12
- Leonard Deyton 13
- Henry Ennis 6
- (15) Audie Farthing 15
- Henry Glover 8
- Troy Gilland 13
- (9) John Hamm 13
- (6) Feldman Lane 12
- (5) Roy Mumford 8
- (5) Henry McGraw 10
- (2) Charles McCoyle 9
- (9) Norvell Murphy 12
- John Reep 7
- (2) John Robbins 11
- James Roberson 3

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (11) Jennings Britt 11
- Ray Bayne 4
- Wade Cline 4
- J. P. Sutton 11
- (2) Bennie Wilhelm 7

INDIAN COTTAGE

- George Duncan 11
- (5) Redmond Lowry 10
- (5) Thomas Wilson 12



MANNERS

Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law can touch us here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine, by a constant, steady, uniform operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.—Burke.

MAR 24 1941

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX CONCORD N. C., MARCH 22, 1941 NO. 12

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HOME

Home is where love is, build how you may
 On foundations of rock, or of mud, or of clay;
 With girders of gold that shine like the sun,
 Stud it with jewels, or thatch it with straw—
 Or with hardy hewed logs may your labor
 be done:
 The richest or meanest, man's eyes ever saw;
 Call it a castle, but it matters not, for
 Home is where love is—inside the door.

—Selected.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

OBEDIENCE AND DISCIPLINE

The formulating of laws or rules of conduct implies obedience to these laws on the part of those who accept them. The entire structure of progressive civilization is established on a foundation of obedience to orderly, just, and enlightened laws and government. Our everyday living, in free countries, is regulated by laws which right-thinking citizens recognize as necessary for the protection of the community, the home, and the individual. It is disregard for and disobedience to right rules or laws that bring disorder, confusion, and individuals. Conversely, the more strictly and willingly laws and rules are respected and obeyed, the greater the peace, protection, and security of the community.—Jeannette Hannan Simmons

A THOUGHT FOR ARBOR DAY

Arbor Day this year falls on Friday, March 21, and it is hoped that it will be so observed by all the schools in the state. A few suggestions to teachers in working out an appropriate program may be welcomed.

Since the full use of our natural resources has been recommended as part of the National Defense Program it will be natural to direct the thoughts of the pupils in the schools of the value of trees and forests in national defense. Undoubtedly the manifold uses of timber, turpentine, rosin and other forest products will occur to most of us; but it is not only the immediate or early use of such timber that we should deal with, but perhaps more especially with the way this emergency use should fit in with our settled policy of conservation. There is an old saying, "In time of peace, prepare for war." Let us reverse this and say, "In time of war, prepare for peace." The thought here is that a perpetual and adequate supply of timber should always be available as a defense measure. Therefore, instead of hysterically cutting all our avail-

able timber now when war threatens, we must more than ever take proper precautions to assure the perpetuation of our timber supply. In other words, the practice of forestry is more needed now than ever and will be on into the indefinite future in connection with a properly balanced defense program.

May we not look upon a stalwart tree as a symbol of a permanently peaceful civilization? It stands well rooted in its native soil, its branches stretching to the sunlight, its trunk supporting a crown superior alike to storm and calm, an emblem of strength, beauty and helpfulness. As we plant trees in our soil conservation program to heal the wounds in the fields caused by wrong farming methods, so we must cherish and conserve our forests for the healing process after the war. We need trees for war, but we will need them more in the time of peace to follow; and we should start now to lay our plans and begin our practices with the fervent intention of making our civilization permanent.

Instead of dwelling on the destructive side of defense, let us continually emphasize the constructive side, being confident that Righteousness and Truth will in the end bring lasting peace.

—J. S. Holmes, State Forester.

* * * * *

THE SALVATION ARMY

The movement which in 1878, became known as The Salvation Army originated in mission meetings conducted in London, thirteen years previously, by Rev. William Booth and his wife, Catherine. Its primary aim is to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to men and women untouched by ordinary religious efforts. As Ian McLaren once declared "The Salvation Army makes religion where there was no religion before." The Booths' Mission grew beyond all expectation. In due course in the interests of more effective "warfare" against evil, a military form of organization was adopted, with uniforms and other distinctive features. To reach the multitudes who would not enter a place of worship, open air meetings and marches were organized. Flags, brass bands and religious songs set to "secular" tunes were further means of attraction. All members of the organization profess to be saved from the guilt and the power of sin by the Grace

of God. They are made to realize that they are "saved to save." Soldiers striving to win others for Jesus Christ. Hence the Army's aggressive methods—which include selling "The War Cry" and other periodicals from door to door, in public houses and elsewhere, personal dealing with the unconverted, visiting folk and praying with them in their homes.

Salvation Army soldiers undertake this and similar work in their spare time and without remuneration. Officers have been specially trained and devote their whole lives to the Army's service, they receive a modest allowance to meet personal needs.

All Salvationists are total abstainers, indeed, The Salvation Army is the world's greatest temperance organization.

Very few soldiers smoke, and those who hold any kind of office—as bandsmen, songsters, local officers refrain altogether from the use of tobacco. Wordly amusement and unworthy association are likewise shunned. The Army believes that children can begin to love and serve God and it has a wide network of activities for them and for young people. The position held by women in the Salvation Army is unprecedented in history. Even in Eastern lands women Salvationists have played a great part, in keeping with the Army's principle of equal opportunities of service for both sexes. General Bramwell Booth called Salvationists "servants of all." That high vocation is worked out in all the Army's activities, not least in the slum work and the vast and varied social work. Within three quarters of a century The Army has spread over the world to nearly a hundred countries and colonies. It makes no distinction of class, creed, or color; every one is a "brother for whom Christ died". Under the Army's flag march men and women of every race and nation, one joyous band—its motto: "The world for Christ, Christ for the World."

Following is a brief resume of the Salvation Army and the work being done locally: The Salvation Army program in the Concord area may be divided into three phases, spiritual, local and transient relief, and character building. During the year 1940, 795 religious meetings were held with an attendance of 38,052; 502 local families were given assistance either by food, clothing, or medicine; 1,838 men and women were given food and lodging; 220 character building classes were held with a total attendance of 6,183.

GOD HAS BLESSED AMERICA

If you were standing somewhere outside the world and were told you could choose any country on earth to live in, which one would you, as a woman pick? Where would you find the greatest amount of personal freedom for yourself—the widest range of opportunities for your children—the highest standard of living for your family and the most recognition for you as an individual?

The answer is not hard to guess. You would choose America! Everything about this big, new country has combined to make it serve the individual in his or her "pursuit of happiness." Its vast wealth—its variety of climate—and above all, its form of government "of the people, by the people and for the people" makes this the best country in the world for women.

The state, in our democracy, exists for the sake of the individual and not the individual for the sake of the state, as in a totalitarian country. The result is a nation of independent, hopeful, ambitious, fearless men and women and rosy children who look forward to a life of the kind they choose to live.

And perhaps that is the most important thing about America in these fearful days. If your son wants to go into business, he may do so. If he wants to be an electrical engineer that, too, its all right. But in a totalitarian country all boys must be fitted into the same pattern. If you have a short wave radio you and your friends can listen to programs from all over the world. In dictator-ridden countries they must listen only to the programs approved by the state. You read what you please and can get hold of it. You can say what you please, "right out in the meetin'" if you have the courage to stand up in front of your club or your school or Sunday school. In dictator countries you may be arrested for the things you say, even to members of your own family in the privacy of your own home. You can go to church if you like and to whatever church you choose. In totalitarian states religious freedom is a thing of the past. You can save money—if you can, at least a little of it almost every month, while in dictator countries more and more of it is confiscated by the state. Probably you have a car and go where you please. Only a few of the very rich women of dictator countries have cars and they can't go where they please.

And—very important, too—your standard of living is such that

you can buy more of the good and necessary things of life than people in other lands. Better goods, and more of them—and a wider choice of goods—all made possible by free system of industrial enterprise unlike that in other lands.

It's a great country we live in—broad in fertile acres—rich in resources and a free government, blessed by God!

—Susan Thayer.

* * * * *

SOME FACTS ABOUT ACCIDENTS

Familiarity breeds accidents, the Highway Safety Division pointed out this week in releasing figures dealing with the residence of drivers and pedestrians involved in accidents in North Carolina last year.

According to the division's records, approximately 70 per cent of all drivers involved in fatal accidents in the state last year lived within 25 miles of the place where the accident occurred. And 98 per cent of the 331 pedestrians killed in the state last year were killed within 25 miles of their homes.

"Familiarity breeds contempt for highway and traffic hazards, and this contempt, in turn, breeds accidents," commented Ronald Hocutt, director of the Highway Safety Division.

"When a person travels upon certain roads day after day, year in and year out, he begins to feel that he is familiar with every foot of those roads, and he tends to become contemptuous of the sharp curves, narrow bridges, intersections and other hazards on those roads. He doesn't think it necessary to be careful on roads he knows so well, so he permits his caution to lapse.

"When a driver reaches that point, an unexpected situation—the unfamiliar hazard on the familiar road—will almost invariably result in an accident."

"Regardless of how familiar you are with any road," the safety director concluded, "you can not travel upon it in safety unless you are always prepared for the unexpected."

THE WILL TO WIN

..By Daniel C. McCarthy

Some call it the will to win. Others call it the will to live. But, whatever it is, it means more people each year are winning out in the age-old conflict against tuberculosis.

No longer is tuberculosis—consumption—a death sentence. And here's why.

The combination of this will to win, of medical science and of a cooperative public results in hundreds of men and women waging inspiring comebacks to lives of value and independence.

Then, twenty, thirty years from now there will be famous men doing great things—things that might not be accomplished if they were to give in to the tuberculosis germs.

Even today the list is long of distinguished persons who have attained high rank in their respective fields. There was a time, not so many years ago, when tuberculosis struck, but did not conquer, Noel Coward, Manuel Quezon, Eugene O'Neill, H. G. Wells, Will Irwin, W. Somerset Maugham, Raymond Moley and Albert Edward Wiggam. The contribution which they are making to present-day life might not have been if these men had not had the will to live, had not medical science guided them to recovery.

Take the the case of Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippines, for instance. Not so many years ago this patriot of the Philippines heard the verdict—"Tuberculosis." His spirit was darkened.

"I know that I am going to die and I don't care," Mr. Quezon said to the

doctor, "but please let me know how long I can expect to live so I may adjust my program of activity accordingly."

The doctor's response was brief, but important. It was that if Quezon had the will-power to get well and he would take a complete rest under the attention of a competent physician, he would have many years ahead of him.

That is exactly what happened. This man, who had fought in the Philippine revolution and undergone hardship and privation, whose life had always been an active one, went to a sanatorium.

"I came out a cured man, full of high spirits and with a feeling of being much younger," Mr. Quezon said recently. "This experience has convinced me that tuberculosis is curable and that anyone in the incipient stage of the disease, with the will-power to get well, can be cured."

Back in 1913, young Eugene O'Neill received for a birthday present the news that he had tuberculosis. After a stay in a sanatorium, O'Neill strove diligently to establish himself as a playwright. His success is well known. Aside from writing, O'Neill now concentrates on strengthening and preserving his health.

The contribution that H. G. Wells has made to literature and the scientific world might be traced directly back to his youth when he came down with tuberculosis. Confined to bed, he spent a great deal of time reading. Then he turned to writing. Yet, the future did not look too prom-

ising, but he made a decision. It was that he refused to die.

His health gradually improved and he learned to adjust his life to the restricted regime required by his condition. As his success became assured his idea of a perfect society crystallized and he wrote "The Outline of History," which had an unprecedented sale. "Science of Life," and "The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind" followed. His achievements would be amazing under any circumstances, but considered in the light of his handicap, they are phenomenal.

Raymond Moley, adviser to President Franklin D. Roosevelt in the early days of the New Deal, took the cure when he was 22 years old. This well-known educator and lecturer reports:

"There are one or two facts that stand out in my experience with this disease that might be of interest to people similarly afflicted. The first is that the routine of 'chasing the cure' is such a fine discipline that it is an advantage throughout life and unquestionably results in improving health and added years. Another point is that the beating of this disease is no child's play. It takes nerve and stubbornness beyond anything that I have known, and self discipline and patience."

Will Irwin, famous correspondent in the first World War, was a victim of tuberculosis when he was 19 years old. His will to win carried him through college, gave him a growing urge to write, and launched him in a successful career as newspaper reporter.

Will Irwin's rule for keeping tuberculosis at bay is a simple one. He

advises regular periods of rest, moderation in eating and the cultivation of the power to relax.

Then there is Noel Coward, who now in his early forties, has written or collaborated on more than thirty successful plays and musical comedies. While curing at a sanatorium in England during the World War, Mr. Coward lived in the house of a Dr. Etlinger.

"I learned a good deal about tuberculosis, its various symptoms and stages, and became deeply interested," Coward said later. "Most of the patients were officers and they were all extraordinarily cheerful, especially the hopeless ones. It was strange to listen to these dying men talking so gaily of the future.

"I remember sitting for hours in the doctor's library after dinner discussing their possible chances of recovery, new cures and treatments, lung deflation. . . . Then I would retire to bed, rather bleakly comforting myself with the reflection that if I ever contracted tuberculosis seriously, I should at least know enough about it not to be fooled by false illusion when the time came for me to face the truth about dying.

"My cough rapidly disappeared and by summer I was stronger and healthier than I had ever been in my life. The time passed slowly for me, but not really unhappily. Of course, I had moments of irritable yearning for the theater, but the sight of so much disease at close quarters had scared a lot of common sense into me, and I would have stayed away willingly for years rather than risk my cough recurring."

For the last thirty years or so, W. Somerset Maugham has been busy

with novels, essays, short stories and the theater. He has given time also to lying on his back in a tuberculosis sanatorium. This famous author, who has written such books as "Rain" and "Of Human Bondage," suffered for many years constantly from ill health. But, here again, it is the will to win that has carried him to the heights among authors and playwrights.

Albert Edward Wiggam, well-known author of such books as, "The Fruit of the Family Tree," "The New Decalogue of Science," and "The Marks of an Educated Man," came back from the ravages of tuberculosis.

When he was a young man he wanted to be a doctor, but he thought that the strain of training and work in the profession might be too great, so he decided to do the next best thing—try to make the biological sciences both interesting and helpful to man.

He was a reporter in Minneapolis; was a fine editorial writer. Despite the fact that he still was fighting a personal battle with tuberculosis, Mr. Wiggam plunged with characteristic zeal into a study of preventive medicine. There followed years of intense reading of medical literature.

Now, in looking back on a career

studded with many successes, Wiggam advises that rest is essential in holding tuberculosis at bay. His advice is:

"If everyone would just lie down the moment the symptoms show up and take absolute, scientific rest, he would have an excellent chance to get well. But if he neglects the situation for even six weeks, he may have a hard and a prolonged struggle. I have the utmost respect for tuberculosis, but I haven't the slightest fear of it. If a fellow just lays off work in time and makes his rest absolute, the chances are all in his favor. . . . I feel that our growing knowledge of the value of rest is the greatest thing we have to offer the tuberculosis patient."

The will to win is great among persons who have tuberculosis. It is this spirit, too, which is the driving force behind the tuberculosis associations in their year-round activities aimed to hasten the disease toward eradication. Public-spirited men and women in buying and using Christmas seals show that the will to win is present among all. With such a spirit prevailing, victory is in sight.

CHARACTER

A man may be outwardly successful all his life long, and die hollow and worthless as a puff-ball; and he may be externally defeated all his life long, and die in the royalty of a kingdom established within him. A man's true estate of power and riches, is to be himself; not in his dwelling, or position, or external relations, but in his own essential character. That is the realm in which he is to live, if he is to live as a Christian man.—Henry Ward Beecher.

BIRTH OF A BALLAD

By Arthur Bronson

"God bless America,
Land that I love."

Through the night with a light
from above."

Out of the last war came this war.
And out of the last war came this
song.

"God Bless America." It's becoming
America's theme song. It may be our
new national anthem.

Schools, religious groups, educa-
tional bodies and patriotic organiza-
tions have taken it up. It was the
theme song for both Democratic and
Republican national conventions this
year.

It's a hymn of thanks that we hap-
pen to be Americans, that day in 1940.
Yet it was written in 1918, a war
tune for a camp show! And never
used!

Buried away in a trunk by its writ-
er, Irving Berlin, the song, was for-
gotten until two years ago, when it
was unearthed for Kate Smith.

You won't hear it over the radio
much because it's restricted. Band
leaders can't pep it up for dance use.
Yet it's free for any patriotic purpose.
And royalties on sheet sale and other
use—every penny—go to charity.

It's the only Irving Berlin song that
hasn't been plugged or pushed com-
mercially in Berlin's 33 years of song
writing. It may yet outsell all his
others.

"God Bless America" is a plain,
sentimental title for an obscure song
that was buried 20 years. Yet it's
likely to be Berlin's monument.

"Stand beside her and guide her,

Berlin was a meek-looking buck
private at Camp Upton in 1918. He
wrote a musical comedy for the sol-
diers called "Yip! Yip! Yaphank!"
Included among the songs was "God
Bless America."

"But I didn't use it in the show,"
Berlin told a reporter recently. "It
wasn't needed. Everyone was emo-
tionally stirred and realized what we
were up against. It seemed like
carrying coals to Newcastle to have a
bunch of soldiers come out and sing
it." So Berlin laid the song aside.

Kate Smith first sang the song No-
vember 11, 1938. It sparked the
imagination of America immediately.

"From the mountains to the
prairies,
To the ocean white with foam."

Berlin's publishing house didn't even
bother to publish the song until six
weeks after the broadcast, when or-
ders started to come in.

Berlin felt that his song had a rare
quality that he wanted to keep. So
the lyrics were copyrighted against
commercial radio program use (except
Kate Smith's) and kept away from
all swing arrangers, cabaret and night
club use.

Then as it began to look as if he
had a new American theme song here,
Berlin decided to dedicate it to Ameri-
can use. He segregated every penny
of royalties, formed a committee of
three prominent Americans—Colonel

Theodore Roosevelt, Gene Tunney and Herbert Bayard Swope—to administer the funds and decided with them to devote the money to the Boy and Girl Scout Foundations.

The fund has already reached \$45,000 on the 500,000 copies of sheet music sold to date. Variety Magazine figures the amount will go over \$100,000 on sheet music alone—a record for Tin Pan Alley.

Other unusual features—there is a royalty of eight cents on each copy (On the average popular song it's three cents.) Patriotic songs are never money makers. This one is different. It's a best seller.

There's been no plugging of it on the radio. Any reputable organization has been free to use it. Yet sheet sale has continued amazingly.

“God bless America
My home sweet home”

“Give me the making of the songs of a nation,” once said Andrew Fletcher, “and I care not who makes its laws.” Irving Berlin, who is mighty

proud of his song, has a right to be.

The wail of the synagogue is in his music, the cry of the immigrant, and the struggle of the poor boy working his way up. Irving was Israel Baline originally, his father a rabbi who fled a pogrom in Russia. Israel was a kid of 4 when he came to the States.

They lived in New York's Bowery. Israel sold papers, then became a singing waiter at Mike's on Pell St. Then, in 1909, Israel wrote his first song, “Marie From Sunny Italy.” Then he changed his name to Irving Berlin, wrote “Alexander's Ragtime Band” in 1911, and up to the top of Tin Pan Alley came Irving. To stay.

He was asked recently if he agreed with others that “God Bless America” might be a new national anthem.

“You can't vote a national anthem,” said Berlin. “I know you don't sit down and write one. The people adopt a song, or they don't.”

“I think that ‘God Bless America’ is the most important song I've ever written. I'll tell you more about it in five years.”

—:—

A great man is a gift, in some measure a revelation of God. A great man, living for high ends, is the divinest thing that can be seen on earth. The value and interest of history are derived chiefly from the lives and services of the eminent men whom it commemorates. Indeed, without these there would be no such thing as history, and the progress of a nation would be little worth recording, as the march of a trading caravan across a desert.—George S. Hillard.

AT BARNEGAT LIGHT

By Ranger Kyldahl

Along the South Jersey coast, about forty miles north of Atlantic City, one comes upon Long Beach Island. Literally it is six miles out in the sea, now connected with the mainland by a causeway across historic Barnegat Bay. We do not know who the first white man was who set foot upon this island. From relics found in the sands we know that the Indians used to fish from its shores and inlets during the summer. Where the writer now lives there was once a shallow bay, upon the shores of which the Indians had a favorite council ground. Other relics speak of grimmer experiences in the form of buried wrecks of stout ships that found a final resting place on the shores of this island "at the crossroads of the seas."

On the northern tip of the 18-mile-long island stands the world-famous Barnegat Light, the second oldest in the history of the United States. This venerable "Grand Old Champion of the Tides" was built in 1858, replacing one built in 1834 and gradually swallowed up by the inroad of the sea. Here is the famous Barnegat Inlet to Barnegat Bay and the communities along it so well known from Colonial and Revolutionary history. The name is evidently from the Dutch word "Barendegat," and means gate, or inlet, of broken waters, because of the shoals that stretch from the inlet and upon which ocean swells heave and break. Through this inlet the Indians set out in their graceful canoes to fish.

Pirates found the dangerous inlet an opening to a safe harbor from

which they could operate and prey upon the Spanish Main. The beaches were used to keel-haul and repair ships; and in the sand dunes round about their loot was buried. During Colonial days sailships entered the inlet to bring bog iron from the thriving industries on the mainland shores to the market places, returning with bricks, from which many of the houses were built. Few of these remain now, but here and there one may come upon part of a house or a ruin long forgotten.

Revolutionary days left their imprint also. Swift boats, built in the now forgotten shipyards, plied the sea as raiders or to bring home much-needed supplies. Not far from Barnegat Light is a tablet commemorating the "Massacre of Long Beach," October 26, 1782. The first seagoing steamboat built by John Stevens of Hoboken, found Barnegat Bay a convenient harbor to ride out a storm on its voyage to Philadelphia.

Barnegat Light was built by General George G. Meade of Pennsylvania, the hero of Gettysburg. In the days of sailing vessels it was one of the most important on the coast as it was the landfall looked for by every ship from Europe, whether they were bound for New York or Philadelphia. When the government decided to put the Barnegat Lightship on the shoals twelve miles out from the inlet the lighthouse was abandoned. But the State of New Jersey and the residents of Barnegat City fought for the Old Champion, and the light is still burning, not with the long beam as of

old, but just as important in its new role.

Barnegat City nestles at its foot in the cedars, holly and bayberry bushes. At first it was intended for a vacation spot, but for some unknown reason this most suitable locality of the whole beach was never "discovered" to such an extent as the rest of the island. Some beautiful summer residences are built in the sand dunes, but the course of this little village was to be of a more serious nature. A group of Norwegian men who had come to America to make room for themselves, found the city life too cramped and crowded. They decided to follow their ancient vocation from the homeland, that of the fisherman. To Barnegat City came a few of these men to wrestle with the mighty sea. In open skiffs they set out with their lines or lobster pot or nets. Young sailors who wanted a change from the constant roaming around the world came to try the fishing "for a season." Some of them remained, while others went back to sailing the seven seas.

When homes could be provided, the men of the colony sent for their wives or sweethearts left behind in the old country or in the city. Others married American girls. Soon the more-or-less careless life of the boys grew into the settled family life, especially as they became blessed with children. When certain obstacles were put in their way regarding dock facilities they formed an Independent Dock Company, built their own protected dock and harbor, dug a channel out to the inlet and carried on their fight with the elements and the economic ups and downs. They also began taking an interest in the administration

and school problems of their little borough.

These men and women are mostly Lutherans from the Scandinavian countries or they are "Pennsylvania German." They were married by Lutheran pastors in New York or Staten Island. Way back, when the fishing seasons were good, they took their children to those same pastors to be baptized. But they had no church of their own. Earlier attempts to form a congregation failed because of lack of means. Contacts with the church became fewer as time went on. Then the Board of American Missions sent a man to look into their needs and a congregation was organized as well as a Sunday school and a Ladies' Society. Services were well attended until misfortune overtook the congregation and they were not permitted to meet in the only available locale. Only the Sunday school was permitted to function. Every Sunday a group of thirty little children ranging from two years up to eleven years find their way to Sunday school. When the pastor visits during the week the little ones may be heard to say: "Can we have Sunday school today, pastor?" One man said: "The Sunday school is the greatest thing for my children. They look forward to it on Sundays as the crowning climax of the day." Truly, here is a mission field ripe to harvest and bearing signs of great things to come.

Two summer residents who know these people and love them gave us a plot of land upon which we could build a church. The land is valued in the present market at \$1,000. The men of the congregation are willing to donate their labor—the only thing

they have to give. The women meet faithfully every month and work to the best of their ability. We want a church, we need a church. As the "Old Champion of the Tides" stands sentinel for the men as they sail out and in of the harbor, so we wish for

the "Cross of Jesus Christ" to shine in our hearts and our homes to guide us in the voyage of life. Our prayer is:

"Let the Light of the Cross shine as the beacon from Barnegat Light!"

When you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within.—Spurgeon.

FUEL AND FRIENDSHIP

(Alabama Baptist)

Friendship is like a fire—it requires fuel to make it burn. A fire will burn lower and lower until only ashes remain—unless fuel is added. To expect a friendship to burn without reciprocal attention is as impossible as to expect a fire to continue to burn brightly when the fuel is consumed.

The braziers of life are often cold. Men hold out their vessels to us pleadingly, but because we are busy or preoccupied we do not see them. A kind word would renew a blaze; a word of encouragement would supply the fuel to make that flame of hope burn brightly again; a cheery greeting would add the fuel necessary to rekindle flagging self-confidence.

It takes so little fuel to make a big, cheerful friendship. A neighborly call upon some one who is ill, a short note to some one who is alone, a little friendly interest in others, an

unexpected little gift—these are the coals which make the braziers of life burn radiantly.

There is, of course, a higher friendship than any that earth has ever known. But that too needs fuel. Just recall a single passage in proof of this: "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." "If ye do." There is more in that little word than in the first noted by the casual reader. There is in it the idea that any friendship that may exist between us and Christ will not live and burn without reciprocal attention.

However to keep alive our friendship with Jesus requires more than a little fuel. He wants the whole of us. He does not want us to pay Him lip service on Sunday, for example, and then forget all about Him for the rest of the week.

"High heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more."

ONLY A BOY

(Selected)

Many years ago, a faithful Scotch minister, coming early to church, met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute, but distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," he said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you, Pastor. There must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy."

"I feel it all," the minister said, "I feel, it but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust him for results."

"Yes, yes," said the deacon, "but 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' and one new member—and he, too, only a boy—seems to me rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I do not want to be hard, but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done my duty in speaking plainly."

"True," said the old man, "but 'charity suffereth long, and is kind; . . . beareth all things, . . . hopeth all things.' I have great hopes of that boy—Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but that fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He lingered in the dear old church after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and very dear to him, but here he had been told at last that his work was no longer owned and blessed by God.

No one remained. Not one? "Only a boy."

The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert?" said the minister.

"Do you think if I were willing to work hard for an education, I could ever become a preacher?" the boy asked.

"A preacher?"

"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said, "This heals the ache in my heart, Robert. I see the divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy. Yes, I think you will become a preacher."

Years later there returned to London an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly, the people rose; when he spoke in public, there was a deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes.

Robert Moffat had brought under the gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs, had given the translated Bible to strange tribes, had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society, and had honored the humble place of his birth.

The old minister long before had gone to be with his Saviour, but men remembered his work because of what he was to that one boy, and that one boy was to the world.

GHOST TOWN DOG

(The Training School Echo)

Ken Hayward, relief operator at Government Telegraph Cabin Number 13, was desperate for company. Otherwise he would never have provided food and shelter for the battered old Airdale.

Ken had never dreaded winter solitude before. The hushed stillness of the snow-laden forest, the aloof mountains of the northland, and the winding rivers sealed in ice were all part of his life. But the brooding silence of this ghost town at the Forks was different. The deserted cabins and empty, straggling street of the abandoned gold-rush camp were getting on his nerves. And then, seemingly from nowhere, the starving terrier had appeared at the cabin door.

Now as Ken listened idly to a batch of messages going through from the north to the railhead, forty miles away, he glanced at the grizzled old vagabond beside the heater and grinned.

"I've changed my mind, fella," he said, as the Airdale turned a tousled head toward him. "I said that soon as you were fit to travel you'd get the bum's rush out of here. But we seem to hit it off, and maybe I'll let you stick around."

Beside the stove the ownerless terrier rose and shook himself. It was good to be out of the driving snow, good to be warm and fed after those desperate weeks no dog of softer breed could have lived through. Slowly he stalked across the room and laid his whiskered muzzle on the young operator's knee.

"Sure, I mean it," Ken assured him.

"This ghost town was like to get me down, but with you to talk to—"

He broke off suddenly as, turning the worn collar about the dog's neck, he found a battered brass name plate with the one word Derry showing faintly through the tarnish.

"So you've got a name? Somebody, somewhere, must have thought a lot of you. I wonder—"

There the Morse of Ken's station call interrupted him. It was the operator at Cabin Number 14 calling.

"Line to railhead gone dead," he tapped. "See if you can raise them."

But out of the south beyond the canyon no answer came along that vital strand of wire connecting the north country with the outside.

"Maybe another windfall in that patch of burned timber a mile south of here," Ken tapped back to the worried operator at Number 14. "I'll go see. Hold everything. I'll be back inside an hour."

He dressed hurriedly for the short mush to the swath of brulee. As he stepped to the door, the old dog whom someone years ago had known and loved as "Derry" got up to follow.

"You stay put fella," Ken advised him. "Don't worry. You aren't losing your meal ticket. I'm coming back. Here." He got some scraps from the cupboard and tossed them to the terrier.

Five minutes later, with a low-drawn contented halation, the Airdale stretched out beside the heater again. Had Ken heard, he would have thought it nothing more than the appeased sign of a dog who had wangi-

ed a meal. But Ken would have been wrong. For Derry's hunger was not the kind mere food could appease.

Of recent years the world had not been kind to Derry. And in the drifting life of northern camps, his characteristic reserve, his inability to fawn and win temporary friends, had made existence vastly harder for him than for the usual shallow-natured camp dog. Where he came from no one knew, and when he was forced to wander on again probably no one would care.

No outstanding attraction of his, nothing in his appearance or rough uncompromising manner, could ever serve to win him an honored place in a human home. Outwardly he was just a tramp, and even Ken Hayward had failed to perceive the rugged qualities that made the terrier a potential comrade.

In days past, Derry had known well the thrill of human friendship. But construction jobs end and boom camps all too soon become ghost towns, and time after time the dog had found himself homeless and masterless again.

And now Derry, the independent, was growing old. Yet he could not beg for shelter nor respond to the advances of men he did not like — his cold reserve soon repelled them. In Ken Hayward, however, he had sensed a master he could serve, just as he had once served another lean young fellow whom fate had taken where he could not follow. And it was this deeper hunger that had brought him to the cabin at the Forks three days before.

Stretched out there, after Ken's hurried departure, for ten minutes the Airdale did not move a muscle.

But when the sounder broke into urgent signals again, the dog became uneasy. Always before, Ken had been there to go to the clattering thing. Now he had left it unguarded. Derry got up and stood beside the table, legs braced, the muscles of his broad chest taut.

The sounder clattered on, and Derry's uneasiness increased. Something was wrong with this thing that belonged to his self-respected master — and the master wasn't there. Derry rushed to the door, clawed it vainly, then broke into a deep-throated bark. Poised and alert, he lowered his scarred head to the crack and listened for the crunch of snowshoes that would tell him Ken was coming back.

Not a sound outside, and there was no seeing through that heavy door. The big dog turned, sprang to the table, and looked through the window into the swirling curtain of snow. He whined pleadingly but there was no Ken.

Bent on finding him, Derry sprang from the table, and a hind foot, skidding, upset the instrument and scattered papers. He paused an instant, looking back over his shoulder. Then, with his need of Ken increased, he charged the door, prodding it with stiff forelegs and hurling himself against it until suddenly the loosened latch dropped and the door swung open.

Circling, he found Ken's snowshoe trail and, charging breast deep through the soft snow, started in pursuit.

Ken was nearing the camp clearing after his hurried trip to the patch of burned timber when he saw the terrier struggling toward him. He frowned. Now how did that dog get out?

Had he broken a window? The mutt was going to be just one more thing to bother about.

Ken was worried enough already, through the brulee, and that meant only one thing—there had been a snowslide in the canyon eight miles to the south, and perhaps for days the north would be cut off from the outside.

He looked sternly at the dog, and demanded, "What you doing here?"

Derry sensed the reproof but, tail still high and ears resolutely back, he turned and led the way to the cabin. Here was the master and now all would be well.

But it wasn't. Ken saw the open door, he growled, "If you can open doors, why can't you shut them? Want to freeze us out?"

Ignoring that, Derry trotted hurriedly in. Ken followed, and when the worried young operator saw the sounder tumbled to the floor and the scattered papers, now sodden with the snow which had swirled into the cabin and melted on the table and floor, his irritation blazed into anger.

"You worthless mutt," he fumed. "Went wild to get out, did you, tore up the place!"

Derry's tail went down. Yet he did not cower and back away, nor was there any hint of guilt in his clear eyes. Instead, unyielding determination showed in the set of jaws and head.

"I should have known better than to take you in," Ken snapped. "You're a tramp and a bum. Well, I'm through being soft. You've had your chance. Get out." He opened the door again.

For an instant the dog did not understand. Ken pointed to the open

door and repeated the command. "Get out! Scram."

Forlornly, Derry padded out.

Ken was still fuming over what seemed to him a rank betrayal of trust when he got the sounder connected again and rapped out Number 14's station call.

Instantly the other operator broke in with the signal that a message was coming. Ken snatched up a message pad, and as he began to write, his consternation mounted. But not until he had checked the message and held it to the late afternoon light of the window to read it through again did he fully realize its fateful meaning.

The telegram was from the distant Beaver Lake Mission and read: ELEVEN INDIANS ALREADY DEAD OF FLU STOP EPIDEMIC SPREADING TO WHITES STOP RUSH HELP BY PLANE STOP GOOD LANDING ON ICE ONE MILE EAST OF MISSION.

A thrilling whine, pleading and desolate, came from the dusk of the ghost-town street outside the cabin. But Ken paid no attention. Methodically he began making up his pack for loading on the light, broad-runner hand sled—two day's grub, sleeping bag, tools, batteries, and fifty pounds of extra wire.

Then he called the operator at Number 14 and tapped out: "Slide in pass must have carried out line. Am taking extra wire and batteries. If it's a long job will mush through to signal cabin below canyon and tap line there. Tell mission to watch for plane tomorrow if storm clears."

Outside while the boy lashed his load to the sled, Derry stood at the corner of the cabin watching intently.

Many a time he traveled in harness. He edged forward, hoping to have Ken put him between the traces.

But the boy eyed him coldly. "You stay here, understand," he warned.

Without sullenness, but with no trace of apology for what he had done, the old Airdale looked up at him.

"I won't see you starve, but don't ever think I'm packing grub for the likes of you. Here." Ken strode into the cabin, brought out a couple of bannocks, and tossed them toward the terrier.

A moment later, twisting his feet into the lashings of his long Stikine snowshoes, the young operator passed the sled rope over his shoulders and started down the telegraph trail. Five minutes later he looked back. There was the dog, floundering close behind the sled.

"Can't you get it through your thick head I'm finished with you?" Ken yelled. "You're no good to me—or anybody else." He pointed in the direction of the cabin. "Mush—klatawa!"

A dog of softer spirit would have whined and come crawling alongside the sled, appealing to be allowed to come. But Derry could never cringe. He knew that Ken didn't want to have anything to do with him. He knew that he had made an enemy and not a friend; yet he stood there four-square on the trail with something grimly splendid in the set of his shoulders.

With eyes that were almost fierce in their intensity, Derry watched the sled swing into the gloom of the snow-burdened spruce trees. Then, deliberately defying the boy's last command,

he stalked along the trail. Ken Hayward could do what he liked, say what he liked, but Derry would not submit to being cast aside.

More than most dogs, the Airdale has a mind of his own. Perversely loyal, this breed defies adversity. Easy-blend of loyalty and headstrong independence, the members of this rough and-ready clan are capable of bringing either heartbreak or adoration to a human comrade.

Hour after hour Ken kept breaking trail toward the canyon, wholly unaware that, half a mile behind, the old dog, still scorning his command, was following him. Snow and wind had ceased and already a few stars showed like pinpricks through the black canopy of night.

Along the high cut-bank, then down a wooded draw to the flat beside the ice-locked river, the lone musher trudged. The breaking was heavy but, with an ominous suggestion of mildness in the still air, he dared not halt for a rest and mug-up beside a hastily kindled fire. After any heavy snowfall the canyon, with its thousand-foot walls flanking the river, was anything but a healthy spot. But to be caught there when a warm Chinook wind was cutting into the countless tons of snow poised on those rock faces might mean the end.

More and more the surface snow was clinging to Ken's snowshoes, clogging the fine babiche at toe and heel, balling up on the main filling of grizzly hide.

He reached a group of tumble-down shacks beside the telegraph trail and recognized them as the fishing camp used by Indians during the fall salmon run. The canyon mouth must be

just ahead. Out of the darkness of the nearest shack three Indian dogs sidled furtively, snarling at the white man.

Ken hurried on. It was going to be a close thing, he knew. There was a soft threat in the air, and from the high peaks there descended the faint drone of rising wind, as the Chinook raced inward from the North Pacific.

His snowshoes swung, crunched, and lifted as he drove himself on. He had a job to do. Eleven Indians already dead... epidemic spreading to whites... At any time now the heavy slides might start. Those towering walls were loaded with death. But this was his job and he must go on.

Still snarling, the mongrels back at the shack were slinking into shelter when from down the trail they heard a sound that made their hackles rise in anger—the short-clipped, anxious bark of a lone white man's dog.

Shouldering through the trampled snow, Derry neared the abandoned fishing camp. He traveled hurriedly, sensing menace in that softness of the air and bent on keeping close to that lean young fellow who scorned the loyalty he was rebelliously determined to bestow.

Suddenly, with an outburst of snarls, the three dogs, who had crouched like brigands beside the dark trail, jumped him. It must have seemed to them that it would be easy enough to kill this lone stranger, then tear and feast upon his twitching body.

Caught off guard, the old dog went down in a smother of snow, and as he fell the thunder of the first avalanche inside the canyon came to him.

The three mongrels were all over him, slashing and ripping with their

sharp fangs. Yet already they were learning that their victory was to be no easy one. For to all dashing tactics of his breed, the Airdale had added the fighting tricks of those other northland dogs which, down the years, had been both foes and comrades to him. MacKenzie River Huskies, the Malemites of the Yukon, the Huskies along the Alaskan coast, all had taught him much. And from his forebears he had inherited a spirit that never knows the meaning of surrender.

The battered head flashed sideways, and the foremost dog was seized below the shoulder and sent spinning. The paw of the second was crushed to a pulp—and then the black-and-tan fury was upon his enemies. Age had blunted his fangs but the strength and lightning speed of jaws and neck remained. Slashing swerving, pouncing in and away, the Airdale seemed to be all about the mongrels. Cunningly the leader retreated, then sprang at him from behind. But a second later, screaming, the mongrel attacker dragged himself on three legs to the door of the nearest shack. His two companions followed. Derry shook himself and stood for a moment as if listening to the shuddering echoes of the avalanche from the canyon close ahead. Then he pushed on.

When he reached the tons of hardpacked snow that had thundered down on the trail, the old dog halted. A slash in his forehead was bleeding badly. He shook the blood from his eyes and mounted the snow wall. Over and around the lumps of rock-stained snow he wove his way. Sniffing, listening anxiously, he crossed the slide, and when he saw snowshoe and

sled tracks proceeding from its farther edge he yipped excitedly.

A gust, startlingly warm, smote him as he started on—the Chinook had swooped and the canyon was filled with the turmoil of its passing. Snow burdens from the tossing trees filled the air with choking whiteness but with head low the panting Air-dale plunged on.

Above the turmoil, from the far side of the canyon, there came a gathering roar, and a minute later gusts of swirling wind caused by this second slide all but swept him from his feet.

Then, midway through the canyon, he found Ken Hayward. Silently he pushed forward and thrust his head against the boy and silently Ken accepted his presence.

The two thrust on. Under the warm blasts of the treacherous Chinook, the snow-filled trail was all but impassable. No single human being could battle forward long. At each plunging step Ken's shoes was loaded with heavy snow that had to be shaken free before the other foot could be driven forward. The wet snow ball-ed up on the toe bar of his shoes until he had to drop to his knees and claw the lumps from under his moccasins.

Shouldering past the struggling boy, the old dog took his turn at breaking, just as he had done many times on trails he had traveled with that other, long-lost young master who had given him his name. Charging, struggling, fighting the clogging whiteness as if it were a living enemy, the four-footed veteran of the trails became the spearhead of the desperate fight for safety.

And then, through the storm's mad symphony, Ken caught a rumbling un-

dertone that told him the fight was lost. Out of the darkness high above came an ominous, deep-throated sound—with a thunderous crescendo the next slide was swooping on them.

"Mush, Derry!" Ken panted, and tried to spurt ahead, his eyes on the blackness through which the churning wall of death was hurtling to blot out the trail. "Mush, boy!"

But there was no need to warn the terrier. Torn and bleeding though he was, he drove his weary body forward, ploughing a narrow trench through the snow for Ken to follow.

The air was throbbing with the discord of rushing sounds. The ground beneath them seemed to tremble, and then from above, and behind them a churning wave of rock and snow roared into sight. Derry's voice rang out with all the fiery challenge of a bugle call. The seething edge of the slide swept past Ken, tripping him, rearing to engulf him, then spewing him aside in a huddled heap.

Snow devils spun and danced in the shaken air as Derry bounded back to muzzle the limp form appealingly. He licked Ken's face, prodding him with first one forepaw and then the other, demanding that he rise and renew the struggle and get out of the canyon before it was too late. But when the dazed boy swayed to his feet he clutched his knee and crumpled helplessly on the snow.

"You go, old fellow," he gasped.

But already Derry, trained and canny old sled dog, was tugging at the rope of the overturned sled, breaking it out of the snow that all but buried it, tugging until it lay within reach of Ken's hand. It was then that Ken, in one soul-searing flash of revelation, saw the true nature of this grand out-

cast who had all along been offering him allegiance.

"Derry!" was all he could say, but in that one word there was something that gave new power to the dog who heard it.

With fumbling hands Ken cut a thong from the sled lashing and knotted it into a rough harness across the black and tan shoulders. Lurching to the sled, he felt the dog leap into the traces. The sled moved. With both arms and his good leg Ken gave all the help he could, pushing the sled, clearing the banked-up snow from before the broad runners.

Battling forward, the boy forgot about the threat of other slides, forgot the many places where only that sixth sense of the trained sled dog prevented them from floundering off the winding trail. A strange exultation possessed him. It was as if the mighty courage of this new partner fortified him—as if together they could not be beaten.

They were on the downgrade now, and the moderating sweep of the south wind told Ken they must be clear of the canyon walls through which the Chinook funneled with such terrific force. Evergreens began to

show beside the trail again. And then unbelievably, the squat signal cabin loomed before them.

Ten minutes later Ken, in spite of his crippled condition, had the batteries connected and with eager fingers had sent the S O S from Beaver Lake Mission speeding on its way. Then the sounder on the table began to talk again and the superintendent at the railhead was calling.

"Great work, Hayward!" the official tapped. "We're starting out now with a trouble-shooting crew. Wait there. I want to hear more about this night's work."

When Ken had the fire going, he slumped to the floor and drew the old Airdale to him. "Believe me, he'll hear all right—he'll hear about you. Oldtimer, I never knew—I never—"

Fumbling for words, he tried to tell the dog what was in his heart. "From now on we stick together. From now on we're partners, see?"

Derry, in victory as in adversity unable to become demonstrative, merely sat there, stiff and awkward, his fearless old eyes half closed. But clumsily he pressed his scarred head into the hands that held it—he had found the home he longed for in Ken's heart.

—:—

After a tongue has once got the knack of lying, 'tis not to be imagined how impossible almost it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass that we see some men, who are otherwise very honest, so subject to this vice.—Montaigne.

SEA GULLS AREN'T SO DUMB

By Ray G. Funkhouser

Sea gulls soaring are beautiful to see—their wings, strong, rigid, and light, seldom quaver, yet they gracefully glide great distances. On foot, they're different—they're doleful.

But they aren't so dumb. They get along.

Gulls, common along both coasts and inland where there are large bodies of water, are protected by statute. Under this protection, they have grown quite tame and lazy. They gather wherever people gather, especially around fish wharves and pleasure fishing barges, hoping for scraps of food. There must have been a day when they had to hustle for their own food, but that day, apparently, has not been lately. Today, they prefer to be fed, or to rob another bird.

The pelican, a hard-working and respectable bird, is frequently a victim of the gull. He fishes industriously and puts his catch in his creel, to be enjoyed after the work is done. Unfortunately, he cannot eat directly from his pouch, but must toss a fish into the air and catch it so it will be pointed down his gullet. Gulls know this, and when they sight a pelican with a satchel of fish they hover over him. When he tosses a fish into the air, a gull will snatch it and fly away. The poor pelican frequently loses his entire catch this way.

When I walk along the beach, I frequently carry a small bag of dry bread and throw crusts to the gulls. At first, I would hunt up a squadron of gulls to feed, but I soon found this unnecessary. A piece of bread toss-

ed into the air on a virtually gull-less beach acts as a magnet. From a half mile or more, up and down the beach the birds come gliding for the free feed.

My mental picture of a gull is a bird with a pair of field glasses where the eyes should be and as streamlined as a pursuit plane. One gull would no more think of inviting another gull to dine than would one pig invite another pig. I haven't yet discovered whether they watch for beach walkers to bring them food or spy on each other, but I do know that it is virtually impossible to invite a lone gull to dine.

On wing, wheeling and gliding, they are graceful—and quick. They can catch a piece of bread in the air with the skill of a hurdy-gurdy monkey. A few stay on the ground, waiting for one in the air to miss—but he seldom does. When the bread is gone, they desert me like a gold digger leaving a purse-poor playboy.

One day, my bread sack contained an old bisquit. It was hard and very dry. I tossed the bisquit into the air and a gull dipped for it, but it slipped from his beak and fell to the ground, where another gull pounced on it. He tussled with it, but in vain; it was too hard to break with his beak. Finally, he took off and flew a short distance from the others. Over the water, he dropped it and swooped down for it and carried it back to the water's edge. Still he made no progress. Again he picked it up and dropped it into the water for a second dunking. This time he

left it there longer than he did before. The second water treatment must have softened it enough for him to crumble and swallow, for soon he was back with the others, squawking for more.

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The real cost of any thing is the amount of work required to earn the money with which to purchase it.—Selected.

—:—

MUCH GOLD VERSUS A LITTLE BOY

(Alabama Baptist)

A gentleman went to the Klondike in search of gold. He found it. Later his wife made her way to him and while there a little son was born, then died and was buried. Upon his return he said, "Yes I was successful in getting the gold but in getting it I left my little son in the land where the gold came from and I am no richer in the exchange."

President Coolidge said, with reference to his son Calvin, who died while he was President: "We do not know what might have happened to him under other circumstances, but if I had not been President he would not have raised a blister on his toe which resulted in blood poisoning, playing lawn tennis in the South Grounds. In his suffering he was asking me to make him well. I could not. When he went, the power and glory of the presidency went with him. The ways of providence are often beyond our understanding. It seemed to me that the

world had need of the work that it was possible he could do. I do not know why such a price was exacted for occupying the White House."

It may be that the price was not exacted for occupying the White House. It could be that it was. A president may need the discipline, patience and sense of human failty which usually comes with suffering. The Greeks used to say that a man is not a man until he has married, reared a son and built a house. Christian observation and experience is that men are not finely tempered until they have suffered.

Howbeit, neither high office, nor much gold, nor anything else in the world can atone for the loss of our boys and girls. Their lives, while they are living, ought to claim as great a part of parental care and anxiety as the face of their physical existence.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys thoroughly enjoyed the feature, "Tarzan Finds a Son" and the comedy, "Tiny's Troubles," at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium, last Thursday night. Both are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

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Mr. Jesse C. Fisher, our assistant superintendent, has been confined to his home for several days, suffering from a severe attack of tonsillitis. We are glad to report that he is rapidly improving and expects to be back on the job in a few days.

—:—

In looking out of the print shop windows during the past week we have noticed quite a number of youngsters enjoying the sport of kite-flying; others have been shooting marbles for some time; and quite a few gloves and baseballs have appeared on various campus play-grounds. These are sure signs that spring is really on its way.

—:—

The entire complement of wagons at the School have been in use for about ten days, hauling gravel from our pit to be used in re-surfacing the roads and driveways about the campus. This gravel has the reputation throughout this section of the country as being excellent for such work. The state highway forces use it constantly, hauling it as far as twenty-five or more miles.

—:—

In an effort to get a work shoe to meet the needs of the School satis-

factorily, we received recently from the George D. Witt Company, four pairs, specially made up and submitted to the institution with the instructions to issue them to boys hardest on shoes, and check results. These shoes were donated by the company.

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We are in receipt of another certificate concerning the Training School's herd of Holsteins, showing that the entire herd is credited as being tuberculosis free. This certificate came from the bureau of animal industry, United States Department of Agriculture, and is dated February 22, 1941.

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The fine, clear weather of the past few days turns our thoughts to gardening. The ground, though, has been and is still too wet to start operations on a large scale. The cold wind, too, has dampened the ardor of local gardeners, and as a consequence, not very much has been accomplished.

Of course, we have acres of Irish potatoes and some English peas planted. Tomatoes are growing in hot-beds, as are other plants. When the weather and the condition of the soil are favorable, plenty of action will be in evidence.

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We received a card from Johnnie Holmes, of New York City, the other day. He left the School in 1929, and since then has spent most of his time in the "Big Town," where he has been employed as salesman for more than a year. Johnnie writes that

there has been plenty of snow up that way this winter, and that he had tried some skiing and found it was great sport. We had sent him copies of the Uplift from time to time and he expressed his appreciation, and also asked to be remembered to Superintendent Boger and other friends at the School.

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During the past week or ten days there has been considerable illness among the School's staff of workers. Mr. Joe Scaiboro, our plumbing director, has been kept indoors for about a week by an attack of the "flu"; Mrs. Frank Liske, matron at Cottage No. 10 and Mrs. R. H. Walker, of Cottage No. 8, are receiving treatment at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord; and Mrs. John Carriker, matron at Cottage No. 11, is being treated at the Eye, Ear Nose and Throat Hospital, Charlotte, for an eye infection.

In previous issues of The Uplift we have carried items telling of illness among other members of the faculty, all of which is incident to the fact that the work of the institution has been interrupted very much since the Christmas holidays, by reason of illness among so many of the employees.

—:—

For the second time in little more than a month, Rev. A. A. Lyerly, pastor of Harmony Methodist Vhurch, Concord, acted as "pinch-hitter" in conducting the afternoon service at the School. Last Sunday afternoon he came at the request of Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, who was unable to be present. As the old saying goes, "No baseball team is stronger than

its substitutes," so it is in any other profession. Just as the pinch-hitter who comes through with a base-hit at a crucial moment and wins the applause of the crowd, we might say that Rev. Mr. Lyerly's timely message to the boys was delivered quite as effectively. For the Scripture Lesson he read Philippians 3:17-21.

As a text to his address, "Copy Me," the speaker called attention to St. Paul's words in the 17th verse, in which he urged his listeners to follow his example in living according to Christ's teachings. How fine it would be, said he, if one could know that his life was so high and noble as to be able to ask people to follow him.

Since all boys have heroes, some one whom they especially wish to emulate, Rev. Mr. Lyerly said he thought they might be interested in the following story: A young man ran away from home and joined the army. He served on the Mexican border, helping to put down an uprising. He went overseas and fought in the World War, taking part in all major battles. He attained the rank of sergeant. While he and his men were engaged in a particular maneuver, they did not hear the command to halt, but marched right on, placing themselves in a very dangerous position. Finding they could not turn back, they set up their machine guns and succeeded in capturing a large number of Germans. As the leader of this detachment, this young sergeant received the Distinguished Service Medal, and other decorations from the King of England, King of Belgium and the President of France. The speaker said that this young man had always been a hero to him and

that he always liked to read of his deeds of bravery.

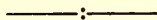
He then asked the boys to think of how they look to the fellows beside them, urging them to so live that they might make a good impression upon the boys with whom they associate daily—at work at play—in order that their comrades might have confidence in them and desire to take them as models in shaping their own lives.

The speaker then told another interesting story. It happened on the Indianapolis speedway. A famous racing driver, waiting for the starting gun, learned that his motor had stalled. He hurriedly asked a number of mechanics to help him, but they refused to do so. A young fellow leaped over the fence, inquired what the trouble might be, and in a short time, started the troublesome motor. When the driver asked who he was, his reply that he was a college boy who had been playing baseball in a small league nearby, and hurried to his seat to watch the races.

This racing driver later became an airplane pilot, and during the World War, was one of the ace pilots of the American Expeditionary Force. He and several fellow pilots engaged a

number of German flyers in a dog-fight, high up in the air. German bullets came pouring into his plane and he thought his time had come. Presently another American flyer came to his rescue and shot down the German. Upon reaching the landing field, he recognized his benefactor as the lad who had helped him fix his racing motor at Indianapolis. The flyer was none other than the great American pilot, Captain Eldie Rickenbacker, and he said to the boy, "Keep going, boy. America needs men like you."

Some time ago, Captain Rickenbacker met Congressman Bynum, of Maryland, as they entered a plane for a Southern trip. Down in Georgia the plane crashed, killing and injuring many people. Among those to lose their lives was Congressman Bynum, who, in his dying moments, said to Rickerbacker, himself badly injured, "Keep going, boy, for America needs men like you." According to the latest reports, Captain Rickenbacker's chances of recovery are very good. Rev. Mr. Lyerly then told the boys to keep going with the finer things of life, for now more than at any other time, America needs the very best kind of men.



Good character is human nature in its best form. It is the moral order embodied in the individual. Men of character are not only the conscience of society, but in every well-governed state they are its best motive power; for it is moral qualities which, in the main, rule the world.—Exchange.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 16, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (2) Herschell Allen 2
- (12) William Drye 14
- (5) Homer Head 13
- (16) Robert Maples 16
- (16) Frank May 16
- (2) Lawton McDowell 2
- (4) Weaver F. Ruff 10
- (16) William Shannon 16
- (4) Ventry Smith 4
- (16) Weldon Warren 16

COTTAGE NO. 1

- (2) N. A. Bennett 7
- William Blackmon 6
- Lacy Bureson 2
- Lloyd Callahan 8
- Everett Case 7
- (8) Albert Chunn 13
- (7) John Davis 7
- Ralph Harris 7
- (8) Porter Holder 15
- (3) Burman Keller 11
- H. C. Pope 7
- (2) Leonard Robinson 3
- Arlie Seism 3
- Jock Southerland 5
- (8) Everett Watts 15

COTTAGE NO. 2

- Joseph Farlow 9
- Bernice Hoke 8
- (4) Julian T. Hooks 12
- (14) Edward Johnson 15
- (12) Donald McFee 14
- (2) Donald Newman 6

COTTAGE NO. 3

- (6) Lewis Andrews 14
- (3) Earl Barnes 11
- (2) Grover Beaver 5
- (3) John Bailey 13
- Lewis Baker 10
- William Buff 7
- Max Evans 9
- Robert Hare 4
- David Hensley 6
- Jerry Jenkins 5
- Jack Lemley 9
- Harley Matthews 10

- (8) William Matthewson 1
- George Shaver 6
- William T. Smith 6
- (4) Jerome Wiggins 12
- (4) Louis Williams 14

COTTAGE NO. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (3) Theodore Bowles 15
- (2) Junior Bordeaux 13
- (2) Collett Cantor 12
- (2) Glenn Drum 2
- A. C. Elmore 8
- Jack Grant
- W. C. James
- Ivey Lunsford 8
- Leonard Melton 7
- (2) Allen Morris 4
- (2) Mack McQuaigue 10
- (3) Currie Singletary 13
- (2) Fred Tolbert 7
- Hubert Walker 13
- (5) Dewey Ware 15
- (2) Charles B. Ziegler 2

COTTAGE NO. 6

- (5) Robert Dunning 8
- (2) Leonard Jacobs 8
- (3) Edward Kinion 6
- (3) Carl Ward 5
- (3) Woodrow Wilson 8
- (2) George Wilhite 2

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (6) John H. Averitte 15
- (11) Clasper Beasley 15
- (7) Henry Butler 12
- (2) Donald Earnhardt 14
- George Green 9
- Richard Halker 8
- Raymond Hughes 4
- (3) Lyman Johnson 13
- (9) Arnold McHone 15
- (4) Marshall Pace 11
- (2) Carl Ray 10
- Loy Stines 7
- (7) Ervin Wolfe 12

COTTAGE NO. 8

- (2) Cecil Ashley 2
- (2) Reid Beheler 2
- Cecil Bennett 5
- Clifford Brewer
- (4) Jesse Cunningham 9
- (4) Jack Hamilton 6
- John Ingram 3
- Otis Kilpatrick 4
- Spencer Lane
- Eugene White 4

COTTAGE NO. 9

- (2) David Cunningham 15
- (2) James Davis 2
- Riley Denny
- (2) Eugene Dyson 4
- (2) George Gaddy 9
- James Hale 5
- (5) Columbus Hamilton 9
- (4) Edgar Hedgepeth 7
- (3) Mark Jones 10
- Daniel Kilpatrick 8
- Alfred Lamb 5
- Isaac Mahaffey
- Vollie McCall 7
- (2) Lloyd Mullis 5
- William Nelson 12
- (3) Leroy Pate 4
- Thomas Sands 11
- Lewis Sawyer 5
- Horace Williams 6

COTTAGE NO. 10

- Marvin Gautier
- Delma Gray 2
- Jack Hainey 4
- (2) Jack Harward 3
- (2) Harry Peake 7
- (2) Edward Stutts 7
- Torrence Ware 2

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (3) John Allison 4
- William Bennett 10
- (2) Harold Bryson 11
- (8) William Dixon 14
- (3) William Furches 13
- Ralph Fisher 2
- (16) Robert Goldsmith 16
- Earl Hildreth 13
- (8) Broadus Moore 13
- John Ray 3
- (4) Monroe Searcy 11
- (7) James Tyndall 14

COTTAGE NO. 12

- Odell Almond 12
- Ernest Brewer 9
- William Deaton 11
- Treley Frankum 11
- Woodrow Hager 10
- Eugene Heaffner 10
- Charles Hastings 9
- Tillman Lyles 12
- Clarence Mayton 10
- James Puckett 5
- Hercules Rose 11
- Howard Saunders 14
- Charles Simpson 12
- Robah Sink 13
- Norman Smith 12
- Jesse Smith 7
- George Tolson 11
- Carl Tyndall 8
- J. R. Whitman 11
- Roy Womack 6

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (7) James Brewer 13

COTTAGE NO. 14

- William Butler 8
- (3) Edward Carter 14
- (3) Mack Coggins 13
- (2) Robert Deyton 14
- (2) Henry Ennis 7
- (16) Audie Farthing 16
- (2) Henry Glover 9
- William Harding 2
- (10) John Hamm 14
- (7) Feldman Lane 13
- (6) Roy Mumford 9
- (6) Henry McGraw 11
- (3) Charles McCoyle 10
- (10) Norvell Murphy 13
- (2) James Roberson 4
- (3) John Robbins 12
- Charles Steepleton 12
- J. C. Willis 5
- Jack West 9

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (12) Jennings Britt 12
- (3) Ray Bayne 5
- Aldine Duggins 5
- Brown Stanley 4
- (2) J. P. Sutton 12
- Calvin Tessneer 3
- George Warren 3
- (3) Bennie Wilhelm 8

INDIAN COTTAGE

(2) George Duncan 12
 James Johnson 2
 John T. Lowry 8

(6) Redmond Lowry 11
 Varcy Oxendine
 (6) Thomas Wilson 13

—:—

VESTIGIA

I took a day to search for God,
 And found Him not, But as I trod
 By rocky ledge, through woods untamed,
 Just where one scarlet lily flamed,
 I saw His footprint in the sod.

Then suddenly, all unaware,
 Far off in the deep shadows, where
 A solitary thrush
 Sang through the holy twilight bush
 I heard His voice upon the air.

And even as I marveled how
 God gives us Heaven here and now,
 In stir of wind that hardly shook
 The poplar leaves beside the brook—
 His hand was light upon my brow.

At last with evening as I turned
 Homeward, and thought what I had learned
 And all that there was still to probe
 I caught the glory of His robe
 Where the last fires of sunset burned.

Back to the world with quickening start
 I looked and longed for any part
 In making saving Beauty be. . .
 And from that kindling ecstasy
 I knew God dwelt within my heart.

—Bliss Carman.



MAR 3 1 1941

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., MARCH 29, 1941

NO. 13

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BETTER DAYS

If you have faith in those with whom you
labor,
And trust in those with whom you make
a trade;
If you believe in friend and next door
neighbor
And heed examples pioneers have made;
If you expect the sun to rise tomorrow,
If you are sure that somewhere skies are
blue—
Wake up and pack away the futile sorrow,
For better days are largely up to you.

—Author Unknown

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act
of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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COMPANIONS THREE

There was once a wily old Hassan who was a dealer in human nature. He sat meditating in his doorway one day when three young men passed eagerly by.

"Whom art thou following, my sons?" he asked.

"I follow after Pleasure," said the oldest.

"Pleasure!" exclaimed the old Hassan; be thou cautious on thy way."

"And I follow after Riches," said the second; "Pleasure will come with Riches."

"Beware!" warned the old man; "Let Prudence be thy guide And thou, my little lad?" asked he of the youngest.

"I follow after Duty," he modestly answered.

And each went on his way.

Long years after, in his journeyings, the old Hassan came upon the three weary wanderers.

"My good man," said he to the first, "methinks thou wert the youth who was following after Pleasure. Didst thou overtake her?"

"No, father," he replied; "Pleasure is but a phantom that flies as one approaches."

"Thou didst not follow the right way, my son. How didst thou fare, thou seeker after Riches?" he asked of the second.

"Riches is a sore burden; I am distressed," he answered.

"Thou didst not follow the right way, my son. And thou?" inquired the old man, addressing the youngest.

"As I walked with Duty," he replied, "Pleasure and Riches walked by my side, and my burdens were light."

"It is ever thus," said the old Hassan. "Pleasure pursued is not overtaken; only her shadow is caught by him who pursues. Riches pursued adds burden and distress. Pleasure and Riches ever go forth with Duty, and he who maketh Duty his bosom companion maketh companions three."

—Highways of Happiness.

CARELESSNESS THE CAUSE

"Persons who seek to excuse the recent increase in traffic accidents in North Carolina on the grounds that national defense activity in various sections of the state has created abnormal traf-

fic situations are kidding themselves," Ronald Hocutt, director of the Highway Safety Division, stated this week.

In reply to an inquiry from the National Safety Council, which is making a survey to determine the importance of national defense accidents in the national traffic accident picture, Hocutt said:

"In my opinion, and on the basis of our accident records, the traffic volume resulting from defense activities at Fort Bragg, Camp Davis and other points in the state has been a minor factor in the accident picture in North Carolina.

"As a matter of record, during the first two months of this year there was only one traffic death in North Carolina in which a military vehicle was involved; there were three deaths in motor vehicle accidents involving military personnel but not military vehicles; and there were eight deaths in motor vehicle accidents arising out of defense production."

"In other words," he said, "only 12 of the 175 traffic deaths in the state during January and February could be attributed to national defense activity. In view of the heavy volume of traffic occasioned by the daily commutation of thousands of workers to and from defense projects, and the vast movements of defense materials and personnel over North Carolina highways, this number of fatalities indicates that the defense program is not a great factor in the accident situation in this state."

"The really big factors which brought about a 30 per cent increase in traffic deaths in the state during January and February were carelessness, recklessness, and speed," he concluded. "What we really need in the way of defense is a greater number of drivers who are interested in the defense of the lives of travelers on our roads.

* * * * *

"WHEN YOU DRINK A TULIP"

The most acute economic practices follow in the wake of war, it matters not when or where the battles are fought. In the war-stricken countries of Europe the people are drinking a substitute for coffee made from tulip bulbs and acorns, after some process of treatment. The following story from an exchange brings to mind the way the people of the Southland parched corn and other

grain to take the place of coffee. This is suggestive of the fact that steps are being taken to conserve every article of food, for no one as yet has visualized just how long this destruction of material values and slaughter of human beings will continue. Here is an interesting account of the new use found for tulip bulbs:

Back in the days before the World War, there was a song which began, "When You Wore a Tulip, a Sweet Yellow Tulip."

Well, that's all over. They're drinking tulips now in Holland, and perhaps in Germany, too. A private letter from a great Dutch tulip-grower recently revealed that nearly three million bulbs of his 1939 crop are now being treated for use as a coffee substitute. Whether the Germans are taking the coffee from the Dutch and leaving them their own tulip-bulbs to drink is not made clear. Possibly all central Europe is now drinking tulip bulbs and acorns as their first installment of the great new era promised by their conquerors.

In any case, one irreparable injury has already been done in Holland. The tulip-bulb center of the world has shifted to the United States, and nothing the Nazis can ever do is likely to restore to Holland a pre-eminence she had won by her own efforts.

* * * * *

"LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU"

One of the outstanding comedians in America signs a contract to be funny for \$17,500 weekly, which for 40 weeks, allowing him a nice vacation, is only \$600,000 yearly. Who wouldn't be funny for that?

But he will not have actually that much to spend on himself. Uncle Sam's income tax department will take a huge part of it. Yet, with all his expenses, he will be able to keep a couple of packs of wolves from the door. He will not have the role of Red Riding Hood's grandma.

Is he worth it? He must be; he turned down a contract with another employer for \$25,000 weekly. Ability to make people laugh is worth more than ever now that there is so much gloom, grief, suffering and misery in the world. People appreciate the clowns more than ever; they want relief from the distress in their minds.

✓ —Charlotte Observer.

LOTS OF DODGING

A medical scientist hopes to do something to bring about longer life. He will be satisfied with about 125 years. It seems that it's a question of arteries and he's going to do something with or to them to keep them young.

But something would have to be done about all that leisure. If one should retire at 65 and begin his pension he would have about 60 years of solid loafing to do, going around worrying people. That would be simply too much spare time.

Beside, while the scientist might be able to do something about arteries, he couldn't do anything at all with traffic accidents. As the arteries improve, the death toll on street and highways increases.—Shelby Daily Star

* * * * *

England is asking herself if this would not be an appropriate time to return the "Elgin marbles" to Greece, "as some recognition of the Greeks' magnificent stand for civilization." These priceless sculptures of the ancient Parthenon were obtained by Lord Elgin from Turkey's sultan, at that time in possession of Greece, and sent to England in 1801 to preserve them from destruction. Later they were bought by the government, and thereafter housed in the British Museum. The proposal has been made to Premier Churchill, together with the suggestion that the action would be "an indication to the world that we have no wish to keep anything which is not really ours." If favorable action is taken, the sculptures would not be returned before the conclusion of the present war. However, objections have been raised against the return, on the ground of their greater safety and larger artistic service in England for all mankind, because the sculptures "belonged not to one nation, but to all, as much as do the works of Homer."

—The Lutheran

* * * * *

THEY ALSO SERVE

Along with need of men the army must have nurses. By June, when the army personnel will have greatly increased, some 400

additional reserve nurses will be required for duty in army hospitals. The response, Gen. I. J. Phillipson has told the Red Cross, has been rather slow, simply because the need has not been appreciated. There are plenty of opportunities in the army nursing service, in both reserve and active status, for all qualified nurses who wish to serve.

The loyalty of nurses during the World War was one of its brightest pictures. As soon as the need is clearly understood, there is no doubt that it will be filled today, even though the crisis is not as acute of the need as pressing.

* * * * *

People are very much alike the world over. They are happy and gleeful as long as prosperity and good health hover over their homes, and never think of prayer until misfortunes come. The masses take for granted that they alone have worked out their good fortune. In too many cases the Creator of all things is forgotten when the counting of benefits is made. We are confronted with this fact upon noting the setting aside of March 23, as a day of universal prayer in the British Isles. It is our opinion that if there had been a greater desire for frequent universal prayer, as well as individual thanksgiving daily, there would not have been the awful, blood-curdling stories that come from the area of war-stricken Europe. There are many races, but one God, and for one specific purpose were all created—to build, and not destroy. Good will only can promote the happiness of all men.

* * * * *

The speech made by President Roosevelt last week, broadcast to the nation, showed clearly that he did not tolerate anything akin to dictatorship. He sustained his position by endorsing the act of Congress, passage of the Lend-Lease Bill, placing implements in the hands of those opposing aggression. The President in his speech simply emphasized his position at all times—that might should never overcome right. Democracy is his watchword, and democracy is the symbol of freedom and liberty—and not serfdom.

MEDICINE FOR THE NEEDY

(News-Leader, Greenville, N. C.)

One serious charge made against the medical profession is that the cost of its service puts it out of reach of a considerable proportion of the American people.

That charge has been thoroughly investigated, and found to be largely baseless. The Bureau of Medical Economics of the American Medical Association has made an exhaustive study, and found that there are few persons in this country desiring medical aid who are unable to obtain it. When queried, the mayors of a hundred typical cities of all population brackets testified that there was no neglect of the poor because of their inability to pay.

Anyone who has seen the medical profession in action knows the truth of this. The average doctor can give but part of his day to the care of patients who pay him. Many hours in each week are given to charitable work in hospitals, homes and institutions, treating the indigent whom

he knows will never be able to meet a bill. The great majority of doctors base their charges on the ability to pay—and those who can pay nothing are given the same scrupulous treatment as the wealthiest patient.

It is reliably estimated that the doctors of this country give at least \$1,000,000 a day worth of free service to the sick. That comes to \$365,000,000 a year—a munificent contribution indeed to the cause of public health. The old saying that "time is money" is particularly applicable to the doctor—and he gives it generously to the needy.

The fact that the general standard of health in this country is far above that of the rest of the world is the best possible commentary on the quality and extent of American medical service. No man or woman, no matter how meager his resources, need lack expert attention in time of accident or illness.

NO KITCHEN POLICE?

Army life ain't what it used to be! This is proven by the description of the new mess hall of one of the army camps erected in the east. From the angle of potato peeling and dish washing the days of the kitchen police are of the past. The present mess hall in one of the camps is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, in chromium and enamel. All of the equipment found in the kitchen of the most modern of hotels. There are the automic meat and bread slicers, huge ovens for baking, electric mixers and dish washing machines with automic potato peeler to lighten the task for any kitchen policeman! Of course there will still be the task of mopping the floor and emptying the garbage.—Selected.

A LOOK AT MOTHER MALLARD

By George A. Smith

When mother Mallard duck is ready to lay her eggs in the breeding grounds of the North, she usually locates a nesting-site in the marshy grass near the bank of a stream. Occasionally a nest is located a half mile or more from the water, in grass so scanty that the sitting duck may readily be seen in spite of the fact that her back blends almost perfectly with the color of the surrounding grass.

The nest is built from grass, leaves, or rootlets, and finally lined with the soft downy feathers which the mother bird plucks from her own breast. In this warm bed she lays ten or twelve pale olive colored eggs. The downy lining of the nest helps to keep the eggs warm, and to conceal them during the absence of the hatching duck. It is reported that the duck actually covers up her eggs before leaving the nest to seek food and exercise. Nature seems to have provided that the eggs hatch within an hour or so of one another so that all the brood may leave the nest together under the guidance of the mother duck. The young ducks are ready to leave the nest almost as soon as they leave the eggs. When danger threatens, the young quickly scatter and seek cover in every possible direction, while the mother duck attempts to ward off or divert the intruder.

In the autumn great flocks of Mallard ducks begin to go south from their breeding grounds in the north.

Eager hunters are waiting for these "green heads," as they are sometimes called, because the head of the male bird is a bright green. At the first sight of a hunter, the ducks spring from the water at a bound and go whistling through the air at a hundred or more miles an hour.

The Mallard is probably the chief water fowl of North America. For many centuries this wild fowl has furnished eggs, meat, and feathers for man. Since it readily adjusts itself to almost any environment where it can secure food, it has become a part of the wild life of most of our ponds and rivers and especially in our game preserves. Even in the cultivated areas where man has destroyed most of the wild life, the Mallard, if given a fair chance, will survive and multiply in great numbers. Most of our domesticated ducks throughout the world have been bred from this hardy and handsome strain of wild fowl.

One of the most interesting characteristics of wild ducks is their habit of traveling great distances north or south according to the season of the year. The Mallard breeds generally in Canada and along the northern part of the United States. After the breeding season great flocks of these ducks gradually move southward along our streams and marshes in search of food. Flocks are often found even as far south as the Gulf of Mexico.

—:—

"Ability is the poor man's wealth."

AND NOT TO FAINT

(Baptist Courier)

Life is full of discouragements. Difficulties, disappointments, obstacles, problems, dangers, toil and sweat mark life's pathway. Few men find life for long an easy and a pleasant way. Most of us become discouraged and give up. All of us who have ever tried to do anything worthwhile know something of the bitterness of discouragement. But some persevere and try again and succeed. There is one almost constant element in the biographies of successful men—perseverance in spite of discouragements and disappointments. Thomas A. Edison was an inventive genius, but his success was due more to his dogged persevering toil than to genius. He often tried and failed a hundred times before finding the solution to his problem.

But the difficulties of an Edison are slight in comparison with those of the man or woman who works with human material, trying to solve the problems of human life. Any casual reader of history could reasonably be tempted to think that poets and philosophers, prophets and preachers, all had failed miserably in their labors.

Jesus knew well enough the terrifying discouragements and disap-

pointments that his disciples must experience without his guiding presence. He also knew the glorious success that would crown their labors if only they would patiently persevere. For that they needed an unfaltering God whose cause it was. Perseverance at the task is the product of the power of faith in God.

Even so, results do not come quickly, nor are they apparent to the eye. You can't see the tree growing but it is growing. Marvelous forces are at work ceaselessly in the living, growing thing. Unseen to you are marvelous spiritual forces working, creating growing a living personality. It takes time to grow a tree. It takes time to grow a man. The social order is a growth; if it is a vital social order—if it is the product of vital spiritual forces. The Kingdom of God is a growth. It results from vital spiritual forces working with the human material. It takes time to grow a living social order. It takes time to grow the Kingdom of God. You have faith in the vital forces that grow a tree. In that faith you plant it, tend it. The more because they are of God you have faith in the vital spiritual forces working in the human material, growing a Kingdom of God.

—————:—————

A healthy man must feel unhappy when he reads the medical ads and realizes how easily, surely and pleasantly he could be cured of many interesting diseases if he only had them.

—Highways of Happiness.

WHAT IT TAKES

(Selected)

If you have the idea that a minister of the gospel has nothing but an easy time, read the following by Morgan Blake:

In a recent edition of Life Magazine, a section of this great picture publication was devoted to daily and weekly routine of a preacher of the gospel.

This must have been a revelation to those citizens who thought the only thing a preacher had to do was deliver two sermons on Sunday.

Every now and then some friend will say to this columnist, "Did you ever consider entering the ministry? All you have to do is work on Sunday and loaf the rest of the week."

Of course such people have not even a casual acquaintance with the job of the minister of the gospel.

A successful minister must be a combination of a good speaker, a skillful financier and a great diplomat. He must be a man of compassion, tenderness, tact, firmness, courage and character.

If he answers the telephone 20 times in an hour and on the twentieth time he lets even a trace of disinterest or impatience enter his voice he may

learn that one of his flock has charged him with being a hypocrite.

At all hours of the night he must be ready to go to some sick bed.

Often he officiates in as many as four funerals a day. And a funeral is something he can't take in stride. There must be real compassion and sympathy in the heart. Every true preacher is a real burden-bearer.

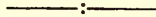
To handle the financial problems of the modern city church requires a preacher with as keen a business head as Henry Ford.

The tact of a master diplomat is also necessary to handle the various egos and complexes in the church. Many of us church people are very sensitive and easily offended.

A preacher must be able to "take it," but he must be very careful that he doesn't "dish it out" to anyone but His Satanic Majesty.

So when a person ever and anon says, "Did you ever consider entering the ministry?" my reply is:

"No, I prefer to write a column and teach a Sunday school class. I ain't got what it takes to be a preacher."



Though you may have known clever men who were indolent, you never knew a great man who was so; and when I hear of a young man spoken of as giving promise of great genius, the first question I ask about him always is, Does he work?

—John Ruskin.

WAR WORK OF SALVATION ARMY

By Captain James H. Prout

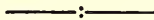
With war affecting many parts of the world, unparalleled demands have been made upon the Army's relief agencies. From China to Canada, from Norway to Australia, Salvationists have been engaged in service for the troous or in speedy and effective relief work among the civil populations and the pitiable crowds of fleeing refugees on two continents. The number of refugees aided in China have run into tens of thousands. Nearly 26,000 Chinese have been provided with a refuge in our No. 2 camp, not only the largest but the model camp, and according to the annual report of the International Relief Committee, the most economical in Shanghai. It was from this camp managed by The Army that the standard for all camps was set. The severest weather known for many generations brought further trials to the stricken Chinese at the beginning of 1940. In one night 500 people perished with cold and starvation in Shanghai. The Salvation Army put a motor bus on the streets and dispensed steaming hot packets of boiled rice with salted vegetables. After the first night the deaths decreased by 50 per cent and later ceased. Three to four thousands homeless, foodless wanderers were cared for nightly, and thousands of woolen garments were among the gifts distributed. Of 8,011 beggars received into one of our refugee camps within the French settlement, 7,422 were repatriated. Close to 1,600 addicted to drugs of one kind and another were cured. Many thousands of dollars worth of medicine were distributed,

thousands of copies of the Scriptures given away, and many people won for God. When Chinese Salvation Army officers provided tea for Japanese military men any prayed for them, the soldiers returning to their billets waved to the Salvationists until they were out of sight.

Lightning evacuations of many towns and cities to unknown destinations meant the complete separation of families, and our investigation department found itself fully occupied in tracing lost relatives. Scores of relief centers served many thousands of people. The end of hostilities brought no cessation of Army relief work. The removal of 450,000 Finns from the ceded areas presented great problems. Salvation Army Halls were crowded with evacuees, many of whom were housed, fed and clothed. With the spread of the European war to Norway, Salvationists in that land and in Sweden speedily adapted themselves to the new conditions. A number of British merchant seamen taken prisoner at Narvik, but released when their captor's food supplies ran out—trekked for several days through Artic snows to the Swedish border. They were half starved when they started, some wounded, others insufficiently clad. Several died in the snow and others, too weak to walk were dragged by their companions on improvised sleds. Imagine their joy when they arrived at the relief center at Jorn where they received care and attention. On the other side of the world, last Christmas, the Salvation Army officer at Fort Lauderdale,

Florida, took his songsters to sing carols including the immortal "Stille Nacht"—to the men of the German tanker "Arauca," which had sought refuge in the harbor. The chief steward came over the side of the ship to express on behalf of the crew—some of whom knew "die Heilsarmee" in their land—appreciation of the Americans' kindness. When Salvationists replied "Christ came to bring peace on earth to all men of goodwill" the sailor whispered, in somewhat shaky English, "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht" not just for German, not just for French, not just for British, but for all—to remind us of the "Man Upstairs" German internes have benefited by the Army's ministrations in Rhodesia, Army officers sharing with other ministers the service arranged in their interests. Our mobile canteens supplied tens of thousands of the British and the French troops evacuated from Dunkirk with tea and refreshments as they landed at South Coast ports. The canteen staffs toiled day and night, spurred on by the men's gratitude. The Canadian Territory's war effort is an outstanding example of fore-sight and initiative. Month before war broke out a Salvation Army officer who had served as

a chaplain in the Great War approached the military authorities with plans and was told to go ahead. Immediately war was declared, camps were thrown open to the Army's workers right across the continent, and Salvation Army officers appointed as welfare officers accompanied the first Canadian division to England. Canadian servicemen have their own Red Shield Hotel in London. Ambulances manned by Salvationists have been presented by New Zealand, and Salvation Army officers have been appointed as chaplains and welfare officers to the overseas New Zealand and Australian forces. The Salvation Army has sustained losses. In France 17 Red Shield Clubs, 26 other buildings housing canteens, 16 canteen ambulances and large quantities of equipment and stores had to be abandoned. Many of our officers repeatedly brave grave dangers as they continued to serve the men. The wife of our deputy director of war work in France—herself an untiring worker known to the grateful troops as "Ma" was killed by a bomb at her husband's side. Within a few weeks Mrs. General Carpenter was able to dedicate a mobile canteen donated by Ealing friends to the memory of 'Mary Climpson'



There are three classes of workers: On class must always be told, then shown, and then told again. The second class expects to be told once at least. The third class has initiative. People in this class go ahead and do the right thing at the right time without being told.—Highways of Happiness.

'LULU BELLE' AND 'SCOTTY' YEARN FOR NORTH CAROLINA

In Charlotte Observer By J. B. Hicklin.

Avery county folks will miss greeting Lulu Belle and Skyland Scotty this summer, for these young artists are making pictures in Hollywood and must postpone their annual visit to their native hills of western North Carolina.

"The only unpleasant part of making pictures this summer," said Scotty, "is that it will cause us to postpone our usual vacation in the North Carolina mountains. And, if we play as many state and county fairs as usual next summer, we'll be getting mighty homesick before we see that cabin in Avery county again."

In private life, Skyland Scotty and Lulu Belle are Mr. and Mrs. Scott Wiseman. And a more fascinating true romance than theirs probably has never been told.

Lulu Belle, or Myrtle Cooper, as was her maiden name, was a pretty mountain lass of the Boone region in Watauga county, and learned the old mountain ballads at her mother's knee. As she grew older, she found employment in a rayon mill at nearby Elizabethton, Tenn. Together, with her mother, she sometimes sang the ballads at school and benefit performances. Even then she sang with a sincerity that gave new beauty and charm to this folklore—but her audiences probably never dreamed she would be one day singing these same selections to millions sitting by their radios.

Then her family moved to Evans-

ton, Ill., and not long afterward her father escorted her to the Chicago radio station, WLS, for an audition—so thoroughly convinced was he that her talents topped anything offered on the National Barn Dance radio program. The talent scouts enthusiastically agreed, and Myrtle overnight became Lulu Belle, a cut-up girl in calico dress and high-topped shoes.

Scotty's career was less of an accident. From earliest years, he loved the old ballads and carefully collected each new one he found in the mountains surrounding his home near Ingalls, Avery county.

He went to Crossnore school and had one year at Duke before he entered Fairmont Teachers College in West Virginia. At Fairmont, he was awarded the medal as the outstanding student of the school in his senior year, and was president of the senior class.

He worked his way through school serving as a carpenter's helper at Crossnore and was program director of Station WMM at Fairmont, after doing varied work for the station during college days.

He graduated with a B. S. degree from State Teacher's College, Fairmont, W. Va. He had planned to fit himself to teach in southern mountain schools, but postponed this career temporarily in order to take a fling at ballad singing, for he had received flattering encouragement to develop this talent.

Radio seemed to offer the best field, and he found himself on the famed National Barn Dance, originating at WLS, Chicago.

Lulu Belle was featured on this same program. But they were working in the same studio some time before they discovered they were both from North Carolina, and had lived on opposite sides of Grandfather mountain, not more than 40 miles distant.

They found a great many things in common—they had both been taught to sing the ballads in their childhood homes; they were both a little homesick for their native highlands. Too they both liked fishing, horseback riding and the outdoors.

But Scotty says that the thing that made them decide that they could not get along without each other was their thrilling discovery that they both liked corn bread for breakfast. They found this out one morning when both had appeared on an early-hour program and were breakfasting together.

It wasn't long afterwards that a pastor at Joliet, Ill., was awakened by a loud knock at the door. He leaned out the window to inquire what these intruders on his slumbers wanted. Lulu Belle called back: "We want to get hitched." That was in December, 1934, and they were married nearly a year before they started singing as a duo. Always popular as soloists, they attained new heights as a singing and comedy team.

In October, 1940, they moved to WLW at Cincinnati to help an old friend, George Biggar, build a program similar to the National Barn Dance. This program, called the Boone County Jamboree and pre-

sented each Saturday evening at 8:30 features these radio celebrities. In addition, they have daily programs from 6 a. m. to 9 a. m., for a commercial sponsor.

They also have written and arranged mountain songs, which have attracted wide attention. "Lulu Belle's and Skyland Scotty's Home-folks Songs" and "Lulu Belle's and Scotty's Happy Valley Songs" in book form have gained wide circulation. In these two books are mostly the songs and arrangements, which are the favorites of their audiences.

"The two movies we made last year, and the year before, seem to have done good business in all parts of the country," said Scotty, "because we have just signed for two more. In one of these, Lulu Belle will have the leading role. The first to be done is 'County Fair,' for Republic Studios, now being shot. The other has not been named, but will be made in July.

"Life has been mighty good to us in our domestic life, as in our work," Scotty said as a tender note crept into his voice. "Linda Lou is now five, and sometimes she sings with us on our programs. Last October 28 the stork presented us with a husky son, named Steven Scotty Wiseman, and are we proud!"

Becoming celebrities has made little change in these young people. They have no difficulty in fitting into their early environment when they return to the Carolina hills. In wide demand for benefits of all sorts, they accept invitations to small school audiences and country affairs and make themselves at home among their old friends, and old surroundings.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GOAL

By R. DeWitt Miller

The whole right side of the Rocky line collapsed. From center to end, it simply folded up—and left Chuck Wilson to go his way alone.

He didn't go far. Four yards behind the line of scrimmage he was buried under a wave of Santa Clara players.

After things were untangled, he sat for a moment on the cleat-torn turf. His helmet had been knocked off and his blond hair straggled down against his pugnose. For the moment his keen blue eyes were a little dazed.

The world was rather hazy. He couldn't remember what down it was. As he slowly got to his feet, he looked about for the linesman's marker.

Only second. That was different He'd thought somehow it was the fourth. Maybe they could get to the end of the fourth quarter without Santa Clara scoring again.

It was already 19-0. They ought to be able to hold it to that, especially with Santa Clara using everybody but the water boy.

In the weary huddle he called an end run. The pass was low, but he managed to hold it, and raced to the right.

But it was no go. "Swede" Anderson, Rocky's right end, was flat on his face before the play was hardly under way. Two Santa Clara backs stripped away Chuck's interference. He reversed his field, pivoted, changed his pace, but he only lost another yard before a big Santa Clara tackle smacked him down.

As he got up, he glanced over his

shoulder at the grass behind him. Yes, there it was—two black lines with a thinner streak connecting them. The long shadow of the goal posts. That was Jock's old adage. "Fool around till you get into the shadow of the posts, and then kick!"

Well, he wasn't quite there yet He'd have time for one more play. Three years behind the crumbling Rocky line had taught him to figure exactly how much ground each play would probably lose.

He played with his eye on that shadow. It was something concrete to fight for, something to keep up his nerve. It wasn't any use to think about the other goal line. It was too far away. It was like dreaming of being an All-American. But the long black arms of that shadow were close, a reasonable measure of his failure or success.

That was his game, his own private little contest—with the shadow.

He came last into the huddle. He wanted just an instant longer to think. That Santa Clara half-back had been going nuts again—rushing blindly in for grandstand tackles. There was a way to make a sucker out of that kind of a player. It was desperate, but it might give Rocky just those few yards they needed to hold on until the gun.

He called a flat zone pass from the half to the quarter. Somebody in the huddle swore under his breath. Chuck repeated the same signal. As long as he was calling them they'd stay called. Jock would back him up. He

chose his plays as Jock had taught him.

They shifted into position. The ball was snapped. Suddenly Rockly players fanned out. Some one in the Santa Clara backfield yelled:

"Watch a pass."

But the half had already been sucked in. There was a great gaping hole with nothing behind it but the Santa Clara goal line. Chuck finished his count, and jerked around. Dimly he realized that it had worked. Santa Clara was caught flat footed. He was in the clear by yards.

Porgy, Rockly half, ducked an opposing player. His arm went back, and shot forward.

But the pass was long. Frantically Chuck went back. He made a final leap, but the ball brushed his finger tips.

Why couldn't Porgy, or anybody else of the squad, throw them straight? He'd caught the Santa Clara team off guard. They would have looked like a high school team.

His voice was harsh as he called the next signal. But somehow as he saw the weary, sweat-lined faces his anger faded.

They had done their best. They just weren't football players. A school with four hundred enrollment couldn't be expected to turn up with eleven All-Americans.

As they lined up in punt formation, he gave Porgy a slap on the back. Then he went back and back, deep within the shadow of the posts. Gus, at center, could pass plenty far. He'd been trained at that. They hadn't had a kick blocked all season.

He got the kick away. It was a towering punt that went over the safety man's head.

Five minutes later Santa Clara was back inside the ten-yard line. Chuck managed to stop an off tackle play. Porgy plugged a hole. But on the third try the Santa Clara quarter with perfect interference swung wide around his own left end.

Two blockers took Chuck out of the play. The end was already on his face. It was all over. The man scored standing up, as the gun went off.

Weariness seeped through every fiber of Chuck's body as he trotted off the field. He put the thought of the game out of his mind. His years at Rockly had taught him never to post-mortem.

He spent a long time under the warm, gurgling shower. Jock was waiting for him when he came out.

"Nice work, Wilson," the coach said. "That pass in the fourth quarter was smart football. Too bad it didn't click."

"It was my fault . . ." Porgy began.

"Forget it," Chuck said, snapping a towel at the half back's bare legs.

"Wilson," Jock broke in, "can you come over to my place for dinner tonight? I want to talk over the State game next week. I'd like to make as good a showing as we can."

Chuck glanced sharply at the coach. Jock sounded strangely earnest.

"What time do you want me over?"

"About seven."

As Chuck walked to his room in the Rockly dorm he thought of what Jock had said. Smart football! But what was the use of smart football behind the Rockly line. You couldn't pull anything complicated when the opposing linesmen were in your backfield most of the time.

In his room, he dropped into a bat-

tered chair. There was an hour before he'd have to go back to Jock's. Dimly through the fog of weariness he saw the opposite wall of the room, and the host of pictures that covered it—newspaper pictures of football players.

Ali-Americans! Players whose names never re-issued, whose torn jerseys were kept in the trophy room of the schools for which they played. It was for those men that eighty thousand people would come to their feet, letting loose their emotion in a great swelling roar, as a solitary figure trotted from the stadium after his last sixty minutes of football.

Next week would be Chuck's last game. In the almost empty bowl, Rockly would play the final game of its season—a breather for the great State team that was on its way to a national championship. "Hold down the score." That was the old Rockly war cry. Well, there was no use to gripe about it.

He got up. As he crossed the room to the closet he stopped and looked a long time at the central picture of the group on the wall. Side by side were two youthful players. Above the picture the caption read:

All-American Material

Unconsciously he began to read the story that began under the pictures.

"Claremont High School loses its two brightest football stars in many years with the graduation this June of Ronny Burton and Chuck Wilson. The work of these two backfield men was chiefly responsible for the state championship which Claremont captured last fall.

Burton, it is understood, has put in his entrance application for the state university, where he will continue his

football career. It is hinted that Wilson has also been scouted by State and may be offered a scholarship there this fall. Burton is the son of James Burton, president of the First National Bank of Claremont. He will probably—"

Chuck turned resolutely away. That was over. It was like a Rockly game—it didn't do any good to post-mortem. It didn't do any good to wonder what had happened to that scholarship which had once seemed so near.

He flopped down on the bed. Might as well try to get a little sleep before he went to Jock's. From the way the coach had spoken that afternoon he had something important up his sleeve.

When Jock asked a quarterback to dinner, it was not a social affair. At the dinner all talk of football was barred. But afterwards, when the dining-room table was cleared, Jock would bring out his chess set. With the chess men as players he would diagram plays, explain mistakes.

But tonight the chess men remained in their box. Jock smoked his pipe for a long time, stopping Chuck's attempts at conversation with grunts. He smoked in short, staccato puffs. Finally, he laid the pipe aside and looked squarely at the quarterback.

"The alumni are up on their hind legs again," he said grimly.

"About the team?"

"What else do the alumni squawk about?" He recaptured his pipe and began to fill it. "We've won two games this season—with schools smaller than ourselves."

"But we haven't the material."

"The alumni admit that. They don't expect us to be national champions. But they like to see us in the win col-

umn at least half the time. I don't much blame them."

"This is just a bad year. What players we did have graduated last spring. The line's green. We haven't even a passer."

"I know all that. I tried to explain it. But the farther I got, the more it sounded like assorted alibis." Again he looked keenly at Chuck. "Wilson, you've spent four years at Rockly. The first day I saw you play, I knew you weren't Rockly timber. You were a football player. Of course, you were green, plenty green, but you had what it takes."

"Ever since then I've tried to teach you what I know about the game, it kept me from going nuts over these boobs that fall down before they're hit. Once I even hoped I could build a team around you, could hammer enough football into ten other men to give us a team that might knock over somebody big." He paused for a moment. "I've gotten to know you pretty well. I've never talked like this to another player."

"Whatever football I know, I learned from you," Chuck said quietly.

"No. Maybe I've taught you to use your head a bit more, but you had the foundation when you came here. The first time I saw one of your punts, I knew you were the kind who could boot teams out of holes. A really good kicker is the surest weapon in the game." He lit the pipe. "Why did you come to Rockly?" he asked suddenly.

"There were lots of reasons. The main one was money. Dad died while I was in high school. I figured I'd be a fool to try to stick it out in a big school. Maybe I'd manage to get through a year or two, but I'd have

to drop out before I graduated. I might make a go of it if I clicked in football, but it was too much of a gamble. At Rockly I'd be on the same footing as everybody else. This way I'm close to Claremont and can go home weekends. Besides, Rockly was dad's school.

"Did you realize then that it would ruin your football chances?"

"I don't think I thought that much. When the scholarship to State blew up, I grabbed at Rockly before things got any worse, and I missed college altogether. I thought maybe I'd transfer, but things at home got worse."

"Would you do the same thing again?"

"I—I don't know."

"I don't blame you for feeling that way. You've got the stuff. You might have been an All-American."

Chuck didn't look at the coach. Through his mind trooped a long line of players, tackles, ends, quarterbacks. He knew them all, each face familiar to him; he could have recited the record of each man. All-Americans! The highest honor a player could have. A reputation that would help land you a good coaching job. Eighty thousand people on their feet when you go off the field.

Jock's voice sounded far off.

"As I said, the alumni are all red faced over the record of dear old Rockly. They're after my scalp. There's only one thing that'll do any good."

Chuck came back suddenly.

"The State game?"

"Exactly. We've been trying to schedule them for years. This year our graduate manager did it somehow. I hate to think how he put it over. We're figured as a breather before

their big game with Washington. You know State's record?"

"Undefeated, but tied once," Chuck replied. "They played their opener on a wet field with St. Mary's and nobody scored. If they take Washington, they will stand a good chance of playing in the Rose Bowl."

"You've left out one thing," Jock said. "Ronny Burton, probably the greatest open field runner on the coast, plays with them. Ever since he ran California ragged they've been comparing him to Mohler."

"He's better than—"

But Jock cut him off.

"We've got to stop Burton," he said. "We can't win. There's no use having any pipe dreams. But if we can hold the score down, and stop Burton, that's enough. Newspaper headlines are what get the alumni. If Burton is stopped, it will be spread over every sport page in the country. You played with him in high school. What is his weakness?"

"I don't remember. He's a friend."

"Don't be a fool. This is football. It's a chance for you to get the laugh on a big team—and for me to keep my job."

Chuck hesitated a moment. Jock was right. You couldn't play football on friendship.

"He's a grandstand player," he said.

"That's just what I figured when I saw him play a few weeks ago. I know the kind. He's good, and knows it. Well, that's something to go on. I want you to hound Burton. Under-stand? You'll play safety. Don't let him get by you. That's all you have to do. Forget about the offense. Just stop Burton. And keep them

in a hole as much as you can with punts."

"Tell the ends to spread out more when they go down under kicks," Chuck suggested.

"We'll take that up at practice Monday. I'm going to have the line charge straight in. The backs will play up close. That'll leave us more open to passes, but we'll have a better chance of smearing Burton before he gets started. Now here's favorite plays of State—"

Out came the chess men.

All week Jock drove the players. For almost a month the second squad had been practicing State plays, Defense, defense, defense—that was all Jock poured at them. With endless patience he explained the vital points where State's complicated reverses and laterals could be wrecked.

On Thursday he kept the practice going until it was too dark to see the ball. Late Friday afternoon the team arrived at the town where State was located.

After dinner Chuck put in a call to the expensive fraternity house where Ronny lived. Ronny's family had left Claremont shortly after their son had entered the university. Chuck had only seen Ronny twice during the last four years. At first, they had written occasionally, but it had been over a year now since Chuck had received a letter.

There was something vaguely changed about Ronny's voice.

"Sure, Kid, glad to know you're in town. Come on over to the house. I was going to drop around to the hotel before the game. I've got to see you about something."

Ronny Burton was tall, and built

from the ground up. There was a lithe, graceful swing to his walk. On the gridiron that same quality became a tricky, hip swinging, style of running which was the despair of opposing tacklers.

Chuck noticed that the old proud curl of Ronny's lips was even more pronounced than it had been in the Claremont days. Ronny's greeting was friendly in a cool way.

"Hello, Wilson. Glad to see you."

He led the way into the deserted library of the Sigma house.

"It's great to see you, Ronny," Chuck said, pumping his hand.

"How're things in the provinces?" Ronny asked.

"All right. We're going to make you work tomorrow."

"Oh. I guess you've got a good enough little team," Ronny said indifferently. "We're not planning to run up a big score anyway."

The remark stung Chuck.

"If you think you're got a walk over . . ." he began.

"Cut it out," Ronny interrupted. "I know the old speech about catching a big school on an off day, and all that. It doesn't happen. But that's not what I want to talk to you about. Do you know who's in town?"

"What do you mean?"

"I just found out that Doc Templeton came down last night to see the game. He's on the All-American board. He wouldn't take the trouble to come to a second rate game, if he wasn't planning to scout somebody that the board is considering for All-American."

"You mean he's coming down to watch you play. That's a great break."

"I thought somebody would be com-

ing down pretty soon. Of course, Templeton will be at the Washington game. But I imagine he wants to take a look at me beforehand. That's where you can help me out."

"Help you?" Sudden suspicion flared in Chuck's mind.

"Sure. Here's the idea. State can run up a big score if it wants to. We can make a track meet out of it—or we can lay off. The coach isn't anxious to run up a score, and I'm calling the plays. I'll be playing safety. If that line of yours ever does manage to spring you into the open, I might even miss a tackle."

Chuck's face was white, but he kept his voice under control.

"And what do you get out of it?" he asked.

"First I'm going to ask you something. Your coach told you to charge in straight and play your backs close to the line. That's right, isn't it?"

Chuck didn't answer.

"All right, be an ass if you want to. I'm pretty sure that I'm right. That's the way they always try to stop a dangerous open field runner. That's the main thing, stopping me. That's what your coach is probably playing for."

"Maybe," Chuck said.

"All right then, here's what I want you to do. Spread your team out. Tell them you've got a tip that we're planning a passing attack. I don't care how you do it, but give me a chance to get away for long runs a few times. Understand?"

Chuck didn't say anything for a minute. He was thinking of Jock. If State ran up a big score, Jock would be looking for a new job. And a job was not so easy to find when you were Jock's age. He remembered

how desperately earnest the coach had been during those last days of practice.

Then something within him rebelled. He couldn't go through with it. Jock wouldn't want him to.

"Sorry," he said quietly. "I know we haven't a look in, but we're playing to win."

"You're a fool," Ronny sneered.

"So long, Ronny. See you at the game."

As Chuck left the fraternity house a big drop of moisture bounced off his snub nose. He glanced up at the black, starless night.

Rain! He put out his hands and felt the descending drops. If it would only keep it up!

It did. All night it poured. During the morning, Chuck sat by the hotel window, fascinated by the descending sheets of water, praying that it would not quit. But at noon the rain changed to a chill drizzle, then the sun struggled through.

In the dressing room Jock was silent until just before the team went out on the field. Then he said slowly:

"Fellows, practically every other game this year I've told you to try and keep the score down. I'm not going to do that this time. I'm not going to give you any last minute orders. If you don't know by now what you're supposed to do, it's too late to do anything about it.

"I'm just going to tell you a story. It happened a good many years ago. One of Andy Smith's California wonder teams was playing Nevada. Nevada was a joke. So Andy went to Palo Alto to scout Stanford.

"That day Nevada and California played to a scoreless tie. It was the

only game California failed to win in two years.

"Now go on out."

The field was a foot deep in mud. It was about as substantial as jello. A cold, driving wind was whistling across the field.

The State coach started his second team. With the all important Washington game only a week off he was taking no chances with injuries to his first string.

Rockly won the toss and Chuck kicked. The State quarter had to go back into the end zone. On the five yard line he slipped, trying to dodge and end, and splashed into the mud.

State didn't quite make yardage in two tries, and kicked.

Three plays by Rockly netted eleven yards—loss. Chuck kicked. The rising wind was against him, but he managed to get off a high one that gave the ends plenty of time to get down the field.

State got moving then. They ran the Rockly ends ragged, fooled the backfield with reverses, and marched in very convincing fashion to the Rockly thirty yard line.

On first down an off tackle play shot a man almost into the clear. Chuck, racing across the field, dived at the ball carrier. It was a terrific tackle. As the man went down, the ball shot from his arms, and bobbled away. Instantly Porgy was after it. Beating two State players, he curled his body around it.

With the help of one lucky first down which Rockly eked out, Chuck managed to hold on till the end of the quarter. But when the gun went off, State was in possession of the ball just on the midfield stripe.

An entire new State team ran on

the field. Apparently the coach had decided it was time to score.

Immediately Chuck felt the difference. These men were terrific hitters. The ball carrier was always guarded by a deluge of interferers. And the ball carrier was usually Ronny.

He gained steadily, but he didn't get away. Playing tight, the Rockly players charged in, holding him to short gains, but State marched steadily. They reached the ten yard stripe, and lined up.

A halfback took the ball and started wide. Ronny went even wider than the half back—way out by himself, doing nobody any good. Suddenly Chuck realized what it was going to be. It was crazy, grandstand football, using fancy plays to show off for Doc Templeton up there in the stands.

"Watch a lateral," Chuck yelled.

"Swede" Anderson, blundering along ten yards out of position, had a flash of football genius. He swung to the right, and leaped into the air. The ball, arched lazily from the half to Ronny, dropped into the Swede's arms.

For a moment he stood dazed. Then he turned and got under way. Ahead of him was a clear field—except for Ronny, who had pivoted and was angling across the field, squeezing the Swede out of bounds.

But Chuck managed to get there first. He threw his body in a beautiful flying block at Ronny. They went down together in the mud—and "Swede" scored.

There was a sudden burst of noise.

Chuck's conversion was as accurate as if it were shot from a gun.

As he kicked off he realized that a new spirit had come into the Rock-

ly players. They were ahead. If they could only hold on for a few minutes, the story of the game would go out over the wires. It would be announced at stadiums all over the country. "At the half—Rockly 7; State n-o-t-h-i-n-g."

They struggled there in the mud. They didn't gain a yard, but they tackled viciously. They pounced on fumbles. With the wind behind him, Chuck got off great, towering kicks that twice found the coffin corner.

State stormed and raged—but at the half they were still scoreless.

Jock didn't say anything at the half. He chewed his finger nails and swore monotonously under his breath.

The third quarter was a long nightmare. State started its second team again. But they didn't last long.

With the wind still at his back Chuck punted steadily, punting on first down and fourth down—when-ever he had a good chance. Once he even caught Ronny flat footed with a quick kick. Rockly made a total net gain of two yards that quarter.

Closer and closer the Rockly backs crowded against the line. They were wide open for passes. But no passes came. The State offense consisted of Ronny Burton trying to get away. He ran the end, hammered at the tackles, tried reverses, double and triple reverses—and wherever he went Chuck followed him like a shadow. Time after time he dragged him down from behind, or drove him out of bounds.

The minutes of the third quarter drained away. At the gun State was inside the twenty yard line, but it had not scored.

As they changed ends for the quarter, Chuck realized that it was the

end. The wind was against him now. The Rockyly players were punch drunk, staggering with weariness. You simply couldn't stop State when they had to have touchdowns. They couldn't run up a big score now. Jock was safe.

The sun was still struggling through the clouds. It slanted over the field. Across the mud were two black lines of shadow, connected by a thinner one.

Chuck glanced at them as he took his position. Anyway that meant he was on familiar ground. Inside the twenty yard line—that was his territory. Those were the yards that he knew intimately, where he had spent three-fourths of his football career.

State rammed to the two yard line, tried a complicated reverse, and fumbled. Rockyly recovered.

Chuck went back into the end zone. With the wind against him he didn't have a chance. Suddenly an idea exploded in his mind. It was an idea born of his years fighting there in the shadows of the posts. He'd used it before, but only once in a game. Why not use it to the limit this time?—If he got the chance.

The ball came to him, but he didn't kick it. Instead he bent and touched it to the ground for an automatic safety, giving State two points.

The referee carried the ball out to the twenty yard line. With those extra twenty yards. Chuck could get off a kick that would hold them back for a while. On a sloppy field there wasn't much chance for the safety men to get away for a long run.

Chuck got off a long kick—low, to keep it under the wind.

State crashed back. They were frantic now. The moments were tick-

ing away, and they had no score. At last they woke to Rockyly's weak pass defense, and started using the air. But on the five yard line Porgy intercepted a wobbly one.

Twice Chuck rammed at the line. There wasn't even a ghost of a hole. He might have been running into the side of a hill.

Then he stepped back into the end zone took the ball and touched it down. Rockyly 7—state 4.

It seemed that it was hardly any time before State was back hammering at the goal line. The yard stripes had long since been obliterated, but Chuck was using the shadow now. He could guess within a yard of where they were.

Two State passes went wild. An end run stopped short of a first down. Then the miracle happened. The Rockyly line stiffened and held inches short of a first down.

Chuck stepped back into the end zone. It was time to take the last safety that still left Rockyly a one point lead.

Out they went to the twenty. Chuck put all he had in that kick. Ronny took it on his own thirty, and "Swede" spilled him in his tracks.

Chuck turned to the time keeper. Less than fifteen seconds left. One more play. They'd probably call a pass. That way they might have time for two more plays. There was automatic time out after a pass.

"Spread out," he yelled "dont chargè in. Watch a pass."

Swiftly State lined up. They shifted. The ball was snapped.

But it wasn't a pass. It was a reverse with Ronny carrying the ball. Suddenly Chuck realized that he'd done just what Ronny wanted. He'd

spread out the Rockly team and given him a broken field.

The reverse was aimed just inside end. The Rockly tackle had been taken cleanly out of the play. Ronny straight-armed one tackler, side-stepped another—and was in the clear.

Chuck was racing diagonally across the field. He did not feel the mud sucking at his feet. The weariness was somehow gone. His whole being was concentrated on that player there before him. He gave one last desperate dive, his arms going out and encircling Ronny's knees.

They splashed together in the mud—short of the last white line.

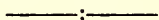
Dimly Chuck was somewhat conscious of a confusion in the dressing room. He raised his head a little from the rubbing table. Jock then was coming towards him. Beside Jock was another man—a man whose face seemed vaguely familiar.

"Wilson," the man said, "I'm Templeton. How do you feel?"

Chuck sat up.

"Great!" he lied.

"I came down here," Templeton went on, "to see an All-American player—one that had brains. I saw one. It wasn't the one I expected, but that doesn't matter. I shall present your name to the board."



THE SUMMIT OF THE YEARS

The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and wonder of the world. I hardly know which feeling leads, wonderment or admiration. I have loved the feel of the grass under my feet, and the sound of the running streams by my side. The hum of the wind in the tree-tops has always been good music to me, and the face of the fields had often comforted me more than the faces of men. I am in love with this world; by my construction I have nestled lovingly in it. It has been my point of outlook into the universe. I have not bruised myself against it, not tried to use it ignobly. I have tilled its soil, I have gathered its harvests, I have waited upon its seasons, and always have reaped what I have sown. While I delved I did not lose sight of the sky overhead. While I gathered its bread and meat for my body, I did not neglect to gather its bread and meat for my soul. I have climbed its mountains, roamed its forests, sailed its waters, crossed its deserts, felt the sting of its frosts, the oppression of its heats, the drench of its rains, the fury of its winds, and always have beauty and joy waited upon my goings and comings.—John Burroughs.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The latest outbreak of a contagious disease at the School was one case of chicken pox, the victim being a youngster who was at the infirmary being treated for a broken arm.

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Several hogs were butchered this week and the cottage kitchens are again well supplied with spare-ribs, sausage, etc. We have been told there will probably be one more "Hog-killin'" before the coming of warm weather.

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Mr. I. W. Wood, our fifth grade teacher, who has been ill since last November, and was convalescing at his home in Montgomery county, returned to the School last Tuesday. We are glad to report he is very much improved in health and expects to be back on the job in a few days.

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The "Sunshine Magazine," a monthly periodical, published at Litchfield, Illinois, comes to our desk regularly. Mr. H. F. Henrichs, the editor, has the admirable custom of getting together choice articles of the literary world, both past and present, and publishing them in booklet form. These are distributed to friends all over the country. In a recent letter to The Uplift office, Editor Henrichs made some commendatory remarks concerning the work being carried on at the School, and signified his willingness to send some of his pub-

lications for the use of our boys.

Last week, an express package containing numbers of the fine little magazines published by the Sunshine Press, were received. Examination revealed that they were really worthwhile, and they were placed in our library, where all the boys will have access to the splendid material found in their pages.

This is a much appreciated donation, and we hereby tender our thanks to Mr. Henrichs for his kindly thought.

—:—

Rev. J. George Bruner, pastor of Advent Morvian Church, Winston-Salem; James Long and Matthew Hedge, also of that city, were visitors at the School last Tuesday afternoon. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, they visited the vocational shops in the Swink-Benson Trades Building, gymnasium, swimming pool, and other places of interest on the campus.

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Mr. J. E. Adams, Jr., officer in charge of the Receiving Cottage had the misfortune to sustain a painful eye injury last Wednesday. While driving a nail, the head flew off, struck his glasses, breaking them. A small piece of glass entered the eye, puncturing the eyeball. He immediately consulted a specialist in Concord, who removed the fragment of glass and treated the injury. The doctor assured Mr. Adams that the

sight would not be impaired, but advised him to rest quietly for a few days.

—:—

George Bristow, one of our old printing class boys, wrote us this week. He was allowed to leave the School, August 15, 1932, going to his home in Winston-Salem, where he followed different lines of work for several years. For the past two or three years he was employed in a steel mill. George writes that he is no longer working there, but is now driving a truck for the North Carolina State Highway Department. He states that he likes his work and is getting along fine. George has been married several years, and has this to say about his family: "Our children are getting along fine. The girl will be four years old in July; the boy, two in May; my wife was twenty-one last April; as for myself, I was twenty-six years old on the 17th of March. The last few years sure have slipped by in a hurry."

George closed his letter with the request that we mail him *The Uplift* occasionally, saying that he would always be glad to hear from the School. He further stated that some time during the summer months, he hoped to be able to bring his family down and show them where he spent some enjoyable years as a small boy.

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Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. He was accompanied by Gene Davis,

prominent young singer, who rendered a solo number and led the boys in singing several choruses, and Ed Ulrich, of the Charlotte Bible Institute, who addressed the boys, calling special attention to some verses from the fifth chapter of Daniel.

Belshazzar, said he, was king of a strong and mighty city. This city, Babylon, had walls surrounding it which were so thick that races could have been held on top of them. These huge walls guarded the city so well that it was impossible for any invading force to conquer it. This fact made King Belshazzar a very powerful ruler, and the more power he acquired, the more he wanted. Finally he attained a condition which in these days would be described in the language of the street as the "big head."

This conceited ruler decided to have a great feast, inviting all the palace guards, feeling that no one could enter the city. He said, "I'm going to show God how big I am; that I don't even need Him." He then took vessels that belonged to the temple at Jerusalem, filled them with wine and drank. During the festivities some strange handwriting appeared on the wall. The king was unable to translate it so he called in others to do so, but they all failed. He then said that he would make the man who could translate the writing third ruler of the kingdom. Finally, Daniel was called in, and translated the writing for the king. He told him that he had rebelled against the will of God, and that He was going to bring judgment down upon him that night.

Belshazzar scoffed at such an idea, still feeling that he and his kingdom were so powerful that none could destroy them, but he had left God

out of the picture, and was soon to realize his mistake. While the great feast had been going on, the guards became so drunk that the entrance gates of the city had been left open, making it a very easy matter for the enemy to come in and take over the kingdom. The egotistical King Belshazzar died that night.

Mr. Ulrich concluded by stating that it was a tragic thing to leave God out of our lives. If we do that, like King Belshazzar, we shall be weighed in the balances and found wanting. We must strive to be true Christians at all times, and being a true Christian weans continually fighting for that which is right.



SIMPLE CREED

Let me give to my daily task
 The best that I have to give,
 Let me look at my worst enemy
 And be strong enough to forgive.
 Let me appreciate to the utmost
 A plain and simple life,
 Let me avoid useless argument
 Let me strive to do what's right.
 Let me never be tempted
 To use deceitfulness or guile,
 Let me know the meaning of mercy
 To have the faith of a little child.
 Let me not seek to find
 Either riches or fickle fame,
 Let me never heap on others
 Crushing hurt or burning shame.
 Let me stand upright and honest
 Let me look the world in the eye
 Let me live only by this simple creed
 And then, in peace, let me die!

—Selected

THE VISION

By Elmer R. Arn

Today, when epidemics of hatred spread their contagion over mammoth areas of our civilized world, when moral anarchy, cynicism, and brutality dominate the chancelleries of the earth—idealism takes on potent significance.

Today, we have come to realize the world needs idealism and trust and hope far more than it needs bread for the hungered or a cot for the weary.

Today, the world needs to be reminded that magnificent courage and heroism have prevailed through long sieges of terror and privation, through lawlessness and intimidation, because ideals have been at stake. Today, the world needs vivid reminders that people have carried on even under fire because they were safe-guarding the ideal of democracy.

Today, the world needs evidence,

if you please, that we of America, millions strong, have an invulnerable allegiance to our forebears whose monumental toil, whose labor, and whose sacrifice toward democratic idealism enriched this continent and put America far in the lead on the highway of human progress.

Today, the world needs to feel that we of America will not tolerate the unclean thinking of another continent. Today, America must show deeds which will articulate the reverence it holds for the idealism which sets our America apart among the nations of the earth.

To make immortal the idealism of George Washington, the Father of our Country, is one of the noblest overtures we can make in giving concrete evidence that truth and justice and right still do and ever shall prevail in this land of liberty.

A THOROUGHbred

One day, years ago when Theodore Roosevelt was a boy, his father said to him, "Theodore, do you know what a thoroughbred is? Well, I'll show yo. See those two dogs? Well, this one—" and he picked up an ugly-looking low-bred pup and gave him a gentle shaking, causing yelps and barks and howls to rend the air—"this is not a thoroughbred."

Then he picked up a fine-looking, handsome young dog and shook him hard, not a sound coming forth. "There," said the father, "that's your thoroughbred. Be a thoroughbred, my boy, and, whatever happens, don't squeal."—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 23, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (3) Herschel Allen 3
- Carl Barrier
- (13) William Drye 15
- (6) Homer Head 14
- (5) Weaver F. Ruff 11
- (17) William Shannon 17
- (17) Frank May 17
- (17) Weldon Warren 17

COTTAGE NO. 1

- James Bargesser 6
- N. A. Bennett 8
- (2) William Blackmon 7
- Charles Browning 2
- (8) John Davis 8
- Eugene Edwards 10
- Doris Hill 3
- (4) Burman Keller 12
- (2) H. C. Pope 8

COTTAGE NO. 2

- Charles Chapman 3
- (2) Joseph Farlow 10
- (5) Thomas Hooks 13
- (15) Edward Johnson 16
- Ralph Kistler 5
- (13) Donald McFee 15
- William Padrick 3
- Richard Parker 2

COTTAGE NO. 3

- (7) Lewis Andrews 15
- (2) Robert Hare 5
- (9) William Matthewson 15

COTTAGE NO. 4

- Quentin Crittenton 10
- Aubrey Fargis 7
- John Jackson 8
- Hugh Kennedy 12
- William Morgan 5
- Robert Simpson 8
- Oakley Walker 8
- Thomas Yates 8

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (4) Theodore Bowles 16
- (3) Junior Bordeaux 14
- (3) Collett Cantor 13
- (3) Glenn Drum 3

- (2) A. C. Elmore 9
- William Gaddy 4
- (2) Ivey Lunsford 9
- (2) Leonard Melton 8
- (3) Mack McQuaigue 11
- (4) Currie Singletary 14
- (3) Fred Tolbert 8
- (2) Hubert Walker 14
- (6) Dewey Ware 16

COTTAGE NO. 6

- (3) Leonard Jacobs 9
- (4) Carl Ward 6

COTTAGE NO. 7

- Kenneth Atwood 6
- (7) John H. Averitte 16
- (12) Clasper Beasley 16
- (3) Donald Earnhardt 15
- (4) Lyman Johnson 14
- Robert Lawrence 7
- (10) Arnold McHone 16
- Edward Overby 8
- (3) Carl Ray 11

COTTAGE NO. 8

- (3) Cecil Ashley 3
- Sam Kirksey
- (2) Otis Kilpatrick 5

COTTAGE NO. 9

- Holly Atwood 10
- Percy Capps 9
- (3) David Cunningham 16
- (3) James Davis 3
- (3) George Gaddy 10
- (2) James Hale 6
- (6) Columbus Hamilton 10
- (5) Edgar Hedgepeth 8
- Grady Kelly 9
- (2) Alfred Lamb 6
- (2) Isaac Mahaffey 2
- (2) William Nelson 13
- (2) Thomas Sands 12
- (2) Lewis B. Sawyer 6
- Robert Tidwell 5
- (2) Horace Williams 7

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (2) Ralph Fisher 3

- (17) Robert Goldsmith 17
- Cecil Gray 10
- (2) Earl Hildreth 14
- (9) Broadus Moore 14
- (2) John Ray 4
- (5) Monroe Searcy 12

COTTAGE NO. 12

- (2) Odell Almond 13
- Jay Brannock 3
- William Broadwell 8
- (2) Ernest Brewer 10
- (2) William Deaton 12
- (2) Treley Frankum 12
- (2) Woodrow Hager 11
- (2) Tillman Lyles 13
- (2) Clarence Mayton 11
- James Mondie 9
- (2) Hercules Rose 12
- (2) Howard Sanders 15
- (2) Charles Simpson 13
- (2) Robah Sink 14
- (2) Jesse Smith 8
- (2) Norman Smith 13
- William Suites
- Pete Taylor 3
- (2) George Tolson 12
- Brice Thomas 2
- (2) Carl Tyndall 9
- Eugene Watts 6
- (2) J. R. Whitman 12
- (2) Roy Womack 7

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (8) James Brewer 14
- Charles Gaddy 9

- Vincent Hawes 14
- James Johnson 3
- James Lane 10
- Claude McConnell
- Randall D. Peeler 7

COTTAGE NO. 14

- John Baker 14
- (4) Edward Carter 15
- (4) Mack Coggins 14
- (17) Audie Farthing 17
- (3) Henry Glover 10
- Troy Gilland 14
- (2) William Harding 3
- (8) Feldman Lane 14
- (7) Roy Mumford 10
- (7) Henry McGraw 12
- (11) Norvell Murphy 14
- (3) James Roberson 5
- (4) John Robbins 13
- (2) Charles Steepleton 13
- (2) J. C. Willis 6

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (13) Jennings Britt 13
- (2) Aldine Duggins 6
- (3) J. P. Sutton 13
- (2) Calvin Tessneer 4
- (2) George Warren 4
- (4) Bennie Wilhelm 9

INDIAN COTTAGE

- Roy Holmes
- (2) James Johnson 3
- (2) John T. Lowry 9
- (7) Redmond Lowry 12
- (7) Thomas Wilson 14

BLOWING OUT THE LIGHTS

The King's Business tells of a conversation between a minister and a woman who was engaged in Christian work. She knew him, as did many others, to be hypocritical of other Christian workers. He asked her, "Well, are you still letting your light shine?" She answered, "Yes, Doctor, just like you are, and I am blowing out everybody else's just like you are." Perhaps it was a needed rebuke; at least it is a good lesson for all of us. Let us shun this terrible business of "blowing out the lights" of our fellow laborers. We should not seek, primarily, to advance our work; we should seek to advance his work. Envy and jealousy are ruinous and deadly sins in the heart of God's people. Let us repent, confess, and forsake.

—Christian Victory.

APR 7 1941

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., APRIL 5, 1941

NO. 14

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MEN WANTED

Not gold, but only men can make
A nation great and strong.
Men who, for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast, and suffer long.
Brave men, who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others shy.
They build a nation's pillars deep,
And lift them to the sky.

—Emerson.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE CHURCH: THE BULWARK OF THE COMMUNITY

A community can never rise above the character of its citizens. What people are manifests itself in what they do, in what they plan, and what they sponsor. A better community—better in happy domestic relationships, better in racial understanding and co-operation, better in economic fairness, better in moral uprightness, better in the selection of goals for united effort, better in civic pride and loyalty—is the visible and tangible evidence of the personal worth.

The church is the bulwark of our community. By her emphasis upon the right relation of the individual with God, the immovable rock is laid upon which Christian character must rest. With clear urgency the church bestirs man out of his groveling, self-disrespecting littleness to a dignity becoming him who can talk to God and walk with Him.—D. P. Rudisill.

—:—

CHURCH ATTENDANCE

It is obvious to those who attend church when not detained by unavoidable circumstances that there are more vacant pews than there were years ago. The cause of such appalling negligence cannot be definitely decided, but we feel outside attractions, many and varied, are the causes of absolute indifference to the need of spiritual enrichment of the soul by church attendance. Another reason for so many empty pews on the Sabbath is that for six week days the masses are in a whirl of business engagements, so they take a vacation on Sunday morning so as to become primed for an outing in the afternoon.

This laxness in church attendance is not a local condition, but is widespread. Wherever one goes the usual comment about empty pews is heard. It seems that there is nothing the ministers can do about it. When things move smoothly, and success in the material things is realized, there is no time for thanksgiving or even thinking

THE UPLIFT

of the source of all good gifts. It takes misfortune in the whirl of this busy life to make some people bow in humble submission to the name of Christ.

There are instances wherein ministers meet conditions with fervor, but at the same time, when the opportunity is presented, throw in enough humor to make their message impressive. The background for the incident we are relating took place in a large church, Gothic in structure, with a membership of seven hundred. It was on an Easter morning when the whole world was peaceful and beautiful, and there were heard echoes of the great "Alleluia."

This edifice on this particular occasion was packed to its capacity. The minister was amazed and pleased to see so many of his parishioners in their pews. Prior to the sermon the minister's face beamed with joy as he looked upon the large congregation assembled for worship on the day commemorating the resurrection of the living Christ. He said, good-humoredly, "I greet you, my Easter lilies, and am looking forward to seeing you again at Christmas, when an appropriate program of worship will be held, telling the story of the birth of Christ."

It is all important that the resurrection and birth of the Savior be outstanding in all Christian churches, but the torch of faith should inspire a greater devotion and loyalty to the church at all times.

* * * * *

THE GIRL SCOUTS

The organization known as Girl Scouts has not found place in the hearts and minds of the public, the equal of Boy Scouts, but the history of the movement is interesting. The spirit that inspired the organization, if followed, means much in forming character in the teen age of young girlhood. This is a resume of the founding of the Girl Scouts. It was written by a Girl Scout, and carries much valuable information:

The late Lord Baden-Powell founded the Boy Scout movement in England in 1807. The first Boy Scout rally was held at the Crystal Palace, in 1809. There were some girls who appeared who called themselves scouts and wanted to take part in the great adventure. The founder of the movement realized that girls must

have an organization of their own, and formed the Girl Guide Association. In that same year, Australia, Finland and South Africa started the work, and it later spread to Denmark, Poland and Canada.

Mrs. Juliette Low, the founder of girl scouting in the United States lived in England part of her life, and became interested in scouting through Lord Baden-Powell, who was a friend of hers. Mrs. Low started her first company of Guides in Scotland, after which she organized the Girl Scout movement in America.

Sarah Louise Arnold, who was president of the Girl Scouts of America, expressed the purpose of the conference and all girl scouting when she said, "We have come together tonight in this great hall that we may by the very pureness of our purpose and strength of our striving, enable each of us to go out, not only with greater courage, hope and faith and perhaps with more light on our path, but also with full confidence that in the end the message shall go on and on, and life be pure and stronger because of the fagots that tonight we cast into our fire."

This year the Girl Scouts are celebrating their 29th anniversary. There are 633,000 Girl Scouts in the United States. This movement should receive as much attention as is given to Boy Scouts by the general public. The girls, like the boys in many homes, are handicapped for the lack of means, therefore, are deprived of much outdoor recreation in the summer months. Give the girls a chance.

* * * * *

TOO MUCH SPEED

"Yours may be the only car on the road and you still will stand a chance of being involved in a serious accident unless you drive at a safe speed," Ronald Hocutt, director of the Highway Safety Division, said this week.

Hocutt made this statement after studying the 1940 record with respect to single responsibility accidents on North Carolina streets and highways. Single responsibility accidents are accidents involving only one vehicle and one driver, as when a car overturns in the roadway, runs off the road, or strikes a fixed object.

"It doesn't take two cars to make an accident," he declared. "It only takes one car driven improperly. Last year, 988 persons were

killed in traffic accidents in North Carolina, and 280 of these were killed in single responsibility accidents. Fifty-four were killed in cars that struck fixed objects, such as bridge abutments, telephone poles, etc., on the roadway or on the right-of-way. And 161 were killed in cars that got out of control and ran off the road. Sixty-eight were killed in cars that overturned in the roadway."

"A large majority of these accidents are a direct result of excessive speed," the safety director said. "Cars just don't turn over in the roadway or go sailing off into a ditch or field unless they are being driven so fast that their drivers are unable to control them.

"It is speed that is killing people every day on North Carolina highways, and until speeding is discouraged by unrelenting and impartial enforcement, we need not expect any reduction in single responsibility accidents, at least.

* * * * *

FATHER DIVINE IN TROUBLE

God (the black one of Harlem) has got into trouble with the law. His predicament was caused by his failure to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$5,949, obtained against him by a former, disillusioned, "angel" of his "heaven," Mrs. Verinda Brown, who seems to have convinced the court of her superior right to the money. Declaring that the judgement had been obtained by fraudery," and that he was "glad I do not have any property or money, so they can't get any," Father Divine ignored the judgment until an order of imprisonment was issued against him for contempt of court. The federal revenue authorities are still not convinced of that "Divine" poverty, though they have failed to lay hands so far on his lavish resources. However, the imprisonment order quickly brought a group of worshipers to post a bond in double the sum of the judgement, which, with interest and cost, amounted to \$12,591, awaiting an appeal of the high Harlem "heaven" to a New York court. The colored divinity seems to have enjoyed the publicity afforded by his appearance at court. With beaming eyes he played up to Sheriff Finn's desire for the spotlight, which was to be furthered by a news photo of a handshake, while he exclaimed in pride, "I'm the center of attraction wherever I am."—The Lutheran

CHAPELS FOR THE U. S. ARMY

The accusation is sometimes brought that America is a Christian nation in name only, that so much wickedness goes on that to call it Christian is a misnomer. Christian or not in its entirety, the Government takes cognizance of the spiritual and moral welfare of its growing citizen Army in the announcement that 604 new chapels will be erected in Army posts, camps and stations throughout the nation at government expense. The new chapels, costing \$21,000 each, will provide appropriate settings for the worship of God by Protestants, Roman Catholic and Jews.

These buildings, says the War Department, will be typical of the usual small community church, slant-roofed, frame buildings with steeple at the front. They may be small—community typical in some respects, but think of a \$21,000 church without a church debt.

—Smithfield Herald

* * * * *

GOD BLESS AMERICA

Steve Cardinale lives in Monterey, California. He is a native of Sicily and peddles fish for a living.

He appreciates very much the privilege of living in America.

A few days ago he wrote the following to President Roosevelt:

“I am sending fifty dollars to you to be used for the defense of our beloved country and all that I can do for this land that I love, I shall be glad to do. The real democracy is in this country and we **pray it shall not die.**”

How many native Americans have sent fifty-dollar bills to be used in National defense?—Hertford Herald.

* * * * *

The year 1918 is recalled quite vividly, when millions of human lives were taken during the epidemic of influenza. It is estimated that more lives were lost from this disease than from casualties in the World War.

SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS REVIVE HANDICRAFTS

By Don Whitehead in Charlotte Observer

Looms and spinning wheels are humming these days in many mountain cabins of the southern highlands with a revival in the almost forgotten early American handicraft arts.

The tourist long ago discovered the quaint charm of mountain-made handicrafts, but now a growing general market in all parts of the country is bringing new income into isolated regions.

Imports of handicrafts from the European markets have been reduced because of the war, with the result that people of the southern highlands are finding new outlets for talents virtually unused for many years.

Spinning wheels, looms, and other implements of the handicraft arts have been retrieved from musty attics, where they lay unused for many years. Beautiful fabrics, metal work, and woodwork are being produced again in mountain homes.

The basis for the revival was laid by Miss Frances L. Goodrich of Asheville, N. C., almost a half-century ago when she came to the mountains from New England and sought to bring a "little color" into the lives of mountain women.

One of her early co-workers was Miss Mabel Moore, of Knoxville, who recalls the difficulties in **overcoming** the suspicion and aloofness of the mountain people.

"We would ride into the mountains by buggy as far as we could go on the rough roads," Miss Moore said, "and then we would hitch the horse

to a tree and walk up the mountains to the cabins.

"Many of the women had old spinning wheels and looms stored away which had been brought into the mountains by their pioneer forebears, but with the availability of 'store-bought' merchandise the use of the crafts gradually had died away.

"In many homes we found drafts of old patterns for weaving 'kiverlets' and beautiful spreads.

"Often the women said, 'We just ain't goin' to fool with it,' but after their products were sold for good prices and they received the money, they realized the possibilities.

"Occasionally a woman who had never been outside the shadow of the mountains above her home would go to Asheville to sell her weaving or to arrange an exhibit. The trips would open her eyes to the progress of the outside world."

One woman returned excited from a trip "outside" to tell her neighbors that a freight train and a passenger train both had passed while she was at a railroad five miles from home.

The interest in handicrafts grew among the mountain people, who had regarded the effort not as an art, but merely as unnecessary work, inasmuch as calico, gingham, furniture, and jewelry could be bought ready-made at the stores.

Now there are handicraft centers organized throughout the highlands. The marketing is largely handled

through the Southern Highland Handicraft Guild.

The products are made with home-grown or home-made materials. Some of the formulas for making vegetable dyes were originated in the old countries. The use of madder root in making red dye is known to have been used by the early Romans.

The natural dyes make soft, beautiful pastel shades. Reds, rust, and rose are made from the madder root. Browns and tans come from the black walnut, and green from broom sedge. The bark of the black oak dyes yellow, and the dock root, grey. There is a special process for making each dye.

In the family of Sara Daughterty at Russellville, Tenn., the weaving art has been handed down from mother to daughter through untold generations in an unbroken line.

Miss Daughterty, who learned the craft from her mother, has organized a weaving center, known as the "Shuttle Crafters," which gives employment to neighborhood women. Some of the equipment is more than a century old, but still sturdy.

The spinning, dyeing, and weaving is done around an old two-story log house built in 1799 and once used

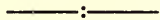
as a tavern. It's like stepping into a page of the past to enter the old cabin. The original patterns carry such fanciful names as "young man's fancy," "young lady's perplexity," "rose in the garden," and "sunrise on the walls of Troy."

Through the University of Tennessee extension service, the handicraft arts are being spread throughout the state among the farm women.

Miss Isodoro Williams, assistant extension economist, has organized markets for the sale of products not used for the home or as gifts.

And it's surprising what can be done with such things as corn shucks. The shucks, with little use except as roughage for cattle, are being woven into handbags, hats, dolls, bracelets, belts, luncheon sets, chair and stool bottoms, and door mats. The shuck is pliable when wet and takes ordinary dyes as readily as cotton.

"Costume jewelry" is made from acorns, burrs, seeds and pods found in fields and forests, and available to any farm woman. The finished products would make any woman envious of her country cousin.



A man may fight fiercely to hold his own in business, but he does not need to fight to get ahead of someone in the elevator, or up the car steps, or at the postoffice window. And no matter how strong competition may be, courtesy, both business and personal, makes it easier and pleasanter for everybody.

—William H. Hamby.

GREEN MOUNTAIN MEMORIES

By Jasper B. Sinclair

The first of the states to join the Union after the original thirteen, the Green Mountain State of Vermont, will this year observe an important milestone in its history.

On the fourth day of March, 1941, Vermont celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its admittance to statehood. The history of Vermont before that is unique in the annals of the American states.

In early colonial times the territory of Vermont was claimed by both New York and New Hampshire. Some of the colonists called it the New Hampshire Grants. This dispute aroused considerable feeling among the settlers.

Even the convention held in the Catamount Tavern at Bennington, in 1765, failed to settle the issue one way or another. Nor were the territorial and boundary rights involved in this dispute to be finally settled till our own times!

A year before the convention at Bennington, the Green Mountain Boys were organized to protect the settlers from Indian forays and to help preserve law and order in the sparsely settled territory. The Green Mountain Boys wrote some colorful and exciting chapters in the early history of Vermont. They made Ethan Allen and John Stark, as well as Ticonderoga and Bennington, inspiring names in the liberty-winning struggle of our nation.

Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys captured old Fort Ticonderoga on May 10, 1775, less than a month after the news of Concord and Lex-

ington roused the Colonies to action. That victory strengthened the resolve of the "embattled farmers" and provided an inspiration to General Washington and his Continentals.

At a convention in Westminster, held in January, 1777, Vermont was declared an independent state and adopted the name of New Connecticut. A year later the name was changed to Vermont—the name originally applied by Samuel Champlain, the first white man to visit the region.

The name of the state came from two French words, *verd* and *and mon*—meaning green mountains. When Champlain first looked upon the waters of Lake Champlain and the background of verdure-clad hills, he called the region the land of Green Mountains.

Vermont continued under its own government till the thirteen original states had ratified the United States Constitution and inaugurated George Washington as the first President of the new republic. It then applied for statehood and was admitted to the Union on March 4, 1791, being the first after the original thirteen. Montpelier was chosen as the state capitol in 1805, and has been the seat of government ever since.

Some interesting sidelights in later years are worth noting in connection with Vermont's celebration of its one hundred and fifty years of statehood.

The Green Mountain State has always been to the fore in matters of education. The University of Vermont, chartered in 1791, also celebrates its own one hundred and fiftieth anni-

versary in the state's birthday year.

Norwich University, founded in Northfield in 1819, has the distinction of being the oldest military college in the country next to the United States Military Academy at West Point on the Hudson.

Vermont is the only inland state in the New England group, yet it has extensive water boundaries. The ex-plantation is simple. Beautiful Lake Champlain forms most of the western boundary, while the state's boundary on the east runs for two hundred miles along the Connecticut River.

It was not till 1937 that this eastern boundary was officially decided—more than a hundred and seventy years after the dispute began among the New York, New Hampshire and Vermont settlers.

Loftiest peak in the state is Mount Mansfield. From its summit you can look along the forested ridges of the Green Mountains and view the glistening expanse of Lake Champlain, thirty miles distant. On clear days you can look across one hundred miles of Vermont and Canadian landscape to Mount Royal at Montreal.

It was on July 4, 1605, that Champlain sighted the lake that bears his name and the region of the Green Mountains. It was not till 1724 that Vermont's first white settlement was made on the present site of the city of Brattleboro.

Burlington, with a population of 25,000, is Vermont's largest city. It is one of the chief lake ports fronting on Champlain, with a fine harbor protected by a breakwater.

Around Barre are located some of the country's largest granite quarries. At Bennington stands the tallest

battle monument in the world. The 302-foot shaft commemorates the exploits there of General John Stark and a detachment of the Green Mountain Boys.

Winter sports annually attract their share of visitors to the Green Mountain State. There is scarcely a town in Vermont today that does not offer facilities for skiing, snowshoeing, tobogganing and other snow sports.

Small in area and in population, Vermont is not without its claims to leadership in trade and industry. Vermont has more dairy cows than any other state in the Union. Almost any school child can tell you it is the leading state in the production of those twin delicacies, maple syrup and maple sugar. The Green Mountain State also ranks first in the production of marble, granite and asbestos. It is second in the output of slate and talc.

At the time Vermont was admitted to statehood it had 850,000 inhabitants outranked five of the original thirteen states in population. Nowadays there are only three states in the Union that are less populous than Vermont.

Small in area and in population, the Green Mountain State can claim among its sons many distinguished Americans. Two of our American presidents were natives of Vermont. The town of Fairfield was the birthplace of Chester Alan Arthur, and Plymouth the birthplace of Calvin Coolidge, Levi Morton, vice-president under Benjamin Harrison, was born at near-by Shoreham.

Intrepid Ethan Allen is perhaps the foremost of the Vermont patriots, though he was born in the Connecticut colony. John Stark, the hero of

Bennington, was a native of New Hampshire, though he also helped write some stirring Vermont history in the pioneering days.

A small state is Vermont, yet it has been as sturdy and stout-hearted as its native granite through all the history-making years.

Gentility is the ability to ignore in others those faults or blemishes we will not tolerate in ourselves.—Selected

TRUTH AND FREEDOM

By Henry H. Schooley

Thomas Jefferson, who by his intellectual genius and facility of expression was responsible more than any other one person for incorporating the lofty ideals of democracy in our Declaration of Independence, was also the author of the statute in his native state of Virginia which granted religious freedom to all. Accordingly, at the foundation of the University of Virginia, Jefferson had these words inscribed over the gateway of that institution: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Those, you will recall, were the words of Jesus to his people who refused to accept him or his teachings. And those are the words of our text on this day which we observe as International Sunday. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Little do we today realize the courage which it must have taken for Jesus to make that statement. Was Jesus right? If we know the truth will it make us free? And what is the truth?

In the first place, I believe that if we are to know the truth that will

set us free we shall have to create a great integrity of mind. We naturally think of truth as being a product of the mind, don't we? But it goes without saying that all that comes from the mind is not truth. Indeed, many there are who are attributing this worldwide upheaval to the unbalance of truth in the mind of man. And untruth, as Dean Clarence Skinner used to keep reminding his students, can be just as potent as the power of truth. So today we are hearing over the radio more and more sketches, that is if we care to listen to them, wherein men with remarkable intellects use their mental powers for corrupt ends. They lack integrity of mind which can know the truth which will set themselves and others free.

John Huss, one of the pioneers of Protestantism, was burned at the stake because he refused to recant what he believed to be the truth. And so moved was Benito Mussolini by the courage of Huss in dying for the quest of truth that he wrote a biography of him before the beginning of the World War, in the preface of which were these words: "As I

prepare this little volume for printing. I cherish the hope that it may arouse in the minds of its readers a hatred of every form of spiritual and secular tyranny." Yes, that was written by Mussolini, who, as the dictator of Italy today, has created the greatest of "spiritual and secular tyranny." How can we account for such a radical change? There can be only one explanation, it seems to me. The diabolical thirst for power has made him so drunk mentally that he has denied to others the truth and freedom in which he himself once gloried.

I believe it was Herbert Hoover who significantly enough reminded us: "Every dictator has climbed to power on the ladder of free speech. And then immediately on attaining that power, each dictator has suppressed all freedom of speech except his own." What's the reason? They lack that integrity of mind which would enable them to set themselves and others free. For, as Boake Carter says, "in time of war, the first casualty is truth."

What is true in the political realm is also true in the scientific sphere of life. Has the vaunted knowledge of mankind brought us greater freedom? Yes, indeed! Wonderful mechanical inventions have freed us from much of the tyranny of toil and given us an abundance of leisure time. We have made remarkable medical discoveries which have freed us from many destructive diseases. But note this and mark it well: much of the so-called progress about which we rant has not made mankind free from but free for—free to create greater injustice and strife.

We know so much about chemistry, for instance, that we can let forth a

poisonous gas which could annihilate the population of a whole city. We know so much about machines that we can make submarines and battleships, bombers and cannon, all of which are strangling the nations of Europe today. We know so much about agriculture that we can raise on a given peice of ground almost three times as much as our forefathers could, and yet multitudes of people throughout the world are in want of the necessities of life. That, I believe, is what led Henry Thoreau to say in derision of our so-called progress—"improved means to unimproved ends." Is it any wonder then that Aldous Huxley should say in grim parody of our text, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you mad?"

The need of mankind today, as I see it, is something which William Channing said in a sermon written more than a hundred years ago, entitled "The Free Mind." Said he: "I call that mind free which, through confidence in God and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrongdoing, which no menace or peril can enthrall." In short, we must create a greater integrity of mind if we are to be free from false pride, distrust, and hatred—the most formidable enemies of international good will in the world today.

And now in second place, if we are to know the truth that can set us free we shall have to create a deeper fidelity of soul. For truth is a virtue which belongs to the soul no less than to the mind. Indeed, it may be said that the soul is the indispensable partner of the mind. For my part I like to compare the soul and

the mind to the North Pole and a compass. The soul is to the mind what the North Pole is to the compass. It guides it in the right channels of thinking and living. Some scientists and psychologists even are asserting that one of the great underlying causes of this world-wide turmoil is that man's mind has divorced itself from his soul. The two form a vital balance, and one cannot quite get along without the other. "'Tis the heart and not the brain that to the highest doth attain."

The artist, Henry Brown Fuller once painted a marvelous picture which won the Carnegie Prize at the San Francisco Exposition some years ago, and which has ever since been an unforgettable inspiration to all who have seen it. It is called "Triumph of Truth over Error." It depicts the strong, white figure of Truth with its silvery wings outstretched as if ready to soar, coming to the foreground on a precipice of time and forcing back the dark, foreboding figure of Error. It is truly significant that in the picture Error deliberately shields its eyes with its claw-like hand,

refusing to see the light which radiates from the glorious figure of Truth.

Years ago, I spent a summer on a lake in Pennsylvania. One day, while out rowing, I saw an eagle soaring majestically overhead. It did not take me long to discover that the place over which the eagle soared the highest and stayed the longest was an island, and on that island was a tree, and in that tree was the eagle's nest. How I thrilled at watching that bird fly about in its glorious freedom overhead! It was evident that it was made for the life which it was living. But how different is an eagle in a cage! Like man when he closes his mind and soul to truth! Said the prophet Isaiah: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint." And Jesus, like the other Hebrew prophets of old, believed that man was made for flight, and he challenged us to use our wings—"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."



The wise man endeavors to shine in himself; the fool to out-shine others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities, the last is lifted up by the discovery of those which he observes in other men. The wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

—Addison.

MOORESVILLE NATIVE RECEIVES FELLOWSHIP

By Everette Jones

Mooreville is just beginning to realize that one of her most outstanding native "children" in the career world is not a noted lawyer, who has argued cases in the highest courts of the land, or a distinguished politician, who has displayed his wares as a speaker in the halls of Congress, but is a typical Southern Negro woman, who although she is in her early thirties, has made a name for herself in the world of art.

Selma Burke, who eight years ago went to New York City to do work as a nurse but instead became an outstanding artist—a sculptress in stone, wood and clay, has returned to Mooreville for a short visit, and is spending the time with her mother, Mary Eliza Burke Cofield, and her stepfather, C. Cofield, at their home on Cascade Road, near the Mooreville Junction. . .

In a short time, within the next week or ten days, the noted artist will leave here for a trip throughout the southwestern part of the United States and into Mexico, having been sent on this trip by the Julius Rosenwald Foundation, of Chicago, Ill., money made available by a fellowship given by the nationally known foundation. The fellowship was given Selma Burke (who early in life worked in a number of the white people's homes in Mooreville) in order that she might do research work and ascertain if there is a mine in North America which has statuary

marble that is suitable for sculpture work.

Selma, who is a student in sculpture and drawing in the drawing, painting and sculpturing classes at Columbia University at New York City, and who during the year 1939 served as an assistant in the art department at Columbia University, in speaking of her planned research work said: "I have been told that there is an unmined quarry near El Paso, Texas, that has marble suitable to be used in sculpture work and I hope that this proves to be a fact." "Because," she continued, "if marble suitable for this work can be found in North America the price being paid for marble will be greatly reduced." She continued by saying: "Most all marble which is used by sculptors is now brought from Italy or from other countries across the seas and this makes the price high."

Selma Burke was born in Mooreville on Jan. 1, 1906, the daughter of Eliza and Neal Burke, being one of eight children. Her grandfather on her mother's side was Samuel Jackson, who was born in slavery in the Paw Creek community of Mecklenburg County. Slavery ended when he was twelve years old and his owners, a Jackson family of the Paw Creek community sent him to a Boston, Mass., school, where he was educated to be a preacher. Returning to Mecklenburg County he did a great work as a preacher and church builder. He built the colored Method-

ist Church in Mooresville. Selma Burke's grandmother on her mother's side was Lucretia Sadler before marriage, also of the Paw Creek community.

Selma attended the Mooresville schools and furthered her education at State Teachers' College at Winston-Salem and at a nursing school at Raleigh.

Following her graduation from the Raleigh school she went to Philadelphia, Pa., and in a short time went to New York City to do special nursing work.

Always interested in sculpturing, Selma, soon after going to New York, went one day to "sit" for an art class, having been asked to "sit" for the class because she had some "outstanding lines." It was there that she met Oronzio Malderelli, professor at the Sarah Lawrence College at Bronxville, N. Y., which is a 45-minute drive from New York City. Professor Malderelli became interested in the Mooresville native and gave her the first real opportunity of her life so far as art was concerned. He taught her for seven or eight months and saw that she was able to study at Columbia University for six months.

In 1937 the artist went to Europe on a fellowship given to her by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bowhler, a Swiss family of New York City, being sent there to study the various cathedrals and art centers of the country. In speaking of that trip Selma said: "I visited France, Germany, England, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland and Czechoslovakia and while in Austria I did a portrait of Frau II, the wife of an Austrian diplomat and unless it has been thrown away since Hitler conquered the country the por-

trait can be found in the Secession at Vienna."

While in Austria a monthly art magazine—Austrian Art—gave Selma a nice write-up, giving a number of pictures of her work. All of the article was written in German and Selma said: "It is too flattering for me to translate for publication."

While in Mooresville the artist is working on a bust of Dr. W. D. McLelland, a member of the Lowrance Hospital staff, and the bust, when completed, will be presented to the Mooresville Public Library.

Asked to name some of the places her works were on display Selma Burke smiled and said: "I will name you only a few. I have a one-man-show (ten pieces) at the Teachers' College at Winson-Salem, a piece in the Springfield Museum at Springfield, Mass., and in the public schools of New York City I have a plaster bust of Booker T. Washington, and a bust of Samuel Huntington, who was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and was interested in the education of the Negroes. "It was also learned that the Mooresville native, who went to the "big city" and made good, has a portrait of Catrina Green, a Charlotte native, in the New York Public Library, and a display "A Study of Athletes" in a public building at Morristown, Pa.

Selma Burke's studio at New York City is located at 148 E. 28th Street. When she left on this Rosenwald fellowship trip she sublet the studio to an art student, who will use it until she returns to New York about the first of September.

Mrs. Marion Losada of New York City is also visiting in Mooresville, stopping at the Commercial Hotel.

She accompanied Selma Burke here and will go to Mexico with her within a few days.

Mrs. Losada, an attractive young white woman, studied at the Art Students' League in New York City, and at the age of twelve had a one-man-show in the Metropolitan Muse-

um of Art at New York.

Her husband, Jorge Losada, a Cuban, publishes a Spanish language magazine in New York, and while in Mexico Mrs. Losada will collect articles and do painting that will later be produced in the magazine.

We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.—Cyrus.

TRENDS IN EDUCATION OF THE DEAF

By Mrs. H. T. Poore

What are the present trends in the education of the deaf and what are the forces, both exterior and interior, that are helping to mold the policies, either from within or from without, in the education of the child, exceptional because of his deafness?

1. Recognition of the fact that it is the right to every child to be guided into a life of a citizenship effective to the extent to his ability, that every child is entitled to a free education at public expense, creates a consciousness that schools for the deaf are no longer asylums or charitable institutions. Today there are public residential schools established to give the deaf child the opportunities which cannot be offered in communities because of the lack of sufficient numbers of those severely handicapped in a given community to justify the establishment of a school or the provision of a special teacher. However modern or radical one may be in his concepts, the fact remains

that residential schools will continue to be integral parts of every education scheme. Lay schools, day classes, special teachers in the public schools all have their places. When it comes to the severely handicapped, the average child in a residential school, however, has a more satisfactory home, better educational facilities, better physical attention, opportunities for better social contacts, and receives more personal interest and consideration than can possibly be provided in the majority of homes whether they be paternal or foster ones, or than can be provided by present day educational systems.

2. There is a growing tendency to transfer residential schools from special boards, departments of welfare and other administrative systems to state departments of education.

3. Now almost without exception the heads of all schools for the deaf are recognized educators.

4. The increasing significance of academic degrees and general training of teachers in the public schools call for higher qualifications of teachers of the deaf. To be recognized by the profession, a teacher must have had at least two years of college and one year of preparation in the special field. All teacher training centers are giving acceptance preference to those applicants holding degrees. Clearly the trend is to select applicants for training, and requires as preliminaries, a college degree and a specific amount of experience in public school teaching before training is taken to teach the deaf. Already co-operative training programs are being established between colleges or universities and schools for the deaf. Such arrangements have the specific values of better acquainting the educators of the normal with problems of deafness, with the capabilities of those so handicapped, and at the same time affording the school for the deaf definite opportunities for keeping its teaching staff open minded and progressive and establishing a field of research that will pave the way to prove or condemn claims which have been made heretofore without verification.

5. Today it is recognized that the classroom plays only a minor role in activities that must combine to make complete living. Extra or co-curricular activities, democratic living within one's group, create the need for better qualified house-mothers and counsellors. Native executive ability, fine spirit and good character, with at least an eighth grade education, are no longer sufficient qualifications to be expected of persons

who fill these vital positions. Better that they be college trained through courses in child development, child and adolescent psychology, guidance procedures and kindred subjects. Now we are only slightly touching our possibilities of co-operative enterprises between the classroom and living surroundings.

6. Recognition that the child is the axis around which today's educational scheme must rotate is establishing the tendency to study the needs of the individual child and adjust the educational methods to meet those needs. Educators of the deaf are beginning to include the interesting and enriching activities found in the schools for the normal and to provide special techniques and adjustments that are needed to make these activities function with the handicapped. As with the public schools, this establishes a need for the constant revision of the curriculum, an understanding of the scientific approach toward effecting revisions, basing such changes on the significant economic and social conditions and being careful to interpret and evaluate the revisions in terms of results both anticipated and realized. The theme of modern education is that "we learn to do by doing, to think by thinking, to live by living." Unquestionably the present day progressive school for the deaf is at least limitedly launching forth on this theory.

7. Other public school movements that are determining influences in bringing about forward steps in the education of the deaf are the establishment of nursery schools and continuation schools for the adults. Already several schools for the deaf

have nursery school departments and at least two have established classes in adult education.

8. Elaborate vocational provisions and the establishment of guidance programs in the public school systems along with the increasing difficulties for job placements furnish just cause for concern to the deaf and their educators. These conditions have led to the addition of placement officers in some schools and to the establishment of divisions for the deaf in State bureaus of labor. Some hold that the school at best can give only a few

fundamentals in trade, others that vocational rehabilitation facilities should be used to complete the training. A eminent educator of the deaf said, "Vocationally speaking, there is not a single line of employment in which it is not reasonable to visualize a complete revolution in method and procedure. I pity upon the narrow phase within a certain vocation. Irrespective of how adept a workman may be . . . he may be rudely awakened to realize that his particular niche has become obsolete."

HOLD TIGHT

Hang on, cling on, no matter what they say,

Rush on, sing on, things will come your way,
Sitting down and whining never helps a bit,

The best way to get there is keeping up your grit.

Don't give up hoping when the ship goes down,

Grab a spade or something, and just refuse to drown.
Don't think you're dying just because you're hit,

Smile in the face of trouble and hang on to your grit.

Talks die too easy, they sort of fade away,

Make a little effort and never give up in dismay,
The kind of man that's needed is man of ready wit,

To laugh at pain and trouble and hold on to his grit.

—The Periscope.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

By Francis G. Duehay in *The Croatan Courier*

The Virgin Islands comprise the most northern of the group known as the "Lesser Antilles" and are owned by the United States, Britain, France and the Netherlands. The Islands under the American flag were purchased from Denmark in 1917 for the sum of \$25,000,000. They consist of three islands large enough to be inhabited, St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John and about fifty smaller islands that are mostly barren reefs.

The capital city, Charlotte Amalie, with a population of about 7,000, is located on St. Thomas Island and is the only city of any size on the U. S. owned islands. Under Danish rule it had always been a free port and through a provision in the treaty by which sovereignty was transferred to this country it remains so today. This pleasant feature is most noticeable when buying tobacco and liquors. Cigarettes usually sold for 15c at home can be bought for 65c per carton and the best Scotch whiskey brings only about \$16.00 per case. Rum which is made on all of the West Indies islands is priced at about 65c per bottle.

St. Thomas, not much larger than Roanoke Island, is composed of volcanic rock and presents the appearance of a mountain top sticking through the surface of the sea. Only a small part of the land is suitable for cultivation and most of the food is imported from Puerto Rico located about seventy miles to the west. Many of the streets in Charlotte Amalie are in fact flights of steps which may be negotiated only on foot

or on one of the small donkeys which are the usual vehicle of native travel. Time seems to mean nothing in this slow moving part of the world and the lowly donkey is adequate for most transportation needs.

At present the island is a beehive of activity due to the construction of a submarine base and airfield for the Navy and Marine Corps, in connection with the general defense plan of the Caribbean Sea and the Panama Canal. Natives ambitious enough to work can get jobs paying more than they ever made before. The demand for laborers is great and they are being imported not only from Puerto Rico but from all the surrounding islands, whether U. S. or foreign.

A great state of excitement was created several years ago when our CCC camps received their first tractor, one never having been seen on the island before. This was nothing though to the general astonishment which accompanied the arrival of the first gas shovel which was put to work on the proposed airport. It was said that a crowd of over one thousand amazed inhabitants followed this machine to the job site and that the operator had trouble doing his work for several weeks due to the press of curious onlookers.

Life on the islands is in many ways very primitive. There is no sewerage system except the open gutters beside the narrow streets which apparently serve very well during the rainy seasons. What happens in the dryer parts of the year, I do not know and prefer not to speculate upon, and

can only thank the luck which sent me there when the rains were frequent. The water supply is one of the major problems. Most of the drinking water and what little is used for washing is obtained by storing rain water in the large cisterns which form the cellars of every house of any size.

There is a sketchy system of narrow roads over St. Thomas upon which traffic moves slowly to the accompaniment of an almost constant flowing of automobile horns. Driving is on the left side of the road and naturally very confusing to most visitors.

St. Croix is the largest of the U. S. Islands, not so hilly as the others and allowing wider cultivation. Several hundred years ago it was the site of many large plantations whose principal crop was sugar, grown for the manufacture of rum. When the slaves were freed the plantations became less profitable and many were sold and divided into smaller farms which were operated by the owners or by a few hired hands. The real ruin of the islands' economy came with prohibition which destroyed the only paying industry. Now the Government has formed the Virgin Islands Company for the manufacture of rum and times are becoming a little more prosperous.

This is the island upon which Alexander Hamilton was born and raised and where he showed so much ability, that at the age of 20, he became manager of one of the largest of the estates. The hardware store where he was employed as a clerk during his early youth still exhibits his desk and his quill pens.

St. John is the smallest and most

primitive of the three principal islands and has a population of less than 1,000. It has one postoffice, run by the resident commissioner, who is also the only doctor there. Travel on St. John is by boat or donkey, there being no automobiles or roads whatever. As there was no CCC camp on this island, I did not visit it during my trip except to go ashore for a few minutes one Sunday from a boat on which we had been fishing. It is said to be the most beautiful of the U. S. Islands and to have extensive forests of mahogany and other tropical trees which have never been cut.

The climate is delightful all year round. Winter and summer in the sense that we know them do not exist. It is only a little warmer in June and July than in December and January. However, dry weather prevails from about May until October and it is said to be uncomfortable to persons who suffer from heat.

The official hurricane season begins in July and lasts until October. It is ushered in with a holiday and church service where prayers are offered on Supplication Day that inhabitants of the islands may be spared from bad storms. The hurricane season ends on Thanksgiving Day, October 25th, when there is another holiday and prayers of thanks are given for being spared from storms another year.

There are no snakes on the islands due to someone's forethought in importing mongooses in sufficient quantity to kill all reptiles. Now the mongoose has become such a problem that a bounty of 10c is offered for each one killed.

The government of the Islands was run by the Navy until 1931 when it

was transferred to the Bureau of Territories and Island Possessions of the Interior Department by executive order of President Hoover. Residents vote for the local governing council, which functions under the Governor appointed by the President. They do not, however, have a vote in the national elections.

An interesting feature of the local government is the lottery. Drawings are held almost every month for a principal prize, which is usually \$2,000. About 500 smaller prizes are also awarded. Proceeds are used for

the hospital operated by the council.

The name of the islands is not, as you have possibly supposed, a comment on the integrity and virtue of the female population. Christopher Columbus discovered the islands on his second voyage to the New World in 1493 at a time when it was customary to name new lands for the Saints. There being so many islands he was undecided which islands to honor and finally named them in honor of St. Ursula and her 10,000 virgins.

There is no outward sign of true courtesy that does not rest on a deep moral foundation.—Goethe.

HIDDEN BABES OF THE WOODS

By Dorothy Herbst

If you have seen whitetail or mule deer in the zoo, you may be interested to know how such numbers of these wild creatures happen to live in cages instead of out in the forests where they were born. It is all a matter of curiosity. New-born fawns seem to have more of it than is good for them. Only too often they wander off from the hiding places where the mother deer leaves them and follow some strange-smelling two-legged creature. This can happen only if the doe is not close when the fawn first catches the human scent. If she is near enough, she soon teaches her youngster that it is safer to avoid man. But, if she has hidden her young in the tall grass and wandered

a little distance away to graze, the fawn's curiosity may lead to its being picked up and carried from the forest. After that it becomes a problem for the state which will rarely allow an individual to keep the wild creature he has kidnapped.

All of the twenty or more species of deer that roam the North American continent hide their young for a period of time after birth, going to them only when they must be fed. If the doe has two or three fawns, she will bed them down separately, close enough so she can watch over them all, but never together. Since they are protectively colored and have practically no deer odor, she knows they are safer alone than with her

well-scented body hovering over them.

The fawns co-operate in nature's attempt to make them inconspicuous by "playing dead" when their hiding place is invaded. This trick, serviceable throughout life, does not have to be taught by the doe. It is instinctive. The period in which the fawns lie hidden varies from one month for the Virginia whitetail deer is six or eight weeks for other species, although this may be arbitrarily lengthened by a doe who fears that enemies are lying in wait for her family.

At first all fawns are a drab tan color with white spots. This coat, designed by nature to aid the mother in concealing her young, is shed at the age of four months, after which the fawn is the same color as the adults of the family. If it is a northern species living in a climate where snow is a constant feature of the winter landscape, the first grown-up coat will be the "blue coat." This is really a dull, grayish color, less easy to see in winter than the ruddy brown worn in summer.

When the fawns are strong enough to follow the doe through the woods, they begin to eat a little green food, learning from their mother which plants are tender and wholesome and which have the salt without which they cannot live. In the fall, their

diet of leaves, twigs, shrubs and water lilies is improved by the addition of acorns and seed pods. Now the fawns are weaned and they put on that extra fat which serves them well during the winter when food is scarce.

Throughout the first eleven months of life, the fawns continue with the doe, lying hidden with her during the daylight hours and seeking food at twilight or on moonlight nights. Where it seems reasonably safe, they may come out for water about noon on hot days.

At the end of the winter, the mother drives her unwilling youngsters away from her and prepares to retire to the thicket where she can safely hide her new fawns when they come in May or June. During this time, the half-grown youngsters hang about, timidly approaching their mother who may become friendly enough to browse and drink with them once her new fawns have arrived. Never will she permit them to approach the hiding place of their small brothers or sisters.

Once the new fawns are old enough to follow their mother through the woods, the family may be reunited until the last year's fawns mature and set out on their own at the end of the second summer.

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The laziest man we have heard of this year is the fellow who is still riding in a Model T so he won't have to knock the ashes off his cigar.—Selected.

THE SILENT SUFFERER

N. C. Christian Advocate.

One of the perplexities of ordinary humanity is our inability to understand the silent sufferer. Our sense of guilt is so widespread and man's continual distrust of God is so persistent that men cry aloud in their despair. That age-old and oft-repeated agonizing cry of Cain, "My punishment is greater than I can bear," and that other ancient despairing plea, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him," haunts us. Indeed, these complaints of earth know no bounds. The agony consequent upon the sins of the soul fill all the world and even spill over into the eternities. Then, along with this horrible sense of guilt is the abiding fear of being left alone, without God and without hope. So the cry of guilt and the wail of doubt fill the world with the noise and tumult of mankind.

Even the Bible is not free from the age old cry of human agony, first heard in far off Eden. This crowds the centuries within the wails of our crushed humanity. But we find something new in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. In the "Silent Sufferer who as a lamb to the slaughter is led and as a sheep before the shearers is dumb, he opened not his

mouth." Free from guilt and from doubt, he suffers on in mysterious silence. The full disclosure of this one visioned by prophet became a ransom for many. Even the disloyalty of Peter and the treachery of Judas escaped the expected human condemnation and the just vengeance of heaven. Only sorrowful warnings and deep anguish of soul, does Jesus allow a place in this hour of base disloyalty and treachery. Alas! the cruelty and sin of it all! Peter wept bitterly in anguish of spirit and Judas died that he might go to his own place but Jesus suffered on in silence there in the darkness of the deep shadows of the cross.

Horrible decline of soul always follows disloyalty and treachery! Not strange then the name of Judas blackens history. Such disloyalty reaps its own dire harvest. Disloyalty to a friend severs the tenderest ties to end most sacred human relations disloyalty to the marriage bond destroys the sanctity of family life; disloyalty to country means national collapse; disloyalty to God spells the doom of mankind. Only God can endure in silence treachery and disloyalty as did the Man of Sorrows.

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Good humor is a tonic for mind and body. It is the best antidote for anxiety and depression. It is a business asset. It attracts and keeps friends. It lightens human burdens. It is the direct route to serenity and contentment.

—Grenville Kleiser.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The Universal production, "The Big Guy," featuring Jackie Cooper and Victor McLaglen, was the chief attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium, last Thursday night. "Slap Happy Valley," a short comedy was also shown. Judging from the comment heard among the boys, the following morning, they were very enjoyable pictures.

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Mr. W. N. Cashion, of the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare, Raleigh, and Miss Barbara Lincoln of Winston-Salem, a case worker for the Forsyth County Board of Public Welfare, were at the School last Wednesday afternoon. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, they visited the vocational departments and other places of interest on the campus.

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Robert Teeter, formerly of Cottage No. 15 and a member of the dairy force, who left the School, July 9, 1936, was a visitor here last Tuesday. Upon leaving the institution he returned to his home at High Point, where he secured employment in a meat market, following that work for a little more than three years. Since leaving the market he has been working in a silk mill, and reports that he is getting along fine there. Robert has been married three years and has two children, a boy and a girl, aged two and one years, respectively.

While in The Uplift office he proudly showed us pictures of the youngsters.

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Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus E. Smith, of Hulmeville, Pa., and Mrs. Margaret Longhurst, of Concord, were visitors at the School last Monday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who spent most of the winter in Florida, will return to their home after spending some time with the former's daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Longhurst, of Concord. "Dad" Smith is quite a big game hunter, having made several trips to the Wyoming and Canadian Rockies, and many of the boys and officers very pleasantly recall previous visits to the School when he showed some fine colored motion pictures taken on various hunting trips.

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Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Thomas McKee, one of our old boys, who left the School, September 3, 1931, which reads as follows:

Fort Devens, Mass.
March 23, 1941.

Dear Mr. Boger:

Really, it doesn't seem that it has been six years since I last wrote you. Please believe me, I think of you and the boys at the School quite often, wondering if things are the same as when I was one of your boys, ten years ago.

It seems that fate has played a hand in keeping me from paying you

a visit, but must say that I'm still looking forward to doing so, even if I can't say just when it will be.

Mr. Boger, I will try to give you a brief sketch of my life since the last time you heard from me. It would take too long to give full details. As you know, I was in the CCC the last time I wrote, and continued as a member of that organization until 1936, when I left with an honorable discharge.

For a year after leaving the CCC, I worked as a service station attendant, but the urge to travel and see part of the world got me, so I joined the United States Army, enlisted for infantry service in Hawaii. Arrived at the Islands in March, 1938 and stayed until July, 1940. Although I became homesick several times, my stay there was very enjoyable. To one who has never experienced the feeling, it is hard to explain just how one feels when it comes time to leave. Bands playing and the docks crowded with people saying, "Good-bye," makes you feel very sad, and yet so happy.

I have been a cook ever since graduating from training as a recruit. Have always had the highest rating a cook can have, that of first cook, and, I might add, have always had the respect of my superiors, a fact of which I am very proud.

My first enlistment of three years expired last August, so, liking the service so well, I re-enlisted for another three years, being assigned to Company B, 18th Infantry, Fort Hamilton, N. Y. Last November in order to get more experience as a cook, I attendel the Army school for bakers and cooks at Fort Slocum,

N. Y., taking a special course, which required two months to complete. Frankly, Mr. Boger, I feel proud to be able to tell you that I graduated as the honor student of the class, making an average of 97 for the entire course, also receiving some good recommendations.

On the 27th of last month we were transferred up here. I like it fine, but must confess that I would rather be in New York. Since I have told you everything else, might as well explain my reason for saying that. I am planning to be married in May or June, and my girl is in Brooklyn, making it rather tough for both of us. Just what my plans will be in the future, I can't say right now, since they are not complete, but I want to assure you that whatever they are, I intend to make the best of everything. Mr. Boger, while I haven't been so much of a success financially, and probably haven't been the kind of Christian I should have been, I have learned one thing, and that is how to be a man.

If Mr. Carriker and Mr. Johnson are still there, please give them my best regards. Also you might tell all the boys if they will look upon the School as I always have since leaving, they will never regret their stay there. Honestly, my praise for the School and what it does for a boy is very high. That is, if one really wants to be a different person when he leaves.

I would appreciate it if you would send me a copy of The Uplift. By the way, is Mr. Godown still with you? If so, tell him I'd like to hear from him.

While I'm sure I could write on and on, don't believe it would help

much, so will close for this time. Yes, I intend to let you hear from me more often in the future. Best regards to you and all the rest at the School. Hoping you will answer soon, I am,

Very sincerely,
Thomas R. McKee.

—:—

Rev. W. H. Goodman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Kannapolis, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the third chapter of Philippians and a few verses from the fourth chapter of II Timothy. In his message to the boys he called special attention to Philippians 3:13-14, in which St. Paul said, "this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," and again in II Timothy 4:13, "The cloke that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments."

When we read these stories in the Bible, said the speaker, we sometimes wonder if those folks were people like us, and upon carefully studying their ways of living, we come to the conclusion that human nature has not changed much through the years. He then mentioned the instance where God told Moses that he wanted him to lead the people of Israel out of bondage and how, like the people of today, Moses began to make excuses, some of them most feeble. Then there is the story of the time

Peter denied Christ, just as many people are doing today. He next spoke of the incident related in the Scripture Lesson. Paul was in a Roman prison and was writing to his young friend, Timothy. It was quite natural for the old man to ask the younger one to bring his cloak to him, for we have reason to believe that prisons in those days were cold and damp, and Paul, not being able to take much exercise, felt very much in need of something to keep him warm. Then, too, he was only human. Being a preacher, with his mind on other more important things, it is not surprising to learn that he had forgotten his cloak, leaving it at the home of a friend. Such things are being done by people today. Then, too, Paul was a great preacher, and we can easily understand why he would want Timothy to bring the parchments, as the Holy Writings were called in those days, for we are accustomed to seeing learned religious men of our time using practically all of their spare time for Bible study.

Rev. Mr. Goodman then pointed out another way in which Paul set an example followed by men of today. He said, "this one thing I do," showing that he had made an important decision. We, like Paul, have to make choices. While we have many fine things to read, we should follow his example and do more Bible reading, if we would try to live the kind of lives the great God in heaven intends for us to live.

The speaker then told how a man in later years made the same choice. It was the noted missionary, David Livingstone, who, in traveling across the African jungles, found that he had too much of a load to carry. The

journey was most difficult. He, being a very learned man, had many books with him. Finding that it would be necessary to lighten his load, he disposed of some of them. A little later, as the trip became more hazardous, he disposed of all he had except the works of Shakespeare and the Bible, and finally he found that he had to get rid of still more of his burden, so he left off all but the Bible, fully determined to take the Word of God with him to the end of the journey. Rev. Mr. Goodman then told of Sir Walter Scott, who had grown old and was an invalid. He asked his servant to take him to his large library and read to him. The servant asked what he wanted him to read, and his reply was, "There is but one book—the Bible."

Another choice we must make, continued the speaker, is our friends. We must choose those whom we know will stick to us through all kinds of adversities. He urged the boys to choose friends who would give them the right kind of advice when they were confronted with the problems of life. The friend we need most, is Jesus Christ, man's greatest friend on earth or in heaven. He then told of the prophet, Elijah, and how God told him to build an altar on the mountain. The people of Baal assembled and called on the various gods they had been worshipping, but nothing happened. When Elijah, doing as God bade him, called on the Heavenly Father, fire descended and consumed the offerings on the altar, the altar itself, and even the water which surrounded it. This was done to show those wicked people the great power of the one and only true God.

Rev. Mr. Goodman then told the boys that it is necessary for people to have a fixed purpose in life. He illustrated this thought by showing how deer and other big game roam the woods. People go out with the idea of capturing them, but often come back complaining because they can't get close enough to catch them. These animals hold on to life because they are able to keep away from people. We, too, can keep out of danger if we are constantly on guard against the evil forces that are trying to wreck our lives.

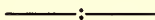
Another important thing in life, said the speaker, is to have a real determination to do something really worthwhile. He then told of Glenn Cunningham, one of the world's greatest runners. This lad had a brother who was a fine long distance runner and he wanted to grow up like him. While still quite young, he was burned severely. After spending many weeks in a hospital, it was thought he would never be able to walk. Glenn, however, had other ideas about it. He still wanted to outstrip his brother in running. With much pain and great difficulty, he became able to walk, then to run a little. After a long, tedious process, he found that he could once more take his place on the cinder path. Not being disheartened by adversities, he struggled on until he was able to set many world's records, some of which have not yet been equalled. Grim determination, faith in God, and belief in himself enabled Glenn Cunningham to surmount difficulties and attain the goal he had set for himself when just a small boy.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Goodman

told the boys if they set out to glorify God's name and be obedient to His will, sticking to that purpose all through life, there would never be any doubt as to their ability to attain success. He told them to press toward a mark of high calling with all their strength and determination, and they need have no fear of failure.

Accompanying the speaker on this

occasion were two members of his Bible Class, H. H. Hoffman and David Meade, both of Kannapolis, and we were very glad to have them with us. Since there is no place at present on our regular Sunday schedule for Rev. Mr. Goodman, we feel fortunate whenever we are able to secure his services, for he always has a most timely and interesting message for the boys.



WHO OWNS BIG BUSINESS

Who really owns big business and the corporations of America?

A study of 58 corporations shows that out of 3,700,000 stockholders, 43 per cent are women. Therefore, it would seem that women are playing an important role in the nation's corporate structure.

Here are the figures of the three largest American corporations:

American Telephone and Telegraph Corporation has the largest number of stockholders—453,496— of whom 51 per cent are women.

United States Steel Corporation has 193,627 stockholders, of whom nearly 39 per cent are women.

Women comprise 40 per cent of the 305,540 General Motors stockholders.

We have heard that it is the "little man" who owns big business because thousands of them own stock in the big corporations, but hereafter we'll have to include the "little woman."

—Morganton News-Herald

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 30, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (4) Herschell Allen 4
- (2) Carl Barrier 2
- (14) William Drye 16
- (7) Homer Head 15
- Robert Maples 17
- (18) Frank May 18
- (6) Weaver Ruff 12
- (18) William Shannon 18
- (18) Weldon Warren 18
- James Williams

COTTAGE NO. 1

- (2) James Bargeser 7
- (2) N. A. Bennett 9
- (3) William Blackmon 8
- (2) Charles Browning 3
- Oscar Carter
- Albert Chunn 14
- Ralph Harris 8
- (2) Doris Hill 4
- Porter Holder 16
- Carl Hooker 3
- (5) Burman Keller 13
- (3) H. C. Pope 9
- Everett Watts 16

COTTAGE NO. 2

- (2) Charles Chapman 4
- Bernice Hoke 9
- (6) Thomas Hooks 14
- (16) Edward Johnson 17
- (14) Donald McFee 16

COTTAGE NO. 3

- (8) Lewis Andrews 16
- John Bailey 14
- Lewis Baker 11
- Max Evans 10
- (3) Robert Hare 6
- David Hensley 7
- Jerry Jenkins 6
- Jack Lemley 10
- Wayne Sluder 12
- Jerome Wiggins 13
- Louis Williams 15

COTTAGE NO. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (5) Theodore Bowles 17

- (4) Junior Bordeaux 15
- (4) Collett Cantor 14
- (4) Glenn Drum 4
- Robert Dellinger 4
- (3) A. C. Elmore 10
- Monroe Flinchum 4
- Jack Grant 2
- (3) Ivey Lumsford 10
- (5) Currie Singletary 15
- Edward Thomasson 3
- (4) Fred Tolbert 9
- (3) Hubert Walker 15
- (7) Dewey Ware 17

COTTAGE NO. 6

- (4) Leonard Jacobs 10
- George Wilhite 3
- (5) Carl Ward 7

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (2) Kenneth Atwood 7
- Edward Batten 7
- (13) Cleasper Beasley 17
- Henry Butler 13
- George Green 10
- (2) Edward Overby 9
- Marshall Pace 12
- Ervin Wolfe 13

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett 6

COTTAGE NO. 9

- (4) David Cunningham 17
- Eugene Dyson 5
- George Gaddy 11
- Robert Hall 3
- (3) James Hale 7
- (7) Columbus Hamilton 11
- Mark Jones 11
- (2) Grady Kelly 10
- Daniel Kilpatrick 9
- (3) William Nelson 14
- (3) Lewis Sawyer 7
- (3) Horace Williams 8

COTTAGE NO. 10

Noah Ennis 2
 John Fausnett 6
 Jack Hainey 5
 James Hare 3
 Thomas King 4

- Harvey Ledford 2
 Leroy Lowry
 (8) Redmond Lowry 13
 (8) Thomas Wilson 15
 John Lee 4
 Harry Peake 8
 Edward Stutts 8
 Walter Sexton 5
 Jack Warren 9
 Torrence Ware 3
 Claude Weldy 9

COTTAGE NO. 11

- John Allison 5
 Harold Bryson 12
 William Bennett 11
 William Dixon 15
 William Furches 14
 (3) Ralph Fisher 4
 (18) Robert Goldsmith 18
 (2) Cecil Gray 11
 (3) Earl Hildreth 15
 (10) Broadus Moore 15
 (6) Monroe Searcy 13
 James Tyndall 15

COTTAGE NO. 12

- (3) Odell Almond 14
 (3) William Deaton 13
 (3) Treley Frankum 13
 (3) Woodrow Hager 12
 (3) Tillman Lyles 14
 (3) Clarence Mayton 12
 (3) Hercules Rose 13
 (3) Howard Sanders 16
 (3) Charles Simpson 14
 (3) Robah Sink 15
 (3) Norman Smith 14

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (9) James Brewer 15
 Thomas Fields 3

- (2) Charles Gaddy 10
 (2) Vincent Hawes 15
 (2) James Lane 11
 Jordan McIver 2
 (2) Randall D. Peeler 8
 Fred Rhodes

COTTAGE NO. 14

- Raymond Andrews 13
 (2) John Baker 15
 William Butler 9
 (5) Edward Carter 16
 Robert Deyton 15
 Leonard Dawn 4
 Henry Ennis 8
 (18) Audie Farthing 18
 (2) Troy Gilland 15
 (3) William Harding 4
 (9) Feldman Lane 15
 William Lane
 (8) Roy Mumford 11
 (8) Henry McGraw 13
 Charles McCoy 11
 (12) Norvell Murphy 15
 John Reep 8
 (4) James Roberson 6
 (5) John Robbins 14
 (3) Charles Steepleton 14
 (3) J. C. Willis 7

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (14) Jennings Britt 15
 (3) Aldine Duggins 7
 Brown Stanley 5
 (4) J. P. Sutton 14
 (5) Bennie Wilhelm 10

INDIAN COTTAGE

- Frank Chavis
 George Duncan 13
 (2) Roy Holmes 2
 (3) James Johnson 4

—:—

A free press is the protagonist and preserver of all rights, the foe and destroyer of all tyrannies. It insures every good cause a hearing, and every false doctrine a challenge. It is the servant of religion, philosophy, science, and art; the agent of truth, justice, and civilization. Possessing it, no people can be held in intellectual or political bondage; without it, none can be secure against any form of enslavement.—Charles C. Simons.

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APR 15 1941

CAROLINA ROOM

264
THE

UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., APRIL 12, 1941

No. 15

(c) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

CHRIST IS RISEN

Christ the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

He who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings,
Alleluia!

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act
of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

WHAT HAPPENED ON THE FIRST EASTER MORNING

In the early, early morning,
In the sweet and quiet hours,
When the stars are still a-shining,
And the dew is on the flowers;
In the first hush of the morning,
Do you see Him standing there,
With wound-prints in His holy hands,
And the glory on His hair?

I am glad there was a garden
In the place where Jesus died,
I am glad that it was Spring-time,
When the stone was rolled aside;
When the holy Seed of David
Rose in beauty from the sod,
And the angels told the story
Of the living Son of God.

—Selected.

GLORIOUS EASTER

Saddened nigh unto despair on that first Good Friday, the early Christians were privileged to arise on the Sunday following the crucifixion to learn of and behold the most glorious sight of Christendom.

This blessed happiness came, of course, first to the women who went to Joseph's new tomb. They approached the sepulchre with a heavy heart for they had seen their Savior's lifeless body placed therein, the victim of cruel and wicked hands and hearts. Their mission was the final tribute to the dead, the anointing of the body. But when these women left that tomb that morning they were de-

finitely the happiest women in history, for in it the angel had told them that Jesus was not dead but alive, even as He Himself had foretold.

With a rekindled faith all of Christ's followers could now once more face the foes of this faith, for they believed in a living Savior. The Resurrection of Jesus Christ is presented, therefore, as Christianity's greatest event. For what benefit would a dead Savior be? Even as St. Paul tells the Corinthians: "If Christ is not raised, your faith is in vain." The entire structure of the Christian faith rests upon this foundation, upon the exit of a living Christ from the grave. Not in Easter clothes and other passing fancies, but upon the conviction that the work of redemption is finished, a truth so undeniable that even Christ's enemies, the guards at the tomb, were forced to witness this glorious event.

And so that joyous Easter Morning has given us a message which brings comfort to the anguished, assurance to the doubting, enduring faith to the bewildered and unsettled, and great joy to the sad. Our Savior Lives!

* * * * *

THE EASTER SEAL

We have it on the authority of medical historians that physical incapacity and attempts to do something about it go back to the beginning of time. Deformity was prevalent among men of the Old Stone Age, some two hundred thousand years ago. It is said the bones of the caveman show that he suffered from arthritis, rickets, and kindred ailments. Evidence shows that bone injuries were restored by splints and casts made of clay.

Through the years scattered groups and organizations have used various devices of assisting the physical unfortunates, especially children, chief among them being the National Society for Crippled Children, with headquarters at Elyria, Ohio.

At first the movement was faced with a serious problem of finance. It was decided to create a graphic symbol in the form of a seal in order to publicize the work. The first seal appeared in 1934. It was a white cross in a red field, in the center of which was a youth on crutches. The first seal has now become so scarce that stamp collectors are paying a handsome sum for copies.

From the first crude design has developed the impressive seal for 1941, showing a crippled youngster enjoying outdoor life and making friends with animals. This design was drawn by the famous cartoonist, Donahey, of the "Cleveland Plain-Dealer." The Easter Seal has become traditional throughout the nation, and many millions are sold each year. From March 21 to April 13 will be conducted the current eighth annual sale.—Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * *

EFFECTIVE CRUSADE FOR HEALTH

There is not a subject in the universe that is as interesting as the customs and habits of the people of different nationalities. Their style of dress, architecture of homes along with furnishings, religion, government, also the health program followed, especially the one emphasized relative to the right nutrition for development of childhood.

People are more alert as to environment and influence exerted over the youths of the land than in previous years. We feel that the health departments throughout the states have made people health conscious by a close contact with local health units. In this manner the gospel of good health is radiated and, with exceptions, of course, there is a universal desire for a sound mind within a sound body. We never hear the radio slogan, "Life is swell if you keep well" without feeling like saying in the words of the good old brother of yesteryear, "Amen!"

The departments of home economics in the high schools throughout the nation have also been the means of giving members of homes, who previously were filled but not properly nourished, the value of a well-balanced meal. Moreover, the radio broadcast as to the best cereal to start off the day has contributed enormously toward making people vitamin conscious.

The health crusade program is made more complete by news items pertinent to local and foreign interests in building a stronger physique, which are printed in periodical of all kinds. Lately we read an illuminating article about some of the practices of the Belgians. This quotation—"The first morning exercise of thousands of Belgian school children is to eat a raw carrot; first aid in

vitamin education"—shows the Belgian parents or others in authority know the value of different foods and emphasize the same. This is a tip, so to speak, to our own people.

The old adage, "as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined", continues to hold true. If our youngsters were taught in the homes and schools values of certain foods, there would be less need for drugs. If in this country, carrots and other raw vegetables, along with fruits, were substituted for soft drinks, sweet pastries and the like, taken to fill up and not as a nourishment, there would be a much stronger manhood and womanhood to meet the demands of any national emergency.

However, we are cognizant of the fact that the leaders of the nation and state, in the crusade for healthy and strong children, have made the masses at large vitamin conscious.

* * * * *

Have you ever tried something real hard, and failed? A few failures that hurt may really benefit you by bettering your judgment, perseverance, and modesty. Too many successes are bad for anybody, because they make a person conceited, over-confident, and careless.

All of us fail now and then. If we learn through these failures, resolving not to repeat them, and striving just that much harder for success, they will really be good for us, even if they are unpleasant at the time.

The important thing is not to let a failure crush or discourage you. Instead of brooding about it, try to figure out just why you were not successful. Thus certain weaknesses will be revealed, and you can set about correction them. A person never really fails until he shows himself to be too stupid or too stubborn to learn from his failures.—Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * *

Though the Seventh Day Adventists are convinced pacifists, they have organized a Medical Cadet Corps in their colleges throughout the land. President H. H. Hamilton of Southwestern Junior College, Keene, Texas, explained that their sect did not claim ex-

emption from the Selective Service Law. Said he: "We are not conscientious objectors. We are noncombatants." These Adventist students, under the direction of Dr. E. N. Dick of Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska, now number over 4,000 in training for first-aid medical work, for national service. The Cadet Corps owes its origin to the unpleasant experience of the Seventh Day Adventists, who "were mistreated during the World War because they refused to bear arms."

* * * * *

While in conversation about child welfare with a local woman, she made this remark: "This work of saving childhood is the work of love, and we all know the world is dying for the want of love." This precious old soul was more of a prophetess than she realized when she said the "world was dying for love." If we throw the searchlight over into the war-stricken countries and then over our own land, and see the lack of reverence for His word, we will agree that the "world is dying because of the want of love." Our activities are indicative of the trend of mind and desire of the heart.

* * * * *

From reports of casualties on highways in North Carolina last year, 2,500 people were either maimed or killed. That many people would make an interesting village. With the increase of highway traffic, the casualties also increase.



EASTER FESTIVAL OF ANCIENT PAGAN ORIGIN UNIVERSALLY OBSERVED

(The Pathfinder)

Observance of the Easter festival serves to untie and bind the present more firmly with the past. Indeed, Easter is the most universally observed and most firmly established of all festivals. Easter, the world over, has one general meaning—resurrection, that is, it represents rebirth or the revival of life. Christian nations of today celebrate it in memory of the resurrection of Christ from the dead; others, continuing the custom of past ages, still celebrate it as the beginning or rebirth of the growing season.

Thus we find that like many of our special days Easter is distinctly of pagan origin. Long before the Crucifixion savage tribes had celebrated an Easter of sorts through festivals held to greet the return of the growing season. A fete similar to our modern Easter appears to have been instituted in the honor of the Roman goddess Flora and held each spring. Ancient Athenians celebrated the awakening of the earth and return of blossoming time with piping, singing, dancing and processions to the Acropolis which was profusely decorated with flowers for the occasion. The word Easter is derived from the name of the Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring which was Ostara or Eostre.

Then, as now, it was the awakening time; time to throw off the old and put on the new. In olden times there was a belief that it was very lucky to begin or start anything new

at Easter time. Even the fires were put out on Easter Eve in order that they might be kindled anew on Easter morning to assure luck to the household for the coming year. There was also an old superstition dear to princess and peasant maid alike that to wear a new garment on Easter Day brought the wearer the best of luck. That old tradition has been handed down through the years and is reflected in the modern custom of every one who can afford it dressing up in their newest and best and mingling with the throngs celebrating the occasion.

Although the Christians took over this feast of heathendom in the fourth century of the present era and gave it their own meaning and interpretation they kept many of its symbols including the Easter egg, Easter bunny and the Easter lily. The Romans recognized the egg as a symbol of life and there are many traditions connected with it. One legend relates that a little bird perched above the tomb of Christ and sang a beautiful lay during the three-day period preceding the resurrection. As a reward for this devotion its eggs were ever afterward colored. Egg rolling is an old custom presumed to have originated in the rural sections through a belief that the land over which these symbols of fertility were rolled would itself become fertile and productive.

Even while Paris was under Roman control the children are said to have

rolled eggs down the sides of Sainte Genevieve under the watchful eyes of the Roman guards. Frankish and Norman boys went about at Easter time "nicking" eggs for keeps with the Gallo-Roman lads. In the palaces of the French kings where the fete was a splendid affair everyone from the princes down to the lowliest kitchen-boy had eggs to "nick." In Scotland the lads and lassies hurried forth early on Easter morn to scour the moors for wild fowl eggs—their future luck and fortune depending on the number of eggs discovered. Persians are credited with the custom of giving the colored eggs as gifts.

The Romans also recognized the rabbit as an emblem or symbol of fertility. And since most of the traditions connected with the Easter fete also had a connection with the moon, the habit of the rabbit feeding chiefly at night bound the animal closer to the festival. Like the egg, the lily bulb contains the germ of life within itself and is capable of rapid development thus causing it to become an emblem of spring. Today it is our chief Easter decoration.

Easter now has become the chief festival of the Christian world and in our own country Easter is the one Sunday when the majority of Americans may be expected to put aside everything else and attend church. Not even Christmas, unless it happens to fall on Sunday, can match Easter for church attendance. It is the day when church pews are sure to be filled and in the more prominent churches it is not unusual to have to provide extra seats to accommodate the crowds. Back-sliders, stay-at-homes and those with no church affiliations at all

mingle with the steadiest of churchgoers. On this special occasion churches of all creeds seek to outdo each other in the splendor and richness of their services.

One of the more modern trends of American worship—the most impressive of all—is the hilltop watch and sunrise service. Within the past few years these groups have grown from a few throngs of hundreds to many gatherings of thousands and tens of thousands. From the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific the watchers gather on the hill and mountain sides, mesas, in the great stadiums, city parks and along lake shores to watch the dawning of Easter morn. Each year thousands of persons make a night motor trip to the summit of Mt. Helix, 20 miles east of San Diego, Cal., to attend Easter sunrise service. The amphitheater is one of the largest in the world. Of stone and concrete it seats thousands of persons and is really a marvelous sight. A winding but good road conquers the 1,380-foot elevation.

More than 40,000 usually turn out at the famous Hollywood Bowl in California and nearly as many await the sunrise on the slope of Mt. Davidson near San Francisco. Great crowds gather at Eagle Rock and Mt. Rubidoux, in the hills of New Jersey and New England. Many thousands from the capital city and all parts of the country fill the great amphitheater in Arlington Cemetery for sunrise services.

Perhaps the most picturesque of all these sunrise affairs is that held in the Garden of the Gods near Colorado Springs. Here among the colored stone formations where the Indians

once worshiped Manitou, the Great Spirit, Easter services of the white man are now held. They are attended by residents from miles around and also attract many visitors from other states. But the strangest of all the American Easter observances is to be found in Arizona with the Yaqui Indians. Throughout the night in

weird make-up they dance by the light of flaring torches and to the music of crude drums and rock-filled gourds. At dawn the dance ends and a goat's head, the emblem of evil, is borne forth to be burned—and thus relieved of that influence they are ready to start another year.

—:—

THE CLOSING DOOR

Tomorrow, ah, tomorrow,
 The good we think to do,
 The hearts we'll rob of sorrow,
 The roses we shall strew.
 And while we wait and contemplate
 Our brood of golden plans,
 The swift day dies, and darkened skies
 Reprove our idle hands.
 Tomorrow, ah, tomorrow!
 Oh, friend, be wise, I pray.
 This world, so full of sorrow,
 Needs all your lips can say
 Of comforts sweet and actions meet
 To help it on its way.
 Oh, speak before a fast-closed door
 Shall mock you. Act today!

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

LIVE-AT-HOME FARMING

By Dr. John R. Hutcheson

While it is true that a certain amount of cash is necessary for the farmer and farm woman for the purchase of things that cannot be raised on the farm, such as staple groceries, clothes, education, etc., it is equally true that practically every farm owner or operator spends money for things that can be raised on the farm, or in the orchard or garden. A live-at-home campaign has been one of the objectives . . . for the last few years and has been a means of saving money for farmers and housekeepers in some sections of the state, but there are still entirely too many farm folks who are paying out good money for necessities, and even luxuries, they can raise at home they will only give a little time and thought to it.

During the last quarter of a century the business of farming has become increasingly speculative. To the old hazards of insect pests, diseases, and weather have been added the hazards of foreign trade, monetary policies, and regulation of production by industry and labor. Farming is particularly speculative this year, due to the wars in Europe and

Asia, and already our markets for tobacco and fruits have been seriously affected.

Due to these many factors, at planting time this year few of our farmers have any idea what their crops will bring at harvest. Therefore, farmers who depend upon the money received from the sale of one or two crops to purchase food for the family or feed for the livestock may find themselves next fall without sufficient funds for such purposes. Such a condition would result in malnutrition, inefficiency and unhappiness. Members of such families will either go in debt, go on relief, or go hungry.

However, this is a condition which most farmers can prevent if they plan intelligently. Even on very small farms there is enough land for a good garden, a small flock of poultry, two cows, and three hogs. Larger farms can produce fruits, the family bread supply, and ample hay and pasture for livestock. Although our farmers may have a small share of the national wealth, it is within their power to have the largest share of the national health.

TRUE VALUES

To have faith in the dignity and worth of the individual man, to believe that it is better to be governed by persuasion than by coercion, to believe that fraternal goodwill is more worthy than a selfish and contentious spirit, to believe that in the long run all values are inseparable from the love of truth and the disinterested search of it, to believe that knowledge and the power it confers should be used to promote the welfare and happiness of all men—these are the values which are affirmed by the traditional ideology; they are the values which men have commonly employed to measure the advance of civilization; the values which men have celebrated in the saints and the sages.

—Carl Becker.

YOUNG MAN OF NAZARETH

By M. E. Anstadt

Marcus gave a vicious rub to the surface of the shield he was polishing and then flung the cloth into a far corner of the barracks room. He scowled as he heard footsteps on the stairway from the upper court. If that was that contemptible captain again, he'd—But, no; it was Julius! Marcus' scowl changed to a sheepish grin.

"Hello, you young ruffian," Julius teased, and flung his unbuckled sword onto a chair in the room.

Marcus watched the man admiringly. No casual observer would have dreamed that these two were such fast friends, for Julius was fully ten years older than Marcus. He was a big, burly man, with the marks of his twenty-five years in the Roman army graven unmistakably on his face; while Marcus had the face of a dreamer, almost a boyish face. But beneath his gruff exterior Julius was a kindly, sympathetic man who long ago had taken an interest in Marcus and who looked out for "the boy," as he called him. He knew better than anyone else in the garrison how alien to Marcus' real nature this military duty was. He had been kind to the younger man when they were both new at the Jerusalem garrison, and Marcus had confided to him the story of how he had been forced by his blacksmith father into a term as a soldier of the emperor. His father had wanted Marcus to follow him in the blacksmith's trade. He admired brawn and muscular power above anything else. When Marcus was a young lad, he

had timidly asked if he could continue his schooling in the class of one of the leading philosophers of that day. His father had been furious.

"Books and learning are for rich men's sons or for those who are effeminate," he had thundered. "You must be a man, no pale scholar or poet. You must learn to work for your bread, as I always have."

Marcus had given up his pleas at that time, for he saw how useless it was to argue when his father was in such a temper. He had never given up his dreams, however, and one day when he saw his chance, he had run away, in hopes of reaching the villa of Aurelius, a famous teacher who lived fifty miles away on the road to Rome. All day long he had trudged along the dusty road. When dusk fell and a full moon began to rise over the horizon, Marcus sat down on a grassy bank near the road to munch a bread crust he had taken with him and to rest for a short time. He was very weary, for he had walked for hours in the blazing sun. The grass felt cool as he rested his head against it for a minute. Before he knew it he was fast asleep. How long he slept there Marcus never found out, but the next thing he knew he was rudely shaken and his father was pushing him down the bank to a cart in the road.

"Wake up, you young fool!" his father shouted. "Thought you would trick me, didn't you? But you didn't, and I'll settle your fate now. No one shall say that Cuspius, the blacksmith,

has a poet or a runaway for a son. I'll make a real man of you yet."

Marcus was shoved into the cart and his father drove on toward Rome. The boy was too dazed and frightened to ask where they were going, but as it was beginning to dawn and the towers of the city were just ahead of them, Cuspius at last broke his angry silence.

"I'm taking you to the recruiting office for the army, boy, and when we get there if you know what's good for you, you'll sign the papers and do as you're told. Where they'll send you, I don't know! But one thing is sure: when you've been in that school for a few years all your girlish ideas of writing poetry and such nonsense will be knocked out of you."

So the lad of fifteen had been trained as a soldier of the emperor and for ten years had been stationed in the cohort that kept order in Palestine. It wasn't particularly hard duty, for except for occasional uprisings the Jews were then completely under the dominance of Rome. Marcus had developed physically from a slight lad into a broad-shouldered man, and he learned much of the hard ways of the world. But he still had something of the dreamer about him, and he still eagerly picked up any learning he could.

Now Julius sat down on a bench across from him and looked amusedly at Marcus' polished shield.

"Has he been after you again, boy?" he laughed. "What was it this time?"

Marcus shoved the shield away from him impatiently. "Why does that man keep after me so?" he asked. "There's no one else in the garrison who has so many menial jobs to do as I or who

gets so much criticism. Only this morning, at early inspection, he was coming down the line as he usually does, and when he came to me he stopped. My shield, it seems, wasn't bright enough to suit 'His Majesty,' and so I must polish it at once."

Julius looked toward the stairway. "Careful, Marcus, or someone will hear you calling the captain that. And then you will be in trouble! It isn't fair the way he picks on you, boy, but there's only one thing you can do about it—keep quiet and do as you're told. He must know how short a time you have in the service. Perhaps he's trying to annoy you into saying something rash, so your term will be extended."

Marcus adjusted the buckles of his open sandals, then started up the stairway. "If that's the trick, he's going to be sorely disappointed," he returned. "Should I serve sixteen years in the army and then spoil my chances of returning home to Italy within two weeks of the end of the term? Ah, no, not I! I'll stand for his bossing and tyranny without a word, if he's trying to annoy me into some rash act or speech. Then I'll soon be my own boss." He waved his hand in farewell to Julius and went out into the crowded Jerusalem street.

It was passover week and the city was full of pilgrims from all over the land. The Roman soldiers had been warned to be unusually careful, for when so many of the Jews were congregated in one place the authorities feared uprisings. Marcus had been assigned to a few hours' watch near the gate on the Bethany road, and he made his way through the

pushing throngs in the narrow city streets and took up his station, relieving another Roman soldier. He looked at the lines of Jewish pilgrims—old patriarchs with long, white beards, young lads quite evidently coming to their first Passover Feast as sons of the law, Hebrew women carrying rosy-cheeked babies, men and boys tugging to the ropes of the donkeys that were almost hidden under heavy packs of family belongings. Many of them looked footsore and weary. Children darted in and out among the procession, missing the animals' trampling feet by inches. Blind beggars sat in the dust along the road, and cried for alms in their habitual whine. Just beyond the gate three lepers crouched off to one side and called out, "Unclean! Unclean!" when anyone came too near to them. Far down the road a camel caravan wound its way slowly over the hill. Marcus watched the scene with interest. Although he had seen the same sight many times, there was a certain fascination about it for him. He traveled on to Jericho in imagination with that camel caravan. He watched the eager young boys coming with their parents to the city, and wondered how many of them would be trained under the Hebrew doctors of the law. Many were but a few years younger than he had been when he first entered the army. True, Marcus had the contempt that all Romans had for the Hebrew race, their vassals; but his dreamings and imaginings made him less critical of them than were most of the Roman garrison. Their mystic religion interested him. He had even read some of their teachings.

Suddenly a song caught his atten-

tion, a song that was heard above the din of the crowds just around him. Looking in the direction from which it came, Marcus saw a curious sight. Down the hill from the Mount of Olives came a long procession. Marcus shielded his eyes against the glare so that he might see more plainly what was going on. Nearer and nearer to the city they came and, as they approached, men and women from Jerusalem went out to join the crowd. As they drew nearer, Marcus could distinguish what they were singing. "Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," they sang; "Hosanna in the highest." All around him Marcus saw men and women running to see what was happening, and then joining in the acclaim. He tightened his grip on his spear. Perhaps this was the beginning of some sort of uprising. But the procession seemed peaceful enough. As they came closer Marcus could see that the people were pulling branches from the palm trees and flowers from beside the road and were casting them on the roadway for someone to walk over. Then he saw a tiny donkey in the center of the crowd. On the animal a young man was seated. Marcus had seen that face before. Where had it been? One did not soon forget a smile so kindly as the one on the face of that young Hebrew. As He rode along now, He accepted the acclaim of the throng with the most beautiful expression on His countenance that Marcus had ever seen. Then he remembered—it was the prophet from Nazareth, Jesus, who had been causing the Pharisees and Sadducees so much worry. Even then Marcus saw

several of the Pharisees withdrawn to one side, talking angrily and pointing and gesticulating toward the triumphant procession. Marcus moved nearer to them.

"Look, there He is again," one of them said excitedly, "and with a greater throng than ever praising Him and giving Him welcome as though He were king! The whole city will be singing His praises soon. And what can we do? Nothing that we ask Him has tricked Him yet. And His healings and teachings are winning more followers for Him every day."

Marcus remembered the first time he had seen that young prophet. He had had a few days' leave from active army duty the summer before last. Some of the soldiers had told him of the beauties of the Sea of Galilee; so it was there that Marcus had gone. He had spent hours wandering among the hills above the blue waters of the lake, and one day as he had sat on a rocky ledge, looking off into the distance and dreaming of his home, he had seen a vast throng following someone up into the hills. Curious, Marcus had unobtrusively joined the crowd and gone with them. Then he had heard this young prophet—the same prophet who was being so wildly acclaimed now—speak to the people. The lowliest peasant in the crowd had seemed to understand what this young man was telling them, yet Marcus had thought that it was one of the deepest and most beautiful philosophies he had ever heard. "Love your enemies," was one thing Jesus had said to the people that day. What a strange doctrine to teach in a day of wars and bitter hatreds and bloodshed! "Whosoever smiteth thee on

thy right cheek, turn to him the other also," As a soldier of the great Roman Caesar, Marcus was usually contemptuous of such sayings, but there was something strangely compelling about the young man. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust consume and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." Marcus had thought of the great possessions of the emperor—jewels, gold, silver, rich tapestries, marble palaces. And this carpenter of Palestine had discounted earthly possessions. Perhaps He was right, after all. At any rate, the sermon that Marcus had heard that day had made a deep impression on him. He had gone back to the garrison at Jerusalem and had told Julius of the young prophet, but Julius had not had much sympathy.

"You are interested in the teachings of one of these dogs of Jews?" he had asked in amazement. "Boy, have you taken leave of your senses?"

In vain Marcus had tried to point out that this Jesus was not like the other Hebrews; that there was something strange about Him that set Him apart from all the rest and that he, Marcus, had even forgotten during that sermon that the teacher was a Jew.

"Bah! You've turned soft!" Julius had said, disgusted. "You're a soldier in the army, boy; it's all right to have your dreams of schooling, if you've set your heart on that. But as for following one of the low-bred Jews—"

And Julius had persuaded him not to mention the matter to any of the rest of the soldiers. "You'd never hear the end of it, Marcus," he had

pleaded. "They'd make your life here wretched. Just forget about it."

But Marcus had never quite forgotten the appeal of those strange doctrines he had heard that day beside the Sea of Galilee, and now as he saw that same teacher welcomed as a king into Jerusalem, they all came back to him clearly. He had heard for the past two years of the disturbances this prophet from Nazareth was causing throughout the land. Was this entry into Jerusalem the beginning of a real disturbance now?

Marcus grabbed the arm of a Hebrew.

"Here, Jew," he commanded, "what does this mean? Why are the people singing to a king?"

"Jesus is our King," the man replied. "Has no one told you of the wonderful things He can do?"

Marcus shook his head. "You mean those wild tales of healings?" he asked. "I have heard rumors of that, but surely it is not true."

"True? Certainly it is true," the man replied, more and more excited. "Look at me, soldier. You don't know me, I know; but there are those in yonder crowd who know me well. For years I sat in Jericho and begged. I was blind; had never seen the light of day, or the blue of the sky, or the gold of the Temple dome, or the smile of a child. Then this Jesus passed along the road and touched my eyes—just touched them, mind you—and now I can see! And then you doubt that this man can heal? I will follow Him to the end of my earthly days and tell everyone I meet what He has done for me. Why, only a few months ago He brought back Lazarus, of Bethany, from the dead."

Marcus let go of his arm and stared

after the prophet. Could the man really perform miracles? What strange power did He have? Again Marcus felt the interest and compulsion he had that day in the hills of Galilee.

All afternoon he puzzled about it as he kept watch over the throngs of Temple pilgrims, and that evening he was so quiet that Julius questioned him.

"Are you ill, Marcus?" he asked. "What ails you? For the past hour you've scarcely spoken a word; just sat there dreaming."

"It's that Jesus, the prophet from Nazareth," Marcus explained. "Remember, I told you of His teachings once before? I saw Him again today, Julius. There's something about the man—"

Julius took him by the arm and led him up the stairway and out into an open court, for there were several soldiers in the room who had glanced in their direction at hearing the name "Jesus of Nazareth."

"Quiet, boy!" Julius cautioned. "Don't you know that name is known well around here? The authorities are fearful of riots among the Jews at this very feast because of the growing popularity of this man and the increasing hatred of the Temple sects for Him. If there is trouble and the men in the garrison hear you mentioning Jesus' name, they might think you were somehow connected with it. And any trouble now would mean a lengthening of your term of duty. If only you can keep out of disturbances for the next two weeks! When I hear that you are safely on that ship bound for Rome—only then will I breath easily!" Julius wiped his forehead. "And now you must

promise me not to go about talking freely of this prophet or of how wonderful you think His doctrines are. Our captain despises the Jews; you know that. Especially does he dislike their religious zeal. If he hears you say anything in favor of one of the Hebrew religious teachers—Well, that will be just the chance he has been looking for to get you into trouble.”

“But, Julius, today I spoke with a man who was healed by this Jesus—cured of blindness.”

Julius laughed. “Don’t be such a young fool,” he answered. “You know what liars these dogs of Jews are. Surely you didn’t believe the fellow, did you?”

“Well, I—he—” Marcus stammered.

“Bah!” Julius thundered. Why do I bother with a young fool who’ll listen to rascally Jews and believe anything they tell him? I should report your foolishness to the captain myself and see you cured of such notions. But I’ll give you another chance. Keep quiet and you’ll be all right. Otherwise I wash my hands of the whole matter,”

So, remembering his friend’s caution and looking forward to the trip home, Marcus said nothing more about Jesus, the young prophet from Nazareth. But several times in the next few days he saw Him on the streets of the city with His little band of disciples. Marcus thought he had never seen a sadder expression on anyone’s face. He heard a report, too, of the way Jesus had knocked over the tables of the money changers in the Temple court. That had created quite a stir among the Jews. Who would have thought that such a gentle-looking man could become so

angry? But Marcus didn’t blame Him. Everyone knew how evil and unjust the Temple money-dealers were.

But for the most part Marcus had scant time to think of Hebrew prophets and their doctrines and healings. The Pass-over season was one time in the year when the Roman rulers of Jerusalem were on guard even more than usual, lest the crowds of people in the city be roused to some rebellion. The soldiers were on duty for longer periods, and by Thursday they were weary from standing guard hour after hour. That evening, when Marcus returned to the barracks, he found that Julius had gotten there before him and was playing some game with two other soldiers, Antony and Gaius. They urged him to join them, but he shook his head.

“Rest for me!” he answered. “I’m dog-tired.” He took off his heavy metal helmet and laid it and his shield on a bench before sauntering over to watch the rest at their game. “I for one will be glad when this feast season is over.” He yawned and stretched.

“You may take it easy this night, boy,” Julius replied not taking his eyes from the game. “The people are celebrating the paschal supper. There’s scant chance of any trouble tonight. They’re all indoors in small companies and peaceable enough to suit any Roman overlord!”

“Then I’ll snatch some sleep while I may,” Marcus continued. “For the first time in two days I have enough time off from duty to get a good night’s rest.”

It was shortly after midnight when he heard some disturbance in the outer court. Marcus frowned at the

noise and turned over in his narrow bed. But the commotion grew even greater, and soon a heavily-booted sentry clumped down the stairs to the soldiers' quarters.

"Special duty!" he called. "Report at once to the captain in the outer court." Then he began a list of those chosen.

When his name was not called, Marcus breathed a sigh of relief and settled down in his bed.

"What's the trouble?" he murmured sleepily to Julius, across the room.

"Oh, some plagued Jews have got us out at this hour to arrest a man they accuse of sedition," he grumbled as he bent over to put on his sandals. "It could as well have waited till morning, I'll warrant. Sometimes I think these Jews just try to annoy us."

Marcus smiled to himself as Julius left the barracks. Good old Julius! He had the bark of a wild dog but the bite of the gentlest puppy! He didn't blame him this time, however, for being annoyed. These excitable Jews! Who would be stirring up any sedition the night of the Passover supper? Oh, well, Julius could tell him about it in the morning—and Marcus turned over to sleep again.

When he awakened early the next morning Julius had not yet returned to his bed. Marcus could hear cries from a crowd in the streets. He dressed hurriedly and was about to report at his post near the Bethany gate when the captain overtook him.

"Go at once to the palace of Herod and report to Agrippa, head of the guard there," he snapped at Marcus. "And hurry!" Before Marcus could even assent the captain had gone.

Something surely had happened, or

was happening now, Marcus thought. As he turned into the street leading to the palace he saw a huge crowd gathered before the judgment seat on the pavement. It was a disorderly crowd, a crowd of people who were calling and shouting something unintelligible to Marcus. Then, as he got closer he could distinguish what they were saying.

"Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" they shouted, milling about in the street. Then Pilate appeared before them.

"I find no fault in Him," he called to the people. "What has He done?"

Marcus reported to the officer near the south door of the palace, and was told to take up a position near the front of the building.

"There's a double guard there," the officer said, "in case these miserable Jews become troublesome and try to overrun the place."

His spear gripped firmly for any emergency, Marcus took his place in the line of soldiers who were keeping the mob clear of the palace.

"Whom do they want to crucify?" he asked the soldier nearest him.

"It's the prophet, Jesus," was his answer.

"Jesus, the Nazarene?" Marcus asked again, shocked. "What has He done?"

"These Jews say He has committed treason against Caesar," the soldier replied, pushing back a man who attempted to come too close.

Just then the cries of the throng grew louder than ever. Marcus glanced up at the balcony. Pilate stood there, and beside him was Jesus, the man who had entered Jerusalem in such glory only a few days ago.

Now He looked as though He had been tortured for hours.

At sight of Him the people redoubled their shouts, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" Marcus thought of their cries of praise to this same man. What could this teacher have done that was worthy of such a death? Why, crucifixion was the punishment reserved for the worst criminals, those who had committed the most dastardly of crimes. His eyes scanned the milling people before him. Here and there he saw Pharisees and other leaders of the Temple sects. They were scattered among the throng and seemed to be whispering, urging the rest to cry out for Jesus' death. Far back against another building Marcus saw the Jew from Jericho, the man who had told him how wonderful this Jesus was, the man who had been cured of blindness. At least, he didn't seem to be joining in the shouts of the rest. He stood there, silent and troubled. Where were the rest of Jesus' friends, Marcus wondered. Surely there must be some among such a crowd. But no one shouted praises now; all that could be heard was the almost monotonous cry, "Crucify Him!"

Pilate spoke again. "Which shall I release to you—Barabbas or Jesus?"

Marcus recognized that name. Barabbas was a robber, a murderer.

But the people shouted in unison, "Barabbas!"

"Then what shall I do with this Jesus?" Pilate cried, plainly troubled.

"Let Him be crucified!" they answered with more vehemence than ever.

What could Jesus have done to turn the people against Him in such a

short time? Marcus turned again to the rough soldier beside him.

"Was this Jesus the man arrested last night?" he questioned.

"Aye, He was. They took Him in the Garden of Gethsemane shortly after midnight, so I hear, and have tried Him before their own Sanhedrin. Now they want Pilate's sanction to their sentence of death. 'Twould be as well to agree to their demands and put a stop to this tumult."

Then that was the duty to which Julius had been called last night! Marcus was thankful that it was not he who had had such an arrest to make, but he had little time for meditation now. The mob on the street was growing more restless. They pushed against the line of Roman soldiers and shouted continually for the death of the prophet from Nazareth. Finally Pilate gave in to them, although he made it plain that in his judgment Jesus had done nothing worthy of such punishment. "I am innocent of the blood of this righteous man," he called out. "It is your responsibility." As he went back into his palace, Jesus was led away by the guard.

Although the crowd had now scattered somewhat, Marcus still had not been told to leave his post outside the palace; so he remained there and wondered what was going on within. He did not have long to wonder, for soon soldiers appeared with Jesus in their midst. On His head they had laid a crown of thorns and a thin stream of blood was trickling down His temple. Marcus marveled at the patience of the man, for all the Jews around the palace took up the cry, "Let Jesus be crucified!" the minute He appeared, and the soldiers mocked

Him as they shoved Him through the crowd. But Jesus, worn to the point of exhaustion, endured it all in silence. He seemed to Marcus to be far removed from all the taunts and scorn of Jew and Roman alike, a man with the true bearing of a king, even in such circumstances.

"Are they taking Hiim to His death already?" Marcus questioned the soldier next to him.

"Probably so the crucifixion will be completed before their sabbath," the man replied.

Marcus was tempted to tell him what he had heard Jesus teach and about the healings he had heard of, but at that moment he spied his friend Julius and remembered his promise to keep silent. Julius was one of the inner guard who had particular charge of the prisoner, although he did not seem to be mocking Jesus like the rest. He glanced once in Marcus' direction, but didn't see him. Slowly the procession passed down the street and out of sight, with a crowd trailing behind, and there was comparative quiet again at Herod's palace.

Back again at his post near the Bethany gate later that day, Marcus heard rumors of the crucifixion going on at Golgotha. Jews gathered in little groups near him. Marcus tried to listen to their conversations, but he could hear little that told much of a connected story. The Pharisees who passed by were jubilant.

"At last we shall be relieved of this upstart," he heard one man say as they stopped near him. "He was a blasphemer; He called Himself the Christ, the Son of God."

All day the people seemed tense

with some inner excitement. Or was it fear? Marcus wondered. Even the air was charged. Dark clouds gathered over the city, and during the afternoon the sun was completely hidden for a while. Marcus could not keep the thought of that cross on Golgotha out of his mind. What part had Julius had in it? Why had the Jewish populace turned against Jesus when they had been cheering His entry to the city only that week? What had become of all Jesus' disciples and friends, he wondered.

It was late that night before he had any answers to these questions. He and Julius had both been relieved of duty for the night, but there were many of their friends in the barracks and it was not till several hours had passed that Marcus managed to draw Julius aside in the central court of the garrison to ask him about all that had been happening. Before he spoke, Julius glanced around them to see that they were not overheard.

"Be careful what you say," he cautioned.

"I will," Marcus replied impatiently, "but tell me what has happened. Why did they arrest the man? What had He done? Were you with Him during His trials before the Jewish leaders?"

"One at a time, boy! One at a time!" Julius smiled and rested wearily beside a low stone parapet. He went on to tell of the arrest of Jesus in the garden, of how he had taken Him to Annas and then to Caiaphas, and finally to the early morning session of the Sanhedrin. "Pilate's assent to the death had to be obtained, of course," he finished, "so very early we continued to his palace. You saw the rest of the trial."

"But why?" Marcus insisted. "What has the man done?"

"Oh, boy, you know these dogs of Jews," Julius answered. "They are faithless in their zeal and waver from one loyalty to another. This teacher had been upsetting some of the tradition of the Temple sects. They hated Him, had tried to trick Him into some statement that might be interpreted as treason against Ceasar. You know that as well as I. You also saw how loath Pilate was to condemn the man, but what could he do with such a mob, crying for vengeance like a pack of mad dogs? He was doubtless afraid of what they might report to Rome.' He paused and leaned wearily against the stone wall. "But 'tis done, and though I wish I had no part in it, we had best forget it. Soon you'll be off to our homeland. I often wish I were going too. This soldiery often wears on me. Today's was a hard duty, though I've witnessed many a crucifixion. This was different, somehow. Even our centurion felt it. I've laughed at your pratings of the teachings and deeds of this prophet, Marcus, but now I'll confess that 'tis my firm

belief that these Jews have not heard the last of this gentle man whom they crucified today."

"Did you notice the earthquake? We who watched at the cross were frightened, and as the man died, our centurion said a strange thing. He murmured, 'Truly this was the Son of God.' The chief priests have an order from Pilate to set a guard at Jesus' tomb in Joseph's garden; but, mark my word, boy, no guard will be able to hold back the spirit and power of this Jesus." He smiled ruefully as he got up. "Listen to me!" he laughed. "I sound like you!"

About a week later, as Marcus stood at the rail of the ship that was slowly taking him away from the shores of Palestine, he remembered Julius' words.

"Aye, he was right," he said to himself. "No cross can kill that spirit of love and good will. Already there are rumors that Jesus has risen from that tomb, and His disciples have begun to come from their hiding places to teach His doctrines boldly. Who knows? Perhaps I shall live to see the day when those teachings will reach Rome and far beyond!"

IDLERS CAN'T BE HAPPY

A large part of the dissatisfaction and complaint of people comes from pure idleness. An idle brain is the devil's work shop. Thomas Jefferson once wrote a letter on the subject to his 15 year old daughter, and said:

"Of all the cankers of human happiness none corrodes with so silent yet so baneful an influence as indolence. Body and mind both unemployed, our being becomes a burden and every object about us loathsome, even the dearest. Idleness begets ennui, ennui the hypochondriac, and that a diseased body. No laborious person was every hysterical. Exercise and application produce order in our affairs, health of body and cheerfulness of mind and these make us precious to our friends. It is while we are young that the habit of industry is formed."

"A mind always employed is always happy. That is the true secret, the grand recipe for felicity. The idle are the only wretched."

—Beasley's Weekly.

WITH HARPS OF ONE STRING

By Ivan H. Hagedorn. S. T. D.

Nicolo Paganini, violin genius, used to play with frayed strings, hoping that one or more of them would break, so that he could display his skill on those remaining. It has so happened that many of the singers in our hymn-books originally had many strings upon their harps, from which they produced a flood of music. With the passing of the years, however, many of those strings broke, until at last there was left upon their harps only one string. But what music, what glorious music!

The one hymn associated with the name of John Bakewell (1721-1819) is "Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus."

Bakewell was local preacher under Wesley's jurisdiction, and from all accounts was an evangelist of great earnestness. Men tried to stop him from preaching, menacing him with threats and violence, but his prayers and eloquence overcame them and before they could do him damage they were converted and became his friends and helpers. His name, however, rests entirely upon his part in the writing of the hymn named. He lived to the great age of ninety-eight, doubtless putting his hand to many tasks, but the day that he wrote this hymn he performed his greatest work. His tombstone is near that of his friend, John Wesley, in City Road Chapel. His epitaph reads:

"Sacred to the memory of John Bakewell, late of Greenwich, who departed this life March 18, 1819, aged ninety-eight. He adorned the doctrine of God, our Saviour, eighty years and preached His

glorious Gospel about seventy years. 'The memory of the just is blessed.'"

His hospitable home opened its doors to Thomas Olivers, for it was here that Olivers wrote his famous lyric, "The God of Abraham, Praise."

Thomas Olivers (1725-1799) was also a singer on a harp of one string. Thomas Olivers was a diamond, but decidedly rough. As a youth he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but soon became dissolute in his habits. He was fired. One evening he saw a crowd flocking into a chapel, and from curiosity, he went in with the rest. There he was converted. He was a man of very scanty education, yet in a moment of inspiration gave the church one hymn of unique merit.—"The God of Abraham, Praise."

James Montgomery said of this hymn, "There is not in our language a lyric of more majestic style." The tune, "Leoni," to which the hymn is sung, was named after the priest who in a Jewish synagogue chanted a Hebrew doxology in the hearing of Olivers. This melody suited beautifully the words already singing themselves in the author's mind. It is fitting that today Thomas Olivers' grave joins that of John Wesley in the graveyard of City Road Chapel, for Wesley had no more devoted follower.

A hymn which forms a fitting climax to any service is the one written by Edward Perronet (1726-1792),—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

Music from a harp of one string, but what music! Bishop Foss has

said, "Perronet, a bird of a single song, but oh how sweet!" Theodore Cuyler said of this hymn, "It always stirs me like the sound of a trumpet." Edward Perronet wrote many hymns, but only one great hymn. "That one hymn is enough, for the man did not live in vain who taught the Christian Church its greatest Coronation Hymn." By common consent, this hymn is one of the greatest ever written. Alive with dramatic power, it portrays all people bringing homage to the Triumphant Christ.

Edward Perronet truly could never have written such a poem without an intimate love and undying loyalty to the Master he sought to honor. Indeed, his devotion to Christ is attested by Wesley himself. Once, facing a mob, he endured being "thrown down and rolled in mud and mire." He was a fitting son of the brave Huguenots, from whom he was descended.

Charles Wesley, in his diary, speaks of a journey made to London with his brother John and Edward Perronet, "We were in perils of robbers, who were abroad and had robbed many the night before. However, we commended ourselves to God, and rode over the heath, singing."

Perronet was buried in the cloisters of Canterbury Cathedral. His last words were,

"Glory to God in the height of
His divinity!

Glory to God in the depth of
His humanity!

Glory to God in His all-sufficiency!

Into His hand I commend my
spirit."

The tune, "Miles Lane," to which

his hymn is popularly sung in England, was composed by W. Shrubsole, when nineteen years of age. It takes its name from the chapel in Miles Lane, England, where Shrubsole was for many years organist. The tune, "Coronation," to which it is so popularly sung in this country is the composition of Oliver Holden, the carpenter-musician. It is a coincidence that this is the one tune by which he is everywhere known.

No other hymn has swept the chords of the human heart with a more hallowed hand than "Rock of Ages, Cleft for M" It was written by Augustus Toplady (1740-1778). John Wesley once referred to its author as a "chimney-sweep, with whom he would have nothing to do, lest he befoul his fingers, for he was too dirty a writer." Toplady, himself, was ready enough with vituperative words, which he was all too quick to fling back at Wesley. The lesson stands out clearly. Even the best of men can err in judgment. And how futile are words spoken with personal animosity!

God used a very humble and illiterate laymen in the conversion of Toplady. The day of his conversion was a red-letter day in his life. The text that the humble preacher used that day might well be written across the great hymn which we love so much—"But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ" (Ephesians 2: 13). "Rock of Ages" is a hymn which contains a text for every line. It is literally alive with Scripture.

The beloved Albert, Prince consort of Victoria, on his bed of sickness,

constantly repeated this hymn. "For," said he, "if in this hour I had only my worldly honors and dignity to depend on, I should be poor indeed."

The tune, "Toplady," is by Thomas Hastings. This remarkable man wrote six hundred hymns and composed more than a thousands hymn tunes and edited fifty volumes of music. His tunes, "Ortonville," "Retreat," and "Zion," are equally famous.

"Nearer My God to Thee" is the one accomplishment in the life of Sarah Flower Adams (1805-1848), which keeps her name fresh and green. Of this hymn, Mr. W. T. Stead, editor of the "Review of Reviews," who in 1911 published the volume, "Hymns That Have Helped," said: "It is as dear to the peasant as it is to the prince." Mr. Stead went down on the Titanic, and as that great palace of the sea sank beneath the surging waters, the band, under the leadership of Wallace H. Hartley, played this immortal hymn.

The very interesting thing about Mrs. Adams is that she was primarily interested in a theatrical career and took to writing only because her health forbade her a career on the stage. She little knew that the closing of this door set her upon the path which led to the doing of her greatest work.

The Bible has been the inspiration of much that we find in the libraries of the world. Mrs. Adams, profoundly impressed by the reading of the story of Jacob's vision, wrote this hymn. The tune, "Bethany," is by Lowell Mason, who is the dean of American church musicians. Other Mason tunes are "Missionary Hymn,"

"Olivet," "Laban." "Hamburg," and "Antioch."

"More Love to Thee, O Christ," by Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss (1818-1878) is the only string left on a harp whose strings originally numbered 123. Very early in life, this charming daughter of the saintly preacher, Dr. Edward Payson, began to contribute to magazines. In 1869, she wrote "Stepping Heavenward," of which more than 200,000 copies were sold in the United States alone. But even this volume of hers is scarcely ever picked up by anyone of this Her only hymn stands out from amongst all her other accomplishments.

Mrs. Prentiss never enjoyed a robust health. She was very fond of quoting,

"The love of Jesus, what it is
Only His sufferers know."

It would appear that the hymn, "More Love to Thee, O Christ," was written in a time of deep trouble, and only after ten years did she deign to show it to her husband, the Rev. George L. Prentiss, of the faculty of the Union Theological Seminary. Fortunately for us, he was no forgetful professor, and the slip of paper upon which the poem was written was carefully preserved and given to posterity. The hymn sprang into great popularity in the revival of 1870. Edmund S. Lorenz, in his volume, "The Singing Church," says: "It is not a substitute for Mrs. Adams' Nearer My God to Thee, but its complement." Duffield, in his "English Hymns," says: "It is no inapt companion to Dr. Ray Palmer's My Faith Looks Up to Thee."

GETTING THE BEST OF JEALOUSY

Clarence Edward Maratenev, in *Western Recorder*

One of the pleasant memories of my boyhood days is a visit that we used to make, my brother and I, about once every year to a farm that lay across the Ohio River. We would take the train down the river to another town, and there cross the river on a ferry boat. And what an adventure that was. They who cross the ocean for the first time get no greater thrill out of that first crossing than we did out of that ride on the ferry boat across the river. Then through the cool, beautiful glen for a mile or two; then the winding road up the side of the hills, until we came to the farm house. There everything in its humble simplicity aroused our interest and enthusiasm, from the livestock of the farmyard to the gastronomic triumphs of the kitchen and the pantry.

There were two dogs on the farm, "Shep" and "Brave," a fine shepherd and a mongrel close-skinned dog. They were boon companions and roamed the forests together. Together they hunted for groundhogs and rabbits, and together, with melancholy and dejected mien, they trod the treadmill of the dog-churn. The dogs were good friends; but if you put your hand down and patted one of them, immediately the bristles began to rise on the back of the other, and a warning growl proceed from his jaws. You were fortunate if a fierce battle did not ensue. Jealousy! Its empire extends from the brute creation to man, the prince of creation.

In the Song of Solomon it is written, "Jealousy is as cruel as the

grave. The coals thereof are the coals of fire." It is not Solomon, but a woman who is made to say that and she ought to know. To understand the force of this comparison of jealousy and the grave, walk with me through the grass aisles of the cemetery, and in musing meditation read the names and the dates that are graven on the tombs. Here is the grave of a man who lived to be almost a hundred years old; and here the grave of him who died at the Psalmist's allotted span, threescore and ten; and there the grave of one who died in middle life; and here the grave of a young man and yonder the tomb of an infant who "did but yesterday suspire."

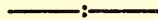
The grave lays its exactions upon all ages, all periods of moral life. These brief inscriptions tell the story of the life that here was rounded in a sleep. Some were men and some were women; some were rich; and some were ignorant; and some were learned; some were unknown and some were well known; some were vicious, perhaps criminal, and some were Christ-like and saintly in their lives; some died believing in Jesus and in hope of a blessed resurrection, and some died without faith and without hope. Thus we see that the grave takes in all classes and conditions. The cemetery is a cross section of humanity. Now we begin to see the truth and power of the comparison of jealousy preys upon all ages and sexes and kinds and conditions of men. Jealousy is as cruel as the grave!

Nor is the second comparison of the text any the less forceful. "The coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame." Many and fierce are the flames which leap out of the furnace of the heart of man. Vehement is the flame of lust, or hate, or pride, or scorn, or anger, or revenge; but most vehement of all scorching unto death every good thing that comes within its path, is the flame of jealousy.

The first crime that stained the history of the race was committed by a jealous man. "And Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground. And it came to pass in process of time that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground and offering unto the Lord. And Abel he also brought the firstlings of the flock. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offerings; but unto Cain

and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell at the saying. And it came to pass that when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother and slew him." The first inhumanity of man to man was wrought by jealousy. The first blow that man ever struck against man was the blow of a jealous man.

Alas! how many crimes since then it has committed; what eminent careers it has wrecked; what good causes it has hindered; what nations it has drenched with blood; what cities it has consumed with fire; what hopes it has blasted; what hearts it has broken, and what homes it has blighted with its withering curse. Yes, jealousy is as cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a more vehement flame.



HOLD FAST TO YOUR FRIENDS

We should never let a friend go out of our lives if we can possibly help it. If slights are given, let them be overlooked. If misunderstandings arise, let them quickly be set aright. Friendship is too rare and sacred a treasure to be thrown away lightly.

And yet many people are not careful to retain friends. Some lose them through inattention, failing to maintain those little amenities, courtesies, and kindnesses which cost so little, and yet are hooks of steel to grapple and hold our friends.

Some drop old friends for new ones. Some take offense easily at imagined slights, and ruthlessly cut the most sacred ties. Some become impatient of little faults, and discard even truest friends.

Some are incapable of any deep or permanent affection, and fly from friendship to friendship, like birds from bough to bough, but make no heart rest in any.

When we have once taken friends into our lives, we should cherish them as rarest jewels.—Highways of Happiness.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. J. L. Query and his group of youthful tonsorial artists have been giving all boys a neat hair-cut this week.

—:—

“Room Service,” an R-K-O production, was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture program in the auditorium, last Thursday night.

—:—

We are glad to note that Messrs. I. W. Wood and J. M. Scarboro, members of the School’s staff of workers, who have been ill for some time, are much improved in health and have resumed their regular duties.

—:—

The boys on part of our outside force have been bedding sweet potatoes for the past few days. More than one hundred bushels have been planted in beds, and we hope to have a large quantity of “slips” for setting out later.

—:—

James Patterson, of Cherryville, who left the School about five years ago, called at The Uplift office last Thursday afternoon. He was driving a large transfer truck, and since he had a load to deliver in this section, took off a few minutes to see old friends at the institution. “Pat” has been following this kind of work

practically ever since leaving us. He reported that he had had steady employment and was getting along very well. He is now twenty-three years old, and has developed into a fine young man.

—:—

The Sunday school hour last Sunday morning was largely taken up in grading classes. This occurs twice each year. As the boys are promoted in their regular school grades, they are placed in Sunday school classes corresponding with their grades in school.

—:—

The world-famous Black Hills Passion Play at the Charlotte Armory-Auditorium, from April 8th to 12th, has been attracting large crowds. Many of the School’s staff of workers have been in attendance and are highly praising the cast of more than one hundred players, featuring Josef Meier, who has been taking the part of Christ for many years.

—:—

Reports coming from the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, concerning the condition of Clifford Lane, one of our boys, who has been a patient there for some time, are that his condition is quite satisfactory.

Some time ago, while hauling gravel, Clifford had the misfortune to fall behind his team, which started up, causing the wagon wheels to pass

over his leg, resulting in a serious injury. The latest report from the hospital states that the lad will have a good walking leg upon being discharged.

—:—

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending March 31, 1941, as follows:

First Grade—James Roberson, most improvement; Second Grade—Charles Widener and Lewis B. Sawyer, best in arithmetic; Third Grade—Robert Goldsmith and John Maples, highest general average; Fourth Grade—William Nelson and Oakley Walker, greatest improvement in arithmetic; Fifth Grade—James Puckett and Robah Sink, best in writing; Sixth Grade—Joseph Christine and Thomas Fields, best in map drawing; Seventh Grade—Jack Mathis and Mack McQuaigue, best in English.

—:—

Eugene Presnell, formerly a house boy at Cottage No. 9, who left the School a little more than a year ago, called on us last Tuesday. He has been in a C C C Camp for some time, where he is employed as company cook. He seems to like this kind of work, as his visit here was for the purpose of obtaining a recommendation as to his record while here, especially his ability as a cook, as he is trying to secure a position as such in the government hospital at Fort Bragg. Mrs. Simpson, his former matron, stated that Eugene was

one of the most reliable house boys she had had in many years.

Quite a number of our boys who have received training in house work while here, have been able to get cooking jobs in various C C C camps, which entitles them to \$15 per month more than the wages received by the regular enrollees.

—:—

Last Saturday, we received another letter from Caleb Hill, one of our old boys, who has been an enrollee in a C C C Camp in Yosemite National Park, located in California, for the past eighteen months. He writes that after being snowed in practically all winter, the roads through the park are now open and the boys are getting ready for Spring activities.

Accompanying the letter were several fine photographs (Caleb's own work) taken in the park, and a copy of "The Wawona Wolverine," a very neat four page monthly paper, published by Company 487, Camp N. P. 21, Wawona, California. Turning to the editorial page we noticed the names of those comprising the journalism class of the company, and that Caleb was listed as staff photographer.

This fine little paper is a credit to the class and we are grateful to our friend, Caleb, for his kindness in mailing us a copy.

—:—

Rev. F. W. Kiker, pastor of Mount Olivet Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. He

was accompanied by Edward Fink, a nine-year-old boy, who rendered a vocal solo, "Lord, I Want To Be A Christian," in a most pleasing manner. Led by Bruce Hawkins, of Cottage No. 3, our boys then recited the 100th Psalm.

As a text for his message to the boys, Rev. Mr. Kiker selected Psalm 104:18—"The high hills are a refuge for for the wild goats."

High hills are a refuge for all wild animals and birds, said the speaker. Take wild mountain goats, for instance. They are not content to walk where others travel in safety, but like to get as close to danger as possible, and then try to escape the danger. They are not afraid, for God has planted no fear in the nature of this animal.

When the goat is attacked by an enemy, he always starts for a higher place. He never selects a low place. This would be a very fine suggestion for men to follow, continued the speaker. When we are tempted we should look to the high places and thus lose our tempter. The highest place of safety to which we may go is to look up to God, a higher plane than is occupied by one who tempts us to do evil. Just as an eagle, seeing a storm approaching, soars above the storm, so must we rise above the tempter.

Rev. Mr. Kiker then told the story of an aviator who heard a strange noise in his plane. Upon investiga-

tion he found that it was made by a mouse, and knew that the mouse could easily cut some very important delicate wires, and send him crashing to earth. In his studies during training period he had learned that a mouse could not live above a certain altitude, so he climbed higher. The noise ceased finally and he knew the mouse was dead and that it would be safe for him to descend.

The speaker then told the story of a man who found an eagle's nest. He removed one egg from the nest and took it home with him, and placed it under a hen. When the egg hatched, the little eaglet did not develop as an eagle should. It did not seem to know that it had wings. The man tried on several occasions to get it to fly, but with no success. Finally, he took the young eagle to the top of the highest mountain peak in that part of the country and turned it loose. The eagle stood on the edge for a few minutes, gazing out into the great space, high above the clouds, and then simply spread its wings and soared aloft. He had found himself.

Rev Mr. Kiker concluded by telling the boys that, like the young eagle, they must find themselves—seek their proper place in life, and then do their best. He appealed to them, urging that they lift their eyes to the highest and best of the hills of God and to the teachings of Jesus Christ.

Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform what we promise, and really to be just what we would seem and appear to be.—Tillotson.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 6, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (5) Herschell Allen 5
- (3) Carl Barrier 3
- (15) William Drye 17
- (8) Homer Head 16
- (19) Frank May 19
- (7) Weaver Ruff 13
- (19) William Shannon 19
- (19) Weldon Warren 19
- (2) James Williams 2

COTTAGE NO. 1

- (3) James Bargesser 8
- (3) N. A. Bennett 10
- Lacy Burleson 3
- Lloyd Callahan 9
- Everett Case 8
- John Davis 9
- (2) Ralph Harris 9
- (2) Carl Hooker 4
- (6) Burman Keller 14
- (4) H. C. Pope 10
- Kenneth Tipton 10
- (2) Everett Watts 17

COTTAGE NO. 2

- (3) Charles Chapman 5
- Jack Cline 5
- (7) Thomas Hooks 15
- (17) Edward Johnson 18
- Ralph Kistler 6
- (15) Donald McFee 17
- Donald Newman 7

COTTAGE NO. 3

- (2) Lewis Baker 12
- Grover Beaver 6
- (2) David Hensley 8
- (2) Robert Maples 18
- Robert Quick 6
- (2) Louis Williams 16
- (2) Jerome Wiggins 14

COTTAGE NO. 4

- William Cherry 6
- Leo Hamilton 9
- John Jackson 9
- Hugh Kennedy 13
- J. W. McRorrie 8
- William Morgan 8

- George Newman 8
- George Speer 6
- Thomas Yates 9

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (6) Theodore Bowles 18
- (5) Junior Bordeaux 16
- (5) Collett Cantor 15
- (2) Robert Dellinger 5
- (4) Ivey Lunsford 11
- Mack McQuaigue 12
- (5) Fred Tolbert 10
- (4) Hubert Walker 16
- (8) Dewey Ware 18

COTTAGE NO. 6

- Elgin Atwood
- Fred Holland
- Earl Hoyle
- (5) Leonard Jacobs 11
- John Maples 5
- James Parker 2
- Charles Pitman
- Jesse Peavy 3
- Hubert Smith
- Reitzel Southern 3
- (6) Carl Ward 8
- William Wilson 5
- Woodrow Wilson 9
- (2) George Wilhite 4
- James C. Wiggins 2

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (3) Kenneth Atwood 8
- John H. Averitte 17
- (2) Edward Batten 8
- (14) Cleasper Beasley 18
- (2) Henry Butler 14
- Donald Earnhardt 16
- Richard Halker 9
- J. B. Hensley 2
- Hilton Hornsby
- Lyman Johnson 15
- Arnold McHone 17
- Carl Ray 12
- Loy Stines 8
- Alex Weathers 11

COTTAGE NO. 8

- (2) Cecil Bennett 7

Clifton Brewer 2
 Jack Hamilton 7
 E. L. Taylor 4

COTTAGE NO. 9

- Percy Capps 10
- (5) David Cunningham 18
- James Davis 4
- (2) Eugene Dyson 6
- Edgar Hedgepeth 6
- (2) Mark Jones 12
- Voillie McCall 8
- (4) William Nelson 15
- James Ruff 14
- (4) Lewis Sawyer 8
- (4) Horace Williams 9

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (2) John Allison 6
- (2) Harold Bryson 13
- (2) William Dixon 16
- (2) William Furches 15
- (19) Robert Goldsmith 19
- (3) Cecil Gray 12
- (4) Earl Hildreth 16
- Edward Murray 3
- (11) Broadus Moore 16
- (7) Monroe Searcy 14
- (2) James Tyndall 16

COTTAGE NO. 12

- (4) Odell Almond 15
- Jay Brannock 4
- William Broadwell 9
- Ernest Brewer 11
- (4) Treley Frankum 14
- (4) Woodrow Hager 13
- Eugene Heaffner 11
- Charles Hastings 10
- (4) Tillman Lyles 15
- James Mondie 10
- James Puckett 6
- (4) Hercules Rose 14
- (4) Howard Sanders 17
- Jesse Smith 9
- (4) Norman Smith 15
- Charles Simpson 15
- George Tolson 13
- Carl Tyndall 10

Eugene Watts 7
 J. R. Whitman 13

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (10) James Brewer 16
- Kenneth Brooks 4
- (3) Charles Gaddy 11
- (3) Vincent Hawes 17
- (3) James Lane 12
- (2) Jordan McIver 3
- (2) Fred Rhodes 2

COTTAGE NO. 14

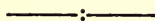
- (2) Raymond Andrews 14
- (3) John Baker 16
- (2) William Butler 10
- (6) Edward Carter 17
- Mack Coggins 15
- (2) Robert Deyton 16
- (2) Leonard Dawn 5
- (19) Audie Farthing 19
- (3) Troy Gilland 16
- John Hamm 15
- (4) William Harding 5
- Marvin King 8
- (2) William Lane 2
- (9) Roy Mumford 12
- (9) Henry McGraw 14
- (2) Charles McCoy 12
- (13) Norvell Murphy 16
- (2) John Reep 9
- (5) James Roberson 7
- (4) Charles Steepleton 15
- (4) J. C. Willis 8
- Jack West 10

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (15) Jennings Britt 15
- (2) Brown Stanley 6
- (5) J. P. Sutton 15
- (6) Bennie Wilhelm 11

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (2) Frank Chavis 2
- (2) George Duncan 14
- (3) Roy Helms 3
- (4) James Johnson 5
- Harvey Ledford 3
- John T. Lowry 10
- Redmond Lowry 14
- Varcie Oxendine 2
- Thomas Wilson 16



Laws can never take the place of character-building.

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APR 21 1941

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., APRIL 19, 1941

NO. 16

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LADY APRIL

April is a lovely lady,
Blue and gold and amethyst;
Wears a gown of peach blown satin,
Queen Anne's Lace at throat and waist;
Dancing feet in emerald slippers,
Dewdrops in her pansy eyes,
Looking out upon the morning
In a maze of glad surprise;
Spangles on her dainty fingers,
Bluebells on her silken hair,
Oh, when April comes to visit
I forget my every care.

By Buena Sowell

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

A HOME

It's time that I should mend my ways,
And look ahead to better days,
To writ, to sing, to laugh and play,
The years roll by, I can't delay.

Now youth has passed my oats are sown,
My heart is yearning for a home.
With all my treasures gathered near,
A woman's love to calm each fear

To climb life's ladder, rung by rung,
To write the songs my heart has sung.
By my small fire I'll sit and gaze,
Destroy my past within the blaze.

I will succeed, to have a home,
To love, to dream, to write alone,
The songs that for so many years,
Have filled my heart with joy and tears.

I won't give in, there still is time,
To gain the things that should be mine.

At last I see a light ahead,
No more my friends will feel the dread,
Of watching me in sad dismay,
Accumulating wrongs each day.

To see new hope, success to gain,
My hearts light and free from shame.
No constant fear that I'm alone,
A loving wife, my song's a home.

—Bordis in The Periscope

—:—

HIGHWAYS ARE DANGEROUS

There are times when news items coming to this office, marked

"For Release," seem to be useless, and they are consigned to the waste-basket, but the ones sent out by Ronald Hocutt, Director of the Highway Safety Division are really worthwhile, because they tell a story of careless driving, the direct cause of casualties on the highways. This quotation. "Distance lends horror, too. The killing of civilians in England seems horrible, yet our automobiles are twice as deadly as Hitler's bombers," tells with great emphasis just what Robert Quillen thinks as to the dangers of the highways.

There was a time when the killing of one person in any place would shock the entire community, but today we take little notice of it unless the tragedy brings personal sorrow. With a hope of making highways safe for all who traverse them, we are publishing this item sent out by Mr. Hocutt, telling of late casualties. His message should make all autoists more considerate of their fellow travelers, therefore, more careful as drivers of vehicles of all kinds. Read:

North Carolina lost fourteen of its future citizens last month when four girls and ten boys under 16 years of age met untimely deaths under the wheels of trucks and automobiles, it was reported this week by the Highway Safety Division.

Five of these boys and girls were on foot, three were on bicycles, one was on a school bus, and five were in automobiles.

Last months youthful traffic victims in North Carolina included:

Two boys riding a bicycle on the highway at night without a light.

A 14-year old boy, weaving and zig-sagging in traffic on his bicycle.

One five-year-old child who fell out of a car when she leaned on the door handle and the door flew open.

A seven-year-old boy, who ran from behind a parked car into the path of a truck.

A three-year-old girl who was playing on the highway.

An 11-year-old boy who was taking a driving lesson from a 16-year-old boy and stepped on the gas instead of the brake when the car started to run off the road.

And a five-year-old boy who started across the street without looking.

Traffic victims in the state during the first three months of this

year included 11 boys and girls from 10 to 14 years of age, 12 children from five to nine years old, and six children under five years of age. Fifteen of the twenty-nine were on foot and six were on bicycles.

"I urgently plead with North Carolina motorists to be unusually alert and cautious when they see children ahead of them on foot or on bicycles, and I plead with North Carolina parents to do everything in their power to make their children safety-conscious and careful," said Ronald Hocutt, director of the Highway Safety Division.

"We must stop this slaughter of the innocents."

* * * * *

BE STEADFAST

The study of human life presents a most varied and interesting story. There is an old saying that "it takes all kinds of people to make the world," and we could accentuate the age-old expression by saying an interesting world. We meet attractive personalities and there are others who are negative. The latter neither attract nor repel. They are in the class of nonentities. In the course of life strong characters warm up with a steadfast purpose that inspires all who pass their way, to nobler ideals.

In the words of Shakespeare, one of the greatest writers known to the world, we quote: "The world is a stage and people are actors thereon." This drama with its varied cast depicts some phase of life peculiar to every race and creed. In this picture of actors of all classes, either on the stage, in the home, in business, in the professions or elsewhere, the character that is most outstanding is the one that has the highest ideals from a humanitarian standpoint, and remains steadfast unto the end.

The world has a surplus of starters, but few finishers. It would be difficult to place our finger upon the cause of this nation-wide tragedy, but in every strata of society such conditions do exist. The personality who flits around for a more glamorous life or for commercial reasons does not leave a lasting memory.

On the other hand, the man or woman who has as a goal the relief of suffering humanity, as did Madame Currie; or as Edison had for the progress of civilization; or was obsessed with the vision of

a Moody, the great evangelist; write a history that can never be erased. It matters not whether one's interest is local or wide-spread. If the goal is reached there will be left footprints upon the sands of time that can never be obliterated. Any person of any grade or class, with an ambition for greater achievements, will most certainly win out if there exists the spirit to remain steadfast unto the end. The individuals who make the most lasting impression and who exert an influence for good, are those with the love of service in their hearts, and who continue till the work is finished.

* * * * *

STAY IN SCHOOL

"Stay in school," is the answer of Dr. John Ward Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education, to high school and college students who are asking how they can be of greatest assistance to their country.

In a letter to Dr. Levering Tyson, president of Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa. Dr. Studebaker says there can be but one answer to the question:

"Stay in school! Continue the normal course of your education. Await the call to specialized service in whatever capacity the government may direct. Become better trained to render service when the call comes. Certainly the problems to be solved in the days ahead will call for every bit of trained intelligence and sacrificial service which this nation can muster. It would be short-sighted indeed, if in the emotional exaltation of the moment you should interrupt your preparation for service. Devote yourselves therefore, with even greater vigor, to your present tasks."

Dr. Studebaker's letter to the president of Muhlenberg College, parallels a letter written by President Roosevelt last August to Federal Security Administrator Paul V. McNutt. The President at that time said it would be "unfortunate" if young people who had planned to enter college interrupt their education because they feel it "is more patriotic to work in a shipyard, or to enlist in the army or navy." He said that "young people should be advised that it is their patriotic duty to continue the normal course of their education, unless and until they are called, so that they will be well prepared for greatest usefulness."—The Lutheran

WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR SCHOOLS?

Elsie Robinson, the renowned columnist, has touched a vital point that concerns every child in America, as she asks the question, "What's wrong with the American schools?" adding that the children "can not face a real test of competence in reading, writing, spelling, listening, and calculating." She fully understands that the young people of today, even after graduating, cannot measure up in the fundamentals of an education.

This question is open for discussion and is one that should elicit the attention of Parent-Teachers Association and all others interested in the welfare of the coming generation. We feel that it is unfair to graduate a student, who feels that he is fully qualified to meet the requirements of life, only to realize later that he is a dismal failure, and in order to attain any degree of efficiency, must start anew and learn to read, write and spell. We are still "old-timey" enough to feel that the three R's are essential.

* * * * *

MAPLE SUGAR

We do a lot of talking about Americanism, these days, and there is nothing more American than the making of maple sugar. It is about this time of the year that the sap of the maple begins to drip, which not only indicates spring thaws but that maple sugar is to be concocted. We were taught this process by the American Indians who had their sugar-making moon time, sugar making ceremonies for each spring when they hacked the trees with an ax and collected the sweet sap in a hollow log. To preserve our trees there is great care taken of them in order to obtain the yearly syrup. So is the sap collected, boiled down and prepared for the outside markets in sugar or syrup form. Of the ten states that produce 97 per cent of the maple sap in our country, Vermont, New York and Ohio are the first three. Many hours go into the slow cooking in the big fat black pot which hangs over the crackling fire in the woods, where men waits for the sap to thicken to the right consistency. All hail to the old American custom!—Monroe Enquirer.

MAPLE SYRUP TIME ARRIVES

(Selected)

The warm sunshine that started the sap flowing upward in the trees means another industry is again under way at Banner Elk. It's "maple syrup time" again, and the home-made furnaces are going full blast. Every "sugar tree" in the well-known Maple orchard near Grandfather Home for Children has been tapping for the carrying on of this industry which is by no means confined to New England and Canada.

The Maple orchard is located on the Lees-McRae college property and is one of the largest groves of sugar maple trees in western North Carolina. It is situated on a sunny slope near the orphanage and college, and contains some 200 giant maples. These trees are estimated to be between 100 and 150 years old, and for 30 years they have been owned by the college and utilized for the making of maple sugar and maple syrup.

Maple, which is a hardwood, brings premium prices as lumber, and the sugar maples that once were found in abundance on the North Carolina mountainsides have fast disappeared. The college's maple grove is one of the few left in the section.

Just now this grove is the scene of much activity. The nights are still cold, with the thermometer hovering around freezing, and the days are warm and sunny. This was the signal for the tapping of the trees, the rounding up of workers, and the building of fires under the big vats. The trees were tapped and equipped with hollow wooden spouts, through which the sap trickles into buckets which

have been fastened on the sides of the trees. It is customary to tap the trees on the south side, so that the sun will strike them during the day and cause the sap to run freely. Only one tap is made in each tree. Those familiar with this work say the tapping does not hurt the life of the trees. However, wood from tapped trees will show a dark streak.

Every day the boys of Grandfather home carry large buckets around to all the trees to collect the sap, and take it to the furnace in a small building in the grove. The boys are glad to gather the sap, and only too anxious to help with the tasting of the liquid as it slowly boils down into the delicious maple syrup. The boiling syrup must be watched every minute. If a large amount is boiled at one time, it is often necessary to keep a man on duty at the furnace until far into the night.

The syrup is first boiled in a large square container and later transferred to a small round vat. The fire under it must be kept hot, but not enough to allow the syrup to scorch, as this would permanently ruin the flavor.

It takes 49 gallons of the sap to make one gallon of good maple syrup, and at least 60 gallons of sap to make that much maple sugar. One large tree will probably yield a gallon of sap on a warm, sunny day, and sometimes more.

In past years more than 85 gallons of syrup have been made at the college in a single year. Last year, however, none was made. Like the

famous mountain buckwheat flour, craft products, and products of the college farm, the syrup is sold by the college. Maple syrup and sugar, years ago considered a necessary "sweet-nin'" in the mountain home, are now highly prized delicacies, and orders for them are received from far and near. C. I. Baucom, manager of the college exchange, says that orders almost always exceeds the supply.

and that the most popular combination is a package containing buckwheat flour and maple syrup.

So, back to the mountains comes one of the first industries they ever knew—the making of maple syrup. It was first made on this continent, and it is believed that the art was learned from the American Indians, who made maple sugar and syrup under the "Sugar Making Moon."

THE OBSCURE AND HIDDEN TOILER

All the pictorial agencies and news sheets of every kind are enlisted in portraying those in public life from the heads of the vast set-up in the defense effort to the many workers scattered around in every line of human endeavor. No one else seems to count for much. But this is only in the seeming. To one portrayed in *Life*, *Time* *Look* and the thousands of less spectacular publications there are thousands in homes, industrial enterprises and training agencies who toil in obscure places and unheard-of occupations that enable the nation to continue its normal and vigorous existence. These in fact and in truth are effective "in the service" of the nation.

The kingdom of heaven itself is not more truly within the souls of the faithful and devout followers of the Nazarine than is the future welfare of this Republic wrapped up in the fidelity and devotion of these unknown toilers. Yes, the life of the Republic is primarily within and not along the far flung battle lines of earth, sea and sky. Just as the kingdom of heaven is within, so is the kingdom of Great Britain lodged within the heroic Britishers. Every kingdom primarily is within. Especially true is this of the kingdom of democracy. Not half so dangerous to world democracy, yea, to American democracy, is Hitler as are dictators under the guise of democracy at home. These threaten a breakdown of our democracy at home. The real and abiding defense of our land, this sweet land of liberty, is an undying devotion to the American way cherished in the souls of the obscure and hidden toilers. These hold the front lines of defense.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

SPANISH RAIDS ON NORTH CAROLINA

(North Carolina Historical Commission)

Ordinarily we do not think of North Carolina as having had much direct contact with Spain or its people, and yet two hundred years ago the chief fear of the inhabitants in the eastern part of the colony was that the Spaniards would attack them. This was no idle dream, for upon several occasions Spanish marauders did actually come and had to be driven off by force of arms.

From 1740 to 1748 a long-drawn-out struggle was fought in Europe, known there as the War of Austrian Succession and in the British colonies in America as King George's War. Great Britain and Austria were on one side and Prussia, France, and Spain on the other, and the French, Spanish, and British colonists in America were inevitably involved. It was during this war that the Spaniards were raiding the North Carolina coastal area.

In 1741 several Spanish privateers came to Ocracoke Inlet, seized a number of vessels, and carried off the cattle of the inhabitants of the nearby sandbanks. So great was the want of these people that they had to be supplied by the colonial government at a cost of more than £10,000. In 1744 the Spaniards were again prowling off the coast.

It was toward the end of the war that the most serious attacks were made. In August, 1747, the Spaniards attacked and captured the town of Beaufort, where they remained until they were driven away several days later by a force commanded by Colonel Thomas Lovick. Ten or more of

the invaders were captured.

The next summer several Spanish vessels visited the mouth of the Cape Fear River, and in September another expedition came to the same place. Concerning this last attack we have detailed information, taken from the South Carolina Gazette (Charleston), October 31, 1748. On Saturday afternoon, September 3, three sloops arrived off the bar. The next morning, when the pilots went out to bring them in, the vessels turned out to be two Spanish privateers from Havana and a captured sloop from South Carolina. The largest was named the *Fortune*, of 130 tons, with ten six-pounders and fourteen swivels, and was commanded by Vincent Lopez.

The Spaniards forced the pilots to take them to the town of Brunswick, several miles up the river, and the inhabitants did not discover that they were enemies until they had anchored before the town. In the meantime a party of men who had landed several miles below suddenly attacked, and "every body (that was able) ran, with whatever they could first lay their hands on." The Spaniards now seized four vessels and several small craft which were in the harbor, and proceeded to plunder the town.

In the meantime the alarm had been sent out, and by Tuesday the colonists could muster eighty men, white and black. This force marched into the town, killed several of the invaders, and drove the others away. The *Fortune* now opened fire, compelling the colonists to seek such shelter as they could find.

Then came the climax of the battle. "The town being thus cleared of the enemy, our men lay on their arms under cover of a high bank to prevent the landing of any more men, which was not attempted; but the commodore's sloop (the *Fortune*) continued firing, when to our great amazement and (it may be believed) joy, she blew up. A terrible, tho' in our circumstances a pleasing sight. As they had seized all the small craft at their first coming, our people could find only one small canoe to save those that got upon the wreck, by which means many were drowned that might have been saved."

The other privateer, which had gone up the river, now returned. Passing Orton, the home of Roger Moore, she fired two harmless shots, "but as soon as she anchored before the town, she fired pretty smartly upon us."

The Spaniards at this time hoisted a white flag and sent a message offering to leave without doing further damage, provided they might be permitted to take off all the vessels they had captured. No agreement was reached, but before dawn the next morning the invaders departed. In

the meantime a force from Wilmington, commanded by Major John Swann, had arrived. Finding that the Spaniards had already gone, they marched down to the mouth of the river, where the invaders had anchored. An attempt to exchange prisoners failed, and on the afternoon of Thursday, September 8, they sailed away. The invading force was estimated at 160 men, of whom it was thought that 140, including Captain Lopez, had been lost.

"They have done us all the mischief they possibly could for what they did not carry away they broke or cut to pieces." But "upon the whole," concludes the dispatch, "we have just reason to be thankful to Almighty God—For, notwithstanding our ignorance in military affairs, our want of arms and ammunition—and the small number we were composed of, (many of which were negroes) He has crowned our attempt with Success."

Soon afterward a treaty of peace was signed, the war ended, and the Spanish threat was no more. Never since has a hostile Spanish force entered the boundaries of North Carolina.

NOTHING GOLD CAN SAY

Nature's first green is gold,
 Her hardest hue to hold.
 Her early leaf's a flower;
 But only so an hour,
 Then leaf subsides to leaf.
 So Eden sank to grief,
 So dawn goes down to-day,
 Nothing gold can stay.

HARMONICA HARMONY

By Wilodyne Dickinson Hack

Gail Thompson slipped the letter she had just read into her handbag. Must she always be disappointed, she thought, as she walked home from the post office? Would her aunt never be able to come so that she could go to the city to study and work? Automatically she stepped over the well-known hole where a board was missing from the walk in front of the deserted house and dodged an eye-periling palm branch that hung over the fence from Jerry Pendleton's unkept front yard.

"Still avoiding the small town hazards, I see."

The cheerful, unexpected voice caused Gail's heart to do a disconcerting flip-flop that left her breathless.

"Tom Rossiter!" she gasped. "How good to see you!" She struggled desperately to sound casual. "What are you doing here?"

"Looking for a job. Getting one, I hope."

Tom's blue eyes looked purposeful in a face brown from exposure. His darkening blond hair had, with much brushing, acquired a natural wave. It was quite different from the unruly tow head Gail remembered in the fifth grade. He gasped her hand and looked into her brown eyes.

"Blakeman and Nash are opening that big tract just north of town to build small workingmen's homes," he told her. "I've almost finished my engineering course. I'm staying out to work a while and I want to get in on their surveying party."

"With all the big city to choose from you come out here!" Gail could not

keep a note of bitterness out of her voice.

"Still grieving because she's chained to this town," thought Tom. Three years ago she had been judged by boys and girls alike the wittiest, most glowingly alive girl in school. Now she sagged, disappointment written across her clear-cut features.

"Did Louise Mather come with you?" asked Gail. "I just met her in front of Townsend's Dry Goods Store."

"Yes. She came on business and to see the old gang. Is she going to your house?"

Gail flushed. "I didn't ask her," she admitted.

"Then I must be getting on. I promised to meet her at five."

"If you get work here, look us up," suggested Gail. "I still make carmel cake."

"You and carmel cake. What a team!" exclaimed Tom, appreciatively. "Expect me soon."

Gail hurried around the corner before she could be tempted to turn and gaze after the tall young man striding down the street. Then a howl caused her to run. She hadn't been looking after her young brother, Bill, for three years without knowing when he was in trouble. She pushed open a rickety gate and flew across a bare yard. Bill lay on the ground pinned down by a larger youngster.

"Spike Dunn, take your hands off Bill this instant," she cried.

Momentarily surprised, Spike yielded. Bill struggled up.

"Get out of here," Spike screamed.

"This is my yard."

"What caused this trouble?" demanded Gail, severely.

"He's always pestering me to teach him how to play his harmonica," declared Spike.

"Do you play?" asked Gail with interest.

Suddenly she saw a way to keep both boys busy.

"He can make a noise like a train and play America," put in Bill, forgetting in his enthusiasm Spike's recent treatment.

Spike puffed up. "But I'm no sissy teacher," he declared.

"Orchestra leaders aren't sissies. They have to be good musicians and know how to direct their men. How would you like to start a harmonica club, Spike, and show the boys how to play?" suggested Gail.

Spike saw a chance to shine. "Spouse I could," he conceded.

"Get your harmonica and come along with us and we'll talk it over," invited Gail.

Over pieces of Gail's carmel cake the three made their plans. Then Spike consented to help Bill. They retired to Bill's room and Gail could hear tunes clear and in time from Spike's harmonica. notes blurred and doubled from Bill's. She went into her own room. Catching sight of herself in the mirror, she straightened up with sudden vivid consciousness. Beside her own reflection she could see Louise as she had appeared that afternoon: well-made blue street outfit with smart touches of white, trim brown hair neatly waved and becomingly cut, complexion just right, nails manicured, shoes a new color, friendliness and poise in her manner.

"What a let-down!" she flung at

her own startled image.

She saw blond hair dull and too long, remembering how girls at high had admired its sparkle and envied her its natural wave. And how her mouth drooped in a discontented half moon! Why had she thought this faded dress and these old shoes good enough to wear to the post office?

She knew now why she had not invited Louise to visit her. There was too wide a gap between them. The other girl made her feel uncomfortable. Louise had been away at college for three years while she had been drifting. If only her aunt could sell her home and come to live with them she would be free to go the city, too.

News of the harmonica club brought so many boys into Gail's tiny living room that its walls threatened to bulge permanently. Gail was pleased to see many boys who had run the streets seriously interested. Some who didn't have harmonicas were hunting odd jobs so they could buy them. Spike as leader was strutting with importance. All went merrily until one boy sent away for his harmonica and received a book of instructions with it. After much practice he started to teach the boys a tune Spike didn't know. Spike saw his leadership in the balance and decided to settle the matter by force. Gail finally restored order, but she saw that she would have to keep the boys busy every minute. She planned parties and new games in addition to the practicing.

It had been a busy day, housework all morning and the boys in after school. They had just left and Gail had gone to the kitchen to prepare dinner. The bell rang. She sent

Bill to the door. She heard, "Hello, there, Bill. You're growing up."

Tom! She glanced at her mussed-up dress, flew to her room, and went madly through her wardrobe. Not an attractive dress to wear at home! Why hadn't she taken time to make something? She grabbed an old dress, got into it, smoothed her hair. At the living room door she saw with dismay that she hadn't straightened one thing after the boys had left. Tom and Bill, in the midst of the confusion, were having an animated conversation.

"Sis," yelled Bill, "Tom knows how to play the harmonica. Not just a few things but any tune he wants. I told him about the club and he's going to show us fellows."

"Then you'll be the most popular man in town and take a load off my shoulders, too," smiled Gail.

"Get your club together some evening, Bill. I'll bring my harmonica around and show you boys some tricks in technique," promised Tom. Then to Gail, "I dropped in to tell you I got a job. Starting tomorrow."

"Grand!" Gail said, warmly, hoping she didn't sound quite as glad as she felt.

"So many'll come we can't ever get 'em in here," asserted Bill.

"We'll discuss that later, Bill. Straighten up this room, please, and wash for dinner," Gail directed. "Tom, I'm just starting dinner. Will you stay?"

"One hundred per cent perfect," accepted Tom. "Let me help."

They had a merry time preparing dinner. After the meal Gail's father retired behind his newspaper and Bill to bed. Gail and Tom went to the living room.

"You're doing a great thing keeping those kids busy, but it sure looks like it would wreck you and the house if you continue it here," remarked Tom. Bill's attempt at straightening the furniture had not removed all traces of the afternoon's effervescent meeting. "This town needed a club like yours and the boys can do plenty of interesting things, but they should have a meeting place of their own."

"I've been thinking about that," answered Gail. "Do you suppose Jerry Pendleton would let us have the old deserted house? He owns it, you know."

"It's terribly old. It may not be safe," hesitated Tom, with engineering caution. "Don't do anything about it until I have time to look it over."

"At least I can see Jerry," decided Gail.

As he was leaving, Tom remarked, "I almost forgot to tell you. Louise will be in town next Saturday."

Louise's name made Gail remember her old dress and her discontent. Her high spirits slid below zero but she managed to ask, "Visiting?"

"No, working. That gal's a go-getter. She's studing dress designing, you know. She designed a nifty line of sports clothes and persuaded a manufacturer to make them. She's going to show them at Townsend's store next Saturday. Well, good-night. Thanks a lot. And, Gail, I think you could make a life work of carmel cake!"

Bill was a go-getter in his own way. By the next noon the whole school knew of Tom Rossiter's promise. The club membership increased immediately. That afternoon Gail wondered how she could possibly

squeeze so many into her tiny dining room for the refreshments she had promised.

That evening she went to see Jerry Pendleton. He agreed to let the boys use the deserted house providing Gail kept them from doing any damage. Gail promised.

The next day Gail tried to call Tom to ask him to look over the place with her and was told that he had left town for a few days. She did not want to keep the boys waiting until he got back, so she took Bill with her. They found dirt, broken windows, and some missing floor boards but the place seemed sound enough.

"Bill, tomorrow is Saturday. Suppose you ask Spike and about three other boys to come up to the house tomorrow morning. I think we can find enough boards in the basement to repair the floors and board up the broken windows. You boys can carry them here and fix up the place." Gail suggested.

Bill sped off and Gail went home. She was surprised to find Louise on her porch.

"I thought you'd be home soon so I made myself comfortable," she announced, smilingly.

"Come in," Gail invited. "I hope you haven't had to wait long."

"No, just a few minutes." When they were inside she went on, "Gail, I've come to ask a favor. Some dresses I designed have been made and I'm going to show them at Townsend's tomorrow. Will you model for me?"

"Me? Model? Don't be ridiculous!" ejaculated Gail.

"I know its asking a lot when you're so busy," apologized Louise, "but

I want you more than any other girl in town."

"I should be glad to do it," hastened Gail, "but I can't imagine my showing off anything to advantage."

"With your face and figure you could model on Fifth Avenue," declared Louise, triumphantly. Then, diffidently, "Will you let me set your hair like you used to wear it in high? We could have Barber Joe cut it.

"That butcher?" demanded Gail.

"It will be perfect if I watch every hair," promised Louise.

Metamorphosed by a hair cut, a shampoo and set by Louise's deft fingers, Gail stood in front of the mirror in Louise's hotel room gazing at her image in a pinkish orange sports dress trimmed in brown.

"Am I on my toes?" demanded Louise.

"You've worked wonders. Am I myself or someone else?"

"Perfect in any man's language. My dresses will go like wildfire."

The next morning Gail helped Bill, Spike, and the other three boys find the boards they needed. She went to the deserted house with them to show them what to do. She stayed there until it was necessary to go to Townsend's and came back during her noon hour.

At the end of the day Louise cried happily, "You've been gorgeous. I never can thank you enough. My order book is full and I've been asked to come back next Saturday." She laid a dress box in Gail's arms. "This is yours. It's the orange dress. You look lovely in it. Now don't say 'No!' I always give my local model a dress. Usually I have to promise it ahead

of time but I knew I needn't with you."

On her way home Gail stopped at the post office, then hurried to see what the boys had accomplished. She found the walk repaired and Jerry's palm trimmed, floor boards replaced, broken windows boarded up, and the whole place swept and dusted.

At home she ran through her mail. There was a letter from her aunt. "At last I have a buyer for my property," she wrote. "As soon as the business is completed, I'll be on my way. You've waited a long time, dear, but when I arrive you can go to the city."

Gail should have been delighted, instead she slumped into a chair and wailed, "Oh, dear." The new dress lay across the bed. It represented the things she might have after she went to work. But were they so important? Suddenly she knew that she was truly interested in the boys; that she wanted to stay, too, because Tom would be here. But after begging her aunt to come so that she could get away, how could she reverse herself at the last moment? She prayed earnestly that if there was some right way it would be shown her. Otherwise she must get someone else to supervise the boys. The party she gave them when they finished fixing the old house would be her farewell.

Gail was grateful to Louise when, on Monday, she put on the new dress and pressed her hair into becoming waves. Her changed appearance fortified her effort to remain cheerful. She started to the old house to be there when the boys arrived.

At the gate she stopped amazed. There was a large placard tacked up on which was printed, "Gail! Boys!

Do not walk up the steps nor enter the building. It is not safe. Will be back soon. Tom."

Gail smiled. "Tom doesn't know how many times I've been in there," she thought. "Of course I won't let the boys in, but there's no reason why I shouldn't go." She started up the steps.

The gate clicked. Three bounds and someone grasped her arm.

"Say can't you read?"

Gail turned, laughing. "Tom, you goose, I've been in here half a dozen times."

"Yes, and I've been underneath and I know that it's only by the grace of heaven that you and the boys didn't go through. The floor joists are almost eaten away. Gail," leaning over her protectively, "I want to take care of you."

Gail looked at him and her gay, mocking laugh caught in her throat. She understood. Joy flooded her being. Then she remembered. She must tell him that she had to go away. But he was drawing her down the steps. She saw that a man was standing at the gate.

"Gail, this is Mr. Nash, my boss. Mr. Nash, Miss Thompson," Tom introduced them. "Gail Mr. Nash was kind enough to look over the place with me this morning. He has offered to send two of his carpenters tomorrow to strengthen the floor joists so the house will be safe."

"I am much interested in your harmonica club," Mr. Nash said. "It helps any town to give its boys a constructive outlet for energies that might otherwise cause trouble. But your work should go further. This town needs a playground. Mr. Blake-man and I sent Tom away to get par-

ticalars and we have decided to establish a playground, which all the town children can use, in our new subdivision. If you will consent to become its supervisor, we will send you to the city for training and some playground experience. By that time we will be ready for you here."

Gail's happy answer was cut short by the arrival of the harmonica players. She told them of her good fortune.

"The house will be repaired this week and we'll have a party here

next Friday evening," she promised, gaily. "I shall ask Louise to help me, and, Tom, don't forget to bring your harmonica. My farewell party will be just a beginning."

"Will we have carmel cake?" yelled Bill.

"Of course, if you want it," smiled Gail.

"We are pretty lucky to have a girl who can cook, aren't we?" Tom demanded of the boys.

"Come on, fellows. Three cheers for our Gail!" yelled Spike,



HARD TASKS

Give me hard tasks, with strength that shall not fail;
 Conflict, with courage that shall never die!
 Better the hill-path, climbing toward the sky,
 Than languid air and smooth sward of the vail!

Better to dare the wild wrath of the gale
 Than with furled sails in port forever lie.
 Give me hard tasks, with strength that shall not fail:
 Conflict, with courage that shall never die!

Not for a light load fitting shoulders frail,
 Not for an unearned victory I sigh;
 Strong is the struggle that wins triumph high,
 Not without loss the hero shall prevail;
 Give me the hard tasks, with strength that shall not fail!

—Author Unknown.

MR. CARTER'S WAY

By Grace Helen Davis

John Carter was surprised to hear sounds of scuffling as he neared his small shop. A man was dragging a boy through the open doorway.

Mr. Carter recognized the man as the town constable, Mr. Kessler, but he didn't know the poorly dressed, frightened boy, who looked as if he were trying hard not to burst into childish tears.

"Hi, Carter! Look what I found coming out of your shop—a young thief making off with a piece of your valuable cabinet wood." The constable, jerked the boy roughly about, and with his other hand held up a valuable piece of unvarnished wood.

"I didn't know it was worth anything, honest I didn't sir!" wailed the boy.

"Oh, you didn't know it was worth anything, you didn't! Then why did you watch until Mr. Carter went out for a moment, leaving his door open, and then sneak in and help yourself to a fine piece of expensive wood? Answer that!"

"I didn't know Mr. Carter was out. I went into the shop to ask for a scrap of wood, and when I saw that one on the floor I thought it was just an endpiece and picked it up."

"A very likely story indeed, eh, Carter?"

But the cabinetmaker was frowning. "We may as well let the boy tell his story, Mr. Kessler. What is your name and address, son? And what did you want with the wood?"

The boy seemed to relax a little and gain new hope under the pleasantness

of the shop owner's tone.

"I'm Jackson Wayland, sir, and I live over at the edge of town, on Moyer Street. I wanted a nice piece of wood to carve a boat from for my little brother. It's his birthday tomorrow, and he wants a boat, and—I and I don't have any money, so I thought I'd make him one. I can use my jackknife nice. I met Mr. Turner on the street, and he said I could get all the ends of wood I wanted at his lumber yard, but when I went there a workman chased me off. I was passing your shop and I saw the wood inside. Then I saw this piece lying on the floor, and I thought it was only an end and you'd throw it out, honest I did, Mr. Carter. That's all."

"Yes, that's all, except that what you picked up was an expensive piece of cabinet wood, and you can tell the judge about it," sneered Kessler. "Don't bother with him, Mr. Carter. I know what to do with boys like him."

"But you see, Mr. Kessler, I have my own way of treating boy culprits. I refuse to prosecute Jackson here for going into my shop, and will deal with him myself." announced the cabinetmaker in final tones.

The constable relaxed his grip on the boy's arm. "Well, in that case, of course, Carter—But I was only trying to serve you."

"Yes, I know, Mr. Kessler; thank you," answered Mr. Carter. "Come inside, lad, and We'll get this settled."

Jackson followed him into the shop, still with a worried and apprehensive air. He was wondering a good deal what Mr. Carter's way of dealing with him was going to be.

John Carter laid down the piece of valuable wood which Mr. Kessler had handed over, and kicked thoughtfully at a pile of shavings on the floor.

"Well, son, this is a pretty untidy old shop, isn't it? Cobwebs on the ceiling and a litter on the floor. Odds and ends of wood everywhere! It certainly isn't surprising that you thought the piece of wood had been thrown away, seeing it on this floor of mine. So let's talk business. If you'll come and give the whole shop a good cleaning up I'll pay you what I think it's worth, a dollar. I wouldn't be surprised but that I could let you help me now and then afternoons after school and on Saturday, too, running errands and delivering small pieces of work. How about it, Jackson?"

"Why, why, I'd be awfully glad to, Mr. Carter! I could take the dollar home to my mother, and she'd be so pleased," burst out the boy.

"Settled, Jackson. I'll expect you to come in and clean up the shop this coming Saturday. Now let's see about this boat matter. Here's an end of ordinary lumber. Could you carve the toy for your little brother from this, son?"

"Yes, that'd be dandy, Mr. Carter! I can carve a small boat and put sails

on it."

"I'd like to see your toy when it's finished Jackson. Do you like using your jackknife on wood?"

"Yes, sir, I do sort of. I like making things," answered the boy.

"Well, well, Jackson, I wouldn't be surprised but that as you grow older I can likely teach you the cabinet trade, if you show aptness for it. But that's all in the future. Here, take your piece of wood, and remember that there's a dollar in it for you if you come on Saturday and make my shop tidy."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Carter. Only—only, is that all? You haven't said anything about punishing me for taking the expensive wood, like you told the constable you would."

"I didn't tell him I would punish you, Jackson. I said I had my own way of dealing with boy culprits. This is it—I give them another chance. Of course, if they disappoint me, and try to cheat and thief after I've been fair and given them an opportunity to show what's in them, that might mean a different story. But I have faith in you, son."

"Gee, thank you, Mr. Carter. I won't disappoint you, honest I won't."

The cabinetmaker smiled as he watched the eager boy go down the street, hugging his precious board end. "There are ways and ways of dealing with boys, but this is my way, and I've found it to work," he observed to himself.

When love and wisdom drink out of the same cup, in this everyday world, it is the exception.—Necker.

WHITE MAN'S MAGIC

(American Boy)

The white man's magic is held in great respect by the native tribes of Africa. And little does he suspect, sometimes, the common, everyday sources of his prestige!

An Englishman with false teeth visited Africa, and one day took the plates from his mouth and brushed them. He didn't realize, of course that he was performing a miracle. Perhaps he didn't even notice that several natives were watching him with awe in their eyes, their black muscular bodies tense with curiosity.

A little later had he been present, he would have seen a circle of natives vainly trying to pull their teeth from their own mouths. At last they gave up.

"White man's magic," they muttered with some regret. How nice it would be to remove your teeth! Then, if a tooth started aching, you could take it out and leave it in your hut until it decided to behave.

Another bit of powerful magic is the ordinary mirror. The only place in which an African tribesman can see his reflection is a stream or lake. He doesn't look down at himself very often because when he sees himself in the water he believes that part of him drowns. When he leaves the stream he is convinced that he has left some of himself behind.

Nevertheless he sees himself in water and he also sees himself in a mirror. Therefore the white man's mirror is water. But it is a peculiar kind of water that will not run or ripple, and that is more of the white

man's magic. He has mysterious power over water to make it flat and hard and dry, so that he can carry it about with him.

One day, in return for past favors, I gave a native a watch.

He nodded his head: "Little sun," he murmured.

He called it a "sun" because the native tells the time of the day by the position of the sun in the sky. The sun is his time piece. Therefore a watch is a little sun.

All day this native carried the watch around, holding it to his ear and listening to the rhythmic ticking. That night he came back to me and returned the watch. He had no use for it.

"What's the matter with it?" I asked him.

"I must work," he replied. "I need two hands. No can hold watch to ear all day."

The "little sun" and the water that would not run—these were part of the white man's magic, beyond the power of Africa to understand. Let the white man have them if he wished.

So it was with my portable phonograph, the little box that talked. When I played a few records for a group of tribesmen they were deeply interested. Perhaps, at first, they were a little surprised to hear voices issuing from the side of the box but they soon had it figured out to their satisfaction.

The voices that came forth were human voices. Therefore there must

be human beings inside the box.

"But to get inside the box," one native said to another in the language of his tribe, "a man would have to be very little."

"They must be pygmies," the other replied.

"Maybe the white man can shrink people—make them grow smaller with his magic," another contributed. And these explanations, one of which must be true, satisfied all who listened to my phonograph.

"When do you feed them?" one native asked me. "What do they eat?"

"There are no people in there," I protested.

But the native laughed skeptically. Of course there were people in the box. Otherwise how could the box talk? Whoever heard of a box talking, anyhow? Only people could talk. And all day that native spied on me, eagerly watching for the hour when I would open the box and feed the little people inside.

I could never persuade them that I had no dwarfs in the phonograph, and one day when I put on a laughing record—one of those records in which the singer breaks into a hysteria of merriment—an old Zulu chief-tain rose up, advanced to the box and threatened it with his staff.

"Careful," I warned him, leaping to my feet.

"They are making fun of me," he muttered. "Nobody shall laugh at me!"

To save the phonograph I had to take the record off. You cannot play with the literal, straightforward, proud mind of Africa.

But the native, if he is proud and

easily offended, is also lazy, and even the white man's magic cannot prevail against his indolence. Not even a glass eye, which is very powerful medicine!

The glass eye belonged to my friend Bill Hawkins, a mining engineer who was searching the Rhodesian mountains for gold, silver, and copper. He had a crew of natives working for him, drilling holes in soil and rock.

Whenever he left the party to hunt meat or go to the nearest town for supplies, the crew dropped their tools, lay down in the shade, and basked. When he came back he found little done.

For some time he battled with the problem and finally a bright idea occurred to him—an idea based on the respect in which natives held the white man's magic. For several days, now the natives had been begging Bill Hawkins to go hunting for meat. They were tired of eating mealie—ground Kaffir corn. The camp was out of bill tongue—those strips of antelope, dried in the sun, that are so hard they must be shaved off with a carpenter's plane.

"If I go," Hawkins said sternly, "you will stop working!"

The natives looked downcast. "But there is no meat," they protested.

Hawkins appeared to relent. "Very well, I will go," he agreed, "but this time I shall leave part of myself here to watch you. I shall leave my right eye in the crotch of that tree, and if you lay down your tools my eye will see it, and I shall know when I return."

The natives looked skeptical, but their skepticism turned to surprise when Hawkins calmly put his fin-

gers to his face and extracted his glass eye.

"You see," he announced. "This eye will be my watchman."

One native, more curious than the rest, gazed up at Hawkins interestedly. "Can you take out the other eye?"

Hawkins did a bit of fast thinking, then nodded. "I can," he replied, "but if I took out both of them I could not see to put them back."

He walked over to the tree and carefully inserted the glass eye in the crotch of the limb about seven feet from the ground, turning it so that it stared with a cold, impersonal gaze upon the plot of ground to be excavated.

"If you quit work," he repeated, "this eye will see you." And with that final warning he walked off with his assistants to hunt for antelope.

For a half hour after his absence the natives worked industriously. They didn't question the ability of the eye to record their actions, but their minds were busy hunting for ways to circumvent the white man's magic.

At last one native dared to speak. Still swinging at the ground with his pick, he said, "An eye can see, but it cannot hear." He looked around at the group for affirmation. "An eye cannot hear, can it?"

The party agreed generally that an eye couldn't hear.

"Then," the native replied with satisfaction "we can talk." He worked for a moment, thinking. At last he said: "When the master is here he permits us to go down to the stream for water, doesn't he?"

There was a chorus of nods.

"Then," said the native, "I shall go for water."

Since water fetching and water drinking were permitted, during the next quarter hour they went to the stream several times. In fact they showed great and sudden enthusiasm for water. But still the eye gazed down at them, and though it might not object to water drinking, it would object if they dropped their tools and lay down in the shade.

"An eye cannot see backward, can it?" one of the workers asked.

For some time this question was discussed, and finally the conclusion was reached that an eye couldn't see backward. It could see only in the direction in which it looked.

"Then," the worker said, "if I go behind the tree the eye cannot see me."

There was an instant objection. "But it will see you start toward the tree," one man pointed out, "and the master will know that you have gone behind."

"I shall go for water," the worker replied instantly, "and come back behind the tree. Then the eye will never know."

The cunning, simple mind of Africa was at work, outwitting the white man's magic. The native picked up the pail and went to the stream. On his head he wore a battered old hat. When he came back he changed his course to go behind the tree, and when he grew close to it he set down the pail, took off his hat and began crawling slowly forward on hands and knees.

When he reached the base of the tree he leaped up and swung the hat down over the crotch of the limb, tilting it forward so that its crown

effectively screened off the eye from the plot of ground on which the natives were digging. Then boldly, he walked around the tree.

There was a shout of glee. The master was outwitted; The eye could never see now! They could do what they pleased!

In a jabber of voices they threw down their tools, walked to the nearest shade and contentedly stretched their limbs. When Hawkins came back late in the afternoon the hat was still over the eye and the plot of ground was barely worked.

That night Hawkins came down to

the ranch where I was staying, burst into the room fell into a chair and laughed until I began to fear that he had gone completely insane.

"Today," he finally was able to say, "I thought of the greatest scheme in the world to keep my gang at work. The only trouble was, it didn't pan out!" And then he told me the story.

White man's magic is powerful. His false teeth, his glass eyes, his phonographs, mirrors, and guns are mighty medicine indeed. But his medicine, great as it is, cannot always prevail against the indolence and simple cunning of native Africa.

—:—

MY DEBT

If I have strength, I owe the service of the strong;
 If melody I have, I owe the world a song;
 If I can stand when all about my post are falling.
 If I can run with speed when needy hearts are calling,
 And, if my torch can light the dark of any night—
 Then I must go a broken, wounded thing,

If heaven's grace has dowered me with some rare gift,
 If I can lift some load no other's strength can lift;
 If I can heal some wound no other's hand can heal,
 If some great truth the speaking skies reveal—
 Then I must go broken, wounded thing,
 If, to a wounded world my gifts no healing bring.

For any gift God gives to me, I cannot pay;
 Gifts are most mine when I give them most away;
 God's gifts are like his flowers, which show their right to stay
 By giving all their bloom and fragrance away.
 Riches are not gold, nor lands, estates, nor marts;
 The only wealth there is, is found in human hearts.

—Charles Cooke Wood

FOUL-WEATHER FRIENDS

By Richard Hill Wilkinson

Tim Burton had no faith in human nature. He formulated the idea at an early age that a man had to fight for everything he got, and that the other fellow was not to be considered—unless one could afford to do so. But Tim learned also that society was dependent on itself for its existence. He therefore determined to like people, despite his disbelief in them.

Tim developed a pleasing personality. People liked him because he pretended to like them. He was ambitious and successful. Before he reached the age of twenty-one he had overcome the handicap of poverty stricken parents. At twenty-five, Tim Burton was a near millionaire. Before he was thirty, he had doubled his first million. Then he quit; he reasoned he had enough money. Now he determined to spend it in a manner to suit himself. His habit of liking people caused him to enter upon some unique experiments. He decided to search out young people who were trying to get a foothold in their chosen professions, and gave them a boost.

He found young doctors, lawyers, writers, singers, engineers, and actors, young business men and bewildered youths. He traveled the length and breadth of the country, and whenever he located someone who was working hard and not getting ahead, he would present a sizeable voucher, consistently, refusing collateral.

Tim acquired a reputation. He became known as "Liberal Tim." People flocked to him, and he never

turned a deaf ear to an honest request. He had no illusions. He did not deceive himself into believing that if something happened to him, and he needed help, these selfsame people would rush and fight to pay the debt. He did not believe that things worked out that way in the scheme of life. People would fight to get, but not to give. That was natural—human instinct. The friends he had made were fair-weather friends—and that was all right with him. Some men bought ocean cruisers, or fine houses, or furs and jewels. He chose to buy the vision of hope in the eyes of a despairing young singer. There was no difference, as he saw it.

Tim Burton's reputation spread far and wide. His friends began to wonder if there was no end to his wealth. Tim did not worry about this; he was too shrewd, he figured, to lose all his money. But something did happen. A bank failed. An oil well went dry. A prospecting expedition failed to find gold. One day Tim Burton found himself a bankrupt. He grinned, and disappeared. He wanted to spare his friends the pain of refusing to return the favor. He thought they would want to forget what he had done, and would avoid him.

For two years Tim roamed the world under an assumed name, trying to recoup his fortune. One day in New York he came face to face with Frank Stone, an old friend. He pretended not to know Stone, and endeavored to pass, but Stone exclaimed, "For the

—life of me—Tim Burton!"

Tim was caught. He merely said, "Hello, Frank."

"I'm in a terrible rush, Tim," continued Stone; "where are you living?"

"Oh, at the Wise Bard quarters," answered Tim, and regretted the answer the next moment. Stone shook his hand vigorously and disappeared. "Well," said Tim under his breath, "it's what I asked for, and I can take it."

Four night later five men called at the Wise Bard to see "Tim Burton." They were informed there was no such man registered. But after a minute description of the man sought, the host produced "John Samson."

"Tim," exclaimed the men, "we know you; you will have to come with us."

Tim endeavored to withdraw, but the spokesman took his arm gently, and he walked away with them. Fearing that he might be suspected as a fugitive, he asked the men to explain, but they pushed him into a waiting cab.

In a few minutes the cab stopped in front of a great building. There were crowds, of people in, cheering and shouting. Tim thought he could hear his name called. The men rushed him through the crowd into a great room in the building. The room was filled with people—thousands of them, it seemed to Tim. The men led him to the rostrum, and gave him a seat. Confused and bewildered, he endeavored to speak to the men, but the cheers drowned his words.

One of the five men stood up to

speak. Tim now saw it was Frank Stone. He talked glowingly of some man's honor. Tim was too excited to comprehend the meaning of what was happening. Finally Stone stepped up to Tim, and said affectionately, "Folks, here's the fellow I've been telling you about!"

Two men lifted Tim to his feet. The cheering was tumultuous. Tim began to see a light in human nature. He looked at the audience and recognized many of the old faces—the faces of those he had assisted with his money. Someone was elbowing his way to the front. Then he thrust a slip of paper into Tim's hand. A tiny note was attached, which read: "Just a little token of appreciation from the folks you befriended." The slip was a voucher for a large sum of money.

So these were the people who knew he had made a fortune once, and believed he could make it again, and then he would repay them double what they were now doing. Tim kept telling himself as he looked down into their faces. Fair-weather friends, to be sure! That was all they wanted—that was human nature.

But Tim stopped short in his thinking. He opened his mouth, as if to speak, but only his face flushed instead. It wasn't fair weather—just now—with him—and yet—

"Frank—" Tim turned to his old friend, "Frank—tell these foul-weather friends of mine—" But the tumult of cheers made further speech impossible. Tim's eyes were drenched, and in his throat was a something that would not down.

Accuracy is the twin brother of honesty; inaccuracy, of dishonesty.

A COLORFUL SPECTACLE

(Sunshine Magazine)

While the trend in color selection for automobile license plates appears to be toward the somber color combinations, there are still enough hues in the 1941 galaxy of tags to make the seventoned rainbow a relatively color splotched in the sky by comparison. *The Car*, the official organ of the Philadelphia Motor Club, has tabulated the color schemes for the forty-eight states, District of Columbia, Territorial Possessions and Canadian Provinces. It will be noted that Porto Rico is the only unit to use a three-color combination. The state of Connecticut has a permanent license plate with small replaceable date slugs to be changed each year.

The array of licence plates is as follows:

Alabama, Black on yellow; Arizona, Black on Copper; Arkansas, Green on Aluminum; California, Orange on Black; Colorado, Yellow on Black; Connecticut, Black on Aluminum; Delaware, Gold on Blue; Dist. of Columbia, Chrome Yellow on Black; Florida, Red on White; Georgia, Orange Yellow on Dark Blue; Idaho, Black on yellow; Illinois, Yellow on Black; Indiana, White on Blue; Iowa, Black on White; Kansas, Gold on Red; Kentucky, Black on Aluminum; Louisiana, Black on White; Maine, Red on Aluminum; Maryland, Black on Aluminum; Massachusetts, White on Green; Michigan (Full Year), White on Maroon, (Half Year) Maroon on White; Minnesota, Black on Aluminum; Mississippi, White on

Black; Missouri, White on Black; Montana, Blue on White; Nebraska, Dark Blue on Orange; Nevada, Blue on Silver; New Hampshire, Green on White; New Jersey, White on Black; New Mexico, Red on Yellow; New York, Black on Orange; *North Carolina*, Gold on Black; North Dakota, Black on Orange; Ohio, White on Maroon; Oklahoma, White on Black; Oregon, White on Green; Pennsylvania, Golden Yellow on Ultramarine Blue; Rhode Island, Black on White; South Carolina, Black on Yellow; South Dakota, Yellow on Black; Tennessee, White on Black; Texas, Gold on Black; Utah, White on Black; Vermont, White on Dark Blue; Virginia, White on Black; Washington, White on Green; West Virginia (1940-1941), Black on National Yellow, (1941-1942) National Yellow on Black; Wisconsin, Black on Federal Yellow; Wyoming, Red on White.

Territories and Possessions—Alaska, White on Green; Canal Zone, Black on Orange; Hawaii, Cardinal Red on Rustic Gray; Philippines, Gold on Celestial Blue; Porto Rico, Black on Tan and Blue.

Provinces of Canada—Alberta, White on Black; British Columbia, Blue on White; Manitoba, Black on Yellow; New Brunswick, Cream on Coffee Brown; Nova Scotia, Black on Dark Ivory; Ontario, Green on White; Prince Edward Island, Navy Blue on Orange; Quebec, White on Green; Saskatchewan, White on Vermilion.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Although the boys enjoyed a fine fish dinner last Sunday, dyed Easter eggs occupied important places on the cottage menus. Hundreds of eggs were gaily colored, and, since it was a very pleasant day, various sections of the School campus were scenes of Easter egg hunts, especially among the smaller lads.

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One of the most beautiful sights on the campus at the present time is a large Japanese flowering peach tree in the rear of the Cannon Memorial Administration Building. It is a profusion of beautiful pink blooms, causing many passers-by to stop their cars to enjoy a good look at it. We regret that some of our local camera fans do not have the necessary equipment to take a "shot" of this tree in full color.

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Baseball got off to a good start here last Saturday. The Training School is again represented in the Cabarrus County League, and our lads had the boys from Cannon Mills Plant No. 6, of Concord, as their opponents in the opening contest. The game was played on the local diamond, and the School lads came out on the winning end by the score of 15 to 7. Both teams were badly in need of more practice and costly misplays were very much in evidence, but they also turned in some very good plays. With a little more practice, it is our opinion that the School boys will be able to

give their competitors a real scrap before the season is far advanced.

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Sergeant Spurgeon, chief clerk, and Sergeant Stephenson, of the United States Army recruiting office, Charlotte, visited the School last Monday night for the purpose of showing motion pictures depicting various phases of army life. Promptly at seven o'clock, the boys assembled in the auditorium. The first picture shown was entitled "Service With the Colors," and it was followed by one called "The Air Army." Both were highly interesting and instructive and our lads thoroughly enjoyed them.

Following the showing of the pictures, Sergeant Spurgeon addressed the boys briefly, admonishing them to be clean and manly at all times. He also commented on a recruit shown in the first picture, one of these fellows who goes around with a chip on his shoulder, and how the army soon remedied that condition. Both visiting soldiers expressed themselves as being delighted with the general appearance of our boys and were very much interested in the work being carried on here. They further stated that they hoped to be able to make a return visit at an early date.

Both the boys and officials of the institution were pleased with the pictures shown on this occasion and are deeply grateful to Sergeants Spurgeon and Stephenson for making it possible for them to enjoy such a fine entertainment. **This is a fine** gesture on the part of army officials.

and in showing such pictures to the boys of our land, they are rendering a real service. They clearly point out the value of military training and should do much in creating interest in our country's great defense program.

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Rev. C. E. Baucom, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. Following the singing of the opening hymn, a group of twelve boys, under the direction of Miss Mary Frances Redwine, rendered a special number, "Nearer, Still Nearer," in a most pleasing manner. This was followed by the entire student body, led by Bruce Hawkins, of Cottage No. 3, repeating the beautiful Easter story, as found in Luke 24:1-6.

In his message to the boys, Rev. Mr. Baucom chose as his text, I Cor. 15:20—"But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker, told the boys how he thoroughly enjoyed worshipping with them, as the splendid manner in which they sang the fine old hymns and recited portions of the Scriptures was a great inspiration. He added that they spoke and sang as though it really came right from the heart.

Easter, said Rev. Mr. Baucom, is a day of joy and gladness because it commemorates Christ's great victory over the evil forces of the world. Yet today, part of the world is torn by the havoc of war. Men are destroying each other by the hundreds

of thousands. If we look only on this side of the picture, the outlook is gloomy. Even in the midst of all this, there is a real hope that comes darting through the darkest hours of life. That ray of light comes to us in the words of the text: "Now is Christ risen from the dead."

The speaker further stated that all through life men have realized that all was not ended with life on earth, and quoted these examples: In the Stone Age, people buried various articles with the dead, evidently thinking they might have use for them in life after the grave. Some time later, another race cremated the bodies of those who passed away. The ashes was placed in a container, upon which was painted a picture of the rising sun, showing that they also thought there was another life. Our American Indians buried with their fallen braves, bows, arrows, spears, knives, pottery, etc., and the only way this has been explained is that they thought their comrades would need them after passing from earthly life to the "happy hunting ground."

As we read of these strange customs, we wonder deep down in our hearts, if these were just vain attitudes of men or was it real. Surely such instincts must have had some meaning. It shows that throughout all ages men lived without any definite proof that the grave was the end of all life, and they held to the belief that there was something beyond. God finally saw to it that man's instinct and longing should not be without foundation, that this life was not the end, so He sent His only son into the world for the purpose of

removing all doubt from their minds.

This Man of Nazareth, continued the speaker, began to preach a doctrine entirely new to men. He told them that he came from God, and that they who believed on him should have eternal life, dwelling forever with him in the great kingdom of the Heavenly Father. He soon attracted great multitudes of followers. They were swayed by his teachings. They marveled as they saw him heal the sick; restore sight to the blind; and even bring the dead back to life. Truly, they said, he was filled with the power of God. They hailed him as the great king come to rule over them—the Messiah, whose coming had been foretold by the prophets of old. Just a short time thereafter, these same people, urged on by those who were jealous of Christ because of the growing popularity of the doctrine he preached, turned against him, causing him to suffer, and finally to be put to a most shameful death.

This, said Rev. Mr. Baucom, was God's way of showing people that the powers of evil could not prevail. While Christ was put to death, hope comes from the fact that he again became alive. Had not this

wonderful event occurred, Christianity would have been no more than the religion of pagan races. Our religion exceeds theirs because we have a leader whose tomb is empty and he is our risen Lord. If Christ were still dead, we, like savages of old, would be groping in the dark for something real. By Jesus's supreme sacrifice, the hopes of men through all ages have been realized. We now are assured that there is something to man beyond the grave. Whether this is to be a life of joy or woe depends entirely on the acceptance of the story of the risen Christ. If we will only put our trust in him, he will give us strength to live for the glory of God, for he said, upon returning to his Father, "I will not leave you comfortless."

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Baucom told his listeners that since Jesus has promised to be with those who obey his teachings, we should all strive to follow him, that we, too, at the end of this earthly life, may rise and live amid the joys of eternity. By accepting Christ, we not only shall be able to live and enjoy success, but we can meet the grim destroyer at the end of the trail with the hope of victory.

THE DESIDERATUM

When the way seems long and dreary,
 And troubles 'round you crowd,
 Until you feel near giving up,
 With heart and spirit cowed,
 When strength and faith are spent,
 And hope you well nigh lack,
 Don't pray to God for a lighter load—
 Pray for a stronger back!

—York Rite Trestle Board.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 13, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (6) Herschel Allen 6
- (4) Carl Barrier 4
- (16) William Drye 18
- (9) Homer Head 17
- (20) Frank May 20
- (8) Weaver Ruff 14
- (20) William Shannon 20
- (20) Weldon Warren 20
- (3) James Williams 3

COTTAGE NO. 1

- (4) James Bargesser 9
- (4) N. A. Bennett 11
- William Blackmon 9
- Charles Browning 4
- (2) Lacy Burleson 4
- Albert Chunn 15
- (2) John Davis 16
- Eugene Edwards 11
- (3) Ralph Harris 10
- Doris Hill 5
- Porter Holder 17
- (3) Carl Hooker 5
- (7) Burman Keller 15
- (5) H. C. Pope 11
- Leonard Robinson 4
- (3) Everett Watts 18

COTTAGE NO. 2

- Henry Barnes
- Bernice Hoke 10
- (8) Julian T. Hooks 16
- (18) Edward Johnson 19
- (2) Ralph Kistler 7
- (16) Donald McFee 13
- Peter Tuttle 7

COTTAGE NO. 3

- John Bailey 15
- (3) Lewis Baker 13
- Charles Beal 3
- Kenneth Conklin 8
- Jack Crofts 10
- Max Evans 11
- Robert Hare 7
- (3) David Hensley 9
- Jerry Jenkins 7
- Harley Matthews 11
- Fonzer Pitman
- George Shaver 7

John Tolley 13

- (3) Jerome Wiggins 15
- (3) Louis Williams 17

COTTAGE NO. 4

- Wesley Beaver 6
- Paul Briggs 9
- (2) William Cherry 7
- (2) Leo Hamilton 10
- (2) John Jackson 10
- Morris Johnson 4
- (2) Hugh Kennedy 14
- (2) William Morgan 7
- (2) J. W. McRorrie 9
- Robert Simpson 9

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (7) Theodore Bowles 19
- (3) Robert Dellinger 5
- A. C. Elmore 11
- (5) Ivey Lunsford 12
- (2) Mack McQuaigue 13
- Leonard Milton 9
- (5) Hubert Walker 17
- (9) Dewey Ware 19
- Charles B. Ziegler 3

COTTAGE NO. 6

- (2) Elgin Atwood 2
- Eugene Ballew
- Frank Fargis
- (2) Earl Hoyle 2
- (6) Leonard Jacobs 12
- (2) John Maples 6
- Durwood Martin 2
- (2) Jesse Peavy 4
- Emerson Sawyer 2
- Jack Reeves
- (7) Carl Ward 9
- William Wilkerson
- (2) Woodrow Wilson 10
- (3) George Wilhite 5
- (2) James C. Wiggins 3

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (15) Cleasper Beasley 19
- (3) Henry Butler 15
- (2) Donald Earnhardt 17
- George Green 11
- (2) Lyman Johnson 16
- Robert Lawrence 8
- John McNamee 18

- Ernest Overcash 11
 Marshall Pace 13
 (2) Carl Ray 13
 (2) Loy Stines 9
 Ernest Turner 10
 (2) Alex Weathers 12
 Ervin Wolfe 14

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley 4

COTTAGE NO. 9

- (2) Percy Capps 11
 (6) David Cunningham 19
 (2) James Davis 5
 Riley Denny 2
 George Gaddy 12
 Columbus Hamilton 12
 (2) Edgar Hedgepeth 10
 (3) Mark Jones 13
 Isaac Mahaffey 3
 Marvin Matthewson
 (5) William Nelson 16
 Thomas Sands 13
 (5) Horace Williams 10

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (3) John Allison 7
 (4) Cecil Gray 13
 (20) Robert Goldsmith 20
 (5) Earl Hildreth 17
 (12) Broadus Moore 17
 John Ray 5
 (8) Monroe Searcy 15
 (3) James Tyndall 17

COTTAGE NO. 12

- (5) Odell Almond 16
 (2) Jay Brannock 5
 (2) Ernest Brewer 12
 William Deaton 14
 (5) Treley Frankum 15
 (5) Woodrow Hager 14
 (2) Eugene Heffner 12
 (2) Charles Hastings 11
 (5) Tillman Lyles 16
 (5) James Mondie 11

- (5) Hercules Rose 15
 (5) Howard Sanders 18
 (2) Charles Simpson 16
 Robah Sink 16
 (2) Jesse Smith 10
 (2) George Tolson 14
 Daniel McPhail

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (11) James Brewer 17
 (4) Charles Gaddy 12
 (4) Vincent Hawes 17
 Charles Metcalf 2
 Claude McConnell 2
 (3) Jordan McIver 4
 Randall D. Peeler 9
 (3) Fred Rhodes 3

COTTAGE NO. 14

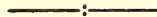
- (3) Raymond Andrews 15
 (4) John Baker 17
 (7) Edward Carter 18
 (2) Mack Coggins 16
 (3) Leonard Dawn 6
 (20) Audie Farthing 20
 (4) Troy Gilland 17
 (2) John Hamm 16
 (5) William Harding 6
 (2) Marvin King 9
 Feldman Lane 16
 (10) Roy Mumford 13
 (3) Charles McCoy 13
 (14) Norvell Murphy 17
 John Robbins 15
 (6) James Roberson 8

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (16) Jennings Britt 16
 Calvin Tessneer 5

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (3) Frank Chavis 3
 (3) George Duncan 15
 (4) Roy Holmes 4
 (5) James Johnson 6
 Leroy Lowry 2
 (2) Redmond Lowry 15
 (2) Varcy Oxendine 3
 (2) Thomas Wilson 17



Jealousy is the fear of apprehension of superiority; envy your uneasiness under it.—Shenstone.

APR 28 1941

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., APRIL 26, 1941

NO. 17

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HUBBARD'S ADVICE

If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him. Speak well of him and stand by the institution he represents. Remember, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you must growl, condemn, and eternally find fault, resign your position, and when you are on the outside, damn him to your heart's content; but as long as you are a part of the institution, do not condemn it. If you do, the first high wind that comes along will blow you away, and probably you will never know why.—Elbert Hubbard.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE RE-SURGE IN SPRING

From the gardens of Summerville, S. C., along the shaded road of live oaks, arching majestically overhead and drooping gray beards of moss, we enter Magnolia Gardens, a veritable paradise. No artist can paint nor words describe the beauty and charm of it all. Nestled peacefully amidst the greensward, and hugged by the river, along whose banks arched giant trees, the wide acres spread with richest profusion of gorgeous color and fragrant charm: great banks of azaleas and japonicas of every variety and hue, roses and fragrant gardenias; yellow jasmine, and purple wistaria climbing high-overhead and twining amidst the Spanish moss that hung weirdly from towering live oaks and giant pines; and cypress trees, like silent sentinels along the water's edge, standing guard over the still, dark lakes that mirrored the rare beauty of the intertwining forms and colors surrounding and overhead. We were told that no flowers were ever stolen from that paradise, because there breathed a strange sacredness through it all, as thither came the restless or weary and found solace and peace. Would such overwhelming beauty dim and its charm wane, in time, for the visitor? we asked. In subdued tones, in answer, travelers testified that each year they came as on a peace pilgrimage to this place, with new eagerness, and each season it appeared more beautiful and alluring than before.

The secret of the ceaseless charm of such gardens is that Nature in her wisdom withholds the strewing of the flowers in the year's pathway until such time as the soul is most eager to enjoy them; and, after the spirit has breathed in the fragrance and beauty, she gently removes them until another springs appears. Thus, day follows night; springtime, winter; and life follows death. Life hibernates, whether in plant or animal, and surges forth again in the springtime at the call of God.

"In the breast of a bulb is the promise of spring;
In the soul of a seed is the hope of the sod;
In a little blue egg there's a bird that will sing;
In the heart of a child is the Kingdom of God."

—The Lutheran

SPRING

This is the season of the year that lends inspiration to those poetically inclined to describe the beauties of nature in verse. Each

season of the year has entrancing beauties but when Spring suddenly slips upon us in all of its glory of colorful flowers and lawns that look like carpets of green velvet, we are thrilled. The picture is made more pleasing by the green branches of stately trees which serve as resting places for the song birds. In the mad rush for material things of life we forget to count the blessings of God's handiwork. Harmony and beauty are given for the development of the mind and enrichment of the soul.

The brush of the artist may paint a picture true to color and setting, but only the Creator makes the picture alive, wherein we see myriads of colors, no two flowers of the same hue, and feel the soft breezes, hear the babbling brooks and the song birds as they swing in the wind-tossed branches of trees. The artist depicts the beauties that can be seen with the eye, but he cannot make one hear or feel the harmony of nature as given by soft breezes, the running of the waters, and the chirping of birds. We have more to be thankful for than the material things, and should give greater emphasis to the divine gifts, realizing that all power comes from above, and be thankful for the countless blessings showered upon us by the Master Artist, the Creator.

* * * * *

NORTH CAROLINA PARENTS-TEACHERS CONVENTION

The twenty-second annual convention of the North Carolina Congress of Parents and Teachers convenes in Asheville, April 22-23. Mrs. Doyle D. Alley, of Waynesville, state president, announced recently that the theme which will engage the attention of this interesting group of parents and teachers will be "Childhood and Youth in a Democracy." The speakers chosen for the event are Governor J. Melville Broughton and Ex-Governor Clyde R. Hoey.

No place in this country presents a more picturesque setting, especially at this season of the year, for this galaxy of interested women who are working for the spiritual, mental and physical development of childhood—the future citizens of America. The homes and schools are separate and distinct units from the viewpoints of daily activities, but have one common purpose—the training and development of childhood.

A change of scenes and a sea of new faces, reflecting interest and

enthusiasm in their work, gives fresh impetus to both parents and teachers who perhaps need a transfusion of new thought. We learn more than is often realized by moving about and rubbing elbows with people.

The following is taken from a news item, giving the high spots of the P-T-A convention:

An entertainment feature of Tuesday evening's program will be a concert by a state-wide chorus of Mother-Singers, under the direction of Miss Grace Van Dyke Moore, of Woman's College, a former national music chairman for the Congress of Parents and Teachers.

Dr. Clyde A. Erwin, state superintendent of public instruction, will be present at a number of the sessions, bringing greetings and participating in a panel discussion on "Newly Enacted Educational and Health Legislation" on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. William Kletzer, of Portland, Oregon, president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, is to be in Asheville for the duration of the North Carolina convention, addressing the delegates at the opening meeting on Tuesday morning.

Important business includes the election of a new state president to succeed Mrs. Alley, whose three-year term of office expires this spring.

* * * * *

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

William Shakespeare, the greatest poet of all time, who was born April 23, 1564, continues to live in spirit, so states Major Bowes, who, as a member of a Shakespearian Society participates in the anniversary celebration of this renowned writer.

The early life of Shakespeare was handicapped because his parents were very poor, but he, like many who burgeon out their own lives from a log cabin to fame, with a master mind of high ideals painted characters with his pen true to color and class.

It is difficult to understand how a poor boy nearly four hundred years ago could leave to the world classics that have been read by scholars. It is quite evident to all serious-minded people that it is the "set of the sail and not the gale" in the home that determines the destiny of the youth of the land.

The works of this noted playwright show a close contact with the higher and lower strata of his country. He married Ann Hathaway, reared a family, and his home, Stratford-On-Avon, will continue to be a shrine where the traveling public goes to honor the writer who made his name immortal with his pen, or quill.

William Shakespeare died on his birthday, April 23, 1616, at the early age of 52 years.

* * * * *

CANCER CONTROL

For two years there has been an effort locally to make people conscious as to the danger of that insidious disease—cancer—which destroys human lives by the thousands. Frequently it is recognized too late, so naturally, a horrible death follows. It seems the time is not yet ripe for people to become awakened as to the necessity of knowing the symptoms of the dread disease, and then get professional advice from a physician. The general public can be made cancer-conscious by education as to early symptoms, and this is possible—but it takes a humanitarian spirit with will-power. It is so easy to be leaders in organizations that have been in existence for years, but it takes all one has—heart, mind and strength—to blaze the way for a worthy cause, such as cancer control, in which very few seem really interested. The road of the least resistance is the way the masses take.

We were pleased to read the following, taken from the Monroe Enquirer, and pass it on to our readers:

In the month of April each year we give special heed and publicize the nation's plea for special recognition of cancer. We dedicate this space to the importance of checking this dire disease in this country. They ask that you educate yourself to recognize cancer in its early stages that you might fight it more easily and control it successfully. Cancer is not a hopeless case as it can be cured if found in time! Dr. Clarence Little, who heads the Society for the Control of Cancer says, "—impress upon the public the necessity for this program and the importance of constant vigilance in this fight for humanity, we shall be able to save many thousands of lives—."

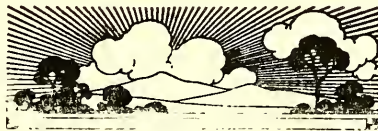
COURTS AND CHARACTERS BUILDING

A line used as filler in a recent issue of the Kiwanis Magazine reads thus— "It is cheaper to build boys than to build prisons."

The Johnson County board of commissioners when they make the county budget for the fiscal year, will include a considerable sum for maintaining courts, another considerable sum for maintaining the jail, and another considerable sum for maintaining the sheriff's office whose personnel rounds up the violators of the law and hales them into court.

The offenders were once boys. Some of them are little more than boys when they appear in courts. The line in the Kiwanis magazine makes one wonder if more money were put into the budget for schools and attendance officers, for public libraries, for bands, for vocational training, whether or not the sum would eventually be less for prisons and courts. Paul Whiteman said: "Teach a boy to blow a trumpet and he will never blow a safe." Edgar A. Guest says: "Give us more lovers of music, more lovers of pictures and books, and we'll fill up the world with good neighbors and dwindle the number of crooks."

This is an angle of spending to which our public financiers should give due thought. Our jails would not be emptied over night. Our courts will doubtless always be needed. But the ratio of courts, and character building enterprise might be reversed.



MRS. ROOSEVELT SPEAKS IN CHARLOTTE

(Charlotte Observer)

Modern Americans must continue to move forward with the adventurous spirit of their forefathers toward a better world through co-operation within the nation's own borders and with the other nations of the earth or build a wall about this country and at constantly increasing cost attempt to live as a country apart.

Such, said Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt here last night, is "America's outlook for the future." Mrs. Roosevelt addressed a large audience at the end of her talk answered several questions asked by persons in the throng. She was presented by Mrs. Charles W. Tillett, of Charlotte, vice chairman of the Democratic national committee and the nation's highest ranking Democratic woman leader.

There is little hope in the world in a negotiated peace that would end the present world war, in the opinion of Mrs. Roosevelt. Yet there are Americans who think that such a solution would be preferable to the cost and burden and pain that would be necessary before Hitler and his philosophy can be overcome.

"And if we decide that a negotiated peace is out of the question, then we must also decide to extend ourselves to help those who are fighting Hitlerism," she declared.

The issue is urgent and not to be escaped. For "those of my age, it doesn't matter so much perhaps. We will manage somehow to exist during the remaining years that may be

allotted to us. But with the younger generation it is no academic question. It will be either a continuation of the past or something entirely different from what we have known, something which we must accept not because we will want to but because somebody in another country will be making us accept it."

It is difficult to understand the present world conflict in the terms of a definition recently given by a man whom she described as "a learned friend of mine," who declared that this struggle is "but an episode in the stream of history," and yet in the long view that definition will perhaps be correct, she thought, in the introduction to her development of her views concerning this nation's future.

She described briefly the pioneering urge that brought our adventuresome ancestors to America to "find a better world" and of the continuing struggle toward that end. The effort to find this better world is really in her opinion, "the wave of the future." She quoted from the recently published little book by R. H. Markham (University of North Carolina Press) called "The Wave of the Past," a book that in the opinion of the critics constitutes an excellent answer to Anne Lindberg's "The wave of the future," and traced the strange decision of this nation after the last world war to try to live "unto ourselves."

"So we pulled back into our own

boundaries and our own shells," she declared, and decided to do nothing that would entail any effort upon our part to aid in bringing about the well-being of other nations.

"I wonder if we knew where our interests really lay," she questioned, and she gave the analogy of the boy who through inattention and lack of proper training must be sent to the reformatory, the man in prison, or the man in the hospital at public expense. In each case, she pointed out, proper attention would probably have saved much in the final costs, and this would have been true, no doubt, had we joined in with the other nations at the end of the first World War "to help build that better world."

Now we have come to the point where "we are finding that no matter how much or how little interest we'd like to take in world conditions, the situation somehow forces itself upon us" and "the fact remains that we are in the present situation. In looking into the future we have a choice. We may do as we did before." Or we may join with the other nations in co-operating to bring about this better world that is so earnestly desired.

She said that some time ago in a period of pessimism over the outlook for the world she spoke bitterly to the President. "I said to my husband, 'I don't believe human beings are worth saving. Here we are hardly 20 years from one war and now we are back in another. Must these cycles come time after time?'"

"He looked at me and a rather amused expression came over his face. 'I wonder where your courage has gone to,' he said. And, of course, that was a perfect answer."

What we do in the future will really be what we are thinking now, Mrs. Roosevelt pointed out. "Some propose that we build up our markets at home, though they don't say how, and let the rest of the world go hang." That would require a great two-ocean navy, a huge army, a tremendous "aviation force." And it would be a constantly increasing burden, for we would be required to stay prepared at all times to defend ourselves in our isolation.

She showed how, should Hitler win, the world would soon be trading on a barter system and our economy would not permit our successful competition with goods inexpensively manufactured in a Germany, a Europe, whose standard of living would be so much lower than ours.

"We will be competing with a whole continent under one head—a continent in which many persons equally skilled with our own but having no choice as to how they would live, what they would make, would be providing goods thus inexpensively made."

That is the isolation, the "wave of the future," side of the picture.

"But I'm wondering if we oughtn't to be thinking of a different sort of future," she declared. "We are a great and rich nation, a nation of still undeveloped resources. I'm wondering if we shouldn't recognize that co-operation is the wave of the future; shouldn't see that people who work together throughout the world for a better world aren't riding the wave of the future."

To co-operate with the other nations with more effectiveness, said Mrs. Roosevelt, we should make our own democracy more effective here at home. We should see that we are not only a country with a democratic

form of government but that we are truly a democratic nation, that we recognize the fact that there is such a thing as "economic democracy" for "no government is going to meet the wave of the future that doesn't provide a decent existence for its citizens."

Americans must get away from sectionalism and become Americans. We must not be New Englanders or New Yorkers or Southerners or Middle Westerners or Californians, but Americans. Democracy cannot

stand still. We must continue to advance or be overcome. "We either go with it and meet those conditions or we go back and give in to Hitler, to Stalin, to Mussolini, to the old wave of the past."

But her hope was that "Our people decide to make a better world—for ourselves and for other people [from helping them make a better world for themselves.]"

Mrs. Roosevelt was sponsored in Charlotte by the Charlotte News.

"POT LIKKER" IS GIVEN BOOST IN SOCIAL RANK

Nutritional research has revealed that malnutrition is often a less serious problem among low income Negro families than among white families. Miss Sallie Brooks, assistant extension nutritionist of N. C. State College, says that one reason for this is that Negro families usually consume the "pot likker"—the water in which their vegetables are boiled—while the white families throw it away.

"Actually," Miss Brooks said, "this 'pot liquor' contains much of the vitamin content of the vegetables, including the the essential B vitamins that are soluble in water." She thinks that the social standing of "pot liquor" should be raised.

The Extension specialist said that one of the National Defense measures being stressed by the United States Department of Agriculture is the improvement of the diet of the American people through the popularization of vitamin-enriched foods. Already on the market in many sections of the country is a new vitamin—enriched bread.

There is very little, if any discernable difference between the new and old breads, Miss Brooks explained. They look alike and taste exactly alike.

One thing being emphasized by the U. S. Department of Agriculture is that food is not being used as a carrier of medicine. "They are not giving the American people drugs under the guise of bread," the nutritionist declared. "The vitamin-enriched bread only serves to restore to the diet some of the most essential elements that have been taken from it by changing food habits and some new processing methods."

WAR'S LOST PEOPLE TURN TO RED CROSS

By Ruth Cowan

As a result, the International Red Cross in Geneva, the American Red Cross in Washington, and the other 61 co-operating Red Cross societies have become a mammoth "missing persons bureau."

At the international headquarters a staff of 3,000 sort out an average of 60,000 inquiries a day. They come from near and far.

An immigrant Polish son in the United States is seeking word of his mother in Warsaw; a Belgian mother is hunting her children from whom she was separated in fleeing to southern France. A French woman, a refugee in Brazil, is trying to locate her husband in a German prison camp. A Dutch child sends a message to "Daddy," a sailor on a Dutch ship that evaded German capture and docks occasionally at New York.

This activity is reflected in the American Red Cross headquarters. When Mars started disrupting normal communications lines in September, 1939, there was a staff of five in the inquiry and information service section. They had sufficient space in a room in the Red Cross building.

But as planes and tanks roared across national borders sending civilians fleeing—5,000,000 fled from Belgium, Holland and northern France southward as the Germans neared Paris—work began piling up in their inquiry section.

Now a staff of 38, under the direction of Robert J. Scovell, is at work on inquiries and messages that come in at a rate 100 a day. The inquiry section had to find new quarters and is housed in a huge room in the Metropolitan club.

Every few weeks a new filing case is added. In the files that already line two sides of the long room are sheets of white, pink and yellow paper representing 200,000 people involved in inquiries that have passed through this headquarters.

The procedure to try to locate someone through the American Red Cross is simple. Triplicate forms are filled out at any of the Red Cross chapters scattered throughout the country. On these are given the name, nationality, date and place of birth, and last known address of the person inquired about.

The person making the inquiry gives his name, nationality, address and relationship to the person inquired about. Then in his own handwriting he can send a 25-word message of strictly personal character."

One of the triple sheets is kept at the chapter where the inquiry started. The other two are sent to the national headquarters here. A check of files here first is made to see if there has been any recent word about the inquirer. It may be that someone else has previously made an inquiry about the same person.

If the files disclose nothing than

the original of the two sheets it's forwarded to the international headquarters. Sometimes they are sent by clipper, other times by boat. When the inquiry reaches Geneva a check of the files there, which now has millions of names, is made.

Even by now the international headquarters is something of a directory of folks all over the world. By international agreement the names of prisoners of war are reported to Geneva. Refugee civilians are forwarding their names and latest addresses to Geneva to facilitate possible inquiry for them.

The original message is sent on to the Red Cross headquarters in whatever country the inquirer was last known to have been. Efforts are made to get the message into the hands of the inquirer. Thus the mother in Warsaw can read the message her son sent from the United States in his own handwriting! She in turn writes a short message on the back. Then it starts back to the sender.

Since the war began the American Red Cross has forwarded nearly 73,000 inquiries. And the results? About half have either reached the person to whom addressed or resulted in some information about him. The percentage of success in some countries is much higher than in others.

It is to be remembered that correspondents usually don't turn to the Red Cross unless they have failed to get an answer through the other means of communication.

The largest number of inquiries, more than 27,000, have gone to Poland. Replies or information have come back on 70 per cent. More than 10,000 inquiries have gone to Holland

with an 80 per cent result. But there has been only a 17 per cent result on the 10,000 inquiries sent to France.

Messages intended for Denmark, Belgium, Germany, and the countries occupied by Germany go through the German Red Cross. Those for people in Great Britain and other countries still flying their own flags are forwarded to the Red Cross societies there.

In these messages there is fear, dread, worry bravery—and yes, humor.

There was the instance of a woman refugee who asked the Red Cross to locate her husband and tell him she was getting along all right and didn't need any money. In this case the chap was located by cable and the message delivered. Back came his reply: "Can't be my wife! She never said that before."

A file in the Red Cross inquiry section opened at random showed a letter sent by a Dutch refugee to see if the "old folks" were all right in Amsterdam. The message went to Geneva and then through the German Red Cross reached its destination.

On the back of the original message—a little smudgy from the fingers that had sent it on its way—was written in Dutch which translated read:

"Dear children and grandchildren. I let you know that all are in good health and greet and kiss you. Your loving pa and grandpa. Greetings from ma, grandma and great grandma."

Sometimes with luck a message goes through quickly. But usually

it takes from three to six months to get a reply or information. The messages on the forms go postage free. Short cables can be sent through the Red Cross but this is only advisable when a definite address is known.

An increasing number of messages are coming into the American Red Cross from Europeans trying to locate relatives who are refugees in the United States. The largest number now are coming from Holland. There are many from Poland and France.

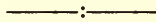
Messages when they come into headquarters in a foreign language are translated here. For this purpose there is a staff of 47 volunteer translators, speaking 20 languages, working under direction of Miss Ro-

bina Rae, the librarian. They include language students, wives of army officers who have had foreign service, diplomats, socialities.

Among the recent incoming messages on a translator's desk was one from a Dutch wife intended for her husband. She wrote:

"How are you? We are all right. We hope the same for you. Gwiltie is in grade school. She learns well. Love from all. Wife and child."

The message will be sent on to New York to be held there until words is received that his ship has docked at some port. When Daddy has had a chance to tell Gwiltie to study well the message will be started back home—a long time, long distance wanderer.



CHINESE PROVERBS

Everything is difficult at first.

The loftiest towers rise from the ground.

A person of sense talks little and listens much.

A tiny mole can undermine the strongest rampart.

Riches only adorn the house, but virtue adorns the person.

Attention to small things is the economy of virtue.

If you do not scale the mountain, you cannot view the plain.

A man is not always known by his looks, nor is the sea measured by a bushel.

A clever person turns great troubles into little ones and little troubles into none at all.

A bird cannot rest but on one branch. A mouse cannot drink more than its fill from a river.

—The New Age.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRANDSON MADE GENERAL

(Charlotte Observer)

One of the new generals of the United States army, Brig. Gen. Thomas Jonathan Jackson Christian, was reared in Charlotte, as was his sister, Mrs. Randolph Preston, now a resident of Washington but who until recent years was a resident of Charlotte. Her husband was long a prominent member of the local bar. General Christian is the only grandson of General Stonewall Jackson, famous Confederate officer.

The following is from Service Side-lights column by J. G. N. in the Washington Post of April 13th:

Stonewall Jackson must have smiled down on the world from his niche in Valhalla Friday, and called for a toast in non-intoxicating ambrosia from his fellow warriors. For a list of new Army generals sent to the Senate that day contained the name of Col. Thomas Jonathan Jackson Christian.

Stonewall's given names were Thomas Jonathan, in case you have forgotten, and new Brig. Gen. Christian is his only male grandchild.

Jack Christian, as he is known throughout the Army, has followed the trade of arms since he first entered military school at the age of 12, 40 years ago, and now approaches the top of his profession.

At present, commander of the Field Artillery recruit replacement training center at Camp Robert, Calif., Gen. Christian is well known here. He was chief of the war plans section of the Office of the Chief of Field Artillery from 1934 to 1938, and be-

fore that was a student at the Army War College.

Moreover, his father, Capt. William E. Christian, who married Stonewall's only daughter, Julia Neale Jackson, lived in Washington for years before his death here four years ago. Captain Christian served in the Army in the Spanish-American war and was well known as a newspaperman and author. His daughter, Mrs. Randolph Preston, Sr., only other grandchild of the immortal Confederate general, makes her home here.

General Christian entered West Point in 1906, after getting most of his schooling in military colleges, including a year at V. M. I., where his granddaddy taught for ten years before the War Between the States.

He served on the Mexican border as a cavalry officer in 1916, but in the World war was transferred to the Field Artillery and kept here in charge of training artilleryman during '17 and '18.

General Christian last served as executive officer of West Point, where his efforts to modernize the course of instruction for cadets attracted considerable attention throughout the service.

Stonewall Jackson came near not having any descendants to carry on his prowess in the military profession. His only child was born just six months before his death at Chancellorsville in 1863. Being in the field with his troops, he only saw his baby daughter once, when his wife, brought

the infant to his camp. The daughter, General Christian's mother, died in 1889, while Stonewall's widow lived until 1915.

His distaff heirs, however, seem likely to continue his bloodstrain in the American army. A great grandson, Thomas Jonathan Jackson Christian, Jr., graduated from West Point in 1939, nearly a century after Stonewall graduated from the Army school. He is now a lieutenant in the Air Corps and an instructor at Kelly Field.

Another great-grandson, Randolph Preston, Jr., is a lieutenant in the Western High School cadets and hopes for an appointment to West Point soon.

The 48 new generals nominated by President Roosevelt Friday brings the total in the Army to 362—about three

times as many as there were in the pre-emergency Army.

There is one four-starred general—George C. Marshall, chief of staff; seven lieutenant generals—the commander of the four field armies. General Headquarters Air Force and the Hawaiian and Panama Departments; 94 major generals and 260 brigadier generals.

Twenty-one of the major generals and 72 of the brigadiers are National Guard commanders, while the Air Corps has one lieutenant general, six major generals and 25 brigadiers. All of the additional generals hold temporary advanced rank. In fact, no vacancies are being filled in the 21 permanent major generalcies and 55 permanent brigadier posts of the Regular Army.

YOU CANNOT

You cannot bring about prosperity by discouraging thrift.

You cannot strengthen the weak by weakening the strong.

You cannot help small men by tearing big men down.

You cannot help the poor by destroying the rich.

You cannot lift the wage-earner up by pulling the wage-payer down.

You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than your income.

You cannot further the brotherhood of man by inciting class hatred.

You cannot establish sound social security on borrowed money.

You cannot build character and courage by taking away a man's initiative and independence.

You cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves.—Selected.

SLALOM SPEED

By Fletcher D. Slater

The cable went taut on the up-ski toboggan just as Matt Frazier came out of the forest trail with a fast, swishing two-step.

The slim, blond figure, clad in worn gabardines and lumberjack, broke into a racing one-step as he saw his ride to the top starting up the hill.

The riding skiers waved him on hilariously. Mat frowned. Why didn't they stop? It had been along slog over from Lode City. He needed that lift!

He hurled everything into that brief chase. Yet his skiing form did not suffer. There was inherent grace in each savage thrust of his ski poles and in the swift, sure change of weight from ski to ski as his flying form overtook the toboggan.

He grabbed the tailboard just as the grade steepened impossibly. He wormed around to one side and sat down, panting, his skis riding on the snow.

A pudgy lad in a red cap grinned in friendly fashion.

"Nice run you made. You aren't from Garrison, are you?"

Matt shook his head briefly. "Lode City."

The other whistled. "And you're entering the slalom run after barging 'away over here?"

Matt nodded. "I've been practicing ever since the first snow." He stopped as his glance rested on a tall, blackhaired chap sitting rakishly on the front bench of the toboggan, a whistle around his neck.

"Who's that?" asked Matt.

"Gorn Murday. President of our Garrison ski club."

Matt's eyes, narrowed, and he edged forward.

"I'm Matt Frazier, from Lode City," he said, at Gorn Murday's shoulder. "I just hooked on—or didn't you notice?"

Gorn nodded calmly. "I saw you," he said. "Glad you came over for our first meet."

"Is that your starting whistle?"

"For the hoisting team, nodded Gorn. "Neat eh?"

Matt's indignation slipped anchor. "I suppose you couldn't manage a stop signal!"

Gorn flushed angrily, then laughed. "Not for skiers who can't even sing out that they want a ride!"

On reaching the hilltop, Matt piled out, paid his small entry fee, and drew his starting number—9.

Gorn Murday addressed him. "You want a practice run down the course before we start?" he asked ungraciously.

Matt shook his head with equal stiffness. "No, thanks. I don't think I'll have any trouble with it."

Gorn spun on his heel and made off to get into his ski bindings. He was number 2.

In spite of Matt's confident words, he was shaking with ski-fright as he waited for the meet to start. While he had grown up on skis, this would be his first real race.

Matt had heard about the Garrison slalom run on Wednesday. Thursday he had skied over to try the course, already set down the sharply dipping,

partly wooded slope. In the solitude of dusk he had studied the flags carefully, then run the course three times. The last time, experimenting with a speed he had never dared before, he had pared two curves so thin he had failed to stay within the flags. How much speed could he crowd on his skis today, without being penalized?

Skiers shot away, one at a time, until at last it was Matt's turn. He poised on the crest.

Bang!

With a strong push of both ski poles he was off. All nervousness left him as he fled down the steep slope in between the first pair of red flags.

Since it was the first meet of the year, most of the flags were planted open; that is, directly across from each other and marking a plain pathway between them which the skiers must travel. Yet there was one long straight flush which must be taken at terrific speed, and two troublesome series of blind flags, which made the course a real test of skill.

Matt whistled into the long straight flush; knees bent, body forward until it seemed he must topple over. He made the two wide sweeping turns with a thrilling speed Christiania, then another. His skin was tingling. He had taken those flags with just the right speed.

Ahead loomed the short trail through the woods, halfway down. It was here that Matt, master of cross-country touring, knew that he must beat his competitors. It was still downhill racing, but the speed was not great and the turns were sharp.

Matt, in pouring over skiing books, had come across a slalom turn, developed by a famous world skier. It was essentially the speed Christiania,

yet slower and much more abrupt. Matt had practiced that turn with many a spill on the snowy slopes around Lode City. Finally he had mastered it. It took a pronounced "forward knee" and a decided swing of the heel, with most delicate timing. It was that turn that cut seconds off Matt's time as he swept through the tortuous wooded trail. When he shot over the finish line, the eight preceding skiers cluttered excitedly about the timer.

When the six remaining skiers had finished, and Matt's time pronounced a full five seconds faster than Gorn Munday's, his nearest competitor, the racers crowded up to shake Matt's hand. Gorn was one of them.

Yet later as he awarded the tiny cup to Matt, Gorn muttered under his breath, "Just the same, Frazier, I'm going back to inspect that course. No skier could cut five seconds off my time and stay within the flags!"

Three weeks later the Palisade ski club put up a beautiful silver loving cup in class. A slalom race on Groot Mountain. It was fifty miles away, but Matt's employer, proud of his skiing clerk, told him he could get off.

Matt had practiced every minute he could spare from the store. On the breath-taking slopes of nearby Iron Mountain he had practiced the speed Christiania until he was dead sure of it. Twice he had even dared the terrifying run down South Face. No slalom course in the world would equal that slope for speed and he took pride in his achievement.

There was an air of quiet competence about him, now, as he drew his number on Groot Mountain. There were thirty-seven contestants. Matt drew number thirty-seven.

Facing a long wait, he took off his skis and prepared to keep warm. As he struck up a conversation with the starter, Matt was startled to glimpse Gorn Munday watching him with a black stare. Half the runners had sized down the slope, though, before the slim local champion walked up to Matt and explained Gorn's glare.

"There's talk of crooked work at the Garrison run," he said, straight from the shoulder, "Munday says he found ski tracks outside two pairs of flags, and that you won by five seconds!"

Matt nodded, his teeth clenched. He'd made those tracks in his last trail run, but nobody had seen him practice. Besides, if they thought he could cheat, they'd say he could lie.

"I won the Garrison race fairly," he said, his temper under control. I'm going to win this one the same way."

The skinny skier put out his hand. "May the best man win. And he will! We've got plenty of flag watchers."

One by one the remaining runners shoved off, till only Matt was left. He took his position. With the starter's gun, he was off like a shot.

Matt needed every faculty for that difficult, straining three minutes. Blind flags was the rule, not the exception. As he shot into a succession of tricky corridors and interrupted flushes, Matt's nerves tingled with the challenge. He was skiing as he had never skied before. Anger was behind every thrust of his ski poles; indignation wrenched his heels around in every one of those peculiar slalom turns he had mastered so patiently and so well. He'd show Gorn Munday and the rest!

At last he flashed across the finish

line. The timer studied his watch.

"Two minutes, fifty-seven and one-fifth seconds," he announced in an awed voice.

The skiers rushed for Matt, leading them the slender Palisade champ.

"You beat the best time by six seconds!" he glowed, pumping Matt's hand. "I don't know how, but man! you're a skier!"

That night as Matt happily lugged the big cup onto the train and opened a night school geology text, he heard Gorn Munday's sulky murmur, two seats back.

"There's not a skier in the country," Matt heard him declare, "who can win a tough slalom run by five or six seconds! And on our Garrison course I saw with my own eyes those ski tracks—"

"But every pair of flags had a watcher, here," pointed out someone.

"Maybe," admitted Gorn. "But did you notice how friendly Frazier was with the starter before the race? Remember, he was the last man down. There was nobody there to watch him, except the starter."

Matt leaped to his feet. "I heard that!" His blue eyes met Gorn's black ones unflinchingly. "You're a poor loser, Munday—and a liar, to boot!"

Gorn's friend held the black-haired skier back, and presently the flare-up was over. But it was a troubled Matt who went back to his seat. He had seen anger and contempt in Gorn's blazing eyes, but he had seen something else, too—utter conviction. Gorn Munday believed sincerely that Matt had won the slalom meets **unfairly**.

Winter sped along all too fast for Matt. He entered every run possible. At nearly every every meet he met Gorn Munday—met and defeated him.

The Colorado Skiing Association belatedly chose Lode City and Iron Mountain for the final championship slalom of the year. It was high time. With an early thaw, the snow was already soft and corny.

The course-setting committee laid out an extremely difficult run from the knob of Iron Mountain down the west shoulder; over ravines, through gullies, traversing woods, and ending in a long straight run of medium slope, angling down to the hikers' cabin at the bottom of South Face.

Skiers gathered early in the week to try the run, to learn its sharp curves and twisting flushes before the day of competition. Matt was one of them, so was Gorn Munday—tempestuous, brilliant, flaming Gorn, who, excepting only Matt, had proved himself the class of western skiers.

Saturday came at last. The sun was almost hot as Matt went home for an early lunch. Shrewdly he gave his skis a coat of paraffin, ironed on but not polished. A polished surface, he had found, ran slower on wet snow.

Two hours later, as he got out from a "Skiers' Special" bus at the top of Iron Mountain, he almost bumped into Gorn Munday.

"Watch your step!" snarled Gorn. "And listen, you smug-headed cheat! No matter how this race comes out, I challenge you to run down South Face!"

Matt's eyes flared. Then he shook his head slowly. "Nope," he said. "South Face is too dangerous during a thaw."

Gorn snorted. "Faugh! I've been down it twice, the last three days. You're yellow, too, are you?"

Matt, his fists clenched into twin rocks, shrugged and moved off.

There were fifty-odd contestants in this skiing wind-up. Matt drew number fourteen. Gorn was number five.

While waiting, Matt glanced down the dizzy South face. The hikers' hut at the finish line, shielded by a fringe of pines from the upper mountain, was only a thousand-odd feet below them, yet the zigzagging slalom course down the west shoulder measured nearly three miles.

At last everything was ready. The gun! The first skier went whizzing, dipping, skidding down the course.

Minutes later the timer's flag waved, below. First man finished. Number two.

Three.

Four.

Gorn Munday's turn. A savage set to his shoulders showed his determination to win this supreme test. Matt was forced to admit that Gorn was a thing of beauty as he swept down the twisting slalom course.

It was queer watching Gorn whisk out momentarily from behind a rounded knoll more than four minutes later, and disappear behind the pines that screened the finish at the cabin. Then the timer's assistant waved his flag. Course clear. Next!

At last number thirteen pushed off. Matt carefully tightened his ski bindings, limbered up, and then stripped off his lumber jack.

The timer's man down below trotted into view and waved his flag. Number thirteen had finished. Matt knew the finished skiers would keep to the cabin until nearly time for him to come in.

Matt sharpened every nerve, but kept his muscles relaxed. . . .

Crackkk!

With a smooth, tremendous lunge on his ski poles, Matt dropped down the thirty-degree slope into the first pair of flags. South Face fell away sharply to his right. In a few seconds, swinging away from it, he would go darting, twisting, curving, skidding through the crazy maze of flags that made slalom racing challenging, exhilarating test it was.

The wind flayed his face. Years of skiing were packed into these few seconds of crowded action. He must win! Gorn Munday's honest but mistaken suspicions—once and for all he must crush them—

A whisper off to his right, sawed off his racing thoughts—a whisper that set the roots of his hair to tingling, that widened his eyes with terror. Once before he had heard that menacing undertone. Two years before, it had been; a whole mountainside of snow had broken away at his feet and thundered down.

Matt's heart stood still with horror, yet his skis swept him on. If South Face slid—The hikers' hut! The skiers, inside, unconscious of danger! True the timer would be at the finish line, but the fatal pines, like a flimsy paper wall before a snowslide's might, would screen South Face.

The whisper at his right had risen into a slithering murmur. Matt's face was suddenly white and drawn, yet he leaned into a speed Christiania—to his right! In a great, hissing curve he shot off the course and drove straight at South Face and its appalling drop-off. He used every bit of skill at his command as he slid out and down upon the corny snow of South Face. He must make no sudden turn or skid to further start the

dread white avalanche.

In a swooping, thrilling slide, he trailed one ski behind the other and leaned boldly forward in a wide, arching Telemark curve. It was the smoothest of all turns, the most effective in soft deep snow. He felt, rather than heard, the gathering thunder of the snowslide beneath his feet as he swept down the precipitous slope.

It seemed years.

Then he was stemming around the trees and onto the finish of the course, both toes in, both heels out in a desperate snowplow.

"Snowslide!" he screamed. "Run for your lives! Snowslide! "Run for Sentinel Rock!"

A low, sullen rumble came from the invisible South Face. Skiers tumbled from the cabin. Matt herded the startled timers toward the safety of Sentinel Rock.

They all reached it just in time, just as the roaring tumbling cataract of snow rolled over the pines and the cabin, and rushed on past Sentinel Rock and down the mountain side.

When the snowslide had thundered on down into silence, leaving a desolate wake of white destruction behind, the skiers and the time-keepers came out of their trance slowly.

Gorn Munday glanced dubiously, tentatively, at Matt. "You—you warned us?" he asked dully.

Matt grinned and shivered. The awful power of the snowslide was just beginning to penetrate. He had not had time before to think, to realize, to feel; only time to act.

"I guess," he said.

"Thanks," said Gorn huskily, and shook hands. The rest followed, and Gorn added. "You must have burned up that course. It seemed like an aw-

fully short four minutes. What was the time Gus?" he hailed the head timekeeper.

Gus looked down at his watch for the first time since their narrow escape. His eyes bulged.

"I—I clicked it as he came over the line," he said. "The watch must have stopped though." He turned appealingly to the assistant time-keeper and the referee. Amazement Amazement showed in his face as he eyed their watch dials

Gorn fidgeted impatiently. "Come come, man!" he cried. What was the time?"

"All three watches," said the man awesomely, 'read—thirty-four seconds!'

"Impossible!" said Gorn sharply. "Unless—" He wheeled on Matt. "You—you didn't ride the snowslide down South Face!"

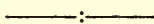
Slowly realization caught up with him. Matt had backed down from the challenge to ski South Face, but the facts remained. There was only one way to get from the starting point on Iron Mountain to the finish in thirty-four seconds, and that was down South Face.

"I thought you were afraid of South Face," he accused.

Matt nodded. "I was," he said honestly. "Awfully afraid. But when I heard that whisper—"

Gorn pumped Matt's hand again. "Is my face red! I timed myself down South Face, from the start to the cabin. Took me forty-one seconds. I've got to admit it, son. You beat me again."

Matt grinned. "Doesn't count," he said. "I had an unfair advantage. You were running against time; I had a snowslide to beat!"



MY TREASURES

Nothing can erase the lovely things my life has known
 These treasures I shall always cherish as my very own.
 The disappointments, unkind things, that have but touched
 my way,

I brush aside, and quickly think upon the beautiful today.
 For each dawn brings a wonder I have not seen before,
 And with that wonder comes the opening of still another
 door:

The blooming of a flower, the sunlight on the sea,
 The kindness of a friend; all these are joys to me.

—Marcella E. Minard.

THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

(N. C. Bird Club)

When coming home on a late afternoon from a tramp through the swamps and forests, in the hope of catching a glimpse of a bird I had never seen, suddenly all around me I heard the chanting of numberless little voices, con-quer-ree, con-quer-ree, con-quer-ree. Looking around, I saw hundreds and countless hundreds of blackbirds on every bush and tree. Blackbirds everywhere. Dreaming? A fantasy? No, not like the ungainly haunt and ominous bird that visited Mr. Poe on a certain dreary December midnight, but graceful agile little creatures swinging and swaying all around.

Up to now these birds had been simply black birds to me, but down in the clearing there looked to be myriads of butterflies in iridescent shades of crimson and gold dancing

on wings of night, now on the ground, now suspended in the air, now here, now there, now everywhere,— golden fireflies, blood-red rubies, diamonds and pearls whirling and twirling through the gray twilight in an elfish dance. I had longed to catch a glimpse of this bird just to say I had seen him but never had I dreamed that nature would set a stage so magnificent for his presentation. In my little book, under "Birds Identified," I can only write, "The Red-winged Blackbird."

Description: The male is a little smaller than the robin, entirely glossy black with a broad red patch on the wing. The female is smaller, dusky streaked above and beneath, without any red.

Range: Whole State at all seasons, except in the mountain region, where it is chiefly a summer visitor.

—:—

MAN, EIGHTY, WINS HIS PILOT'S LICENSE

There's quite a contrast between driving ox-carts and piloting an airplane, but 80-year-old A. I. Martin, Watkins Glen resident, has proved himself proficient at both.

Martin, who recently received his solo pilot's license after successfully passing his flying test, is believed to be the oldest man in the country to receive such a permit. Belying his four-score years, Martin obtained such high standards in his physical examination that he received a commercial pilot's rating.

The latest Schuyler county flier has been an ardent aviation student for the past two years. He is an active member of a nearby flying club where his sage advice has oft-proved of aid to the organization.

—Selected

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. Sallie Mauney, of Shelby, and her little grandson, "Buddie" Sappenfield of Charlotte, were guests of Mrs. Bettie Lee at Cottage No. 2, last Sunday.

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"Stanley and Livingstone," featuring Spencer Tracy and other popular stars, was the main attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday. A short, entitled, "Inside Baseball," was also shown. Both are Twentieth Century-Fox productions.

—:—

The mumps epidemic among our boys has subsided, all patients having been discharged from the infirmary. At this time there is nothing of any consequence to report concerning the health of the boys except one case of measles, and we hope it will be the last one to be commented upon in these columns.

—:—

The recent damp, cloudy days and an occasional shower has added new life to our early spring vegetables, oats, potatoes and other crops. A heavy rain last Thursday put the unbroken ground in fine condition for plowing. Most of our land was plowed last fall, but that which was not reached at that time had become so hard that plowing was impossible. One may readily understand why the recent rain was appreciated, as it will enable our farmers to proceed with their work at full speed.

—:—

Edgar Merritt, a former member of the Cottage No. 11 group, who left the School, August 21, 1937, call-

ed on friends here one day last week. He is now in the United States Army, and is stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia. Ed told us that he had recently been transferred to a parachute squad in the air corps, and that he liked that branch of the service very much. He had been on a short furlough and was on his way back to camp when he stopped at the School.

—:—

While in Asheville one day last week, one of the members of the School's staff of workers met a Mr. Jarrett, of Andrews who gave some interesting information concerning Jesse and Milton Mashburn, two of our old boys. These boys left the School, November 7, 1930, after having made a very good record. According to Mr. Jarrett, the lads showed great improvement upon returning to their home town, and have developed into fine young men. He informed us that Milton graduated from high school and is now in the United States Army, and Jesse is married and has a good position in Andrews. This is the first time we have heard from either of the boys since Milton sent us an announcement of the commencement exercises at the Andrews High School, in 1935, at which time he was a member of the graduating class.

—:—

Dr. Ernest A. Branch, of Raleigh, director of the department of oral hygiene, North Carolina State Board of Health, called at The Uplift office one day last week. He was on his way to a meeting in a neighboring county, at which he was to be the guest speak-

er and had very little time to spend with us, but stated that could not pass by without at least staying long enough to say "Howdy." The genial doctor is one of the most loyal supporters of the Training School to be found in the state, and always takes great delight in bringing his guests, especially those from other states, to see just how the work is being carried on here in our effort to teach wayward boys how to become good citizens.

Doctor Branch is a great favorite here among both boys and officers, and we are always more than glad to see him. On this visit he was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Burrage, who now lives in Concord. Being a daughter of our good friend, the doctor, she could not help being the possessor of a most charming personality, and we were delighted to meet her. Now that she lives nearby, we hope she may find it convenient to make frequent visits to the School, rather than wait to accompany her father, who, being a very busy man, makes the time between trips to this section far too long.

—:—

We recently received a letter from Clyde Bristow, a former member of our printing class, who left the School, April 1, 1927. This young man, now twenty-nine years old, has covered considerable territory since leaving us. While in this department he became quite proficient as a linotype operator, and for a little more than a year after leaving the institution, was employed in that capacity by the Concord Daily Tribune.

In 1929, Clyde enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, and during the next four years spent most of the

time down in Nicaragua. Receiving an honorable discharge in 1933, he returned to his home in Winston-Salem, but because of the depression, he was not able to obtain employment. He then became a C C C enrollee, and was sent to a camp in the mountains of Western North Carolina, where he was employed in the medical department and assisted in the publication of a mimeographed camp magazine.

After having become accustomed to outdoor life as a marine and in the mountain camp, indoor employment had lost its appeal for Clyde, and in 1935 he became a truck driver's helper and later a regular driver for a large motor transfer company, with headquarters in Stanleytown, Va. A little more than a year later, he secured employment as driver for the Roadway Express Company, of Newark, N. J. While with those two concerns he made many trips to far distant states.

About two years ago, Clyde was married. He then decided to forego the hazards of the road and settle down into a home of his own. He secured a position with the Sprinkle Oil Company and was stationed in Greensboro. He was later transferred to Cary, where he is still working, and reports that he is getting along very nicely.

All during his service in foreign lands as a member of the marine corps, and as his truck driving duties would take him to nearly every state in the Union, Clyde maintained a keen interest in the School and did not forget his old friends among the workers here. He wrote them quite frequently and they were always glad to hear from him. His letter was quite brief, but he promised a more

lengthy one real soon. That he is still interested in the School and its activities was quite apparent, as he enclosed the necessary pair of "frog-skins" for a year's subscription to *The Uplift*, and we are glad to place his name on the mailing list, beginning with this issue.

In the days of his truck manipulating activities, Clyde used to stop in for brief chats when making trips through this section of the state. We have been missing those occasional friendly contacts, and trust he and his wife may soon find time to visit us

—:—
"Bill"

Bill is dead. By this we mean the pet goat belonging to Jesse C. Fisher, Jr., young son of our assistant superintendent. Outside of school hours, Bill was the constant companion of Jesse and a number of the smaller boys on the campus, and many pleasant hours were spent in playing with him. Part of the time these youngsters would "ride the goat", while at other times he would be hitched to a small wagon, usually loaded to full capacity. It seemed that Bill's strength never failed to please, no matter how many passengers occupied the cart.

His name and reputation extended beyond the School's boundary lines, even to the city of Concord, and on Sunday afternoons, groups of happy children from that place, friends of Jesse's, came out for a romp with Bill. Consequently there are many sad hearts among the youngsters because of his demise. One little girl even went so far as to ask her mother's permission to order flowers from the florist's shop with which to adorn Bill's last resting place. When told that such a procedure would be too

expensive, and that there were plenty of beautiful flowers blooming here that would suffice, the little one replied, "But, mother, Bill was different. He was just like a brother to me."

The young folks soon got together and planned a funeral for their departed playmate. Large quantities of flowers were gathered. A pony was hitched to a make-believe hearse, and the procession wended its way to the place of interment, beneath a large tree on the School grounds. The mound underneath which he reposes was neatly shaped and the flowers arranged thereon. Head and foot markers were placed in position. On the one at the head was placed the following inscription:

Bill Goat
Died April 21, 1941

At this writing we have not learned whether there was a funeral oration or not, but we have been informed that the youngsters are considering plans for beautifying the grave with green grass and growing flowers and shrubs.

Bill was about four years old. He was not a native of this county, having been shipped here about three years ago from Burnswick county, the gift of a relative of Jesse's. Although rather wild at first, he soon became adjusted to his new surroundings, and was a great favorite among the boys. We also noticed that local grown-ups soon acquired the habit of stopping occasionally to give him a kind word and a friendly pat on the head. One way to obtain Bill's lasting friendship was to offer him a cigarette. He would eat them just as long as some one would offer them to him. He was not particular as to

the brand, whether or not they were toasted, how much of a lift they would give or anything like that. All choice blends had the same appeal—he would walk a mile for just any old kind of cigarette—and it was a lot of fun to see how well they satisfied.

Remembering our own boyhood days, it is not difficult to realize how children become very fond of pets. Now that Bill has passed on to that place to which all good goats eventually go, we cannot help being in sympathy with the youngsters in the loss of their beloved playmate.

—:—

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson, he read the sixth chapter of Paul's Letter to the Galatians

He began his talk to the boys by asking how many of them had seen a mule. Naturally, all of them answered in the affirmative. He then told them that some mules they had seen probably had brands on them. This, said he, was for identification purposes. Should one of such animals stray from home, no matter how far, people could tell to whom it belonged by the brand. The speaker then stated that the passage of Scripture just read told about a man being marked. In the 17th verse, Paul said, "From henceforth let no man trouble me: for I bear on my body the marks of the Lord Jesus."

Rev. Mr Kellermeyer then said that when he was a boy he worked for the Cray Manufacturing Company. The man who worked beside him had but one thing to do, and that was to put the trade-mark or number on the

hub cap, so that if anything went wrong with the cap, the number could be checked, and the cap quickly replaced. Almost any piece of merchandise we buy is numbered.

The speaker pointed out that Paul proudly stated that he bore the brand of the Lord Jesus on his body. Christ was a kind, loving man, always ready to help those in need. Paul was in prison at the time he wrote this letter. Everything in prison had a number stamped upon it. Paul pulled up his sleeve, and there was a mark that he received while at Philippi. While there, he was forced to endure many beatings and stonings. Consequently, his body was well-stamped with marks of the wounds thus received while serving and working for Christ. These were marks of loyalty. Paul said, "I will sacrifice everything for Jesus Christ. No matter if I die, I will be loyal." Such a spirit will enable any man to win in the great battle of life.

The speaker then told of a situation in China about forty years ago. The people were given a chance to give up Christ and keep their heads or to keep Christ and be beheaded. Many of them who had become Christians lost their lives because they refused to forsake Christ. While such circumstances may seem horrible to some, they point out the way to those who follow after them, for many people will say, "If that is the kind of leader those people are willing to follow at all cost, I, too, will follow Christ." Jesus never went back on his friends. He walked loyally from the cradle to the grave, even though they nailed him to the cross, with a robber on each side of him.

Loyalty is a required thing today,

continued Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer. The things needed most are loyalty to Christ, loyalty to our nation, loyalty to our state. We must be loyal, even in little things. In order to do so we must, first of all, be loyal to Christ. Sometimes we may think it doesn't pay to be loyal in little matters, but by neglecting those little things, we may have to face grave dangers. Frequently we hear of a person receiving a tiny scratch and ignore it, and later we hear they are in the hospital, suffering from a bad case of blood-poisoning, which proves hospital, suffering from a bad case that the little things do count. We start small and grow big. When Theodore Roosevelt was a small boy, it was thought that he would die because of his very weak body. He had other ideas about it, and exercised

his body, took the proper kind of nourishment, and developed into a strong man. He was a great soldier in the Spanish-American War. This same man, a weakling as a lad, later in life had the strength to head an expedition to Africa and bring back a fine collection of wild animals which have been mounted and may now be seen in one of the greatest museums in the United States.

In conclusion the speaker urged the boys to be loyal to the teachings of Christ; loyal to America; and loyal to our great state. He also bade them to be loyal to the school and in their daily lives not to neglect the opportunities to do even the least things that might help them to attain fine manhood and become citizens of which all who know and love them would be proud.

IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH

Every man and woman dreams of doing some great good deed that will make others happy—leading a crusade, giving an address, writing a book. We dream of the big things and often fail to do the little things. We let slip by hundreds of little opportunities to spread happiness and cheer.

In an inspiring poem, Lois Snelling suggests some of the little things we can do each day to make this world a more joyous place to live in:

He stopped to pat a small dog's head—
 A tiny thing to do;
 And yet the dog, remembering,
 Was glad the whole day through.
 He gave a rose into the hand
 Of one who loved it much;
 'Twas just a rose—but, oh, the joy
 That lay in its soft touch!
 He spoke a word so tenderly—
 A word's a wee, small thing;
 And yet it stirred a weary heart
 To hope again, and sing!

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL—MARCH

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Charles Browning
David Cunningham
Robert Hampton
Raymond Hughes
Olin Langford
Evrett Morris
Ernest Overcash
Melvin Roland
Hercules Rose
Walter Sexton

—B—

Troy Gilland
Sidney Hackney
Vernon Harding
James Roberson
George Roberts
Wayne Sluder
Ernest Turner
David Williams

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Cecil Ashley
Charles Frye
Jack Hamilton
Leo Hamilton
Leonard Jacobs
James Mondie
Roy Mumford
Marshall Pace
Leonard Robinson
James Buff
Lewis Sawyer
James C. Wiggins
Gilbert Williams
Louis Williams

—B—

Elgin Atwood
William Dixon
Charles Widener

THIRD GRADE

—A—

James Davis
Audie Farthing
Robert Goldsmith
John Maples
Broadus Moore
Thomas Yates

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

Ralph Fisher
William Gaddy
George Green
Oakley Walker
Charles Simpson
Ronald Washam

—B—

Paul Briggs
Robert Chamberlain
Jerry Jenkins
William Nelson
Charles McCoyle

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Thomas Britt
Mack Coggins
Robert Davis
Woodrow Hager
Jack Hodge
John Howard

Norvell Murphy
 Vollie McCall
 Alex Weathers

—B—

Cleasper Beasley
 Jay Brannock
 Edward Carter
 Kenneth Conklin
 William Deaton
 James Deatherage
 David Hensley
 Bernice Hoke
 Charles Mills
 Canipe Shoe
 Robert Simpson
 Ervin Wolfe

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

James Brewer
 Jennings Britt
 William Cherry

William Padrick
 Thomas Sands
 J. P. Sutton
 Hubert Walker
 Dewey Ware

—B—

Edward Batten
 Ray Rayne
 Collett Cantor
 Thomas Fields
 Vincent Hawes
 Clarence Mayton
 Edward Murray

SEVENTH GRADE

—B—

Kenneth Brooks
 Quentin Crittenton
 George Duncan
 Thomas Hooks
 Ventry Smith
 Edward Stutts

—:—

ISMS DEFINED

Going the rounds right now are the following definitions, which are amusing enough to warrant further circulation:

Socialism: You have two cows—you give one to your neighbor.

Communism: You have two cows and give both to the government—the government gives somebody else the milk.

Fascism: You keep the cows and give the milk to the government—the government sells part of it back to you.

Naziism: You have two cows—the government shoots you and takes both cows.

—Selected

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 20, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (7) Herschell Allen 7
- (5) Carl Barrier 5
- (17) William Drye 19
- (10) Homer Head 18
- (21) Frank May 21
- (9) Weaver Ruff 15
- (21) William Shannon 21
- (21) Weldon Warren 21
- (4) James Williams 4

COTTAGE NO. 1

- (2) William Blackmon 10
- (2) Charles Browning 5
- (3) Lacy Burleson 5
- Lloyd Callahan 10
- (2) Albert Chunn 16
- (2) Eugene Edwards 12
- (4) Ralph Harris 11
- (2) Porter Holder 18
- (8) Burman Keller 16
- (6) H. C. Pope 12
- (2) Leonard Robinson 5
- Jack Sutherland 6
- (11) Everett Watts 19

COTTAGE NO. 2

- (2) Henry Barnes 2
- Charles Chapman 6
- (9) Thomas **Hooks 17**
- (19) Edward Johnson 20
- (3) Ralph Kistler 8
- (17) Donald McFee 19
- William Padrick 4

COTTAGE NO. 3

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 4

- (2) Paul Briggs 10
- (3) William Cherry 8
- Quentin Crittenton 11
- (3) Leo Hamilton 11
- (3) John Jackson 11
- (2) Morris Johnson 5
- (3) Hugh Kennedy 15
- (3) William Morgan 8
- George Newman 9
- Eugene Puckett 4
- (2) Robert Simpson 10
- George Speer 7

Oakly Walker 9

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (8) Theodore Bowles 20
- (2) A. C. Elmore 12
- Eugene Kermon
- (6) Ivey Lunsford 13
- (2) Leonard Melton 10
- (3) Mack McQuaigue 14
- Currie Singletary 16
- (6) Hubert Walker 18
- (10) Dewey Ware 20
- (2) Charles B. Ziegler 4

COTTAGE NO. 6

- (4) George Wilhite 6

COTTAGE NO. 7

- Kenneth Atwood 9
- Edward Batten 9
- (16) Cleasper Beasley 20
- (4) Henry B. Butler 16
- (3) Donald Earnhardt 18
- (2) George Green 12
- Richard Halker 10
- Hilton Hornsby 2
- Vernon Harding 3
- Raymond Hughes 5
- (2) Robert Lawrence 9
- (3) Arnold McHone 19
- Edward Overby 10
- (2) Marshall Pace 14
- (3) Carl Ray 14
- Loy Stines 10
- (2) Ernest Overcash 12
- Jack Reeves 2

COTTAGE NO. 8

- (2) Cecil Ashley 5
- Cecil Bennett 8
- John Franks

COTTAGE NO. 9

- (3) Percy Capps 12
- James Connell 6
- (7) David Cunningham 20
- (3) James Davis 6
- (2) Columbus Hamilton 13
- (3) Edgar Hedgepeth 11
- (4) Mark Jones 14
- Grady Kelly 11
- Daniel Kilpatrick 10

- Vollie McCall 9
 Lloyd Mullis 6
 Marvin Matthewson 2
 William Nelson 17
 Leroy Pate 5
 James Ruff 15
 (2) Thomas Sands 19
 Lewis Sawyer 9
 Robert Tidwell 6
 (6) Horace Williams 11

COTTAGE NO. 10

- John Fausnett 7
 Jack Harward 4
 Thomas King 5
 Harry Peake 9
 Edward Stutts 9
 Walter Sexton 6
 Willis Thomas 2
 Jack Warren 10
 Carl Ward 10
 Torrence Ware 4
 Claude Weldy 10

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (4) John Allison 8
 Robert Davis 4
 William Dixon 17
 William Furches 16
 Ralph Fisher 5
 (5) Cecil Gray 14
 (21) Robert Goldsmith 21
 (6) Earl Hildreth 18
 (13) Broadus Moore 18
 (2) John Ray 6
 (9) Monroe Searcy 16
 Canipe Shoe 2
 (4) James Tyndall 18

COTTAGE NO. 12

- (6) Odell Almond 17
 (3) Ernest Brewer 13
 (2) William Deaton 15
 (6) Treley Frankum 16
 (6) Woodrow Hager 15
 (3) Eugene Heaffner 13
 (3) Charles Hastings 12
 (6) Tillman Lyles 17
 (2) Daniel McPhail 2
 James Puckett 7
 (6) Hercules Rose 16
 (6) Howard Sanders 19
 (3) Charles Simpson 17
 (2) Robah Sink 17
 (3) Jesse Smith 11

- Norman Smith 16
 (3) George Tolson 15
 Carl Tyndall 11
 Eugene Watts 8
 Roy Womack 8

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (12) James Brewer 18
 Kenneth Brooks 5
 (5) Charles Gaddy 13
 (5) Vincent Hawes 18
 James Lane 13
 Robert Linville
 (2) Charles Metcalf 3
 (2) Claude McConnell 3
 (4) Jordan McIver 5
 Melvin Roland 2

COTTAGE NO. 14

- (4) Raymond Andrews 16
 William Butler 11
 (8) Edward Carter 19
 Robert Deyton 17
 (4) Leonard Dawn 7
 (21) Audie Farthing 21
 Henry Glover 11
 (5) Troy Gilland 18
 (3) John Hamm 17
 (6) William Harding 7
 (3) Marvin King 10
 (2) Feldman Lane 17
 William Lane 3
 John Maples 7
 (11) Roy Mumford 14
 (15) Norvel Murphy 18
 (4) Charles McCoyle 14
 (7) James Roberson 9
 (2) John Robbins 16
 Charles Steepleton 16
 J. C. Willis 9

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (17) Jennings Britt 17
 (2) Calvin Tessneer 6
 Bennie Wilhelm 12

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (4) George Duncan 16
 (5) Roy Holmes 5
 (6) James Johnson 7
 Harvey Ledford 4
 John Lowry 11
 (2) Leroy Lowry 3
 (3) Redmond Lowry 16
 (3) Varcy Oxendine 4
 (3) Thomas Wilson 18

MAY 5 1941

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., MAY 3, 1941

NO. 18

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MEN WHO WIN

I once knew a man who would figure and plan the deeds he intended to do, but when the time came to get into the game, he never put anything through.

He would dream with a smile of the after-awhile, and the deeds he would do "pretty soon." He was all right at heart, but he never would start—he never could get quite in tune.

If he would have done half the things he'd begun, he'd be listed among those of fame, but he didn't produce, so he was of no use—good intentions do not win the game.

It is easy to dream and to plan and to scheme, and let them drop out of sight, but the men that put through what they start out to do, are the men who win out in the fight.—Edgar L. Jones.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

HOPE

We built a house over a grapevine, hiding it far from the light; but it trailed its way to an air space in the foundation and through it to the freedom outside. Hidden away from the light, amid ignorance and sin, seemingly crushed by gross coverings of the earthy, hope stirs in the immortal soul. By it the abbing life within is driven beyond its seeming grave into the glorious life of heaven. From earliest childhood this inner force of hope leads on like a guiding line through every shadowed experience toward the good ahead. The following lines, written as a spontaneous expression of youth at age fifteen, upon the sudden death of an only brother, confesses this hope in the soul, leading on through youth to age and thence into the life beyond.

"There is a thread more precious than pure gold
Fine spun. Each day unwinding from its bob
Gossamer, hope quivers in a holy light,
Pulsating with the life of each heart-throb.
"So tiny, yet so needful to this earth.
So priceless, as unwinding day by day
It leads me on through mazes dark of life,
As through the unknown years it shows the way.
"And should that thread be lost, my life,
Alone and wand'ring in a darksome cavern,
In death would be, without that tie divine—
The thread that leads me on and on—to heaven.

—Margaret B. McCauley

QUIETNESS PREFERRED

We seldom touch upon subjects that involve expressions of criticism unless it is for the improvement of living conditions. Everybody knows an environment of the best sanitation combined with the beauties of nature, in a quiet and peaceful community contributes largely toward developing a more orderly citizenship. We

learn the most valuable lessons of life by comparisons. If the orderly or disorderly communities, or the cultured and uncouth elements of humanity are displayed side by side for the specific purpose of making a choice, the pictures that present the greatest appeal are those that inspire to greater efficiency.

There is nothing in life that carries a greater appeal than quietude, because it soothes the high nervous tension of the business man or woman after a strenuous day's work. In cities there are parks and playgrounds for adults and young people that meet the demand both for relaxation and recreation. In the small towns where neither parks nor playgrounds exist, there is nothing to do but remain in one's home in the congested district and hear the honking of automobile horns, the shifting of gears, and the grinding noise of the big trucks as they groan beneath loads far beyond their capacity. This is truly the status relative to noises on some of the best and most used streets of Concord. It is the subject of comment locally and concurred in by visitors. It is not unusual to hear strangers say, "The drivers of cars in this city are adepts when it comes to honking the horns of their automobiles." While in conversation recently with a salesman from Buffalo, N. Y., he remarked, "If the drivers of the cars here were in my city, they would not honk their horns but once." The implication was they would be "pinched" by an officer.

The name, Concord, implies peace and harmony, but from the break of the dawn until late at night the noises on the streets cause much unfavorable comment. The city of Concord, with all of its attractions, including beautiful streets, lovely homes, lawns, churches, school buildings, and places of business, presents an attractive picture that has been recognized by the traveling public. It takes more than beauty to make contentment, but let us keep in mind that wherever there is harmony or order, there is music.

The avoidable, rasping sounds of auto horns, and the grinding of gears and wheels could be curtailed if the matter was seriously considered by city officials.

* * * * *

RUTHERFORD COUNTY COTTAGE WINS

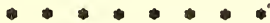
The attention of a member of the personnel of The

Uplift office was attracted to a most pleasing incident by the beaming countenances of the young boys in the Rutherford County Cottage, under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hobby. Joy was written in the face of every boy when the spokesman of the group of thirty youngsters asked, "Do we get our baseball equipment today?" The group of fine looking young citizens of North Carolina stood at attention, awaiting an answer from the cottage officer. The orderliness of the group and the joy written on the face of each boy sufficed to arouse our curiosity. Therefore, we asked the occasion of the incident.

The answer to the question was that Superintendent Boger had offered a complete baseball equipment to the boys of the cottage that in every detail kept the rules of the School for one year. Mr. Boger gave an acid test, because for one boy to walk the straight and narrow path for twelve months is difficult enough, but for thirty adolescents not to be guilty of an infraction of the rules is a record worthy of note.

The superintendent certainly touched the keynote to quelling a boy's restlessness when he offered as a prize for all around good behavior, a complete baseball outfit. Through his long experience in managing boys of this institution, besides having some of his own, he understands boys' problems and knows how to meet them by encouraging wholesome recreation. There is not anything equal to clean sports to inspire clean thinking and fairness, as boys are being trained to meet the emergencies of life.

We take off our hat to the young men of Rutherford County Cottage and hope they may continue through life to be mannerly as well as manly. The writer feels that the students of this cottage home have set an example for other boys of Jackson Training School to follow. We wager that next year there will be other cottages to win the reward for good behavior, and that Mr. Boger will be glad to measure up to the demand.



GRADUATION

Watch the procession, if you please and you will very soon see a happy and promising crowd of young men and young women graduating from our high schools and colleges. Graduation day marks

a serious as well as a sorrowful turn in the life of every student. There is a co-mingling of feeling, joy and sorrow, when students **for the last time** pass out from their schools into a new life, bidding **farewell** to fellow students, with the hope of meeting conditions successfully.

From every nook and corner of the state these young people have already begun to cast about for suitable employment that will give returns, so that they may become valuable acquisitions to any community.

The total number of high school graduates in Cabarrus county this year, including both city and rural schools, is about 325. Some of these will soon find themselves, because of a fixed purpose, while others will flounder about, due to vacillating temperaments. There are those who fail and those who succeed in the course of life. The schools cannot give assurance of success, for the power "to do or not to do" is a question to be decided by mortal man. The institutions of learning are not expected to turn out finished products, but they are expected to inspire students to higher ideals, so that each day the diagrams visualized while in school will be filled. The student who feels when leaving any institution that he knows nothing has just begun to learn.

* * * * *

CARELESS BICYCLE RIDERS

Violations of the State law or the rules of safe bicycle riding were responsible for eight of the nine bicycle-motor vehicle accidents which took the lives of 11 North Carolinians the first three months of this year.

According to records of the Highway Safety Division, only one of the nine fatal accidents involving "bike" riders was clearly chargeable to a motor vehicle operator, and 14 of the 20 bicycle riders killed in the State last year were violating traffic laws or safety rules at the time they were killed.

"When 150,000 bicycles use the same streets and highways that are used regularly by 650,000 motor vehicles, it is inevitable that accidents shall occur so long as large numbers of bicycle riders wantonly disregard all traffic regulations and continually disdain

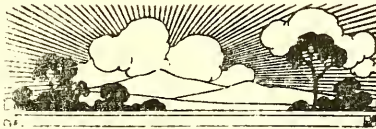
all rules of safe riding," stated Ronald Hocutt, director of the Highway Safety Division.

"Bicycle riders have been allowed too long to ride unregulated on our streets and highways. They must be taught that they cannot continue to ride where they please and as they please. For their own safety, bicycle riders must be taught to obey traffic regulations, and must learn that, like operators of motor vehicles, they must accept some responsibilities along with their privilege of using the streets and highways."

In this connection, Hocutt pointed out that the State Motor Vehicle Act classes bicycles as vehicles and makes bicycle riders subject to all general traffic regulations and driving rules which apply to automobiles except those which could not possibly apply to bicycles, such as the 60-mile maximum speed law.

"Education for bicycle riders who will take it, and enforcement for those who will not be educated, is the answer to our bicycle accident problem," declared Hocutt.

Copies of the State law relating to bicycles, safety rules for bicycle riders, and a "model" bicycle ordinance for municipalities may be obtained upon request from the Highway Safety Division office in Raleigh.



MOUNTAIN CHILD

By Robert James Green

Of gold, silver and emerald was Ka's lofty cradle on the roof of the world; a symphony of colors appropriate for a mountain child.

Gold for the warm June sun turning the sheer rock walls to bronze. Silver for the icy rivulets of melting glacial waters. Emerald for the deep canyons unholstered with the fresh green of poplar, tamarack and pine, and the blue-green lakes that mirrored the British Columbia sky.

By midsummer, Ka was a fast growing kid. While he was small and white he was of the kind called Ka, or little goat, in the ancient Dakota tongue. Later, if he survived and grew whiskers, the diminutive Ka would become tatoka, the bearded sheep.

During the bright sunlight of day, sleep absorbed much of his time. Then all careful goat mothers left their newly-born kids concealed in sheltered caverns and rocky niches.

There was excellent reason for this. A moving dot of purest white against a background of brown rock or green herbage made a conspicuous target in the clear mountain air. This dot would not likely escape the piercing eye of that vicious marauder of the skies, the great white eagle.

While the mothers grazed, the kids slept. They ventured forth in the late afternoon, when long, cool shadows slanted athwart jagged slopes above the timber line. It was when Ka one day disregarded parental discipline that he learned a valuable lesson in wilderness philosophy. It demonstrated that fatality often attends

the forsaking of intuition for cold reasoning.

Although instinct warned against leaving his sheltered niche, he capitulated to hunger. Surely, he reasoned, there could be little harm in going a short distance to lick a little tender moss from a damp rock. He got to his feet, stretched, and stepped gingerly along on slender legs which were still wobbly. The rock lichens were delicious, and Ka nibbled, intent upon his luncheon.

His first premonition of danger was a swift-moving shadow on the rock beside him. The shadow grew immense in the twinkling of an eye and there sounded a sudden rush of mighty wings as a great white eagle plummeted in a power dive. The whistle of feathers cutting the air frightened Ka into a convulsive jump.

Above him talons arched to sink deep into fluffy wool and tender flesh, for in an aerie atop a crag, two hungry eaglets waited.

With a terrified bleat Ka leaped blindly, instinctively twisting his tiny body. A split second later came a rush and the great bird swept past, its wickedly-curved claws grasping only a wisp of ivory fleece.

The eagle's fierce swoop carried it outward and up. Before it recovered for another swift dive, Ka's mother saw the winged danger and bounded toward her precious offspring.

Instantly she straddled his body, her short but sharp horns presented constantly to the invader's every move. Carelessly she exposed her

own body, prepared to sacrifice it in defense of her young.

Again and again the eagle returned to the attack, its fierce eyes unblinking. But to meet each swoop of the preying bird, the goat mother bounded into the air, black horns thrust forward. Finally sensing it was getting nowhere in attacking such a mobile fortress, the eagle uttered a shrill scream of rage and soared away to search for less protected prey.

Soon after this, Ka began other lessons. Throughout the ensuing summer he received intensive instruction in mountain climbing technique.

His mother, for all her low-browed, stolid appearance, was a mother first of all. She led the awkwardly-gaited kid with watchful maternal care. They climbed straight chimney-rocks where the only foothold was a microscopic split in the red-brown stone. Across slate formations they slid when the treacherous shale moved, and Ka learned to use his secondary hoofs as brakes.

Panting, he followed doggedly after his mother as she leaped, sure-footed, from narrow shelf to rocky ledge. Sheer cliff walls they scaled, where no living animal could have clung without the goat's rubbery footpads which gripped the surface. Stopping at times to let her woolly child get his breath, the pair stood nonchalantly on the brink of two-thousand-foot chasms of breath-taking space.

Day by day they made steeper ascents. Narrow steps and ledges increased in height. Ka often needed to brace his spindly white legs and make repeated efforts, while his mother calmly watched and waited.

When at last they reached a good alpine feeding ground, there was com-

ensation for the arduous climb; a satisfying luncheon of milk and lichens, a nap in a shady cavern, and a watchful mother near by.

Winter rode in the vanguard of an early blizzard. Deep snow packed the gorges and passes and covered the high feeding grounds. The goat herd descended from their usual high levels to a small alpine meadow. Food in such sheltered spots was plentiful; tips of squaw grass for nibbling, and bare patches of native clovers and other grasses.

Deer, elk and mountain sheep also congregated. On the trail of the game animals came the flesh-eaters, the gray timber wolf, mountain lion and lynx, stalking the ghostly spruce and cedars in the frosty twilight. In a few days two young goats and an old billy, veteran of the flock, fell before the killers' fierce onslaughts.

Excepting the goats, all the animals huddled, paralyzed with fright, in the mountain park. Here only could they obtain food in winter, unless they accepted the one alternative—descend to the lower valleys. But that meant contact with man. Through some deep-rooted instinct they preferred to remain with four-footed enemies, although knowing well the deadly toll exacted.

The goats returned to the high rocks and pinnacles above the deer pastures. They preferred the fierce elements. Shaggy coats rebuffed the knife-like winds and sixty-below temperatures. Between meadows and snowbanks, the crest of windswept ridges held frozen plants, shrubs and succulent meaty roots, just under the ground. Diligent foraging yielded enough to sustain life, but bodies became lean.

The following June found Ka still

keeping with his mother. But he could now climb, procure food, and begin to be on his own lookout for enemies. As a yearling, Ka was still an animated bundle of soft white wool. Early he displayed true goat behavior by his aversion to levels and a decided preference for the lofty and vertical.

His father and another old billy stayed with the herd. They were friendly now, for the mating season was past. The adults still wore their winter coats in tufts and rags, showing the short, white summer coat beneath.

For two weeks the herd frequented a tiny sky pasture that commanded a deep valley. Stunted pines made an anchorage for a snow shelf. Lichens covered the damp sides of flat stones. The goats browsed all day in a rainbow fairyland of Indian paintbrush, glacier lilies, pink pyrols, yellow columbine and blue larkspur.

The park was edged with red twin-berry, white tufted bear-grass, wild heliotrope and hollyhock; the center was dotted with sulphur plant and harebell. Mottled ground squirrels burrowed and marmots whistled.

Grasses, roots and herbs were plentiful. On all sides the slanting gravel and rock fell away in a steep slope into the deep gorge. Far below, a silvery thread marked a water-course.

In this grassy meadow, Ka was given a sister. Here, where sunset colors tinted battlement and spire of the nurse, other mountain children were born to the herd.

Everywhere stretched the distant endless rock, jagged finger and snow-peak alike piercing the brooding sky.

The weather grew warmer. For nearly a week the July sun burned

like a copper ball in a filtered sky. Ka followed the herd to higher pasturage where rock chimneys rose like castle walls, still turreted with snow. Here was crumbling slate, and the few gnarled pines were stunted and twisted to hold their own against fierce winds.

In the wake of the hot sun came snow slides to further choke the swollen freshets. Tons of ice and snow moved with lightning speed down jagged slopes. Roaring echoes reverberated like a thousand giant war drums. Over abrupt edges the frozen masses shot, spouting clouds of ice-smoke into space.

In all directions the granite rocks trembled, but the phlegmatic goat herd at the edge of the ice clouds paid no attention. They continued in silent cud-chewing contemplation of the quick scenery changes in their vast amphitheater.

After a week of hot weather a low, ominous rumble sounded one day. The earth shook with a slight tremor. Two ewes got to their feet uncertainly, nuzzling their kids. Ka's sire stopped eating and gazed about. In long, white beard and tufted dress, the big ram appeared not unlike the high priest of a Tibetan monastery.

The quaking was repeated somewhere above them. Most of the herd of eight arose and moved liesurely on. They had no immediate perception of danger, but something intangible prompted them to move.

Crackling explosions followed as the entire rock field in the vicinity became agitated. Whirlwinds of snow dust lifted. Spray arose in streams.

The warm spell had melted the snow into swift running water. It cut like carborundum, undermining

the heavy snow fields. Ice formed and broke again, expanding, shearing, breaking all anchorage. Once loosened, the snow hurtled downward, carrying an hundred-thousand tons of ice and snow, uprooted trees and stones at dizzy speed

Head on for the tiny sky pasture the mass came, with the bursting thunder of a creeping artillery barrage. Behind it raged a seething tornado of snow and debris that spun with terrific velocity as rock fragments ground to dust and trees splintered into matchwood.

The rams hurried in full flight. Closely upon their heels bounded the ewes and kids. Ka's mother in frantic haste nudged her bewildered kidlet that ambled awkwardly on her spindly legs. Only by the barest margin did they gain safety.

Ka, with the arrogance begot by his prime age, disdained to hurry. He saw no reason to fly. No killer scent had reached his keen nostrils. Let the aged males, the ewes and the kids make haste if they were afraid. Instead, he shook his tiny black horns and wagged a stumpy tail as he stalked across the narrow slope. Then the irresistible monster roared over the goat herd's recent feeding ground, devouring everything in its path.

The edge of the moving snow field caught Ka, sweeping him off his feet. Around him chunks of snow and ice particles billowed, smothering, pummeling him unmercifully. Twisting and tumbling, he was carried helplessly down the long slope with the cyclonic rush, like a white toboggan accumulating momentum at every foot.

He narrowly missed a sharp finger

of naked rock, his fall finally checked by a snow field, far below. Into this he was flung headlong, bruised and gasping for breath, thoroughly bewildered and frightened. A fleecy snow cloud half covered him. Wraith-like fingers of vapor lingered a few minutes, then there was silence.

Ka churned the snow as he threshed painfully about on a broken leg. His once white coat was now dirty and ragged. He managed to drag himself to the grassy edge of the snow field. There, exhausted and battered, he could do nothing but lie and wait for strength to return.

The valley of his prison was threaded by a swift, blue-green stream, strung like a rosary with tiny crystal ponds. Silvery ribbons of glacial rivulets fed the lakes. Across the heavily timbered gorge the larch, spruce and balsam thrust cathedral-like spires to the sky.

A soft night wind blew cloud threads about the heavens and a half-moon rode at anchor. After a while stars came out, like twinkling lanterns carried by invisible, night-riding ships. Helpless terror added to Ka's pain, for somewhere nearby the wolves were holding a noisy, moonlit council.

At sunrise he was still alive, lying on his side and trying to nibble grass, his injured leg thrust at a weird angle. There he was found by a young prospector-settler, Wallace Smith.

Ka struggled wildly as the human approached; but Smith uncocked his rifle and hurried back to a cabin, two miles down the valley. He returned with ropes and a light horse-drawn sledge.

Ka had limped to a shallow ravine. There he hobbled and squirmed about to evade capture. It was soon ap-

parent that a lasso was necessary and even then it required two hours to truss the fighting young billy.

"Ye're a mean little fellow!" grunted the perspiring Scotsman. "But I canna' leave ye here for-r the wolves."

It was even more of a task to set Ka's leg in splints. When it was finally accomplished, Smith carried him into a hay corral and loosened the truss ropes. Like a rubber ball, Ka bounded into the air, but the stout ropes held.

During insuing weeks the bones knit, but Ka's restless energy caused the leg to heal crookedly and he walked with a limp. No longer was he sure-footed, as before. Seeing this, Smith would not turn him loose as easy prey for killers. With stout poles of peeled poplar, he built for the goat a corral that enclosed a disused log shed. The shed's steep, slanting roof was Ka's delight.

Behind the corral, evergreens ringed a grassy meadow and a marsh fed by ice water rills. Beds of golden

dog-tooth violets mingled with clumps of pink moss-campion. Blue forget-me-nots and tiny red flowers grew beneath the stalks of green lilies.

Each evening the young settler brings a peace offering of clover, grass and hay. Confidence has replaced Ka's fear and mistrust, and he comes to the corral gate to meet the two-legged creature who carries food to him.

After eating, Ka invariably climbs to the peak of the steep roof. There he philosophically surveys the scenery. Like a cameo carved in black-and-white he stands; black nose tip, black tongue, white woolen pantaloons, youthful chin sprouting a beard, black hoof-rims sharp as steel around their rubbery soles.

As if indulging in retrospect, he chews on his cud. The sun drops behind the immutable peaks guarding the world's outer rim, and a peace, mystical and profound, descends like a benediction at the close of day.

HIS CHANCES

One Negro was worrying about the chance of his being drafted for the army. The other consoled him. "There's two things that can happen, boy. You is either drafted or you ain't drafted. If you ain't you can forget it; if you is, you still got two chances. You may be sent to the front, and you may not. If you go to the front, you still got two chances, you may get shot and you may not. If you get shot, you still have two chances, you may die and you may not! And even if you die, you still has two chances."

RELIGIOUS TRAINING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

(Baptist Messenger)

In his address on Christian citizenship at the Texas State Brotherhood Rally in Dallas, President Homer Rainey of the University of Texas called attention to the great loss sustained in the public schools by the omission of any religious training. Among other things he said: "In the desire to keep the state and church separate, we have gone so far to one extreme that in many state schools there is hardly any mention of religion. This is a great loss to education. Public school men are trying to find a way to make a place for moral and spiritual training. We must not divorce religion and education. I believe that I see a return to a closer affiliation of the two. In the University of Texas ninety per cent of the members of our faculty are Christians, and it is possible for a student to get a diploma without taking work with any teacher who is not a Christian.

President Rainey has raised a question which deserves our most thoughtful consideration. In Oklahoma the State Board of Education passed a few months ago a resolution asking teachers in public schools to read to their classes selections from the Scriptures. This should be done, of course, without any effort to teach sectarian views.

The most fitting method of handling this situation of religious instruction in the state college or university is the one which was adopted by the University of Texas years ago.

Each denomination has, off of the campus, a teacher employed by that particular denomination and responsible to that denomination for such teaching. The courses are approved by the administration of the university and credit is given for work which is completed in the class. But the denomination, rather than the state university, exercises control and employs the teacher. For a number of years Dr. W. C. Rains has directed this work, the class being conducted in the building of the University Baptist church. We have known a few cases where similar instruction was provided in connection with high schools, instruction in each case being under the supervision and control of the local church. This plan is in every way much more satisfactory than union schools for religious training which too frequently, fall into the hands of modernist teachers.

Recently, we have learned from two or three sources that Roman Catholics are making every effort to place their teachers in public schools. Here in Oklahoma City, Baptist ministers have been approached by Roman Catholic teachers and leaders with the suggestion that all the denominations join in the plan of introducing religious teachings into the Oklahoma City public schools. This would open the gate for sectarian propaganda in the public schools, which is clearly in conflict with the Constitution of Oklahoma, and with the genius of the American Government. We may say

in passing, that the Roman Catholics, who make their plans not for one year ahead, but for decades ahead, are putting on the most aggressive missionary program around the world that we have ever had in our day. We call attention to their program and urge our own people to be more aggressive in our missionary plans and policies.

In the field of college and university training, our Baptist schools offer a solution to this problem, for they are free to teach the Bible—all of it—to all the students. The whole field of truth is open to a Christian school, and every teacher, whether in literature or science or mathematics or fine arts can relate his subject to

God. If we mistake not, there is a growing demand for Christian culture—for the recognition and development of moral and spiritual values. This need can be met only in a Christian school such as we have in Oklahoma Baptist University.

The whole question comes back primarily to the home and to the church. The weakest place is often in the home, which should supply the most effectual training in spiritual matters. In this strenuous age, the home has delegated religious training to the church and Sunday school, or else neglected it altogether. No institution in the world can take the place of the right sort of home in the matter of religious training.

THE FLAG

I did not know it was so dear,
 Till under alien skies
 A sudden vision of it near
 Brought tears into my eyes.
 To wander down the crooked street
 Of some far foreign town;
 No friend amid the crowd you meet
 Strange faces peer and frown;
 To turn a corner suddenly,
 And ah! so brave and fair,
 To spy that banner floating free
 Upon the foreign air!
 Oh, that will catch the careless breath,
 And make the heart beat fast;
 Our country's flag for life and death!
 To find our own at last!
 In those far regions, wonder-strewn,
 No sight so good to see—
 My country's blessed flag, my own,
 So dear, so dear, to me.

—Selected

AN INTERESTING PROPHECY

(Huddersfield (England) Daily Examiner)

Nearly 400 years ago a grey-bearded astrologer known as Nostradamus shut himself up behind locked doors in Paris and tried to see into the future, states "Tit-Bit." Night after night he studied books of ancient Egyptian lore and hurriedly burned the yellowed pages as soon as he had committed the contents to memory.

Then he published his great book of prophecies, "The Centuries." Ever since then the name of Nostradamus has been an enigma in the minds of men. He not only correctly foretold the date of his own death, but from his vantagepoint in 1555 he looked ahead and saw the full course of history.

It isn't often that forecasts can be preserved with impunity, yet those of Nostradamus tick over with startling accuracy every time. The French revolution began in 1792. He foreshadowed "the revolution of the century" for that year. After four Saturnian revolutions of about thirty years, he declared France would go against another enemy. This totals up to 1914.

He also forecast the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, the Great Fire of London, the British Revolution of 1648—and Napoleon. "From a common soldier will be made an Empire. From a short coat he will go to a long mantle," the prophecy read. "Valiant in arms, he will be a thorn in the side of church and priests." All this was fulfilled.

How's this, too, a 250-year forecast concerning Louis XVI, and his

flight to Varennes: "The night will come to the forest of Rheims," wrote Nostradamus. "A black monk in grey, under the name of Cap, will cause temptest, fire, blood, and knife." In actual fact, Louis XVI, fled in monastic disguise through the forest of Rheims by night, was arrested at Varennes, returned to face the guillotine, and was given the name of Capet. It is an astonishing prevision of names and places.

In our own immediate day, more startling still, Nostradamus foresaw Hitler, and even named him. True, he calls him "Hister," but spelling was never his strong point, and this Hister was scheduled in 1940 to lead Germany in invading France, after feigning freindship for her. "France by a neglect shall be assaulted on five sides. Tunis, Algeria shall be moved."

Great destruction was to be caused, Paris would be gained, and even so Hister would eventually end in an iron cage. Does this mean ultimate madness or imprisonment for Hitler?

Looking ahead just a few more months, he sees a German invasion of Switzerland and Italy, the Pope in flight from Rome—and the end of the war in 1944 with an ultimate victory for the French by a newly-risen "king" at Poitiers. Will time prove Nostradamus right yet again? His prophecies, numerous as they were, have rarely failed.

In his own lifetime he foretold the fate of each of the children of Catherine de Medici, the exact form of death of Charles IX, and many other

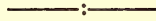
events of his day. Between now and 1948 war is forecast between Russia and Japan. In 1999 a terrible leader from the north of Asia will assault Paris from the sky:—

“The great city will be desolate.
 “Not one of the inhabitants will remain there.
 “Walls, temples and virgins will be violated.

“Multitudes will die by fire, iron, cannon.”

In 7000, according to this great seer, the greatest deluge since the Flood will herald the final catastrophe.

Nostradamus has been a mystery through the ages, and today the riddle of his second-sight is stranger than ever.



KEEP BUSY

Happiness was never bought with wasted hours,
 And busy minds will find no time for idle schemes;
 Love and laughter, memories, tears and sorrow
 May all be lovely woven golden dreams.
 Idle hands will surely find some mischief
 And idle tongues are serpents in disguise,
 But, oh, the joy in just creating, and watching
 Beauty grow before our eager eyes.
 No! happiness was never gained by gossip,
 Nor peace of heart withstand malicious means;
 Thoughts, sometimes, are best if left unspoken
 If they must destroy another's bright hued dreams.
 Life is merely a design—or just a pattern,
 And some will weave with colors bright and gay,
 While others weave with threads of sheerest courage
 Intermingling with the threads of deepest grey.
 So if we must be happy, then we must keep busy,
 And let no wasted moments flutter unused by
 Lest we find life nearly at its ending
 And the pattern left unfinished ere we die.

—Mabel Wilton

A STAR MIGHT FALL

By Arnold Bateman

In his room on the third "deck" of Bancroft Hall, the stately mansion of the Midshipman, United States Naval Academy, Peter Farnham looked up from the perusal of a weekly picture magazine to greet his room mate, Bill Warren. He smiled, and the flash of his even white teeth lighted up a face that in repose was inclined to be self-willed, if not sullen. His figure was graceful, well-knit, his features handsome, topped with wavy black hair.

"Hello Bill, you old galley slave," he said mockingly but not unkindly, "still all in one piece, I hope."

Bill slumped wearily into a chair, not answering for a moment. He was powerfully built, chunky and square with close-cropped light hair, a strong determined face which still showed streaks of perspiration.

"Galley slave is right," he replied at last. "I think we did at least six miles in that imitation shell they lower into the swimming pool. Compared to that, the Poughkeepsie race is like paddling a canoe. But shucks, you've got to work, if you want to get any place in athletics." Bill's eyes narrowed, then, and he looked us accusingly.

"By the way, what did you do for your country this afternoon, Big Shot; skip wrestling practice again? How much of that do you think you can get away with, anyway?"

Peter laughed easily. "There's two ways to go after wrestling or any other sport, for that matter," he said. "A golf pro I once knew used to say that you either used 'brute force and ignorance,' or 'the old delicatessen'."

I'm all for that idea—let somebody else do the grunting and sweating; me for sitting back and using the old bean. And I'll bat a higher average than most of them."

"Well," Bill admitted slowly, "it does seem to work in your case, all right. You're a slick wrestler, and haven't lost a bout in two years. But I never saw you do so little real training. You have been winning all your matches in jig time; suppose you draw somebody really tough one of the Saturdays, and have to go full time and a couple of extra periods to boot? Hank Granville of Harvard, for instance He's the intercollegiate champ, isn't he?"

A note of respect came into Peter's voice. "Ye-es," he said, "I might take Hank a bit more seriously. I missed him last year, you know, when I was out with the flu for a couple of weeks. He went on to win the title, but he pulled a muscle or something and it's still bothering him, I hear. I doubt if he'll even make the trip down here next Saturday.

"Maybe not." Bill started for the curtained alcove which inclosed the shower bath

"I hope you come out all right, Pete, I really do. But it sure would be too bad if you hit the skids here in your First Class year, just because you want to get away with murder and see how easy you can take things. The team and the Regiment won't think so much of a guy that loses because he won't keep in shape."

Listening to the roar of Bill's shower bath, Peter became thoughtful.

Everything had come easily to him, perhaps too easily, since he had been here at the Naval Academy. High marks in his studies, because he was quick-witted rather than thorough. The three stripes of a company commander on his sleeve because his personality stood out in the crowd, because he wore his uniforms easily and well. Lumbering old Bill, in there puffing and snorting in the cold water, put out twice or three times the effort, to get less than half the results. Suddenly Peter wished that he had gone over to the gymnasium this afternoon for a good stiff workout. Granville of Harvard, now. Suppose after all that he should be with his team, and in shape.

There was a rap on the door, then it was unceremoniously thrown open. Peter rose to his feet, flushing slightly as he recognized his visitor.

"Oh, hello there, Coach," he said hesitantly, "sit down, won't you?"

Short, squat Dutch Bamberg, once a professional welterweight wrestler of no small reputation, advanced into the room unsmiling. One grotesquely shaped ear bore witness to years of service on the mat. He spoke jerkily, his mouth twisting slightly to one side as the words came out:

"I'll stand up for what I've got to say. Where were you, this afternoon?" His frowning glance took in the quiet, orderly room, the hissing radiator, the magazines on the study table. "Nice and cozy here, eh?" he added in a voice heavy with sarcasm.

Peter shrugged his shoulders. "Well, you see, Dutch, it's this way—" he began.

Dutch Bamberg interrupted impatiently. "I know—I know," he growled. "I thought you'd turn into a pri-

ma donna, sooner or later, and sure enough, you have. I know you haven't been licked for two years, too; you don't have to remind me of that. I came up here to tell you something, that's all. You look fit, all right. Think you're all set to take on Hank Granville."

Peter's eyes widened. "Granville," he exclaimed.

Dutch Bamberg smiled grimly. "Thought that would make you sit up. Yep, Granville, in person. The Harvard team'll be down here Saturday morning. I got the tip straight from Boston: Granville's out of condition, like Man-O-War was when he won all them races. This is the first time they have really needed him. He expects to go right on from here to win another title. Think you can stop him?"

Peter forced himself to answer quickly and confidently. "Of course I can, Dutch. Much obliged for warning me, though. I'll get Louie Smith to work out with me tomorrow; there's a trick or two left in the old bag yet. I'm quite sure I can give Mister Granville a few surprises."

"Maybe you can," the coach grumbled, "maybe you can. Maybe I got the wrong slant. There's tricks to all trades and certainly plenty in wrestling. But I wish you had more solid work under your belt. Sometimes the tricks don't come off, you know; then you need straight muscle, and endurance, and—and guts. Well, so-long, Kid; see you tomorrow."

Peter remembered uncomfortably what had happened a week ago in the gymnasium. He had been wrestling with Louie Smith, his regular working partner. Louis Smith, who cheerfully acknowledged the fact that he was only a "work horse," who would

never get anywhere in the sport. Louie had put up an unexpected resistance. They had struggled for nearly half an hour, and the advantage was distinctly Louie's. Then Peter felt a twinge of pain in his shoulder, and used that as an excuse to call off the bout. Louie stood up grinning, thinking that he had been allowed to keep the offensive for training purposes, never dreaming that he had come close to defeating the great Pete Farnham, star of the Academy team.

Savagely Peter took himself to task. That practice bout with Louie should have warned him. He should have been working doubly hard all this week, striving to regain his speed and stamina. He had counted on meeting another green, nervous opponent, then planned a leisurely preparation for the intercollegiate championships, late in March. Instead of which he was to meet Granville, with only two short days in which to get ready to face him.

The wrestling squat sat at one of the training tables. At its head was "Tiny" Boxhill, game little Navy bantamweight, who was the team captain. His mild sensitive face belied the fierce combativeness of which he was capable when matched with an opponent anywhere near his size and weight. From the Staff table, far away in the center of the vast hall came the Five Striper's order: "SEATS!"

Tiny's sharp voice bit through the racket of scraping chairs and the clash of dishes and silver:

"Listen here a minute, you grunters and groaners." He tapped his fork on a water glass.

"Don't let me spoil any of you guys'

dinners," he went on, his face sobering. "We're taking on Harvard Saturday, as you know. Harvard, plus Mr. Champion Granville. (That's one for you, Pete.) The sad news, though, is that I understand Eccles and Schwartz are on the monthly 'tree'."

Eccles, the welterweight, and Schwartz, light-heavy, studied their plates. To be on the "tree," or the list of those unsatisfactory in their studies for the month, automatically disqualified them for participation in athletics.

"Well," Tiny continued, "that leaves us pretty shaky in those two weights. Now let's look at the other five. I think I can take my man—I beat him quite easily last year. Fox has a grand chance in the lightweight division, and old bone crusher Saunders ought to squash his man as usual in the heavy. And—and Pete Farnham, of course. He's never let us down yet. But it's going to be a tough squeeze; don't forget that.

There was a buzz of general conversation, spiced with the humor of husky lads relaxing from the long day of studies and drills topped off with strenuous athletics. Peter joined in the gaiety with a distinct effort. Bill Warren's friendly warning came back to him, and the voice of the coach. And Tiny Boxhill, letting him off with faint praise, speaking of him as an after thought: "Pete Farnham, of course. He's never let us down—yet."

In the high-arched gymnasium the next afternoon, Peter faced his friend and working partner Louie Smith twice, both times briefly. Peter's speed and aggressiveness were always too much for Louie. Today was no exception to the rule. With rising confidence, Peter pinned the slower

man's shoulders to the mat for the second time, pulled Louie to his feet, and said with a grin:

"Okay, Louie old socks, guess that'll be enough for today, eh?"

The harsh voice of Dutch Bamberg sounded behind them:

"Not quite enough, yet." There was a suspicious glitter in the wrestling coach's eye. "Suppose you get down on the mat once, Pete; I want to see you do some work on the defense. And you, Louie, give him all you've got. He may need it."

Obediently, Peter took position on his hands and knees on the mat. Louie poised behind him, and at the clap of Dutch Bamberg's hands they began to wrestle. Peter adroitly wriggled free almost at once, only to have the alert coach stop the bout and place him on the mat again, carefully pointing out to Louie what his error had been. This happened time after time; then Louie seemed to gain confidence and strength, and Peter found himself struggling in a panic that was strange to him. His arms ached and felt heavy; the agile tricks upon which he counted so heavily seemed to avail him little. He felt that he was working against a relentless, merciless coach, as well as an inspired opponent.

At the end, after what seemed hours of straining, though it had not actually been more than twenty minutes, Dutch Bamberg ordered crisply, "All right, boys, that'll do. Break!" and in his eyes was a look that said plainly, "Pete old, man, you'd have been on your back in another minute or so. I saved you, see?"

It was a determined and yet apprehensive group of Navy wrestlers that crowded the locker room on Saturday afternoon. Captain Boxhill, his close-

fitting black tights making him look spindly and frail alongside the larger men of the squad, went from one to another talking earnestly, striving to pass along his own fire and enthusiasm. He drew Peter aside, into a corner between the lockers.

"Look here, Pete," he said gravely, "I'm trying to act cheerio to everybody. I don't think I have to pretend to you, though. Harvard has a swell outfit, and we're in a tough spot. We can't afford to take any chances."

Peter spoke bitterly: "What do you mean? Asking me not to throw my bout, I suppose. Well, save your pep talk for the others; I'll take care of my job. I always have, haven't I?"

Tiny stared at him thoughtfully, ignoring his truculence. "Yes," he said slowly, "You always have. I think you'll do it today. But we're short handed, as you know. The Academic Board raised Cain with us when they took Eccles and Schwartz away. I figure we have four probable winners, but if a single one of them lets down—well, we're sunk, that's all."

"You can count on me," Peter said stiffly, and turned away. He drew on his tights, looked critically over his glove-like wrestling shoes, renewed one of the lacings. He was annoyed to see that his hands trembled a little, and to feel a rising nervousness. Savagely he blamed the others. Grand way to make a man lose, he thought, to raise a lot of doubts and then harp on them. But there was an undercurrent of self-accusation, too. He thrust it aside, muttering to himself: "I'll show 'em, though; believe me, I'll show 'em!"

The warning bell had already sounded, calling out the wrestling team. Finding himself alone in the locker

room, Peter caught up his bathrobe and hurried out and down the stairs.

In the body of the huge gymnasium building, a three-ringed circus was going on. Gymnasts performed their graceful feats before a seated trio of silent, owlsh judges. At the opposite end, fencers thrust and jabbed at each other. The wrestling mat had been given the place of honor at the center, and a crowd was gathered about it, the officers sitting in chairs, the midshipmen rooters on improvised bleachers. Handclapping and applause greeted the crimson bathrobes of Harvard, the blue and gold of Navy, as the teams came trotting out and took their places in the row of chairs at the sides of the mat.

A tall, slender midshipman in uniform advanced to the center of the floor, program in hand, to announce the first bout of the afternoon. Tiny Boxhill, the first Navy entry, threw off his bathrobe and walked over to shake hands with his opponent. Then the two small men faced each other, cautiously sparring for an opening.

Navy cheers resounded just three minutes later, when the Navy bantamweight's arm raised in token of a decisive victory. The spectators settled back in their seats. The heads of the little group of Navy wrestlers lifted up a trifle, as if this was an omen that the much feared Harvard outfit was going to bite the dust after all.

In the next bout, Adams, the Navy featherweight, created a real surprise by holding his man even throughout a grueling match and then winning the nod by a vertiable eyelash in the extra period that was ordered by the judges. Adams was carried from the mat by two jubillant team mates.

Beaming, Captain Tiny Boxhill slapped Jim Fox on the back.

"All right, Foxy, get your man now; keep 'em on the run!" he cried. He sat down next to Peter, bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"Boy, if that doesn't help!" he muttered excitedly. "I never thought Adams could touch that guy. Why, we're going to wallop this crowd!"

Peter nodded, annoyed at the relief he felt. If Fox took this one, and they could count on Saunders for another, it wouldn't matter whether he beat Granville or not. It wouldn't matter as far as the team score went, that is. He felt a tiny trickle of perspiration run down his backbone. He clenched his hands, hardly watching the bout that was going on in front of him. "I'll dump that guy, though," he whispered to himself "I'll drop him so quick he won't know what's hit him. I'll show 'em!"

A horror-struck groan from the men about him, followed by an echoing, startled "Ah-h-h-h!" from the stands, roused him from his thoughts. He saw that the able, reliable Fox was in trouble. He had made some mistake; an inspired opponent was cashing on it, pressing his shoulders down, down, while the referee waited with upraised hand.

It was over a few seconds later, Fox stumbled to his feet looking dazed, guilty. A quick, astonished cheer rose from the Harvard bench. This more than made up for the unexpected loss of the last bout.

Not long afterward the score was even, at two bouts each. A game but inexperienced Navy welterweight and proved unable to match grips with the workmanlike hundred and forty-five pounder in the crimson tights.

"It's up to you now, Pete!" The sharp voice of Tiny Boxhill cut like a whip. The mat stretched clear and empty before Peter's eyes. The announcer stood there waiting for quiet before making his next call. Tiny pattered swift instructions:

"We can't lose this one, Pete old boy. Go get him; treat him like all the other punks you've been setting on their ears. Don't let him get away from you—"

The announcer's voice came at last: "—in the middleweight class, one hundred sixty pounds. Granville, Harvard,—Farnham, Navy!"

To the tune of deafening cheers and cries of support and admonition, Peter flung off his bathrobe and began to walk to where the referee stood waiting. But he stopped abruptly at the edge of the mat. There was a disturbance around the Harvard bench. The coach called to the referee and the official ran over, the announcer following him. A stocky, dark wrestler, evidently Granville himself, argued with his coach for a moment, then nodded slowly and turned away. A taller, rangier man stood up and began flexing his muscles. The referee said audibly, "All right, then, let's go." The announcer scribbled on a bit of paper and came to the center of the mat again.

"Owing to the recurrence of an injury," he called out, "Granville, Harvard, is unable to go on. His place will be taken by Lewis, who now meets Farnham, Navy, in the middleweight class.

A disappointed, "O-o-o-h!" swept softly through the stands. Peter felt the same let-down, combined with a feeling of relief. He wouldn't have to meet Granville after all. A substi-

tute, who hadn't even expected to wrestle today, should be a cinch. Everything was in the bag. Everything, that is, except the chance to down the intercollegiate champion and show up Dutch Bamberg and the other doubters.

He came face to face with his new opponent, Lewis, to find a lean, smiling, blue-eyed man slightly taller than himself who displayed no signs of nervous inexperience, who extended a powerful, bony hand, and said:

"Hope I'll be able to give you a scrap. Hank Granville fell down in the dressing room and hurt his leg again." There was a keen, combative gleam in his eyes, and not one trace of concern.

From opposite sides of the mat, then, they awaited the bell. Peter glanced over to the Navy bench to see that Dutch Bamberg was regarding him quizzically. He felt intensely irritated. Didn't the man think he could take a substitute? But he gritted his teeth, clenched his fists, and felt the old familiar surge of abundant joyous strength flowing into his arms and shoulders. And with it a resolve to change that expression on the coach's face, to make it turn into the old warm-hearted approval. The bell clanged, and he rushed forward, suddenly cocky and confident. Why, he'd dump this upstart so quick it would make him dizzy!

They shook hands again and squared off. With his longer reach Lewis pawed at Peter, holding him away for a moment. But only for a moment. As he had done many times before, Peter fainted and dove in with a lightning attack, that swift rush of his that had disconcerted so many opponents. He felt the rough nap of

the mat under his pushing feet; the hard, supple muscles of Lewis twined with his own. They fell together, madly struggling for the advantage.

Peter grunted with satisfaction to find that he had landed on top. He knew that the watches had started ticking away to his credit. But to his consternation he found that he was already breathing hard, and knew that he must rest for a few precious seconds before pursuing his attack. Lewis' body was like steel and wire under his hands, ready to break free at the slightest opportunity.

Leaning his chin on Lewis' back, Peter gulped in lungfuls of air. He was not conscious of lessening his hold, but all of a sudden there was a warning growl from the Navy bench, an excited shout from the watching crowd. Lewis was refusing to stay on the defensive. He rolled lithely, quickly, his arms and legs whipped out like coiled springs released. He wrenched himself free and sprang to his feet, and now he loomed up big and formidable, with eyes like bits of blue ice. Peter sparred with him slowly and cautiously, taking deep, careful breaths, striving to regain that high confidence of a few minutes before.

Lewis dropped his guard for an instant. Peter rushed furiously in once more. They swayed on their feet, struggling for the upper hand.

Then came an unmistakable groan from the spectators. Not knowing just how he got there, Peter found himself on hands and knees on the mat, desperately covering up with all the defensive science he could muster. Lewis swarmed over him cat-like, trying out his reperatory of holds, seeking a weak spot.

"On you feet, man—get up, Pete—Get Up!" The chant of friendly anxious voices come from far away, mingled with shouts from Harvard rooters. Peter drew breath in great sobs, squatted back on his haunches, his neck high, arms jammed warily close to his sides. It seemed to him that he could hear the watches, mercilessly recording seconds, minutes against him. A dull weariness began to creep into his muscles. Those of Lewis were like steel bands, searching. Struggling for a clear head, Peter knew the panic of impending defeat and all that it would mean.

The constant, steady roar of the crowd beat at his ears like the sound of ocean surf, telling him that he must act, and act at once. His strength was ebbing away to no good purpose. A few minutes more and there wouldn't be much left of it. But what to do? This man could hold him here indefinitely, unless—

From somewhere a trick flashed into his mind; a trick as old as that of the Normans at the battle of Hastings, on the pursuing Saxons. Peter relaxed suddenly, throwing himself wide open to a decisive hold. If Lewis reached it too quickly—if he could time his counter attack perfectly—Peter's thoughts came in lightning flashes. There was a tense instant of waiting, a breathless, supercharged moment

Then a wild, whirling struggle. Peter bit his lip, and felt the blood trickling in a tiny stream down his chin. His mind went blank in a furious intensity of effort. He felt himself poised for what seemed like an eternity, desperately bridged on his heels and the back of his head, arching his body, frantically holding his

shoulders off the mat. Dimly he sensed that Lewis was above him, but he could see only the straining cords of his opponent's neck muscles. In one final, searing effort, Peter twisted his whole body violently, felt his arms close about solid flesh that seemed miraculously to be giving way, just a very little.

As he drew each breath, it seemed that he would never be able to get another. His eyes were open, but he saw nothing but a vague blur tingled with red. His mind wandered; he thought that he was working out with Louie Smith again, and that Coach Bamberg was standing there watching, grinning malevolently, taunting him, over and over again: "Huh! you won't train, eh? You'll sit around an' read magazines, will you?"

Reality, time, sound and light faded away. He was working furiously at something. He was wrestling, whether in his dreams or awake, he could not tell. The world was a solid mass of pain and breathlessness and tortured effort.

Slowly the roaring of voices rose once more in his ears. A rough hand was pounding, pounding on his back. He felt strong hands clutching at his arms, trying to loosen them. A voice called in his ear: "Farnham! Farnham! Let go will you? You've thrown the guy: don't squeeze the life out of him!"

Peter opened his eyes to find that he was lying on a white cot in the "sick bay" the infirmary on the top floor of Bancroft Hall. He stretched in a delicious weariness, then winced as sharp pain flowed all over him.

A white-jacketed Navy Hospital Corpsman greeted him from the corner of the ward.

"How about it, Sailor?" the enlisted man said, "ready to sit up and gargle a little soup?"

"What goes on here?" Peter asked dreamily. "Did I fall off a roof or something?"

"I hear you won a swell wrestling match," the bluejacket said admiringly. "You sure were out like a light when they trundled you in here, but the Doc says you only strained your back a little. That, and wore yourself down to a nub."

He cranked up the cot, inserted an extra pillow behind Peter's back, and swung a bed tray in front of him. The soup sent up a hot, meaty odor. As Peter dipped in his spoon the door opened a crack to show the grinning face of Bill Warren.

"Hi, Champ!" Bill called out. "You sure caught a tartar, didn't you—but you came through. I take back all them harsh words. How'd you feel?"

Peter moved slightly and winced again. "Better call me 'chump'," he groaned. "I must have been shot with luck, as usual. Lord knows what would have happened if Granville had been in there."

"Phooey," said Bill. "I hear that this boy Lewis is as good as Granville ever thought of being."

Peter blew on a spoonful of soup. "That may be right and it may not," he said thoughtfully. "But I've learned something, Kid, believe me. You and Dutch were right. From now on, I'm going to be a galley slave, too."

A bugle call sounded in the distance. "That's supper formation," Bill said. "I'll be up to see you later. Want some magazines?"

"Get out of here!" Peter cried happily.

THE CENTER OF THE STATE

By Mary Elizabeth Bouck

Wilber was studying the map of Oregon. "Mount Hood isn't in the center of the state," he announced. "I thought you said it . . ."

Geographically it isn't. It is called that because so much of interest centers around it.

In the winter crowds of people travel many miles, sometimes as much as seventy-five, to enjoy the winter sports on the lower levels. Even the dog derby has been held there.

On the lower levels in summertime huckleberries grow in profusion. The Indians pick them and sell them in the neighboring communities. On the higher levels some of them pasture their flocks. It is these same Indians that cause the government the most trouble about fire permits. They cannot understand why they must have a little piece of paper before they can light their fires when they are camping on Mount Hood.

Then, too, every mountain-climbing enthusiast in Oregon, and there are many, aims to ascend Mount Hood at least once. Many experienced people do it several times, for there is a peculiar fascination about this mighty peak which rises, eternally snow-clad, 11,228 feet, and about which many legends cling.

On the top is a tiny cabin. Here, during the summer months, the lookout stays. It is his duty to watch for forest fires, and he checks the wind, humidity, visibility and so forth several times a day. And what a place to live! The snow always surrounds his cabin, for even on warm

days the temperature doesn't get above fifty degrees. At night it always drops to twenty degrees or lower. When the wind blows it sometimes seems as if the little house must surely be torn from its foundations and hurled into space. Often the lightning plays perilously near when thunderstorms sweep over the summit.

Life for the lookout is very simple. It has to be, for everything, even water, has to be "packed" to the summit. Of course, he could melt snow but that would require heat, and all his fuel,—he uses oil,—also has to be "packed" from below. His food must be chosen wisely. Beans, for instance, are out, because the boiling-point at this altitude is so low that even if they were cooked all day, the beans wouldn't be done. Fresh fruits and vegetables that freeze are out, too. So his menu consists mostly of dried fruits, cookies and canned stuff. All supplies are cached part way up the mountain when the lookout goes up in the late spring. Then they are taken up to the summit as he needs them, a few at a time.

Strange as it may seem there is one thing that the lookout doesn't have to face, and that is loneliness. In spite of all the difficulties of making the ascent there are actually hundreds every week who do it. Most of them are experienced mountaineers. Of course, no one who has a weak heart could do it, nor could one who had never climbed several of the lesser peaks. Occasionally someone tries it

who is not properly prepared for one reason or another, and to him the lookout may have to administer first aid.

There are special preparations necessary for climbing a mountain like Mount Hood. One must be careful to eat lightly, though it is all right to carry an orange or some raisins to nibble along the way. One must also dress lightly though warmly, in wool if possible. It is wise, too, either to wear a veil or to apply some good face paint for on sunny days one burns badly. Smoked glasses are another necessity, for people have been known to go snowblind even in the few hours it takes to make the ascent. One should wear heavy shoes, and canvas gloves to keep from getting one's hands burned on the rope

that helps the climbers up the last thousand feet.

People who make the ascent usually camp overnight somewhere on the side of the mountain at one of the regular sites, and start at daybreak in order to reach the summit early. Then what a marvellous view stretches before them! To the south are the snow-capped peaks of Oregon, including Washington, Jefferson and the Three Sisters. To the north are the lofty peaks of Washington—St. Helena, Adams and Rainer, and the mighty Columbia, the second largest river in the United States.

Many people have had interesting adventures on Mount Hood. There have been tragedies there, too, and thrilling rescues, but all that makes another story.

—:—

SAMBO'S PRAYERS

Yassuh, Sambo say his prayers
 Night come, he ax de Lawd to keep
 Him through de long dark hours safe
 Whilst he was in his baid asleep.
 Co'se when de sun pop up ag'in
 An ever'thing get bright, he say,
 "Lawd, don't you bother 'bout me now,
 'Cause I'll watch out endurin' day."
 Onlessen it would come a storm
 An winds a-blowin' high an' wile;
 Den Sambo say, "O Lawd, I spec'
 You better stay right wid yo' chile!"

—Evantha Caldwell.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. Pearl Young, a member of the School's staff of workers, was taken to the Memorial Hospital, Charlotte, last Tuesday for treatment. We hope she will soon recover and be able to return to the School.

—:—

Lieut. George L. Barrier, of Fort Benning, Georgia, a former member of our teaching staff, spent a few hours at the School last Tuesday. He was on his way to visit his mother and other relatives at Mt. Pleasant.

—:—

The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show at the School, last Thursday night, was "King of the Lumberjacks," and a short entitled "Fresh Fish," was shown at the same time. Both are Warner Brothers productions.

—:—

A squad of plasterers from Concord are making some repairs at Cottage No. 15. They have been working on several of the buildings at the School this spring, greatly improving their appearance. We understand at this writing that their work here is just about completed.

—:—

Pressley Sanford, of Charlotte, a former member of the group at Cottage No. 7, called on friends here the other day. Upon leaving the School in 1937, he went to work on a farm down in Mecklenburg county and stayed there about one and one-half years. He then became an enrollee in a C C C camp. After leaving the camp he was employed for a time by the Holland Furniture Company. Pressley is now working for the

Brooks Auto Company, Charlotte, and says that he likes his work and is getting along very well.

—:—

Miss Dorothea Dolan and Mrs. Frank H. Kennedy, of Charlotte were visitors at the School last Thursday afternoon. Miss Dolan is a psychiatrist at the mental hygiene clinic, Charlotte, and Mrs. Kennedy is treasurer of the same organization. While here they visited the various vocational departments and some of the cottage homes.

—:—

Our farm forces are now really up and doing. A recent drive over the farm revealed activity on all sides. In one section we saw the "iron mules" preparing the soil. One group of boys was busily engaged in cotton planting; another group was planting corn. In another field we saw the mowers at work, cutting alfalfa. Our gardeners and truck farmers were setting out tomatoes and other vegetables. Last but not least, we noticed a group getting the watermelon patch in shape. This last item will appeal to the youngsters more than any other, for they really enjoy watermelon feasts during the summer months.

—:—

Mr. Charles A. Snodgrass, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, was a visitor at the School last Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Snodgrass is the author of many poems, some of which have been set to music, composed by he and his daughter. He gave us copies of several poems and one song, the latter entitled, "The Saviour and Mother

and Me," being just off the press. Although they are copyrighted, he kindly gave us permission to use them in the columns of The Uplift.

Mr. Snodgrass was on his way to keep an appointment in Greensboro and had time for but a brief drive over the campus. He expressed his delight with the appearance of the School and promised to make a more extended visit the next time he happens to be passing through this section.

—:—

The regular service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon was in charge of Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte. Following the singing of the opening hymn and Scripture recitation, led by Bruce Hawkins, of Cottage No. 3, the meeting was turned over to a group of young people from the Charlotte Bible Institute. Thurman Stone, who acted as leader, led the boys in singing a few hymns, and sang one solo number, "Open My Eyes, That I May See." He then presented Miss Ruth Brewer and Miss I Linda Johnston, who rendered a vocal duet. Miss Mabel Aughinbaugh accompanied at the piano.

Mr. Stone then introduced Ed Ulrich as the speaker of the afternoon, who read as the Scripture Lesson, Philemon 15:19-25. In his talk to the boys he pointed out that Philemon was a wealthy plantation owner, who operated his farm with the help of slaves. He was a Christian and a personal friend of the Apostle Paul, but his Christianity did not prompt him to free his slaves. He was very good to them; he fed them well and saw to it that they were educated.

One particular slave, Onesimus,

worked in his master's house. Although he was owned by Philemon, he had the freedom of the entire palace and plantation. He was placed in a position of trust.

There came a day when Onesimus decided to go out into the world and make a name for himself. He stole a considerable sum of money from his master, also a number of precious jewels, and ran away. He thought he could have a big time in some far distant country and because of his ill-gotten wealth, become a great man.

This unworthy servant went from place to place. He enjoyed the pleasures of Athens and other cities. Finally, he reached Rome, at that time the world's greatest city. Soon after wildly enjoying life in the Roman city, he suddenly realized that he had spent all of the money he had stolen from his kind and trusting master. He then began to steal more but was soon caught and placed in prison.

In the same jail the great Apostle Paul was also a prisoner. The slave realized that his life was a complete failure and was very sorrowful. He went to Paul, whom he had probably heard preach in the prison, and told him of his troubles, and was converted by that man of God. It then came to his mind that he owed Philemon, his old master, a great debt, and wondered how he could ever repay it. He again went to Paul and expressed a desire to return to Philemon and do what he could to make amends for his misdeeds.

Paul knew Philemon, having converted him a long time previous to his meeting with Onesimus, and wrote him a letter, saying that he was sending his old slave back to him. He

further urged him not to receive him as a slave, but as a brother, and to forgive him and "charge his debt to me."

In conclusion the speaker stated that we all owe an enormous debt to God for the countless blessings He

has bestowed upon us. The only way we can ever repay the slightest portion of it is by living as He wants us to live. Christ, by his death, paid for our sins, and all that we have to do to be saved is to accept him as our Saviour.

CHALLENGE

Let us be challenged by the heights to which men can rise. Let us be proud of the fact that we are human beings and, because we are human beings, we contain within ourselves resources of strength and power great enough to enable us to climb far and high. I know that there is much disillusionment, much discouragement, much temptation to take the easy way, the short cut, to do the expedient rather than the right. But we are men—and because we are men we can rise above the dull level of yielding. It is not what destiny does with us, but what we do with destiny that determines what we shall become. When a man is determined, what can stop him?

Cripple him and you have a Sir Walter Scott.

Put him in a prison cell and you have a John Bunyan.

Bury him in the snow of Valley Forge and you have a George Washington.

Have him born in abject poverty and you have a Lincoln.

Afflict him with asthma until as a boy he lies choking in his father's arms and you have a Theodore Roosevelt.

Stab him with rheumatic pains until for years he can not sleep without an opiate and you have a Steinmetz.

Put him in the grease pit of a locomotive roundhouse and you have a Walter P. Chrysler.

Make him second fiddle in an obscure South American orchestra and you have a Toscanini.

Let life challenge you and be confident in your reply, for you are a man and the hardships of life are sent you not by an unkind destiny to crush you but to challenge you. Our "humanity" is not our weakness, but our strength. Despite much of the artificiality of the life around us, the two greatest words in the English language still are "I can!"—Selected

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 27, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (8) Herschell Allen 8
- (18) William Drye 20
- (22) Frank May 22
- (22) Weldon Warren 22

COTTAGE NO. 1

- James Bargesser 10
- N. A. Bennett 12
- (3) William Blackmon 11
- (3) Charles Browning 6
- (2) Lloyd Callahan 11
- (3) Albert Chunn 17
- Doris Hill 6
- (3) Porter Holder 19
- Carl Hooker 6
- (9) Burman Keller 17
- (7) H. C. Pope 13
- (2) Jack Sutherland 7
- (12) Everett Watts 20

COTTAGE NO. 2

- (3) Henry Barnes 3
- Bernice Hoke 11
- (20) Edward Johnson 21
- (4) Ralph Kistler 9

COTTAGE NO. 3

Max Evans 12

COTTAGE NO. 4

- Wesley Beaver 7
- (3) Paul Briggs 11
- (4) William Cherry 9
- Luther Coe 6
- (4) Leo Hamilton 12
- (4) Hugh Kennedy 16
- (4) William Morgan 9
- J. W. McRorrie 10
- (3) Robert Simpson 11
- (2) George Speer 8
- (2) Oakley Walker 10
- John Whitaker 5
- Thomas Yates 10

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (9) Theodore Bowles 21
- Collett Cantor 16
- Robert Dellinger 7
- (3) A. C. Elmore 13
- Charles Hayes 4
- (7) Ivey Lunsford 14

- (3) Leonard Melton 11
- (4) Mack McQuaigue 15
- (2) Currie Singletary 17
- Edward Thomasson 4
- Fred Tolbert 11
- (7) Hubert Walker 19
- (11) Dewey Ware 21

COTTAGE NO. 6

- Robert Dunning 9
- Reitzel Southern 4
- William Ussery 2
- Woodrow Wilson 11
- (5) George Wilhite 7

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (2) Kenneth Atwood 10
- John H. Averitte 18
- (17) Clasper Beasley 21
- (5) Henry Butler 17
- (4) Donald Earnhardt 19
- (3) George Green 13
- Robert Hampton 2
- (2) Vernon Harding 4
- J. B. Hensley 3
- Lyman Johnson 17
- (4) Arnold McHone 20
- (4) Carl Ray 15
- (2) Jack Reeves 3
- Ernest Turner 11
- Alex Weathers 13
- Ervin Wolfe 15

COTTAGE NO. 8

- (3) Cecil Ashley 6
- Otis Kilpatrick 6

COTTAGE NO. 9

- (4) Percy Capps 13
- (8) David Cunningham 21
- John B. Davis
- George Gaddy 13
- James Hale 8
- (3) Columbus Hamilton 14
- (4) Edgar Hedgepeth 12
- (5) Mark Jones 15
- (2) Marvin Matthewson 3
- (2) William Nelson 18
- (2) James Ruff 16
- (3) Thomas Sands 15
- (2) Lewis Sawyer 10
- (2) Robert Tidwell 7

- (7) Horace Williams 12

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen

- (5) John Allison 9
 (6) Cecil Gray 15
 (22) Robert Goldsmith 22
 (7) Earl Hildreth 19
 (14) Broadus Moore 19
 (2) Canipe Shoe 3
 (5) James Tyndall 19

COTTAGE NO. 12

- (7) Odell Almond 18
 (4) Ernest Brewer 14.
 (7) Treley Frankum 17
 (7) Woodrow Hager 16
 (4) Eugene Heaffner 14
 (7) Tillman Lyles 18
 James Mondie 12
 (3) Daniel McFail 3
 (7) Hercules Rose 17
 (7) Howard Sanders 20
 (4) Charles Simpson 18
 (2) Norman Smith 17
 (4) Jesse Smith 12
 J. R. Whitman 14

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (13) James Brewer 19
 (2) Kenneth Brooks 6
 Otho Dennis
 Thomas Fields 4
 (6) Charles Gaddy 14
 (6) Vincent Hawes 19
 James Johnson 4
 Leonard Jacobs 13
 (2) James Lane 14
 (2) Robert Lefler 6
 Jack Mathis 10
 Burley Mayberry

- (3) Charles Metcalf 4
 (3) Claude McConnell 4
 (5) Jordan McIver 6
 Randall D. Peeler 10
 Fred Rhodes 4
 Earl Wolfe 3

COTTAGE NO. 14

- (5) Raymond Andrews 17
 John Baker 18
 (2) William Butler 12
 (9) Edward Carter 20
 Mack Coggins 17
 (5) Leonard Dawn 8
 Henry Ennis 9
 (22) Audie Farthing 22
 (2) Henry Glover 12
 (6) Troy Gilland 19
 (4) John Hamm 18
 (4) Marvin King 11
 (3) Feldman Lane 18
 (16) Norvell Murphy 19
 (8) James Roberson 10
 (2) John Robbins 17
 (2) Charles Steepleton 17
 (2) J. C. Willis 10
 Jack West 11

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (3) Calvin Tessneer 7
 (2) Bennie Wilhelm 13

INDIAN COTTAGE

- Raymond Brooks 6
 Frank Chavis 4
 (5) George Duncan 17
 (6) Roy Holmes 6
 Cecil Jacobs
 (7) James Johnson 8
 (2) Harvey Ledford 5
 (2) John T. Lowry 12
 (4) Redmond Lowry 17
 (4) Thomas Wilson 19

Little by little, and straight and high.
 A bush to a tall tree grows,
 Little by little the days go by,
 And a bud becomes a rose.
 Little by little the children grow.
 Taller and taller, and then,
 Little by little they change, and lo!
 They turn to women and men!



MAY 12 1941

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., MAY 10, 1941

NO. 19

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MOTHER'S LOVE

Her love is like an island
In life's ocean, vast and wide,
A peaceful, quiet shelter
From the wind, and rain, and tide.

'Tis bound on the north by Hope,
By Patience on the west,
By tender Counsel on the south,
And on the east by Rest.

Above it like a beacon light
Shine faith, and truth, and prayer;
And through the changing scenes of life,
I find a haven there.

—Author Unknown.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act
of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

ON MOTHER'S DAY TO MY GRANDMOTHER

Your hands have long been folded—but I think
Of all that you accomplished, and I shrink
From my own uselessness! To cook and mend
Were trivial tasks to you, who had the fields to tend
To raise your children's bread: the clothes they wore
Meant long, long hours at the wheel and loom.
All the anxiety and poverty of war
Were yours to bear—rest was a priceless boon—
Yet, you found time to share a neighbor's need,
Bread, and to spare, a hungry child to feed.
And you found time for worship—you would spare
The time and walk for miles to raise your prayer
To God from your own pew: you asked for grace—
The answer found you ready in your place!
Little you knew of pleasure—much of pain,
None ever heard you murmur or complain.
And always you must have a "Patch of Ground"
Where growing thing and blossoms might be found.
And so, to-day, I look across the years
To bless your memory with thankful tears.
I'm sure, my dear, you reached a peaceful goal
For you grew white geraniums for your soul!

—Vernie Goodman

MOTHER

The strongest influence of any home is Mother and is reflected in the children either for a better life or a life that never develops along the lines of clean and inspiring ideals. The picture of Whistler's mother makes those of mature years reflect, because the mothers of years ago realized their time-honored responsibility in

the rearing of children with the desire to become valuable citizens by doing the right and corageous things. Mothers' consuming thoughts of yesteryear was the making of homes wherein young people were taught the essentials of right living.

The machine age has taken from the homes the activities of handiwork that formerly absorbed mothers's attention, therefore, women, married and unmarried are holding responsible positions in all kinds of business that would have been scorned by women in the past. As a natural consequence of the nationwide changes wrought by the progress of civilization, the building of character in childhood is left to the churches, schools and other organizations to catch up the broken threads of youth, due to the absence of mothers from home. The woman's gentle, though soft voice and comely ffigure of beauty combined with a spirit of love, are divine gifts for the moulding of character.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, recognized by her comtemporaries as a soul of fire in a shell of pearls, in her "Cry of the Children" eulogizes womanhood or motherhood in words to this effect, that no one can equal the mother in binding stubbed toes or soothing the tired ones, mentally and physically, with lullabies and caresses. These loving acts continue throughout the life of a mother, always thinking of her own as children. She loves them in health; she never fatigues during illness; she rejoices with them in success, and if troubles bear heavily upon them she has never been found to be a shirker. Intuitively a good mother carries in the secret chamber of her heart a love that never permits her to forget her duties.

The second Sunday in May has been set aside to be observed as Mother's Day. In memory of the living mothers, a red rose is worn and for those who have passed into eternal rest, a white rose is worn. This custom is sweet, but the finest and best tribute is to reflect the life as taught by a Christian mother.

* * * * *

I HAVE A CAREER

Twenty-four years ago I entered upon a career which takes second place to none among women. This is a daring statement when one realizes that today practically every profession is open to women

whether it be in the field of art, business, law, medicine, politics, science or religion. The successful wife and mother must possess the same characteristics that go to make success in any career. And one must have some knowledge of many careers with the ability to make practical application in the area of the home. Thus motherhood may be inclusive of other careers.

On the other hand, it is quite exclusive and unique, namely, in the power to nurture a little life within her own body. In those days a mother comes nearer to God than ever. Somehow she rises above earthly things and lives in a different world which can be shared only with other mothers. The joy of a new life instills the consciousness of a special blessing and challenges woman to the best in life.

And yet, today young women are asking such questions as these: "Is it a career or the kitchen?" "Shall I enter a profession and make a name for myself, or settle down and become obscure in the domestic routine of the home?" Why are our finest young women floundering on this all-important question? Don't they understand? Hasn't anyone frankly and clearly discussed the question with them?

The purpose of writing this article is to say as convincingly as possible that the one career which God set apart for women, the one career upon which God has put His special blessing, the one career which carries with it unusual honor, the highest worth and the greatest dignity is that of Motherhood.—Ethel B. Wickey.

* * * * *

OLD-FASHIONED MOTHERS

Thank God, some of us had an "old-fashioned mother," and not a woman of the modern period, enameled and painted, with white jeweled hands, but a dear, old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose depths we see love; whose brown hair, threaded with silver, we see lying smoothly upon her faded cheeks. Those dear hands worn with toil, gently guided our tottering steps in childhood, and smoothed our pillow in sickness. Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now like a sweet perfume from some woodland blossom.

The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of hers will echo in our souls forever. Other faces may fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on when in the fitful pause of a busy life, our feet wander back to the old homestead. In crossing the threshold we stand once more in the room so hallowed by her presence, and again we have the feeling of childish innocence and dependence.

* * * * *

MOTHERS'S BILL

A small boy overheard a conversation about certain bills for work done, which had to be paid, and at once decided to make out a bill for what work he had done. So the next morning he laid his list on mother's breakfast plate: "Mother owes Willie for carrying coal six times, 20 cents; for bringing water lots of times, 30 cents; for doing ten errands, 15 cents; and for being good twice, 10 cents. Total 75 cents."

His mother read the bill and said nothing about it. That evening Willie found on his plate the 75 cents, and also another bill which reads as follows: "Willie owes mother for his happy home for eight years, nothing; for his clothing, nothing; for nursing him through a long illness, nothing; for being good to him, nothing. Total, nothing."

When Willie saw the 75 cents he was pleased; but when he read his mother's bill his eyes grew dim, and his lips quivered. Then he took the money to his mother, threw his arms about her neck, and begged that she let him do lots of things for her.

Mother's bill is rarely presented, but it will pay each of you to think it over for yourself and then pay it in love and service.

—Selected.

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THE VALUE OF HOME TRAINING

In this issue of *The Uplift* we carry a fine tribute to the granddaughter of the late Congressman E. W. Pou, who, so far through her life, has refused to either smoke or take a nip from a flask. This young lady, Miss Caroline Ihrie Wadden, comes from one of

North Carolina's most distinguished families; belongs to the elite of Washington and Raleigh. She had the courage to abstain from either smoking or drinking, but is reported to have been voted the most popular girl at George Washington University. Her general demeanor in remaining true to the early training at home never debarred her from being accepted as a superb and attractive young woman. It is not infrequent to hear young girls say, when in a social group, they feel they must do these things "just to be sociable and not outstandingly odd."

Miss Wadden, on merit, as a model young woman, has been appointed to a responsible government position in Washington. As usual, the best training at home enables one to be recognized. We take pleasure in calling attention to an article from The Smithfield Herald, relative to Miss Wadden, on another page in this issue.

MOTHER

I keep a priceless painting embedded in my heart,
 A gift to me from heaven in the Master's perfect art;
 A little homelike picture of a mother, oh so dear,
 Whose prayers I fondly cherish, and whose lessons I revere.
 No vision so poetic could brush of man portray,
 The works of loving kindness must be wrought in God's own way;
 Many thoughts I lend in fancy, and how true it seems to be,
 The earth must have its angels, and this one abides with me.
 Her hair is winter-whitened and her eyes are summer blue.
 Like clouds of snowy softness when the sunbeams trickle through;
 Her handclasp sometimes trembles and a halting step occurs,
 But oh, the tender sweetness of that patient soul of hers.
 And more and more this picture is to me a sacred shrine,
 I praise the God who gave it, and I thank Him that 'tis mine;
 And the sun and stars may perish, and the world may fall apart,
 But mother lives forever, embedded in my heart

—Thomas P. Carey

MOTHER'S DAY NOT NEW BUT OF ANCIENT ORIGIN

By Elizabeth Tipton Derieux in *Charlotte Observer*

"In after life you may have friends—fond, dear friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows."—Lord Macaulay.

From the dawn of human history motherhood has been woman's crowning glory; her arms the haven of safety and comfort for the child.

In the earliest days of the race, while woman's position was little better than that of a slave, the motivating force which stimulated her to greater efforts toward civilization was her possessive love for her child and its dependence and affection for her.

The improved status of women and the esteem in which motherhood was held is shown in the earliest stories of Greek mythology. Rhea, the daughter of Terra, goddess of the earth, was known as the "Mother of the Gods" or "Great Mother." Celebrations of "Mother's Day" were observed each year in her honor, the main features of these occasions being singing and dancing. The place of importance which Penelope occupied as the wife of Ulysses also discloses the growing respect for womanhood in the early centuries. Penelope's faithfulness during her husband's long absence of 20 years, her excellent care and instruction of their son, Telemachus, were held as an ideal for Grecian mothers to emulate.

The importance and honor which was given to motherhood in early Roman society is well known. Prom-

inent among the Roman matrons was Cornelia, the mother of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus. Carefully educated under her personal supervision, much of the nobility of character and graciousness of manner of the Gracchi, were due to their mother's influence. On one occasion when asked to display her jewels, Cornelia presented her two sons. "These," she said proudly, "are my jewels."

Not only did the mothers of early Rome give their attention to the careful training of their children but they helped to create a better environment for them. Education, peace and prosperity were the objectives of these mothers of an earlier day. How well they succeeded in one of their "peace drives" is shown in the fact that when the Roman senate failed to make peace with an enemy which was encamped before the city of Rome, Venturia and Volumnia at the head of a group of Roman matrons visited the camp of the enemy and persuaded them to withdraw, thus saving the city from being over-run and sacked and their sons from probably meeting a warrior's death.

Mother's Day was observed in Rome two hundred and fifty years before Christ. This celebration was known in the early centuries, according to Schaffler, as the festival of Hilaria and was held on the Ides of March.

With the development and spread of Christianity this ancient festival took on a new and more significant

meaning. No longer was it a celebration in honor of the "Mother of the Gods" but a day set apart in which to honor the "Mother Church." Gifts were brought on the fourth Sunday in Lent and placed on the altars of the church. This custom was gradually expanded throughout the centuries until it included not only the church but the mothers of the communicants.

Gradually this commendable custom began to include mothers whose children were not connected with a church. Masters and mistresses alike, recognizing the value of such a day, gave the young people under their directions a vacation on Mid-Lent Sunday in order that they might visit their parents.

An interesting account of this custom is found in Chamber's Book of Days. "The harshness and general painfulness of life in old times must have been much relieved by certain simple and affectionate customs. Among these are a practice of going to see parents, and especially the female one, on the mid-Sunday of Lent, taking for them some little present, such as a cake or trinket. A youth engaged in this amiable act of duty was said to go a-mothering and thence the day itself came to be called Mothering Sunday."

A favorite food and one which was served quite generally on Mothering Sunday consisted of whole grains of wheat which had been boiled in sweet milk, then sweetened and spiced. Peas fried in butter and seasoned with salt and pepper also composed a popular dish for this day. But the most delicious food and the one which was most often presented to mothers in the early centuries was a steamed

fruit cake which had been iced and decorated with the finest white flour before being baked.

The outstanding characteristics of motherhood which were stressed in the early centuries were majesty and authority. The Christian interpretation of motherhood, however, stressed those of tenderness and abiding love. These qualities, treasured above all others, perhaps are those which God chose to illustrate His loving kindness toward His people.

The fundamental principles of motherhood have never changed. From the beginning of the race the physical care of the child has been the mother's first concern. With the advancement of civilization, the guiding of the youth into constructive living has been her privilege and pleasure; the response and appreciation of the child, her delight and joy.

One of the finest illustrations of motherhood to be found in early Biblical literature is that of the Shummamite woman. Her care of the prophet, Elisha, the happiness of the woman with her husband and child, all present a delightful picture of a hospitable, contented homelife. The sudden illness of the beloved lad as he played about his father in the field, the return of the stricken child to his mother's arms, her tender care of him and her anguish over his death, the hurried journey of the frantic mother to the home of the prophet for aid, his return with her to the silent house of death and the restoring of the child to life, all reveal the depths of love, grief and happiness of motherhood.

One of the most outstanding examples of a mother's influence over

a brilliant but wayward son is that of Monica and Augustine. Born in 354 A. D. Augustine lost his father, a pagan nobleman of limited means, while still a child. By great personal sacrifice Monica managed to send her son to Carthage to be educated. Here Augustine made a brilliant scholaristic record but entered into all the waywardness and vice of the times. Heart-broken, the mother tried again and again to awaken the latent manliness of her son but to no avail. When Augustine announced that he would continue his studies in Rome and Milan, Monica knowing the paganism and sin which was rampant in these great centers of culture and learning begged her son with tears streaming down her face to remain at home. Unable to resist the entreaties of his mother Augustine promised to give up his plans.

That night, however, he quietly slipped away and set sail for the cities of his heart's desire. But the tears of his mother and the memory of her faith in him together with the influence of Bishop Ambrose whom he had met soon after his arrival, touched him so deeply that the gay life of the city repelled and shamed rather than attracted him. When Monica, thinking to watch over and protect her son if possible, followed Augustine to Milan she found him not only willing to listen to her admonitions but resolved to reform. Gently she pressed him to give up his pagan practices and to accept her faith. This he did. Overjoyed that her conscientious labor of 33 years had, at last, borne magnificent fruit, Monica saw her son accept Christian baptism in the great cathedral of Milan on

Easter Sunday 387. A man of brilliant intellect and far-reaching influence, Augustine fully justified his mother's faith in him as he not only made a splendid contribution to Christianity during his life but "moulded the spirit of the Christian Church for centuries."

Not only has the field of religion benefited from the influence of great mothers but also those of literature, philosophy, science, music, the creative arts; indeed all life has been stimulated, enriched and held to its best endeavor by the faith and encouragement which mothers have given to their children.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe, the most outstanding contributor to German literature owed much of his remarkable talent to the early training given him by his young vivacious mother. Each evening the boy listened entranced as his mother told him the first part of an interesting story. During the following day the youth worked out the ending and in the evening competed with his mother in relating the closing scenes of the story. So real were some of his characters to Goethe that he modeled them in wax and displayed them as he told his version of the story. The natural talent of the youth was thus stimulated and many years later when friends would read Goethe's splendid poems and stories to the aged mother she would say proudly, "he is my son!"

Mary Arden Shakespeare was an ardent lover of nature. While her gifted son was still a small child she taught him to see beauty in things, about him, to find pleasure in the simple things of life and to take a sympathetic interest in those with

whom he came in contact. No gift could have been more valuable to this talented youth. As he grew to manhood his perceptions quickened, the simple affairs of life retained their importance and his knowledge of the joys and sorrows of the human heart deepened. These were among the important attributes which enabled William Shakespeare to become the greatest writer of all times.

"I cannot remember ever having kept back a doubt from my mother—she was the one heart to whom I went in absolute confidence, from my babyhood until the day of her death." With these words John Wesley painted a splendid picture of his mother.

Each child of Susanna Wesley's large family felt her influence, realized her unbounded faith in them and knew that she expected them to live worthily. Despite the fact that Mrs. Wesley did much of the work about her home, taught her own children as well as those of her neighbors and assisted her husband in his church work, she found time for personal instruction and a quiet talk with each of her children at least once every week. The Wesley children did not disappoint their parents; they were a source of much comfort and pleasure to them.

Four of the Wesleys became famous. John's influence is said to have colored the entire fabric of Christianity while Charles became the world's greatest hymn writer, having written over six thousand songs.

Many mothers have made not only a contribution to the human race in rearing sons and daughters but they have contributed to knowledge and the pleasure of the race by the continued cultivation of unusual talents.

Madame Marie Curie, the mother of two daughters, was a busy house wife, a scientist of international fame and a co-recipient with her husband and Dr. Henri Becquerel for the Nobel prize. This gift was bestowed in recognition of their joint discovery of radium. Modest and unassuming, success and fame neither spoiled nor changed Marie Curie. Her husband and her children remained her first concern.

Madam Schuman Heinke, the mother of a delightful family, was one of the best known and most beloved opera stars of the early 20th century. Possessed of a magnificent contralto voice and a winning personality, she won her way into millions of hearts during her long musical career. During the World War Madame Schuman Heinke spent much of her time in the camps singing to the soldiers. Recognizing her great mother-heart and knowing of her anxiety over her own sons who were also serving in the army, the boys in khaki called her 'mother.'

While motherhood has been honored throughout the centuries in many countries, America was the first nation to definitely dedicate and set apart a day as a national festival.

When President Wilson in 1914 issued a proclamation "calling upon the government officials to display the United States flag on all government buildings, and the people of the United States to display the flag at their homes or other suitable places on the second Sunday in May as a public expression of our love and reverence for mothers of our country," it was in perfect accord with the ideals and desires of the American people. Miss Anna Jarvis, originator of

Mother's Day, performed a splendid service to her country and one appreciated not only by mothers but by their children as well when she continued to follow up her idea until it became a law.

Motherhood has been honored in many beautiful ways. The talents of many of the world's greatest artists have been spent in its portrayal. Boticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, Dossi, Titian, Raphael, Rubens, Van Dyke, as well as scores of others, have painted madonnas which have been known and loved for centuries.

Through the medium of music motherhood has also been honored. Some of the greatest composers have displayed their talents to splendid ad-

vantage in their 'mother' songs, lullabies and cradle songs. Schubert's and Gounod's beautiful Ave Marie and Dvorak's 'Songs My Mother Taught Me' are known and beloved the world over. Perhaps even better known and more often heard are the popular 'Mother Machree,' 'Mother O' Mine,' 'My Mother's Bible' and 'Little Mother of Mine.'

While these artistic expressions of appreciation of motherhood are delightful, a mother's heart is made happier by an individual message of love from her child. Every day should be mother's day—a day in which to honor God's precious gift to humanity—Mother.

—:—

MEMORIES OF MOTHER

I seem to see in the soft light
 A face I love the best;
 I think of you when day's last ray
 Sinks in the golden west.

I miss you more as time wends on,
 More than I did on going,
 Time never shall bar up my heart,
 Love's lamp will keep on glowing.

No one on earth can take your place,
 You are the dearest of all.
 My heart, the truest in the world;
 You love the best to recall.

—Victor Calamia

A MOTHER'S OPPORTUNITY

By Arthur Hedley

God places on none a graver responsibility than that placed on motherhood. This is revealed in a striking utterance of the prophet Ezekiel—"As is the mother, so is her daughter." He saw that Israel's finer life had been defiled through the fall of its motherhood.

The moral and spiritual character of the rising generation depends largely on the influence of the mother in the home. The child from its birth spends its formative years in the company of its mother. No other life is so blended with babyhood and youth as is the mother's life. To her is entrusted the nourishing and development of its physical life; the unfolding of its moral and spiritual life. It is not what the mother says so much as what she is that determines her influence for good or ill over her children. Moral and spiritual authority resides in character, words are weak and vain unless backed by example.

A mother's personality shapes the personality of her child. Novalis, a beautiful character and noble writer of the eighteenth century, asks, "To whom do all men who have ever striven to work for mankind owe their zeal? To their mothers." Writing to his own mother, he said, "You did more to develop my mind than anyone, and all that I may accomplish is your doing, and will prove my gratitude to you."

That rugged Scotch philosopher of the nineteenth century, Thomas Carlyle, said, "My mother did me one altogether invaluable service; she

taught me less indeed by word than by daily reverent look and habitude her own simple version of the Christian faith." Her letters to her son are always earnest and anxious over his spiritual welfare, as in such sentences: "Oh, Tom, mind the golden season of youth, and remember your Creator in the days of your youth." Again, "Have you got through the Bible yet? If you have, read it again; I hope you will not weary, and may the Lord open your understanding." Her love for her absent boy took concrete shape in well-filled boxes, containing cheese, butter and other farm produce.

Most of us can think back to the early days of life's beginning, and our earliest memories have to do with our mother and with her presence and personality constantly playing on our lives. It is the soft hand of a mother that makes the deepest etching on the character. In the most plastic years she impressed her character most constantly upon her children. Her love consciously and unconsciously plays like a light upon the life of her child and in time there is a striking resemblance between mother and child. Her virtues are seen again in the life of her offspring, for we grow like the people we love.

It is equally and tragically true that a mother's moral weaknesses are reflected in her children. Working as a pastor in a London slum for ten years, I saw this truth illustrated again and again. The saying of the prophet was confirmed, "As is the mother, so is the daughter."

Because of the great power a mother possesses to make or mar her child, how essential it is that she should live in close touch with God and daily seek to grow in the likeness of Christ. If you are true, unselfish, pure, spiritually devoted to Christ and all that is noble and good, your child will catch your spirit and will grow up to love the things that you love. In the early days of the World War when billeted in a small English village, I was brought into close touch with a Methodist home. The mother was a beautiful character and religion was a reality to her. How delightful to hear the children sing their evening prayer! Today they have all grown up into manhood and womanhood and every one has become a devoted servant of Christ.

Different indeed is the case when a mother is worldly, careless, indifferent to her own spiritual welfare.

A boy in Scotland in whom I was interested began to attend my church and was a faithful young worshipper. Then gradually he began to stay away. Seeking him out, I asked why he rarely came now. "Oh!" he replied, "I can't be bothered." It was little surprise to me, for his mother couldn't be bothered to attend God's house; he received no encouragement from either of his parents.

How different was the case of another boy I knew whose mother was a sincere follower of Christ. Coming home from Sunday school one day, he said, "Mother! Teacher says she has two birthdays; what did she mean?" The mother replied that one birthday was the anniversary of her birth into the world and the other the anniversary of the day when she gave her

heart to Christ. Looking into his mother's eyes he said, "But, mother, I shall never have two birthdays." "Why?" "Because I've always loved Jesus."

Mothers, take heed to your own inner spiritual life and let your chief concern be, not your children's success in life, but that they shall love the best and the highest. Let them see Christ in you and they will fall in love with him. The mother whose primary concern is that her own life may be such that there will be nothing to her to mar her influence for Christ over her boy or girl will have her reward in years to come. Her dreams for her boy may not seem to be realized, but he would be infinitely poorer without them.

In a past day, godly mothers in the highlands of Scotland prayed and dreamed that one boy at least would be a minister or a missionary, and in many cases that dream came true. But even when it was not the case, the boy grew up to serve Christ in some other capacity. A mother's fervent prayer for her son or daughter may not be answered in her own day, but it will not be in vain.

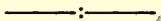
Let your child see that you count its growth in the knowledge and grace of Christ more than anything else in the world, and you will have little need to be concerned about its material future.

In the state records of Mississippi is this noble testimony of a godly mother: "Whereas we have read with great pleasure the following remark of the devoted mother of our esteemed governor, Hon. Earl Brewer, who, when asked if the day her son was inaugurated governor of the state of

Mississippi was not the happiest day of her life, replied, 'I was just as happy when my boy joined the church,' and therefore be it resolved, that the above expression be inscribed on our journal as an example to the mothers of our state and to show our appreciation of this splendid sentiment."

To bring up children upon whose character is impressed the likeness of Christ here indeed is a mother's

noblest task and glorious privilege. Long after she has passed beyond the vale, the influence of a Christian mother will tell in her children and through them in innumerable other lives in many lands. A Christian mother is God's right hand, his supreme gift to any generation. To her is entrusted heaven's highest task, and for her awaits heaven's richest reward.



TO OUR MOTHERS

There is someone closer to us
 Than our sweethearts or our wives,
 One who's stood behind us staunchly
 Through our stormy, troubled lives,

She has tried to guide our footsteps
 Along lines that she knows best
 Will eventually lead us onward—
 To the goal we call success.

She is more than just a comrade
 Or a friend in time of need,
 She's our hope and inspiration,
 This, and more, we do accede.

May God bless you always Mother,
 Keep your days devoid of strife,
 Grant you joy in every moment
 Of a long contented life.

—Dougald Blackburn

MOTHER'S LOVE

By C. A. Snodgrass

If I were a poet, I would sing
Of the wonderful sunlit sky,
And the fields aglow and the sunlit spring
And the flowers and the birds that fly
From their leafy shade in the woodland near
To the vaulted skies above;
But my happiest lays
Would chant the praise
And the joy of a mother's love.

I would sing of childhood days so fair,
And the place that gave me birth,
And the days I spent in the wildwood there
With the children of mother earth;
Of the woods where the wild birds' nests were hid
When I was a chip of a boy
And the birds and I
Heard the sweet lullaby
In the song of a mother's joy.

I would sing of the stories I recall,
My mother would tell to me,
When weary of childhood's glories all,
I clambered upon her knee,
And there, in the joy of her soft embrace,
I pillowed a tousled head
On mother's breast
And was lulled to rest
By the wonderful things she said.

I would sing of the golden days of youth,
When a mother's love inspires
Those wonderful dreams of love and truth
That a youthful heart desires;
And the only sad note that I would sing
Is that I, with the wild birds there,
In a wayward flight
Left the paths of light
Unmindful of mother's prayer.

I would sing as a boy to manhood grown,
Of the days where the boy began,
For the flowers of love in the boy's heart sown
Still bloom in the heart of man;
And though those wonderful days are past,
Mother's love is still the same,
And the heart of the boy
Still throbs with joy
At the sound of his mother's name.

Ah, yes! If I were a poet today,
I would sing with a song of joy,
Of the love that a mother's heart can lay
On the heart of a wayward boy;
And I lift my voice in a song of praise,
To the Master of all, above,
Who gives a boy
Such heavenly joy
As the joy of a mother's love.

MY MOTHER PAYS HER RESPECTS

By Vernie Goodman

"I'll not write my name in a fancy-lookin' book with tassels on it like a weddin' reception when I go to pay my respects to the dead," announced my mother some time back, with her usual directness and disdain for convention and English Grammar. "More'n that," she continued in a aggrieved tone. "I don't like funerals when there's so much paradin' in and out with flower girls and honorary pall bearers till I can't tell whether I'm at county commencement, or what. Looks like the poor boys would be worked to death gettin' them invited in and seen' that they got there."

The "poor boys" in this case were the very dignified and efficient gentlemen connected with the funeral home. Mother knew them when they wore rompers, and so they're still children in her estimation. Moreover, the funeral home was our next door neighbor for years, and the owner and director was one of "the boys", too. She thought nothing of calling on them for anything from pruning a rose bush to going after the groceries!

But her reaction on this occasion came from her old-fashioned idea of paying her respects. As an aside, I might add that mother is more than eighty years old, and her mind is, and has always been, her own. If you doubt it, ask any of her progeny!

But back in the days when mother was raising her family, paying her respects meant a good deal.

To begin with, she would get out a couple of clean, starched aprons

that tied in the back. Aunt Mandy kept a special eye on those aprons when she did the ironing. Mother wasn't going parading herself around to pay her respects to the dead, nor help cook for the wheat threshers, or nurse a sick neighbor, or take a hand with a quilting wearing any wrinkled apron while Aunt Mandy had a free hand with the starch and the smoothing irons she heated before the fire.

Having gotten her aprons and her next-to-best dress laid out, she'd likely decide to take along a couple of pies or a cake and a few jars of her best pickles and preserves in case a good many relatives might come from a distance. And while these were being looked after, she would consult with grandma and Aunt Mandy about what was going to be left at home cooked to eat; and between times she would tell me part of what would happen to me if I "sassed" either of them while she was gone. It would be plenty, too. As for grandma, if my parents taught their children anything, it was deference to age. And Aunt Mandy's heart was as white as her face was black—I'd better remember to mind her, too.

While the cooking and baking was going on, mother would usually walk through the garden to see how much hoeing and watering needed to be done before she got back. And right behind her would be grandma. Maggie might have learned a few things, according to grandma, but she didn't know all there was yet about gardening.

Her cow and her chickens came in for inspection, too, and I must be further admonished. When my grown up brothers got away from the house I had a strange tendency to fall out of the cherry tree in the back yard, and had even been known to take a fishing pole and stir up a couple hives of bees by way of a little excitement. It was lonesome being the only girl, and especially when one was so homely that the family showed no noticeable desire to present you in public very often!

But this is a digression,—I was getting mother ready to pay her respects!

Finally, when all these details had been attended to, she would put on the next-to-best dress and her hat; wrap her starched aprons in the last week's issue of the Statesville Landmark, pack the food in a basket, and send me to tell Daddy he could come and hitch the horse to the buggy, if neither of the boys happened to be on hand for that chore—and that would involve further work—Daddy would have to be polished up a little with a shave and a clean shirt, at least, before he could start. But finally they'd get away. And when they would come back was a matter for conjecture

For as has been stated, paying respects, meant something in those days. In many instances it meant preparation for burial, and watching by the remains; looking after the house and farm work for the family;

preparing places to sleep for the relatives who gathered to stay until after the funeral service; hunting up, or making, suitable clothes for the family to wear—for a mourning outfit was a necessity; contacting the preacher, usually by driving to where he lived and making arrangements for the funeral, and there would generally be more than one preacher; there wouldn't be any so-called "special music", but it must be decided who could, and would, play the church organ, if any, or lead the singing if there wasn't any. And while all these things were being attended to, other kindly hands would be digging a grave in the chosen burial ground, and the neighborhood cabinet maker would often make with his own hands the hardwood coffin—generally of walnut—that would house the remains of a friend on the next day, or the day after that. And when it was all over, and not before, would my mother come back from paying her respects!

She admits that the modern way has added much of beauty and dignity and that the boys render a wonderfully fine service in the event of a death in the home, but still likes the old-fashioned ways. She did make one concession, though. Asked if she wouldn't want a regular funeral with her friends and neighbors and some flowers, too, she answered—"Reckon the friends and neighbors will be there, and if nobody else sends me any flowers I'll bet the boys will bring them themselves!"

All that I am, of hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.

—Abraham Lincoln.

MOTHER

From an Address by Judge Atwell, Dallas, Texas

Life's great book holds many magic words, among them are justice, honor, patriotism, love, work, brother, and wife. Each of these has a great latitude, and a great longitude, a great depth and a great height. Probably the entire dimensions of them have never been fully measured. But there is another word that represents the most marvelous personality that the world has ever known; that word is "mother." Mother has no geography, she is in all lands; no particular locality, she is everywhere. All the tenses, past, present and future, have their superlative in the rich fullness of her heart. All temperaments—warm or suspicious, fearless or fearful, strong or weak, sensitive or hard—have harmonious companionship with her. All ages—babyhood, manhood, old age, womanhood, motherhood, fatherhood, widowhood, wifehood, childhood,—find in her an exhaustless dictionary. Every minute of life—every condition—has a haven of solace in the warmth of her arms. Prisoner and prince, pauper and rich man, defeated and victorious, sick and well, disgraced and honored, all equally share the right of entry to this un-failing reservoir of consolation.

She has a matchless brand of intelligence. To equations, science, literature, economy, and philosophy, she may not respond, but she has a mastery of the truth which brings the magician's fingers for the untying of all the knots that trouble her loved ones.

Her prayers are not often spoken. They are largely wordless prayers.

The sunken eyes are prayers; the trembling lips are prayers; the drooping hand and back all bent, to me are prayers most eloquent; her repressed sighs are voiceless prayers, yes, and her smiles are benedictions. Her love like the springtime—and there are no other seasons. It lasts as long as life.

During the World War, a mother lost her son. The news came in the dispatch from across the Atlantic. He had fallen fighting nobly, and at the head of his regiment. She was inconsolable. "Oh, that I might see him again!" she prayed. "If only for five minutes but just to see him!"

An angel answered her prayer. "For five minutes," the angel said. "Quick! Quick!" said the mother, her tears turning to momentary joy. "Yes," said the angel, "but think, he was a grown man. There are thirty years to choose from. How would you like to see him?"

The mother paused and wondered. "Would you see him," said the angel, "as a soldier dying heroically at his post? Would you see him as you first saw him in his uniform? Would you see him as on that day at school when he stepped to the platform to receive the highest honors a boy could have?"

The angel smiled. "Would you see him as a baby at your breast?"

"No," said the mother, "I would have him for five minutes as he was one day when he ran in from the garden to ask forgiveness for being naughty. He was so small and he was very hot and the tears were making streaks down his little face

through the garden dirt, and he flew in my arms with such force that he almost hurt me—I would see him as he was then.”

Even as there are countless photographs of her child, each filmed at each minute that has marked the days, the weeks, the months, the years of his or her life, so there are shades

and displays and tones and depths and reaches in mother that no phrase-maker has ever quite described. The complete ideal is just a little short of the accurate. No mother is just like any other mother. There can be no generalization. She is quite personal and “God gives her to us because He can not be everywhere.”

A kiss from my mother made me a painter.—Benjamin West.

THE INFLUENCE OF A MOTHER'S LOVE

(Religious Telescope)

The redemptive influence of a mother's love is illustrated in the literature of every land. When the heart and mind of a boy have both been desolated by some unappreciative relative or friend, or by the teacher in the classroom, the touch of a mother's love has restored the boy to a proper sense of his own worth and ability. No better testimony to this truth was ever penned than the tribute of Thomas Alva Edison to his mother: “I was always a careless boy.” he wrote, “and with a mother of a different mental caliber I would have probably turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness, were potent powers to keep me in the right path. I remember I used never to get along at school. I don't know why it was, but I was always at the foot of the class. I used to feel that the teachers never sympathized with me and my father thought I was stupid, and at last I almost

decided that I must really be a dunce. One day I overheard the teacher tell the inspector that I was ‘addled,’ and it would not be worth while keeping me in school any longer.” Hurt to the quick, young Edison hurried home and poured out his tale of woe to the one understanding friend he had—his mother. “Mother love was aroused; mother pride was wounded. She brought me back to the school and angrily told the teacher that he didn't know what he was talking about. In fact, she was the most enthusiastic champion, and right then I resolved that I would be worthy of her.” Edison laid this tender tribute at the feet of a stalwart defender, “My mother was the making of me. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me.” Not for her part in politics or the arts, or the sciences, valued though that part may be, but for her compassionate interest in the child the world salutes the Mother.

MOTHER'S LOVE HONORED

(The Pathfinder)

From the Heart of Alaska comes an interesting story that has very much warmth in it. If you could look at a map of Alaska you would see a thin, wavy line about midway between Nome and Teller. This line is Mary's River, which is actually a monument to mother love.

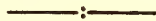
As the story goes, an Eskimo woman lived in an igloo on the bank of this river, more than a quarter of a century ago. She had a husband and two children. Then a sad thing happened. An epidemic akin to our "flu" struck the settlement. This was about the time the miners were rushing to the hills beyond Teller, where gold had been discovered.

When the epidemic had been passed, the Eskimo was childless and husbandless, and the fourteen other children of the settlement were left without parents. The bereaved woman adopted them all and in her mother love for the orphans she buried her own grief. Gold prospectors who stayed overnight at the settlement were housed and fed by the foster-mother and they all learned her story. Her

name was hard for them to pronounce so they called her "Mary," as suggested by one of the miners who said, "It's a grand old name." As the erection of a shaft to her memory seemed impossible, the miners decided to give as a perpetual monument to her, in summer a chuckling stream, in winter an icy highway for sleds. They called it "Mary's River," and that it has remained.

When teachers from the United States founded schools in the little river village, they too heard the story. So they named the settlement "Mary's Igloo."

Maps today show this settlement. As the village grew, other things were named for her. Now there are Mary's trees and Mary's reindeer; in fact it is Mary's land, over which Mary herself still presides. She is still hale and healthy, the fourteen children grown to men and women, some with children of their own. Now Mary has another husband. As an indication of the esteem in which Mary is held in the northland, this man goes by one name only—"Mary's husband."



M is for Mercy in a kind mother's heart;
O is for Others to whom love she'd impart;
T is for Tenderness, in sympathy bred;
H is for Hope in her child, living or dead;
E is for Encouragement she always gives;
R is for Readiness as long as she lives.

—Albert Linder.

HOME TRAINING WILL OUT

(Smithfield Herald)

Smoking and drinking by girls in some elite social circles have evidently become so matter-of-fact that not to smoke and drink seems to evoke as much comment now as did the first public cigarette-puffing and the first public nips from the pocket flasks. But instead of gasps of horror from old-fashioned adults accorded those first blase' offenders, the young feminine tee-totaler receives praise for her self-control and for her respect for good home training.

A young tee-totaler, as regards both smoking and drinking, is Miss Caroline Ihrie Wadden, granddaughter of the late Congressman E. W. Pou, and a popular member of the National capital's younger set. In spite of not following the crowd, she was voted the most popular girl at George Washington University and her record has apparently figured in her recent appointment as private secretary to Kenneth Romney, sergeant at arms of the House of Representatives.

Will P. Kennedy, columnist in The Washington Star, carried this item in the Sunday issue of April 13—"The family of Pou still carries on in congressional work with the recent appointment of Miss Caroline Ihrie Wadden as secretary to Kenneth Rom-

ney, sergeant at arms of the House. She is a graduate and former 'sweetheart' of George Washington University in 1940, also a graduate of Temple School for Secretaries. She is a Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity member, daughter of Thomas Wadden of the R. F. C. and Annie Ihrie Pou. Her grandfather at the time of his death was dean of the House and chairman of the important Rules Committee."

It was the comment of Sergeant at Arms Romney himself, however, that indicates his approval of Miss Wadden's total abstinence. We have it on good authority that he told her if she had become the most popular girl at George Washington yet remained a tee-totaler she must know how "to meet the people," and that was one thing he wanted.

Home training has made a fine score. The Wadden home is a total abstinence home and this has its roots back in a home in Smithfield where Miss Wadden's mother was reared. What a tribute to parents and grandparents! A nation of such homes would put drinking and smoking outside the pale of good society and would go a long way toward reducing the number of sots in whatever social strata.

Youth fades, love droops,
 The leaves of friendship fall,
 A mother's secret hope
 Outlives them all. —N. P. Willis.

NATION'S NUMBER ONE FARMER

When Claude R. Wickard comes to Raleigh next Tuesday, May 13, to address an expected crowd of more than 5,000 farmers he'll be right at home. For Claude R. Wickard is a farmer, a born and bred one, and those close to him say that he is so firmly rooted in the soil that even Washington can't change him. And he's a farmer who takes his farming seriously.

So seriously in fact that when he was named to the AAA. job that led to the Secretaryship of Agriculture, he wired back asking for a few days of grace before taking the job as the nation's number one man from an agricultural standpoint. The reason: He was harvesting hay and he wanted to be sure the job was done right before leaving the 380-acre farm in Carroll County, Indiana, that he still owns.

A lot of farm folks from this section are planning to be on hand at the Annual Co-op Meeting Tuesday to greet their fellow farmer Wickard when he pays his first official speaking visit to the State as a cabinet member. And we hope they'll march right up to him and say "Look here, Claude, here's what we need for agriculture in North Carolina." And they have every right to express their views for, with the exception

of Texas, our state leads all others in number of farmers. When farmers start talking straight farmer language to government officials like Claude Wickard who know their problems, then we'll get something done.

And Secretary Wickard will understand what they are driving at, and he'll understand without asking a second time. "I know," he said recently, "what it means to walk all day behind a plow pulled by a restless team of horses, to pull corn with cold, wet fingers and an aching back, to spread manure by hand and to shock wheat all day under a hot sun."

And if anybody down this way wants to make the Secretary mad as a wet hen, then just let him repeat that old one about the farmer needing only "a strong back and weak mind." That burns him up. "Farming," says Mr. Wickard in nearly all of his speeches, "may be a way of life, but it is a business too." And Mr. Wickard's avowed goal is that the Department of Agriculture under his secretaryship shall help the farmer put more business into farming. And when that happens the farmer and his neighbors in the city will both profit and prosper.

-----:-----

A mother's love is indeed the golden link that binds youth to age, and he is still but a child, however time may have furrowed his cheek, or silvered his brow, who can yet recall, with a softened heart, the fond devotion, or the gentle chiding of the best friend that God ever gives us.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The ceiling at the swimming pool has been painted and the boys are now thoroughly enjoying regular swimming periods.

—:—

The motion picture attraction at the School last Thursday night was "South of Pago Pago," a United Artists production.

—:—

The most popular item on the cottage menus right now is strawberries. The first of the season were picked last Monday and Tuesday and issued to the cottages. With favorable weather conditions we should have a good crop this year.

—:—

Corporal Frank E. Cobb, Company M, 120th Infantry, United States Army, spent last Saturday and Sunday at the School. Frank was formerly a member of the Cottage No. 2 group. He left Monday morning to visit his sister at the Barium Springs Orphanage, Statesville.

—:—

Leon Hollifield, of Greensboro, formerly a house boy in the Receiving Cottage, who left the School last July, called on friends here recently. He stayed at the institution about three years and had completed the sixth grade work when allowed to re-

turn to his home. Leon stated that he was employed in a doughnut shop, was living with his mother, and getting along well.

—:—

Jack Springer, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who left the School in 1938, was a recent visitor. He is now 18 years old, and has been in the United States Army for a little more than seven months, and is stationed at Fort Bragg. He brought his friend, Walter Sutton, of Georgia, another soldier, to see the School. While a boy here, Jack was a house boy and worked in the bakery. He finished the seventh grade school work.

—:—

Miss Agnes Flythe and Miss Hannah Young, of Jackson, visited the School on Thursday of last week. Miss Flythe is superintendent of public welfare in Northampton county and Miss Young is a case worker in that department. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, they visited the various vocational departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building and other places of interest on the campus.

—:—

Rev. F. W. Kiker, pastor of Mt. Olivet Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Rev. Martin Dorton,

of Albemarle, who made the opening prayer. For the Scripture Lesson, Rev. Mr. Kiker read part of the third chapter of Deuteronomy.

He began his message to the boys by calling attention to the giant, King Og of Bashan. As we read of this man, said he, we do not question the fact that he was a giant, for we are told his bedstead was made of iron, 14 feet long and 6 feet wide, a rare article of furniture. Should we see a bed like that today, we would immediately decide that it had been made for a giant. Physically, King Og was a giant, but when it came to spiritual things in life, he was a very small man. The speaker continued by saying that if we should be called upon to face a man of that size in battle, we would be afraid. There is a force of power stronger than the arts and powers of men, and it would be well for us to acquire that strength. It is the power of God, and will grow in us if we so desire, en-

abling us to overcome mere physical power.

Rev. Mr. Kiker then spoke briefly concerning David's battle with the giant, Goliath. The king doubted the lad's ability to give battle to the huge man. He offered him his armor, but he could not use it. Instead, he chose a sling and some stones, with which he slew Goliath. David was able to do this because God was with him.

So we find all through life, said the speaker. It takes courage to do the right thing. What we should do is to measure up to the problems of life spiritually, mentally and physically.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Kiker told the boys that some people were like certain kinds of gold, as they grow older they grow brighter, especially in the spiritual things of the world. Wherever we go we shall find it necessary to use courage and faith. God wants us to grow strong in character within, so that we may gain strength for the battles without.

—:—

EVERY ONE'S CARE

Down in the heart of every boy,
 There's some one who fills us with joy,
 Some one whose hair may now be gray
 Or sadly may have passed away.
 But she was happy as can be
 And once held us upon her knee.
 One who prayed for us every night,
 To make our future clean and bright.
 Don't forget where e'er you be
 To buy a card and be sure to see that
 we cheer her in a loving way,
 On this and every Mother's Day.

—Selected.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL — APRIL

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Herbert Branch
 Charles Browning
 Charles Crotts
 Jack Crotts
 David Cunningham
 Leonard Dawn
 Raymond Hughes
 Olin Langford
 Durwood Martin
 Jack Reeves
 Melvin Roland
 Hercules Rose
 Walter Sexton

—B—

Troy Gilland
 Sidney Hackney
 Vernon Harding
 James Roberson
 George Roberts
 Ray Smith
 David Williams

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Cecil Ashley
 Aldine Duggins
 Charles Frye
 Jack Hamilton
 Leo Hamilton
 Roy Mumford
 Carl Ray
 Leonard Robinson
 James Ruff
 Lewis Sawyer
 Charles Widener
 Louis Williams

—B—

Reid Beheler
 Doris Hill
 Jack Harward
 Winley Jones
 Claude McConnell
 Fred Rhodes
 George Tolson
 Torrence Ware

THIRD GRADE

—A—

James Davis
 Robert Goldsmith

John Maples
 Broadus Moore
 Thomas Yates

—B—

Monroe Searcy
 Fred Tolbert

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

N. A. Bennett
 Martin Crump
 Noah Ennis
 Ralph Fisher
 George Green
 Jerome Wiggins

—B—

Ernest Brewer
 Paul Briggs
 Robert Chamberlain
 Marvin Gautier
 James Hale
 Charles McCoyle

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

William Deaton
 Woodrow Hager
 Jack West

—B—

Clasper Beasley
 James Deatherage
 Norvell Murphy
 Vallie McCall
 James Puckett
 John Tolley

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Jennings Britt
 Vincent Hawes
 Edward Murray

—B—

Herschell Allen
 Raymond Andrews
 Bennie Austin
 Lewis Baker
 Edward Batten
 Ray Bayne
 Grover Beaver
 James Brewer
 William Buff

Henry Butler
 Collett Cantor
 William Cherry
 James Connell
 Joseph Christine
 Albert Chunn
 A. C. Elmore
 Thomas Fields
 Jack Hailey
 Jack Hammond
 Columbus Hamilton
 Eugene Heaffner
 Dallas Holder
 Edward Johnson
 James Lane
 James Ledford
 Otis McCall
 William Padrick
 Marvin Pennell
 Grover Revels
 Currie Singletary
 Robert Stephens
 James C. Stone

Thomas Sands
 J. P. Sutton
 Willis Thomas
 Jack Warren
 George Wilhite
 Woodrow Wilson
 Hubert Walker
 Dewey Ware
 Everett Watts
 Basil Wetherington
 Claude Weldy
 William Wilson

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Charles Hastings
 Donald McFee

—B—

Quentin Crittenton
 Harvey Ledford
 Thomas Hooks



MOTHER

The red of the roses, the blue of the sky,
 The white of the milky way,
 The song of the lark in the morning hour,
 The dove call at close of day.

The smell of the grass in the meadow,
 The glory of God on the throne,
 The ripple of brooks in the mountain,
 The love of Christ for his own;

The beauty of light at midnight,
 In the star that illumines the sky,
 The life of the world in the day time
 That comes from the sun on high;

This medley of glorious charms that dwell
 In sky and air and sea,
 God gathered together with infinite care
 And gave you, dear Mother, to me.

—By Charles George Bikle

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 4, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- Carl Barrier 6
 (19) Willim Drye 21
 (23) Frank May 23
 William Shannon 22
 (23) Weldon Warren 23

COTTAGE NO. 1

- (2) N. A. Bennett 13
 (4) William Blackmon 12
 (4) Charles Browning 7
 (4) Albert Chunn 18
 William Cook
 Ralph Harris 12
 (2) Doris Hill 7
 (4) Porter Holder 20
 (10) Burman Keller 18
 (8) H. C. Pope 14
 (3) Jack Sutherland 8
 (13) Everett Watts 21

COTTAGE NO. 2

- (4) Henry Barnes 4
 Charles Chapman 7
 (2) Bernice Hoke 12
 (21) Edward Johnson 22
 Donald McFee 20
 William Padrick 5

COTTAGE NO. 3

- John Bailey 16
 Earl Barnes 12
 Charles Beal 4
 Bruce Hawkins 11
 David Hensley 10
 Jerry Jenkins 8
 Jack Lemley 11
 Fonzer Pitman 2
 George Shaver 8
 John Tolley 14
 James Williams
 Louis Williams 18
 Jerome Wiggins 16

COTTAGE NO. 4

- (4) Paul Briggs 12
 (5) William Cherry 10
 (2) Luther Coe 7
 Quentin Crittenton 12

- (5) Leo Hamilton 13
 Donald Hobbs
 John Jackson 12
 Morris Johnson 6
 (5) William Morgan 10
 (2) J. W. McRorrie 11
 George Newman 10
 (4) Robert Simpson 12
 (3) George Speer 9
 (3) Oakley Walker 11
 (2) Thomas Yates 11

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (10) Theodore Bowles 22
 Glenn Drum 5
 (2) Robert Dellinger 8
 (4) A. C. Elmore 14
 Eugene Kermon 2
 (4) Leonard Melton 12
 (8) Ivey Lunsford 15
 (3) Currie Singletary 18
 (8) Hubert Walker 20
 (12) Dewey Ware 22

COTTAGE NO. 6

- Fred Bostian 3
 (2) Robert Dunning 10
 Jesse Peavy 5
 (2) Reitzel Southern 5
 (6) George Wilhite 8

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (6) Donald Earnhardt 20
 Hilton Hornsby 3
 (2) Robert Hampton 3
 (3) Jack Reeves 4

COTTAGE NO. 8

- (4) Cecil Ashley 7
 Jack Crawford
 Samuel Kirksey 2
 Spencer Lane 2
 Grover Revels
 Walker Warr
 Frank Workman 8

COTTAGE NO. 9

- (5) Percy Capps 14
 (9) David Cunningham 22

- (2) J. B. Davis 2
Riley Denny 3
Eugene Dyson 7
- (2) James Hale 9
- (5) Edgar Hedgepeth 13
- (6) Mark Jones 16
Daniel Kilpatrick 11
Isaac Mahaffey 4
Lloyd Mullis 7
- (3) Marvin Matheson 4
- (3) William Nelson 19
- (3) James Ruff 17
- (4) Thomas Sands 16
- (3) Robert Tidwell 8

COTTAGE NO. 10

- Noah Ennis 3
- John Fausnett 8
- Delma Gray 3
- Jack Harward 5
- Robert Stephens
- Carl Ward 11

COTTAGE NO. 11

- Ralph Fisher 6
- Charles Frye 3
- William Furches 17
- (7) Cecil Gray 16
- (23) Robert Goldsmith 23
- (8) Earl Hildreth 20
- (15) Broadus Moore 20
- (3) Canipe Shoe 4
- Monroe Searcy 17
- (6) James Tyndall 20

COTTAGE NO. 12

- (8) Odell Almond 19
- Jay Brannock 6
- William Broadwell 10
- Eugene Bright
- (5) Ernest Brewer 15
- (8) Treley Frankum 18
- (8) Woodrow Hager 17
- (5) Eugene Heaffner 15
- Charles Hastings 13
- (8) Tillman Lyles 19
- (2) James Mondie 13
- James Puckett 8
- (8) Hercules Rose 18
- (8) Howard Sanders 21
- (5) Charles Simpson 19
- (5) Jesse Smith 13
- William Suites 2
- George Tolson 16

- Carl Tyndall 12
- Eugene Watts 9
- (2) J. R. Whitman 15
- Roy Womack 9

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (14) James Brewer 20
- Bayard Aldridge 6
- Wilson Bailiff 6
- (7) Charles Gaddy 15
- (7) Vincent Hawes 20
- (6) Jordan McIver 7
- (2) Randall D. Peeler 11
- (2) Fred Rhodes 5
- Melvin Roland 3
- (2) Earl Wolfe 4

COTTAGE NO. 14

- (6) Raymond Andrews 18
- (2) John Baker 19
- (3) William Butler 13
- (10) Edward Carter 21
- (2) Mack Coggins 10
- (6) Leonard Dawn 9
- Robert Deyton 18
- (2) Henry Ennis 10
- (23) Audie Farthing 23
- (7) Troy Gilland 20
- (3) Henry Glover 13
- (5) John Hamm 19
- William Harding 8
- (5) Marvin King 12
- (4) Feldman Lane 19
- William Lane 4
- John Maples 8
- Roy Mumford 15
- (17) Norvell Murphy 20
- Charles McCoyle 15
- Glenn McCall
- John Reep 10
- (4) John Robbins 18
- (9) James Roberson 11
- (3) Charles Steepleton 18
- (2) Jack West 12
- (3) J. C. Willis 11

COTTAGE NO. 15

- Jennings Britt 18
- J. P. Sutton 16
- (4) Calvin Tessneer 8

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (2) Raymond Brooks 7
- (6) George Duncan 18

- (7) Roy Holmes 7
 (2) Cecir Jacobs 2
 (8) James Johnson 9
 (3) Harvey Ledford 4

- (3) John T. Lowry 13
 (5) Redmond Lowry 18
 Varcy Oxendine 5
 (5) Thomas Wilson 20

—:—

THERE'S ONE WHO CAN'T FORGET

No matter the depths to which you fall,
 There's one who loves you yet;
 There's one who tenderly will call;
 There's one who can't forget.

There's one who thinks of you each day;
 And when the shadows gloam,
 There's one who always kneels to pray
 That God will guide you home.

Although the world may rudely shove,
 And make you bite the dust,
 Around you clings your mother's love—
 A love which you can trust.

And now has come carnation day;
 And if you wear the red,
 Oh, speed a letter upon its way,
 And make her comforted!

And if you sadly wear the white,
 You still need not despair;
 For she is near you day and night,
 And breathes for you a prayer.

—Lida Marie Erwin

MAY 19 1941

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C. MAY 17, 1941

NO. 20

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TO BE DESIRED

Give me the love of friends, and I
Shall not complain of cloudy sky,
Or little dreams that fade and die.
Give me the clasp of one firm hand,
The lips that say, "I understand,"
And I shall walk on holy land.
For fame and fortune burdens bring,
And winter takes the rose of spring;
But friendship is a Godlike thing!

—Sunshine Magazine.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE OPTIMIST'S CREED

Promise yourself—

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.

To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.

To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

To think only of the best, to work only for the best and to expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.

To forget the mistake of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.—Christian D. Larson.

BEAUTIFUL PRAYER

The following is the prayer given at the funeral of one of Concord's esteemed citizen, C. A. Icenhour. By Pastor of St. James Lutheran Church. It gives in full the influence of the life of such a citizen.

Unto Thee, O Lord holy Father, who art worthy to be held in honor and praise everlasting by all the children of men, we raise our voices in humble adoration, thanksgiving and supplication. When we pause and ponder how richly Thou hast blessed us, words of expression fail us.

In the gift of life, in the beauty of nature and of the whole world about us, in the rich supply of the necessities for the

body, in the fellowship of friends, in the peaceful joys of the home, in the loving care of our parents and family,—in all these we see the evidences of Thy infinite love and grace. But the gift that surpasses all others and hallows and sanctifies them with its precious worth is Thy redeeming love poured out upon us in Jesus Christ our Saviour. We readily confess that without His Gospel of hope and salvation there could be no light or comfort for our souls this day. May we never cease singing the wonders of Thy grace.

Gracious Father, assembled in this place of prayer today, we carry a new sorrow in our hearts. Thou knowest the reason for it, for a brother who has regularly come here and worshipped with us will be visibly present amongst us no more. And yet our sorrow is not as those who have no hope.

Even in the sadness of parting we can praise and thank Thee for the long and active life of brother Charlie Isenhour, and bow in grateful recognition of the blessings that have come to us individually and to this community through him. These who have known him as a Christian father in the home bring their thanks to Thee. These who have known him as a true neighbor and friend bring their thanks to Thee. These who have known him as a faithful Christian, a devoted churchman, and a loyal co-laborer in the kingdom of God on earth bring there thanks to Thee. These who have known him as an upright citizen making his influence felt in the affairs of public life bring their thanks to Thee. Dear Lord, we are always grateful for those modest and unassuming lives that freely give themselves in the promotion of worthy causes without a thought temporal glory or reward. Let us ever feel the influence of men like this whose lives have preached their own sermon.

Again and again Thou dost call to their eternal reward our friends and co-laborers. Make us keenly aware of the responsibilities they leave behind for us to take up and carry on. Raise up among us loyal churchmen and useful citizens to take their places and to hold aloft the banner of the Kingdom of God among men.

In the passing of father Isenhour we are led in thought to recall others of his generation who have been called into the be-

yond, who with him, were instrumental in molding and fashioning this community in its business, social, moral and spiritual life. May we, who survive and follow them, be worthy as their successors. May we never forsake the Christian principles for which they stood and the Christian causes which they held dear.

Take into Thy gracious and tender keeping these sorrowing children and relatives. Pour out Thy grace to heal their wounded hearts. Open anew unto them the rich storehouse of Thy word in its comfort and promise. Keep these sons and daughters true to what their parents taught them. May their sphere of service and blessed influence grow daily and held them to measure up to the ideals for them that lived in the hearts of their father and mother.

O almighty God, quicken us all and give us wisdom and strength for the days in which we live. Keep us mindful of our need of living close to Thee. Stir us and inspire us with the sense of life's glorious and eternal destiny when lived in Thy Name. Keep alive within our souls the desire for that "land of pure delight where saints immortal reign; infinite day excludes the night, and pleasures banish pain." May we reach that land through faith and the forgiveness of our sins. Grant us a share in that joyful reunion of all Thy believing children around the throne on high where we together shall praise and serve Thee unceasingly.

Now until that day, give us grace to subject ourselves unto Thy holy will. Day by day renew our strength and courage according to our need. Forgive us wherein we fail, and reward us with the crown of righteousness which the righteous Judge will give to all who love His appearing. In His great Name our petitions are offered. Amen.

* * * * *

MADE IN CAROLINA

A ride to Mooresville and then back to Concord by the way of Highway No. 29, known as the Cannon Boulevard, revealed a fabulous increase of new homes with a background of native forests and other picturesque sights, the equal to any that may be found else-

where. While riding along quietly, enjoying the soft breezes, the warmth of the sunshine, the quiet of the country, the few remarks made were pertinent to the improvements made and the natural beauties of the country.

The beauties of nature, the joy of the peacefulness of country life, served as a tonic to the tired nerves of those coming from the bustle and confusion of a busy city. "Don't you think," said one of the crowd to the others, "if a vote were taken as to the choice spot of the state, that Piedmont North Carolina would win out?" Realizing that our winters are neither long nor severe; that summers, with exceptional hot waves, are very pleasant; that the soil will yield bountifully to kind treatment; along with the beauties of the fields; offers unsurpassed opportunities.

This statement is further substantiated by the fact that the New England States once led in the textile industry, but today North Carolina ranks with any state in the Union in the textile world. The chief reason for removal of manufacturing interests to the Southland are moderate climate conditions, scarcity of labor disputes and, furthermore, the cotton mills are located in the midst of the cotton fields, thus eliminating excessive transportation expenses.

To get a birds-eye view or the slightest conception of the vast textile manufacturing plants in Piedmont North Carolina, we suggest riding over highways leading from Greensboro to Gastonia. There may be seen for miles, industrial centers that have sprung up, in spots once barren fields, like magic. This development has been marvelous and staggers the understanding of those who are old enough to recall the old, delapidated farm houses that stood as lonely reminders of by gone days.

It would take considerable time to visit all of these manufacturing plants and see the activities within. **The far-visioned industrialists** who had a vision to build, also saw the necessity of publicizing products of the various textile mills. Therefore, on the Cannon Boulevard, are stores that carry most useful and beautiful articles, labled, "Made in North Carolina." One cannot refrain from exclaiming "Marvelous!" upon entering these stores. There are found Cannon towels, colorful fabrics made up into bath robes and other articles of wearing apparel, sheets, pillow cases, chenille rugs, and countless other things, all made in Kannapolis, the "Towel

City." There were also displayed lovely chenille bed spreads made in Gastonia; men's shirts made in Lexington; blankets made in Leaksville; silk and nylon hose made in Albemarle and Concord. Even the lovely cartons in which the Cannon towels are packed when sold for special gifts, are manufactured in Charlotte and Thomasville.

Doubtless there were many other articles in this particular Towel City store which were made in Carolina, but suffice it to know that North Carolina is rapidly forging to the front as a leading textile state. Watch North Carolina grow!

* * * * *

OLD-TIME VITAMINS

Some of the scientists have lately voiced the opinion that the food of most people is lacking in the vitamin B-1, the result being that the American people lack resolution, will power, strength and courage. There does seem to be a great deal of dilly-dallying, talking instead of doing any useless debate in the face of emergencies.

It seems that our food has become too refined; that we throw away the best part of the wheat and that the drainpipe and the garbage can get other essential minerals and needed foods. The scientists draws a comparison between the food habits and the people of the Civil war days and present times and it is unfavorable to the modern day.

Aside from the vitamins of which the food experts speak, there are some others that many of us have discarded. There is EB-2—that's double elbow grease. There is E-R—early to rise. There is WT, a very necessary vitamin—it's work and thrift. There is GM—good management. There is a fine, home-made vitamin that is very powerful; it's DW, don't waste. There is H-1, honor; T-2, truthfulness, and I-D, combining integrity and dependability.

You will not find these for sale. They cost nothing. They are in all of us, to be used with WP will power. They are worth a great deal if used regularly. all day long, every day.—Shelby Star.

DR. ALLAN TELLS OF HEREDITY

By Robert Cranford

"A sound baby supply is just as important as a safe water or milk supply."

That is the way Dr. William Allan feels about his family record office, begun two years ago with the help of the Carnegie foundation of New York to learn about "diseases that run in families."

Dr. Allan envisages the time when a couple planning to marry can ask the community health department's bureau of genetics, "are our children likely to be healthy?"—and be told, on the basis of family records, their chances of producing sound offspring.

The scholarly-appearing diagnostician, who for years has made research in hereditary ailments a hobby, said that although palliative treatment had been developed for some inherited defects, the hopelessly incurable ones could be controlled only by stopping their transmission.

Accordingly, Dr. Allan has sought to discover the patterns, or trends, of these defects so that they can be predicted with a sufficient degree of certainty to prevent by birth control the procreation of defectives.

Declaring that "it is better to start the study of hereditary human pathology with those diseases that wreck childhood," Dr. Allan said he had spent the first two years of his project in learning about crippling diseases. Blindness and deafness are to be taken up later.

One wall of the family record office, in the Charlotte Memorial hospital, is covered by a large map of

North Carolina. Scores of yellow, red and green tags hanging from the map indicate diagnoses of crippling traits. Each tag is a case. The crippling diseases are fairly evenly distributed over the state.

Another wall is lined with pictures of deformed patients and lineal charts showing the pattern of the maladies down through generations of a family.

Of the crippling diseases, Dr. Allan said the patterns of inheritance were simple, though variable, "and when the mode of inheritance for any disease can be worked out in any individual family, then the women in this afflicted family can be told what chances they run of having afflicted children and advised to use birth control measures."

Dr. Allan described the crippling diseases thus:

Muscular dystrophy: The worst of the crippling maladies, a wasting away of the muscles, which occurs in small boys and leads to early death. The survey disclosed slightly more than 100 cases in the state.

Peroneal atrophy: A paralysis of the hands and feet which leaves them malformed, the severity varying with the pattern of inheritance. When both parents are normal and it appears in the children, the onset is early, the course rapid, and the outcome usually fatal before the children are grown. When only men have it, they are crippled by mid-life. When it comes directly from parent to child, the onset is late and the course slow. There are 300 to 500 victims in North Car-

olina.

These are the two severest types of crippling trait, Dr. Allan explained.

But he reported about 15 families in the state in which so-called brittle bones was hereditary.

"Any unusual exertion or a quick turn may break a leg when the bones are brittle, and some have had a dozen or more fractures."

Another type of crippling was described as "lobster claw hands and feet," in which Dr. Allan explained that "the fingers or toes on each side of the hand or foot are fused into a single finger or toe with a deep slit between, reaching to the wrist or ankle. In some families spurs made up of bone and cartilage grow out anywhere on the bone and, when near the joints, are crippling."

In a number of families there are dwarfs for several generations, or some of the children of full-grown parents may be dwarfs because the bones stop growing early in life.

"Hemophelia families — bleeders — always contain some cripples because of bleeding into the joints," Dr. Allen explained. "There is a large class of cripples due to imperfect development or degeneration of the central nervous system, and the crippling here frequently is accompanied by lack of mental development and, in addition, often blindness or deafness or both."

The origin of these afflictions is attributed by Dr. Allen to "a bad gene." A gene, it was explained, is one of the many bead-like units that compose the chromosomes, which form

the cell nuclei. Social diseases or malnutrition definitely do not cause these malformations, he said, "any more than they cause your eyes to be blue, or brown."

Little can be done for those already born, he said, "but it is felt that many of these disasters are predictable and avoidable."

In tracing hundreds of pedigrees, Dr. Allen has discovered that the crippling maladies follow three definite patterns, which he calls the dominant, the sex-linked, and the recessive.

The dominant is that which is direct from parent to child; the sex-linked, in which only the males are affected but the females are the carriers; and the recessive, in which both parents are normal but each contributes a defective gene.

Studies have indicated that women of a family in which the sex-linked pattern was found would have a 50 per cent chance of bearing defective sons. In the recessive pattern, a woman who had the trait would not transmit it to a son unless the father also had it.

By and large, no treatment has been found to assure stoppage of transmission.

"Since birth control clinics have been established in the majority of the county health departments in the Carolinas," Dr. Allen declared, "instruction in such measures is easy to get, and the fear of defective children makes such a discipline welcome."

Every noble activity makes room for itself.—Emerson.

TUBERCULOSIS WROUGHT TRAGEDY IN LIFE OF O. HENRY

(Selected)

The greatest American master of the short story, William Sydney Porter, was born in 1862 in Greensboro, North Carolina. Biographers say he was a wide-awake boy in a somnolent town. He liked to read and to draw. But the pastime which made him happiest was not reading but drawing cartoons of his friends. His family said that Bill had a powerful imagination. He was always spinning tales, fantastic records of impossible happenings. The southerners called it "yarnin'." It was a habit which was to dominate other artistic impulses, making him famous.

The boy went to school to his aunt, Miss Evelina Maria Porter. His mother died of tuberculosis when he was only three years old. The influence of his Aunt Evelina was probably the strongest brought to Lear on the impressionable, sensitive boy during his early years. Miss Evelina took the place of teacher, mother and father, for William's father was always absorbed in working out some futile invention. To her task she brought not only a heartfelt interest in the motherless boy, but keen intelligence. Good deportment and skill in drawing were the ways the boy distinguished himself in his aunt's school. Otherwise he did not stand out among her pupils.

From her enthusiasm, Miss Evelina's pupils caught the spirit of literature. She introduced to her nephew the wide world of thought and fancy. He was forever to remain an

adventurer there, keenly appreciative of his surroundings.

"I did more reading between my thirteenth and nineteenth years than I have done in all the years since," O. Henry, the writer, was to say. "And my taste at that time was far better than it is now. I read nothing but classics. Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' Lane's translation of 'The Arabian Nights' were my favorites."

When he left school, Will Porter went to work at his uncle's drug store. He was to spend five years as a clerk there. And in these five years his feeling for the ludicrous, the odd, the distinctive, was to develop amazingly. He expressed this feeling in drawing. There was not a man or woman in the town whom he could not characterize with a few strokes of his pencil. When Clark Porter, his uncle, returned to the store from lunch Will would say: "Uncle Clark, a man called to see you a little while ago to pay a bill." "Who was it?" his uncle would ask. "I never saw him before, but he looks like this," Will would say, and away would go his pencil, zigzagging up and down over a sheet of wrapping paper. His uncle, watching over his shoulder, would instantly recognize the caricature.

In O. Henry's store, "A Madison Square Arabian Night," an artist is made to say: "Whenever I finished a picture people would come to see it, and look queerly at one another.

I soon found out what the trouble was. I had a knack of bringing out in the face of a portrait the hidden character of the original. I don't know how I did it—I painted what I saw."

Perhaps it is his own skill which he describes in these words. But close confinement in the drug store and long hours of reading at night had begun to threaten his health. He was never robust. His mother and his grandmother had died of tuberculosis, and in those days the disease was believed to be inherited. The shadow of this fear weighed heavily upon his spirits. The monotonous grind in the drug store was agony to him. Release came when the three sons of Dr. Hall, one of his uncle's friends, went to Texas. They prospered in the new country and many stories of their adventures were told in the drug store. Dr. Hall winced when he heard Will's hacking cough and he suggested that the young man go back to Texas with them on a visit to his sons. There was no need to press the invitation. It might mean health. Certainly, it offered escape—a chance to see the world.

At the Hall ranch Will Porter soon learned to manage a horse, to dip and shear sheep, to lasso cattle, to cook and "to help around,"—but he remained the dreamer, the spectator. He went off to herd sheep with a book in his pocket. He lived with the Halls in a friendly relationship, a member of the family circle. Mrs. Hall soon discovered that the boy "from back home" was a born story writer. She scolded him for destroying them before she saw them. But

Will assured her they were "no good."

A year later the ex-drug clerk and ranch hand was in Austin, Texas where he held several jobs, first as drug clerk, next as bookkeeper in a real estate office. He was a handsome, quiet young man of medium height, with blue eyes, sandy hair and moustache. He kept the ends of his moustache waxed, then the height of fashion. Shy and reserved in manner, he was always popular in any group, and his talents of drawing, dancing, singing and playing the guitar soon won him many friends. He organized the "Hill City Quartet" and "The Jolly Entertainers," a group who gave short skits in the homes of friends. And he did nothing whatever to show that he was a gifted writer.

In his second year in Austin he met a girl named Athol Estes. She wore a dimity dress, a thin cotton material then in vogue. Will Porter thought that she was the most charming, the prettiest, the most intelligent girl in the world. And years later, whenever he described a girl of this type in his stories, he had seen Athol wear. When Athol's mother objected to the romance, her reason being the fact that there was tuberculosis in both families, Will persuaded his girl to elope with him—"a regular story-book marriage."

The marriage was a success, and for the first time Porter began to disclose literary talent. He fitted up a barn at the rear of his house as a study, and there read, drew picture, wrote fairy stories for his little daughter, Margaret, and began

the publication of a humorous magazine, "The Rolling Stone." After he had been married four years he went to the First National Bank of Austin as receiving teller and first bookkeeper. He was wholly unfitted for the work and was unhappy at it. But his life at home, with his family and his reading and writing, compensated for the work at the bank.

The world knows the tragedy that followed. As soon as Porter could make enough money writing, he left the bank to work on a paper at Houston, Texas. After his departure a bank examiner found a shortage and Porter was indicted on a charge of embezzlement. The officers of the bank refused to prosecute him and made up the shortage, but the bank's affairs had been badly managed and federal authorities were determined some one should suffer for it. The day before his case was called Porter ran away—to the Honduras. In the public mind it was a confirmation of guilt—Afterwards he admitted freely that this was the greatest mistake of his life. But he could not, he said, face the shame and humiliation of trial for a crime he had not committed.

The news that his beloved wife was dying of tuberculosis brought him back from exile. For five months he never left her bedside. After her death he gave himself up. The fact that he had run away weighed heavily against him in the trial and he was sentenced and served a term in the penitentiary.

His prison experience was a turning point in his life and marks his maturity as a creative artist. To disguise his own identity he adopted the odd name of O. Henry, and stories from the convict's pen appeared in all leading publications. The solitude, the isolation of prison life afforded opportunity for reflection and creative effort. His surroundings gave him a new and sharper insight into human character.

Physically, the experience took a definite toll on his strength. Infected with tuberculosis as a child, he had been exposed to the disease again by his wife and now, in prison, he was surrounded by it on all sides. "Consumption here is more common than bad colds at home," he wrote to a friend. "There are about thirty hopeless cases of it in the hospital here now and all the nurses and attendants are contracting. There are hundreds of other cases of it among the men who are working in the shops and factories."

Infection—reinfection—continued exposure; these three finally brought tuberculosis back. He was released in 1901, but the disease went with him to the outside world again. Nevertheless the nine years that followed were productive of the writer's greatest work. He lived a full and complete life. He did not allow illness to color his thoughts. But it did make creative work difficult. With characteristic lightheartedness he referred to his trouble as "writer's cramp."

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Do not condemn the judgment of another because it differs from your own as both may be in error.—Selected

WHAT A COW GIVES BESIDES MILK

By Ross L. Holman

For many hundreds of years we thought of milk only as something to drink. Today it is something we eat, drink, wear and ride. We can write with it, button our coats with it and play "Home Sweet Home" with manufactured milk gadgets.

The tumbler out of which you drink and the lamp shade that protects your eyes may have been, in their previous incarnation, a gallon of milk. The scientist is now creating more things with his test tube than Jules Verne did with an overripe imagination.

Now, from an agricultural standpoint, the most pungent fact about all of these new milk creations is the possibility of vast new markets. More milk markets mean more dollars. More dollars mean a more abundant life for the American dairyman. One of the biggest headaches the dairy farmer now has to suffer is the fact that ninety-five per cent of the milk he takes from his cows is a by-product. The other five per cent that gives him practically all his revenue is butterfat. Milk, after the butterfat has been taken out, is worth about as much as pay dirt after the pay gold has been removed. With no other crop of the American farm is such a huge proportion of its initial output a by-product. Figured in terms of money the five per cent butterfat content of whole milk is worth approximately seven times the other ninety-five per cent. This almost worthless lion's share of each gallon of the fluid is what is known as skim milk. Even when whole milk is marketed in its unseparated form its value

is based on its fat content and brings comparatively little more than when the butterfat is marketed alone.

One of the most significant developments in the industrial processing of milk is the manufacture of a wool known as lanital. About four years ago an Italian diplomat appeared on the streets of London with a suit of clothes that looked too much like other men's clothing to attract attention. When he told how it was made, however, its curiosity value soared because it did resemble other male garb so much you could not tell the difference. He stated that a few months before he appeared in public with it, that suit of clothes was forty-eight pints of skim milk.

The idea appealed so strongly to our own Bureau of Dairy Industry in Washington that the chemists in that Bureau developed their own brand of lanital and had it patented. The process looks simple when explained. The casein, or curd in the skim milk, is separated from the whey. It is treated and run through a sieve-like disk. This gives us the tiny threads of skim milk wool that are later woven into cloth.

We are not only milking coats and pants from contented cows, but we are filling the milk pail with potential steering wheels and horn buttons. The automobile manufacturer promises some day to be one of the dairyman's valuable customers. Before the content of the milk can become a steering wheel or horn tooter however it has to be translated into a plastic. When you begin to discuss skim milk

in terms of plastics the sky only is the limit to its possibilities—except for one important fact. That limiting factor is the cost of production.

During the past two decades we have started manufacturing from plastics hundreds of thousands of articles we used to make from metal, wood, ivory and like materials. In that time hundreds of American industries have had to junk machinery that had become obsolete and reorganize around a plastic economy. Instead of hammering and riveting together an article like a radio cabinet, for instance, it can now be done more easily and cheaply by molding it from a plastic like you would make a pound of butter.

If the dairyman had the entire plastic field to himself he might very well find his skim milk more valuable than the butterfat upon which his business is built. But unfortunately, casein plastic has to compete with so many other kinds that its marketing possibilities in this field will have to be built around what it will be able to offer in greater economy and a more efficient service in a limited number of manufactured products. So far increasing uses for milk plastic in such articles as piano keys, coat buttons, fountain pens, lamp shades, drinking tumblers, powder boxes, and so on, as well as in certain car accessories.

Skim milk plastic is beginning to be used very extensively in the place of ivory. Here it fills a need that no other plastic can touch. In this respect it saves manufacturers an enormous cost for material and eliminates one of the most frightful sources of by-product waste of which industry

has been guilty. Ivory has been secured from the tusk of an elephant. In this case the tusk is the product sought by industry while the rest of the elephant is the by-product. It is nothing sort of criminal that several tons of pachyderm flesh have to be wasted to secure a few pounds of ivory.

Another use to which casein is being put is in the manufacture of paint. As in the case of plastic, there are plenty of other things from which paint can be made besides milk. But there are some very important paint needs that can be filled by no other kind so well as that made from casein. Some of the most gorgeous coloring with which Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition was splashed casein paint. This kind of paint has also been found most efficient for the marking of black top highways.

Another product that is now being made from casein is glue. This type of glue is being found better than any other kind in ginding together the plywoods of airplane wings. The principal industrial use for casein so far, however, is to furnish the coating for extra high quality paper.

While we have mentioned a number of products made from skim milk we are still using in these products nothing but the casein which is only a fractional part of the milk. After you take both the butterfat and casein out of whole milk you still have ninety-two per cent of it left. That ninety-two per cent is the whey. It is a smelly, watery looking substance that makes anyone coming in contact with it wish he were somewhere else. Even at that, the scientist and his test tube are translating whey into

so many new industrial values that it looks now as if every portion of whole milk as taken from the cow will some day be used except the sound of the squirt.

Among the things that are being manufactured from whey is rubber. Don't get excited over this development, however, for it doesn't even remotely promise to eliminate natural rubber. It has found a very important place, however, in highway reflectors.

Before being manufactured into rubber whey must first be made into lactic acid which is also used extensively in the tanning of hides.

Whey is being manufactured very extensively into milk sugar. Here again, this sugar fills a place in industry, especially in medical products, that no other sugar can meet. It has been found exceedingly valuable in the control and cure of a most devastating poultry disease known as coccidiosis. It is also used in candies, soups and whipped products.

One of the most outstanding developments with whey, however, is a new way it is being used in feeds. From the lactoflavin of milk, feed manufacturers are putting into their mashes a vitamin G product that will jar a baby chick into such a speedy

growth it will reach a broiler size from one to two weeks earlier than without it. One broiler producer in Georgia, who furnishes 100 broilers a week for his Atlanta trade, gets many of his chickens to reach a two-pound broiler weight at six weeks of age instead of at eight weeks, which had been considered unusual, or at ten weeks which was common.

While new uses for the 100 billion pounds of milk annually produced on American farms are being rapidly uncovered, they are not yet making much impression on the dairyman's check. There is usually a lag of several years between the discovery of a new process and a general adaptation of it to industrial and consumer use. A volume demand has to be built. New capital has to be interested. Obsolete machinery has to be scrapped. Sometimes the readjustment is painful to those who have to make it. The new product has to prove itself to be so much superior to the one it is displacing that industry is forced to take it up in spite of itself. But new uses for this bovine fluid continue to develop and some day in the not-too-distant future we believe skim milk will cease to be a dairyman's headache and become a joy forever.

Sing you a song in the garden of life,
If only you gather a thistle;
Sing you a song
As you travel along,
An' if you can't sing—why, just whistle;

—Frank L. Stanton.

BIRDS LEND BEAUTY TO OUR GARDENS

By Mrs. Wallace Ashley

"The kiss of the sun for pardon,
The song of a bird for mirth.
You are nearer God's heart in a
garden
Than anywhere else on earth."

And the birds help to make this true.

In our study of "Birds in Our Gardens," I want us to consider the birds from two standpoints,—birds as a protection to our gardens, and birdlife in the garden from the esthetic standpoint,—and this is quite worthwhile.

If we are to have birds in our gardens we must make ample provisions for them to want to come into the garden. We must attract them. We must provide for their comfort and welfare—yes, for their very maintenance if we are to have them. And who would want to have a garden without the birds? From the esthetic standpoint, songsters are indeed worthy of protection. Who would think of destroying the glorious mocking bird? What would England take for her wonderful skylark? Human life would lose much of its joy if all the feathered songsters were taken from the earth. Some of our most cherished memories carry with them the cherry songs and merry twitter of sweet voiced birds. The sight of birds also furnish us with animated beauty. How lonesome forests and waterfronts would be without birds! How we would miss the cheery notes of friendly choristers as we wake to

greet the morn! The beauty of our gardens, in their riotous colorings, bathed with the dews of early morning, and with the beauty of the first sunbeams upon them, would lose some of their sweetest pleasures if there were no birds there to warble their sweet songs along with the gorgeous beauty of the garden.

As I have just said, if we are to have birds, we must attract them to the environs of the garden. Shrubbery will attract more birds than larger trees, however. The mulberry tree is especially useful in this regard, for many birds eat the fruit of this tree. For the same reason, sunflowers planted in or near the garden will attract birds. Flowering vines, especially the honeysuckle, will serve to attract birds, especially the hummingbird. The wild cherry, ligustrum, huckleberry, sparkleberry, pyracantha, cedar and dogwood trees provide a splendid source of food and shelter for birds. The snowberry is an ideal plant for gardens, both as a plant and to provide food for the birds. For this is an attractive plant, with lovely pink flowers which later give way to berries which remain on the shrub until very late in the winter. Of course many gardeners feed the birds in their gardens, but if this is done it must be done just as systematically as we would feed our babies. If it is found necessary or desirable to feed the birds, food shelves may be erected, but these must be protected from cats. Bread scraps or ordinary

"scratch feed" are suitable types of bird feed to be placed on the shelves or "counters." These are always placed in a secluded spot in the garden. This depends, of course, on the kind of birds to be fed,—some like soft food—those with hard beaks preferring a hard diet. One frequently forgets to feed the birds—but nature never does, so plant trees and shrubs which will prove a continuous source of supply of food at all seasons.

Then there is the item of shelter for the birds. In our southern states nature takes care of this in the form of a mild climate, and only shrubs and trees—many of which are non-deciduous—are needed for protection even in mid-winter.

Birds must have water, and they are very clean little creatures. We must have bird baths. Many concrete manufacturing firms make a very presentable bird bath which may be purchased for small sums. The most successful gardeners prefer bird baths built very close to, or directly on the ground. In the heat of summer water is kept much cooler on the ground than in a container up from the ground. Judging from the number of baths built away from the ground, many may differ with me on this statement—but it has proven true even in face of the attendant danger from cats to the birds while on the ground drinking and lathing. This danger is overcome by planting a shrub or shrubs, near the bird bath so that they may take quick shelter in case a cat appears on the scene. It is also suggested that the baths must be kept very clean, and to insure a constant supply of fresh water at all times allow the faucet to slowly

drip, drip into the bath. At the famous Bok Tower, in Florida, which is strictly a bird sanctuary, all of the baths are mere holes in the ground, cemented, and close up under the shrubs.

There has never been a time since man has inhabited this planet that there has not been a struggle between man and the lower creation of animal life. Scientists have predicted that man's last and greatest battle will be with insect hosts, and for this reason I am laying stress upon the birds which destroy insects.

We have the Ruby Throated Hummingbird, the smallest bird to come into our gardens. This bird is of a brilliant bronze green and metallic red coloring. They are attracted mainly by flower blooms in which they obtain food. In addition to the nectar of the flowers, the hummingbird feeds on minute insects and spiders which are often harmful to blossoms. The nest of the bird is a delicate and beautiful little structure, hung on the limb of a tree. The eggs, always two in number, are pure white.

The Woodpecker. Of this family we have in our gardens what is known as the southern Flicker, or Yellow Hammer, or Golden-Wing-Woodpecker. These birds are sociable and friendly and feed extensively in gardens. Ants are the favorite food, and are eaten every month in the year. Upon examination of the crop and stomach of a woodpecker there was found more than 5,000 ants. They also eat beetles, crickets, spiders, grasshoppers and many other garden insects. They have a variety of interesting notes, but I would consider none of them especially musical.

Martins. These are very sociable birds, always nesting in colonies, many pairs frequently occupying different compartments in a single Martin house. Their presence in gardens is encouraged mainly for their friendly ways and cheerful notes—and of course farmers still cling to the belief that they keep hawks away from the poultry yard. They feed on insects and bugs found in gardens, but more frequently those found in fields and woods.

The Robin. The robin probably figures oftener than any other bird in the pages of American literature. He is a welcome visitor in our gardens from November to April. But, strictly speaking, the robin is a northern bird and occupies the same place in the hearts of the people of the North that the Mocking bird does in the hearts of the people of the South, and while he is loved for his endless varied medley of song that is the delight of his human neighbors in the North, we, of the South, are not so kindly favored. He has a call-note suited for almost every occasion,—alarm, warning, greeting, and remonstrance. Because of his neighborly ways, as well as for his value as an insect destroyer, the robin has long been protected in the North by law, and in the South he has finally come to be recognized for his real value and is now protected by public sentiment as well as by law. He is especially useful in destroying cutworms, having been known to destroy as many as 50 or 75 in one day. Gardeners of the South should encourage the coming of the "Robin Redbreast."

The Bluebird. The bluebird of our garden is hailed in the North as the

harbinger of spring, but he is with us throughout the entire year. He is the gentlest and most confiding of birds. His coloring is a disappointment, for it is only his head, back, wings and tail that are a deep, solid blue. Although the bluebird is a singer, he displays no great musical talent, yet his chuckling, gurgling whistle is one of the most pleasing sounds of nature. His call note is a two-syllabled whistle of the same character as his song. This bird is also an insect destroyer.

Blue-Gray Gnatcatcher: This bird is sometimes described as a miniature mockingbird, and is one of the most useful birds known to gardeners. He is a typical insect catcher, and is considered a valuable check on the depredations of several foliage-destroying insects and their larvae. He is regarded by scientists as a decidedly beneficial little bird with no bad habit to mar a perfect record of usefulness. His song is a musical performance of wonderful technique, but it has very little volume.

Tanager: Another bird we see often in our gardens is the summer Tanager—or Red Bird. His chief value in a material way is the fact that his diet consists mainly of insects which are pests to gardeners. His principal value to the home garden lies in the esthetic pleasure that his bright colors produce on the senses of the observer.

We have the Wren of which there are more than 30 kinds in North America. They are very native, nervous, little birds, with very quick tempers. The Carolina wren is of a bright russet color, while those of Florida are a dull gray-brown. Wrens

as a family, are highly musical, ranging in ability from the chattering song of the Marsh Wren to the clear bold melody of Bewick's Wren—said to be one of the finest bits of bird music to be heard in North America. Wrens fill a niche in Nature's economy that is not occupied by any other group of birds. I refer to its destruction of insects and their larvae that many other birds overlook. The Carolina Wren takes high rank as an insect destroyer. Altogether, he is one of the most useful as well as engaging birds of the state.

And now, I could not close without mentioning the most loved of all garden birds—the mocking bird.— This is Florida's state bird, made so by the ballot of the school children of Florida, and so designated by the legislature of the state. This bird is protected at all times by law.

The Mocking Bird's chief claim upon our affections is the confidence with which he places his nests in our gardens, and even in the vines that screen our porches. His renown as a songster has earned him the scientific name—*Mimus Pelly Glottos*—meaning "Mimic," of many tongues. An age-long argument on the comparative rank of the Mocking Bird and the European Nightingale as singers of note was recently settled at the famous Bok Singing Tower of Florida. When caged, important nightingales "raised" a hymn new to this country, and the wild Mockingbirds of the

neighborhood at once adopted it and made it their own. The mockingbirds own infinitely varied song of liquid trills and whistles which is admitted by all hearers to be a performance of marvelous technique, but is considered by many to have but little depth of feeling. We of the South, however, who hear it against the background of a silvery moonlit night when the cool air is heavy with the incense of the jessamine and other flowers, known better.

MOCKING BIRD

Mockin' bird sitting in the orange
tree,
Singin' his tune, and a touchin'
high "C";
Beats highflutin' singers that's
the rage,
That you hear singin' up on the
stage;
Don't have to be showed how to
sing by note,
Just holds up his head and opens
his throat;
Sittin' by himself up there on the
limb,
He don't need nothin' to accom-
pany him.
He sings in the day and he sings
at night,
And his tune is always joyful and
bright;
Shows the kind of music the Lord
preferred
When he put them tunes in the
mocking bird.

If you contrive each day to outclass the fellow you were yesterday, reaching the top is just a matter of time.—Exchange

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

By Floyd H. Thompson

We have studied and discussed Henry Longfellow's poem, "The Birds of Killingworth", and have enjoyed its many interpretations. It represents the poet's story found in a group of Longfellow's poems known as "Tales of a Wayside Inn." In this group is also found the landlord's story, the familiar "Paul Revere's Ride."

The time represented is spring when all the birds were building their nests and singing fit to burst in their glee. Numbered among these were the robins, bluebirds, sparrows, crows, and many others. Instead of showing pleasure in having the feathered friends about, the children pretended to be frightened by them and the farmers showed alarm at their eating of a few grains as they tilled the fields and sowed the seed.

A meeting was called to decide what to do about the so called pests. First came the Squire, a man with a superiority complex. He was a splendid sight. The parson, who preached the wrath of God from year to year, yet killed the deer and would "Lop the wayside lilies with his cans," was there to fight the birds.

The Deacon, too, was there. He was of such importance that a street was named after him in town. From the Academy came a friend, the Preceptor, who was especially attentive to fair Almira in the upper class. He described her as being "as pure as water and as good as bread." All these met as a committee with sundry farmers from the region around charg-

ing the birds with all the crimes beneath the sun. Each made his claims, then the preceptor rose to redress the wrongs. Thoughts of Almira spurred him onward to protect the birds. He pleaded for their beauty, and their songs, saying the people were forgetful of their Maker and likened their habitations in the tree tops to halfway houses; to heaven; he shamed the farmers for begrudging the few handfuls of grain scratched up while they were hunting for worms and weevils, or a few cherries which were well earned. He asked them to think of scant harvests, empty nests, and whirls of insects through the air.

When he closed all the others laughed and nodded. No heed was paid to his plea. The birds were doomed and a bounty was offered for their heads. The dreadful massacre began, finally all the birds were dead.

Then came myriads of caterpillars, devouring insects crawled, till fields and gardens were deserted without leaf or shade and the town was devoured by worms. The farmers saw their mistake and repealed the law but that did not bring the dead to life again, and folks went about lamenting "the dead children of the air."

Next spring found someone hauling in a wagon covered with evergreen and bearing wicker cages full of singing birds.

By order of the town they were brought in from all the country around. They were loosened to seek

the places they loved best while people said they had never heard such lovely music!

These same birds furnished the music for the wedding of their benefactor, the preceptor and fair Almira.

CAROLINA BIRD-LORE

(North Carolina Bird Club)

Two of the most abundant species of birds in North Carolina, the English Sparrow and the Starling, are introduced species. Of the various importations, those of 1890 and 1891 into Central Park, New York City, appear to be the ones, from which the birds now present originated.

The first starling taken in North Carolina was shot on April, 1919, near Willard. Today they are abundant in 41 states and they should be in every state by 1945. Since the species is introduced, it has no natural enemies to reduce its numbers. Shrikes and hawks take a small toll, but the Starlings protect themselves by flying in zig-zag fashion in compact flocks.

Starlings build nests in natural cavities in trees, Woodpecker and Flicker holes, slanting pipes, eaves and window shutters. The pale blue eggs number from five to seven in a set, and the male does most of the incubating. Their birth rate is higher than that of the native birds.

The opinions of ornithologists and foresters generally favor the Starling. Its undesirable qualities arise from choice of nesting sites, relation with native birds, and the flocking habits. One way to keep them from boxes is to make the hole one and five-eighths of an inch in diameter which is too small for Starlings to enter.

The United States Biological Survey asserts that Starlings have proved to be either beneficial to man or of neutral character. Their food includes insects, millipedes, spiders, mollusks, and a few crustaceans. They help the farmers by eating Japanese beetles, potato beetles, grasshoppers, white grubs, caterpillars, and live stock flies. Taken as a whole, the damage done by Starlings on cherries, apples, grapes, corn, and garden truck is more than repaid by its attacks on plants and animal pests.

Description: The Starling may be briefly describes as a bob-tailed Black-bird.

To go about your work with pleasure, to greet others with a word of encouragement, to be happy in the present and confident in the future—this is to have achieved some measure of success in living.—Edwin Osgood Grover.

THE MAGIC OF COAL

(Selected)

Coal resulted when a forest fell into a swamp—and lay there for a million years or so. The earth pressed upon it; the sun and volcanic action heated it; and time ripened it. Today, we extract it. Then we heat it—without the presence of air to burn it—and thus distill out of it the essence of everything there was in the original forest. They were tropical forests; we get the fullness of the tropics in color and variety.

We pulverize the coal heat to the outside. The carbon swells and remains as coke. The gases escape and rise—like steam from water. They in turn, are heated—without the presence of air—to distill them.

Out of the gas—aside from the residue which we call artificial gas—we get two major products. We call them tar (or pitch) and light oil. From those we get such a variety of things that coal has been called the Cinderella of industry—the one product which, second only to the soil, adds most to the health, wealth and beauty of the nation.

Tar, primarily, fits into the heavy, clumsy and highly useful industries. It glazes the sand and gravel to make the macadam road. It blends with other things to make a waterproof roof. It yields creosote which preserves wood. Black as night, it yields the snow moth ball and a long line of things to kill bugs. It makes disinfectants and, lately, has become the base of most of the plastics which are revolutionary in industry.

Then, tar takes on a college educa-

tion. It makes dyes which will give any color, shade or blend known to nature or imagined by man. Then it steps over into perfumes and duplicates anything in nature—and adds 1,000 that nature never dreamed of.

From the light oils alone, we get such high explosives as TNT and then the automobile fuel which is proof against “knocks” in the engine. Also, out of the combination with tar, we get the new paints which give the life to automobile bodies by cheapening the paint job and increasing the life, due to rust resistance.

The coke itself is fascinating. Add lime to it and heat it in an electric furnace and you have acetylene. Take the acetylene and add hydrochloric acid—familiar in every household—and you have synthetic rubber. “Natural” rubber is, in nature, the protection to the tree which produces it—it prevents the bugs from biting the tree. Synthetic rubber does everything that rubber will do and in addition resists light, acid and alkali. One expression of it is a thin sheet which put between sheets of glass, makes shatter-proof glass.

A very slight variation of the same thing gives us a fertilizer which makes nitrogen available to plants and rehabilitates the soil.

The most fascinating—almost fantastic—development of it is nylon. It is the same synthetic rubber spun as fine as a spider’s web to make hosiery for women as sheer as silk but as resistant as rubber. In another form it will make the bristles for

brushes, and sheets.

Coal is, thus, the wonder worker of America. It has produced to date

1600 products from which we have built 20 major industries. No one knows how many more will come.

TELL HIM HE IS GOOD

(American Business)

In the debut of Dimitri Mitropoulos as guest conductor of the famed Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, everything went perfectly with the exception of the French horn, which seemed to go sour in an important passage.

Because on the following day Tschaikovsky's passionate Fifth Symphony in E Minor with its famed solo for the French horn was programmed everyone was nervous for the French-horn player. The orchestra's business manager went to Mitropoulos and suggested that he speak to the horn player and tell him to pull himself together. Mitropoulos declined to mention the matter to the horn player.

Next day, in the intermission just before the tempestuous Fifth Symphony was to be played, the excited business manager sought out Mitropoulos once more and said, "Again I ask you to speak to the horn player."

"No, I will not speak to him," said Mitropoulos. "The man has been frightened by other guests conductors. Tell him I say he is good, but to have more courage when he reaches the solo in the Fifth Symphony."

The business manager hurriedly took the encouraging message to the horn player who probably was shivering in his shoes. Soon the orchestra was assembling for the difficult sym-

phony. Mitropoulos used no baton, but with his two hands seems literally to pull previously unfound musical ability out of every member of the famous orchestra. With an eloquence of almost unbearable intensity, as one listener put it, the orchestra rendered the first passage. The horn solo comes in the second passage, and when it was reached, Fred Fox, the French-horn player who had faltered the day before, gave a smooth, expressive performance of the famed solo, and the audience was breathless in admiration.

Came the third and fourth passages, and then a storm of applause which shook the vast Northrop Auditorium, scene of many a brilliant performance of this top rank orchestra. The audience refused to stop applauding until Fred Fox, the horn player, was called to take a bow with Mitropoulos, the guest conductor. For a French-horn player to be accorded a bow in any orchestra is unusual; with one of the skill of the Minneapolis ensemble it is almost musical revolution.

"Tell him he is good—but to have more courage"—what a tremendously better way than pride-crushing criticism. No wonder Dimitri Mitropoulos is the talk of the musical world.

"Active natures are rarely melancholy."

THE AMAZING SPIDERS

(Religious Heard)

I suppose some of you imagine, as so many people do, that spiders are insects. They are not, writes "A. B. C. in the R. S. C. A. Journal. A spider is divided into two distinct parts, not three, as an insect is, for there is no division between a spider's head and its shoulders and that is one reason by which we know it is not an insect. But there are other differences as well.

A spider has eight legs, and no grown-up perfect insect ever has more than six. These are points worth remembering, for it is always interesting to be able to recognize to what class our little friends belong.

There are other differences, but these cannot be so easily seen. Insects breathe by a net-work of air tubes running all over the body; but a spider, besides these air-tubes, has generally two or four little lung-books.

It is easy to remember that, as well as having eight legs, a spider has eight eyes. These are like little bright beads, and are arranged in rows on the front of its head. These eyes are not like the great compound eyes of most insects, but like the three simple eyes the bee has in the middle of her forehead. As a matter of fact, for all its eyes, the spider is very short-sighted, and depends on its keen sense of smell and touch for finding its food

Although the spider has smelling bristles on its body, it is really a fine sense of touch that is of most value to it. This has its center in the fine bristles at the ends of the legs, and

constitutes the highest form of sensitiveness known.

This amazing little creature is a spinning expert, and carries around its own spinning factory. At the end of its body there are six spinning fingers called spinnerets which make the most exquisite spinning machine, said to be the most wonderful in the world. These fingers are short and stumpy, with rounded tips, and are covered with little spinning tubes or spools, with a tiny hole at the end of each, through which the silk comes out.

The silk is not a skein inside the spinner, but is liquid until it comes in contact with the air. The spider can use as many spools at a time as it likes, and so can vary the thickness of the threads, and the quantity of the silk. It has three different kinds of silk, and always uses the best suited for the work it is doing—a snare to catch food; a soft cocoon for the children; or a swinging rope for itself.

Have you ever studied the beauty of a spider's web? It is a most lovely thing. In the early morning glistening with dew-drops, it is as beautiful as jeweled lace. I wish I had space to tell you of some of the wonderful cobwebs I have seen.

A spider has beautiful little claws on its feet, like tiny combs. These it uses for combing itself most carefully, for it is very particular to keep itself neat and clean. A spider never neglects its toilet.

But I have to confess that these little people are quarrelsome, and alas, that they are cannibals, too!—

OUR WAY OF LIFE

(Selected)

There is a time in human affairs when grave anxiety is a whisper in every heart. A time when, if it were possible to bring all of our millions of people together in one huge town meeting, nearly all would find that we share one hope day and night—one fear.

We are living in such a time today.

For many people, it must have been this way in '76, when the American way of life was born, and all who felt its deep stir, felt a common hope—that this new dream which had come into the world would not be lost. It must have been this way in 1861, when that same dream of a united people was being tested by pain and fire.

Once again we all share a common apprehension—a common prayer—that our way of life, all the liberties we cherish, and all the traditions of freedom that we call America shall remain secure to ourselves and our children.

One fact is clear today—clear and plain for all living men to see. This new death will in time take a new holiday. These fierce winds of hate which now sweep all Europe will be spent in time. The mangled, the crippled, the broken and insane men will go into their graves or hospital beds or wheel chairs. And, in time, men will meet again to talk peace for the war-

torn lands of Europe.

Those who survive the carnage, and the new children born into the ruins, will need to feel again the spur and hope, the burning idealism of a way of life which spells peace and freedom. They must find it here, in America, living and intact.

There will come a day when the last shot is fired; when a tired and worn bugler will sound a frail note of hope; when taps will say farewell to the dead, and the men in Europe will hear a whisper—peace—peace. When that time comes men will say—"See, we have built every possible machine for destruction. We have learned to shatter time and space, and rain rain death. We have learned to march and conquer and lay waste overnight the treasures for which centuries of men have worked. All machines have we built save one—the machinery of enduring peace. The machinery of a way of life which spells freedom.

And by that light, Europe will build anew out of its ruins and ashes of despair. Our part in America today and tomorrow is to keep our light of freedom burning. It was kept alive in the winter snows and pain of Valley Forge. It was kept alive in the heartbreak year of 1864. It must be kept alive now.

There are fifty-seven rules for success. The first is to deliver the goods. Never mind the rest.—Selected

THE WORLD STILL PRAYS

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

The World Day of Prayer has come and gone. To many it is a thing of last month and next year.

To some, the World Day of Prayer seems an artificial thing. They think the idea of having all the women of the world praying the same prayers on the same day smacks of magic.

"Why," they ask, "should God be more ready to listen to us all praying together than He is to listen to each of us praying individually in our own homes?"

The answer is obvious. There is absolutely no reason why God should be more anxious to listen to us all together than individually. The point is, aren't we a little more likely to listen to Him speaking when we are conscious that others are hearing His voice also? For saints and mystics such may not be the case; for the ordinary Christian it is.

Jesus recognized this human need for feeling oneness with other human beings when He prayed that we might be one as He and His Father are one. Sometimes we find that to feel ourselves one with God is beyond the power of our human hearts. But we can feel close to other women like ourselves. We can think their thoughts, even if we cannot think God's thoughts.

The service which was prepared by the World Day of Prayer committee of Shanghai, China, was developed around a theme which has been very much in the minds of all our Lutheran women this past year, "Thy Kingdom Come." Through confession of past

failings and prayers for a brighter future, the worshipers were led to catch a vision of the Kingdom. Then, following Henry Hodgkin's admonition that only the sort of obedience which led Christ to the Cross could hold these visions and transform our lives, came the appropriate collect:

"Grant, O Lord, that we may both perceive and know what things we ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfill the same, through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen."

Where the service was conducted with simplicity and dignity, the worshipers had a very definite experience of dedication. They were made conscious once more that the world is one family and that we are God's

There are many who will use the beautiful daily prayer which will help to preserve our worldwide unity.

"Father of all mankind, throughout this day, and every day, help me to remember that a very real portion of Thy Kingdom has been placed in my keeping. Therefore teach me to love Thee."

With all my mind—that I may think Thy thoughts after Thee, from dawn to dark, making beautiful and significant each decision of my daily living; help me to remove all prejudice and small-mindedness, O Lord:

With all my heart—that I may love those whom Thou lovest, feeling for even the most unlovable and difficult of Thy children Thine own everlasting mercy:

With all my soul—that I may seek

fresh ways in which we can all be one in Jesus Christ our Lord, praying for Thy divine power to surge through my commonplace routine from morning till night:

With all my strength—that I may work the works of Him Who sent me while it is day, seeking to channel

through every act Thy devotion to the needs of both my neighbor and myself. Remind me from moment to moment that this is not optional, but the last command of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Quicken me and use me this day for Thy name's sake. Amen."

—————:—————

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.—James Russell Lowell.

—————:—————

DESTRUCTION OF TIMBER IN SOUTH RUNS HIGH (Selected)

Destructive mortality accounts for 13 percent of the drain on living timber in the South, says R. W. Graeber extension forester of N. C. State College. The destructive forces are chiefly fire, insects, disease and wind.

"Timber farming is a great industry in the Southern states," Graeber said, "but it can be greater and higher income-producing industry if care is taken to control destructive forces.

Recent data compiled by the U. S. Forest Service and other agencies show that 40 percent of the timber used in the South is made into lumber. Another 29 percent goes for fuel wood, 4 percent for hewed cross ties, 4 percent for pulpwood, 3 percent for fence posts, and 7 percent for other uses by man.

North Carolina, a typical Southern state has more than 10 million acres of farm woodland, or more than 50 percent of the total farm acreage. Another million and a quarter acres of idle land can and should be return-

ed to forests through planting, the Extension specialist stated.

"We in North Carolina can use our woodland more advantageously by cutting conservatively, preventing fires, and growing more timber," Graeber stated. "Fire-breaks can wisely be constructed along property lines to divide timber into small units of 20 to 25 acres each."

Other points in progressive timber farming are listed by a forester in the form of questions: (1) Have you made an effort to stop fires from reaching your land from adjoining property? (2) Do you cooperate with your neighbors and the county fire wardens in preventing and controlling fires? (3) Have you had your land posted against hunting, fishing and camping without permission? (4) Do you inspect your woods for "lightning strikes after each storm to remove damaged trees and thereby prevent insect outbreaks?

INSTITUTION NOTES

The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show last Thursday night was "At The Circus," in which the antics of the Marx brothers were responsible for countless shouts of laughter among the boys. The short shown at the same time was a comedy entitled "Cousin Wilbur." Both pictures are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

—:—

While we are still enjoying a generous supply of very fine strawberries, word comes to this office that the end of the current season is not far off. We're not grumbling about it, for we know all good things like that must end some time, but we'd like to extend the season for at least another month.

—:—

We are indebted to Mrs. Chas. E. Boger for a bunch of beautiful roses which adorn the top of a book case in The Uplift office as these lines are being written. They are the finest roses we have seen this season, and we certainly appreciate Mrs. Boger's kindness in sharing some of her lovely blooms with us.

—:—

Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald, matron at Cottage No. 7, recently received a letter and a picture from Floyd Watkins, formerly one of her house boys. Floyd better known here as "Smiley," now twenty-one years old, has been a member of the United States Army for some time, and is stationed at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. He left the School on January 4, 1937.

"Smiley" seems to be sticking to the culinary art, as he wrote his former matron that he was helping to cook for 140 men, and that it was a man's-sized job to prepare meals for a group of hungry soldiers. He stated that he liked his work and was getting along well.

—:—

Hubert Josey, one of our old boys, stopped in for a brief chat with old friends among the members of the staff last Monday. This lad came to us from Faith, N. C., and after a stay of eighteen months, during which time he completed the seventh grade work, was allowed to take a position on a dairy farm in Iredell county, August 1, 1930, staying there about three years. He then became a truck driver for the State Highway Department, hauling rocks, dynamite and other material necessary in the operation of a quarry near Faith. His next venture was to become an enrollee in a C C C camp and was located near Gainesville, Ga. While there he worked with a surveying outfit, taking a correspondence course in training for that profession at the same time, soon becoming quite proficient in the use of a transit, and was made assistant crew leader. While in the Georgia camp for about forty-five months, he was engaged in the work then being carried on by the Division of State Parks and for the state highway department.

Hubert is now twenty-seven years old, has been married about two years, and lives in Gainesville, Georgia, where he is now contracting

carpenter work. He is a hefty-looking young man, weighs about 190 pounds, and looks to be able to handle a long rafter or most any other building material, so far as weight and size are concerned.

While in conversation with some of the officials, Hubert declared that he was very glad that he had had an opportunity to come to the School, as he considered it a fine place where boys might learn to make real men of themselves.

We were delighted to see Hubert and to learn that he is getting along so well. It was also our pleasure to meet his wife, who accompanied him on this visit.

—:—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, was scheduled to conduct the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday, but was unable to keep the appointment, due to illness in his family. Rev. C. E. Baucom, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, acting as "pinch-hitter," came out to the School at that time. For the Scripture Lesson, he read Psalm 119:1-16, which was followed by prayer.

Some months ago, when Rev. Mr. Summers addressed the boys he ask-

ed them to memorize Proverbs 3:1-20, saying that he considered it one of the finest selections in the entire Bible. After securing a number of volunteers, he announced that on another visit to the School he would bring a little gift to those who succeeded in memorizing those verses.

Instead of making the usual address last Sunday, Rev. Mr. Baucom announced that he had come to "deliver the goods," Rev. Mr. Summers having heard the boys recite the selection and secured their names the last time he talked to them. The gifts, coming from Rev. Mr. Summers and the First Baptist Church, were handsomely bound new Testaments, with each boy's name and address inscribed therein. The names of ninety-five boys were then called out and they were handed their well-earned gifts by Rev. Mr. Baucom. This was followed by the closing hymn and benediction.

On behalf of both the boys and the officials of the School we wish to take this opportunity to express through these columns sincere gratitude to Rev. Mr. Summers and the members of his congregation for their kindly interest in the welfare of our boys.

—————:—————

To get peace, if you want it, make for yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy places we may build of beautiful thoughts—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.

—John Ruskin.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 11, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- Herschel Allen 9
 (2) Carl Barrier 7
 (20) William Drye 22
 Arcemias Heaffner
 (24) Frank May 24
 William O'Brien
 Weaver Ruff 16
 (2) William Shannon 23
 (24) Weldon Warren 24

COTTAGE NO. 1

- (3) N. A. Bennett 14
 (5) William Blackmon 13
 Lloyd Callahan 12
 Everett Case 9
 (5) Albert Chunn 19
 (2) William Cook 2
 (2) Ralph Harris 13
 (3) Doris Hill 8
 (5) Porter Holder 21
 (11) Burman Keller 19
 (9) H. C. Pope 15
 (4) Jack Sutherland 9
 (14) Everett Watts 22

COTTAGE NO. 2

- Paul Abernethy
 (5) Henry Barnes 5
 (3) Bernice Hoke 13
 Thomas Hooks 18
 (22) Edward Johnson 23
 (2) Donald McFee 21

COTTAGE NO. 3

- (2) Earl Barnes 13
 Grover Beaver 7
 (2) John Bailey 17
 Lewis Baker 14
 (2) Jack Lemley 12
 Otis McCall 11
 (2) George Shaver 9
 Wayne Sluder 13
 (2) Jerome Wiggins 17
 (2) Louis Williams 19
 (2) James Williams 2

COTTAGE NO. 4

- Wesley Beaver 8
 (6) William Cherry 11

- Aubrey Fargis 8
 (2) Donald Hobbs 2
 (2) John Jackson 13
 (2) Morris Johnson 7
 (6) William Morgan 11
 (3) J. W. McCorrie 12
 (2) George Newman 11
 Eugene Puckett 5
 (5) Robert Simpson 13
 (4) Oakley Walker 12

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (11) Theodore Bowles 23
 Collett Cantor 17
 (2) Eugene Kermon 3
 Mack McQuaigue 16
 (4) Currie Singletary 19

COTTAGE NO. 6

- (2) Fred Bostian 4
 (3) Robert Dunning 11
 Edward Kinion 7
 (2) Jesse Peavy 6

COTTAGE NO. 7

- Kenneth Atwood 11
 John H. Averitte 19
 Cleasper Beasley 22
 (7) Donald Earnhardt 22
 George Green 14
 (2) Hilton Hornsby 4
 Richard Halker 10
 (3) Robert Hampton 4
 J. B. Hensley 4
 Raymond Hughes 6
 Carl Justice 12
 Robert Lawrence 10
 Arnold McHone 21
 Edward Overby 11
 Ernest Overcash 13
 Marshall Pace 15
 Carl Ray 16
 (4) Jack Reeves 5
 Loy Stines 11
 Ernest Turner 12
 Alex Weathers 14
 Ervin Wolfe 16

COTTAGE NO. 8

- (5) Cecil Ashley 8

Cecil Bennett 9
 Martin Crump
 John Frank 2

(2) Frank Workman 9

COTTAGE NO. 9

(6) Percy Capps 15
 James Davis 7
 (3) John B. Davis 3
 (6) Edgar Hedgepeth 14
 Alfred Lamb 7
 (2) Lloyd Mullis 8
 (4) Marvin Matheson 5
 (4) William Nelson 20
 (5) Thomas Sands 17
 Lewis Sawyer 11

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

Marvin Bradley
 Robert Davis 5
 William Dixon 18
 (2) Charles Frye 4
 (2) William Furches 18
 (2) Ralph Fisher 7
 (8) Cecil Gray 17
 (24) Robert Goldsmith 24
 (9) Earl Hildreth 21
 Fred Jones 10
 (16) Broadus Moore 21
 John Ray 7
 (4) Canipe Shoe 5
 (2) Monroe Searcy 18
 (7) James Tyndall 21
 William Wilson 6

COTTAGE NO. 12

(2) Jay Brannock 7
 (2) William Broadwell 11
 (6) Ernest Brewer 16
 William Deaton 16
 (9) Treley Frankum 19
 (9) Woodrow Hager 18
 (6) Eugene Heaffner 16
 (2) Charles Hastings 14
 (9) Tillman Lyles 20
 Daniel McPhail 4
 (2) James Puckett 9
 (9) Hercules Rose 19
 (6) Charles Simpson 20
 Robah Sink 18
 (6) Jesse Smith 14

(2) George Tolson 17

COTTAGE NO. 13

(2) Bayard Aldrige 7
 (15) James Brewer 21
 Thomas Fields 5
 (8) Charles Gaddy 16
 (8) Vincent Hawes 21
 James Johnson 5
 Jack Mathis 11
 Burley Mayberry 2
 Claude McConnell 5
 (7) Jordan McIver 8
 (3) Randall D. Peeler 12
 (3) Fred Rhodes 6
 Charles Sloan 2
 (3) Earl Wolfe 5

COTTAGE NO. 14

(7) Raymond Andrews 19
 (4) William Butler 14
 (11) Edward Carter 22
 (3) Mack Coggins 19
 (2) Robert Deyton 19
 (7) Leonard Dawn 10
 (24) Audie Farthing 24
 (8) Troy Gilland 21
 (6) John Hamm 20
 (6) Marvin King 13
 (5) Feldman Lane 20
 (2) William Lane 5
 (2) John Maples 11
 (2) Charles McCoyle 16
 (18) Norvell Murphy 21
 (2) Glenn McCall 2
 (2) John Reep 11
 (10) James Roberson 12
 (4) Charles Steepleton 19
 (4) J. C. Willis 12

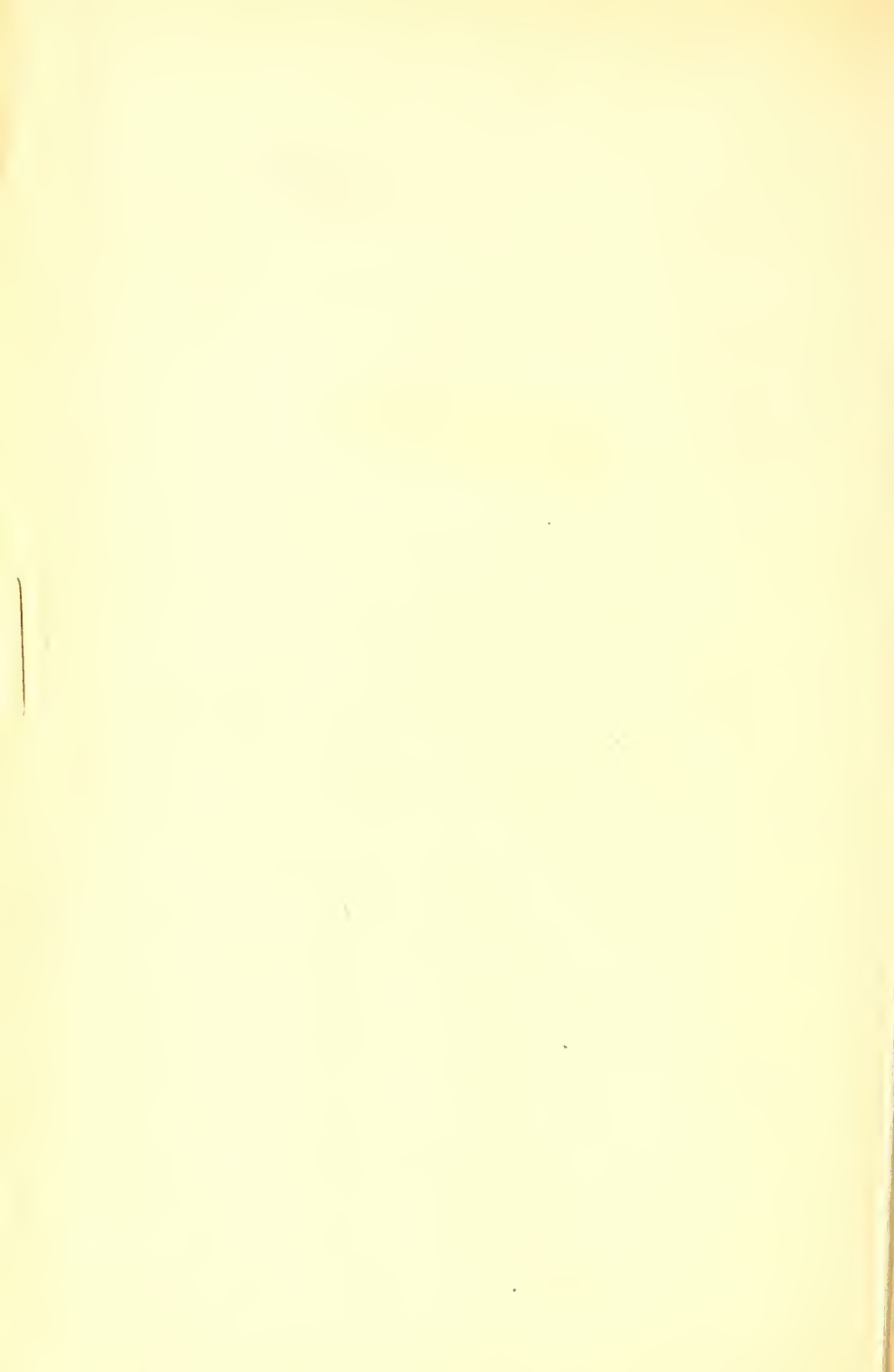
COTTAGE NO. 15

(2) J. P. Sutton 17
 (5) Calvin Tessner 9

INDIAN COTTAGE

(3) Raymond Brooks 8
 Frank Chavis 5
 (7) George Duncan 19
 (8) Roy Holmes 8
 (4) John T. Lowry 14
 Leroy Lowry 5
 (6) Redmond Lowry 19
 (2) Varcy Oxendine 6
 (6) Thomas Wilson 21

“He that has no cross will have no crown.”



MAY 26 1941

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., MAY 24, 1941

NO. 21

(e) Carolina Collection
U. N. C. Library

ON MEMORIAL DAY

Found high on the hill, in the valley,
And dotting the green-meadowed plain,
Today let us solemnly rally,
To deck the fair graves of the slain.

While duty and valor men cherish,
While devotion is dear to the race,
In no age shall their memory perish;
In our hearts it must hold the first place.

—John Benton

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act
of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

MEMORIAL DAY

A day of tender memory,
A day of sacred hours,
Of little bands of marching men,
Of drums and flags and flowers.

A day when a great nation halts
Its mighty throbbing pace,
To pay its meed of gratitude
And love with willing grace.

A day when battles are retold,
And eulogies are said,
When dirges sound, and chaplains read
The office for the dead.

A day when fairest, sweetest blooms
Are laid upon each grave,
And wreaths are hung on monuments,
And banners, half-mast, wave.

A day to keep from year to year
In memory of the dead;
Let music sound, and flowers be laid
Upon each resting-bed.

—Emma A. Lent.

MEMORIAL DAY

The custom of strewing flowers on the graves of the soldiers who fell in the Civil War originated in the South. The South has no general Decoration Day, but two years after the close of the war it became known that the women of Columbus, Mississippi, were showing themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. Thy gained the admiration of the North by strew-

ing flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.

However there was no general observance of this custom in the North until in May, 1868. Gen. John A. Logan, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued an order setting apart the thirtieth day of May "for the purpose of strewing with flowers, or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion." The idea was soon taken up by the legislatures, and the day is now a legal holiday throughout the North. —Sunshine Magazine

* * * * *

MOORESVILLE PUBLIC LIBRARY

There are times when one feels whipped down, due to physical or financial hardships, and feels that people are hard and heartless, therefore no longer have consideration for their fellowmen. This is the wrong attitude for there may be seen daily demonstrations of love in fine gifts for the cultural and spiritual life of a community.

Not a finer impulse—the desire to build so as to help mankind—can rest in the heart and mind of anyone. The genuine joys of life are realized from doing the things that give joy to others. There is a tacit understanding that memorials of brick, stone or marble, if built specifically to perpetuate a family name, will in the course of time crumble, but instead if buildings are raised to inspire a right fear of God and the finest ideals of living, tablets have been placed in the soul of mortal man that will shine to all eternity. Such was shown to the writer upon learning the history of the Mooresville Public Library.

This library is the gift of Mrs. S. Clay Williams, of Winston-Salem, who was the former Miss LuTelle Sherill, of Mooresville. The library is located on South Main Street on the site of her girlhood home—the home of her parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sherrill.

The ultimate capacity of the library will care for 17,000 volumes. The building is of brick and the architecture is of Georgian style, the entrance and interior decorations being carefully worked out in this period. It is divided into three rooms, the general reading room, the children's room, and the general circulation room. A

large alcove or sun window illuminates the children's department, adding greatly to its beauty. A large open fire-place, handsome pictures, electric clock, the gift of another former Mooresville girl, now Mrs. John Whitaker, of Winston-Salem, all make an attractive setting. Venetian blinds, beautiful draperies, leather upholstered furniture, such as love seats, davenport and chair, a handsome antique table in the lobby, all add to the attractiveness of this lovely building. All the modern library furnishings are of dark oak.

There is a work room, an office and furnace room. The building is equipped with an electrically operated furnace, with electric humidifiers. Outside the landscaping of the yard with shrubs and beautiful evergreens makes it the beauty spot of the town.

The library was opened December 12, 1939, and now has approximately 5,000 volumes. Mrs. Williams, from time to time, makes additional gifts, among several during the past few months was a portfolio of Shakespearian engravings which is considered almost priceless.

The entire picture is one of love.

* * * * *

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Individuals and organizations that are anxious to do more about traffic safety than merely talk about it should get in touch with the North Carolina Highway Safety Division, Ronald Hocutt, director of that agency, asserted this week.

"Street and highway safety," he said, "is largely a localized problem, since traffic conditions, highway hazards and other factors in this complex problem vary in different sections. We can not by ourselves solve any community's traffic accident problem, but we can and will help local authorities, interested organizations and civic-minded individuals to work out an effective safety program. Safety is a community as well as an individual responsibility.

"The Highway Safety Division is not in a position to carry on sustained safety activity in any one city or county. We can only instigate such activity. Local individuals, agencies and organizations must carry it on. We can act as a spark plug, but the fuel to keep the engine running must come from local sources.

"We try to supply tested ideas, materials and inspiration for safe-

ty activity, but the actual work, or the major part of it, must come from local people. That, I think, is as it should be. The people of every section should be vitally concerned over their own accident problems and should be willing to expend some effort to help stem the unnecessary slaughter of their fellow human beings."

"They can feel free to call on us for all possible assistance in solving these problems," he added.

* * * * *

PATRICK HENRY

If the accounts of those who heard him are to be trusted, Patrick Henry was the most eloquent orator of his time. How unfortunate that we have no shorthand accounts of his addresses, no phonograph records which would reproduce both his language and his intonations. For true oratory lies not in words nor tricks of gesture, but in the emotional impulse which is communicated to the hearer. On this point the testimony of Patrick Henry contemporaries is clear. Of this man, who at the age of twenty-eight was called the "Orator of Nature," it has been said by one who heard many of his speeches: "He is by far the most powerful speaker I ever heard. Every word he utters commands the attention; and your passions are no longer your own when he addresses them."

Elsewhere in this issue will be found interesting articles concerning the life of this great American.

* * * * *

SELF-RESPECT

Someone has tried to discern the demarcation between self-respect and selfishness, to be certain where the one ends and the other begins. We praise the former and are chagrined to be accused of the latter. Emphasis is put on self-respect, and we are encouraged, even urged, to cultivate it. This is well and good, providing we do not become proud of the things about which we are self-respecting, and follow the devious ways of selfishness in acquiring them. There may be too much truth in the conclusion that some observer reached: "Self-respect is usually ninety per cent self and ten per cent respect." This observation was made after studying the much-dis-

cussed maintenance of national self-respect, but it also has a personal application.

Self-respect does not call for ignoring others, or a righteous withdrawing from them as though they were unworthy of notice. Such self-respect is a hypocritical boaster's attitude, and it tends to narrowness and ends in despicable selfishness. If we are conscious of having attained such a state, or standing, as enables us to be honestly self-respecting, we had better thank God for it, than parade it before the world.

* * * * *

The United States is in danger of losing a picturesque relic of its prehistoric days. For many years the mysterious red pictographs on lofty Paint Rock, a part of the cliff along the Mississippi River near McGregor, Iowa, have been the interested concern of many tourists and men of science. The pictographs display paintings of prehistoric animal heads ingrained in the rock of the cliff, and brightly colored with red paint. The animals somewhat resemble buffaloes, and are pictured with horns; but their brilliance has been greatly dimmed by the passage of time. The images can still be seen from the river with the aid of binoculars, but residents say the color is rapidly disappearing. Visiting geologists fear the pictographs will soon disappear entirely, because they are high up on the rugged cliff, and it is almost impossible to reach them. Yet the fact remains that the original artists reached the spot without the advantage of modern means of approach. It would be a pity to lose this rich legacy of the past through lack of effort to preserve it.

—Julius F. Seebach



PATRICK HENRY

(The New Age)

Doubtless many patriotic Americans wonder why a statue, or at least a bust, of Patrick Henry is not in the National Capitol with our other national figures, or why his statue is not in one of the spacious parks of the the District of Columbia. This question will probably never be answered to the complete satisfaction of those who know the eminent part he played in establishing free institutions in America.

It was Patrick Henry's debates in the Virginia House of Burgesses, in support of seven resolutions offered by him in affirmation of the rights of the colony to complete legislative independence, which awakened resistance in all the other colonies to British encroachment, precipitated by the Stamp Act of 1765. In his closing arguments on one of the resolutions, he declared, "in tone of thrilling solemnity:"

"Caesar had his Brutus; Charles the First, his Cromwell; and George the Third—," "Treason!" shouted the Speaker. "Treason! Treason!" was exclaimed from every part of the chamber. Pausing, and with a demeanor more positive and determined, the orator closed his sentence to the utter confusion of his accusers: "— and George the Third may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

His resolutions and interpretations of the American cause in his debates were copied and immediately dispatched to the northern colonies, where resistance to the British policy toward the Colonies had not yet become vocal, or where it had begun to

cool. Their effect was to arouse the people to violent agitation from Boston to Charleston, S. C., and culminated in the Declaration of Independence.

"The publishing of the Virginia resolves," wrote Bernard, the royalist Governor of Massachusetts, "proved an alarm-bell to the disaffected." General Gage, commander of the British forces in America, wrote from New York that the resolves of the House of Burgesses of Virginia had "given the signal for a general outcry over the continent." Several yeass later a noted loyalist writer declared the resolutions to be the cause of all the serious disturbances that had befallen the people.

When on May 24, 1774, the Virginians were advised of the closing of the port of Boston and the Burgesses had designated June 1, as a day of prayer, "to give us one heart and one mind firmly to oppose every injury to American rights," it was Patrick Henry leader of all local committees and conventions, who, after Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, dissolved the assembly, urged the members of that body to meet elsewhere and to call upon the Colonies to convene in a Continental Congress, also to call a Virginia convention, to meet August 1, 1774.

At that Virginia convention, Henry was one of the seven delegates appointed to the first Continental Congress, which met in Philadelphia, September 5, 1774. There he evinced strong nationalistic convictions, supporting radical action against the sale of British goods in American markets. On a motion to set up rules to regulate

the Continental Congress, Henry said, in the course of his remarks:

Government is dissolved; fleets and armies and the present state of things show that government is dissolved * * *. The distinctions between the Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Englanders, and New Yorkers are no more. * * * I am not a Virginian, but an American!

In opposing the plan offered in that Congress for a permanent reconciliation between the Colonies and Great Britain, although he was a member of the committee to prepare statements to the king, Henry declared:

I am inclined to think the present (British) measures lead to war.

Again, in November, 1774, when Lord Dunmore prorogued the assembly, the members, led by Henry, met in Richmond, Va., March 20, 1775. There he was ready with resolutions to put the colony in a position of military defense. It was in support of these resolutions that he gave utterance to that eloquent statement, probably never surpassed, and known to every pupil beyond the seventh grade:

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope * * *. I know not what course others may take, but as fore me, give me liberty or give me death!

He was made chairman of the committee provided for in his resolution to plan for "embodying, arming and disciplining" the militia. Associated with him were Nicholas Harrison, Richard Henry Lee, Washington, Stephens, Lewis, Christian, Pendleton, Zane, and Jefferson.

Few are familiar with the fact that "the first overt act of war" in Virginia, the first act of physical re-

sistance to a royal governor of any of the Colonies, came near being made by Henry who, assembling the militia of his own county of Hanover, compelled the receiver-general of the British Crown to pay £330 "as compensation for gunpowder lately taken out of the public magazine by the Governor's (Lord Dunmore) orders." This bold act occurred May 4, 1775. The engagement with the British troops at Lexington and Concord took place fifteen days earlier, April 19, 1775.

Patrick Henry was a delegate also to the second Continental Congress, but left it about the last of July to take leadership in the military forces of Virginia, of which he was first a Colonel, and later Commander-in-chief. However, by his own actions in February, 1776, he resigned his military command, largely because it was the conviction of his friends that "his abilities seemed better calculated for the Senate than the field."

As an advocate and the interpreter of the causes of the Revolution and principles upon which the new government was to be established and flourish, he was continuously active.

A delegate to the Virginia Convention at Williamsburg in 1776, he supported the motion "to instruct the Virginia delegates to the Continental Congress to declare the United Colonies free and independent states."

The Revolution won, Henry fought the adoption of the Federal Constitution with all his power and became reconciled only after the first ten Amendments—the so-called "Bill of Rights"—became a part of the Federal Constitution.

Patrick Henry was born, May 27 (some state, the 29th), at Studley

in Hanover County, Va., a frontier part of the colony—not, unlike the frontiers from which came many of our most virile and able statesmen in later years. He was the son of John and Sarah (Winston) Henry. His father came from Aberdeen, Scotland, prior to 1730. His mother was the daughter of Isaac Winston, a Presbyterian immigrant from Yorkshire, of Welsh stock. His connection with the nobility was through a third cousin, Lord Broughman.

Patrick's early education appears to have been in the small neighborhood school. His father, possessed of a liberal education, taught him the classics, aided by his uncle, the rector of St. Paul's Parish in Hanover.

At the age of fifteen, he was a clerk in a store. A year later his father set Patrick and his brother up in a retail business. He failed in this venture. At the age of eighteen, he married Mary Shelton, the daughter of a small landholder. His dowry was 300 acres of half-exhausted, sandy soil, and six slaves. On this land they eked out an existence for three years, when fire destroyed his residence and its contents. Selling the property, he and his wife invested the proceeds in a country store. Two years afterwards, at the age of twenty-three, he was bankrupt. He decided now to become a lawyer. Acquiring some knowledge of Coke Upon Littleton, mastering a digest of the Virginia acts, and a book on legal forms, he went before the examiners at Richmond for admission to the Bar. Two of the four examiners reluctantly signed his license to practice law; another absolutely refused, and the fourth affixed his signature only after Henry had importuned him to do so.

Patrick Henry's mental equipment of the legal profession was briefly stated by a painstaking biographer in these words:

Not a scholar surely, nor even a considerable miscellaneous reader, he yet had the basis of a good education; he had the habit of reading over and over again a few of the best books; he had a good memory; he had an intellect strong enough to grasp the great commanding features of any subject; he had a fondness for the study of human nature, and singular proficiency in that branch of science; he had quick and warm sympathies, particularly with persons in trouble; an amiable propensity to take sides with the "underdog" in any fight.

Opening his office in his father-in-law's tavern, where it was alleged that "for three years after getting his license to practice law, he tended travelers and drew corks," Patrick Henry was at once successful. His fee-books show that during the first three and one-half years of his practice, he handled at least 1,185 cases, winning most of them, which is evidence enough that he had little time to have "tended travelers and draw corks," as a biographer claimed.

His first notable case was in defense of the Province of Virginia against an action brought by James Maury, rector of a parish in Louisa County, to determine the constitutionality of an old act of the Virginia Assembly in the matter of clerical pay to clergymen of the Established Church. The clergy of that church had sent emissaries to London to argue against the Virginia act, and in November, 1763, it was declared unconstitutional in a decision rendered by John Henry, Justice of the county court of Hanover County and

the father of Patrick. This decision raised the question of the right of self-government, which ever afterward was an absorbing cause with Virginia's great orator and statesman.

The rector charged that three members of the jury—impaneled to determine the amount of the award due him—were not gentlemen, and accordingly the jury was not legal. Further more, he contended that they were known dissenters. Henry played upon this charge, insisting that plain farmers made honest jurymen. Ridiculing and criticizing the clergymen for demanding salaries for preaching **the gospel**, and for their refusal to observe the law of their country, he aroused the jealousies and passions of the people to the extent that the considerations of the law and equity in the case were swept away.

A biographer said of Henry's plea to the jury:

The effect upon his auditors of Henry's plea against the clergy has been described in terms which leave no doubt that this was the first of those not infrequent and marvelous occasions in his career when his hearers were lifted out of their ordinary senses and seemed to be hearing the strains of an unearthly visitant. The jury came in with a verdict of one penny damages for the clergyman who had brought the suit to recover his salary, and from that day the repute of Patrick Henry, both as a lawyer and as orator, was established throughout his native state. His legal practicing forthwith received enormous increase.

Elected to the assembly in May, 1765, Patrick Henry distinguished himself at once as a leader of great force. Among his fellow legislators

were such men as the Pendletons, Harrisons, Carys, and Braxtons, known for their great estates and high pretensions. Henry immediately attacked and defeated a profligate loan scheme fostered by John Robinson, treasurer of the colony, to further involve the Commonwealth. It was shown that Robinson had caused the colony to lose more than £100,000 in Virginia currency.

From this time on, Henry stood at the front in all matters pertaining to the colony. He was to Virginia what Samuel Adams was to Massachusetts, and before he was twenty-eight, was known to leaders throughout the British Empire. He was repeatedly sent to the colonial legislature, and later to the Virginia House of Delegates. Following the adoption of the state constitution (June 29, 1776), he was at once elected Governor and served five terms—1776-77-78, and 1784-85. He declined appointment to the U. S. Senate in 1794, and also President Washington's offers to appoint him Secretary of State and Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, in 1795 and 1796. He also declined appointment by President John Adams (February, 1799) as one of three Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary to the French Republic.

He was a prominent figure in a number of the most important law cases of his period.

Patrick Henry was married twice. His second wife was Dorothea Dandridge, a granddaughter of the royal Governor, Alexander Spottiswood.

Patrick Henry passed away, after many years of ill health, on June 6, 1799, at his home in Charlotte County, Va. His remains were buried near his residence.

PATRICK HENRY AND THE CONSTITUTION

By Charles D. Holland

Next Thursday, May 29, will be the 200th anniversary of the birth of Patrick Henry, Virginia's distinguished orator and statesman of the Revolutionary period, and recalls many of the achievements of this great American.

That this year of grave political discussions, when the Constitution of the United States itself is under fire from many quarters, should have in it also an anniversary such as will prompt a special review of the life of Patrick Henry, seems an unusual coincidence. For to the influence of Patrick Henry, more than of any other one man, was due the addition to the Constitution, within little more than three years of its original adoption, of the first 10 amendments—that "Bill of Rights" which guarantees to the separate States and to the people of the country certain basic privileges.

Before dwelling upon these facts, let us examine briefly some of the high points in the whole career of Patrick Henry, and the position he occupied in the general affairs of his time.

The average person, remembering his study of American history during his school days, probably thinks of **Patrick Henry** principally as the great orator who electrified the American Colonies with his "If this be treason, make the most of it," and "Give me liberty, or give me death" speeches. His participation in the stirring events of those years which brought, first, independence, and then nation-

alization, to America, however, was much more than that simply of an eloquent speech-maker.

The "resolves," introduced by him into the Virginia House of Delegates on May 29, 1765 (when he was but 29 years of age), and passed by that body, gave the first strong impetus to the struggle for American independence. Thomas Jefferson, many years later, in referring to those resolutions, said, "Mr. Henry certainly gave the first impulse to the ball of revolution."

He was five times elected Governor of Virginia—a record which exceeded even that of the late Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland—and he might have been elected for other terms had he been willing. He was several times a delegate to the Continental Congress, where his counsel had great weight in times of grave crises, and he served numerous, terms in the Virginia Assembly. In fact, from the year 1765, when he sprang into national prominence as the author of the Virginia Resolutions, until his death in 1799, he was the dominant figure in all the political life of Virginia, his leadership and influence in his native State not being exceeded by that even of Washington, Jefferson or Madison.

Throughout the stirring period which just preceded the Revolution, and during the war itself, Patrick Henry was always the stalwart and unrelenting champion of liberty. In all the American colonies from the

remotest boundaries of New England to Georgia in the South, the echo of his voice was heard, and his bold speeches stirred the people to the conviction that separation from the mother country was their only proper recourse. As early as March 23, 1775, he had said, in the Virginia convention, "If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir—we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us." And the speech, of which the above was a part, has been called his personal declaration of war against Great Britain—antedating the great American "Declaration of Independence," passed by the Continental Congress, by more than a year.

From before the Revolution also Patrick Henry was a passionate advocate of a strong union government for all the provinces. As early as 1774, on the floor of Congress, at Philadelphia, he had exclaimed, "All distinctions are thrown down. All America is thrown into one mass." And again, "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Englanders and New Yorkers are no more. I am not a Virginian but an American." In the spring of 1776, when the question of independence was being squarely faced by all the colonies, he had even gone so far as to suggest **that**, however inevitable and urgent was this state of independence, it

might be better to defer the effort to establish it for a while longer—until after the basis for a new general government had been worked out, lest the separate States, in separating from England, should lapse into a separation from one another also.

When the war had been brought to a successful conclusion, he devoted his influence, for the next few years to the policy of strengthening the confederation which had been set up, being in the nation one of the main supporters of the idea of giving greater power and dignity to the central government.

Yet, ardent champion of liberty for the American States, and of a strong independent government, though he was, Patrick Henry was at the same time one of the first of the statesmen of his era to recognize that a Federal Government in which a number of separate States were to be united into one nation should have certain well-defined checks upon its powers.

So necessary did he regard the provision of such checks that when the convention at Philadelphia, in 1787, produced the present Constitution as the new instrument of government for the United States (but without a "Bill of Rights" such as was later appended in the form of the first 10 amendments), he immediately announced his inability to approve it, and that he would oppose its adoption.

The majority of the States, and of the leaders in those States, favored the acceptance of the Constitution as it was, taking the view that whatever weaknesses it might prove to have, could be corrected at a later time. But the position on which Patrick Henry took his stand from the beginning was that before ratification

of it at all it should be remitted to a second convention with instructions to reframe it in such a way as to safeguard to the States and to its citizens individually those rights which all liberty-loving people regarded as fundamental.

This was the issue on which he waged his great fight in the State convention of Virginia in June, 1788, for the consideration of the Constitution, and though the majority sentiment was against him, he held off action for 23 days by sheer force of his masterly arguments. "A general positive provision should be inserted in the new system," he said in one of his speeches, "securing to the States and the people every right which was not conceded to the general government."

Henry's fight, conducted so persistently in this Virginia convention against immediate ratification of the Constitution in its existing form, was lost. His defeat, however, was in reality a victory in behalf of the cause for which he had been ultimately contending. It had been claimed at the outset that in this assembly of 170 delegates there would be a majority of at least 50 votes for the Constitution. But when the final poll was registered it showed a majority of only 10 votes. And even this small majority was gained only after the inclusion in the resolution for adoption of a preamble which solemnly stated it to be the understanding of Virginia in this action that it retain-

ed every power not expressly granted to the Federal Government; and after a promise by the champions of the Constitution, led by Madison, that efforts would be made to secure at once by act of Congress whatever amendments to the instrument might be deemed necessary.

New York, North Carolina and several other States, followed the example of Virginia in demanding a speedy addition to the Constitution of a bill of right, while throughout the nation as a whole, due principally to the influence of Patrick Henry's able and statesmanly advocacy of the matter, a like strong sentiment quickly became vocal.

In consequence, the first Congress of the United States organized under the new system, proposed to the States—in the fall of 1789—12 amendments. Of these, 10 received ratification by a sufficient number of State governments, and on December 15, 1791, became a part of the Constitution.

In these 10 amendments were included in principle virtually everything for which Patrick Henry had fought, and to the necessity of which he had been so largely instrumental in arousing the public consciousness. To him chiefly, therefore, the American people are indebted for those well-conceived limits of power which their national Constitution has, and which has given to it a greater degree of perfection than it could otherwise have.

Things are about equal. The thin man has more to laugh about, but the fat man has more to laugh with.—Exchange.

NEUTRAL TERRITORY

By Myrtle Jamison Trachsel

Celia Herbert stood with her father, looking up at the front of Mount Vernon. They were wondering where they could get the necessary money to give the beautiful old place a much needed coat of paint. Visitors had formerly come in great numbers to see the home and the tomb of our first President and his wife, Martha Washington. Their entertainment had worked a hardship on the last of that name to inherit Mount Vernon, and it had been necessary to sell the estate of a little over two hundred acres to an association of women, headed by Miss Cunningham of Georgia. Two hundred thousand dollars had been raised for its purchase in the year 1860, but the money for restoring and refurbishing it must come from the small fee of twenty-five cents each visitor was asked to pay.

"We made a fine start," sighed Colonel Upton Herbert, the superintendent placed in charge of Mount Vernon. "The mansion has a new roof of cypress shingles with rounded ends like those used originally. The long gallery that had been propped up with timbers has been repaired and the rooms papered and painted. If only the Civil War had not come—"

His voice trailed off as Miss Tracy, the secretary of the women's association, came from the house with a letter in her hand.

"It is from Miss Cunningham. She is trying to get them to declare Mount Vernon neutral territory during the war. In the meantime we are to go on as best we can. She is not

allowed to pass through the lines and so must stay in Georgia."

Colonel Herbert nodded. "George Washington gave to both the North and the South the service of many years which he would much rather have spent quietly here. Mount Vernon will welcome all her sons."

"Don't you see," cried Celia, "if this is neutral ground visitors will continue to come."

Miss Tracy smiled at her. "The captain of the Thomas Collyer sent word that his boat has been chartered to bring a large company from Baltimore tomorrow."

"Oh, then I will tell Milly to get ready for them."

Colonel Herbert looked at the building hopefully. "Perhaps we can take in enough money to paint part of it if we do the work ourselves."

Miss Tracy thought the next money to come in should be used to put a new roof on the old cattle barn. "It was erected in 1733 by President Washington's father," she reminded them. "It should be preserved."

The Colonel agreed with her. "We will put the proceeds from tomorrow's visitors into shingles."

As it happened there were no proceeds from the large party that filed off the steamer the next morning. It was a bright sunshiny day and the picnic baskets gave the company a festive air, but there was no gayety. They placed the baskets under the trees that bordered the Potomac River, and sat about in small groups talking quietly. In vain did Uncle Ed try to lure them to the tomb of

George and Martha Washington. They were not interested in the mansion, the garden laid out by Washington, or the splendid views from the top of the hill.

"Dey jes intends to eat an set," the old negro told Celia.

She decided to go down herself and invite them up to the house. To her surprise she saw there were many more men than women in the company. Most of them were young. Those in the first group she approached were talking in subdued tones.

"Wouldn't you like to come up to the house?" she asked. "We are beginning to collect some of the things that were here in President Washington's time. Already we have the harpsichord he bought for his adopted daughter, Nelly Custis. Mrs. Robert E. Lee has returned the handsome Hepplewhite sideboard that was in the dinning-room."

"Poor Mrs. Lee!" sighed a woman whose eyes were suspiciously red.

Celia paused beside a young couple who stood a little apart from the others, but went on again when she saw that the girl was crying. Being a descendant of Mrs. Washington and also of Lord Fairfax, the President's early friends and neighbor, Celia was not lacking in hospitality. But if they were not interested in Mount Vernon, why had they come?

She learned the answer a few days later. The young men in the party had not gone back to Baltimore, but had marched off to join the Confederate army. The picnic at Mount Vernon had been their plan for getting through the Union lines. Because of this the steamer which had

been chartered by the women to bring visitors up the Potomac was no longer allowed to make the trip. Miss Cunningham wrote that she was trying to reach both the commanders of the North and the South and obtain guarantees that there would be no fighting around the home of the father of his country, but so far had been unsuccessful. In the meantime General Beauregard's men pressed up from the south, and General Scott's moved down from the north.

Colonel Herbert rode in to Washington to see his friend Mr. Riggs, in the hope that he might be able to do something about it. It was a tiresome journey to the Capitol on horseback, but since there were no more visitors, the Colonel felt sure Celia and Miss Tracy could get along very nicely in his absence.

The next morning Celia was in the garden helping Uncle Ed tie up the Mary Washington rose, which the first President had planted and named for his mother. As she turned to go into the house she was startled to see a young man wearing a blue uniform step out from behind the garden wall.

"What are you doing here?" she gasped.

"I was in the neighborhood and it seemed a good time to visit Mount Vernon. I understand visitors are welcome."

"Oh yes, yes indeed! But you must put down your arms."

"My dear young lady, a soldier never puts down his arms."

"But this is neutral territory—or will be."

"All territory belongs to him who can hold it, and that is never the one

who has disarmed himself in the midst of a war."

Celia had to give in. "The slave quarters are beyond the vegetable gardens," she said, pointing. "There are the spinning and weaving rooms, that is the coach house, and nearer the mansion is the kitchen. There are beautiful views in all directions."

"I would like to see them from your highest windows. The house is visible for at least a mile down the road. Such a high point seems to draw me."

"Then you came by the road?"

He did not answer, and Celia led the way around the house.

"The ice house was over there, and on that slope was the deer park. In time we hope to restore everything as it was."

They stood a moment on the wide gallery admiring the view down to the river and beyond to the wooded hills, then went inside.

"The two rooms on either side of the broad hall and the four bedrooms above were here when George Washington inherited the estate from his brother. At one end he added the banquet room which is two stories high. At the other end he built a large library and his own bedroom above. This gave them twelve bedrooms, counting those on the third floor, and because of the many visitors all were needed. Let me show you the beautiful ceiling in the banquet room, and the marble mantel with the Washington coat-of-arms."

The soldier in blue carried his musket loosely over his arm, but he was never off guard. When they returned to the hall and found a soldier in gray standing there, he was not taken by surprise.

"A spy!" he cried, his musket leveled.

"Put down your gun or I will shoot," returned the other.

Celia rushed frantically between them. "You must not! This is neutral territory. You are under a flag of truce by the very act of coming here. General Washington fought for both the North and the South. You cannot kill each other here."

The two hesitated, their guns aimed. "Washington was a Virginian," muttered the one in gray.

"New England troops fought under him."

Celia was almost beside herself with anxiety. "Put down your guns. This is neutral territory, I tell you."

They considered this and then reluctantly agreed. Celia breathed a sigh of relief and hurried to take advantage of the armistice.

Hurriedly Celia led the way upstairs, keeping a watchful eye on both visitors, and chatting all the time. "I will show you our President's room. The bed used by him now belongs to an heir of Mrs. Washington's. It is hoped it may some day be restored to its former place."

"You said there were bedrooms above?" inquired the youth in blue.

"I will show you. Mrs. Washington moved her things to one of them after her husband's death. From its dormer window she could see his tomb."

From the third floor windows the Union soldier studied the surrounding country. The one in gray also made use of this high vantage point. It was plain that was what they had come for.

They hastened down the steps to-

gether, each one eager to report what had been seen from the third story windows, but not relaxing his vigilance for one moment. They hurried away, one to the right and the other to the left, eyeing each other as they went.

Celia sat down on the steps because her knees were too weak to hold her up. The knowledge that both armies were so close that their scouts had come to reconnoiter, frightened her. The armies might meet here any day in battle. It must not be! There would be little her father could do about it in Washington. What they needed was a guarantee from the commander of each force, in writing, that Mount Vernon would be respected as neutral territory. Armed with these they could compel soldiers of both sides to lay down their arms when visiting it. She must get those guarantees.

She did not know where the armies were, but the Union soldier had ridden up the road. She would go a mile or so and make inquiries. With the protesting Uncle Ed as a bodyguard, Celia hurried on, urging her horse to the greatest possible speed. She had neglected to tell Miss Tracy of her plan. Perhaps that was just as well since it would save her worry. When a mile and then two miles had been traveled there was still no sign of a camp. At the top of the next hill however, a horseman suddenly appeared in the road. He was a Union soldier.

"It is the maid of Mount Vernon, is it not? May I ask why you travel so far?"

"I am trying to find your camp. I must get General Scott's guarantee that Mount Vernon be considered

neutral territory. Then I will ask the same of General Beauregard."

"I'm sorry, Miss, but no visitors are allowed at camp."

"Then take us as prisoners for questioning. You can get us past the sentries."

He considered. "The camp is over four miles from here and I would have to blindfold you both."

Uncle Ed protested violently, but Celia was determined to see the Union commander. It was a long way to go blindfolded. Even though she trusted the young man who guided their horses, her ears were alert to catch every sound. She knew when they passed the sentries and each time she shivered a little at hearing herself called a prisoner. At last the voices of men, the neighing of horses and the tramp, tramp of marching feet told her they were nearing the end of the journey. They rode slowly now until the horses were halted and she was helped from the saddle. The bandage was taken from her eyes and she saw General Scott seated behind a table strewn with papers and maps.

"Sir, this young lady today allowed me to go to the third flood of Mount Vernon to reconnoiter. In fact she saved my life when one of the enemy suddenly appeared. For that reason I brought her here that she might make a request of you."

"I am grateful to you, Miss. Let us hear the request."

"Sir, George Washington fought for both the North and the South. Surely you must see there can be no fighting at Mount Vernon. My father is the superintendent. Will you not give give us a guarantee that it will be considered neutral territory

by you? I will ask the same of the southern commander."

The general wrote out the paper and handed it to her. "I am glad the home of our first President has so courageous a defender."

With the guarantee in her hand, the distance back to the place where she had met the young soldier did not seem so long. They were quite good friends by this time, and chatted freely about a number of things.

"I will ride with you to the southern camp, or perhaps we had better wait for your father to return."

The armies may come this way any day. I must go tomorrow."

"How will you find General Beauregard?"

Celia did not know. In her first venture she had accidentally stumbled upon the very person who was sympathetic. Without his help she might never have gotten into the Union camp. She couldn't hope to be as lucky again. The view from the third story window showed only the familiar wooded hills and patches of cultivated land. But the fact that the Union soldier had seen something to interest him, gave her the general

direction of the opposing force.

They started early the next morning—the confident young girl, the doubting Miss Tracy and the grumbling old negro servant. They rode all morning making inquiries whenever possible. They stopped at a spring to eat a picnic lunch and seriously considered giving up the venture.

Before Celia could make up her mind to turn back, a party of horsemen came swiftly up the road. They were wearing gray uniforms. The sergeant smiled when she told him she must see General Beauregard. When she stated her errand he looked doubtful, but when he saw the guarantee obtained from General Scott, he sent on of his men back with Celia's party.

Many soldiers from both the North and the South visited Mount Vernon during the war, but when they were shown the guarantees of these two commanders they did not hesitate to leave their arms at the gate. The home of General Washington, the father of his country, was neutral territory.

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WHAT IS TRUTH?

Truth is a well of water clear and pure;
 Truth is a diamond—like the Kohinoor;
 Truth is the charity of morning skies;
 Truth the fair depths of little children's eyes!

—Clinton Scollard

THE BRITISH INVASION OF NORTH CAROLINA, 1813

(North Carolina Historical Commission)

Most of us know something about the British and Tory campaigns in North Carolina during the Revolutionary War, but the fact that a British force landed on our shores during the War of 1812 is not a matter of common knowledge. Not many months had elapsed after the declaration of war before the British had blockaded a number of the chief American ports and were conducting landing raids which caused excitement and at times even panic among the inhabitants of the coastal regions. In the spring and early summer of 1813 the people of eastern North Carolina feared that they also were threatened, and it was not long before they were actually subjected to attack.

The chief incursion occurred in July, 1813, and is described in an account in the *Philadelphia Aurora*, August 10, 1813, reprinted from the *Baltimore Patriot*, which quotes liberally from a letter from Thomas S. Singleton, legislator, lawyer, and customs collector of New Bern and Ocracoke, as follows:

"On the 11th—(of July) a fleet under the command of Cockburn, consisting of one 74, three frigates one brig and three schooners, was discovered at nine o'clock at night, off Ocracoke Bar. The revenue cutter got under way with the money and customhouse bonds belonging to the office, at daylight.

"The barges started from the fleet at the time the cutter weighed anchor.

The first eleven came in regular order, until nearly within reach of the shot of the privateer brig *Anaconda*, and the letter of the marque *Atlas*. They separated then, and hauled off under the edge of Ocracoke, waiting the arrival of the other ten, and on their arrival, slowly approached the vessel, firing their 12 lb. carronades, and several of their Congreve rockets, without effect.

"The *Anaconda* and *Atlas* began firing; but it was of short duration, for they had but, one 11 men and the other 30; and the enemy had not less than 3,000 inside the bar and crossing. The crews of the vessels took to their boats and mostly escaped. The captain of the *Atlas* kept on board, and continued firing at the enemy, after his men had left him.

"Several of the barges kept on in pursuit of the cutter, without stopping to board the prizes, thinking, as they afterwards said, that if they had taken her, they should have prevented information reaching New Bern. She very narrowly escaped, crowding all sail, and cutting away her long boat. After pursuing her eight or ten miles through the Sound, they gave up the chase and returned.

"Several hundred men were landed at Portsmouth, and as many at Ocracoke. Among those at Portsmouth were 300 regulars of the 102d regiment under Col. Napier, and 400 marines and sailors. They had field pieces, but did not land them—

"On the 6th the enemy hoisted sail

and stood to sea. The inhabitants being much alarmed, a number endeavored to escape from the island, among them a Richard Carey and his family. He got into his boat with wife and children and was ordered back by a party of soldiers.

"He was about obeying; but being slow in his motions (he being a decrepid old man) one of the soldiers fired on him and wounded him in the breast, but mortally, it is supposed. The admiral told him (as he told the rest), 'point out the man who did it, and he shall be corrected,' well knowing it was impossible to identify any one in such a number of strangers.

"Other letters state that his excellency was about selecting a scite (site) for a fort near Ocracoke Inlet—that forces were daily arriving—that they were in high spirits and fine order—that is intended to erect a fort at Beaver Island if practicable. The

light horse from Raleigh were to return, but the volunteers and militia remain for some time.

"At Wilmington, there were five gunboats in order, ready for action, anchored below the town. A battery had been mounted, to annoy an approaching enemy, and in addition to their uniform companies of artillery, infantry, cavalry and militia, there had arrived six companies. There were also expected momentarily a company of horse and another of riflemen."

The excitement caused by this raid proved to be short-lived, for the British did not undertake a serious, large-scale invasion of North Carolina. The war came to a close early in 1815, and never since that time has the state been subjected to invasion by a hostile force from across the sea.

THE MAN WHO STICKS

The man who sticks has his lesson learned
 Success won't come by chance—it's earned
 By pounding away with good hard knocks
 Make stepping-stones out of stumbling-blocks
 For the man who sticks has the sense to see
 He can make himself what he wants to be.
 If he'll off with his coat and pitch right in—
 The man who sticks can't help but win!

HOOVER HOSIERY

By L. C. Wallace

The Hoover Hosiery Company of Concord, N. C., manufacturers of the nationally advertised "Townwear" brand of women's fine silk and nylon hosiery, was organized in 1918 by Aubrey R Hoover, a native North Carolinian. From its meagre beginnings to the time of his death in 1936 Mr. Hoover was the guiding light of this organization, and today with its spacious building, its hundreds of skilled workers, its modern equipment and its efficient sales force distributing "Townwear" to every state in the Union, this well-known company stands as living evidence of Mr. Hoover's ingenuity, intelligence and ambition. It is interesting to note that Mr. Hoover is credited with importing the first full-fashioned knitting machines in the South for installation in the Concord mill.

After Mr. Hoover's death the management of the business was assumed by his son, Aubrey R. Hoover, Jr., who holds the title of Secretary and Treasurer of the corporation. He is also a large stock holder and officer of the Concord Silk Throwing Company, The Hugh Grey Hosiery Company and the Concord Knitting Company which incidentally was also founded by his father. Having entered the business immediately after his graduation from college, he is adequately qualified for the position he now holds and under his leadership the company has steadily progressed and prospered.

National distribution for "Town-

wear" Hosiery has been effected through the efforts of the Hoover sales force and the results of a national advertising campaign. The sales force is under the direction of E. S. Towery, General Sales Manager, who has been with the company in various capacities for the past six-teen years

As a North Carolina institution, the Hoover Hosiery Company, although a manufacturer of a nationally distributed product, has nevertheless retained a very definite local atmosphere. The company was the first manufacturer to give recognition to prominent retail stores of the South in their national advertising. These advertisements featured not only hosiery, but also complete ensembles that could be purchased at such stores as Taylor's of Raleigh, Ellis Stone Co. of Greensboro and Durham, and The James L. Tapp Co. of Columbia, S. C. Only recently, salesmen were supplied with advance notice postcards to mail to customers on whom they planned to call. One side of this card has been devoted to a color illustration of the Wright Brothers Memorial at Kitty Hawk, N. C. Another such card depicts a hunting scene, one of the most popular sports of the famous Piedmont section of North Carolina. Thus, all over the nation, by their name, their product and by their advertising The Hoover Hosiery Company leaves no doubt as to its location—its home state—North Carolina.

ROBERT PAASCH

By Junaita Randall

This is a true story of a boy who was the biggest kind of a hero, and overcame great difficulties in his brief life. Robert Paasch had been a normal, active child until he was about three years old. One day he had a bad fall and struck the back of his head. At first it did not seem to hurt him much, but he soon began to lose strength, and he developed what medical men call progressive muscular dystrophy. First there were exercises, then braces, then crutches, then carts, and finally the wheelchair—an almost helpless cripple.

Robert knew full well what all this meant to his future, but a spirit of courage took root in his soul to grow there and blossom like a flower that grows to share its fragrance with everyone who passes by. He imparted his courage to his parents, to his beautiful sister, and to all his friends. He was a fountain of courage and inspiration.

His sister, five years older than himself, died when he was seventeen, although his heart was torn within him, he acted the man, and soon the urge to carry on helped time to quiet his grief. Unable to move, to dress himself, to feed himself, Robert had a power in his frail hands that thousands of able-bodied men cannot claim. A pencil placed between his thumb and forefinger would produce magic on paper. Once it wrote these words of beauty:

“Autumn sunlight,
Shafting through the trees,

Gilding the fading glories
Of Spring's bright hope.”

These he called “Fool's Gold.” Sometimes it was words of wisdom, like these he wrote to an eighth-grade graduate in school:

“Take the torch of Achievement, light it at the sacred fires of Sportsmanship, Service, and Courage, and carry it high—high with determination. To you the fruits of success will bring a satisfaction unknown to others, because the greatest honor comes not to him who merely achieves, but to him who reaches the goal by overcoming great difficulties.”

More often Robert made magic in pictures. His work appeared often on the front cover of the Michael Mirror, the publication of the Elias Michael School for Crippled Children in St. Louis. His drawing of St. Louis appears on the stationery of the St. Louis Society for Crippled Children.

There was always a sly humor with the twinkle in his big, brown eyes, that endeared Robert to everyone he met. His intelligence, ambition, and perseverance made his presence a joy.

Robert's last work was a poster, which won first prize in a national contest in October, 1940. Although he was ill, and suffering from self-imposed overwork on the poster, he wrote his teacher, following the announcement of the contest, with characteristic humor: “The old boy hasn't lost all his stuff yet. I took first

prize. Congratulation anticipated and days later his teacher was at his bed-
 accepted. Thank you." That was side, but it was too late for him to
 Thursday, October 17, 1940. Two hear her say, "Congratulations,

—:—

SEVERITY

Some faults you have—I will not name them o'er
 For small they seem, unworthy word or sign;
 Yet sure you know them, be they less or more:
 Why could you not more kindly look on mine?

—Margaret Ashmun

—:—

RAILROADS SPEND HUGE FUNDS IN NORTH CAROLINA

(Selected)

Railroads in 1940 spent in North Carolina a total of \$25,826,204 for materials and supplies of all kinds and for wages of railroad employees, the Association of American Railroads announced Saturday.

This total does not include taxes paid by the railroads to state and local governments in North Carolina, for which 1940 figures are not yet available. In the year 1939, however, such taxes totaled \$3,849,353.

The stimulating effect of these expenditures is felt throughout the state because of the wide distribution of railroad wage payments, and the fact that supplies and materials were

purchased in approximately 345 localities in North Carolina.

Railway purchases in North Carolina in 1940 of fuel, materials and supplies and new equipment totaled \$1,556,304. In addition, the railroads paid \$24,269,900 in 1940 in wages to employees located in that state, the total number of such employees in July, 1940, having been 14,298. The number of employees represent the total number receiving pay in July some of whom, however, only worked a part of the month. Average wages, therefore, cannot be calculated from these figures.

EDDIE CANTOR'S SERMON ON THE CHURCH

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Eddie Cantor some time ago at the close of one of his radio programs said: "We've had a lot of fun here tonight, ladies and gentlemen, and now, if you'll permit me, I'd like to say something a bit more serious. Here in Los Angeles a few days ago we had a rather disturbing windstorm. I was walking along Sunset Boulevard at the time, and like the other pedestrians, I ran for cover as a gale swept down. There were a number of stores nearby, but something guided me toward a building across the street. I stood there in the archway several minutes, I guess, before I realized where I was. I had taken refuge in the doorway of a church—and it set me to thinking. The world today is going through something far more threatening than a windstorm. Every

single one of us needs refuge of one kind or another. And I know of no better place to go for it than a church. You know, the church must be a very strong and righteous thing—for it has survived every enemy it ever had! And the book which embodies the principles of the church—the Bible—is still at the top of the best-seller list. We are extremely fortunate to live in a country where we can worship as we please, when we please. Let's make the most of this blessing. Go to church—what ever your race or creed—You'll meet old friends—and make new ones. The greatest calamity that can befall a people is the loss of religion. Don't let it happen here. Go to church."

Select a church and support it with your attendance.

AN OKLAHOMA CODE

One of the greatest difficulties encountered by our expeditionary forces in the World War of 1917 was in sending messages through the air that could not be deciphered by the Germans. The latter were well versed in all modern and classical languages and could not be fooled, but it took two Choctaw Indians to outwit them.

These two Indians, one the sender of the messages and the other the receiver, sent message after message in plain every day Choctaw, and the Germans were frantic.

—Scribner's Commentator.

WHY GO TO CHURCH?

By Theodore Roosevelt

In this actual world, a churchless community, a community where men have abandoned and scoffed at or ignored their religious needs, is a community on the rapid down grade.

Church work and church attendance mean the cultivation of the habit of feeling some responsibility for others.

There are enough holidays for most of us. Sundays differ from holidays in the fact that there are fifty-two of them each year. Therefore on Sundays go to church.

Yes, I know all the excuses. I know that one can worship the Creator in a grove of trees, or by a running brook, or in a man's own house just as well as in a church. But I also know as a matter of cold fact the average man does not thus worship.

He may not hear a good sermon

at church. He will hear a sermon by a good man, who, with his good wife, is engaged all the week in making hard lives a little easier.

He will listen to and take part in reading some beautiful passages from the Bible. And if he is not familiar with the Bible, he had suffered a loss.

He will take part in singing some good hymns.

He will meet and nod or speak to good, quite neighbors. He will come away feeling a little more charitable toward all the world, even toward those excessively foolish young men who regard church-going as a soft performance.

I advocate a man's joining in church work for the sake of showing his faith by his works.

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THE REAL TEST

In doing what you do to-day
 Think not on what the world will say ;
 The world is much too busy
 In dwelling on its own affairs
 To bother with your little cares—
 The cares that make you dizzy.

Pursue your daily round of life,
 Whate'er it be, of joy or strife,
 Of pleasure or of sorrow ;
 All outer verdicts clean forgot,
 Concern yourself alone with what
 You'll think yourself—to-morrow !

—John Kendrick Bangs

INSTITUTION NOTES

During the absence of Mr. James H. Hobby, our dairyman, Mr. J. L. Query is looking after the work in that department.

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Preparations are now being made to rebuild the grandstand at the athletic field, which was destroyed by fire last year.

—:—

Although the weather has been extremely dry for some time, our farmers have succeeded in cutting some very fine wheat and placing it in the silos.

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"Melody and Moonlight," a Republic production, was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night.

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Our cottage kitchens are still being generously supplied with fine English peas. This crop has been very good despite the long period of dry weather.

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Miss Vernie Goodman, of Mooresville, who was formerly secretary to Superintendent Boger, was a visitor here last Thursday afternoon. While employed here she made many friends among the School's staff of workers, and they were very glad to see her again.

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Richard Parker, of Cottage No. 2, who sustained a severe arm injury while helping scrape the ball grounds about two weeks ago, has been transferred from the Cabarrus County Hospital, Concord, to the North Carolina

Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for further treatment.

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We are now experiencing the hottest weather we have had for several years during the month of May, and the boys are really enjoying their regular swimming periods.

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We recently received a very nice letter from Clyde Bristow, one of our old printing department boys, who is now manager of a Sprinkle Oil Company station at Cary, N. C. He told us that when he gets his vacation this summer he expects to bring his wife around to see the old place.

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While reading proofs in our sanctum the other day, we heard considerable pounding, grinding and scraping going on in the basement directly under us. Upon trying to find out the reason for said disturbance we found Mr. Roy Ritchie and his machine shop boys busily engaged in the work of making minor repairs and generally overhauling the harvesting machines, which will soon be in action in our oats fields.

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Mr. John R. Taylor, of Philadelphia, a machinist, who has been installing a number of full-fashioned hosiery knitting machines in the Hoover Hosiery Mill, Concord, was a visitor at the School last Sunday. Mr. Taylor is a native of England, and had visited a number of institutions such as ours in that country, as well as some schools in the United States, and after going through several of the

departments here, stated that the Jackson Training School compared favorably with any he had ever seen.

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Now that the days are considerably longer, we have lately noticed quite a number of interesting baseball games being played at the ball grounds immediately following the supper hour. These games occur each night, with the exception of Thursday, when the regular motion picture show is scheduled; and on Friday nights, when the boys are required to study the Sunday school lesson for the following Sunday. The rivalry between cottage groups is quite keen, judging from the amount of noise made by each team's supporters on the side lines. In addition to furnishing healthful recreation, these cottage contests do much toward developing good sportsmanship among the boys. We would like to see this feature given a little more encouragement, such as the formation of one or two leagues, with prizes going to the pennant winning teams.

—:—

As the boys now spend a great deal of their play time out on the campus these fine summer evenings, we notice quite a number of them engaged in the old-time popular game of pitching horseshoes. This sport has become very much a favorite with the lads, and it is quite interesting to watch them as they get down to obtain accurate measure when in heated arguments over close decisions. Some of the boys have become quite expert in the art of throwing "ringers" and they take delight in getting some of the old-timers among members of our official family into the game, and then proceed to give them a good beating.

Dr. A. D. Underwood, of the oral hygiene department of the North Carolina State Board of Health, has been conducting a dental clinic among the boys at the School for the past two weeks. This is the third successive year that he has visited the institution for this purpose. While this work has been going on we have passed the dental office on several occasions, and noticed boys coming out with smiles on their faces, which is quite unusual, as that is one place boys usually dread to visit. Upon entering we soon learned how the doctor was able to keep his patients in such a good humor. Being possessed of a most pleasing personality, he soon gains the friendship of the youngster, keeps talking to him all the while, and the first thing the lad knows, the bothersome tooth is extracted or has been treated without hardly realizing just how it all happened. Then as he goes out, Dr. Underwood hands out a generous supply of chewing gum, and the lad comes out with a smile. There's a fellow who can hurt you and make you like it.

—:—

Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 5:1-12, and the subject of his message to the boys was "Loyalty."

Loyalty, said Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer, is a characteristic of a true Christian. We admire a person who is loyal, always ready to stand by and help when needed. The highest type of loyalty is when we remain true to the teachings of Christ while living among wicked people.

The speaker then called special at-

tention to the Apostle Paul, a Christian who was truly courageous. In Galatians 6:17, he said, "I bear on my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." The first mark is loyalty and the second courage. The fact that Paul had been stoned at one time and had suffered many other hardships did not keep him from going back. He said, "I am not defeated; I am going back," and he went back and faced great dangers, far greater than any he had yet encountered.

A Christian, continued the speaker, is one who should not be discouraged. Jesus Christ was the most courageous man in the history of the world. Nothing ever caused him to turn back. He faced the howling mob, and with great courage went to a most horrible death upon the cross. He away felt that he must be about his Father's business, regardless of the cost.

Paul had the same kind of courage. He most certainly was not a coward. He was absolutely fearless in persecuting the Christians before his conversion on the road to Damascus, and after becoming a follower of Christ, he just as bravely served the Master. Today we call ourselves Christians, but are not particularly courageous. Rather than be faithful to Christ, we sometimes back down and make apologies for trying to be one of his followers.

It is not always easy to try to live a Christian life. It takes courage, thought and much of our time. Sometimes we find it far easier to yield to temptation. During the first World War, someone said that Christianity was tried and found wanting, while others held that it stood the test during that most trying time. Right now we are upon the threshold of

another period that threatens to give Christianity one of the greatest tests of all time.

Religion, said Mr. Kellermeyer, is meant to help develop the heroic in man—not cowardice. When we think of Christianity, we think of a religion that is aggressive. He further stated that there are two kinds of courage: A courage for critical occasions and a courage for the everyday things of life. To illustrate this he told of a house being on fire. In this home there lived a family, one of its members being a young man who was very ill. Although much heavier than she, the mother picked him up and carried him out of the burning building. Under the strain of the occasion, strength came to her to do a thing that otherwise she could not have done. As an example of the second kind of courage, he told of a soldier who went overseas during the last World War. He was given a medal for bravery, and at the end of the conflict he received an honorable discharge. Returning to his home, he became a drunkard. Under real critical circumstances he faced danger bravely, but when dealing with the everyday things of life, he did not have the courage to fight against the temptation of drink. It is the courage to face such things that really count.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer stated that the secret of courage is the overmastering sense of the presence of God in our lives. We need a great faith in our cause. Nothing will make a man so much of a coward as despair. We must have hope, for it is hope that develops the quality of bravery within us, and by which only we can be saved.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 18, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (2) Herschel Allen 10
- (3) Carl Barrier 8
- (2) Arcemias Hefner 2
- (2) Weaver Ruff 17
- (3) William Shannon 24
- (25) Weldon Warren 25

COTTAGE NO. 1

- James Bargesser 11
- (6) William Blackmon 14
- (2) Lloyd Callahan 13
- (6) Albert Chum 20
- (3) William Cook 3
- Eugene Edwards 13
- (3) Ralph Harris 14
- (6) Porter Holder 22
- (12) Burman Keller 20
- Curtis Moore
- (10) H. C. Pope 16
- Kenneth Tipton 11
- Luther Vaughn
- (15) Everett Watts 23

COTTAGE NO. 2

- (6) Henry Barnes 6
- (2) Thomas Hooks 19
- (23) Edward Johnson 24
- Ralph Kistler 10
- (3) Donald McFee 22
- William Padrick 6
- Richard Patton 2

COTTAGE NO. 3

- (3) John Bailey 18
- (3) Earl Barnes 14
- (2) Grover Beaver 8
- Charles Beal 5
- Robert Coleman
- Jack Crotts 11
- Robert Hare 8
- Bruce Hawkins 12
- Jerry Jenkins 9
- (3) Jack Lemley 13
- William Matheson 16
- Harley Matthews 12
- (2) Otis McCall 12
- Fonzer Pitman 3
- Robert Quick 7
- (2) Wayne Sluder 14
- (3) George Shaver 10

- William T. Smith 7
- John Tolley 15
- (3) Louis Williams 20
- (3) James Williams 3
- (3) Jerome Wiggins 18

COTTAGE NO. 4

- (2) Wesley Beaver 9
- (7) William Cherry 12
- Quentin Crittenton 13
- (2) Aubrey Fargis 9
- Leo Hamilton 14
- (3) Donald Hobbs 3
- (3) Morris Johnson 8
- Thomas Yates 12

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (12) Theodore Bowles 24
- Robert Dellinger 9
- John Lipscomb
- Roy Pruitt
- Fred T. Gibert 12
- Hubert Walker 21
- Dewey Ware 23

COTTAGE NO. 6

- Elgin Atwood 3
- Fred Bostian 5
- (3) Jesse Peavy 7

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (2) Kenneth Atwood 12
- Laney Broome
- (2) Cleasper Beasley 23
- Henry Butler 18
- (8) Donald Earnhardt 22
- (2) George Green 15
- (3) Hilton Hornsby 5
- (2) Richard Halker 11
- (2) J. B. Hensley 5
- (2) Raymond Hughes 7
- (2) Robert Lawrence 11
- (2) Arnold McHone 22
- (2) Marshall Pace 16
- (4) Jack Reeves 6
- (2) Alex Weathers 15

COTTAGE NO. 8

- (6) Cecil Ashley 9
- (2) Martin Crump 2
- (3) Frank Workman 10

COTTAGE NO. 9

- Marvin Ballew
- (7) Percy Capps 16
- David Cunningham 23
- (4) John B. Davis 4
- James Hale 10
- (7) Edgar Hedgepeth 15
- Mark Jones 17
- Grady Kelly 12
- (3) Lloyd Mullis 9
- (5) Marvin Matheson 6
- (5) William Nelson 21
- Robert Tidwell 9

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (2) Marvin Bradley 2
- (2) William Dixon 19
- (2) Robert Davis 6
- (3) William Furches 19
- (3) Charles Frye 5
- (3) Ralph Fisher 8
- (9) Cecil Gray 18
- (25) Robert Goldsmith 25
- (10) Earl Hildreth 22
- (2) Fred Jones 11
- (17) Broadus Moore 22
- (2) John Ray 8
- (5) Canipe Shoe 6
- (3) Monroe Searcy 19
- Charles Widener 5
- (2) William Wilson 7

COTTAGE NO. 12

- Odell Almond 20
- (3) Jay Brannock 8
- Eugene Bright 2
- (7) Ernest Brewer 17
- (2) William Deaton 17
- (10) Treley Frankum 30
- (10) Woodrow Hager 19
- (3) Charles Hastings 15
- Harry Lewis
- James Mondie 14
- (3) James Puckett 10
- (10) Hercules Rose 20
- Howard Sanders 22
- (7) Charles Simpson 21
- (2) Robah Sink 19

(7) Jesse Smith 15

- (3) George Tolson 18
 - Carl Tyndall 13
 - Eugene Watts 10
 - J. R. Whitman 16
- COTTAGE NO. 13**
- (16) James Brewer 22
 - Kenneth Brooks 7
 - (9) Charles Gaddy 17
 - (9) Vincent Hawes 22
 - (2) Jack Mathis 12
 - (8) Jordan McIver 9
 - (4) Randall D. Peeler 13
 - (4) Fred Rhodes 7

COTTAGE NO. 14

- (8) Raymond Andrews 20
- John Baker 20
- (12) Edward Carter 23
- (4) Mack Coggins 20
- (8) Leonard Dawn 11
- (25) Audie Farthing 25
- Henry Glover 14
- (7) John Hamm 21
- (7) Marvin King 14
- (3) William Lane 6
- Roy Mumford 16
- (3) Charles McCoy 17
- (19) Norvell Murphy 22
- (3) Glenn McCall 3
- (5) John Reep 12
- (11) James Roberson 13
- John Robbins 19
- (5) Charles Steepleton 20

COTTAGE NO. 15

- (3) J. P. Sutton 18
- Brown Stanley 7
- Benny Wilhelm 14

INDIAN COTTAGE

- (4) Raymond Brocks 9
- (8) George Duncan 26
- (9) Roy Holmes 8
- Cecir Jacobs 3
- James Johnson 10
- Harvey Ledford 6
- (7) Redmond Lowry 20
- (3) Varcie Oxendine 7
- (7) Thomas Wilson 22

Too many people get into processions without finding out who is in front or where they are going.—Selected



20.0 1941

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., MAY 31, 1941

NO. 22

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CHARITY

If in winter you shall drive
Birds from crumbs, you shall not thrive
But if you feed them, they will fly
Up to tell it to the sky.

For kindness has a merry wing,
Gratitude a voice to sing
To the seraph with his pen
Writing all the deeds of men.

Every angel weeps when he
Pens a tail of villainy;
But if kindly deeds he write,
Heaven dances in delight.

—James Stephens

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

AGAINST THE WIND

What counts in life is not the force of adverse winds and temptations, nor the natural bent of the soul, but the faith and will which find a way and win. The sailboat is made to go against adverse currents and winds. The sailor takes the ropes and "tacks" a course toward the port desired. Common sense plus determination will overcome obstacles seemingly insurmountable. A road may zig-zag, but it leads to the destination desired; a sign-board may point southward when the goal is northward, but the highway turns under the culvert and we follow the sign. Do not doubt or give up if things don't seem to "go your way." The set of the sails and the hand at the wheel will tell in the end.

One ship drives east, and another west,
With the self-same winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sails
And not the gales,
Which decides the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the will of the soul
That decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

—Selected

ANNUAL GIFT

Like the perennial rose in the old-time garden that comes with its fragrance and beauty, the kind gifts of mankind come annually to sweeten the inner sanctuary of mortal man. Character is one of the strongest elements of life. It cannot be put on and off in a manner like the constant changes in styles, but develops stronger and more beautiful with the march of time. The influence of a noble character never dies. The ideal life is expressed in the words

of a poet—"You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will, but the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

The influence of a man who lives not exclusively for self, but in the busy whirl of life takes time off to stretch out a helping hand to the less fortunate, never dies. It behooves all of us to take note of the fact that it is our privilege to leave "foot-prints upon the sands of time."

In daily events, the beautiful deeds of strong characters are memorialized in history. This fact has been emphasized annually by one Mr. Saul Dribben, of New York City, a friend of the late Caesar Cone, father of the Cone family, of Greensboro. Every year Mr. Dribben sends a contribution in memory of his fine friend, Caesar Cone, to be used in some way to add to the pleasure and comfort of the boys of this institution. The beautiful stage curtains in our auditorium were purchased with funds from this source. They were needed to give a finishing touch to the assembly room, especially when plays are presented by the young men of the Jackson Training School.

This annual gift from Mr. Dribben is appreciated by the School officials, and is always used to the best advantage, thus perpetuating the name of a man whose life was one of good works.

* * * * *

THE LAUNDRY

For a long time there has been felt a silent urge to look over the laundry at the Stonewall Jackson Training School, under the supervision of Mr. John W. Russell, so one day last week we visited this department, and were amazed to learn that so many boys were engaged in this special vocation.

It was most pleasing to see that the expression, "cleanliness is next to Godliness," was observed here to the letter. Not a criticism could be registered against this department of activities of this great humanitarian institution. We were especially impressed by the quiet and calm poise of the director of this work as he gave in detail the duties of the boys and volume of work accomplished weekly. The report in full far exceeded expectations, and we came away with the understanding that the laundry holds an im-

portant place in the roll of activities of the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

Prior to having a modern steam laundry to meet the demands of this growing institution, "wash-day" presented a picture on a hill-side near a spring where many boys used all their strength as they bent over old tubs and wash-boards. The younger generation of this era will not be able to realize the hardships of wash-day under such conditions.

Harking back to the pioneer days of the School it is easy to see that with an abundant supply of water and electricity, housekeeping is now much easier than it used to be. We have digressed a little, but purposely, to show by contrast the progress made since the opening of the institution in 1909.

The dawn of a new day broke when the steam laundry was built and equipped for this special work. There are forty boys who are privileged to work in this department. Twenty of them report in the morning for service and twenty in the afternoon. It is interesting to know there are seventeen cottages, an infirmary and the Cannon Memorial Administration Building, with a personnel of six hundred, including both boys and employees.

The articles of wearing apparel vary with the seasons, moreover, the bed and table linen and towels, for the departments already mentioned, together with towels used at the Cone Swimming-Pool, make a huge pile of soiled linen each week. The estimate is that six thousand peices of soiled articles are laundered weekly. The equipment for this department includes eight electric irons, three washers, four dryers, one mangle, one press and one wringer. The forty boys who work in the laundry gain experience that will help them to properly adjust themselves after leaving the School.

The growth of the Training School has been marvelous. Opening in 1909 with one cottage and one boy, it is now a bustling little village, with varying units of industry wherein the boys are trained for service upon passing out from the institution.

* * * * *

THE BOY SCOUTS

The Boy Scouts of Britain are making good in a big way. They still hike, but it is in carrying messages during air raids, and man-

ning first aid, ambulance and fire warden posts. They still perform their daily good deeds, but they multiply them many times a day with the offer of blood transfusions, and looking after raid shelters, feeding and rest centers, and the herding of little children to places of safety. Their versatility is shown by a record that lists more than 175 different kinds of service rendered by them. It has proved also fine preparation for the older boys as they advance into the military ranks. Their exuberance of spirits, often irritating to their elders, has found an outlet on a lofty plane.

* * * * *

ILL-FITTING WHITE COLLARS

Many a parent does his child harm when he trains him for a white collar job instead of for work in which he can employ both hands and head.

To work with his hands is the most natural thing the human being does. And, as his mind develops, the most natural use of his faculties is to work with hands and head.

Comparatively few of us are naturally equipped to work with our heads alone—or with our heads principally. More of us would be happier working with our hands and our heads.

Yet so many parents feel that the child must be trained for head-work exclusively. A successful carpenter or contractor wants his son to be a physician or a lawyer or a banker, when said son would succeed better and be happier as a carpenter or a contractor. A plumber wants his boy to be a minister. Result, the church gets a bum minister and the trade loses a good plumber.

In the trades is where most men belong; and it is there they would find more success and contentment. The world could not get along without its white collar workers, but it could not get along without its men who know how to work with their hands as well as with their heads. There is many a writer who would have done better, gone further, and been healthier and happier in some mechanical pursuit. I can bite the tongue of such a one.

Our educational system has made the serious, stupid blunder of educating ten-tenths of the pupils for white collar work—which only one tenth of them will do or can do or will have the chance to do.

If I had my life to live over again, I think I would go out of grammar school into a trade school or directly into a trade.
 mar school into a trade schol, or directly into a trade.

—Rev. Norvin C. Duncan

* * * * *

THE EXPRESSION OF A DRESS

One of our fashion writers points out that the woman on a limited budget should choose simple clothes and “change their expression” by using a variety of costume jewelry.

The phrase caught my eye because it was a new way of saying that your clothes express your personality, just as your face does.

Sometimes our clothes change the expression of our faces. One of my friends bought a very stylish hat. It was one of those perched-on-top-of-the-head affairs and very becoming to her well-groomed style of beauty. After I had met her several times wearing a casual brown felt, I had the bad manners to ask what had happened to the spring creation.

“That hat takes too much living up to,” she responded. “I always have the feeling I must keep my face looking smart when I wear it and I can’t stand the strain.”

In choosing the expression our summer clothes shall wear, let’s be sure they look like us and not like someone we happen to admire.

* * * * *

What book would you say was the best seller last year in Chicago and in Cook county, a city and a county with a wide reputation for a number of things, but not for high morals and the reading of the best books. The answer is not some ephemeral best seller with a spasmodic sale that runs its course in a few months. But according to the Chicago Daily News the Bible led all the rest. At least 700,000 copies of the “worlds best seller,” including New Testaments and single Gospels went into the homes of the 3,847,000 people of the city and county during 1940. Nearly half a million were placed by the Chicago Bible Society. The others were distributed by miscellaneous religious agencies, by denominational headquarters and by book stores and mail order houses.

TEACHING BIBLE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF NORTH CAROLINA

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

The past several years have brought much activity on the part of Bible-conscious school men, pastors and parents. This year, as never before, North Carolina is recalling its religious obligation to the lives of boys and girls. In almost forty towns and cities in North Carolina there is some attempt at teaching a course in Bible. Heretofore, it has been a down-hill struggle. However, with the great evidences of success, which comes from cities like Charlotte, Wilmington, Asheville, and many more, there is proof that such a study is of intrinsic value to the religious and moral well being of high school boys and girls.

Bible teaching has been sponsored by many different organizations: secular and ecclesiastical; ministerial associations, women's clubs, missionary societies, and civic organizations. A desire to contribute to such a cause has led to small contributions by thousands of consecrated, zealous Christians who see in the neglect of the Bible the moral degradation of America. In almost every instance there is a baffling struggle in order to meet the salary requirement and material prerequisites of such a course. The state has supplemented and condoned the work with some finances, but with more well-wishing. All alike realize that it should be included in the regular curricula of the schools. What was once a weak, clerical demand is now a mighty chorus proclaiming the need of moral and religious guidance of our youth. We call

on the governor, the state superintendent, the legislators, and all free religious thinking North Carolinians to do something about consistent support for this great cause.

In the Burlington high school this year one hundred eager students have relived the great lives and stories of the Old and New Testaments. In one brief year many have returned to their churches to reconstruct their religious and moral lives; others have joined churches; and all have received religious guidance that should be as important as any of the educational guidance that should be as important programs of North Carolina. It would be tragic, indeed, to give a course in Bible with emphasis placed only on facts and nothing else. Guidance of pupils along religious lines is the highest goal that arises from this area of the course. Consequently, the aim of all such instruction should be an earnest endeavor to integrate the boy and girl into an effective relationship to the religious life of the community. In more graphic terms, the aim is to lead every open minded boy and girl to evince some interest—no matter how meager—in the total program of an ecclesiastical group; or, if there are moribund or convalescent members, to restore them to their place of service and harmony in their respective churches. This aim can be realized only by acquainting the student with the loftiest standard of faith and practice; by providing a familiarity with incomparable literature of the Bible which embodies both

precept and example; and by enabling the student to apply such knowledge to problems of character and conduct. One need not be told that such success with spiritual and moral welfare will ultimately influence all the areas of youth's life—moral, economic, industrial, social. If Americanism and democracy are to live this aim must be transformed into reality; or else the morals of American youths will lead us to the same pitiable plight that the once flowering nation of France is in at the present moment in history.

There have been many attempts to formulate some definite aims for programs of week-day religious education. No single set of aims will cover the entire field. However, for any such course the aims should not be confused. In the first place, one must remember that a course in the Bible is mixing religious and secular education. The emerging personality and life pattern in our youth must reflect both of these integral areas of life. However, in any religious effort one must not go too far afield. Consequently, the aim of all such instruction is to teach and interpret facts and lives from the Bible—not as some presume to effect instantaneous conversion (this is still a matter for the churches). This, in turn, parallels the aim of secular education, i.e., to teach boys and girls how to live a well rounded life. To find this integration of life processes, a community must add religious instruction to vocational, economic, industrial, civic and social teaching.

From this part of the question we turn to more pressing aspects. The state is providing certificates for teachers of Bible. With competent

teachers in the schools a natural result is that units be given for completed Bible courses, which are recognized for credit not only by high schools but by colleges as credit for entrance. This step in education has already been taken.

The North Carolina Council of Churches is doing a remarkable work in trying to make people conscious of the need for Bible teaching and to stimulate interest from the secular world. The committee for week-day religious instruction is composed of Mrs. Walter P. Sprunt, Dr. Clyde Erwin, Dr. F. H. Garinger and Rev. Carl King. This committee, however, is composed of members elected from the North Carolina Council of Churches. There are thirteen other great courses sponsored by this organization. This makes it evident that sympathy, moral support and financial aid must be brought about by the law-enacting body of North Carolina—the legislature. The interest and support of the taxpayers have been secured. We now await the action of the state. Will the whims, cynicisms and prejudices of a few stop this concerted desire of thousands, or will North Carolina take this momentous step—now?

The teachers of Bible met at the last session of the N. C. E. A. at Asheville, and there was some attempt at organization. This part of the work is still nearly ineffectual because of the few represented and the lack of funds with which to bring all Bible teachers into a co-operative, functioning unity. The future fields of endeavor lead into a study of the curricula for Bible teachers in North Carolina. With such importance being attached to this effort it should have a more secure foundation from

which to work; a foundation which clearly defined, is anticipated by all has to be erected by those who wield North Carolinians who have the well-such power. The outcome, though not fare of our boys and girls at heart.



AMERICA'S DEFENDERS

America, we are thy sons,
 And we shall keep thee free.
 For in our veins there flows the blood
 Of Washington and Lee.

No foreign flag upon thy soil
 Shall we allow to stand;
 No iron shackles from abroad
 Shall touch thy foot or hand.

They mock thy Army, say 'tis small,
 Thy Navy, too, they scorn;
 Have they forgot the laurels won
 Since freedom here was born?

They say thy untrained citizens
 Will never soldiers be;
 Have they forgot those valiant men
 Who fought with Robert Lee?

America, thy sons are true,
 And if thou wilt but call,
 Ten million men will give to thee
 Their homes, their lives, their all.

For thou dost stand for what is right,
 For "freedom of the seas";
 God grant the Stars and Stripes may float
 Forever in the breeze!

—Edgar C. Outten.

THAT TAR HEEL NAME

(Raleigh News & Observer)

Tar Heels to arms! The wittings and scorners are at work again. In a column of questions and answers in a nationally syndicated newspaper feature by Frederick J. Haskins, the following recently appeared;

Q. Why are North Carolinians called Tar Heels? H. S. F.

A. Tar Heels was a term of derision applied by the Mississippians to a brigade of North Carolina soldiers who in one of the great battles of the Civil War failed to hold their position on a hill. They were taunted with having forgotten to tar their heels that morning.

A thousand loyal North Carolinians will undoubtedly rise to deny this slanderous answer to H. S. F's question. But how many North Carolinians can give H. S. F. the correct answer? In its own official source books the State of North Carolina seems to be divided in its theories.

"The North Carolina Manual for 1941," issued by Secretary of State Thad Eure says:

Historians had recorded the fact that the principal products of this state were "tar-pitch and turpentine." It was during one of the fiercest battles of the War Between the States, so the story goes, that a column supporting the North Carolina troops was driven from the field. After the battle the North Carolinians, who had successfully fought it out alone, were greeted from the passing derelict regiment with the question: "Any more tar down in the Old North State, boys?" Quick as a flash came the answer: "No; not a bit; old Jeff's bought it all up." "Is that so; what

is he going to do with it?" was asked. "He's going to put it on you'ns heels to make you stick better in the next fight." Creecy relates that General Lee, hearing of the incident, said: "God bless the Tar Heel boys," and from that they took the name.—Adapted from the Grandfather Tales of North Carolina by R. B. Creecy and Historians of North Carolina Regiments, Vol. III, by Walter Clark.

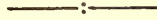
Quite another story of the origin of the nickname is told in "North Carolina —A Guide to the Old North State," prepared by the WPA and published by the University of North Carolina Press under the sponsorship of the North Carolina Department of Conservation and Development. In one place the guide says, "North Carolina is popularly known as the Old North State to distinguish it from its Southern neighbor, and as the Tar Heel State from a designation attributed to Cornwallis' soldiers, who crossed a river into which tar had been poured, emerging with the substance adhering to their heels." More specifically in describing U. S. Route 301 from the Virginia line to Wilson, it says of a point between Battleboro and Rocky Mount:

U. S. 301 crosses Tar River on a high concrete bridge. Legand recalls that Cornwallis' soldiers, fording the river near here, found their feet black with tar that had been dumped into the river. Their observation that anyone who waded North Carolina streams would acquire tar heels is said to have given North Carolinians the nickname of "Tar Heels."

Mr. Haskins, as every patriotic

North Carolinian knows, is bound to be wrong. But we could tell him so more satisfactorily if we knew what was right. It was bad enough when the historians and the politicians disagreed as to what our history was—or is. Now the State is disagreeing with itself in its two most recently

published and most widely used books about the State. It is getting to the point that when anybody says "History!" to a North Carolinian he can expect to see him jump. And in such a condition the wtlings and scorners cay say almost anything they please.



A GENTLEMAN

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinions or collision of feeling, all restraint or suspicion, or gloom or resentment, his great concern being to make everyone at ease and at home.

He is tender toward the bashful gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions or topics that may irritate, he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving them when he is confrring.

He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insult; he is too busy to remember injuries.

If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better though less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive.

Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence. He throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human nature, as well as its strength, its province, and its limits.

—Selected.

WHAT OF YOUR FUTURE

(Selected)

The superintendent of a large institution for boys recently addressed the following message to them. It is well worth while reading by all boys who are giving thought to their future. It reads as follows:

I wonder how often you boys stop and ask yourselves what kind of futures you want. You are young and your futures are largely in your own hands. You are now building that future. Of course I realize that there are a number of things which will affect your future over which you have no control. But think of those things of which you do have control. Here are four which will greatly influence your future.

The first one is health. Good health is one of the most important things in determining one's future. How can we insure good health to ourselves? By developing good health habits. These are made up of such things as cleanliness of body and clothes, regular brushing and attention to teeth, good eating habits, and regular elimination.

Another thing under control of the boy and important in determining his future is his posture and appearance. A slouchy, dirty, untidy, careless person is handicapped in getting a job, or in holding one. Rightly or wrongly he is classified as a person who would not care enough about his work to do a good job. If he does not care about his personal appearance it is assumed

that he does not care about other things. This is a matter that must be considered while we are young. A habit of slouchiness, untidiness and carelessness once formed becomes very difficult, if not impossible, to break.

The kind of language one uses is an indication of the kind of person one is and has a tremendous influence in determining one's future. This, too, becomes habitual. It cannot be changed at will. It takes time to build good habits in the use of language. And what about the tone of voice one uses?

Some people spoil their chance of a good future by their voice. A good voice can be cultivated. It goes with good manners which may mean the difference between success and failure in getting what we want.

Perhaps most important is the matter of work habits. They are basic in future success or failure. Can a person work in the face of difficulties? Can he keep on a task that is not pleasant? Can he keep a goal in mind and keep working toward that goal? Can he ignore distraction and temptations to quit and go out and have a good time? Does he get a real pleasure from a job well done? If he can, then his future is assured. It does not matter that he is not brilliant. Ability to stick is more important than a brilliant mind.

“A noble deed is a step toward God.”

THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILSON BECOMES NATIONAL SHRINE

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

The old Presbyterian manse in Staunton, Virginia, where Woodrow Wilson was born 85 years ago was formally opened as a national shrine Sunday, May 4, 1941 President Franklin D. Roosevelt delivered the address. Among those on hand to greet the President were Secretary and Mrs. Hull; the Secretary of Commerce, Jesse Jones; the British ambassador and Lady Halifax; Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and Governor James H. Price of Virginia, and Senators Glass and Byrd of Virginia.

Woodrow Wilson was worthy of such a distinction. Seven cities claimed the birthplace of Homer, but this shrine should prevent any counter claims on the part of other cities in the distant years. Woodrow Wilson belongs to Staunton and to Virginia, "the birthplace of Presidents." He was a man of unusual intellectual gifts and an idealist of the first rank. "The League of Nations" will forever stand as the prime achievement of his mind and heart. It now **appears to be dead and buried**, but there may be a resurrection in some far off day even if it arises with a

different body. Tennyson dreamed of the "Parliament of man and the Federation of the world." Wilson actually tried to establish a federation of the world. But the world was not ready for it. Such a federation is in the lap of the gods.

Woodrow Wilson was greatly mistaken when he thought that war could end war. And any man who now thinks so is as greatly mistaken. There is an older and higher law that runs in this fashion: He that takes the sword shall perish with the sword.

And those who think America can solve Europe's problems is as greatly mistaken. England and the United States may put Hitler out of the picture, and we think they can, but Europe must solve her own problems if there be a solution for them. These Europeans must learn to put away the things that divide them and enter into a brotherhood of which they have had little knowledge hitherto.

We say these things in explanation of the fact that Woodrow Wilson is not to blame for the failure of his League of Nations.

—:—

Two hundred years or so before Columbus discovered America an Italian merchant named Marco Polo traveled into unknown China. He brought back many strange tales. One that the people at home found very hard to believe was that the Chinese made good fires of black rocks. The black rocks were coal.—Selected.

SUMMER BEDTIME

By Margaret A. J. Irvin in *The Lutheran*

One of the most plaintive verses in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" describes the sensations of a boy sent to bed on a beautiful summer evening when all the sky is clear and blue and he would like so much to play.

As you read you step into the child's place. You hear "the grown-up people's feet going past you in the street." You agree heartily that it is very hard lines to "have to go to bed by day." You feel that it is just a shame to leave the poor little soul lying there awake and alone. You would like to help him into his clothes and let the little feet go tripping happily down to the garden again.

That is exactly what most of us do nowadays. As the evenings lengthen, children grow more and more reluctant about going to bed. Modern parents resignedly say, "We just can't get Junior to bed these days; he won't go to bed before dark. His robust body and active mind rebel against such treatment. There's no use trying any longer."

We know how Junior feels. We are enjoying the summer evenings ourselves. It would be hard to be sent off to bed. After all what difference does it make?

So Junior plays till he is ready to drop and grows naughty. But we know why he is behaving so badly, poor tired little fellow. So we won't do anything about that either. He will be pleasanter tomorrow.

Stevenson's verses delight youngsters because they express a child's

point of view. An older person sees in them a picture of a man's childhood—the childhood of a man who was strong enough to get the best out of life in spite of a terrific handicap. Neither pain nor weakness could down him. He freed himself from the handicaps of the body because he was accustomed to disciplining his emotions from childhood.

We hear a lot about "self-expression" these days. If ever a man expressed himself, it was Stevenson. The creative urge in him has been compared to a burning light so often that I would not dream of doing it again. When thoughts came trooping into his brain, he had to get them on paper. The impulse was stronger than any fear of death. He was able to express himself because he had learned from childhood the meaning of discipline and self-control.

Some of it may have been a little necessary. I don't really advocate sending our children to bed at the same hour winter and summer. Cool summer evenings, after a blazing hot day, help us to get back to normal before trying to sleep. There is much to be said for letting Junior stay up until dark.

The things we need to watch is our tendency to say, "Junior won't go to bed." We are pretty poor parents if Junior won't do anything we honestly think he should. Life is going to be more than a little hard on him. There will be many times when he must surrender to unpleasant realities.

PUBLIC HEALTH NURSES

(Selected)

There are 270 public-health nurses employed by county health departments or other local units. These nurses, many of whom are paid with Federal funds, are engaged in maternal and child-health work as part of the generalized public health nursing service. There are no services in the State's 19 unorganized counties except midwife control, the distribution of diphtheria toxoid to physicians, and educational services. For 1941 it is indicated that midwife control in unorganized areas will be increased and that this program will be carried on mainly two nurses on the State staff.

North Carolina is carrying out the requirement of the Social Security Act that every plan for maternal and child-health services must provide for a special demonstration. The program in Northampton county, the State's demonstration area, is now fully established and in the Polk county demonstration further plans will be made for its enlargement.

In Northampton county here are conducted each month eight maternity and infancy clinics. Here public health nurses supervise midwives at the time

of deliveries. If a complicated case need to be delivered by a physician the health department pays the physician for the delivery. And if the case needs hospitalization, the local county pays the hospital bill. The health officer authorizes expenditures of health department funds for maternity services.

The 1941 plans also provide for postgraduate courses in obstetrics and pediatrics for practicing physicians. These courses will be held at Duke University under the sponsorship of the North Carolina State Board of Health, Duke University School of Medicine, the Medical Society of the State of North Carolina, and the University of North Carolina Public Health School. Only general practitioners, and preferably those conducting health department clinics, will be eligible. The length of the course given will be one week.

Courses of study in public health nursing are also being organized in the University of North Carolina. This, officials point out, will fill one of the most acute needs in public health work in the state.

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Think on these two ideas that may be helpful in sermon making: (1) A Yorkshire English parishoner said to his pastor, "You preached a goodish sermon tonight, but if it had been cut short at both ends and set afire in the middle, it wad a dean us mair good." (2) "Some folks uses big words de same as a turkey spreads his tail feathers," said Uncle Eben. "Dey makes an elegant impression, but they don't represent no real meat."—N. C. Christian Advocate.

THERE WILL BE WORK TO DO

(Selected)

Lots of people are frowning their brows over this question: "When the defense boom collapses, what shall we do with our productive facilities to keep them busy and to keep men in jobs?"

It is a very real question, and one which will require our very best efforts to solve. Its nature ought not to be misunderstood, however at the start.

The real question is not: "What work is there to be done?" It is: "How shall we do it?"

There will be plenty of work to be done when the war emergency is over, plenty of work to create here in our great America the kind of country it ought to be.

Have our cities no slums and blighted areas to be torn down and replaced with dwellings really fit for men and women to live in?

Are our roads, built for the horse-and- buggy era, sufficient for the motorized era? Are railroads crossing traveled roads at grade "A" marks of well-designed community?

Are there not even now too many people living without electricity, without ordinary minimum sanitary facilities? Shall not the airplane be as common as the automobile is today, a cheap, easy means of transport for the average family?

Shall we ever be able truly to say that we raise too much food, when the

Surgeon-General says that 40 per cent. of the people are not properly fed?

Will there be no friendly neighboring countries to whom we can lend techniques and money to raise their standards of living with our own? Are there no more schools, recreation fields, and cultural centers to be built?

Is it conceivable that men, once shown the facilities and the techniques for building all these things as they have never been built before, will they be denied them?

To ask questions like those is to answer them. The only question is: "How?"

The answer in turn by no means implies public provision for all these things. Builders of things, constructors of buildings and works, are already turning their minds to means of drawing private capital on a vast scale to such projects.

The Urban Re-Development Corporations law in New York state is only one such plan. This provides easier condemnation of blighted areas, and certain tax concessions on improvements (instead of immediately taxing improvements as we do now).

The New York law is only a forerunner. There will be other plans, all addressed to solving not the question "What?" but the more vexatious problem "How?"

Those who expect too much of their friendships have few friends.

IDEALS AND LIFE

(The Baptist Courier)

Ideals are but larger ideas about which imagination plays and desires gather. Ideals control the direction in which character moves. For ideals give us the end, aim, or goal of life and fire us with purpose or ambition to meet them. Our ideals are on the one hand the expression of our nature and are consequently possible of attainment and on the other hand the expression of our needs, that which we are not but want to be. Ideals are deeply rooted in the nature and needs of the individual.

In their growth they are the products of imagination which gives them life and charm. Because they are the expression of desire and the product of imagination ideals are clothed with sentiment and touch the deep springs of emotion. This element of feeling, of sentiment and emotion, adds wonderfully to the motive power of these ideas. A great ideal to which the heart can cling is the most powerful life-directing force that men experience.

It means everything then that we should acquire right ideals and great ideals early in life. It can almost be said that one's life destiny is determined by the ideals of one's youth. And youth is the time to acquire ideals because youth is naturally idealistic. Youth is the time psychologically for the firm fixing of life's ideals.

One note of warning should be sounded because of the part that imagination plays in forming ideals. It happens sometimes that they become severed from the realities and actualities of life. The life of ideals becomes fanciful and unreal and tends

to unfit one for the stern realities of life. It is necessary to keep one's feet on solid earth and to make the imagination the servant of every-day necessities. One's ideals should not be a "Will o' of the wisp," leading one in vain and aimless wanderings through the meadows of dreamland but a steady and reliable light lighting up clearly the roadway that one is traveling. Ideals should be tested now and then by the actualities of experience. The greater danger, however, of modern life is not in dreaming too much but in dreaming too little; not in severing ideals from actualities but in severing actualities from ideals; not in becoming too idealistic in life but in becoming too sordid. The greatest need of modern life is to be lifted out of its materialism by lofty spiritual ideals.

Christianity because of its lofty idealism makes a powerful appeal to youth and is the only salvation of mature manhood from the sordidness of material things. Youth readily responds to the ideals of Jesus. These ideals, becoming firmly fixed in his life, alone are powerful enough to overcome the pull of the material world during the period of active life.

These are the sources of youth's ideals: home and companionship; the church and religion, the school and the teacher, great men and books. The greatest of these is the home. It is the home that calls to its aid church and school and book and creates an atmosphere of loftiest ideals about the fireside from which come the world's greatest and best men and women.

ARE AMERICAN WOMEN PREPARED?

By Margaret A. J. Irvin in *The Lutheran*

Swiftly, but in orderly fashion, our men are pouring into the army, the navy and the air force. Every congregation has some of its young men in the service. Our papers are full of pictures of boys in camp. We brush shoulders with uniforms in bus and street car. In calls at homes, experiences of sons and brothers in training camps are part of conversations.

American men are preparing to face the future realistically. Those who feel they must obey the voice of conscience, even though it means refusing to bear arms in defense of their country, are seeking other fields of labor where they can serve. Still hoping for peace, we are preparing for war. If it comes, our men will be ready.

What of our women? Preparedness for us need not bring about the struggle between conflicting loyalties which troubles some of our men. As citizens, we can help our nation lean toward war or away from it. As individual women, we can serve our country best in the role which has been ours through all the centuries that war has been made between tribes and nations. The ancient Spartan mother bade her son serve his country bravely at whatever cost to him and home.

Just the same, it is a role we cannot step into at a moment's notice with no preparation. The American Red Cross is establishing centers all over the country where we can learn the fundamentals of nursing and first aid. If there is not such a center in your community, it is because there

are not enough women interested. Perhaps you can help to rouse their interest.

Every mother is an amateur nurse. Most of us know what it is like to have the lives of our children depend upon the fidelity with which we carry out the doctor's orders. We have learned to keep our hands steady, no matter what we feel.

Yet most of us are perfectly willing to admit that there are situations even in ordinary peacetime living about which we feel helpless. A neighbor cuts his foot with an axe. A child darts in front of a car and is seriously injured. Do you know what to do until the doctor comes?

Your Red Cross course will teach you. So your preparation may not be in vain should the future be less black than it looks at this moment.

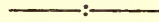
While it may not be as bad as the prophets of gloom predict, we know it will not be exactly rosy. Disease follows war as inevitably as night follows day. To refuse to face the possibility of epidemics of one sort or another is criminal folly. We may be more than glad, in a not very distant day, for all the nursing knowledge we have been able to absorb.

With the demand for nurses for the rapidly growing army and the numbers of American nurses who have gone to serve the distressed in many lands, there is a shortage of nurses which the hospitals cannot be expected to supply. As the shortage of registered nurses grows, the demand for practical nurses will grow too.

We may not like this rather pessi-

mistic picture, but we like still less the picture of American women wearing "blind-ers" like a lot of nervous horses. That is not the American

woman's traditional behavior. At least whatever situations present themselves should be studied practically and not be dodged.



LITTLE FLASHES OF LIGHTNING

Lightning, flashing its way across the stormy skies, filled the ancients with awe and fear. Even today it is cause for superstition and fear among some native tribes.

Nowadays many people are inclined to disregard the hazards of lightning, even though they are fully aware of the damage annually caused to life and property. For those who are wise enough to heed the advice of experts, however, there are several simple rules worth observing.

The experts advise staying out of water and avoiding isolated trees during thunder and electric storms. Cities are usually safer than the open countryside. One of the safest places to be in the country is inside an all-steel automobile.

It is also true that no airplane has ever been disabled when struck in flight by lightning. The possibility of a plane even being struck while in the air is very slight since, it is not grounded.

Science has proved that there is no truth in the timeless saying that "lightning never strikes the same place twice." Dr. Karl B. McEachon is the leading authority on lightning in the United States. He tells us that lightning can and does strike more than once in the same place.

The experts have a simple explanation for another familiar phrase—"A bolt from the blue." Sometimes, after the thunderclouds have passed away, the rain stopped and the sun commenced to shine again, one last flash of lightning may crackle across the clear blue sky. This final lightning stroke can be particularly destructive. It is caused by the tip of a long, thin and invisible tail which frequently drags as much as a mile or so behind the slow-moving bank of clouds.

Statistics show that nine times as many men are struck by lightning as women. The reason for this may be that more men than women are out of doors during thunderstorms. Another explanation is that men are less likely to heed the advice of the experts in taking ordinary precautions to avoid the hazards of lightning. If the latter surmise is true, it is certainly an indication that the advice of those who know is worth following!—Jasper B. Sinclair.

DIAMOND DUEL

By Z. N. Tuttle in *The Training School Echo*

Sam Cassidy stared at the diamond and there was a dull ache in his heart because he could not be out there in a spot like this. Three men pranced on the bases and the hostile crowd clamored for a hit. Cy Brandt, the Blues pitcher, looked towards the bench, and Cassidy could almost hear his sigh of weariness. Brandt was through, pitched out.

Manager Mike Doyle on the bench said: "I hope he can get by Red Smith for the last out."

Cassidy shook his head to himself. For seven innings Brandt had held the Eagles at bay while the Blues piled up a 5-0 lead. But Brandt had shot his bolt. The sighs were obvious. Three on and two out in the eighth.

Cassidy got up and limped to the other end of the bench where he could get a better view. Brandt had pitched his heart and arm out for seven innings after finishing yesterday's game and choking off an Eagle rally. Ordinarily Manager Doyle would not overwork his ace so early in the season, but the series with the Eagles was vitally important.

The Eagles and Blues had been picked to battle it down the stretch for the pennant and Doyle wanted to get the psychological jump on them in their first series early in May. The Eagles had ridden roughshod over the Blues last year and taken the pennant. Doyle wanted to show them it would be different this year.

But if Doyle wanted to win, he should take Brandt out. Brandt's arm was dead. Cassidy could tell those things because not so long ago

he had been the best pitcher the Blues had.

Brandt looked around at the bases, took his time, raised his arm to his chest, then threw the ball. Red Smith tensed at the plate, stepped in and crack! the ball whistled on a line between short and third. Three men were off with the crack of the bat and the crowd was on its feet with an expectant roar.

Smith pulled up at second and the score now was five to three in favor of the Blues. Doyle was frowning to himself. If Ed Hemingway or Jack Bush could work, Doyle wouldn't keep Brandt in. But Hemingway had a sore arm and Bush a sprained back. Nate Munson had pitched the day before. There was no one else he could use.

Again Brandt turned towards the Blues' bench. Doyle shook his head and motioned for him to stay on the mound. Brandt shrugged and faced the batter. Cassidy knew he was like that. Brandt was his best friend and roommate and he knew the courage the veteran pitcher had. He would stay out there and pitch until his arm dropped off if Doyle wanted him to.

Brandt put one in there and the batter lined it into left field. Pat Donovan came in fast, took it on the first hop and rifled it at the plate. Red Smith hit the dirt and was safe. The crowd roared its approval. Hank Howard, Blues' catcher, started a protest, then wheeled and whipped the ball to second. The second baseman grabbed it, made a downward swoop

and the runner from first was out.

Brandt came in wiping the sweat off his face with a soiled sleeve. He sat down with a tired, strained expression on his face.

Doyle said: "Better luck next inning, Cy."

Cassidy knew better than to expect that. Brandt was through. Everyone knew he was through. Doyle was keeping him in there because he had no one else. He had shot his bolt to take two out of three from the Eagles and wanted to hold his one-game lead.

Cassidy got up and started to limp towards the third-base coaching box for the last inning.

"There's the guy who oughta be in their pitching the last inning," Doyle said.

"Yeah," Hank Howard agreed. "Fireman Cassidy, the ace relief pitcher—once. That guy could mow 'em down and protect a one-run lead for nine innings if necessary. Too bad he lost that pin."

Cassidy heard them as he went out on the field and he was thinking exactly the same thing. Once the best pitcher the Blues had, he always was called upon for a relief turn on the mound when trouble threatened a slim lead. But a hunting accident the previous winter had cost him his right leg below the knee.

The critics said he was through, that the batters would bunt him out of the league. Cassidy tried a comeback. But the critics were right. It took only one game to prove that he couldn't get the bunts fast enough to nip batters by a step at first like he had before.

His fast one was there and so was

his hook, but he couldn't get to those bunts fast enough. The Blues made him a coach in tribute to his fine record with the team and that's what hurt Cassidy now—to be able to do nothing when the team needed him so much.

He stood in the third-base coaching box and exhorted the batter to get on. The score was 5-4 in their favor, but the Blues needed more than a one-run margin if they wanted to win. Brandt would never succeed in keeping the Eagles down in their half of the ninth.

The Blues went down one, two, three. The Eagles came in to bat and the home crowd greeted them with an eager roar. One run to tie and two to win. It looked easy with Brandt cracking.

The first singled to center. The next one cracked the ball at the short stop. It was a vicious grounder and the shortstop stopped it, but couldn't hold it and men were on first and second. The excited crowd yelled for blood.

Cassidy squirmed on the bench. Two on and none out. If only he could go in there and fire just one more gun in the Blues' cause. Just pull one more game out of the fire for Mike Doyle to show him he knew Doyle didn't have to make him coach and that he appreciated it. To go in there and relieve Cy Brandt just once more before Brandt pitched his arm out for good.

He knew every pitch was agony to Brandt, but the veteran kept pouring them in there just the same with everything he had. And he would keep on doing that until his arm was

dead, a possibility that might occur with any pitch now.

Cassidy got up and his face was white with emotion. Brandt couldn't do it, Doyle couldn't let him try to do it. Cassidy came over to Doyle and said: "You've got to take Cy out."

Doyle looked at him in despair. "Who's gonna relieve him?"

Cassidy hesitated for just a moment and then his eyes narrowed and he said: "I will. I'll relieve Cy."

"You?" echoed Doyle. "They'll bunt you out of the box like before."

Cassidy stood his ground. "Cy's all shot, Mike. Put me in there, I can't do any worse."

Doyle hesitated.

"Let me pitch to one man, Mike, and then decide. All he'll try to do is bunt and no run will score from second on that'."

Doyle looked at him with an odd look in his eyes. Then he blinked and said: "Okay, Sam. Okay and good luck!"

Sam Cassidy trudged to the mound with that old familiar feeling surging through him that he once had known when he was king-pin of the Blues' mound staff. The crowd gaped at that familiar figure limping to the hill, then acclaimed him with a wild shout.

The fickle tide of fandom swayed suddenly and they were yelling for the underdog to make his comeback like crowds did everywhere. They were yelling for Cassidy to get in there and stop the home team's rally when they all knew he had been bunted out of the box in his last appearance on the mound.

Cassidy's spirits were high at the greeting given him by the crowd, but

his heart was low. Could he stop those bunts? Even now the first Eagle was coming to the plate with a grin on his face. He was making no secret of what he intended doing.

Cassidy stepped off the mound, called the infield together and there was a brief consultation on the handling of bunts. They went back to their positions and the first and third basemen played in close. Cassidy got on the rubber and Howard squatted and signaled a quick throw to second.

Cassidy hesitated. That signal meant the runner was taking a big lead off the bag. A quick pivot, a snap throw to second and there would be one out. He braced his weight on his right foot, then bit his lips. He couldn't make that quick pivot with a wooden right leg.

Howard kept signaling frantically Cassidy wheeled off the rubber and snapped the ball to second. The runner slid into the bag an eyelash ahead of the throw. Cassidy got the ball back and looked at it disappointed. A year ago he would have had that man by five feet.

Clem Lowry, the first batter, was only a fair bunter, but Cassidy took no chances. He threw the first one high and wide for a ball. The next one came in low and straight. Lowry quickly slid his hands along the bat and waited. The ball hooked out wide.

Lowry let it go with a grin. The next one was high over the inside for a strike and the crowd roared approval. Lowry jerked his cap down over his eyes in determination. Cassidy shot a look at the bases, then faced the plate and cut loose with the ball.

The batter jumped forward, the

ball hooked in sharply and Lowry tried to fall away from it. It smacked against his wrist. Lowry went down to first shaking his hand in pain. The crowd was silent. Bases loaded with none out and the heavy end of the batting order coming up.

Cassidy looked towards the bench and Doyle stared back at him with a blank face. Cassidy got on the rubber and threw the ball. The batter dumped one a little to the left of the pitcher's box. The third baseman swooped in on the dead run, scooped it up with his bare hand and flipped it to Howard.

Howard slapped it against the runner's feet and the umpire's fist jerked over his shoulder.

"Yer out!" he called, and the crowd applauded.

Cassidy went back to the mound breathing a prayer of thanks. A play like that had to be perfect to work. The third baseman had taken a chance and started running before the batter bunted the ball. More to the left and he'd never have gotten it.

Cassidy worked carefully on the next batter and got him in the hole with two high inside ones that the batter bunted foul. The batter would be out automatically if he tried bunting on his last strike and fouled so the chances were he'd try to hit away. But Cassidy was going to make sure.

He threw the ball for the inside and it hooked sharply towards the outside. The batter swung hard at the fastbreaking hook and missed. Howard squeezed the ball in his hand and jumped up and down behind the plate.

"One more, Sam! he yelled. "Just one more!"

Cassidy heard his voice above the crowd's roar and he smiled back at him. Just one more, but that one was Flash Hillman, the best bunter and fastest runner in the leagues. Hillman could lay the ball down on a dime and run the one hundred with the speed of a college sprinter.

Cassidy looked at his infielders and the first and third basemen came in close. The second baseman hugged the bag to make sure the runner stayed close. He couldn't afford to let the man take too big a lead because he could, with a head start, score on the bunt and that would be the ball game if Hillman was safe.

First baseman Tim Moran nodded at him. They knew what it was going to be. A rolling bunt down the first base line. Hillman knew they knew it, but he didn't care. Only Moran would be able to handle the ball and that meant Cassidy would have to cover first. The second baseman had to stick close and he wouldn't be able to cover first in time to get Hillman.

Cassidy stepped on the rubber and his face was grim. This was the pay-off slot. He either did or he didn't this time. His foot went up, his arm came down and the ball sped straight and true for the plate with everything he had on it. Hillman jumped forward, tapped the ball down the first base line and was off. Moran came charging in towards the ball.

Cassidy was running towards first the instant the ball left his hand. Running the best he could with one good leg and another that could not take too much strain. With his head start he could have easily beaten Hillman to the bag if he had two good

legs. But the way things were—

Out of the corners of his eyes he saw the second baseman coming over and he knew he would never get there in time. It all depended on himself. Cassidy gritted his teeth and covered ground. It would be close, but Hillman would beat him unless he ran faster. Unless something happened and he had stopped believing in miracles since he had been a rookie.

The thought touched off a flash in his mind. Once when he had been a rookie to impress Mike Doyle he slid into first base on an infield single. He had never forgotten what Doyle told him in no uncertain terms when he came off the field.

"Never slide to first!" Doyle had yelled. "You can always get there faster by running. You only slide when you want to duck the infielder so he won't tag you, see?"

Cassidy had never forgotten that and it came to him now as he raced for first in an attempt to beat the speedy Hillman. Running was faster than sliding when you've got two good legs. But not when you've got only one!

He leaped into the air and threw himself in a desperate slide for the bag. He rolled over on his right side while he was still sliding and faced the plate. His foot touched something hard and he raised his glove and prayed that Tim Moran would throw with his usual accuracy. Without hesitating, the big first baseman threw the ball at Cassidy lying on the ground with his gloved hand up.

The ball zipped low past the racing Hillman, Cassidy raised his glove a trifle, the ball slapped into his glove and Hillman raced over the bag. The umpire's eagle eye swept the bag, saw Cassidy's foot hooked to one corner and he yelled:

"Yer out!"

Sam Cassidy didn't have a chance to get back on his feet. The Blues grabbed him, yanked him to his feet grinning and pounded his back. Sam Cassidy didn't have a chance to walk towards the dugout.

A mob of frantic rooters seized him, hoisted him on their shoulders and carried him there in tribute to as game a comeback as they had ever seen.

WHAT WE SAY

If all that we say in a single day, with never a word left out, were printed each night in clear black and white, 'twould prove queer reading, no doubt.

And then, just suppose, ere our eyes we could close, we must read the whole record through: then wouldn't we sigh, and wouldn't we try a great deal less talking to do?

And I more than half think that many a kink would be smoother in life's tangled thread, if half that we say in a single day were forever left unsaid.—Author Unknown.

CHAPLAINS

(United States Baptist.)

Most of the young men being inducted into the United States Army are showing a great eagerness for instruction in religion and religious practices, according to the Most Rev. John F. O'Hara Roman Catholic Bishop of the Army and Navy, who made this observation during an inspection tour of Army posts in Texas.

There was every indication that the religious needs of these men would be met, as it was announced that Congress had appropriated funds for the construction and maintenance of 604 new non-denominational training camp chapels in addition to the twenty-eight already in use. Immediate plans for construction include twelve new chapels for Yankee Division worshippers, to be erected at Camp Edwards, near Falmouth, Massachusetts, within the next six months.

Paralleling this proposed expansion of chapel facilities is the anticipated growth of the chaplaincy. At present twenty-seven of the 261 denominations in this country are represented in the armed forces through chaplains. The 230-odd denominations having no rep-

resentation are mostly minor bodies. According to Washington estimates, there will be 1,500 chaplains in service by June of this year.

Efforts to establish a closer tie between the church and the men in the armed forces have produced at least two interesting sidelights.

The Right Rev. Frank W. Creighton, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Michigan, recently wrote to all members of the clergy in his diocese requesting the names of all men in their respective parishes who are now serving in the Army or Navy. In his letter Bishop Creighton asked permission to write a personal letter to each man, indicating that the diocese "is behind him during a special period of stress and unusual temptation."

A feature of the religious program at Camp Meade, Maryland, is the holding of an undenominational service for the entire division every Sunday evening, apart from the regular services for both Roman Catholic and Protestant groups. There is also a special Sunday service conducted by a Jewish chaplain.



We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.—John Ruskin.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Alias the Deacon" was the feature shown at the regular weekly motion picture show at the School last Thursday night. A short comedy entitled, "A-Haunting We Will Go," was shown at the same time. Both are Universal productions.

—:—

During the past week, Mr. J. M. Scarboro and his youthful helpers have been "robbing" quite a number of the bee hives on the campus, and, as the result of their efforts, our cottage kitchens have been supplied with more than three hundred pounds of fine honey.

—:—

Mr. Charles Turner, of Philadelphia, spent last Saturday with his sister, Mrs. Betty Lee, matron at Cottage No. 2. Although a native of North Carolina, he has been spending quite a number of years in different sections of the United States, being employed by a large steamship company, and doesn't get around to see the folks in "The Old North State" very often.

—:—

Russell Siler, of Greensboro, who left the School August 2, 1920, was a visitor here last Sunday. While a boy here, he was a member of the Cottage No. 1 group. Our records show that Russell served a term of enlistment in the United States Navy since leaving the School. He is now working at the painter's trade, is married and has two children, a boy and girl, ten and nine years old, respectively. Russell stated that he was getting along very nicely, and that he just could not let a year go by without coming back to his "old

home" and renewing acquaintances with friends made while a lad.

—:—

Sivey Ray Marshburn, who left the institution August 4, 1930, called on friends here last Sunday. He is now twenty-seven years of age. For some time he has been working for the Government as welder and is stationed at the Norfolk Navy Yard. He was recently transferred to Charlotte to help with the work on the hangars at the new air base, but expects to return to Norfolk soon. After leaving the School, he attended the Southeastern Institute, Charlotte, where he learned the welding trade. Sivey inherited 72 acres of land from his father's estate, and since working as a welder, has purchased 188 acres adjoining his farm and has built a home.

Members of the staff who talked with this young man say that he had very good manners and that his attitude toward the School was good, and that he really had the appearance of one who is making good.

—:—

Horace T. Gardner one of our old boys, who left the School, July 6, 1932, called on friends here last Saturday afternoon. Upon leaving the institution, he went to his home in Charlotte and entered the public schools of that city, remaining there until he had completed the tenth grade. He also worked as a messenger for the Charlotte branch of the Postal Telegraph Company for some time. He and his mother then moved to Knoxville, Tenn, where he secured employment as messenger with the Southern Railway, and worked there for about five years, being advanced

to the position of filing clerk. A few months ago he enlisted in the United States Army and is now a member of the 28th Ordinance Company, stationed at Fort Oglethrope, Georgia. Gardner, who is now twenty-three years old, is a young man of nice appearance and seems to be getting along well

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. Lee H. Case, of Harrisburg, Pa., recently visited Mr. Byron L. Beaver, formerly of Shamokin, Pa., who has been a member of the School's staff of employees for several months. They were en route to Columbia, S. C., to attend the commencement exercises at the Columbia Bible School, their son being a member of this year's graduating class. Mr. Case is foreman of the composing room on the Harrisburg Daily Patriot. Like all other printers, whenever the odor of printing ink reaches his nostrils, he had to trace it to its source, and it led him to The Uplift office, where, like the mail carrier who takes a hike while on vacation, he had to sit down at the Blue Streak Linotype and set a few lines. We were very glad to meet these good people from Pennsylvania, and hope they will stop in and see us whenever they are in this vicinity.

—:—

Superintendent Boger recently received letters from James Wilhite and Giles E. Greene, who are now in the United States Army and are stationed at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, The Hawaiians. Both report that they like army life and are especially pleased with their present location. Wilhite has been in the Army for about six months, while Green has been in the service about one year.

Giles Greene was in Cottage No. 7 while at the School and was a member of the bakery force. He left the institution September 11, 1937. The following summer he enrolled in a CCC camp and was located in the state of Oregon, remaining there about one year.

James Wilhite was a house boy in the Receiving Cottage for about one and one-half years, and was transferred to Cottage No. 4, where he held a similar position during the remainder of his stay at the School. He was allowed a leave on January 27, 1940, going to Mt. Airy and obtaining work in a store, staying there until enlisting in the Army.

We were glad to hear from these lads and tender our best wishes for a successful career.

—:—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. He was accompanied by Messrs. Gene Davis and Archie Torrey. Gene led the boys in singing a number of their favorite hymns, after which he turned the service over to Archie.

Mr. Torrey, whose parents are missionaries to China, was born in that country. At the age of twelve, his parents sent him away to school, after which he attended a college in China. He then came to this country and spent four years at Davidson College, graduating in 1939.

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker called attention to the fact that this was the Sunday nearest the anniversary of Ascension Day, when Christ returned to heaven. During the forty days that ensued between the resurrection and ascension, Jesus appeared to his disciples at different times. Altogether about 140 saw and

talked with him during this time. After Jesus's resurrection, his followers realized that he was still interested in setting up God's kingdom on earth. He left the earth and returned to God. When he went, he promised them two things: (1) That he would return. (2) He would receive them unto himself.

Before going, Christ charged his disciples to preach the gospel to all the world. A small church was started at Antioch. It grew in spite of many handicaps; other churches were started; and now the Christian influence has spread all over the world and millions of people are supporting it. This has been made possible because a true Christian is just as much interested in seeing that others have a chance in life as well as himself.

Mr Torrey stated that his father and mother became missionaries to China many years ago. They and many other missionaries worked for years but did not seem to be making much progress. Occasionally a native would come to them and say that he wanted to be a Christian, but such cases were scattered, and at first, it seemed a slow and discouraging process.

In 1926, his parents returned to America, staying here three years. During this period a civil war broke out in China, the government of their home city changing hands five times. In 1930 they returned, and on the way back they wondered in what condition they would find the little church they had established. They were pleasantly surprised to find that Chinese preachers had taken over the church and were doing well. During the years the missionaries were so discouraged over the results of their

labors, they had been planting seed that later grew and flourished.

The speaker then said that in 1936, his father and mother came to America for a vacation period. The Japanese-Chinese War broke out during their absence, and when again returning to China, they wondered what effect this would have on their little church. They went to the Chinese church, not knowing just what to expect because of Japanese aggression. Much to their surprise, they found the church entirely filled. They heard the Chinese preacher telling his people that they should be grateful for the war, as it had brought the people to God. In the midst of terrible suffering and hardships, they had turned to the Heavenly Father.

As another example of how Christian people act toward one another, Mr. Torrey told of a great famine in China, and how Christian Chinese shared their scant supply of food with starving heathen. Many, people, he added, call themselves Christians. go to church regularly, but are not carrying out the will of God in their daily living. When we have a church filled with people like that, the power of the church is weakened. People on the outside are not impressed, because they know such folks are just pretending to live good lives.

In conclusion, the speaker asked this question: What can we do to make the world a better place in which to live? He answered by saying that we must take Christ's own life as our example; try to acquire the same loyalty to the Master, as he had for God. A true Christian should be willing to do anything for Christ. He will not force us. We must make the choice.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 25, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

- (3) Herschel Allen 11
- (4) Carl Barrier 9
William Drye 23
- (3) Arcemias Heaffner 3
- (26) Frank May 26
William O'Brien 2
- (3) Weaver Ruff 18
- (4) William Shannon 25
- (26) Weldon Warren 26

COTTAGE NO. 1

- (2) James Bargesser 12
- (7) William Blackmon 15
Charles Browning 8
- (3) Loyd Callahan 14
- (7) Albert Chunn 21
- (4) William Cook 4
- (2) Eugene Edwards 14
- (4) Ralph Harris 15
- (7) Porter Holder 23
- (13) Burman Keller 21
- (11) H. C. Pope 17
- (2) Kenneth Tipton 12
- (2) Luther Vaughn 2
- (16) Everett Watts 24

COTTAGE NO. 2

- (7) Henry Barnes 7
Bernice Hoke 14
- (24) Edward Johnson 25
- (2) Richard Patton 3

COTTAGE NO. 3

- (4) Earl Barnes 15
- (3) Grover Beaver 9
- (4) John Bailey 19
Lewis Baker 15
William Buff 8
- (2) Robert Coleman 2
- (2) Bruce Hawkins 13
- (2) Robert Hare 9
David Hensley 11
- (4) Jack Lemley 14
- (2) Harley Matthews 13
- (4) George Shaver 11
- (3) Wayne Sluder 15
- (2) John Tolley 16
- (4) Jerome Wiggins 19
- (4) Louis Williams 21

COTTAGE NO. 4

- Paul Briggs 13
- (2) Quentin Crittenton 14
John Jackson 14
- (4) Morris Johnson 9
Hugh Kennedy 17
George Newman 12
Oakley Walker 13
- (2) Thomas Yates 13

COTTAGE NO. 5

- (13) Theodore Bowles 25
Collett Cantor 18
Glenn Drum 6
- (2) Robert Dellinger 10
Monroe Flinchum 5
William Gaddy 5
Eugene Kermon 4
Leonard Melton 13
Mack McQuaigue 17
- (2) Roy Pruitt 2
Currie Singleton 20
- (2) Fred Tolbert 13
- (2) Dewey Ware 24
- (2) Hubert Walker 22

COTTAGE NO. 6

John Linville
George Wilhite 9

COTTAGE NO. 7

- (3) Cleasper Beasley 24
- (2) Laney Broome 2
- (2) Henry Butler 19
- (9) Donald Earnhardt 23
- (3) George Green 16
- (3) Raymond Hughes 8
- (4) Hilton Hornsby 6
- (3) Arnold McHone 23
Edward Overby 12
- (3) Marshall Pace 17
Carl Ray 17
- (5) Jack Reeves 7
Loy Stines 12
Ervin Wolfe 17

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett 10

COTTAGE NO. 9

- (2) Marvin Ballew 2

- (8) Percy Capps 17
- (2) David Cunningham 24
James Davis 8
- (5) John B. Davis 5
- (8) Edgar Hedgepeth 16
- (2) Mark Jones 18
- (2) Grady Kelly 13
Isaac Mahaffey 5
- (6) Marvin Matheson 7
- (6) William Nelson 22
Thomas Sands 18
Lewis Sawyer 12
- (2) Robert Tidwell 10
Horace Williams 13

COTTAGE NO. 10

Carl Ward 12

COTTAGE NO. 11

- (3) William Dixon 10
- (4) William Furches 20
- (4) Charles Frye 6
- (10) Cecil Gray 19
- (26) Robert Goldsmith 26
- (3) Fred Jones 12
- (11) Earl Hildreth 23
- (3) John Ray 9
- (6) Canipe Shoe 7
James Tyndall 22
- (3) William Wilson 8

COTTAGE NO. 12

- (2) Odell Almond 21
- (4) Jay Brannock 9
William Broadwell 12
- (8) Ernest Brewer 18
- (3) William Deaton 18
- (11) Treley Frankum 21
- (4) Charles Hastings 16
Eugene Heaffner 17
Tillman Lyles 21
Daniel McPhail 5
- (11) Hercules Rose 21
- (2) Howard Saunders 23
- (8) Charles Simpson 22
- (2) Robah Sink 20
- (8) Jesse Smith 16
- (4) George Tolson 19

COTTAGE NO. 13

- (17) James Brewer 22
- (10) Charles Gaddy 18
- (10) Vincent Hawes 23
- (2) Jack Mathis 11
Claude McConnell 6
- (5) Randall D. Peeler 14

Earl Wolfe 6

COTTAGE NO. 14

- (9) Raymond Andrews 21
- (2) John Baker 21
William Butler 15
- (13) Edward Carter 24
Robert Deyton 20
- (9) Leonard Dawn 12
Henry Ennis 11
- (26) Audie Farthing 26
- (2) Henry Glover 15
Troy Gilland 22
- (8) John Hamm 22
Willim Harding 9
- (8) Marvin King 15
Feldman Lane 21
- (2) Roy Mumford 17
John Maples 10
- (4) Charles McCoy 18
- (2!) Norvell Murphy 23
- (4) Glenn McCall 4
- (6) Charles Steepleton 21
J. C. Willis 13

COTTAGE NO. 15

- Jennings Britt 19
- Ray Bayne 6
- William Barrier
- Aldine Duggins 8
- James Deatherage
- Paul Deal 3
- Jack Hodge 3
- John Howard 4
- James Ledford 2
- Clarence Medlin
- Marvin Pennell 2
- (2) Brown Stanley 8
- (4) J. P. Sutton 19
Calvin Tessneer 1!
- George Warren 5
- (2) Bennie Wilhelm 15
Basil Wetherington 6

INDIAN COTTAGE

- Alton Williams 3
- Frank Chavis 6
- (10) Roy Helms 10
- (2) Cecir Jacobs 4
- (2) James Johnson 11
John T. Lowry 15
- Leroy Lowry 6
- (8) Redmond Lowry 21
- (4) Varcy Oxendine 8
- (8) Thomas Wilson 23



JUN 9 1941

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., JUNE 7, 1941

NO. 23

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PATRIOTISM

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

WHY WORRY?

With some to worry is chronic, with others it is acute, and with still others to worry is both chronic and acute. One man is reported to have worried over the war news his morning paper brought to the breakfast table, and when the paper was seven hours late one day he worried because he would have to wait till the afternoon to worry over the news that his morning paper brought him. This was an instance of acute and chronic worries united.

A housewife's first view of Niagara Falls reminded her that she had left the faucet running in her kitchen sink. That was worry of the acute variety. We have all heard of the woman who was constantly worried when she had nothing to worry about, and we will all agree that she had a chronic case.

Why worry at all? "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you" is very good advice.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

A FINE CITIZEN PASSES

The city of Concord mourned at the bier of Mrs. Annie Craig Allison, the wife of the late Hon. John P. Allison, and, like her distinguished husband, she spent her life in the rugged hills of Cabarrus, which she loved so well. She passed to her reward after a lingering illness.

Mrs. Allison was commanding in stature, pleasing in personality with a bright mentality, and having the mold of her courageous forebears, she applauded the achievements of the brave and fearlessly condemned any act short of "playing the game fair." Her loyalty to her friends, her love for her home and church were superb, and her passing leaves in the community a vacant chair that will be hard to fill.

Despite the fact that she was reared in a delightful atmosphere unused to hardships, but with vivid memories of ante-bellum days,

she was suddenly thrust when a mere child, into a new era, the reconstruction of the South. But she challenged the cause with Spartan fortitude and worked as a true "Daughter of the Confederacy" for the reclaiming of her own Southland to its pristine beauty and culture.

Although she lived through three generations, so to speak, Mrs. Allison possessed an adaptable nature, seeing the virtues of each with approval, and the errors of the misguided with sympathy, therefore, she has left her imprint on the present as the constant dripping of water leaves its imperishable marks on stone. Her life will soon be only a memory. We bow in reverence over the grave of our departed friend and wish for her sweet sleep.

* * * * *

BENEFITS OF THE RADIO

One of the greatest gifts of modern science to mankind is the radio. The instrument, if it may be so termed, just by the turn of the dial places one in contact with events, either local or world-wide. In addition to the music, there are news broadcasts and programs of drama by the best artists. The fine entertainments broadcast furnish delightful pastime for shut-ins from physical causes or those denied freedom for various reasons. The low price of the radio makes it possible for all kinds and conditions of people to be better informed as to world-wide events, interspersed with programs to suit the taste of all classes. It is true at times one becomes bored almost beyond endurance with some of the advertising features, but it is always the privilege of the listening audience to turn the dial until a pleasing program is found, or twist another gadget and have absolute silence.

The value of the radio to the home, if used discreetly, cannot be estimated. There is no excuse during this era of history for anyone to have a closed mind or live in grooves, for the radio brings to the most remote corners of the country, programs that are both pleasing and edifying. The familiar expression, "many people, many minds," emphasizes the necessity of varied pastimes. Everyone has favorite numbers. For instance, the Ford hour, with its music and talks by W. J. Cameron, is a distinct contribution toward inspiring a taste for the classics in both music and literature. An-

other privilege realized from the Ford Sunday evening hour is the presentation of singers of national and international fame. One of the most delightful of these programs was when one hundred children of the Greenfield School, near Detroit, entertained with song and recitation. This delightful program consisted of choruses selected from the work of Handel, Haydn and Mozart. Those young people were splendidly trained.

While listening to the young people of the Greenfield School we were led to believe this institution was making a wonderful contribution in preparing youth for national defense. The future careers of the youth of the land is more definitely charted by training received in schools of the nation than is generally realized. The adaptability of a student is detected by the instructor, therefore, properly placed so as to avoid misfits in the course of a lifetime. The outstanding expression of democracy is our public school system for all children, regardless of race or creed. The results of these institutions are expected to be a state of preparedness to meet the demands of all periods of history. The goal of the personnel of each and every public school should be "to use, and not abuse the opportunities offered."

* * * * *

1755—NATHAN HALE—1776.

Nathan Hale, famous American patriot of the Revolutionary period, was born at Coventry, Conn., June 6, 1755. He was employed as a school teacher when the colonists of Concord and Lexington "fired the shot heard 'round the world," and during the following summer he became a member of a Connecticut regiment of volunteers, with the rank of first lieutenant. In January, 1776, he received a captain's commission, and was assigned to duty in the vicinity of New York City.

When General Washington called for a volunteer to enter the British lines to secure needed information, Hale offered his services. Disguised as a Dutch schoolmaster, he gained entrance to all the enemy camps in New York and Long Island, made drawings of fortifications and obtained other valuable facts. Just as he was planning to return on the night of September 21st, he was captured, and the next morning suffered the shameful but inevitable fate of

a spy—death by hanging. He wrote farewell letters to his mother and to the young lady to whom he was engaged, but they were destroyed before his eyes. We are told that his captors even refused to send for a clergyman or permit him to see a Bible. As he bravely faced death, this young hero at the last, uttered words that will ever be an inspiration to young Americans: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

In City Hall Park, New York City, probably near the spot where he lost his life, a beautiful statue has been erected to the memory of Nathan Hale. The city of Hartford, Conn., has honored him with a similar memorial.

Elsewhere in this issue we are carrying an interesting article about this famous American patriot, who thought of duty to his country rather than his own safety.

* * * * *

THE DARK SIDE OF THE VACATION PERIOD

"Scores of North Carolinians now looking forward to a vacation period of rest and peace this summer will 'Rest in Peace' when the vacation season comes to a close."

Ronald Hocutt, director of the Highway Safety Division, made this dire prediction in speaking of what apparently is going to happen on North Carolina streets and highways this summer.

"I dislike being a pessimist and viewing with alarm," he said, "but unless the current upward trend in traffic accidents is unexpectedly checked, we may expect to see around 300 persons killed in traffic accidents in the state from Memorial Day (May 30) to Labor Day (September 1)."

There were 208 traffic fatalities in the state last summer, 62 in June, 64 in July, and 82 in August, he pointed out. The toll this year, however is running around 50 per cent above that of last year.

"It is horrible to contemplate," he said, "that three hundred North Carolinians who are living today will die between now and summer's end as a result of the careless, reckless and thoughtless actions of their fellow citizens.

"I earnestly appeal to drivers, pedestrians, bicycle riders and all others who travel upon our streets and highways to be on their

guard in traffic this summer as never before. Vacationists must not be in too big a hurry, must not drink and drive, and must put their minds on what they are doing at all times when in traffic.

“Unless these things are done, many people in our state this summer will go on a vacation that will last for eternity.”

* * * * *

MORE PLANNING

For all who are expecting to live more years than they yet have lived, who have most of their life ahead of them, it is wise that they take a long look ahead, for that is the best way to plan for life.

For the moment, much may be confusing and unpromising. It may seem quite futile to plan beyond this year, or what we call the immediate future. But the uncertainties of the present are truly opportunities for intelligent, careful planning, for consideration of foundations on which good building may be done later.

It may require some courageous pioneering, some suppression of fear, some daring venture of your own, some departure from the ways of thoughtless, pleasure-seeking, easily-contented associates. But unless some vital, independent planning is done, there will be no pinnacle from which you can look back over gratifying achievements, look around on noble work to be done and ahead. to “something better farther on.”

The challenge is for a start where you are. Do something with confidence, with conditions as you find them, ever planning to push through the annoying uncertainties and to come out on the larger fields of opportunity.

No great victory has ever been won by anybody who listened to the cry that it could not be done. Though a plan fail, make another wiser and better. Failures are good discipline. Wind and storm strengthen a growing tree.

FESSENDEN GROUP PLANS MEETING TO WORK FOR MEMORIAL

(The Dare County Times)

In a movement to honor Prof. Reginald A. Fessenden, inventor, who developed wireless telegraphy on Roanoke Island, forty years ago, a meeting of the Fessenden Memorial Committee members, many of them North Carolinians, and others, including several notable national figures, will be held early in June, probably in the office of Representative Herbert Bonner in Washington, according to Victor Meekins, chairman of the N. C. committee.

Governor Broughton, if unable to attend in person, will commission a representative of the State of North Carolina, to act for him. The Governor is honorary chairman of the National Council. Other well-known officials in the movement are Thad Eure, Secretary of State, Harry McMullan, Attorney General, Representative Bonner and Senator Bailey.

The actual site where Fessenden's wireless station stood will be purchased and presented as a Fessenden Memorial Park. It contains a large acreage and will be the site of a National Memorial to be erected by admirers of Fessenden and his work throughout America.

Judge Henry L. Stevens, former State and National Commander of the American Legion this week joined the Fessenden Memorial Association. Other members recently added are: R. C. Evans, T. S. Meekins, Roy Davis, M. K. Fearing, J. E. Ferebee, Martin Kellogg, Jr., I. P. Davis, N. Miller of Manteo; W. D. Pruden and R. D. Dixon of Edenton; Dan Oden

of Hatteras; Carroll Wilson of Roanoke Rapids; F. E. Winslow and J. L. Horne of Rocky Mount, Miss Beatrice Cobb, Morganton; Gordon Gray of Winston-Salem; Louis Graves of Chapel Hill; H. V. Leary, Camden; M. B. Simpson, Dr. L. S. Blades, A. B. Houtz, of Elizabeth City.

Lt. Col. Reginald K. Fessenden is to attend the meeting, Mr. Meekins stated. Col. Fessenden has approved the idea and the location. It was also approved by Mrs. Helen Fessenden, widow, and recent biographer of the inventor. Mrs. Fessenden died in April.

Lt. Col. Reginald K. Fessenden, who as a lad of nine, spent a happy summer or two in 1901 and 1902 at Roanoke Island, has expressed extreme pleasure in a letter to Governor Broughton, because of the interest of North Carolinians in establishing a memorial to his father on Roanoke Island. In his letter to Governor Broughton, he says:

"Dear Governor Broughton:

"I must apologize for not having answered your letter of April 29 before this, and wish to thank you most sincerely, not only for your condolence, but also for your kindness in serving as Chairman of the Advisory Council for the Fessenden Memorial Association.

"I think it is magnificent how the citizens of North Carolina have rallied behind this movement, but it is not surprising to me. I have very happy memories of a childhood spent on Roanoke Island and even now can

recall the sterling qualities, true Americanism, and friendship displayed by my North Carolina friends.

"The creation of a memorial to my father. Prof. Reginald A. Fessenden, was one of my mother's dearest wishes, and her last days were greatly cheered by the knowledge that such a project was being advanced so energetically.

"Please accept my personal thanks and assurance that I and the other members of the family will do our utmost to make this memorial a tribute, not only to my father, but to the State of North Carolina.

"Yours very truly,

"Reginald K. Fessenden.

Lieut. Colonel Q. M.-Res."

Governor Broughton had previously written Col. Fessenden expressing appreciation on behalf of North Carolinians, for the response the family gave the movement for the proposed memorial.

Lieutenant Colonel Reginald K. Fessenden was born May 7th, 1893, at Lafayette, Indiana, where his father was Professor of Electrical Engineering at Purdue University. His early childhood was spent in Pittsburgh and Maryland, after which he lived at Manteo during the time his father was engaged in radio work there. Subsequently he lived in Virginia, Washington and Massachusetts. He was educated at Phillips Andover Academy, Yale College and Harvard Law School. While at college he served in the Massachusetts National Guard

as an enlisted man, and on the declaration of war in 1917, was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the 303rd Infantry, 76th Division. He served one year overseas, was promoted twice and left the service with the rank of Captain. Since that time he accepted a commission in the Quartermaster Reserve Corps and received two promotions to his present rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

He married Helen Dowden Burke in 1936 and now resides in Madison, Conn.

Early in April, Mrs. Helen K. Fessenden, mother of Col. Fessenden, had written her approval of Roanoke Island as a site for the memorial to Prof. Fessenden. In a letter to Victor Meekins at Manteo, early in May, Col. Fessenden wrote.

Dear Mr. Meekins:

"I can only say that both my mother and myself were tremendously impressed with the co-operation, public spirit, and enthusiasm shown by you and by other citizens of North Carolina in forwarding the project of a memorial to my father at Roanoke Island where he did his pioneer work in the development of the wireless telephone.

Though my mother is gone, she thoroughly approved of the project and you may count on the continued support and endorsement of myself and other members of the family.

'Yours truly,

Reginald K. Fessenden."

If you hope for pleasant things to turn up, keep the corners of your mouth that way.

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF NATHAN HALE

By A. Hoyt Levy

Every working day for nearly a dozen years, I came up out of the subway at Brooklyn Bridge and walked across City Hall Park to my office. And never in all these years, storm, rain or shine, did I fail to stop, if only for an instant, and gaze upon the statue of Nathan Hale that stood in front of New York's City Hall. That statue, in my estimation, is the finest work ever done by the great sculptor, Macmonnies—indeed, I would be so bold as to say it is the finest work of its kind by any sculptor.

What there was about the bronze figure on the marble pedestal that so inspired me as to cause me to pause each time I came before it, I do not know. It could not have been the sculptor's craftsmanship alone. For it had beneath its surface a human warmth which, unbeknownst to the sculptor, must have crept into the clay through which Nathan Hale emerged in bronze. "The courage in his bearing, the faith in his tilted chin, the glory in his eyes—and the poignancy in his shackled arms—these were beyond the skill of any sculptor. To me, as I looked with subconscious reverence upon that youthful figure whose only regret was that he had but one life to lose for his country, the court marshal's decree had not yet been carried out upon the hero of my schooldays—to me, Nathan Hale still lived.

Curiously, many of our greatest Americans came from large families. Nathan Hale was the sixth of a family of ten children. As a child

he was something of a prodigy, entering Yale University at the age of 14. But unlike most child prodigies he was not top heavy in any particular subject or phase of life. For he not only did astonishingly well in his studies but performed equally well in athletic sports. Upon his graduation from Yale at the age of 18 he accepted a position as a teacher in a country school where his fine brain, his six foot of brawn and his good looks made him popular with the pupils of both sexes. But with the colonies smoldering under tax and other abuses, young Hale could not remain complacent as a country schoolteacher and two years later he joined a regiment just forming. Here, by his bold feats, he became the idol of his regiment. One of these feats, which appeared almost foolhardy to attempt, was to cross the East River on a foggy night, board a British sloop anchored here and guarded by a British man-of-war, and return to his camp with a goodly loot of food and clothing so badly needed by his comrades.

Hale had just reached his twenty-first birthday. The Declaration of Independence had been signed a few days previous. But the chances of American victory appeared slim. There were 14,000 poorly equipped, undernourished men in the American army opposed by 25,000 well nourished and well equipped British. General Washington, encamped on Brooklyn Heights, knew that the British would soon attack New York on the other side of the river. But just when and

where the attack would take place he did not know and the fate of New York depended upon his obtaining that information. Volunteers were called for among the officers. There was no response. As the officer in charge repeated his call, another officer appeared—Captain Nathan Hale. Without hesitation, Hale volunteered. His friends endeavored to dissuade him but without avail. "I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation," he said. "If the exigency of my country demands a peculiar service, its claims to perform that service are imperative."

How Captain Hale found his way into the British camp, history does not record. We do know that he had been there two weeks, that at the time of his capture he had in his possession drawings of the fortifications and valuable military information which he had written in Latin. We know too, the circumstances of his capture. His mission completed, he was about to leave and stopped in a tavern to

await the arrival of his boat. The tavern keeper, a Tory woman, recognized him and notified the authorities.

Court marshals in time of war do not brook delay. But this day a fire broke out at the docks and spread through the city. The trial was adjourned for the following day. There was no defense. When asked if he wished to make a final confession, he replied, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

As I write these words a terrible war rages across the Atlantic—a war of dictatorship against all the principles for which Nathan Hale gave up his life a hundred-and-sixty-five years ago this month. It is well, in times like these, to pause, and to give thought to those patriots who fought for the freedom which we enjoy—the life, the liberty and the pursuit of happiness that can not exist under a dictator government which now threatens the democracies of the world. And in giving thought, to act.

LIKE A BOY

A small boy was inviting his friend to his birthday party, and explained how to find the apartment in which he lived. "Come to the seventh floor," he said, "and where you see the letter D on the door, push the button with your elbow and when the door opens put your foot against it."

"Why do I have to use my elbow and my foot?" asked the invited guest.

"Well, I suppose you'd have your hands full of somethin', since it's my birthday."—Selected.

MAJOR BOWES

By Edith Lindeman

We find a youth of 12 busily engaged as usher at a school teachers' convention in San Francisco. He takes his work seriously, and finds many ways of making himself useful. For his work he is to receive a small coin—just enough to insure the presence of a "nice little boy" to run errands and show belated conventioners to their seats.

In such a capacity Edward Bowes overheard one teacher lamenting that she had forgotten her name cards. Promptly the lad offered to supply her a dozen cards for twenty-five cents. It was Edward's first business bargain. He had learned the Spencerian style of writing in school, and had received compliments from the teacher for his work. The cards were quickly prepared in his finest penmanship. The novelty of hand-written name cards, and perfect work, was an agreeable surprise to the customer. Immediately a score or more teachers placed orders. The convention lost a good usher, for Edward Bowes had become a business man overnight, and many of the delegates filled their reticules with novel hand-written cards.

Edward Bowes in early years entertained lofty ambitions. As a boy he found himself in a real estate office selling real estate at a weekly wage of three dollars. There were depressions, but Edward Bowes knew none of them. In his early twenties he was a successful real estate operator. As a sideline he became a yachtsman, owner of a stable for race

horses, and when the automobile came, he was an enthusiast. He won a non-stop "grind" on the record distance of fifty miles, coming through without the engine stalling, and all tires intact!

In 1904, San Francisco politics was a subject of a sweeping investigation. Bowes was made a member of the Grand Jury that heard evidence against corruptionists. Bowes found the work fascinating. He spent a wild and woolly year as a reformer. Wherever he went, there went a bodyguard also. A young lawyer, Hiram Johnson (now United States Senator), spent most of his time defending young Bowes in suits brought to silence him.

One night Bowes gained entrance to the home of the King of Chinatown, a leader in tong wars and drug traffic. Single handed he "kidnapped" the "king" and whisked him off to court, where he was promptly indicted for murder. During the trial, the prosecuting attorney was shot down in open court. Hiram Johnson replaced him. In a few months Bowes had placed all the members of the dope ring behind bars.

The year was 1906. Edward Bowes had just returned from Ireland, visiting his parents. He had also just married Margaret Illington, a famous theatrical star. It was the morning following the first concert of Enrico Caruso when Bowes was awakened by an earthquake shock. A second shock came quickly, and more severe. Then it seemed to Bowes that the

whole earth was falling apart. A holocaust of fire broke out. When all was over, every pieie of property Bowes owned was represented by a ghastly hole in the ground.

His Irish tenacity stood him to hand in this disaster. He interested himself in theatricals, and became manager of theater in the East. And in 1918 he made another dream come true by building the apitol Theater in New York City, the largest playhouse ever constructed up to that time. His contemporaries predicted failure, but it was an immediate success.

Edward Bowes personally is even more arresting than his achievements. He secured the title "Major" from the Officers' Reserve Corps of which he is staff specialist. He is no great beauty to look upon, but is such a "swell guy" and such an idolized figure to his protegees, that they all think he is the handsomest person in New York. He is five feet and nine and one half inches in height, and tips the scales at 174 pounds. His sand-colored hair is always smooth and shiny. He has dark blue eyes that glow with kindness, a ruddy com-

plexion, and a prominent nose. He is fastidious about his clothes and his belongings. He knows if the slightest item on his desk has been moved. Everything he wears has to be hand-stitched. He never keeps more than one hundred suits on hand! He gives away the surplus. He believes 13 is the luckiest of numbers, because he married his wife on the 13th, and his deal for the Capitol Theater was closed on that day of the month.

Major Bowes is a great sentimentalist. He considers the affections of his friends his most precious possession. He lives on the fifth floor of the Capital Theater building, where he has fourteen rooms. But he likes his country home the best—in Westchester County, overlooking the Hudson. On his estate are eighteen thousand laurel bushes, colorful gardens, and an ornamental balcony which he brought from New Orleans.

Major Bowes' Amateur Hour is his own creation, to give talented youth a chance to exploit their capabilities before they grow too old to enjoy the fruits of their efforts.

THE WORKER THAT COUNTS

Give two painters the same pigments and one of them will produce a "Transfiguration" and the other will exhaust his genius upon the signboards of a country road. Give two workmen the same kind of stones and one will build a beautiful temple while the other will rear an unsightly structure. So is life. Out of the same material one man will lay up treasures in heaven while another will pile up wealth on earth. Dirt touched by consecrated fingers becomes gold; gold grasped by selfish hands becomes dirt. It is the worker that counts.

—Southern Baptist Home Missions.

ALASKAN COURT FLOATS AROUND

By Daniel J. Marston

A rush for citizenship among Alaska's aliens promises again this summer to give the territory's "floating court" a busy time in Aleutian out-of-the-way spots.

In June, the tiny government wooden school houses out on the Aleutian peninsula and up Bristol bay way—Squaw Harbor, False Pass, Naknek, Dillingham, and other isolated cannery spots—will become official courthouses for the once-a-year visits.

The court's "Hear ye, hear ye" will call Federal Judge Simon Hellenthal's court sessions to order, amid the puzzled looks of the Aleuts and other natives. As in years past, accounts of marital mixups among natives probably will crop up, as well as a few civil suits and possibly some divorces. But this year—through a new law restricting aliens' fishing rights—many more naturalization cases may be expected.

District Attorney J. W. Kehoe has set the first session for May 31 at Seward. The coast guard cutter Haida hereafter will carry Judge Hellenthal and the court personnel to Kodiak, then westward and finally up into Bristol bay on a three week's trip.

Time was when arrival of the cutter, bringing law and order, with trials held and outlaws convicted and taken in the brig back to Valdez for imprisonment, was one of Alaska's most colorful events.

The airplane, with speedy transportation from most points here and to Fairbanks and other Alaska cities, has changed that. There's no need now to wait months for Federal authorities to arrive. Then, too, United States commissioners now have been

appointed and stationed in isolated outposts.

The 1938 law passed by Congress restricting fishing privileges to American citizens, beginning June 25, has accelerated the drive to citizenship. After that, aliens will not even be eligible to cook on fishing vessels, although they may still be employed as laborers in canneries.

However, as a special concession, persons who have taken out their first papers and not permitted them to lapse may still fish.

It happens that many of the fisherman along Alaska's coasts are of Scandinavian, English, or other descent, who came north years ago and never became citizens. This explains their rush, to save their means of livelihood.

In 1939 (fiscal year), throughout Alaska, 159 aliens filed declarations of intention to become citizens, or first papers. Two hundred thirty-four petitioned for second papers and 190 were naturalized. Last year, 192 declarations were filed, 226 petitioned for second papers, and 195 were naturalized.

The "floating court," on its 1939 trip, received 40 filings for first papers. 20 for second papers, and naturalized 47. On its short trip last year, 11 persons were naturalized and 18 persons filed first papers.

But with only a few whites found in some of the points visited, the granting of citizenship is a ceremony of much importance in those areas.

Of the natives' marital mixups, one discovered on the Haida's trip last year, as related by a Haida officer,

occurred in a small outpost where only two whites—the school teacher and the postmaster—resided.

With no United States commissioner present to perform the ceremony, the school teacher granted a “temporary” marriage license and the couple considered themselves married. They decided to separate some time later.

That was before the “floating court” arrived with a legal authority aboard who could “unbind” them properly. The white postmaster solved that. He issued a “temporary” divorce.

The “floating court” also carries dental and medical aid to the outposts. As wards of the government, natives receive such services, no matter how costly, free. It might include a rush trip by the cutter of several days duration.

The dentist, provided by the public health service, usually has a busier time of it than the ship’s surgeon.

He takes his portable chair ashore, usually into the same schoolhouse where court sessions are held. The Aleuts, in particular, have poor teeth and require many extractions. The ship’s surgeon may give minor medical or surgical attention, but major cases usually are returned to the Unalaska hospital.

Occasional “treatments” by radio by the ship’s surgeon, with messages sent back and forth to isolated islands or points diagnosing a disease and suggesting its treatment, also enliven the coast guard routine.

The “floating court” has a long history. The first record voyage was by the famed late Judge James B. Wickersham, who set out in 1903 from Nome on the revenue cutter “Rush.”

Alaskans say no similar court exists anywhere else in the world.

RESIGNATION

Why, why repine, my pensive friend,
 At the pleasures slipped away?
 Some the stern fates will never lead,
 And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
 The dew upon the grass;
 I see them, and I ask not why
 They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
 To call them back; 'twere vain;
 In this, or in some other spot,
 I know they'll shine again.

—Walter S. Landso.

THE BATTLE OF THE ANDES

By Frederick Hall

A rifle shot! The lieutenant sprang to his feet. For more than seventy years the embers of war had been smoldering between Argentina and Chile, and a spark seemed all that was necessary to set ablaze the conflict of destruction and death. Only the peace-loving citizens had by supplications and diplomacy averted war.

"From whence came that shot?" demanded the lieutenant. Half a dozen men sprang to his side. "Jaun's post I think senior lieutenant," replied the sergeant.

"So think I. I go see. You take command till I return. Remember your orders." And the lieutenant leaped into the starlit night, and up the steep, rugged trail where it dipped upon a valley of loose boulders. There crouched behind a rock, were two men with rifles at their shoulders.

"You fired, corporal?" demanded the lieutenant.

"Si, senior lieutenant." It was Corporal Jaun's dark, intense face. "A man behind—! Look you, there! Did you not see?"

"There is no man there," said the lieutenant, peering in the direction indicated. He swiftly descended the slope and circled the rock that the corporal had thought sheltered an enemy.

"What were your orders?" he demanded of the corporal, sternly.

The corporal looked abashed: "If fired upon—" he began, as if reciting a lesson, "fire in the air and retreat upon the stone shelter house."

"Si; and you fired before you were fired upon; you were not brave enough to wait. You have a good record; I do not wish to report you for punishment. Remember your orders!" And the lieutenant was off.

On his return to the post, he recalled the words of his uncle: "Think not, my son, that for soldiers the Prince of Peace has no work to do. I here in our Argentina a bishop—my good friend Jara a bishop in Chile—good men, good women, good soldiers, everywhere. Is not our end the same? Ours with prayer and gentle words, yours with stern discipline to see that no rash or foolish act brings bloodshed between countrymen of the same speech and lineage."

"Senior lieutenant, hurry!" came a shout from the low door of the stone shelter. It was the sergeant. "Come quick! the telefono say a clash at the pass! It is war!" By his side stood a stranger. A bearer of dispatches," explained the sergeant.

The lieutenant read the message, a dispatch from his uncle, the bishop: *Rejoice. Dispute formally referred to Edward VII for arbitration. Official confirmation to follow.*

But now the clash at the pass! There was no official word to stop the bloodshed, and he alone, possibly, in all that sector, knew of this. He must take the news at once to the pass!

Beyond their regular railway ex-

tended a private narrow-gauge railway. "I return with you," said the lieutenant to the dispatch runner. Then, turning to the sergeant, "You will take command here. I go see General Pasco. Remember your orders!"

"There is need of great haste," said the lieutenant as he commanded Emilio, his orderly, and Carlos, the runner to follow. They fell at once into a dogtrot, the runner setting the pace.

At a point overlooking a valley, the runner gave a long halloo—a signal, he explained, to Diego, the old engineer on the private railway—a signal to steam up.

The lieutenant looked at the antique engine and down the right of way. Light, rusty rails, spiked loosely to rotting sleepers. Farther on were sudden curves, steep grades and depressions, overhanging cliffs, yawning chasms.

"You see this," the lieutenant held up a paper. Can you read? No?" He explained the message and saw the old engineer cross himself. "If this paper gets to General Pasco, maybe we all go home, and Argentina and Chile be friends again. See—I put it here. If I die, leave me, but take this to General Pasco."

They clambered into the tiny cab. The runner stripped to the waist and seized the fuel shovel.

"How fast?" challenged the engineer.

"Fast as you can!" shouted the lieutenant.

The race to beat the troops to the pass was one to be remembered with a shudder, yet also as an hour of glorious life. Old Diego opened the

throttle wide; the mass of iron hissed and plunged. Treacherous curves were completely ignored. The engine heaved and tilted. At one moment the branches of the trees lashed at them, or seemed trying to snare them, the next they hung poised on the brink of a precipice. Then they were hurling straight toward a rock wall—that opened and received them into a crevice. The old engineer's eyes glowed like the open door of a furnace. Carlos, the stoker, whistled softly for courage, as he heaved the fuel into the seething pit. Emilio kept shouting out of sheer excitement.

They had escaped a hundred perils. The headquarters of General Pasco was in sight. Suddenly the engine gave a piercing shriek, and the old engineer yelled. "Jump! Jump quick!"

The floor of the cab rose like the deck of a ship in the grip of a typhoon. Only Emilio leaped free.

General Pasco read the message, Emilio standing white-faced before him. "Command the colonel to halt the attack he ordered.

The adjutant leaped to the order. The general turned again to Emilio. He saw the young man sway. "You are wounded," he exclaimed.

"It is not—not for me, senor general—has the stretcher come yet with the lieutenant?"

Early one beautiful morning in March of 1904, at Puente del Inca, not far from where Lieutenant Ascavado had been stationed, thousands of people from Argentina and Chile gathered on the mountain side awaiting the sunrise. The domain resounded with the national hymns of both

peoples. There were cheers for Argentina, and for Chile. And then they unveiled a colossal bronze statue of the "Christ of the Andes."

Two men, one leaning on a cane, stood near the monument. One turned to the other and said in a low voice, "Can you quite believe, Emilio, that all this has come to pass? Only for brave Diego, it might have been war."

"Some day," came the glad reply, "your uncle says, perhaps the world

will follow our leading. Ah if only Diego could be here now!"

They stood silent. Then Emilio spoke again. "Shall we go near and read the inscription, *senor lieutenant?*"

"First find two Chileans, and take them with us—here, these two."

And so they advanced together—the two of Argentina, and the two of Chile—these brothers who were enemies, but now sworn friends.



The President's recently expressed assurance of the freedom of the press from official censorship offers an encouraging contrast with the methods in vogue abroad. The rigid control of the sources, avenues and casting of news is no new thing in the totalitarian realms. Military necessities wield considerable influence elsewhere. But in Spain it reaches farther when, following Italy's example, no citizen is allowed to hold any executive position with foreign news agencies within the country, in order to hold them to "the ideal of exclusive service to their country." In Japan the censorship has been extended to the realm of books, which are to be examined by an "official committee" to determine whether they are "needed for the country's welfare." However, books on "law, religion, politics and diplomacy" are to be allowed entrance to Japan if they pass the censors. Recently (March 15) the Princeton University Library displayed an extensive list of books banned in the subjugated lands of Europe, especially those dealing with the history of democratic countries, civics, geography, politics, and any books written by Jews, Roman Catholics, or refugees. A lifting of Germany's ban on Laure's biography of Petain now allows its sale in Vichy, France. In the meantime there are no restrictions whatever in our land on the sale of books advocating any doctrine or ism, political or otherwise.—The Lutheran.

THE SOLDIER DOLL

By J. Oliver Griffith in Boys Life

Jim's six-foot-two frame suddenly darkened the doorway of the humble home of his father. "I've done it, Dad," he announced in a voice illy concealing his elation.

His father looked up from his paper and smiled. "Did I say you couldn't " he challenged.

"It's not much of a job—" the youth continued, soberly; "it's at Tom Rockford's. I'm not so sure—you see—well, everybody calls him 'Old Rock'—because he's hard boiled. You know, Ted Shores quit his job there because 'Old Rock' played tricks on him."

His father threw down his paper impatiently. "Why, you would not let that little—that Shores youngster distract you, would you, son?"

"Well, I wouldn't want anybody to make a doormat out of me, either," Jim replied.

"Nothing worth while, son, ever comes to us without a worthy effort. And according to my idea of things, if I were seeking someone to carry on a business I had spent the better part of my life to develop, I would probably put him through a hard test, just to see if he possessed the grit to meet defeat as well as success."

Father and son sat looking at each other. "Well, Dad, maybe Ted did me a greater favor than he thought—by getting himself fired. Just watch me!"

"Atta boy!" exclaimed his dad.

A week later, Jim was weighing up sugar in "Old Rock's" grocery store, in ten-pound sacks. Rockford came shuffling along and paused at his

side. "Sugar, Jim, is one of the things a merchant can slightly shortweigh, and get by with." Jim did not see the twinkle in his eye.

Jim paused, the sugar scoop poised in the air., "You mean—a few grains less in each sack would finally become an extra ten pounds?"

"Exactly," chuckled the old man.

Jim hesitated. "When I came here, Mr. Rockford, you told me that you had built a business on correct measurements. I guess I'll just keep on being careful, sir, to carry out your policy. Of course, I don't—"

"Na, na!" retorted Rockford quickly, with raised hand. A smile wreathed his face, and a friendly hand came down on Jim's shoulder. "I'm glad you didn't forget, young man."

Jim began to whistle softly. Somehow he sensed that he had successfully solved the first "trick." Other tests followed in quick succession, and if Jim failed in any of them, "Old Rock" never let it be known.

Rockford lived alone in the upper rooms of the store building. He had made a practice of keeping his store closed on a certain day each year without apparent reason. So one evening he said to Jim, "Tomorrow you can take a vacation. but be back the next day."

Jim did not understand that the store was to be closed, and wishing to make a good impression, he proceeded to his work the next morning as usual. Upon arriving at the store, he found the door locked. He went to the rear door, the entrance of Rockford's apartment, but found it closed also. He became alarmed. He knock-

ed lightly, and a voice Jim never would have associated with "Old Rock" bade him enter. Jim double-stepped up the short flight, and there, by a cosy window, was the old man slumped in an easy chair holding a stuffed soldier doll in his arms. "Are you sick, sir?" asked Jim.

"Only in heart, Jim." The voice was hoarse. "I am always sick this one day of the year."

"Would I be too inquisitive to ask why?" Jim felt sympathetic.

"This one day," Rockford explained, "I never open my store, and—and—I never had anyone before who took enough interest to ask why. And now, since you have found me fondling a doll, you are likely wondering if I am sane."

"Somehow," said Jim, easing down beside the old man, "I seem to feel the little stuffed soldier means some splendid, or maybe tragic thing in your life."

"Both, Jim—both!" The words were barely audible. "You see, this little soldier belonged to Jack—the only boy I ever had. Against my will, he went to war when he was eighteen, and was among the first overseas to give up his life. His last request, they wrote me—" The voice quivered, and the old man looked out of the window. Soon he recovered. "They wrote me that Jack wanted his soldier doll sent back to me. You see, Jim, this soldier doll was a little god to Jack—a thing to worship. And so he wanted to be a soldier, too. On the day of the year they took Jack's life, I want to hold his little god-doll close to my heart, for then I relive the days of his infancy, when life to me and his mother was a beautiful dream."

Jim told the story to his father, whose only comment was in a breath,

"A man among men!" Jim thought of the cunning tests "Old Rock" had inflicted upon him, and tried in vain to put the story out of his mind. But there was an unquenchable desire to be with "Old Rock," and when dusk settled over the community that evening, Jim found himself hastening toward Rockford's quarters. What was that maddening shriek? The siren pierced the evening air loud and long. And there was a cry—"Old Rock's!" Jim's long legs stood him to hand—he outran all the rest. Rockford's building was in flames, and Jim's heart sank. Where was "Old Rock?" Jim rushed to the rear door. It stood open. He found the old man vainly trying to crawl up through the smoke. "Mr. Rockford—you can't go up there—it's burning!" shouted Jim.

"I must, Jim. Jack's soldier doll—all I have left of my wonderful boy—" The smoke choked further explanation.

A strange sensation seized Jim. He pulled Rockford back out of danger, and with one fierce lunge was up the blazing shaft. The fire chief raised his megaphone and called after him, "Keep your head, Jim—go to the street window—we'll catch you!" The firemen spread the net. There was an intense moment. "There he is!" shouted the crowd. "Jump!" commanded the chief, and Jim jumped clear of the window ledge. But the men did not anticipate Jim's heavy frame, and the net broke. Hours later, Jim opened his eyes in the hospital.

"My son," he heard a voice say. It was not that of his father. Jim turned his head, painfully. He saw by his side the face of "Old Rock," wreathed in smiles. "My son," the old man repeated, "you did a brave and noble thing to me!"

"I'm very glad sir," Jim answered faintly, "if it has helped you."

Rockford turned to the nurse. There was an understanding nod. "My boy," Rockford said quietly, pulling his chair closer, and taking Jim's hand in his, "if you hadn't saved that stuffed soldier doll I would never have known the fullness of my son's love."

"I don't understand," Jim faltered.

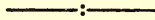
"Well," the old man continued, gently, "the doll you saved was scorched a bit, and trying to mend it, I discovered tucked away inside was an insurance certificate." Tears rolled down the rugged face. "This will set us up in business again!" he managed to say,

displaying a document in his hand.

"Us?" repeated Jim.

"Jim," and the word expressed deep emotion, "with your father's consent, we shall call the firm 'Rockford & Son.' You know—you must be my son now. There is enough money here to build a fine new store, and you shall own the half of it!"

Jim formed his lips to speak, but there was not a word. He turned his head slowly, as if to hide something. But his pillow furnished the clue. Just a tight grip of the old man's hand, and the nurse came and said, "Jim must now have a good rest."



Kansas, through its State Historical Society, Highway Commission and State Chamber of Commerce, is setting an example that might well be followed by other states. These organizations have decided to dedicate "one historical marker a week for the next two years." Lyons, Kansas, is building an Indian house of saplings and grass in its business section to mark the Coronado Cuarto (Fourth) Centennial, which is to be celebrated with a series of displays this spring and summer. The Indian house will present the kind of dwellings the Spanish Conquistador found in use when he penetrated this territory in search of the mythical town of Quivira. A marker that will interest tourists will be unveiled soon at the Coronado Crossing of the Arkansas River. One already marks the site where Zebulon Pike persuaded the Pawnee Indians to exchange the Spanish for the American flag during the exploration on which he discovered Pike's Peak. Another marks the location of the Shawnee Friends Mission established by the Quakers in 1836. Religious bodies could do worse than stimulate the marking of similar spots of spiritual interest in their own experience, especially as they have contributed to the country's welfare. New York State has already done splendid work in this form of preserving its sites of historical value.—The Lutheran.

STOPPING A TRAIN BY AIR

By J. Edmund Brewton in Boy's Comrade

Once upon a time a boy was traveling on a railroad train when suddenly the train stopped. Asking why, he was informed that two freight trains had collided and that it would be some time before the train could go on.

The boy decided to investigate the wreck. Each engineer had seen the other train and had tried to stop. But in those days brakes were very different from what they are today. Hand brakes applied to the engine took effect on the engine only, there was no way of controlling the cars from the engine cabs. The engineers of those two trains had had to signal with the engine whistles for brakes to be applied by hand to the cars. And there had not been enough time for all the brakes to be set. So the engineers had jumped to safety. The two freight trains were practically demolished.

All this interested the boy very much. He thought about the brakes for a long time after this. Working at his father's factory at Schenectady, New York, he tried during his lunch hours to make a mechanical automatic brake. He soon rejected this idea, however, for he realized that to stop a speeding train of cars he would need a great power. He tried using steam, but without success.

One noon as he looked through a magazine, a headline attracted his attention. A tunnel was being built through the Alps in Switzerland.

The drills used on the rocks were run by compressed air.

"Compressed air!" the boy shouted, dropping the magazine. At last he had found the motive power for his brake. Setting to work, he soon developed his plans.

It was not easy to find anyone who would believe that his invention would work. Even the boy's father, an inventor himself, refused to help him with this foolish notion. Railroad men refused to listen to such an insane idea as that of stopping a fast moving train by air.

Commodore Vanderbilt, president of the New York Central Railroad, laughed at him. The idea of stopping by air a New York Central train going at full speed!

"Young man," he said, "I have no time for fools."

The boy had faith in his invention and kept on trying to interest someone in it. Finally, Andrew Carnegie and his associates put up the money to equip one train with the air brake.

It was in September, 1868, that a train consisting of an engine and four cars made the test. Nearing the Union Station at Pittsburg, the engineer applied the air brake. It stopped the train so suddenly that the people in the cars were thrown from their seats.

George Westinghouse had become, at the age of twenty-two, one of the greatest inventors in the world.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Peck's Bad Boy at the Circus" was the title of the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night. This is a popular R-K-O production, and the boys thoroughly enjoyed it.

—s—

Robert Hampton, of Cottage No. 7 was called to his home in Waynesville on Friday of last week, because of the death of his mother. We tender our deepest to this youngster and other relatives in their hour of bereavement.

—s—

Our farm forces are now completing the task of harvesting the oats crop. Because of extremely dry weather, the crop will not be up to the usual standard, but we expect to be able to report a good yield when the threshing is completed and the oats stored in the granary.

—s—

Mr. James L. Patterson, who has been a member of our teaching staff since last February, left the School last Saturday, to spend a few days at his home near Shelby, before reporting for military service at Fort Bragg on June 5th.

While at the institution but a short time, Mr. Patterson made many friends among both boys and officers. Being quite small in stature, there may have been some doubt among other workers here when he first reported for duty, as to his ability to properly adjust himself, but he soon showed that he was equal to the task, making very good progress in his school room duties. He was also regular center-fielder on the School's base-

ball team, and acquitted himself creditably on the diamond. All of which proves the truth of the old adage that "good goods frequently come in small packages."

Mr. Patterson is the first member of our official family to be called to the service of his country under the selective service law, and as he assumes his duties for Uncle Sam, the very best wishes of his friends at the School go with him.

—s—

Miss Sarah Boger, daughter of Superintendent Chas. E. Boger, accompanied by Miss Alice Armfield, of Concord, and Miss Helen Dugan, of Washington D. C., visited The Uplift office last Wednesday afternoon. Miss Dugan, who is a graduate of W. C. U. N. C., Greensboro, and who received her M. A. degree at the University of Chicago, was on her way to Chapel Hill, where she holds the position of director of women's activities at the University of North Carolina. After briefly inspecting the departments in the Swink-Benson Trade Building, these young ladies were shown through other departments of the School by Mr. Boger.

—s—

Ben Chattin, formerly of Cottage No. 9 and a member of the laundry force, who left the School in 1931, called on old friends here one day last week. Upon leaving the institution, Ben went to work on a farm owned by R. G. Myers, near Elkin, N. C., and is still employed at the same place. His former employer has been dead several years, but his widow is operating the farm. Ben told us that it was a good farm and that the

people are as nice to work for as could be found anywhere. He is now twenty-six years old, which places him in the draft age, and he said that he expects to be called for military service soon.

—s—

Jennings Bryan Freeman, of Washington, N. C., who left the school, August 31, 1927, was a visitor here last Wednesday afternoon. He was admitted to the School on August 12, 1925, becoming a member of the Cottage No. 2 group. When Cottage No. 14 was opened in April or May, 1926, he, with twenty-eight or thirty boys from various cottages, were transferred to this new home. During the greater part of the time Jennings spent at the School he was employed as a house boy, although he worked for a short time in the printing office and on the barn force.

We were glad to see this young man and he seemed equally as glad to be back among his old friends. He expressed his pleasure in noting the many improvements and additions made here, and also voiced his appreciation for what the School had done for him. Jennings, is now twenty-eight years old, is well-mannered and has a pleasing personality, and judging from his appearance and from the reports we had previously received from his home town, we would say that he is living up to our expectations.

This young man is in the electrical business down in Washington, operating a shop of his own, and also has a good farm supply business, dealing with between one hundred and one hundred and fifty families. He is the owner of a farm of about three hundred acres, on which is raised

tobacco and other general farm products.

The "old-timers" among the School's staff of worker, who remembered Jennings as a lad here, were glad to see him and to learn that he had been getting along so well, and extend best wishes for his continued success.

—s—

We were quite favorably impressed when a middle-aged man walked into our office the other day and introduced himself, his wife and four children, stating that he was the 17th boy to be admitted to the Training School. He was Roy Gilbert Matteson, who came to the institution from Haywood county on March 2, 1909, staying here until August 12, 1912. While a boy here he was employed in the printing department for about eighteen months, at the time Mr. J. C. Fisher was in charge, and composition for The Uplift (then a monthly) and all other jobs, was set by hand. He later became a mason's helper at the time the Administration Building and Cottages Nos. 2 and 3 were built. At the time he left, there were thirty-seven boys enrolled at the School.

Upon leaving the institution, Roy went down in Georgia and worked in a saw-mill for two and one-half years. He then returned to this state and secured employment in a tannery near Asheville. In 1916, he obtained a position with the Champion Paper and Fiber Company, Canton, and is still working for that firm. In talking with officials of the School, Roy spoke proudly of his long service with his present employers and took great delight in showing his twenty-five years' service badge. He has been operating a paper pulp machine for several years.

Roy, who is now forty-six years of age, was married June 11, 1916, and has six children: Ethel, 24; Marvin, 22; Roy, 18; Mary Jane, 13; Howard, 10; and Charles, 7. The latter our accompanying he and his wife on their visit to the School. He also proudly informed us that his oldest daughter is married and he has three grand-children.

This was Roy's first visit to the School since he left, and it was quite interesting to hear him compare conditions of 1909 with the present plant. He was especially impressed with the printing department, with its two linotypes and other modern equipment, saying that he didn't believe he would mind working here now that we have so many things that they had to get along without when he worked at the trade. He was both surprised and delighted to note the many improvements and additions to the School, and he and his family spent several hours visiting places of interest. Both Mrs. Matteson and one of her sons had cameras with them, taking many "shots" of various scenes on the campus.

Roy did not hesitate to say that the training received at the School had been most beneficial to him and that he appreciated what was done for him as a lad here. He added that he did not know of a better place where boys could receive training that would induce them to become upright citizens.

We were very glad to see Roy and his family and hope they will be able to visit us again before so many years roll around.

—s—

Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, con-

ducted the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he had the boys read with him the responsive selection No. 550, found in the back of the hymnal used here, which consisted of Ephesians 6:10-18 and Romans 13:12, 13, after which he read some verses from the seventh chapter of Matthew. For the subject of his message to the boys he selected the verse, "Wide is the gate and hard is the way that leadeth to destruction.

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker stated that there were just two ways of living—the high way and the sinful way. He used this illustration: Suppose a man buys a pair of shoes for five dollars and they last just one year, and then he buys a pair for ten dollars, which he is able to wear three years. It is much better to purchase the more expensive ones, as is proved by the greater amount of service received from the investment. So it is with our lives, for we learn from the words of Jesus that if we live a cheap life, never contributing toward the service of others, it will, in the end, be far more costly than to live a Christian life.

There are two gates through which we must pass, said Rev. Mr. Herbert. One is wide and the other is narrow. The wide gate, which is easier to pass through, leads to destruction; the narrow gate, through which passage is more difficult, leads to eternal life. It is not hard for even the most unlearned people to see which gate they should choose. The question is whether it is better to follow the broad and cheap way that leads to destruction or the narrow way, which is harder to attain, that will lead us

to eternal life of happiness.

The speaker then spoke to the boys on the matter of telling lies. Most boys tell them at some time in their lives. Sometimes we think that a lie is the easy way out, but a smart boy is the one who learns to tell the truth. To illustrate this, he told the story of the man who painted the picture of Jesus and The Last Supper. The artist wanted to find a man whom he might use for the beloved disciple, John. After a long search, he found a good, clean-looking man for this purpose. His next move was to find one he might use as a model for Judas, the disciple who betrayed Jesus. He searched for three or four years before finding just the man for whom he was looking. When the picture was finished, he started to pay the man for the time spent as his model, when he discovered that it was the same man who had posed for the picture of the beloved John, three or four years previous. The change in his appearance came about in this manner: At first, he was a clean-looking man. He then began telling lies and committing evil deeds until he had sunk to a very low level of life. While he was a man of good habits, his face showed that he was living a clean life, and he became a John. When the evil forces gained control of his life, his face became hardened, lined by features befitting a low character, and he became a Judas.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Herbert said that to go through the narrow gate on the pathway of life, we must have self-respect. The only way we can go through this gate and travel the narrow way which the Master once traveled, will be by trusting in him, relying on him to give us the

power to do the right things and keep on the narrow way, which leads to safety.

—s—

Cottage Honor Roll

The following summary of the Cottage Honor Roll covers a period of twenty-six weeks, from the week ending December 1, 1940 to the week ending May 25, 1941. Of the 460 boys listed, 4 made the honor roll 26 consecutive times, while 3 others missed one week. They are listed in paragraphs, according to the total number of times on this roll, as follows:

26—John F. May, Weldon H. Warren, Robert Goldsmith, Audie Farthing.

25—William Shannon, Edward Johnson, Theodore Bowles.

24—Everett Watts, Dewey Ware, Cleasper Beasley, David Cunningham, Edward Carter.

23—William Drye, Porter Holder, Donald Earnhardt, Arnold McHone, Earl Hildreth, Howard Saunders, Vincent Hawes, James Brewer, Norvell Murphy, Thomas Wilson.

22—Donald McFee, Hubert Walker, William Nelson, Broadus Moore, James Tyndall, Charles Simpson, Troy Gilland, John Hamm.

21—Albert Chunn, Burman Keller, Louis Williams, Odell Almond, Treley Frankum, Tillman Lyles, Hercules Rose, Raymond Andrews, John Baker, Feldman Lane, Charles Steepleton, Redmond Lowry.

20—Currie Singletary, William Dixon, William Furches, Robah, Sink, Mack Coggins, Robert Deyton, George Duncan.

19—Thomas Hooks, John Bailey, John H. Averitte, Henry B. Butler, Cecil Gray, Monroe Searcy, Woodrow Hager, George Tolson, John Robbins, Jennings Britt, J. P. Sutton.

18—Homer Head, Weaver F. Ruff, Robert Maples, Harley Matthews, Collett Cantor, Mark Jones, Thomas Sands, Ernest Brewer, William Deaton, Charles Gaddy, Charles McCoyle.

17—H. C. Pope, Hugh Kennedy, Mack McQuaigue, Lyman Johnson, Carl Ray, Ervin Wolfe, Percy Capps, James Ruff, Eugene Heaffner, Norman Smith, Roy Mumford.

16—William Matheson, Lewis Andrews, John Tolley, Junior Bordeaux, George Green, Edgar Hedgepeth, Charles Hastings, Jesse Smith, J. R. Whitman.

15—William Blackmon, Ralph Harris, Lewis H. Baker, Earl Barnes, Wayne Sluder, Ivey Lunsford, Alex Weathers, William Butler, Henry Grover, Marvin King, Bennie Wilhelm, John T. Lowry.

14—N. A. Bennett, Lloyd Callahan, Eugene Edwards, Bernice Hoke, Jack Lemley, Jerome Wiggins, Quentin Crittenton, Leo Hamilton, John Jackson, A. C. Elmore, Columbus Hamilton, James Mondie, James Lane, Randall D. Peeler, Henry McGraw.

13—Bruce Hawkins, Paul Briggs, Robert Simpson, Oakley Walker, Thomas Yates, Leonard Melton, Fred Tolbert, Ernest Overcash, George Gaddy, Grady Kelly, Horace Williams, Harold Bryson, Leonard Jacobs, Jack Mathis, James Roberson, J. C. Willis.

12—James Bargesser, Kenneth Tip-ton, Max Evans, William Cherry, J. W. McRorrie, George Newman, Kenneth Atwood, Carl Justice, Edward Overby, Loy Stines, Ernest Turner, Lewis B. Sawyer, Fred Jones, William Broadwell, Clarence Mayton, Leonard Dawn, John Reep, Jack West.

11—Herschel Allen, Jack Crofts, David Hensley, George Shaver, William Morgan, Robert Dunning, Woodrow Wilson, Richard Halker, Robert

Lawrence, Daniel Kilpatrick, William Bennett, Henry Ennis, James Johnson.

10—John Davis, Joseph Farlow, Ralph Kistler, Noah J. Greene, Robert Dellinger, Cecil Bennett, Frank Workman, Holly Atwood, James Hale, Osper Howell, Robert Tidwell, Jack Warren, Claude Weldy, John Benson, James Puckett, Eugene Watts, Calvin Tessneer, Roy Helms.

9—Carl Barrier, Everett Case, Jack Sutherland, Grover Beaver, Robert Hare, Jerry Jenkins, Wesley Beaver, Arthur Edmondson, Aubrey Fargis, Morris Johnson, George Speer, George Wilhite, Edward Batten, Cecil Ashley, Lloyd Mullis, Vollie McCall, Harry Peake, Edward Stutts, John W. Allison, John Ray, Jay Brannock, Roy L. Womack, Jordan McIver, William Harding, Raymond Brooks.

8—Charles Browning, Doris C. Hill, Robert Keith, William Buff, Kenneth Conklin, Arlow Goins, Raymond Hughes, Jesse Cunningham, James Davis, John Fausnett, Ralph Fisher, William Wilson, Douglas Mabry, Jack Wilson, Aldine Duggins, Brown Stanley, Varcy Oxendine.

7—William G. Bryant, Henry Barnes, Charles Chapman, Donald Newman, Peter Tuttle, James Boone, Robert Quick, William Sims, William T. Smith, Luther H. Coe, Melvin Walters, Everett Lineberry, James Massey, Edward Kinion, Jesse Peavy, Jack Reeves, Eugene Dyson, Alfred Lamb, Jack Hamilton, Marvin Matheson, Theodore Rector, Canipe Shoe, Bayard Aldridge, Kenneth Brooks, Fred Rhodes, Wallace Woody, Beamon Heath.

6—Carl Hooker, William C. Wilson, William Padrick, Charles Tate, Clyde Barnwell, Gilbert Hogan, Har-

old Donaldson, Glenn Drum, Hilton Hornsby, Otis Kilpatrick, James Connell, Walter Sexton, Robert Davis, Charles Frye, Fred Owens, Wilson Bailiff, R. J. Lefler, Claude McConnell, Earl Wolfe, William H. Lane, Ray Bayne, Basil Wetherington, Frank Chavis, Leroy Lowry, Harvey Ledford.

5—Lacy Burleson, Leonard Robinson, Jack Cline, Newman Tate, Charles Beal, Harrison Stilwell, Eugene Puckett, John Whitaker, Monroe Flinchum, William Gaddy, Donald Smith, Richard Starnes, Fred Boston, Reitzel Southern, J. B. Hensley, Charles McGowan, William Jerrell, John B. Davis, Isaac Mahaffey, Harold O'Dear, Leroy Pate, Jack Hainey, James Eury, Jack Harward, Thomas King, Charles Widener, Daniel McPhail, Thomas, Fields, James Johnson John Murdock, John Maples, J. P. Morgan, Eulice Rogers, George Warren.

4—Ventry Smith, James Williams, Charles Cole, William Cook, Joseph Howard, Bruce Link, Clay Mize, William Shaw, Roscoe Honeycut, Paul Godwin, William C. Jordan, Charles Hayes, J. B. Howell, Eugene Kermon, Allen Morris, Edward Thomasson, Charles B. Ziegler, Harold Bryson, Lacy Green, Vernon Harding E. L. Taylor, Eugene White, Richard Singletary, Junius Brewer, John Lee, O. D. Talbert, Torrence Ware, Everett Morris, Charles Metcalf, Glenn McCall, Wade Cline, John Howard, Philip Holmes, Cecir Jacobs, Henry Ziegler.

3—Arcemias Heaffner, Arlie Scism, Richard Patton, Fonzer Pitman, James Williams, Donald Hobbs, J. C. Reinhardt, Elgin Atwood, James

C. Wiggins, John Ingram, Riley Denny, Robert Gaines, Robert L. Hall, Noah Ennis, Delma Gray, James M. Hare, Edward Murray, Samuel Stewart, William Goins, Melvin Roland, Paul Deal, Jack Hodge, Floyd Puckett, Alton Williams.

2—Lawton McDowell, William O'Brien, Howard Cox, Luther Vaughn, Bennie Austin, Virgil Lane, Richard Parker, Charles Smith, Robert Coleman, Homer Bass, Jack Grant, Roy Pruitt, Earl Hoyle, Durwood Martin, James Parker, Emerson Sawyer, William Ussery, Eldred Watts, Laney Broome. Reid Beheler, Clifton Brewer, Martin Crump, John Frank, Samuel Kirksey, Spencer Lane, James Quick, Marvin Ballew, Wayne Allen, Oscar Queen, Carl Speer, Willis Thomas, Marvin Bradley, Eugene Bright, William Suites, Brice Thomas, Burley Mayberry, Jesse Owens, Charles R. Sloan, William Cantor, Robert Chamberlain, Dallas Holder, Hardy Lanier, James Ledford, Claude Moose, Clarence McLemore, Marvin Pennell, David Williams.

1—Oscar Carter, Curtis Moore, Paul Abernethy, Joseph Christine, Melvin Stines, James C. Stone, Clarence Wright, Winley Jones, William Gentry, W. Carl Jones, Sidney Knighting, John Lipscomb, Eugene Ballew, Joseph Dew, Frank Fargis, Fred Holland, John Linville, Charles Pitman, Hubert Smith, Houston Turner, William Wilkerson, Jack Crawford, Grover Revels, Walker Warr, Marvin Gautier, Howard Nolan, Robert Stephens, J. C. Allen, Harry Lewis, Otho Dennis, Marshall White, William Barrier, James Deatherage, Elree Gaskins, William T. Hawkins, Clarence Medlin, Paul Morris.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 1, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
 Carl Barrier
 William Drye
 Arcemias Heaffner
 Robert Hobbs
 Frank May
 William O'Brien
 Weaver F. Ruff
 William Shannon
 Weldon Warren

COTTAGE NO. 1

William Blackmon
 Lloyd Callahan
 Albert Chunn
 William Cook
 John Davis
 Eugene Edwards
 Ralph Harris
 Porter Holder
 Burman Keller
 Curtis Moore
 H. C. Pope
 Kenneth Tipton
 Luther Vaughn
 Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

Thomas Hooks
 Edward Johnson
 Ralph Kistler
 William Padrick
 Richard Patton
 Richard Parker
 Charles Smith
 Charles Tate
 Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
 Lewis Baker
 Earl Barnes
 Grover Beaver
 William Buff
 Charles Beal
 Robert Coleman
 Kenneth Conklin
 Jack Crotts
 Bruce Hawkins
 Robert Hare

David Hensley
 Jerry Jenkins
 Jack Lemley
 William Matheson
 Harley Matthews
 Otis McCall
 Fonzer Pitman
 Robert Quick
 Wayne Sluder
 George Shaver
 William T. Smith
 James Williams
 Louis Williams
 Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
 Monroe Flinchum
 William Gaddy
 J. B. Howell
 Sidney Knighting
 Leonard Melton
 Allen Morris
 Roy Pruitt
 Fred Tolbert
 Hubert Walker
 Charles B. Ziegler

COTTAGE NO. 6

Columbus Hamilton
 Edward Kinion
 Gerald Kermon
 Marvin Lipscomb
 Vollie McCall

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
 Cleasper Beasley
 Henry Butler
 Donald Earnhardt
 J. B. Hensley
 Hilton Hornsby
 Robert Lawrence
 Arnold McHone
 Edward Overby
 Marshall Pace
 Jack Reeves
 Ernest Turner

Alex Weathers
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Cecil Bennett
Martin Crump
Otis Kilpatrick
Walker Warr
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9

Marvin Ballew
Percy Capps
James Connell
David Cunningham
Eugene Dyson
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
William Nelson
Thomas Sands
Robert Tidwell
Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

John Fausnett
Jack Harward
Thomas King
John Lee
Charles Mills
Edward Stutts

COTTAGE NO. 11

Marvin Bradley
William Dixon
Velda Denning
William Furches
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
John Ray
Canipe Shoe
Samuel Stewart
James Tyndall
Charles Widener
William Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
Ernest Brewer
Eugene Bright
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Woodrow Hager
Charles Hastings
Eugene Heaffner
Daniel McPhail

Hercules Rose
Howard Saunders
Robah Sink
Charles Simpson
George Tolson
Eugene Watts
Roy Lee Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Charles Gaddy
Claude McConnell
Jordan McIver
Randall D. Peeler
Fred Rhodes
Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews
John Baker
William Butler
Edward Carter
Robert Deyton
Leonard Dawn
Audie Farthing
Troy Gilland
John Hamm
Marvin King
Feldman Lane
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoy
Norvell Murphy
Glenn McCall
James Roberson
John Robins
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 15

Ray Bayne
William Barrier
Jennings Britt
James Deatherage
Aldine Duggins
James Ledford
Claude Moose
Brown Stanley
J. P. Sutton
George Warren
Basil Wetherington

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
George Duncan
Roy Lee Helms
James Johnson

Harvey Ledford
John T. Lowry
Redmond Lowry

Varcy Oxendine
Thomas Wilson

KNOW HOW TO CHEER

You may live in the country where bossies eat hay,
So refreshing to live tanks of milk;
Or reside in a flat on the populous way
Where the neighbors wear nothing but silk;
But wherever you live, there's a fact very right
That is part of the countryman's year,
You will find the more popular folks on the site
Are the people who know how to cheer.

In this sorry old world there is frowning enough
By the natives who complain;
They will point out the thistles instead of the stuff
That refills empty bunkers with grain.
Our hypocrites shout on the bright Sunday morns
"Hallelujah!"—where people can hear;
But when man needs a lift, they're like old-fashioned horns
By compressure they'll honk but not cheer.

Even mongrels that scratch where a flea ought to be,
And meanders through alleys at night,
Learn to love and to serve to the highest degree
Any human who lightens their plight.
Many mortals today feel as low as a dog;
They meander with souls full of fear,
While within them are talents awaiting a jog
From a brother who knows how to cheer.

I receive from the loyal, the merriest scribes
A galaxy of genial notes,
Proving well they belong to the heartwarmer tribes
Who deserves all the popular votes.
One would think that the bright, golden crown of a king
Was a part of my tailoring gear,
From those comforting words that are written in swing
By those writers who know how to cheer,

You may live in the country where cows gum the hay
And the ducks hold debate with a quack;
Or reside in a flat where the beds fold away
And the janitor borrows you jack;
But wherever you live, join the heartwarming crowds,
Be you toiler, professor, or peer;
They're the folks of the realm who dissever the clouds;
They're the people who know how to cheer.

—Selected.

JUN 16 1941

ST. A. RICE

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., JUNE 14, 1941

NO. 24

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U. N. C. Library

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's
first gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, we so gallant-
ly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs burst-
ing in the air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag
was still there.

O, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet
wave
O'er the land of free and the home of the
brave.

—Francis Scott Key.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act
of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE FLAG OF VICTORY

Amid the stress and strife of war,
"Old Glory" had its birth;
The flag of brilliant stripe and star,
The fairest found on earth.

When first unfurled above the field
Where freemen fought for right,
And, though hard pressed, refused to yield,
Its stars and stripes shone bright.

For then, as now, its message clear
Rang out through all the earth
And spoke to nations, far and near,
Of loyalty and worth.

The stripes of red for courage stand;
For truth, the white so pure;
The stars for a united land
That ever shall endure.

The blue for loyalty to God,
To Church and Home and State;
That under Heaven's chastening rod,
Our country may be great.

But while our starry emblem bright
Defeat has never known,
Still greater victories for right,
Its brilliant hues will own.

Such triumphs in the fields of peace,
Against the hosts of sin,
That evil will forever cease
And righteousness shall win.

When bugle blasts are heard no more
And war drums cease to roll;
When stilled at last the cannon's roar
And peace becomes men's goal—

Our mighty nation then, so great,
Forever shall be true;
While stars shine brighter for each state
On canopy of blue.

SENATOR PEPPER

An impressive patriotic speech was made by Senator Pepper, of Florida, while on a tour of the states, trying to inspire in luke-warm citizens the necessity of national defense. Before speaking for this cause he told most feelingly of a Flag Day parade as seen on the streets of Buffalo, N. Y. In describing this event he said the people in the parade were Americans, Greeks, Italians, Germans, Negroes and many other nationalities impossible to discern, but all were carrying "Old Glory." There were near to three hundred flags unfurled and floating in the air. "The picture," said Senator Pepper, "was beautiful and impressive." The thought revealed in the remarks of the Senator was to the effect that if the hearts and minds of the people taking part in this demonstration were blended in true loyalty to the cause they celebrated, there will never arise a doubt relative to a united America. Every town and community should stage a similar parade with all classes carrying the flag of our great country. Such exhibitions teach history and inspire patriotism.

* * * * *

OUR FLAG

"We, the people of the United States," have our own flag. It is already quite old, but we are not tired of it. Nobody refers to it as an antique. No effort has been made to supplant it, to change its colors, or so alter it that it would no longer be the Stars and Stripes.

When we say "our flag" we do not ridicule the flags of other nations. We expect all nations to have flags. We do have considerable right to hope that all who live under other flags enjoy the same blessings as are symbolized and guaranteed by our flag. At least we hear rumors that not every national flag stands for as much that is good as does our flag.

The presence of our flag is a stimulus to being erect and steady in our walk, magnanimous and square in our dealing, hopeful and progressive in our planning. The power of our flag is not measured alone by victories won on land and sea over warring foes. We measure its power rather by what has been accomplished through the privileges it gives to all our citizens in times of peace. We are confident we have only justifiable pride in our flag. Our flag guar-

antees educational opportunity for children and youth; now that opportunity is being extended to all ages. It continues to secure and protect religious liberty to all living under it. It is the glorious flag of a great nation, great because of the people who honor it, live for it, and love it.

Flag Day dates from June 14, 1777, when by act of Congress our flag was authorized. It was to "be thirteen stripes alternately red and white: that the Union be thirteen stars white in a blue field representing a new constellation." Changes have been made in the flag only by the addition of another star in its blue field to represent each additional state admitted into the Union.

"The one flag—the great flag—
The flag for me and you;
Glorified all else beside,
The red, and white, and blue."

* * * * *

HONORING JEFFERSON DAVIS

The date, June 3, 1941, will fill a full page of interesting history in the life of the Dodson-Ramseur Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy. The goal of this unit of patriotic women for a long time has been to place a marker as near the spot where Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, hitched his horse when fleeing from the Federal soldiers after the evacuation of Richmond, the capital of the Confederate states. The old time-worn statement, "a man works from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done," holds true, due to the fact that a woman never surrenders after once challenging a cause, until the task is completed.

For years, the innate desire of the members of the Dodson-Ramseur Chapter, has been to place a marker to the memory of the chief executive of the Confederacy, and their dreams were realized in a colorful setting that reflected the mettle and ideals of Southern womanhood. The program for this occasion was well arranged and most effectively presented.

Mrs Charles A. Cannon, president of the Dodson-Ramseur Chapter, presided, and like all successful leaders, gave honor to whom honor was due by stating that Mrs. C. B. Wagoner, chairman of the memorial park and bird sanctuary committee, had worked con-

tinuously in spite of handicaps, to bring about this happy and most timely event. The bronze tablet, imbedded in a large boulder of Cabarrus granite, will reveal to the future generations the loyalty and patriotism of the daughters of the "Lost Cause" who honored Jefferson Davis. The tablet was unveiled by little Miss Betsy Patterson and Jimmie Propst, great-grand-children of veterans of Cabarrus county.

The speaker of the occasion was Dr. C. C. Crittenden, secretary of the North Carolina Historical Commission. He gave in detail the perilous flight of President Davis from Richmond to Charlotte. The information given by Dr. Crittenden revealed to the interested audience the hardships encountered by him, as well as the courage required to meet conditions with a superb loyalty to the Southland.

The Dodson-Ramseur Chapter's membership was assured by Mr. Charles Fisher, of Cabarrus county, that the right spot for the marker had been selected. Mr. Fisher was eight years and eight months old when Davis and his cabinet members passed this way, and vividly recalls the instance.

Dr. J. E. Smoot, of Concord, a retired physician, hit the keynote when he stated in substance that Concord had outgrown her swaddling clothes and is now in dire need of a park, adding that the ground whereon he stood, from every viewpoint, was an ideal location for such an investment by the citizens of Cabarrus county.

It takes a long time for the storm-clouds of doubt to vanish so that the virtues of true nobility motivate the activities of men chosen for leadership. Today Jefferson Davis is recognized as a leader of sterling qualities, remaining true to confidence bestowed by his people, despite the humiliating charges against him.

The Concord High School Band, playing patriotic airs, not only reflected credit on their leader, but added color and life to the activities of the occasion.

* * * * *

"PULL HARD"

A business man sat down at his desk, picked up his telephone, and asked for Western Union. These were the words he wired: "George, my work compels me to remain here. Sure sorry, but 'pull hard.' I'll be pulling with you." Signed, "Dad."

A thousand miles away a young athlete read his father's message just as his crew was about to enter the race. He folded the piece of yellow paper, thoughtfully pushed it into his pocket, and took his place at the oars.

Everyone was in place; every muscle was tense; every mind intent. The signal was given. They were off! Amid cheers, music, and noise of various sorts, the rowers pulled and tugged as evenly as clockwork. Gently the skiffs glided through the smooth sheet of water. Finally they were nearing the end, but George's craft was not ahead. George had been silent, but now he shouted out what he had been thinking all the time: "Pull hard, boys! Pull hard! My dad said he was pulling with us!"

The shout was so inspiring that every man did pull harder. New strength seemed to come from somewhere as they pulled and pulled, and George's craft pushed its nose forward until it won the race.—Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * *

GRADUATION DAY

There is not a home to be found that does not have an interested contact with the public schools. This interest is not always due to having children of your own, for there is a latent interest in those of friends or relatives. Parents become school-conscious when their first child switches off to the school room with the same enthusiasm as shown when taking part in sports. There fore, there rests upon the shoulders of parents another duty extending from the elementary grades to graduation day from high school. This span of years involves a long and constant service upon the part of parents, but it is a service of undying love, rendered with a hope of molding loyal and Christian men and women. The goal of the combined efforts of parents and teachers is to give to the country true Americans.

The merry-go-round of the scholastic year discontinues activities and the time has arrived for promotions and the presentation of diplomas to the graduates. These annual events bring either disappointment or joy to the millions of homes throughout the nation. Great interest centers around the graduating classes of our public institutions. The entire class of young men and women make an

inspiring picture, because there is hope and joy radiated from the face of each. Many will find their way to higher institutions of learning, where they will prepare for a special work, but the majority of the high school graduates will, with the qualifications acquired in the local schools, become valuable acquisitions to their community without further study. Our system of public schools is not expected to turn out finished products, but to lift the spirit of the young people to meet emergencies courageously. At least, every young person in the country has opportunities, therefore, it is "the set of the sail and not the gale that determines the way they go."

The distinguished educator, Horace Mann, of the early eighteenth century, wrote: "Jails and state prisons are the opposite of schools; so many less as you have of the latter, so many more you must have of the former."

* * * * *

THE STARS AND STRIPES

America is said to be God's crucible, where all the races of Europe are melting and reforming. A worsted mill manufacturer in Pennsylvania is reported to have assembled the information that many nationalities participate in the making of the flag that flies over this melting-pot. For instance, the material for the flag is sorted by an American, carded by an Italian, spun by a Swede, warped by a German, drawn by a Scotchman, woven by a Belgian, inspected by a Frenchman, scoured by an Albanian, dyed by a Turk, pressed by a Polander, and inspected by an Irishman.

It is to be hoped that each one as he works realizes that he is helping to create the only emblem in the world today which symbolizes a nation of democracy and a free people; that because of the American way of life, he is privileged to enjoy liberties which no other people on earth are allowed.

It is to be hoped that he will harbor no insidious plot which would plan its destruction. For, as surely as the Flag flies over America today, any individual who hopes for the time when our beloved country shall fall into the snare of the "fifth columnist" and totalitarianism, just so surely is he unwittingly planning his own self destruction.—The Strathmorian.

CONFEDERATE CABINET HELD LAST MEETING IN CHARLOTTE HOME

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough

After standing practically deserted for almost a quarter of a century, emptied of its antique furnishings and handsome portraits, the beautiful old home of the late Col. and Mrs. W. E. Holt will perhaps again swing wide its doors, not a residence, however, but as an historic shrine.

Because of the fact that the last official full meeting of the Confederate cabinet was held in this house, plans are being worked out by which it is hoped the famous mansion can be acquired and restored in a manner befitting the significance of its historic value not only to Charlotte but also to the state and the entire South.

Too long has Charlotte waited to rescue and preserve buildings that have played important part in its early days and few now remain that stand as symbols of Mecklenburg's contribution to a worthy past.

The children of Col. and Mrs. Holt, Mr. W. E. Holt, Jr., Mesdames Robert M. Oates of Hendersonville, R. C. Vivian of Springfield, Mass, Robert L. Tate of Charlotte, David Lee Maulsby and J. Mason Hundley, Jr., of Baltimore, are much interested in the preservation of the house because of its historic atmosphere and because of happy family memories associated with it. It was the birthplace of Mrs. Oates' daughter, Anne, now Mrs. H. H. Ashley, and also of Mrs. Tate's daughter, Lousie, now Mrs. Thomas Shelton.

They have shown their desire to

see the property converted into a shrine rather than letting it go for commercial purposes. When approached in regard to the purchase of the estate, they generously made a contribution of \$14,000 by reducing the market price to that extent.

"My father bought the property from Captain Benjamin Rush Smith about 1888," said Mr. Holt. "We did not occupy it for some time as it went through quite a course of remodeling. The Queen Anne style of architecture was very popular then and my mother had bay windows and other decorative features added. New floors were put over the old ones, an addition was built and the entire house was redecorated throughout.

"My father bought it for a gift for my mother and it was deeded to her. After his death in 1917 she spent much time in Florida and with her daughters in Baltimore. Several winters she returned and opened up the house, but after her health became feeble, it was boarded up and has remained so for almost 20 years.

"In the 90 years of its existence the old house has had only three owners—Mr. Phifer who built it. Capt. Benjamin Rush Smith, who bought it from him about 1880, and our family."

Captain Smith, according to his daughter, Miss Heloise Smith of Charlotte and Rockingham, erected the handsome iron fence which encloses the lot. He also planted the great magnolias and other trees

which stand on the lawn. He was mayor of Charlotte in 1878-79 and notable visitors were entertained in his home.

Moving to New York about 1881 he rented the house to Mr. Herman Baruch and here the distinguished Bernard Baruch as a youth visited his uncle. Returning to Charlotte, Captain Smith occupied his home for a few years before selling it to Colonel Holt.

William Fulenwider Phifer, of Cabarrus county in 1851 decided to move to Charlotte and from the Luckey estate he bought the tract of land on North Tryon street. It was bounded by lines which began at Eleventh and North Tryon, crossing at Phifer avenue to College street, to Ninth street, east across the creek to Belmont, to North Charlotte, then back to the Seaboard station, to College.

Before moving his family, Mr. Phifer had brick made and on the rear of the lot selected for his house, he built houses for his servants, a brick kitchen, smokehouse and well house.

Plans for the house were drawn by a Philadelphia architect who came several times to Charlotte to superintend the building. The plan called for nine rooms with a wide hall through the center. On one side is the drawing room, parlor and dining room, on the other the master's room and nursery. Four bedrooms and a wide hall are on the second floor. Two large chimneys in the main building have open fireplaces in every room.

Brick was made by slaves and when a quantity was ready the work was begun. In 1852 the house was completed

and Mr. Phifer brought his family here to reside.

There was bountiful hospitality in this home and the guest chambers were often filled to overflowing when synod, general assembly or other convocations of the Presbyterian church were in session; or commencement at the Charlotte Female Institute, a political rally or celebration of the 20th of May.

Thirteen years after the building of this historic house, southern people realized the end of the Confederacy was drawing near. The evacuation of Richmond had started. In March, 1865, Gen. P. T. G. Beauregard and his staff were in Charlotte with headquarters in Mr. Phifer's home. Sentinels stood at the front door and couriers with dispatches came and went day and night.

Beauregard gave to Mr. Phifer's son, William, a handsome black horse which he had ridden in the army and to the third son, George, his army pistol. Upon the wollen cloth case is fastened an envelope holding this inscription. "I give this pistol to George Martin Phifer upon condition that it be used with his mother's consent. General P. T. G. Beauregard."

Miss Codie Phifer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phifer, was one of North Carolina's noted historians. It is due to her writings that accounts of important events which took place in her parents' home have been preserved. Although she was a child during the War Between the States, she remembered vividly many incidents of those days. From her father she heard much of the actual history of the happenings of the last days of the Confederacy which fortunately she recorded. Her account of the last full meeting

of the Confederate cabinet which was held in her father's home is ranked as one of Charlotte's most valuable historical documents and is irrefutable proof that this meeting was held in Charlotte.

In this account written many years ago she says, in part:

"In April, 1865, the Confederate cabinet was retreating from Richmond to Danville, to Greensboro, to Lexington, to Concord, thence on the 18th to Charlotte, which was the last capital of the Confederacy.

"Members of the cabinet were entertained in various homes in the town. Joseph Harvey Willson had issued an invitation to Jefferson Davis but a Mr. Bates, the local express agent, had first invited the President. Mr. Davis went to the Bates home and found the door locked. While waiting for his host to return he was handed a telegram announcing the assassination of President Lincoln.

"Mr. John W. Reagan, postmaster general, and his secretary were guests in Mr. Wilson's home. Mr. George Davis, attorney general, was entertained by Col. Wm. R. Myers.

"Secretary of the Treasury, Trenholm was quite ill when he reached Charlotte and was carried to my father's home where he was made comfortable in a large four-poster bed in an upstairs room.

"I recall Mrs. Trenholm leaning over the stair rail one day and asking to bring her a spoon. When I entered the room with the spoon, the sick man put out his hand and spoke kindly to me but I was too timid to reply and hastily withdrew. "There were a number of visitors to

Mr. Trenholm's room whose names have become famous in history.

"During the eight days Mr. Davis and his cabinet were in Charlotte, the directors room of the bank of which Mr. Thomas Dewey was president was turned over to them as a meeting place and here conferences were held. Ominous events were rapidly occurring, however, and a meeting was urgent.

"Mr. Trenholm was still too ill to leave his bed, therefore, the other members of the cabinet came to his room and here the last full meeting of the Confederate Cabinet was held. Those who attended were Jefferson Davis, President; Judah P. Benjamin, secretary of state; John W. Regan, post master general; secretary of the treasury, George A. Trenholm; George Davis, attorney general; Stephen R. Mallory, secretary of the navy, and J. C. Breckenridge, secretary of war. Present also were Burton N. Harrison, the President's private secretary, and his staff. Mr. Saint Martin, Mr. Benjamin's secretary, also were present.

"It has been said that the most important subject discussed at this meeting was the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnson to General Sherman, which was authorized at a meeting in the bank building on April 24, 1865.

"The Confederacy had fallen and the Confederate cabinet disbanded in Charlotte. Secretary Trenholm was still too ill to accompany President Davis and Attorney General Davis remained here to be near his family.

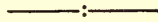
"The entire cabinet was never together again and no full meeting could have been held anywhere. President Davis and the cabinet members with

him stopped at the home of my grandmother, Mrs. White, near Fort Mill, S. C., for several days. As there were not enough members left to form a quorum they separated, Mr Davis going to Abbeville and then to Georgia, where he was captured near Irwinsville."

With the restoration of the old home as a shrine, it is hoped that many

pieces of the original furniture can be secured. Mrs. J. A. Houston, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phifer, has offered certain pieces which she has inherited.

She owns the bed which was occupied by Mr. Trenholm and the table used by President Davis and his cabinet in their last full meeting.



OUR FLAG

Wave to the breeze, O starry flag,
 Proud emblem of our glory;
 A thousand years and more thy folds
 Shall tell sweet freedom's story.
 In every clime throughout the world
 Where weep downtrodden races,
 Thy stars ablaze with hope sublime,
 Shall light despairing faces.

Wave on, wave on, flag of the free,
 Each age increase thy glory!
 Through all the wreck and change of time
 Proclaim the same sweet story.
 At sight of thee shall eyes grow bright
 And hearts shall beat the faster,
 And those who long have cringed to might
 Shall own no tyrant master.

May peace e'er knebble in thy folds,
 No war relentless rend thee;
 But shouldst thou need, may patriot hands
 And patriot hearts, defend thee.
 A thousand years and more be thine,
 Dishonor stain thee never;
 But on thy folds may Right be writ
 Forever and forever!

—M. Victor Staley

OUR FOLKSONGS

By Howard Taubman in New York Times Magazine

The rich heritage of folksongs of America has been rediscovered by our people in recent years. There has been a widespread upsurge of performances in concert hall, on records, on the radio and even in movies. New concert groups like the American Ballad Singers, who devote themselves entirely to this music, have been organized. On the radio there have been programs like "Back Where I Came From" which stressed the folksongs and folkways of diverse sections of the nation. In a movie like "The Grapes of Wrath," the songs of the Okies were heard recurrently. Folksong societies have received a new impetus, and their number has increased. There are annual folksongs festivals in some parts of the country, with humble men and women and children doing the singing, instead of the gilded names of the concert world. The Library of Congress in Washington, through its music division, has intensified its work to search out and write down the songs of America.

The songs reflect our way of life, our liberty of expression, our pursuit of happiness as surely as a county fair. The themes of these songs have the variety and picturesqueness of America. They concern themselves with the way in which men and women earn their daily bread. They deal with the inexorable cycles of birth and love and death. They tell of courtship and marriage, and they cast a good-humored, often wry, glance at the joys and bickerings of the wedded state. They chant of communal merry-making—of dancing, and singing and playing of homely instru-

ments. They mirror the political and economic aspirations and preoccupations of our people.

These songs are to be distinguished from those that come out of Tin Pan Alley or Hollywood. They are not "plugged" and made national favorites overnight, only to disappear when their brief vogue has passed. They are the songs that are made by men and women of America wherever they live—in city and country, hill and valley, sea coast and plain. Some of the songs have a long history, for the tunes were brought over by the earliest settlers. Others are of recent vintage. Each generation makes its revisions. Although most songs arose in a day when transportation and communication were not so easy and rapid as today, our own generation has not stopped creating its folksongs.

In the words of Elie Siegmeister, leader of the American Ballad Singers, who has made an extensive study of our resources of folksongs in preparing a repertory for his group of six singers:

"This is not prestige or glamour music. Little of it is played by name bands or sung by prima donnas. But it does get around, and has been getting around without fanfare or publicity among common, everyday Americans in their homes, on fields and streets, in rustic dance halls, over cradles, near work benches and on chain gangs for the past two hundred years or so."

It is impossible to say who has written these songs. They are, in the fullest sense, a community effort. The emotions of situations in everyday

living become so intense that one is minded to sing his joy or sorrow. He makes up words; perhaps he thinks of a tune. He begins to sing. A friend hears the songs, repeats it, adds a verse, modifies the tune. As the song spreads by word of mouth, each singer may bring to it something out of his own experience.

Let us begin with the work songs. These are as diverse as the occupations of America. These are mining songs, railroad songs, sharecropper songs, sea chanteys, cowpunching songs, the street cries of peddlers and hucksters, the chain gang songs and the songs, like those sung by Okies, which lament the absence of work or crops. Work songs are likely to develop where men labor together in community of movement and rhythm, most often out of doors. They do not develop as easily along an assembly line where precision work is done and where men are far apart.

Here is the song of a Southern coal miner:

Ah'm diggin' in de coal mine, Lawd,
 Way back under de ground,
 Wit de light on ma cap, Lawd,
 Fear dat danger might come.
 Mah wife tol' me last night, Lawd
 Not to work too hard,
 Mah baby darling,
 Not to work too hard.

The man in the city street who cries out his wares of berries and charcoal and vegetables may sometimes do so in stirring musical intervals. These are folksongs of work in their own way. The strawberry cry:

Strawberry! Strawberry!
 Oh, ten cents a quart, strawberry!
 A big, big quart!
 A dime a quart!
 Oh, ten cents a quart, strawberry!

Songs of love, courting and marriage form a great body of America's folk material, as they do all over the world. Each section has indigenous examples, with some of the most famous spread throughout the land. They are sad and gay, cynical or naive, direct and elliptical. From Vermont comes a "Birds' Courting Song" which sings, without too much heartbreak, of suitors turned down:

"Hi!" said the blackbird, sitting on a chair,
 "Once I courted a lady fair,
 She proved fickle and turned her back,
 And ever since then I've dressed in black."
 "Hi!" said the woodpecker, sitting on a fence,
 "Once I courted a handsome wench,
 She got scary and from me fled,
 And ever since then my head's been red."

A North Carolina song, "Married and Single Life," weighs the two conditions:

But when a man's single he can live at his
 ease,
 He can rove through the country and go as
 he please;
 He can rove through the country and live at
 his will,
 Kiss Polly, kiss Betsy, and he is the same still.

The singer, however, has no ill will against married life, for he ends:

We'll drink to the single with the greatest
 success,
 Likewise to the married and wish them no less.

In "Grandma's Advice," a New England song, the young girl who has been warned against the male perils ahead ends her tale:

Oh, dear, what a fuss these old ladies make!
 Thinks I to myself there must be some mistake.
 For if all the old ladies of young men had been
 afraid,
 Why, Grandma herself would have died an old
 maid.

Once the vows of marriage have been taken, the problems of getting on

together concern the pair, and there are songs that go into these with humor and gusto.

Characteristic of this theme is "The Ladle Song." The singer, a girl, is married to a rich old miser who fretted and fumed and beat the poor lass, but she hit him over the head with a ladle. Now she sings:

Now all young women who intend to marry,
Now mind what housing stuff you carry,
And wherever, you go, or whatever you do,
Be sure and carry a ladle or two.
Come all young women who have cross men,
And don't know how to govern them,
'Twas with my ladle I brought him to.
And that is the way you all must do.

A great body of songs has developed out of communal merry-making. These songs, that have emerged from the Saturday night get-togethers, are made up for the old square dances, and are used for community singing from time to time. Each section of the country has its own versions. Here is a play party tune for tripping the light fantastic that is fairly widespread through the land. Called "Swing a Lady," it begins:

Away down yonder in the cedar swamp.
Where the water's deep and muddy.
There I spied my pretty little miss,
And there I spied my honey.
Swing a lady up and down,
Swing a lady round,
Swing a lady up and down.
Swing a lady home.

The last two verses have a typical American blend of philosophy and humor:

The love of one is better than none,
The love of two is plenty.
The love of three, it can't agree.
You'd better not love so many.
The blue-eyed boy's gone back on me,
The brown-eyed boy won't marry,
Before I'd take the cross-eyed boy,
In old-maid life I'd tarry.

In the group of play songs is a special category of nonsense ditties, which may be for dancing or just to tickle the risibilities of singers and listeners. Some of these folksongs are even to be found along the sidewalks of New York. Here is one from the Bronx with a title that reveals the influence of Tin Pan Alley, "Way Down South":

Way down South where bananas grow,
A flea stepped on an elephant's toe,
The elephant cried with tears in his eyes,
"Why don't you pick on a feller your size?"
Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy,
Boom, boom, ain't it great to be crazy,
Giddy and gaddy the whole day through,
Boom, boom, ain't it great to be nuts!

And a second verse.

The horse and the flea and the three blind mice,
Sat on a curbstone shooting dice,
The horse he slipped and fell on the flea,
"Whoops," said the flea, "that's a horse on me."

An immense body of the world's folksongs deals with the joys and sorrows of drink. America has its share of drinking songs. Some are realistic like "Whisky, Rye Whisky," from the southwest, in which the singer punctuates his paean to rye whisky with yips and hiccups. Some are maudlin and others are cantankerous. From the Southern hill country comes "Pass Around the Bottle, Boys," which begins and ends like this:

Pass around the bottle, boys.
I'm bound to take another spree.
And them that don't like me can leave me alone,
For my woman won't go back on me.
I will cuss and swear, I'll rip and tear,
They may all say what they will,
But I have reserved the balance of my life
To drink corn liquor that is distilled,

Blood brother to the drinking song is the bad man song, which tells in homely fashion the ancient wisdom

that crime doesn't pay. Here is one of this genre called "John Hardy," which hails from West Virginia way:

John Hardy was a mean an' desperated man,
He carried two guns ever' day,
He shot a man in New Orleans town,
John Hardy never lied to his gun, po' boy,
John Hardy never lied to his gun, po' boy,
He's been to the east and he's been to the
west,

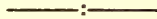
And he's been this wide world round,
He's been to the river an' been baptized,
An' he's been on his hangin' grounds, po' boy,
An' he's been on his hangin' grounds, po' boy.

The group of songs that deal with issues having political overtones are not so numerous as the foregoing classification, but they are fairly common. There are many abolitionist tunes, and some go back to the problems of the American Revolution and

the War of 1812. Here is one from Georgia that has its say about "Ku Kluck Klan":

It say in de Bible how Lawd he make man,
But who in de world make Ku Kluck Klan.
Shape like a tadpole, smell like a skunk
Hide in midnight sheet, like chintz in a bunk.
Ku Kluck Klan, Ku Kluck Klan, Lowest down
creeper in de lan'.

Within the general classifications, the songs that Americans have made for themselves in home and fields and cities are infinite in their variety. The dominant unity of these folksongs is that here simple Americans are expressing themselves in music of their own making. The themes of American life are the themes of its folksongs.



A COLORED PREACHER EXPRESSED HIMSELF

The following sermon, clipped from an exchange has been in circulation many years, and well illustrates the power of an unlettered colored man, who was really full of his subject:

"O Lord, give dy servant dis ebenin' de wisdom ob de owl; conneck his soul wid de gospel telefoam leading frum de central skies; 'luminate his brow wid de love of dis people; turpentine his imagination; grease his lips wid possum oil; loose his tongue wid de sledge hammer ob dy power; electrify his brain wid de lightnin' ob dy word; put perpetual motion in his arms; fil him plumb full ob de dynamite ob dy glory; 'noint him all over wid de kerosene ob dy salvation; an' sot him on fire."—Selected.

THIS LAND AND FLAG

(New York Times)

What is love of country for which our flag stands? Maybe it begins with love of the land itself. It is the fog rolling in with the tide at Eastport, or through the Golden Gate and among the towers of San Francisco. It is the sun coming up behind the White Mountains, over the Green, throwing a shining glory on Lake Champlain and above the Adirondacks. It is the storied Mississippi rolling swift and muddy past St. Louis, rolling past Cario, pouring down past the levees of New Orleans. It is lazy noontides in the pines of Carolina, it is a sea of wheat rippling in western Kansas, it is San Francisco peaks far north across the glowing nakedness of Arizona, it is the Grand Canyon and a little stream coming down out of a New England ridge, in which are trout.

It is men at work. It is a storm-tossed fisherman coming into Gloucester and Provincetown and Astoria. It is the farmer riding his great machine in the dust of harvest, the dairyman going to the barn before sunrise, the lineman mending the broken wire, the miner drilling for the blast. It is the servants of fire in the murky splendor of Pittsburgh, between the Allegheny and the Monongahela, the trucks rumbling through the night, the locomotive engineer bringing the train in on time, the pilot in the clouds, the riveter running along the beam a hundred feet in air. It is the office clerk in the office, the housewife doing the dishes and sending the children off to school. It is the teacher, doctor and parson

tending and helping, body and soul, for small reward.

It is small things remembered, the little corners of the land, the houses, the people that each one loves. We love our country because there was a little tree on a hill, and grass thereon, and a sweet valley below; because hurdy-gurdy man came along on a sunny morning in a city street; because a beach or a farm or a lane or a house that might not seem much to others was once, for each of us, made magic. It is voices that are remembered only, no longer heard. It is parents, friends, the lazy chat of street, store and office, and the ease of mind that makes life tranquil. It is summer and winter, rain and sun and storm. These are flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, blood of our blood, a lasting parting of what we are, each of us and all of us together.

It is the stories told. It is the Pilgrims dying in their first dreadful winter. It is the Minute Man standing his ground at Concord Bridge, and dying there. It is the army in rags, sick, freezing, starving at Valley Forge. It is the wagons and the men on foot going westward over Cumberland Gap, floating down the great rivers, rolling over the great plains. It is the settler hacking fiercely at the primeval forest on his new, his own lands. It is Thoreau at Walden Pond. Lincoln at Cooper Union, and Lee riding home from Appomattox. It is corruption and disgrace, answered always by men who would not let the flag lie in the

dust, who have stood up in every generation to fight for the old ideals and the old rights, at risk of ruin or of life itself.

It is a great multitude of people on pilgrimage, common and ordinary people, charged with the usual human failings, yet filled with such a hope as never caught the imaginations and the hearts of any nation on earth before. The hope of liberty. The hope of justice. The hope of a land in which a man can stand

upright, without fear, without rancor.

The land and the people and the flag—the land a continent, the people of every race, the flag a symbol of what humanity may aspire to when the wars are over and the barriers are down; to these each generation must be dedicated and consecrated anew, to defend with life itself, if need be, but, above all, in friendliness, in hope, in courage, to live for.



DAD AND LAD

The fame of a land is not measured in gold,
 Nor judged by its mines and the treasures they hold;
 It merits distinction and confidence when
 Throughout its dominions are real manly men.
 When you see a young fellow—an upstanding lad—
 Go by in the street keeping pace with his Dad,
 With a smile on his face, as they mix with the crowd,
 Show that each is pleased with the other, and proud—
 And he feels mighty proud of the chance to confide
 In the big hearted fellow who walks by his side.
 It's a heart gripping sight—it's inspiring and fine—
 To know that in life their steps are in line—
 A Dad and his Lad.

—Selected.

HONORING FATHER AND MOTHER

(Community Herald)

Harold was ten years old and liked to play. He could think of the best games and make the best plans of anyone. The boys all liked him, because he was always happy.

One afternoon, just as school closed, a crowd of boys waited on a corner not far from the schoolhouse. Harold had waited a moment after dismissal, to ask the teacher to help him with a problem, and did not come out with the rest. As he saw the boys waiting, he wondered what they were talking about. As Harold drew near, they turned eagerly to him.

"Say, Harold, want to have some fun?" asked one.

"Sure. What's up?" Harold pushed his cap back on his forehead and looked from one to the other.

"Jim has invited us to go out to his place for a good time," one said.

"That so? What's on?" Harold asked, looking at Jim Crane.

Jim was older than the rest of the boys, and he lived in the country. His father was rich, and Jim always had money to spend for whatever he wanted to get. He had a car that was all his own, and he drove to school and back every day.

"Oh, just for a good time!" Jim enjoyed having the boys look up to him, and felt that he was very much more fortunate than his playmates.

"You don't mean to go right away?" Harold asked.

"Why not? The sooner we get there the more time we'll have to play," the boys all said together.

Harold stepped back and shook his

head. "I can't go unless I go home first," he answered firmly.

"You're a coward, Harold. Anyway, you know your folks won't care if you get home in good time. We could play till dark, and Jim could bring us home," one boy suggested.

"Oh, come on, Harold! We always have more fun when you're along," another boy said.

Harold really wanted to go. It was hard to be called a coward, and to miss the fun, too. But he knew that his parents trusted him, and that they would expect him to come home and ask permission before he went away.

"No, I couldn't do it, boys. It isn't because I wouldn't enjoy going."

"Your father and mother must be awful hard on you. If they cared anything about you, they'd want to let you have some fun," Jim said.

Harold's face flushed quickly, and his eyes flashed. "No, they are not hard on me," he defended.

"What would they do if you went just this once?" one boy asked curiously.

"Do? Why, they wouldn't do anything, I guess; but they are depending on me to do what they want me to do, and it wouldn't be right to disappoint them."

"I know what Harold means. There's a verse that we had not long ago: 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' He's right, too. I'm going home."

The crowd broke up, and no one went out to Jim's that evening. Harold hurried home; and there was a

happy feeling in his heart, for he knew that he had done right.

As he opened the door he heard his mother say: "We are going out to Uncle Dave's farm this evening,

Harold and stay over tomorrow. Get your overcoat dear, and do hurry."

Harold was glad that he had honored his parents when tempted.

—:—

"The reward of a thing well done, is to have done it."

—:—

DOING THE JOB FOR LESS

By A. J. Peel in Good Business

"John," said Mrs. Tomley one morning, "we really must have the roof re-shingled; there's an ugly stain on the kitchen ceiling."

"All right, dear; I'll see Ray today," said Tomley.

"Yes, do, please; Ray Johnson does good work. But don't beat him down too much, John; I don't suppose he has much work these days."

"You just leave that to me. Business is business. If he wants the job badly enough he'll give me a good price." With that cryptic remark he went out.

An hour later he phoned Johnson and two other contractors and asked for estimates on the same work.

Three days later he called Johnson again. "Now, listen, Ray, I want you to have the job, but your bid is twenty dollars higher. Do it for two hundred and ten dollars and you can have the job."

For a few seconds there was silence then Johnson said, "Mr. Tomley, if I did the work at your price I don't think I would even cover my overhead."

"In that case," replied Tomley,

"you've missed a trick in management. If these fellows can do it at that price, then so can you."

Again a brief silence, then, "Very well, Mr. Tomley, I don't want to lose your patronage; I'll do it for two hundred and ten dollars even though there's nothing in it for me."

"I'm glad you gave the work to Mr. Johnson," said the wife that night; "he's so reliable and painstaking, and deserves the work."

"Ah, yes—er—he wanted two hundred and thirty-five dollars for the job, but I got him to do it for two hundred and ten. I could have got it done by two others for even less."

Mrs. Tomley made no reply, but went about her work with an enigmatic smile—something that her husband could not understand, and he felt uncomfortable.

The evening of the next day she said, "I bought some new sheets today, dear, and much cheaper than we have bought before, and I'm sure they're just as good."

John Tomley was reading the evening paper, and murmured, "Hm,

good work. Yes, every little counts these days." Then suddenly he threw aside the paper. "Huh? What did you say? Of course, you bought Twilite sheets!"

"That's just it, dear; why should I, when I could get Snowflake sheets cheaper?"

Tomley was excited. He shouted, Oh, but listen, woman; don't you know that I've got five hundred shares of Twilite stock? Don't you know that Snowflake, with their cheap labor and giving of secret discounts to buyers, is cutting prices and forcing down the value of Twilite stock—and my dividends? If we don't support our own business, who will, I ask you?"

John Tomley did not see the triumphant look in his wife's face as she turned away. She didn't intend that he should, but she knew that he was getting his first lesson. All she said was, "I never thought of that. Why of course we must support our own business, even if we have to pay a little more."

Just at that moment Jimmie, their son, came slouching into the room without uttering a word.

"What's the matter, son?" asked the mother.

"They've cut my salary!" Jimmie mumbled.

"Cut your salary!" shouted his father; "when you are due for a good raise?"

Jimmie laughed bitterly. "Yeah! The boss told me it was because they liked my work that they were keeping me on, as they could get others

—this year's Tech grads—for less!"

"But they've just got that government contract!"

"That's just it," retorted Jimmie; "they took it at a price that cuts out the profit, unless they cut salaries all down the line."

It was Sunday. Mr. Tomley and Jimmie were very subdued; only Mrs. Tomley was happy and cheerful—a gesture that neither husband nor son could understand. As they sat in church Tomley was more engrossed in his son's experience than he was in the minister's sermon. But suddenly he was startled by the words that were being read: "Woe unto them that take away the righteousness of the righteous from him."

He sat up, his eyes riveted on the minister. Then he shriveled into himself. Who was he to condemn his son's employers, when he himself was guilty of the same thing? What about Johnson? What a double-faced attitude to adopt!

Tomley took a sidewise glance at his wife. She sat serene and happy listening to the sermon. Then he knew that she had seen this clearly all the time, and he bowed his head in humiliation.

Two weeks later Ray Johnson, the young contractor, was opening his morning mail. From one envelope he drew a check. It was accompanied by a note, which read: "Dear Ray: Your original price for the roofing job on my house was \$235. Here is a check for this amount. You did a good job. Thank you."

"Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie."

THE STRENGTH OF THE OAK

(Selected)

Growing up out of the ravine on the old farm is a giant oak tree. A never-failing spring bubbles out from under the great roots of the tree. It stands there still, apart and alone, defying all the elements and ravages of time. Lightning has struck and peeled its bark. Windstorms have broken its branches. Woodpeckers have drummed upon its crown. Wild bees have stored their honey in its cavities. Cankers have eaten at its tissues. But the old oak still towers above the fields, and spreads its friendly branches to shade the cattle that drink at its spring.

What is the secret of the oak's life and strength? One will say it is the roots, drawing deeply from the spring at its feet. Another will say it is the bark, giving its protective covering. Still another will claim it is the wood, tough and strong, that gives it perennial life. A fourth will contend that it is the leaves that supply the life-giving substance for the tree. But the botanist will tell us that it is the growing life tissue just beneath the bark. Here are the cells that form the rings of growth, continue the life of the tree, and give it the steadfastness, resistance, and power to stand the tests of life throughout its span of years.

Drawing an analogy, man is tested in like manner as the old oak. The winds of adversity may sweep about our life and shake our moorings. Salaries may be cut and financial losses sustained. We may lose our home, or our investments may be swept away. The lightning of sickness

or death may strike at our homes with its shattering consequences. Old age will creep up, and decline of physical life begins. Critics, like the woodpecker on the oak, may pound at our head and heart. Men may lose confidence in us, and seek by fair or foul means to displace us, and to cast us aside. Cankers of domestic discord may infect our inner circle. Insects of evil may creep into the lives of our children to bring disappointments, and rob us of our best fruit.

Turn once again to the old oak. It has stood the test of time. By what strength? By the perennial tissue within. Strong men will stand the tests of time. By what strength? By the perennial life within. If a man's philosophy of life is based on the ideal of service to his fellow men, and he, like the oak, gives refreshment and friendly welcome to his fellows, then he, like the old oak, can tower above his environment and stand all tests.

Climbing higher is a matter of willingness to pay the price. You can be anything you wish to be. Study the careers of famous men and women, and you will know the reason for their success. Most of us are willing to give up about eight hours a day to our jobs. Up to this point almost everyone else is in the race. Those who forge ahead put in "overtime." The return for a standard day's work is moderate because competition is so keen, but overtime pay is always high—it goes up in geometrical ratio.

Thousands of others have the abil-

ity, and would achieve outstanding success in any department of life, if they were willing to give themselves wholly to one purpose and work "overtime" at it. Getting is the result of giving. If you direct all your energy into one channel, and give yourself wholly to the task, something will happen.

ONLY A DAD

Only a dad with a tired face,
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing little of gold or fame
To show how well he has played the game.
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice
To see him come and hear his voice.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd,
Toiling, striving from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way
Silent, whenever the harsh condemn,
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad with a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more,
Plodding along in the daily strife
Bearing the whips and scorns of life
With ne'er a whimper of pain or hate
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a dad but he gives his all
To smooth the way for his children small,
Doing with courage set and grim,
The deeds that his father did for him.
This is a line that for him I pen,
Only a dad, but the best of men.

—Author Unknown.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night, was "Trapped in the Sky," a Columbia production.

—s—

Mr. W. W. Johnson and the regular barber force have been giving our boys a neat hair-cut this week, greatly improving their appearance.

—s—

Preparations are now being made for holding a tonsil clinic at the School, beginning Monday, June 16th. This clinic will be conducted at our infirmary by Dr. R. B. Rankin, of Concord, assisted by our own resident nurses and nurses from the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord.

—s—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys, assisted by carpenters from Concord, have begun the erection of a new grandstand at the athletic field, replacing the one destroyed by fire last year. It is expected that this structure will be completed in about two weeks.

—s—

Dr. A. D. Underwood, of the department of oral hygiene, North Carolina State Board of Health, who has been conducting a dental clinic at the School, left last week to attend a dental conference at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. He expects to return in about six weeks to finish up his work here.

—s—

The Charlotte News of June 7, 1941, carried a list of boys accepted for United States Army service through the recruiting office in that

city. In that list was included the name of James C. Blocker, of Mecklenburg county, a former member of the group at Cottage No. 2, who was allowed to leave the School, October 14, 1940.

—s—

Our barn forces have been busily engaged threshing oats for several days. Several thousands bushels were threshed under ideal weather conditions before the first heavy rain of the season visited this section last Wednesday afternoon and stopped operations. While the workers have gotten away to a good start on this task, we are not yet able to make any definite estimate as to the amount of grain to be realized by this work.

—s—

John T. Capps, a former member of our printing class, who has been employed as linotype operator on the Kannapolis "Independent" for more than two years, called on us last Tuesday. Johnnie reports that he has been getting along very nicely and is still well pleased with his job on the Towel City paper. We have received reports from the publishers of that fine newspaper from time to time since the lad became a member of their staff of workers, and they all stated that Johnnie had been doing fine work for them.

—s—

We recently reported that the printing office was visited by our old friend, Dr. E. A. Branch, director of the department of oral hygiene, North Carolina State Board of Health, and how much these young printers enjoyed seeing him again. At the time

of this visit, the genial doctor told us that he was going to send a little present for the boys in the shop, and just a few days ago, we received a nice box of chewing gum for them. If visitors to this department should happen to notice an unusual wagging of jaws, it will be due to the kindness of Dr. Branch, for the lads are certainly giving that gum a real good time. In behalf of these youngsters, we say, "Thank you, doctor."

—S—

Superintendent Boger received a letter last week from Charles Hefner, who left the School July 12, 1935. Charles came to the institution from Hickory on June 2, 1932 and while here was a member of the Cottage No. 11 group. He is now twenty years old. In November, 1939, he enlisted in the United States Army and is now a member of a motor transportation division, stationed in the Panama Canal Zone. In his letter to Mr. Boger, Charlie stated that he had always been interested in motors and was highly pleased at being placed in a department where he could study them from all angles. Prior to enlisting in the Army, he spent some time in a CCC Camp.

—S—

Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read just two verses, II Samuel 19:9-10—"And all the people were at strife throughout all the tribes of Israel, saying, The king saved us out of the hands of our enemies, and he delivered us out of the hands of the Philistines; and now he is fled out of the land for Absalom. And Absalom, whom we have annointed over us, is dead in

battle. Now therefore why speak ye not a word of bringing the king back?"

The subject of Rev. Mr. Summer's helpful and most interesting message to the boys was "Bringing the King Back," and at the beginning of his remarks he stated that there are many true sayings handed down to us which have come into being largely because history has proved them to be correct.

History, continued the speaker, frequently has a way of repeating itself. Sometimes it seems that some unpleasant parts of history repeat more often than the pleasant things. Usually, in our daily lives, we seem to be able to remember the bad things more than the good. This is a part of the evil nature in us. The inhuman things of life keep on repeating themselves. Some of these are treachery, malice, jealousy, dishonesty, oppression of the weak through devastating wars, cruelty, and utter disregard for the rights of others. Right now there is a great war going on in the world. An inhuman beast is trying to dominate the entire world, and we hear daily the same ghastly reports as have come to us through the pages of history concerning wars of the past, only the suffering and destruction are worse, due to the use of more deadly weapons of war than were used in the long ago.

Referring to the Bible verses read, Rev. Mr. Summers said that if people would try to see their true meaning, they might keep some of the evil happenings of the past years from repeating themselves. In these verses we are told that all the tribes of Israel were at war. The king's son had rebelled against his father, raised an army and made war against him.

What a sad picture—a son (Absalom) trying to wrest his father's (David) kingdom from him—a son with enough evil in his heart to cause him to even go so far as to kill his father, should the opportunity present itself.

The speaker then told the boys briefly about Absalom's death and the manner in which it was brought about. Absalom's army, said he, was made up of the kind of people who were untrue to God and to King David. Fearful of his personal safety, David had fled. Absalom, the false king, was dead. The people were without a leader, and they began to ask why the king had not been brought back. Although they had rebelled, they now realized that he had been a good king, having delivered them from their enemies on several occasions. They wanted a ruler who would continue to help them.

Rev. Mr. Summers then told his listeners that the world today is just about in the same condition as it was in David's time. People have anointed false kings. Some want to live without working. We have the gangster type, those who would even kill in order to get money on which to live, rather than work for it. Another class of people try to make a living by gambling. They are too lazy to work and depend on chance to make money, perfectly willing to let chance give them what rightly belongs to others. Thousands of others have anointed the kings of lying, lack of honor, disrespect for law and order, and the almighty dollar. Such false theories, when followed by the people of the world, will most assuredly lead to destruction.

What the people of the world need, said the speaker, is to bring back

Jesus as their king. A king who set the example of men working for an honest living by toiling in his father's carpenter shop. The first purpose, as taught by the Master, is not making a living, but making a life. If we want to bring back the one true king to our hearts and minds, we need only to think of him who said, "Do ye unto others as ye would have others do unto you" also "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." We need to bring the king back in order to play fair in the great game of life. Man must have something on the inside, and the best thing to have is true religion, and not merely church membership. All the gold in the world will not purchase one inch of space for us in heaven. We must give ourselves to the king, devoting our time to the spreading of his gospel on earth, whereby we and our fellow men may one day attain the joys of eternal happiness.

Rev. Mr. Summers continued by saying that we need to bring back Jesus as our king in order to acquire the necessary strength to overcome handicaps. All is not smooth sailing upon the sea of life, and we need him to give us the determination to live straight and square. We need him to forgive us when we do wrong, and, after our many transgressions have been forgiven, we need him to help us to live as men should.

In conclusion, the speaker stated that it isn't much to a fellow's credit just to keep on breathing and living. Credit comes only when we live a worthy and honorable life; when we live to help others, thereby making this old world a better place in which to live.

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL — MAY

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Herbert Branch
 Charles Browning
 Charles Crotts
 Jack Crotts
 David Cunningham
 Leonard Franklin
 Charles Gaddy
 Olin Langford
 Durwood Martin
 Ernest Overcash
 Jack Reeves
 Melvin Roland
 Hercules Rose
 Walter Sexton
 Eldred Watts

—B—

Troy Gilland
 Sidney Hackney
 Vernon Harding
 James Roberson
 George Roberts
 Ray Smith
 David Williams

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Cecil Ashley
 Wesley Beaver
 Aldine Duggins
 Roy Mumford
 Lewis Sawyer
 Charles Widener
 Louis Williams

—B—

Reid Beheler
 Doris Hill
 Sidney Knighting
 Fred Rhodes
 George Tolson
 Torrence Ware

THIRD GRADE

—A—

James Davis
 Broadus Moore
 Fred Tolbert
 Thomas Yates

—B—

Lloyd Callahan
 Jesse Cunningham
 Audie Farthing
 John Maples
 Monroe Searcy

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

William Cook
 Martin Crump
 George Green
 James Johnson
 Grady Kelly
 Hugh Kennedy
 Jerome Wiggins

—B—

Ernest Brewer
 Paul Briggs
 Robert Chamberlain
 Otho Dennis
 Marvin Gautier
 Charles McCoyle
 Calvin Tessneer

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

William Deaton
 Vollie McCall

—B—

Homer Bass
 Cleasper Beasley
 Glenn Drum
 William Nelson
 James Puckett
 John Tolley
 Jack West

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Woodrow Wilson

—B—

Raymond Andrews
 Edward Batten
 Ray Bayne
 Jennings Britt
 William Buff
 Henry B. Butler

Collett Cantor
 William Cherry
 Joseph Christine
 James Connell
 Thomas Fields
 Vincent Hawes
 Jack Hailey
 Edward Hammond
 Edward Johnson
 James Lane
 Edward Murray
 Otis McCall
 William Padrick
 Randall D. Peeler
 Marvin Pennell
 Grover Revels
 Currie Singletary
 Robert Stephens

James C. Stone
 Thomas Sutton
 Jack Sutherland
 Hubert Walker
 Dewey Ware
 Jack Warren
 Basil Wetherington
 George Wilhite
 Alton Williams
 William Wilson

SEVENTH GRADE

—B—

Quentin Crittendon
 R. J. Lefler
 Charles Metcalf.



TWO BUILDERS

Reputation—he raised its shaft
 In the crowded market-place;
 He built it out of his glorious deeds,
 And carved them upon its face;
 He crowned its towering top with bays
 That a worshiping world supplied;
 Then he passed—his monument decayed,
 And his laurels drooped and died.

Character—he built its shaft
 With no thought of the pillar to be;
 He wrought with intangible things like love
 And truth and humility;
 Impalpable things like sacrifice
 And sympathy and trust;
 Yet steadfast as the eternal hills
 It stood when he was dust!

— Daniel M. Henderson

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 8, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
Clarence Bell
Raymond Brooks
William Drye
Arcemias Heaffner
Robert Hobbs
Frank May
William O'Brien
Weaver F. Ruff
William Shannon
William Shraughn
Weldon Warren

COTTAGE NO. 1

William Blackmon
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
Albert Chunn
William Cook
John Davis
Eugene Edwards
Ralph Harris
Porter Holder
Carl Hooker
Burman Keller
Curtis Moore
H. C. Pope
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Earl Barnes
John Bailey
Lewis H. Baker
William Buff
Charles Beal
Kenneth Conklin
Bruce Hawkins
Robert Hare
David Hensley

Jerry Jenkins
Jack Lemley
Harley Matthews
William Matheson
George Shaver
William T. Smith
Wayne Sluder
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins
Louis Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Robert Dellinger
Monroe Flinchum
Sidney Knighting
Leonard Melton
Mack McQuaigue
Allen Morris
Roy Pruitt
Currie Singletary
Fred Tolbert
Dewey Ware
Hubert Walker

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Columbus Hamilton
Edward Kinion
Marvin Lipscomb
Vollie McCall
Jesse Peavy
George Wilhite

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
Cleasper Beasley
Henry B. Butler
Laney Broome
Donald Earnhardt
George Green
Robert Lawrence
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash

Marshall Pace
 Jack Reeves
 Loy Stines
 Ernest Turner
 Alex Weathers
 Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
 Reid Beheler
 Cecil Bennett
 John Frank
 Otis Kilpatrick
 E. L. (Pete) Taylor
 Walker Warr
 Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9

David Cunningham
 James Davis
 Robert Dunning
 Eugene Dyson
 R. L. Hall
 James Hale
 Edgar Hedgepeth
 Mark Jones
 Grady Kelly
 David Kilpatrick
 Alfred Lamb
 Llyod Mullis
 Marvin Matheson
 William Nelson
 Thomas Sands
 Lewis B. Sawyer
 Robert Tidwell
 Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

Amon Dryman
 Jack Evans
 John Fausnett
 Delma Gray
 Jack Hainey
 Jack Harward
 Homer Head
 Thomas King
 Charles Mills
 Edward Stutts
 Walter Sexton
 Torrence Ware
 Floyd Williams

COTTAGE NO. 11

William Dixon
 William Furches

Charles Frye
 Ralph Fisher
 Cecil Gray
 Robert Goldsmith
 Earl Hildreth
 Broadus Moore
 Canipe Shoe
 William Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
 Jay Brannock
 William Deaton
 Treley Frankum
 Woodrow Hager
 Charles Hastings
 Tillman Lyles
 James Monday
 James Puckett
 Hercules Rose
 Robah Sink
 Jesse Smith
 Carl Tyndall
 Eugene Watts
 J. R. Whitman

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
 Vincent Hawes
 Jack Mathis
 Jordan McIver
 Fred Rhodes
 Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews
 John Baker
 William Butler
 Edward Carter
 Robert Deyton
 Leonard Dawn
 Audie Farthing
 Troy Gilland
 Henry Glover
 John Hamm
 William Harding
 Marvin King
 Feldman Lane
 William Lane
 Roy Mumford
 John Maples
 Charles McCoyle
 Norvell Murphy
 Glenn McCall
 John Robbins

James Roberson
J. C. Willis
Jack West

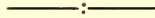
COTTAGE NO. 15

Calvin Tessenier

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks

Frank Chavis
George Duncan
Cecir Jacobs
James Johnson
John T. Lowry
Leroy Lowry
Redmond Lowry
Varcy Oxendine
William Wilson



THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

In the Realm of Truth, there is no tomorrow,
Filled with anguish, turmoil, sordid sorrow.
When we of the morrow are consciously aware,
Behold, it is today so fair!

In the finite realm of time and space,
Miracles of travel, on wings apace,
Draw nations together from far and near,
Divine Faith must rule and vanquish fear.

The Radio of Spirit, to those in tune,
Reveals Realms of Unseen Witness.
Soon those living in Christ, filled with His Power,
Will conquer by Love—the Golden Hour!

—Harriet Weigle Nicely

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., JUNE 21, 1941

NO. 25

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I WILL

Many will falter when something goes wrong,
While others will fight when swinging along.
Some will feign weakness, and sit by the
way,

While others will strengthen at work through
the day.

Some people are strong in all that is true,
And others are spineless in things they
Should do.

None can afford, when traveling along,
To falter a trifle when something goes wrong.
None ever reaches the top of the hill
Unless he is made of the stuff called "I will."

—Harry Troupe Brewer.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE MOUTH IN THE MIRROR

When we look into the mirror, there are few of us who relax completely and look at ourselves as we really are. With or without make-up, we like to see ourselves looking our best, and we are likely to indulge in a bit of smirking and smiling that bring out our best expressions.

It is especially our eyes and our mouths that seem to need brightening. More than other features, they tell the story of what we really are. Sometimes, looking at ourselves in an unguarded moment, we are amazed that we could have a mouth that hung in such unbecoming lines.

It may be a sad, despondent droop that tells of self-pity and unhappiness. It may be a tight line of determination that warns both friend and foe that we mean to have our way. It may be a sulky, I-won't-play-if-I-can't-have-my-own-way look. It may be a loose-lipped, self-indulgent look that tells its own story of selfishness.

Such expressions may creep upon us unawares. It is only catching ourselves off guard once in a while that we discover the disfigurement. If and when we do, we need to take immediate steps to remedy the matter.

No lipstick, however alluring, can help us. We can make a change from the inside only. A long look at the face may lead us to a long look at the soul. A beautiful mouth may not always mean that a beautiful soul dwells within the body, but it is a pretty safe rule that a lovely soul makes a charming face.—Selected.

“MISS CABARRUS”

There are a very few people in Cabarrus county who are acquainted with Miss Cabarrus, in fact most of those who were associated with her have lost contact, because they had not kept up with her activities. Relative to her past history, it is enough to say Miss Cabarrus has played a most conspicuous role in the building up of the local county health department to its present high state of efficiency. Miss Cabarrus found a unique place in the health crusade when Dr. Sidney Buchanan rendered most valuable service as all-time local health officer. It was during his term of

office that an all-time Red Cross nurse began one of the most worthwhile and far-reaching services ever accomplished in the city and county. This work was started off on the right foot, due to the fact that a capable and conscientious nurse was secured in the person of Miss May Stockton, now Mrs. S. J. Ervin.

When the first public health nurse was inducted into the local health department, Miss Cabarrus began to make the campaign with the nurse for the better care of infants. The figure referred to as Miss Cabarrus has a most interesting history. According to reports from Mrs. Ervin, she is now twenty-one years old, and continues in the same capacity.

Many interested citizens who recall the activities of the King's Daughters when blazing the way for a local health department and public welfare set-up, will remember that there was a Junior Circle of King's Daughters that contributed largely toward the crusade for a better understanding of the science of health. The story in a nut-shell is that the members of the Junior Stonewall Jackson Circle of King's Daughters purchased a very large doll, together with a basket containing articles used in the care of infants, and presented them to the nurse. These things, including the doll, "Miss Cabarrus," is being used at this writing. In a recent conversation with Mrs. Ervin, she referred in a pleasing manner to the work of the King's Daughters. The big doll was incidentally mentioned, and it was suggested that Miss Cabarrus be placed in the museum. "Oh," replied Mrs. Erwin, "Miss Cabarrus is still being used in the Red Cross work.

This is the story of Miss Cabarrus, twenty-one years old, and the incident confirms the majesty of little things. Little did those young girls, twenty-one years ago, many of them mothers of today realize the value of their interest in health and hygiene. The Junior King's Daughters of the past are the mothers of today—the natural course of life—therefore, it is wisdom to think upon the essentials of life, the building of a bridge so that the less fortunate may pass over safely.

* * * * *

WESLEY'S BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY

John Wesley was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, England, June

17, 1703. He was the fifteenth child of Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth. His mother was a devoutly religious woman and her influence upon the characters of her children was strong and lasting. John studied at Charterhouse School, London, and at Christ Church, Oxford, from which he was graduated in 1724. He was ordained to the ministry in 1725, but seems to have had at the time no very spiritual conception of his calling. He was an active youth, with a great fondness for outdoor sports. Gradually, however, while acting as his father's curate, his mind turned to more serious matters, and upon returning to Oxford, in 1729, he became recognized as the leader of the "Holy Club," as the little circle which his brother Charles had organized, was derisively called.

His father died in 1735, after which he and his brother Charles, came to America as missionaries to Georgia, at the invitation of Governor Oglethorpe, but the work among the Indians was unsuccessful, and Wesley became unpopular because of his strictness. He returned home in 1738, having accomplished little, but the journey marked a great turning point in his own life. On this voyage he met a number of the Moravian Brethren whose calm faith convinced him that there was something in religion far beyond what he had attained. Reaching London, he visited Peter Bohler, one of the Moravian leaders, from whom he learned much of the necessity for "saving faith"; and in May, 1738, in a little meeting in Aldersgate Street, there came to him a firm conviction of the saving power of Christ. Shortly thereafter, in conjunction with George Whitefield, he began his career as an evangelistic preacher.

Before long, churches were closed against Wesley and his associates, and they spoke in the open air, gaining followers in great numbers. Lay preachers were appointed to have charge of little groups of converts, and the movement spread rapidly. Wesley himself often traveled on horseback fifteen to twenty miles a day, preaching three or four times. It was not an uncommon experience for him to address from 10,000 to 30,000 people who had waited in the open for his appearance on horseback. This movement spread all over the British Isles, and in 1784 a conference was held which constituted the governing body of a new church, separate from the Church of England.

John Wesley died in London, March 2, 1791, but not until after

he had seen the number of his actual followers number more than 120,000, with more than 500 preachers engaged in carrying on the work which he had started.

* * * * *

FIRE PREVENTION

The proclamation by Governor Broughton emphasizing "Fire Prevention Week," June 8th to 14th, carried interesting information relative to the economic value of the forests of North Carolina. The information thus gleaned was to the effect that fifty-nine per cent of the area of our state is forest land. Also that from an economic standpoint, these forests give in returns great monetary values, ranking third, textiles being first and the tobacco business, second.

Futhermore, the Governor stated in his splendid appeal that most of the forest fires were started by carelessness on the part of travelers on the highways. This statement is significant of the fact that we are not truly in heart and mind Americans until we try to build a more beautiful America and teach the younger generations the value of property.

The Governor of the Old North State called upon the citizenship at large, all civic clubs, as well as organizations under the administration of women, to co-operate during fire prevention week to curtail the number of forest fires that are so much more frequent during the long, dry seasons at this time of the year. These disastrous fires lay waste long stretches of charred acres that cannot be re-forested in their beauty and value within a half century. Beside the destruction of the timber, right now a most valuable asset, the fires carry in their wake a wholesale destruction of wild game, as well as homes in the path of the inferno.

To be a true lover of nature every child should be taught the value of a tree, as was expressed in the old-time reader, in part, as follows:

"Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough.
 In my youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now."

STAY ON THE RIGHT SIDE

Do you remember that popular song of a few years back titled "Stay on the Right Side, Sister"? If you do, the Highway Safety Division says, you are different from many North Carolina pedestrians and motorists.

Motorists driving on the wrong side of the road and pedestrians walking on the wrong side of the road accounted for 93 of the 349 traffic fatalities in this state the first four months of this year, according to records of the Safety Division.

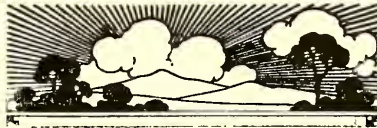
During the four-months period from January through April, 19 pedestrians were killed while walking on the right side of the road, with traffic.

"As much has been written and said about the dangers of walking with traffic, it seems that every North Carolinian should know by now that the State law directs that pedestrians shall walk on the left hand side of the highway, facing traffic," said Ronald Hocutt, director of the Highway Safety Division.

"It also seems," he said, that every driver should know the simplest and most elementary of all our driving rules, which is that you must drive on the right hand side of the road. Yet 74 persons were killed in this state the first four months of this year because of wrong-side driving."

To all North Carolina motorists Hocutt suggests: "Drive on the right, don't straddle the center line, and share the road with the other fellow."

To pedestrians, he says: "For your own protection, walk on the left side of the highway, so that you will be facing traffic and thus will be able to see danger in time to avoid it."



JOHN WESLEY

By John W. Prince

John Wesley's long life stretched across the eighteenth century. England was at low ebb morally and spiritually. The tide had gone out, and ugly mud flats were showing along the shore of life. Lawlessness, crime and immorality were increasing steadily. Heavy drinking was common in all classes of society, and gambling particularly in the upper circles. Government was corrupt. The churches and the clergy were on the whole lifeless, and such religion as there was could not inspire any change in conditions, so superficial was it. The masses were in deep poverty, and were shamefully neglected. The poor were crying out for better things and among the more thoughtful there was a search for something that could lead to salvation in national, church, and personal life. Nothing needed a revival so much as religion. The times were crying for a leader. The man who came upon the scene as an answer to the cry was John Wesley. He was born in Epworth on June 17, 1703, and died in London on March 2, 1791. He found England in an almost hopeless state and left it wonderfully transformed.

By heredity and training he was especially fitted for a place of leadership. His father was a clergyman in the Church of England. His mother's religious life was one of deep warmth and vitality, and her mind original and powerful. On both his mother's and father's side there were many fearless Christian ministers. John Wesley ranked high as a scholar at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he entered in 1720.

There was little surprise when in 1726 he was chosen Fellow of Lincoln College in the same university. His zeal and leadership in religion were recognized early in a group of students who met to aid one another in their studies and in their religious duties. In sarcasm people called them the "Holy Club" and later "Methodists." To this group of students John's younger brother Charles belonged. He was one day to become the poet and hymn writer of Methodism. Later, George Whitefield joined, the man who was to become the most powerful preacher of the eighteenth century.

In 1735 the two brothers sailed for the new colony of Georgia, John to be a missionary to the settlers and Indians and Charles to serve as secretary to General Oglethorpe. Their mission was unsuccessful. But it was of great and lasting benefit to themselves, for a group of Moravian missionaries so stirred them by the noble and peaceful Christian character of their lives that they longed to be like them. As a result shortly after they had returned to England they were genuinely converted. Although they had been Christians since childhood, it was a cold and formal and self-centered religion. This experience changed their lives and gave them inner peace and a passion to influence others which they had lacked before. They were both new men.

From this time on for the rest of his life, over fifty years, John Wesley had as he says, "one point in view, to promote as far as I am able, prac-

tical religion, and by the grace of God, to beget, preserve, and increase the life of God in the souls of men." Worries over his own soul's condition which had long haunted him were now ended. Hereafter the world was to be his parish, a world full of people in misery, and neglect, and without proper guidance. He had a message especially for the unprivileged, a message declaring that God is the Father of all men and that before Him all are equal and can be saved. From the beginning the religion which he preached was democratic. A Christian experience was possible for the humblest and poorest of men, for miners and colliers as well as for kings and lords. Although this sounds commonplace to us it was something new in Wesley's day. The hope and cheer it brought was like a change in atmosphere after a north wind blows.

We are not surprised that most of the clergymen of the Church of England should be suspicious of such a warm religion open to everybody, nor that they refused to permit Wesley to preach in their churches. But that was not to be the end; a way was to be found and it was at hand. In 1739 George Whitefield had begun preaching in the open air in the north of England. He invited Wesley to follow his example. At first Wesley hesitated, but shortly he too went out into the fields, the highways and hedges. He could not resist the needs of the neglected. With his first sermon in the open air began the great religious revival of the eighteenth century, and Methodism was born. He continued this work for over fifty years, traveling over much of Great Britain, preaching and directing the

religious revival. Wherever he preached he organized a class meeting, which became a Methodist society. He traveled some two hundred twenty-five thousand miles during the course of his life, and preached some forty thousand sermons. But he did much more than preach. The societies he started, he visited frequently, to supervise and direct them along right lines. This personal supervision of the revival is one great reason for its success. He held conferences with his ministers and with lay helpers, training and guiding them. He maintained boarding schools, and conducted numerous institutions for charity. He wrote several books, and many tracts on burning questions of the day such as, slavery, smuggling, war, and such evils. He prepared and distributed books in cheap editions for the poor.

He carried on these labors under conditions that would have discouraged most men. Often he was opposed by ignorant mobs, and persecuted by unfriendly clergymen. He traveled, usually on horseback, over bad roads and in all kinds of weather. At times he lived on bread only and slept on bare boards. It is all the more remarkable because he was a man slight of body and small in stature and never robust. He was the greatest apostle since Saint Paul, of whom he reminds us in many ways, chiefly in his great passion to increase right living, in the length of his Christian service, and in the hardships he endured.

When Westy died at the age of nearly eighty-eight, a new England was coming to birth. As early as the middle of the century signs of a change for the better could already

be seen in the attitude of people toward religion, and in the way they lived. By the end of the century the change was decisive. Those most powerfully affected by the revival were to be found among the masses in industrial centers. Rough and vicious miners and colliers, without respect for God or man, were transformed into sober, law-abiding citizens.

Gradually Wesley's work had its effect upon other denominations, such as the Congregational and the Baptist in the Church of England, which came under the influence of the revival, his emphasis on conversion, faith, and service for others won many sympathizers who were called "Evangelicals." More and more men saw the need of putting political and social wrongs right again. A new spirit of philanthropy was springing up. One social reform after another swept the land, and more were to follow after Wesley's death. The lot of the poor was made better, and lines dividing the higher and lower classes were breaking down. In 1789 a bloody revolution swept through France because of the miseries of the poor. England was far less disturbed, for a more peaceful change came to pass under the work inspired by Wesley. Here are some of the reforms he fought for. He had denounced slavery as "a scandal, not only to Christianity but to humanity," and where as before 1750 most people thought of the slave trade as a benefit to the nation and few thought it wrong, by 1833 it was wiped out of the British Dominions. He was a ceaseless enemy of intemperance. He encouraged prison reform, and the great pioneer in this reform, John Howard,

gave Wesley the credit for inspiring him to fight against evil prison conditions. It is not without reason that Wesley has been called "the first great friend of the poor." Since the day when as an Oxford student he had set up schools for the poor, he kept up an interest in needy people, especially for the poor sick, and the poor in prison. He spread cheap literature so that those who could not afford to buy books could have some education. When Sunday schools came into existence, Wesley and the Methodists gave them hearty support. They spread rapidly because the revival had made it seem only right that all people should have religious instruction, poor as well as rich. The coming of the Sunday school created a new interest in education, and great credit must be given to John Wesley for this. In addition to the encouragement he gave the Sunday schools he set-up schools for children in many Methodist centers, and he insisted that religion must be taught in Methodist homes.

Wesley lived to see Methodism spread not only in England but to America and other lands. In America, the only religious ministry many pioneers had come from itinerant Methodists like Francis Asbury. Methodism today is one of the largest Protestant denominations in the world.

Wesley's labor is carried on today in the lives of his followers and in all people and churches that have caught his spirit and are trying to be servants of Christ as he was. Like John Brown of our own history, Wesley's body has gone the way of all flesh, but his soul goes marching on.

ADVENTURE ON MOUNTAIN PEAKS

By W. J. Banks

The mountain climber can't afford a mistake. His first misstep or error of judgment is likely to be his last.

Yet mountaineering is not regarded as a particularly dangerous pastime. After all, one lapse may bring the motorist, or the pedestrian, to an untimely end; yet most of us die in bed. Mountain climbing is a science with professional instructors, adequate tools and strict rules which are designed to protect the greenhorn from his own folly.

Far from being a foolhardy occupation, as some may think, it has for its first and inviolable rule: "Safety First." Ascents which a generation or two ago would have been regarded as impossible are made regularly now by amateurs, so greatly have the technique of climbing and the knowledge of its fine points advanced. Yet the modern Alpinist knows his own capacity and does not tempt fate by trying to exceed it.

A few years ago a young Englishman smuggled himself and three native porters across the forbidden border of Tibet and began a private assault upon Mount Everest. Laboriously the tiny party struggled from camp to camp up the vast glacial approaches to the mighty peak. But food ran low, and there were no coolies to keep the chain of supplies intact through the lower camps. Finally the young man left his companions and started alone up the steepening snow slopes. The blizzard enveloped him, and he was never seen again.

Professional and experienced amateur Alpinists will understand the

irresistible impulse which drew him to almost inevitable doom, while they will condemn the reckless attempt as against the first principles of the profession. Few of the climbing fraternity however, would hesitate to give all their worldly possessions in exchange for the opportunity of participation in a properly equipped expedition to tackle the world's highest peak.

Mountaineering has had a prominent place in European outdoor life for generations, but only now is it coming into its own in America. The climber of this continent is a fortunate person indeed, for in the Rocky Mountains, both north and south of the United States-Canadian border there are climbs aplenty for everyone from the beginner to the star performer.

The North American youth who goes in for this absorbing pastime has one advantage over his European cousin. He can reasonably hope to accomplish, some day, that dream of every Alpinist, a first ascent. In the Rockies there are still many peaks which have never been scaled by man. Many are not so remote or hopelessly difficult as to bar them from the thoughts of the ordinary climber of moderate means who is willing to learn the fine points of the art through years of apprenticeship.

The equipment of the mountain climber is not too elaborate, though it must be chosen with great care. It includes loose-fitting, sturdy clothing and shoes with regulation climbing hobs; ropes, pitons, karabiners

and an ice-axe for glacial slopes.

Rope is the ever-present aid of the Alpinist and is the best safeguard for a party except for the first man in the ascent and the last in descent, who should be particularly skilled. When joined by rope fifteen or twenty feet apart, three or four people can hold up one of their comrades who had lost hold, provided only one moves at a time over difficult rock faces and the rope is kept taut so that the falling body cannot gain momentum before being checked.

The climber may also use his rope, thrown over a projection above, to draw himself up a rock face which lacks hand and toe holds. Even more difficult and dangerous for the beginner is the descent "en rappel," or roping down, considered by many as the most spectacular and thrilling of the Alpinist's accomplishments. The rope may be looped through a sling or a karabiner (a large, oval snap ring) attached to a projecting rock or a piton. The latter is an iron spike with a big eye, and is driven into a crack in the rock.

The skill of the experienced mountain climber is many sided. His ability to choose toe and finger holds, to test their strength, to adhere to them and to transfer his weight from one to the other without loss of poise and perfect balance, is almost uncanny. Creeping, crawling, writhing upward inch by inch, hanging on by the finger tips, he employs every nerve and muscle which is brought into play and developed to the utmost of its capacity.

For novices at least, the descent is more difficult than the ascent, and more dangerous, if proper precautions are not taken. Going up, all the

attention of the climber is concentrated upon possible holds above, but in coming down the corner of the eye is bound to catch an occasional glimpse of the giddy depths below. If you feel dizzy when looking from the top of a high building, you had better not take up mountain climbing.

A slow, methodical approach, with hurry always strictly forbidden, is the mountaineer's invariable rule. The ascent of most great mountains involves days or weeks of laborious work in the establishment of successive camps on the lower slopes, and hard travel over comparatively uninteresting ground before the assault upon the peak brings the kind of climbing that is popularly supposed to occupy the Alpinist exclusively. Then the heart must be slowly accustomed to exertion in the rarified atmosphere.

Little wonder that a man, after hearing his friend recount his adventures above the tree-line and looking at his photographs of difficult ascents, exclaimed incredulously, "And you call that fun!" Why climb a mountain? That is a question that is often asked by those who have never done it, but never by the initiated.

Oftentimes the view to be obtained from the peak is in itself ten times worth the effort. Words are entirely inadequate to describe the vista which unfolds itself before the enraptured eyes of those who have attained to the ridge of some mighty range, the roof of a continent. Then there is the physical benefit of the effort; but probably a sense of achievement, of having conquered apparently insuperable obstacles, of having successfully accepted a challenge, is the greatest reward.

GASTON COUNTY

By Carl Goerch in *The State Magazine*

Mrs. M. B. Wales, of Gastonia, had told me exactly how to go.

"When you get to Stanley," she had said, cross the railroad tracks, bear to the right and when you reach a point where there is a fork in the paved road, take the road that bears to the left. Then turn off at the first dirt road that goes to the left, and about a mile down that you'll find the Rhyne house."

I reached Stanley O. K. I turned to the left but missed the dirt road and kept on going. After a minute or two I began to realize that perhaps I had made a mistake.

Close by the highway was a Negro cabin. The doors and windows were open. I blew the horn but there was no answer. Following a second sounding of the horn there came a yell from across the field on the opposite side of the road. I looked and observed an elderly colored man coming toward me.

Leaning out of the window of the car I yelled: "Where's the Rhyne house?"

He nodded and smiled. "Yes," he hollered, "that's my house."

"The Rhyne house!" I shouted.

He looked at me in astonishment. "Why no," he yelled. "'Tain't iron at all: it's just a plain wooden house."

After that I waited until he came up to the car. He then informed me where I should have turned, so I went on back and this time got to the house without further difficulty.

The Rhyne house is located in the upper part of Gaston County. It's

a large structure, built of brick which are now painted grey. Mr. Thomas Rhyne erected it in 1799 and the date is plainly visible on the side of the house, having been worked in by means of a different type of brick from that used in the rest of the construction work.

Thomas Rhyne was the first man by that name to come to Gaston County. He emigrated from Germany during the Revolutionary War, went to Pennsylvania and then headed South. His house was considered a real show-place and was one of the most elaborate in that part of the state. It had eleven rooms.

Another interesting feature about the place is that it has been continuously occupied since 1799 by the descendants of Thomas Rhyne, the present occupant being Mr. Richard Rhyne.

There was one thing which Mrs. Wales told me to be sure to see, and that was the cupboard. When I explained my wishes to Mr. Rhyne he said: "Sure, come right on in."

You women-folks who are interested in antiques would go wild if you could see that piece of furniture. It's 10 feet high, built of solid walnut with inlays of satinwood, put together with wooden pegs. As beautiful a thing as ever a cabinet-maker turned out.

Would you like to buy it?

No chance. Mr. Rhyne has already refused \$1,500 for it and intimated that he wouldn't turn it loose for much more than that.

The Rhyne house is only one of the many interesting places in Gaston

County. I said something a moment ago about the town of Stanley. It's one of the oldest communities in the county. Upon completion of the old Carolina Central Railroad from Charlotte in 1862, the town (then called Brevard Station) became a concentration point for Confederate soldiers from surrounding counties.

Six miles from Stanley is Mount Holly, a thriving little industrial town located on a tract described in an old Armstrong grant from George II and transferred to George Rutlege in 1754 as a parcel of land "on the So. side of the Catawba River on Kuykendall, the Dutchman's, Creek." Pennsylvania Dutch were destined to play an important part in the development of this and neighborhood counties. Holly trees on the creek bank suggested the town's name.

The old Hutchinson place, west of the Mount Holly school buildings, is the site of the home of Robert Alexander, soldier of the Revolution, planter, and one of the first members of the General Assembly. (1781-87).

On the southern side of the town is the Costner Place, called the Model Farm by General D. H. Hill when he came there after the War Between the States. At the end of one year he renamed it Hard Scrabble and returned to Charlotte.

Left from Mount Holly, on State Highway 271, is Mountain Island, where stands the old St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, built in 1842 and associated with the early efforts of the bishop who later became James Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore. In the plain frame structure are the original worn pews and clear glass windows. The Stations of the Cross are represented by simple, crudely

painted pictures.

During the pastorate of Father J. P. O'Connell, James Gibbons, then 32 years of age, was made bishop and vicar apostolic of North Carolina: the State's first Roman Catholic bishop and the youngest in America. In 1869 Bishop Gibbons established the Sisters of Mercy in the State bringing nuns from Charleston, S. C., to found schools and hospitals. Among monuments to his work are Belmont Abbey and Cathedral.

There are three well known institutions near Belmont operated by the Roman Catholic Church. There's Sacred Heart Academy, a girls' boarding school; St. Leo's School, for boys between 6 and 8 years of age, and Belmont Abbey College, conducted by the Benedictine Order, with an enrollment of about 200.

Belmont Abbey occupies the site of the old Caldwell plantation. It was a wilderness at the time a group of Benedictines came to that section to establish a monastery.

The frame chapel, dedicated in 1877 to Mary, Help of Christians, later became known as Maryhelp. A small brick college building was erected, the beginning of the first Roman Catholic college in the middle South, for the education of boys. The mission was made independent in 1824, and the community of Belmont received the official title of Maryhelp Abbey.

Another honor came in 1910 when Pope Pius X formed an Abbey Nullius from eight counties of the region. Bishop Leo Haid, in recognition of whose 25 years' administration Belmont Abbey was raised to the status of a cathedral, chose as the heraldic symbol of the institution the fir tree, with the motto *Crescat*.

(Let it grow.)

Head of the institution at the present time is Father-Abbot Taylor, as delightful and affable a gentleman as you would want to meet. The abbey is a quiet, restful spot, and when you enter its grounds it seems almost as though you were in another world.

It was in Belmont that Mr. R. L. Stowe told me about the old Hanks home, about three miles from town. It was there that Dicky Hanks lived. Dicky was an uncle of Nancy Hanks (mother of Abraham Lincoln) and Nancy spent a goodly portion of her childhood at his home. Mr. Stowe told me that as a boy he recalled that his father had often pointed out the site of the cabin to him.

Needless to say Mr. Stowe didn't let me get out of Belmont without pointing out the new high school building, said to be the most up-to-date school building in all of North Carolina. The Belmonters are some kind of proud of it.

I don't know whether you knew it or not, but Gaston County has the distinction of having more incorporated towns in it than any other county in the state. Here's the list:

Gastonia, Dallas, McAdenville, Cherryville, Lowell, Bessemer City, Mount Holly, Stanley, Belmont.

Belmont, McAdenville and Cramerton are all within two or three miles of one another. Cramerton is where the big Cramerton mills are located: one of the biggest textile plants in the state and a model community in every respect. McAdenville also has a good-sized cotton mill, employing several hundred people. It was at McAdenville that Adam Springs is buried. You should know about him by all means.

Mr. Springs owned practically all of the property around McAdenville. He was a great fisherman and always had a number of fish traps set out in South Fork River. Came time for him to die and he did a lot of worrying about his fish traps. One of the last requests he made was that he wanted to be buried in a standing position, so as to better be able to watch his traps. He died and his wishes were carried out.

That was a number of years ago. Recently his tombstone was struck by lightning and was practically demolished.

Lowell is a mile or two off U. S. highway No. 74. It's a mill town: has some nice business buildings in it and also an unusually large number of attractive homes for a town of that size. There's a paved highway—State Route No. 7—which connects Lowell with Gastonia.

Near the outskirts of the latter town, on the right side of the road, you'll see the plant of the Dixie Machinery Company. It's quite a large concern and is operated by Mr. Kenneth Todd, who has the reputation of being quite a character. Some time ago, when business was bad, he had a big sign in front of the gateway leading into his place—"OPENED BY MISTAKE." That's been taken down now though. Instead, there's another big sign which reads like this:

DIXIE MACHINERY COMPANY

Established Yesterday

Seems that Mr. Todd got darned sick and tired of seeing signs and reading advertisements where So-and-So had been established in business 75 years; Somebody-else 50 years, and so on. So when he opened up, he put the "Established-Yesterday" sign

up in front of his place and it's been there ever since.

When you think of Gastonia you think of cotton mills. But there's something else you should think of as well. Lot of people have an idea that Gastonia is interested only in textile mills. That's not so. Lot of other people think that the population of the town is composed mostly of folks who have become rich in a short period of time and who are interested in mills and making money. That's not so either. The majority of the residents of Gastonia are descendants from early settlers—the Rhynes, the Rankins and others. And you'll find as much culture to the square block in Gastonia as you will find in any other town in the state.

There are over 43 cotton textile mills in Greater Gastonia, and this record clearly merits the name which has been given the town for many years—"The South's City of Spindles."

Bessemer City is located in the western part of Gastonia and Kings Mountain. It lies in a beautiful valley, Whetstone Mountain rising to a considerable height. On entering the town one gets a view which gives the impression that you're coming to a mountain community.

Among the larger towns of the county is Cherryville, situated in the northwest part of the county. It is sixty years old, having been incorporated in 1881. It might be said, however, to have had its beginning about 1853 at the crossroads store of Henry Summit descendant of one of the pioneer settlers of the county.

Tradition has it that Cherryville got its name from the long rows of cherry trees lining the rail fences

which enclosed farms on both sides of the road. There are a number of big mills in the city and its immediate environments.

As you know, Gastonia is the present county seat of Gaston, but it didn't always hold that distinction. Gaston was cut off from Lincoln in 1846. The people decided that the village of Dallas would be the best place for the courthouse, and that's where it was built. It remained there until 1911 when, as the result of an election held in 1909, the county seat was moved to Gastonia. Dallas derives its name from the Hon. George M. Dallas, of Philadelphia, who was vice president of the United States in 1844. Chances are that you thought it was named for Dallas, Texas, but that isn't so.

The old courthouse square is still in Dallas, with the courthouse standing in the center, surrounded by beautiful old trees. The building is now a community center and is also used for a city hall.

As we said a moment ago, Gaston was carved out of Lincoln County. Lincoln used to be in Tryon County, but was cut off in 1799 and became a county by its own right. Tryon was carved out of Mecklenburg County and, if you want to go back any further than that, we might add that Mecklenburg was carved out of Ansin, Anson out of Bladen, Bladen out of New Hanover and New Hanover from Territory which had been Clarendon but was then Bath. That's far enough.

The County was named for Judge William Gaston (and so was Gastonia), Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Judge Gaston, in addition to his many

other accomplishments, was both musician and poet. He wrote the words of North Carolina's state song, "The Old North State."

And here's something else that's rather unusual: Despite the fact that both Gaston County and Gastonia were named for him, Judge Gaston never was in the county at any time during his lifetime.

In connection with Gaston County's mammoth textile industry, it is fitting that something be said about the start of the business in that section. The first mill was on the South Fork River about two miles from Lowell and was known as the Woodlawn mill. The promoters were Caleb J. Lineberger and others. The second was Stowe's Factory, established by Jasper Stowe and also located on the South Fork. Woodlawn mill was started in 1845, but it didn't really start operating until 1848, the same year that Stowe's Factory got underway. The third mill was known as the Mountain Island Mill and was started in 1846 by Thomas Tate of Greensboro. Since then, the number of mills has been increasing steadily until now it's almost impossible to get out of sight of one of the manufacturing establishments: you see them on all sides, no matter what part of the county you visit.

The man who is generally regarded as the first settler in what is now Gaston County was named Peter Heyl, of Hoyle. Peter was a native of Germany and was born in 1710. He landed at Philadelphia in 1738. It was in 1747 that he and his family moved into North Carolina. Their place of permanent settlement was on the South Fork at which was afterwards known as Hoyle's Bridge, three

miles from Dallas on the road from Dallas to Stanley.

As you undoubtedly know, there are scores of Rankins in Gaston County. Somebody told me last week that at the last Rankin family reunion there were close to 1,500 persons in attendance.

The first Rankin to come down into this section of North Carolina was Samuel Rankin and his wife, Eleanor Alexander. They migrated from Bucks County, Pa., established themselves on fertile farming land and became substantial citizens from the very start.

The oldest church in the county is Goshen, located about ten miles east of Gastonia. It was also the first Presbyterian Church to be established west of the Cawtawba River. The formal organization probably took place in 1764, because in that year Rev. Elihu Spencer and Rev. Alexander McWhorter were sent by the Synod of New York and Philadelphia to "the back parts of North Carolina," for the express purpose of organizing churches and assisting them in setting their boundaries. In 1767 we find this record on the minutes of the Synod: "Goshen, in the fords of the Catawba petitions for someone to preach for them." This shows a church existing in 1767.

Long Creek Church was among the first Baptist churches organized in North Carolina, but the exact date of its organization is unknown. Available records show that it was reorganized in 1772, and the records are almost complete from that time on, but prior to 1772 the history of this church is traditional.

The one thing of which the folks in Gaston County perhaps are more

proud than anything else is the Orthopedic Hospital, located close to Gastonia. This institution is the fruition of the dream of Robert B. Babington, Sr. The dream was in 1909 and eight years later an organization was perfected. It wasn't until about ten years later, however, that state aid was made available. There's no grander institution anywhere in the state. As a result of its work, more than 25,000 have been examined or treated in the hospital or its clinics over the state, and in the hospital proper there have been admitted almost 5, 000 patients.

Incidentally, Mrs. Wales told me that the patients at the hospital are taking great interest in an autograph collection that was started a couple of years ago. The project was sponsored by William Gaston Chapter of the D. A. R., of which Mrs. Wales was regent at the time. So far, autographs have been secured from President Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, Shirley Temple Nelson Eddy and many other people of prominence. The collection is being added to almost daily.

At one time there were several important iron works in Gaston County. Between 1800 and 1850, mining companies carried on extensive operations around High Shoals and also near Bessemer City, where ruins of the furnace are still standing. The business soon played out, however. High Shoals today is an active textile town, located on the South Fork and Catawba rivers. The power dam was built there in 1893 when the first cotton mill was established. Recreation grounds extend along the river and lake shore and present a most attractive scene. It's a neat looking little village.

There's an interesting story in connection with the North Carolina-South Carolina boundary line, relative to which a dispute lasted for almost a century. According to Mrs. Minnie Stowe Puett, who has written an excellent book on Gaston, the argument began about 1720 when the purpose to erect a third province of Carolina, with the Savannah River for its northern boundary, began to assume definite shape. But the Lord's Proprietors, not thinking the matter of much importance, sold their rights to the Crown without having fixed the limits of either colony. After the surrender of the charter it was thought best to put an end to the uncertainty. So in 1729-30 the newly appointed Governors of the two Carolinas, who were then in London, appeared before the Lords of the Boards of Trade and Plantations and made known to the board that they had agreed upon a division line. The Governors, however, seemed not to have felt bound by their agreement, and the Lords of Trade withdrew their instructions to them and ordered that each province appoint a commission to run a certain line subject to the King's approval. Accordingly, an agreement was reached and the survey actually began on the first of May 1735.

Every once and a while, the line was extended a few miles farther inland from the coast. In 1772, after making the required offset, which is a peculiar crook, so as to leave the Catawba Indians in South Carolina, commissioners appointed by the Governors of the two provinces extended the line, in due west course, from the confluence of the South Fork and Catawba rivers to Tryon Mountain.

The Legislature of North Carolina repudiated not only "the line of 1772" but also the authority by which it was run, contending that the parallel of 35 degrees of north latitude, having been the boundary by the agreement of 1735, could not be changed by a commission without the legislatures consent. The Legislature maintained this position until 1813, when it agreed that the line of 1772 should be recognized as part of the boundary.

The zigzag shape of the line, as it runs through the southwest corner of Union County to the Catawba River was necessary to throw the reservation of the Catawba Indians in the province of South Carolina. The story has often been told that the commissioners and surveyors were "influenced by the close proximity of stills," but that isn't so. In other words the tale is that when-

ever the workmen heard that a liquor still was located somewhere ahead, they'd make a bee-line for it, regardless of how crooked their line might be.

Right now everybody in Gastonia is up to their neck with work preparatory to staging the fourth annual Cotton Festival, which gets underway Sunday, June 8. Mack Holland, Jr., is director and Joe Roberts is in charge of publicity. I was talking to Gregg Cherry about it and he says that it's going to be the greatest of all festivals that Gastonia has ever held.

Mr. Cherry, by the way, may give Gaston County further distinction before long. For the last couple of years he has been consistently mentioned as a candidate for Governor in 1944. There are few men in the state who have a larger number of friends than he has.

SELF-MASTERY

Who, harnessed in his mail of self, demands
 To be men's master and their sovereign guide?
 Proclaims his place, and by sole right of pride
 A candidate for love and reverence stands,
 As if the power within his empty hands
 Had fallen from the sky, with all beside,
 So oft to longing and to toil denied,
 That makes the leaders and the lords of lands?
 He who would lead must first himself be led;
 Who would be loved be capable to love
 Beyond the utmost he receives, who claims
 The rod of power must first have bowed
 And being honored, honor what's above:
 This know the men who leave the world their names.

—Bayard Taylor

RELIGION ESSENTIAL TO MAKING AND TRAINING MEN

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Something new has taken place in army life in the present effort to train men. The War Department has now a religious program for the army. The larger demands made of chaplains and the permanent chapels that are being provided for camps.

In the chapel construction program, nothing within the means of the army is being left undone to provide proper settings for the devotionals of Catholic, Protestant and Jew. A total of 604 chapels are to be built under a special appropriation of \$12,816,880. Each chapel will seat 400 soldiers and cost \$21,220.

The basic distribution will be one chapel for each regiment. Therefore, in the larger cantonments as many as fifteen or twenty chapels will arise among the tents and barracks.

The chaplain is expected to provide full and complete religious services for the soldiers and officers under his care. He is also encouraged to invite clergymen and church organizations from nearby communities to provide religious ministrations for minority groups.

In addition to conducting such Sunday and week-day services as are

customary and required by his church, the chaplain must also organize societies, study classes and fellowship groups in line with the soldiers' religious requirements.

There are also numerous other activities which the chaplain is expected to perform to promote high morale among the armed forces, such as acting as a cultural adviser, consulting with the men on their personal problems and worries, visiting the sick, and the like.

In all this it is plainly evident that the effort is to make religion function in the life of the young men in training similar to that of the church in ordinary community life in America.

Of course all of us know the surroundings of camp life and the training of men in the art of killing make the situation most difficult. The destructive has first place in the art of war while the constructive is ever to the front in all that Jesus said and did. This Christian principle is here recognized and put into practice so far as possible in the making and training of men for the army. A high tribute is this to the church of Christ.

—————:—————

We have room in this country for but one flag—the stars and stripes. We have room for but one loyalty—loyalty to the United States. There can be no 50-50 Americanism. There is room here for only 100% Americanism, only for those who are Americans and nothing else.—Theodore Roosevelt.

HIDDEN CLUES

By Malura T. Weaver in *Industrial School Times*

Joe Weatherhead sat at the desk in one corner of the little room off the laboratory, his fingers idle on the typewriter. Only forty-two keys on the silent machine, and from them seven days ago, at the doctor's dictation, Joe had written the most important letter of his life. Now he could not remember one word of it! His fingers flexed and unflexed over the keys, but he could not remember. The person to whom the letter was addressed—of course he could remember that.

Seven days ago it had not been necessary that he should understand the letter. It was necessary only that he copy what the doctor had dictated, because seven days ago the doctor had been alive.

Now no slight form with thinning gray hair and kindly peering eyes was bending over the laboratory tables.

No weakened old hands were busy among the test tubes and Bunsen burners. The doctor had left his years of patient labor forever. And unless Joe Weatherhead could remember, the fruits of the old scientist's labors—the formula that would aid so materially in the fight against one of the most dread diseases of mankind—would be buried with him.

So Joe sat hunched over the typewriter in the little room off the laboratory, staring at the forty-two keys reproduce that precious formula. But he could not remember.

When he had come to work for the doctor on his first job a month ago—recommended by the school because of his accuracy—Joe knew absolutely nothing about chemistry. Since then,

he had become interested. Nights he had begun reading profusely from the lives of men and women of science, but still chemical equations when they came in big groups—small numbers tagging big letters—were so much Swedish to him.

But, though he could not accurately remember the important equations in the letters, yet neither could he bring himself to leave this little room permanently. It was here that the letter had been typed. On this machine. And the last words the doctor had said were, "I think I have something at last, Joe. You must take it to New York, to Adolph Roble. I am too old to travel, too old even for the experiments to prove my theory."

Presently the woman who always had looked after the doctor brought Joe a sandwich and a glass of milk. "You're wanted on the phone," she said, setting the plate on his desk.

Joe went down the rickety stairs, through the dark hallway. It was probably Phil Page, his best pal and roommate.

"Joe?" Phil's voice came ringing over the wire. You're to report at his office tonight at eight o'clock."

"But I can't, Phil. I—"

"Don't be a stick. Why this is a real chance for you, man! A real job, and a salary that won't be hard to take!"

"I know all that, but I'm not through with this job yet."

"Chances are that Peterson won't wait. I suppose you realize that."

"I can't think about Peterson now. After all, I owe something to the doctor."

"All right. Be seeing you."

Joe went back to the sandwich, the glass of milk, and his concentration. It was seven o'clock in the evening when footsteps paused outside the door of the doctor's office. Joe was sitting before the typewriter.

He admitted his visitor, a tall thin man with shoulders that stooped, as the doctor's used to, from continual bending over laboratory tables. For a brief moment the air seemed electric. To Joe it was as if the spirit of Louis Pasteur had entered the room, for this man was Dr. Adolph Roble, the scientist to whom the doctor had addressed that last letter with its precious formula.

After the first greetings were exchanged. Joe burst out. "I can't remember it. Dr. Roble!"

"Steady, my boy."

"But I can't remember a single equation, and yet something in the back of my mind keeps insisting I will."

Dr. Roble sat down in the chair which Joe offered. "You are sure every bit of the letter was burned?"

"Yes, and the carbon copy too. You see, the doctor was standing there," Joe indicated the spot in front of the fireplace, "when I handed both the original and the copy to him."

"And you are positive he had not filed away any notes?"

"If he had any notes, they were in his hand because I can't find a scrap anywhere. We didn't have much fire just enough to take off the chill; so the fire screen wasn't in place. He was checking the formula when I noticed the peculiar look on his face. I said, 'Doctor! You're not feeling well!' He tottered then and fell toward the fireplace."

A lump welled up in Joe's throat.

He could still see so vividly the slight form crumpling to the floor. He could still see the little puff of flame that ignited the papers spilling from the widespread fingers, blackening them with lightening speed. Resolutely Joe swallowed, brushed a hand impatiently across his forehead.

"My first thought was for him, naturally. I dragged him back, summoned aid—" Joe's voice trailed off into silence, because both he and his visitor knew that the doctor had been past aid.

"I counted so much on the ashes, Dr. Roble." Joe went on after a moment. "I had heard how ashes might be cleaned and treated and then read, even when the fragments were so thin and light that one's breath had to be protected to keep them from blowing away. That's why I scooped up the entire contents of the fireplace and sent it to you—"

Again the boy's voice trailed into silence, because again both he and his visitor knew those ashes had been too burned to redeem the formula by that method.

Idly Dr. Roble picked up a snapshot of Phil from the small stack of possessions which Joe had taken from his desk, now that he wouldn't be working for the doctor any more.

"Fine-looking boy," was the comment.

Joe found himself relaxing. "Fine pal, too, Dr. Roble. I snapped that the day we left the little old home town to come to the city and find our fortunes."

"Been here long?"

"Six months. Five of them in business school. I had been working for the doctor a month. Phil hasn't been so lucky; he doesn't have a job yet. He's a plucky fellow all right,

but naturally it's beginning to get him down."

Dr. Roble smiled. "Did he expect to find his fortune hanging from the first tree?"

"Well—at least lighted up with a neon sign. But Phil's a good kid; he'll snap out of it all right."

But would Phil snap out of it? Joe began to think of something besides the important formula. After all there were jobs and jobs. A certain Mr. Doubleday had been pestering Phil to work for him, but Mr. Doubleday was a man no boy could either admire or respect. It was not hard to guess that the transactions which went through his office might not be all they should be. He was offering Phil a good salary, too, and Joe strongly suspected that that was because Phil was a fine upstanding fellow and showed it so plainly. He was a person to inspire confidence. Oh, yes, undoubtedly he would be an asset in Mr. Doubleday's office, but Mr. Doubleday's office wouldn't be an asset to a chap like Phil. Phil ought to see that. But would he?

In another minute Joe told Dr. Roble all about Phil and himself. About their home town. About their hopes and dreams in the city where they had come to seek their fortunes. He even told him about the first vacation they had planned—the two home-town boys who made good returning triumphantly in new clothes and perhaps even in a car. And finally Joe got back again on the subject of the doctor because all those things did not seem important now in comparison to remembering the precious formula.

"Don't you see, Dr. Roble? The doctor's final orders were to get that formula to you. That's part of my job." Joe looked into the kindly eyes

across the desk from him, and he smiled. "Just talking it out to you like this makes me think I will remember. What I mean, I've been trying too hard, thinking too hard. I've had my mind tied up in a knot."

The clock on the mantel struck eight times.

Joe glanced at it, thoughtful for a moment. Then he sprang to his feet. "You know what, Dr. Roble? I'm going to do everything I did that day the doctor was alive! Wash test tubes just as I did that day. Write notes and letters just as I wrote them then, and when I come to the letter, surely I'll remember the formula."

He could feel his excitement mounting. "Why, I have an excellent memory ordinarily. I can remember the most unimportant details—the way the water looked the day I learned to swim, the pictures in my first primer, any number of things. There's no reason for not remembering—"

Something in Doctor Roble's eye made him stop short. Then he grinned sheepishly. "You did that on purpose, didn't you? Talking about Phil and getting my mind on something besides the formula? O. K. It worked. But before I begin doing things as I did them on that last day the doctor was alive, I want to make a phone call."

Down the rickety steps Joe clattered to dial a number which he took from his pocket notebook. But he couldn't speak directly to Mr. Peterson. The position in question, Mr. Peterson's secretary explained, must be filled tonight since Mr. Peterson was leaving for the coast on the early morning plane.

But it was for Phil and not himself, that Joe was speaking. He gave Phil's background briefly, his school-

ing, his qualifications, and references, as well as the telephone number through which he might be reached. That should settle the question of Mr. Doubleday for keeps!

Back again in the laboratory, Joe began washing test tubes—his first task on the last day that the doctor was alive. But the hours of ceaseless concentration, the sleepless nights during which he had tossed trying to remember the formula, exacted their toll. Joe found himself steadily and increasingly sleepy. His eyes grew heavy, his brain sluggish with fatigue.

By midnight Dr. Roble, who had stayed to look over some papers and documents, was advising Joe to go home, get a good night's rest, and in the morning carry out his idea with a refreshed mind.

Joe walked through the quiet streets to the hall bedroom which he and Phil shared. Phil was awake, but silent. He was lying across the bed when Joe came in, staring at the ceiling with the light on.

"Did Peterson's secretary call you?" Joe inquired casually, as he began undressing. Phil had volunteered no information.

"Yeah." Even then Phil kept up his scrutiny of the ceiling.

"Well?"

"The boy scout act didn't go over, that's all. Young Clyde Berton was Peterson's second choice; he's had experience. But I've an idea that you could still have the job if you get to Peterson before his plane leaves in the morning."

"But I have to go back to the laboratory, Phil. I have a scheme. A good one. Get this. I'm going to do everything just as I did it the day the

doctor died. I'll remember that formula yet."

He switched off the light and climbed into bed. Phil reached out and switched it on again. He propped himself on one elbow and ran his fingers through his tousled hair.

"Granted that formula is important, Joe," he said slowly. "The doctor accidentally destroyed it. That wasn't your fault. And now the doctor's dead. Your salary stopped at his death. Can you give me one single reason why you're driving yourself screwy and me too? You're letting a good opportunity slip by to boot, just because you can't remember those pesky equations."

"Would you want your first job to lick you?"

"I'm asking the questions."

"O. K. I have reasons. You know what the doctor's last words to me were. Well, carrying out his final orders is part of my job, even if the formula wouldn't be of scientific importance."

"But man alive, a fellow's got to look out for himself! The doctor will never know whether you carried out the orders or not."

"I'll know, and I have to live with myself the rest of my life."

Phil gave him a long searching look. Then he jabbed at the electric light button and settled down to sleep.

Joe went on drowsily. "I have a feeling I'm going to remember. Something keeps nagging me—something along the vague edges of my memory."

And Joe went to sleep with a curious impression, in those fleeting moments between wakefulness and slumber, of chemical equations too dim to read and

of Phil's eyes staring at him with an odd brooding look.

He awoke early the next morning refreshed, alert. He remembered that brooding look of Phil's the night before and wanted to say something about it, but Phil did not rouse. Dressing hurriedly but quietly so that he might not disturb his bed fellow, once Joe caught a glimpse of Phil in the dresser mirror. He was wide-awake, and staring at the ceiling again. But when Joe turned to speak to him, he had apparently fallen asleep again. Joe closed the bedroom door quietly behind him.

Washing test tubes, transcribing his notes, filing jottings from the doctor's pad just as he had done the last day the doctor was alive, Joe felt release from the strain of the last seven days. He was remembering the smallest details of that morning which he was so carefully reconstructing. By eleven o'clock he was ready for the formula letter.

He visualized the doctor, working silently over his laboratory tables. He heard his exultant voice: "Joe! I've got something! At last! Get this on paper—" He remembered the funny little quaking of the doctor's head, the passing of the doctor's hand across his eyes as if he were brushing away cobwebs, and then his voice again, tired, weary: "Better take it straight on the machine, Joe. Address a letter to Dr. Adolph Roble—"

Mechanically Joe left the file case just as he had the other morning, sat down at his desk. Mechanically he reached for the letter paper and for the thin yellow second sheet. He had opened a fresh box that other morning.

Abruptly Joe caught his breath. A fresh box! He had opened a box of

new carbon that last morning the doctor lived!

Joe was conscious of the amused glances in the elevator, after he left Dr. Roble's hotel room.

"You look if you had inherited a million." the elevator boy grinned, and Joe paused long enough to grin back before he went rushing through the lobby.

The newsboy from whom he bought a paper answered with a disgusted "Wise guy!" when Joe, standing in the pouring rain without a hat, remarked excitedly, "Swell day, eh, youngster?"

He took the stairs of the rooming house three steps at a time, but the landlady was at their bedroom door when he started up the second flight.

"Mr. Doubleday on the wire," he heard her telling Phil.

"Hey, fella! Wait a minute," he was beginning; but Phil passed him on the way down to the telephone with a brief, "Back in a jiff."

Phil's eyes, their old brooding look last night, his words, "A fellow's got to look out for himself," suddenly became tremendously significant. Joe went into the bedroom to wait. Mechanically he spread the paper on the bed and turned to the want ads, but the words blurred together. He jingled the loose change in his pocket. Less than five dollars was all there was, except that the room rent was paid to the end of the month. Phil had approximately the same amount. Perhaps a few dollars more. How on earth was he going to convince Phil what a complete sap he would be to accept Doubleday's offer?

From his pocket he took the sheet of carbon paper, turned the darker side toward the light from the window. Every word, every comma and period of the formula letter stood out

clearly! He was still looking at it when Phil came into the room.

"The hidden clue," Joe announced without turning. "It was lying in the top of the carbon-paper box all the time. I'd used it only once—for the formula letter."

Phil came to peer over Joe's shoulder. "What do you know about that!" he exclaimed in an awed tone. Joe crumpled the carbon in his hand. It had served its purpose. He had made copies for Dr. Roble. Phil slapped him across the shoulders, caught up a bed pillow, and socked it across Joe's head.

"What do you know about that!" he repeated.

But Joe was not in the mood to return the onslaught with the other bed pillow. He said, "What did Doubleday want?"

"Offered me more money."

"I suppose you know you're a sap?"

"Maybe so, but we have enough for beans and doughnuts for a while yet. Something's bound to break in that time, and if bad goes to worse, we

can always go back and work on the farm."

"You mean—you didn't take Doubleday up on his offer?"

"Boiled down, my answer was 'No.'"

"Why, you big bear! I've been thinking you didn't have sense enough."

"I didn't my friend. It was you."

"Me? But I didn't do anything—"

"Nothing you did. It was what you said. You're so hot at hidden clues, you ought to know the answer to that one."

"But I didn't say anything. I've been racking my brains for what I could say to make you see it was the wrong job for you."

"How about that crack about living with yourself the rest of your life, too?"

Phil tossed the mutilated pillow back on the bed and began clipping the want ads. Rain streamed against the windowpanes. He said, "Cor! Doubleday, isn't it?" and meant it.

"I'll say!" and Joe meant it too.

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THE SWEETEST LIVES

The sweetest lives are those to duty led,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit of unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The book of life the shining record tells.

—Elizeth Barrett Browning.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The feature picture at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night was "Swanee River." A short entitled "Conquering the Colorado," was shown at the same time. Both are Twentieth Century-Fox productions.

—s—

Due to some sort of misunderstanding, still unexplained, the minister, who was scheduled to conduct the afternoon service at the School last Sunday failed to make his appearance. The boys assembled in the auditorium at the usual hour, and, after singing a number of their favorite hymns, returned to the cottages.

—s—

Quite a quantity of early peaches are now being gathered at the School. They are distributed among the various cottages almost daily. Due to the extremely dry weather early in the season, these peaches have not attained normal size, but they have a good flavor and the boys are enjoying them immensely.

It was a better season for early cherries, and quite a few have been picked and disposed of. Some of our neighbors, who had more cherries than they could properly care for, allowed the boys to pick them on shares. In this manner our supply of this fruit has been greatly enhanced. About twenty bushels were picked on Dr. R. M. King's farm. They were the old-fashioned white cherries, of large size and fine flavor. The fruit gathered at the School and

from neighboring farms was a red variety, especially suited for pies and preserves.

—s—

Our farmers have been very busy this week finishing up the threshing of our grain crops, consisting of oats and wheat. They have threshed 400 bushels of wheat and 6,663 bushels of oats. The oats crop was much better than was anticipated. While the dry weather curtailed the number of bushels raised per acre, we believe the yield as a whole, will average more than forty bushels to the acre.

In passing the threshing outfit at work the other day, we were impressed by the fine, bright-colored straw coming from the machine. This, of course, was due to the fact that the crop was harvested without having any rain fall on it.

—s—

Monroe Flinchum, of Cottage No. 5 and Jack Reeves, of Cottage No. 7, were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday. Both of these lads had the misfortune to sustain broken arms while playing. The boys' arms were placed in casts and they returned to the School. Making the trip with these boys was Robert Hobbs, a new boy. He had previously been treated at the Gastonia institution for a badly burned leg, which necessitated grafting of skin on the injured member. This accident occurred before Robert was admitted to the School,

and he was taken over for observation. The surgeons have done a wonderful job on this lad's leg, and it continues to improve rapidly.

—s—

Mr. and Mrs. J. Carl Henry, of Lincoln Park, Michigan, were visitors at the School last Saturday. Carl, better known in these parts as "Pat," was once one of our boys. He was allowed to return to his home in Sylva, September 10, 1926. Entering the Sylva High School, he was graduated the following year, and his next step along educational lines was to spend one year at Western North Carolina Teachers College.

A little more than twelve years ago, Pat went to Detroit, Michigan, and was given employment by the Socony Vacuum Oil Company. He is still employed by that firm as an operator of a refining unit. Such a long term of service and the fact that he has been promoted from time to time would indicate that he is undoubtedly making good in his chosen profession. In addition to having made steady progress in his own work, he has been able to secure positions at the same plant for one of his younger brothers and two nephews, all from this state.

This young man has been married about three years, and we must say right here that it was a pleasure to meet Mrs. Henry again. She accompanied her husband on his trip to the School last year, and on both of these visits she made a most favorable impression on all who met her.

While a lad here, Pat was a member of the Cottage No. 5 group and was employed in the carpenter shop.

Mr. Alf Carriker, the instructor in that department, has always spoken of him as one of the best boys to have been under his supervision. His school room record was also considerably above that of the average boy. Equally as good at play as at work, Pat was a great lover of baseball and was the regular center fielder on the School team for two seasons. His unusually sunny disposition made him a great favorite among both boys and officers.

On a visit to the School several years ago, This young man told us that upon leaving the institution, he made an agreement with Superintendent Boger to abstain from the use of the tobacco and acholic drinks, and took much pride in being able to say that he had lived up to that promise. Judging from his healthy, clean-cut appearance on this trip, we are not the least bit hesitant in expressing the opinion that the agreement made fifteen years remains unbroken.

Pat and his wife were on their way back to Detroit, following a vacation period spent with his relatives up in Western North Carolina, but he said a trip back to his native state certainly would not be complete without stopping for a brief chat with old friends at the School. In talking with some of the officials he was most enthusiastic in voicing his praise for what the institution had done for him, saying that any degree of success he might attain in life would largely be due to the training recieved here.

Those of who knew Pat as a husky, hard-working, good-natured lad, have been following his career with a great deal of interest. We were glad to see him again and to learn that he is getting along so well. The record he

has made is a source of pride, and here are "pulling" for continued success.
we wish to take the opportunity to
assure him that his many friends

—:—

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Beneath the smile, upon your face,
That time and tide, cannot erase—
Lies memories, heartaches and tears;
A token of the by-gone years—
The sands of time have drifted down,
Through the months that came around
They left upon you, as a scar—
The secret trials and woes that are—
Evident—though not so plain
As your smile that masks the pain—
Concealed within your heart and soul;
An embittered story—all untold.
To not receive and yet to give;
You've learned to love and laugh and live;
Your code of life is fine and true;
You love the old and like the new.
Your friends, unnumbered, know you well;
You've always helped them when they fell.
You've always said, "I'll lend a hand;"
Not pry, but try and understand—
What you are, and what you do,
Is not for me, but up to you.
I'll lift you up, and wish you well,
I'll work for you but never sell—
One grain of aid that I may give,
But only ask the right to live;
To further help those whom I can,
And always be a friend to man.

—Author Unknown.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 15, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
Wayne Aycock
Carl Barrier
Clarence Bell
William Drye
Arcemias Heaffner
Robert Hobbs
Frank Mav
William O'Brien
Weaver F. Ruff
William Shannon
William Straughn
Fred Stuart
Weldon Warren

COTTAGE NO. 1

William Blackmon
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
William Cook
John Davis
Eugene Edwards
Ralph Harris
Porter Holder
Burman Keller
Curtis Moore
H. C. Pope
Kenneth Tipton
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

Charles Chapman
Thomas Hooks
Ralph Kistler
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

Earl Barnes
Grover Beaver
L. H. Baker
William Buff
Charlie Beal
Kenneth Conklin
Jack Crofts
Robert Coleman
Bruce Hawkins
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins

Jack Lemley
Harley Matthews
Otis McCall
Fonzer Pittman
Robert Quick
George Shaver
W. T. Smith
Wayne Sluder
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins
Louis Williams
James Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver
Paul Briggs
Quentin Crittenton
Leo Hamilton
Donald Hobbs
Morris Johnson
J. W. McRorie
George Newman
Eugene Puckett
Oakley Walker
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Collett Cantor
Robert Dellinger
Monroe Flinchum
Sidney Knighting
Eugene Kermion
Mack McQuaigue
Roy Pruitt
Currie Singletary
Hubert Walker
Dewey Ware

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Frank Fargis
Columbus Hamilton
James Parker
Eldred Watts
James C. Wiggins
George Wilhite

COTTAGE NO. 7

Cleasper Beasley

Laney Broome
Henry Butler
Donald Earnhardt
J. B. Hensley
Robert Lawrence
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash
Marshall Pace
Carl Ray
Ernest Turner
Alex Weathers
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Otis Kilpatrick
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9

James Davis
John B. Davis
Eugene Dyson
James Hale
Edgar Hedgepeth
Maik Jones
Daniel Kilpatrick
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
William Nelson
Leroy Pate
Robert Tidwell

COTTAGE NO. 10

John Fausnett
Delma Gray
Jack Harward
Homer Head
Thomas King
Charles Mills
Edward Stutts
Jack Warren

COTTAGE NO. 11

Marvin Bradley
Harold Bryson
William Dixon
William Furches
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Fred Jones
Broadus Moore
John Ray

Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
Jay Brannock
Eugene Bright
Earnest Brewer
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Woodrow Hager
Charles Hastings
Harry Lewis
James Mondie
Charles Simpson
Robah Sink
Jesse Smith

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews
John Baker
Edward Carter
Robert Deyton
Henry Ennis
Troy Gilland
John Hamm
Marvin King
Feldman Lane
William Lane
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Charles McCoy
Norvell Murphy
James Roberson
John Robbins
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Cecir Jacobs
James Johnson
Harvey Ledford
Leroy Lowry
Redmond Lowry
Thomas Wilson

Experience is one teacher that takes no vacation.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., JUNE 28, 1941

NO. 26

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TAKE TIME

Take time to work—it is the price of success.

Take time to think—it is the source of power.

Take time to play—it is the secret of perpetual youth.

Take time to read—it is the foundation of wisdom.

Take time to worship—it is the highest way to reverence.

Take time to be friendly—it is the road to happiness.

Take time to dream—it is hitching your wagon to a star.

Take time to love and be loved—it is the privilege of Divinity.

—Selected.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

PATIENCE, THE VIRTUE

A story is told of Sir Isaac Pitman. Sir Isaac was seated at his desk one day when an office boy came in and asked for some ink. He was told to get it from a shelf, but in reaching for it the bottle fell directly upon an important lithograph made by the eminent man, ruining it completely.

Sir Isaac merely said, "Well, my lad, you have spoiled my work. I shall have to do it over again—only I shall do it better."

The story reveals typical characteristics of greatness—forgiveness, forbearance, self-control, gentle demeanor, and determination to improve previous efforts.

A mother was busily engaged in sewing. She asked her daughter to thread a needle for her. The girl tried repeatedly, but the thread would not enter the eye of the needle, and she became greatly vexed. "You cannot possibly do it now," said the mother calmly, and taking the needle, threaded it quickly.

Loss of temper puts one in a mental state of helplessness. Anger destroys power of direction. The angry person speaks loudly enough, but consistently says the wrong thing. The impatient tennis player strikes too hard, and without sufficient control of his racket.

If a thing cannot be accomplished by patience, it will fail even more dismally when patience is lost. In our relations with other people, patience is a great virtue. It smoothes the rough places, reduces discord and petty strife, and creates a lovable disposition.—L. E. Eubanks.

HAROLD BRYSON

The entire personnel of the Jackson Training School was shocked and saddened on June 18th by the sudden death of Harold Bryson, one of our boys, from Sylva, Jackson County. The facts leading up to the sad story are brief. The time had rolled around for the annual tonsil clinic, and Harold was one of the many boys who needed the attention of a surgeon, and asked the resident nurse that he be included among those to have tonsils removed.

His request was granted because of the need of the case. It is evident that death claimed young Harold Bryson without the least

warning. The surgeons and nurses worked tirelessly with the hope of seeing an evidence of life. This sad incident in the life of this institution was a source of deepest sorrow for officers and boys. The picture was one of pathos as surgeon and nurses stood helpless, looking upon his lifeless body after a courageous fight in an effort to save his life.

Harold came to the school on February 1, 1937 and was a member of the Cottage No. 11 group. He was sixteen years old. This young man was employed in the printing department, where he was learning to operate the linotype, and just a short time ago was heard to remark, "I am going home the first of July, and feel that I can get a job as a linotype operator." Never have we seen such joy written in the face of any one as when this fine young fellow told in a few words the hope of his future career.

This lad was most orderly and manly, and will be greatly missed, not only in The Uplift office, but by all the officers and his young comrades of the Jackson Training School. The entire personnel of the institution takes this opportunity to extend sympathy to the members of the bereaved home in the loss of a young son and brother. As an evidence of high esteem and respect, both "Old Glory" and the North Carolina state flag were flown at half-mast, as the entire school stood with bowed head upon learning of the passing of Harold Bryson.

OLD NORTH STATE FUND

From all sources come comments as to the interest shown by Governor Broughton in every detail of work pertinent to state affairs, large or small, and the fair-mindedness with which he disposes of the many duties entrusted to him. From the press and from personal remarks we have been impressed that the chief executive of the Old North State is measuring up to the demands of his office, and to the expectations of the people who placed him as leader of the affairs of the state.

As a statesman and sincere churchman, his interest extends far beyond the boundary lines of his own state and nation. Like the missionaries of ancient history, he hears the appeal for help, and

at once starts a movement that will aid England in her courageous fight to defeat and destroy forever the spirit of dictatorship. The movement is one to save life and not to destroy life. We are publishing at the request of the committee headed by Governor Broughton, the following news item, feeling that the response will be most generous:

At a recent meeting in Raleigh the state executive committee of the Old North State Fund, headed by Governor Broughton as honorary chairman, and Judge F. O. Bowman, prominent attorney of Chapel Hill, as state chairman, placed finishing touches upon plans for the conduct of a whirlwind, state-wide financial campaign to secure approximately \$75,000 for the purchase of an airplane ambulance to be presented the people of England as a gift of citizens of North Carolina.

According to State Chairman Bowman, the pressing needs of Great Britain for additional ambulance equipment have caused the Old North State Fund to speed the effort to make the proposed gift a reality. The plane selected for the purpose is an amphibian, twin-motored Gruman, fitted with special facilities accomodating four stretcher and two sitting cases, pilot, medical attendant or co-pilot. It is this type of airplane ambulance that the British-American Ambulance Corps recommends as best suited to England's present needs. "With the acceptance of membership on the organization's advisory committee of many leading citizens of the state as a result of a personal invitation by Governor J. M. Broughton, honorary chairman of the fund, we are ready to proceed," stated Bowman, "and our executive committee has outlined plans which seems to assure the success of the movement. The acute distress of British civilians and armed forces due to the lack of adequate ambulance facilities makes it most desirable that this gift be presented the people of England quickly. We feel confident that the citizens of North Carolina will respond promptly and liberally to this splendid humanitarian cause. The efforts of the Old North State Fund to raise \$75,000 for the purchase of an ambulance airplane or such equipment as England's situation may dictate as the fund progresses, will be carried on under permission of the British-American Ambulance Corps, Inc., which is officially recognized by both the British and American governments and has rendered a great service in assisting England by providing ambulance equipment for use on the British Isles and on many battlefronts. It is felt that the advice and help of this national body will be most valuable in promoting efficiency and economy in the conduct of the Old North State Fund's campaign."

Members of the executive committee of the Fund, which operates under a permit granted by the U. S. Department, are Governor J. M. Broughton, honorary chairman; Frederick O. Bowman, Chapel Hill, state chairman; George Ross Pou, Auditor, State of North Carolina, treasurer; I. M. Bailey, Raleigh, executive secretary; Sen. D. B. Fearing, Manteo; R. C. Kirchofer, Raleigh; C. A. Fink, Salisbury; E. Lee Ellis, Asheville; Dr. Frank M. Boldridge, Charlotte; and Patrick Healy, Jr., Raleigh.

Headquarters of the Old North State Fund have been established in Raleigh and the state-wide activity will be directed from that point with the assistance of local committees in each county of the state.

* * * * *

With North Carolina already well on its way toward the worst traffic accident record in its history, the Fourth of July week end this year looms as a potentially murderous three-day period on the streets and highways of this state, the Highway Safety Division warned this week.

Ronald Hocutt, director of the division, pointed out that the celebration of Independence Day always brings about abnormal traffic conditions which result in many fatal accidents. Six persons were killed in this state last July 4.

"This year, however, we may expect a heavier traffic toll than usual because of the fact that the Fourth falls on a Friday, and thousands of people will take advantage of the long week end holiday to make motor trips," he said. "Then, too, the general traffic situation is much more acute this year. Already traffic deaths in North Carolina are running around 50 per cent above last year. This, together with the Fourth of July celebration and vacation travel, threatens to bring the greatest July traffic death toll in the history of the motor vehicle."

The safety director pessimistically stated that he fears a toll of 15 to 20 deaths from traffic accidents in this state during Friday, Saturday and Sunday, July 4-5-6.

"Think of it," he continued, "15 to 20 of the worst tragedies that can befall us threaten to mar a joyous holiday—unless every person who drives makes it a personal and constant responsibility not to have an accident and not to cause others to have one."

"This shameful situation need not be!", he declared. "Human

actions—actions that we can control—are basic cause of nearly all our fatal accidents. I appeal to the motorists of this state to exercise a rigid control over these actions—thoughtlessness, carelessness, and recklessness—not only during the week end of the Fourth but throughout the remainder of the year.”

* * * * *

SHORTAGE OF SKILLED WORKERS

The national defense program is revealing a lack of skilled workmen especially in metal work. The National Youth Administration is taking cognizance of this lack and is making an effort to train young men in these lines.

The city of Charlotte has recently donated a site for a \$63,000 metal workers training unit which is expected to be open soon. Boys from sixteen to twenty-one years of age not attending school, will be taught welding, forge work, and the working of sheet metals. When they have learned this work they will be found jobs in the defense industries.

The hundreds of high school boys now graduating would do well to consider mechanical training as they pursue their education in the colleges or workshops. There is nearly always a place in the work-a-day world for the man proficient in occupations requiring unusual skill.—Smithleld Herald.

* * * * *

We recently read that the State of North Carolina produced an estimated 20,678,000 chickens in 1940, these figures coming from the State Department of Agriculture. According to this estimate there were raised slightly more than five chickens to each inhabitant of the state. This is suggestive of the fact that there is a fine opening for many unemployed persons to go into the poultry business. Not only does America offer opportunities, now that the defense program is under way all over the nation, but plenty of them may be found right here at home in North Carolina if people were only disposed to work.

TWELVE O'CLOCK AND ALL'S WELL

By Elizabeth Cole

The earliest settlers in our country brought from their various homelands the custom of the bell ringer, a town cryer, or a night watchman, to go about at night and guard their homes, warning against Indians or marauding bandits. The Dutch folk, who settled New Amsterdam (now New York City), about the middle of the seventeenth century, observed the custom of their home country with the ringing of curfew from the church belfry at eight o'clock. This was the signal for all hausfraus to cover their fires with ashes; then all the family retired. Cosy and warm in their huge feather beds, they had every feeling of safety, for each night through the lanes of the town boldly marched the sturdy "Kloppermann," or rattle watch. This he was called because of the large Klopper, or rattle, he carried and whirled loudly at each door. The shrill crackling sound re-echoing in the stillness of the night made known he was there to protect them. In his other hand he carried a long staff, a lighted lantern, and a brass bound hour-glass by which he told the time. He called out the hours throughout the night, and at dawn he would cry, "A fair morning and all's well."

In 1635 Boston appointed a night watch "from sunset, an hour after the beating of the drumbe." When any lights were observed after ten o'clock, the constable was to "inquire discreetly if there was any excuse warranting the noise." He must especially check dancing, drinking, or singing, and admonish the revelers for dis-

turbing the public peace. During this period there were also two bellmen who went about to call out the hours of the night, and other interesting information, such as, "Past one of the clock and a cold, frosty, windy morning."

The criers went about proclaiming ordinances, summoning the citizens to meetings, and to remind people of such duties as "to have all cattle and hogs out of the fields," or, "Have water at your doors for fear of fires." Some criers waxed poetic, and shouted their messages in verse. One of these was:

"List, good people all!
Past ten o'clock the heure I call.
Now say your prayers and take
your rest
With conscience clear and sins
confessed.
I bid you all good night! Good
night!"

There were no policemen in those early days—no clocks and no newspapers. The town crier was all three in some communities. And he was a most respected and necessary citizen. The rattle, or bell, is now the policemen's whistle, and his staff, later a cane, is his billy of the present day. The megaphone at the college football game has replaced the town crier's bell for announcements, and our newspapers bring us all our notices and news. The church bell, as well as the radio, has been substituted for the "12 o'clock and all's well.

ARCHIBALD JOHNSON

By R. C. Lawrence in *The State Magazine*

The familiar maxim "the pen is mightier than the sword" is known to every schoolboy, and the Fourth Estate has never lacked powerful representatives in Carolina. In the early days of the last century, the pen of Hale of the Fayetteville Observer was quoted in the National press. Prior to the Civil War the genius of William W. Holden glowed from the pages of the Raleigh Standard. In the days of Reconstruction, Josiah Turner in the Raleigh Sentinel wrote with the authority of one inspired of God for the salvation of his people. In later years the pen of Joseph P. Caldwell of the Charlotte Observer was peerless in the potency of its power.

Yet in my judgment, none of these great editors of Carolina was more gifted than my subject; nor did any wield a more far reaching or abiding influence within the confines of Carolina. In his early years the label "Blockade Preacher" was tabbed upon him by the brilliant editor of the Charlotte Observer—a title which clung to him through life. But Johnson was far more than a preacher; he became an evangel; he eventuated into not merely a man but an institution: and his reflection burgeoned into bloom in the hearts of our people; for no one ever lived closer to the sons of the soil than did Archibald Johnson.

He came of a cultivated ancestry from a cultured community, the Spring Hill section of Scotland County, a county community which wears worthily the distinction of having

within its borders more college graduates than any similar community in the state—a community from which has gone forth a long procession of preachers, poets, physicians, missionaries, educators, editors and civic leaders in almost every walk of life. Johnson himself transmitted some of his own genius to his talented son, Gerald W. Johnson of the Baltimore Sun who has made for himself a national reputation as an editor and an author.

Archibald Johnson took no college degree, nor would the possession of such have shed any lustre upon his powers akin to those inbred within the brain of Abraham Lincoln; and his soul was inspired with the same stout-hearted courage which distinguished another Carolina Johnson, himself unlettered in learning, one Andrew, President of the United States.

Archibald Johnson passed almost his entire career in the editorial chair. In 1892 he became editor of the Laurinburg Exchange, and a little later he founded the Red Springs Citizen; but as early as 1895 his powerful pen had attracted the attention of Baptist leaders, and he was called to Thomasville to become editor of *Charity and Children*, in which capacity he continued until his death forty years later. For a long period he served as secretary of the State Press Association; and later as its president. No other honors came to him, for he was a man of quiet and modest demeanor; but notwithstanding this, he built for himself

here in Carolina a monument "more lasting than brass and enduring than marble."

It was another famous Johnson (Dr. Samuel) who said of Goldsmith that "he wrote like an angel, but he talked like poor Poll." This does not apply to my subject, who was as gracious in his speech as he was gifted in his writing. It could be said of him, in the language employed by the Psalmist: "My pen is the tongue of a ready writer"; and also, in the lofty language of St. Paul; "I speak with the tongue of men and of angels." *angels!*

He represented the work of the Baptist Orphanage not only in its editorial chair, but in the field before the Baptist people. For forty years he attended most of the annual Associations, always speaking with persuasive power in portraying the plight of the orphan; but often going "outside the record" and lying some great cause—such as education or temperance—upon the hearts of his brethren.

Although a Baptist he was not controlled by his denomination; although he was employed by a Board of Trustees, he did not allow them to dominate him or dictate his policies. His editorial chair belonged to him, and from it he exercised an independent power. Even if his denominational leaders thought one way, and he thought another, he never for a moment hesitated to express his own views and to maintain them with persistent vigor. Sometimes he would prove to be in the wrong, but as he himself expressed it, he preferred to be wrong rather than be nothing. But the biggest thing in the mental makeup was

the fact that when he found himself in the wrong, he had the moral courage to come right out and admit it! This high quality sets this man apart from the common herd; and places upon his brow the laurel wreath which belongs to the victor in the strife.

He represented more than merely the orphanage work, important though that be. From his editorial chair, John was an evangel in every good work. He championed the cause of prohibition at a time when it was unpopular even in the churches; his voice and his ready pen pioneered in advocating aid for the common schools from the state treasury; he was a partisan in the cause of good government; he was a thorn in the flesh of the unworthy. He gave generously of his superb literary talent, and of his splendid panoply of power to every cause which appealed to either his heart or mind; and the aid of Johnson was eagerly sought by those who had some cause of devotion to lay upon the hearts of the people.

His wit was keen, his sword was a Damascus blade and he kept it sharp and shining. Sometimes he could both saucy and sarcastic; and if he considered one a hypocrite, he could pursue him with all the zeal of a Charles W. Tillet in pursuit of Bishop Cannon!

He would never have made a successful diplomat, for he was too courageous in his candor. Yet he was usually mild and mellow in his language; generous in his judgments. He always tried to spread the mantle of his charity over the faults and follies of his brethren, and his nature

was such that he was beloved by little children.

He was noted for his optimism and for his faith in the future. If the orphanage had a deficit today, he believed it would be converted into a surplus tomorrow; if the path seemed dark, he lighted it up with the flame of his faith. He believed in the manhood of our people as he believed in God, and he never "sold short" the future.

His death evoked eloquent tributes from the tribunes of the people. From our city dailies down to our smallest country weeklies, every editor gave of his best in an effort to pay tribute to such a life as had just ended. I know of no man in my generation whose passing produced such tributes. They constitute the only heritage he left his children, but how rich a heritage was this! Not all the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind could buy it back again.

His work is not yet ended; his task not yet done; for influences set in motion by him still move in our midst. The lives of men now mature yet bear the stamp of the Johnson imprint; men yet young are still inspired by their memory of his splendid courage, by the glamour of his genius, by the eloquence of his evangelism, by the loving kindness of his life. This influence will last until time shall become merged with eternity.

They buried him in the quiet churchyard at Spring Hill, hard by the scenes of his childhood; not far

from the "House that Jack Built," the little cabin on the banks of the lazy Lumber where he loved to spend his vacation hours. He rests near the grave of his poet kinsman John Charles McNeill, and in the midst of many of his kinsmen, "slumbertrrs with the just." In such a churchyard Thomas Gray wrote his *Elegy*, and I would like to find language of such loftiness with which to eulogize the life on which it gltams. The slanting life of Archibald Johnson.

Morning comes to this quiet churchyard, hidden beneath the long leafed pines he loved so well; and the song of the mocking bird sounds a requiem over Johnson's grave. Noontide, and the sun in all its golden glory shines upon it, imaging the majesty of the life on which it gleams. The slanting rays of late afternoon fall athwart the grave of Father Monroe, so long the shepherd of these sheep, and the hushed heart harkens as all nature softly speaks: "I am the resurrection and the life." Then comes twilight and the eventide, bringing with it the gleam which glowed within the heart of John Charles McNeill, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding:

"Hills, wrapped in gray, standing
along the West,
Clouds dimly lighted, gathering
slowly,
The star of peace at watch above
the crest,
Oh! holy, holy, holy."

When trouble meets you half way, hop over it and keep going.—Selected.

THE MIRACULOUS CASE OF BLIND TOM

By Eugenie B. Abbott in *The Etude*

A negro woman standing on the slave block and holding to her breast a pulpy black bundle of humanity, her twenty-first child! As she was being bid on by the slave owners, the auctioneer shouted, "We'll throw in the pickaninny!"

It may seem almost incredible but in less than twenty years the "pickaninny," grown into a man, had created a furore in all parts of the world by his playing the piano. Great musicians heard and were amazed and many gave him severe tests of ear and memory, for he was blind and entirely untaught musically. His genius and the exquisite beauty of his playing aroused the admiration of all kinds of people, from the uneducated to those of the highest culture, who were thrilled and amazed at what they heard.

Blind Tom was born May 25, 1849, near Columbus, Georgia. His parents were common field hands of pure Negro blood. Blind from birth, Tom learned nothing from sight, and in infancy he showed little intelligent interest in anything. However, almost as a baby he manifested a strange interest and fondness for sounds, as well as an amazing talent for imitating any sound he heard; and his memory seemed to register anything from long conversations to musical tones. He loved to be out of doors, and the night seemed especially to fascinate him. Thus, whenever his mother failed to lock her door, he would escape and get out, playing about as in the day.

Could it have been that when "the harsh noises of our day" were silenced, he heard sounds that did not penetrate to our duller ears?

His marked musical talent was noticeable before he was two years of age; but it was not until he was about four that a piano was installed in the home of his owner, Gen. Bethune. When anyone played Tom would listen, and it is easy to understand that the melodies he heard and perhaps some original musical ideas, were being stowed away in his mind to be used when opportunity should come to him. The opportunity came when he escaped from his mother's room in the night. He found the door and piano open and began his first playing. Thus, before daybreak, some one was awakened by the piano. He played on until the family came down at the usual hour. Although the performance (his first) was far from perfect, it seemed marvelous to them as they stood about watching him. He played with both hands, using white and black keys.

After this experience, he was given access to the piano. He is said to have played everything he heard, and then began creating his own compositions imitating the various phases of nature—the wind, the trees, and the birds. It would seem that all nature must have been whispering to him of her beauties, giving him a vision of loveliness unseen and unheard by those who had the full development of human sight and intellect. Someone has said, "There is no

art about him. God has given him a guide, but it is a silent one, that of nature herself."

When Tom was less than five years old he listened during a severe thunder storm; and as it ended he immediately went to the piano and played what seemed to represent quite clearly the rain, wind and thunder. This was given on his program as *The Rain Storm*.

Much has been said and written of his extreme bodily activity. As he could not well join other children in play, and lack of sight limited him to small spaces, instinct would have led him to develop exercises of his own, which naturally would consist of jumping, whirling, twisting of legs and arms. Whatever the cause of the intensity of action carried on throughout the years, it could easily be attributed to a very sensitive, nervous temperament, which must have suffered under the constant giving of concerts and exploitation of him, partially as a doer of tricks, for the crowds to laugh at.

Tom was nature's child, and lived in a mental world of his own, a world of music. We know the great Beethoven loved the out of doors, and received from nature messages of harmony and beauty which inspired his greatest compositions. To this blind, uneducated Negro also must have come many lovely messages of harmony and beauty; and, from what might seem to be mental darkness, there were haunting memories of beauty which he persistently reached out to receive. This may be illustrated by the following story.

When a girl not yet twenty-one, I went to the old town of Winchester, Virginia, to teach music in a private school. One day it was announced

that Blind Tom would give a concert. Great interest was expressed over the approaching event. I was filled with curiosity to hear this Negro, but most of all, to be convinced of his power to imitate any composition; and was hopeful there would be played something quite difficult.

The moment arrived when the invitation was given from the stage for someone in the audience to play for Tom to imitate. The request came for me to play. The choice I made was the Heller transcription of Schubert's *Die Forelle* (*The Trout*). As I took my seat at the piano the manager said, "not too long a piece." I told him I would stop when about half way through. As I played I sensed that Tom was reacting to the music in a way that affected the audience with a suppressed desire to relieve themselves in merriment.

The manager again came to me and said, "Go right on." After I finished he announced that, as Tom had heard this composition before, he would ask the young lady to play something else. I chose one of the simpler Chopin waltzes, which Tom imitated very well. During the intermission, Tom's manager came to me and asked if I would give Tom a lesson on *Die Forelle* in the morning. Then came the explanation of his strange behavior during my playing of *Die Forelle*. Tom had heard this piece played somewhere in his travels two or three years before, and he was charmed with it. His manager had no idea what it was, and Tom could not remember enough to make anyone understand what he desired. He was eager to learn it and they kept up the search, taking him to music stores, to teachers, and to fine pianists, but no one understood. Now

you can imagine what happened when this blind man, called an imbecile, heard the music he had tried so long to find? He went almost wild with joy which, as always, he was expressing through extreme bodily activity. This was going on behind me as I played.

The following morning, Tom and his manager arrived at the school. He was a man of medium height, a rather large body, strong and physically vigorous. During the entire lesson he was quiet and gentle, although he expressed great intensity of feeling. He had delicately formed flexible hands, for which the piano keyboard held no difficulties. He had gained great dexterity in his long years of playing, usually playing eight hours a day. At first I played through the entire composition, then the lesson consisted of my playing short portions, perhaps a few complete phrases. During my playing Tom stood tense, all his being focused on the music. When he had heard a certain amount he indicated by words and sounds that he desired to play.

Perhaps I would be asked to play a second or third time these short bits, Tom listening most intently. Then he would sit at the piano, playing what I had done. He instantly recognized any wrong note he played and would shake his head, uttering disapproving sounds, and motion for me to play again. Anything he got pleased him greatly; but what he did not get annoyed him. When he felt satisfied we would go on, doing another portion in the same way; but the lesson consisted in my giving what he mentally reached out to receive. When we had accomplished a certain amount, we would go back and piece the parts together.

Thus we went on for four hours of almost absolute concentration. I did not remember that he ever wavered from the subject in hand. This I think would be considered as almost impossible by a person having his full mental faculties. At the end of this period he knew the composition and played it very acceptably. He had a fine instinctive feeling for the music and worked to get all the variations of shade and color just as I had played it. Two months later Tom returned for another engagement, and I was asked to give him a second lesson on *Die Forelle* before the concert. This lesson lasted only two hours and was spent entirely on interpretation. That evening *Die Forelle* was programmed, and I thought that I was almost listening to my own performance.

Blind Tom's concert career really began at the age of eight years in and near Columbus, Georgia. General Bethune went on tour with him in 1861, his first concert being given in New York on January 15th of that year. Afterward they toured Europe where he played during the years of the Civil War.

Amazing differences of opinion have been expressed in regard to this strange character. Jamts M. Trotter writes, in "Music and Some Highly Musical People," "Who ever heard of an idiot possessing such memory, such fineness of musical sensibility, such order, such method, as he displays? Let us call it the embodiment, the soul of music, and there rest our investigations."

When I heard him he had been playing many years and meeting many distinguished musicians. In 1866 he was thoroughly tested by Ignaz Moscheles, who pronounced Tom as

marvelously gifted by nature. Moscheles had him imitate a short original rhythmical piece and parts of other compositions, and he even placed his hands on the keys at random, Tom naming every note played. H. S. Oakley, Professor of Music at the University of Edinburgh, states: "I played on the organ, an instrument to which he is unaccustomed, parts of a Mendelssohn song, a few bars from a Bach Fugue, both of which he produced after a single hearing; a song of my own, which he could not possibly have heard, much of which he repeated. He not only can name any note chord or discord which is struck, but also can give the exact pitch of any note he is asked to sing, and that whilst any moment of discordant noise is made on the organ to disturb his meditations." This test was given when Tom was seventeen years of age.

In the list of his program music are given concertos by Beethoven, Chopin and Mendelssohn; six sonatas by Beethoven; and a long list of works by the great composers. Much of his own descriptive music and songs he played and sang. When he died it was claimed he had a repertoire of over seven thousand pieces.

Blind Tom's originality and marvelous musical gifts, which included musical inspiration, intuition, memory and imitation, made him unique; probably the most amazing musical prodigy that has ever been known.

His affairs got into the courts many

times. The widow of John Bethune (who had married Albert T. Lerche, a lawyer), after a long fight in the courts with her father-in-law, General Bethune, finally succeeded to the immensely valuable guardianship of the blind musician. From then on he lived in Mrs. Lerche's apartment in Hoboken. He was kept much secluded, but appeared almost constantly in vaudeville. His name Thomas Green Bethune, was changed to Thomas Wiggins. Of the fifty families in the building, only a few knew there was an old Negro living there; but sometimes exquisite piano playing was heard coming from Mrs. Lerche's apartment, with no one knowing it was produced by Blind Tom.

I will touch but briefly the last pathetic days of Tom's life. Three weeks before his death he suffered a paralytic stroke which affected his right arm and upper side. Again and again he tried to play, but when he found that his right hand would not play and the left hand brought only discords, he wept like a child and said, "Tom's fingers won't play no mo'."

Saturday evening, June 13, 1908, he again went to the piano and began softly singing, but his voice broke. Sobbing, he rose and said, "I'm done, all gone, missus;" and then was heard a faint cry, and a thump on the floor.

Blind Tom had gone on. Music was his life; and when he could play "no mo'", he could not stay.

The independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint councils and joint efforts, of common dangers, suffering and successes.—George Washington

FILIPINOS LIKED THIS AMERICAN

By Patricio Manuel Bauken in *The Philippine Free Press*

I am a Filipino. I am also a Christian. By personal conviction and also by inheritance. For my ancestors were among those prudent Filipinos who chose to kneel to the cross when it was carried through our country by the Spanish conquerors. It was a prudent decision—they had their choice—accept Christianity and pay tribute to the friars, or see their homes razed, their children starved, their women violated and shamed. Our country is dotted with cathedrals, built by us at the point of the sword. Gentle Jesus, meek and mild!

But in the southern part of our country—in the great island of Mindanao, and the isles of the Sulu Seas, the faith of Mohammed had arrived at just about the same time the Spanish invaders came to our shores. These sea rovers, pearl divers, and fishermen had been organized into a strong kingdom with a Sultan at its head, much as in Turkish fashion.

When the Spanish attacked these people in an attempt to drive out Mohammedanism, they stirred up a real hornet's nest of trouble that continued to sting for over three hundred years. For that long they attempted to conquer these Filipino Mohammedans called by them, the Moros. Spain was rich, her soldiers had armor and the best of arms. The Moros had only their stubborn courage and their hand-forged weapons, their spears and the long wavy, serpent-like kris, and other terrible sharp knives.

After constant warfare, a well-liked Moro leader decided that this blood-

shed was perhaps a useless thing. He was Sultan Mohammed Alimudin. "In Manila we draw up a treaty between the Moro Sultanate and the King's Government which will give all honor and mutual defense." These were the promises Spain made. By these promises the Sultan was enticed to visit Manila. Once he arrived, he was promptly thrown into jail and tortured in an attempt to force him to give up Mohammedanism and accept Christianity for his people. When at length, after many years he was released, he immediately declared a holy war of revenge on the Spanish.

This was still going on when the Americans came to the Islands. Americans were only another set of "treacherous Christian dogs"—so said the Sultan and the Datus, or chiefs, contemptuously among themselves.

With big guns America whipped the Datus. In sullen silence they retired to the forest strongholds—only temporarily. They had no intention to quit fighting. They would have fought America three hundred years as they had the Spanish, but then—

Then came Governor Frank Carpenter. Sent by the American government to be the civil administrator of the Moro province, his first move was to disarm all Americans.

Then he sent a declaration to all the Datus. It said, "this is your government. We ask your co-operation in getting a stable government established, and then we will turn it over to you. Complete responsibility is yours. positions of prominence are yours. Come and get them."

The proclamation was ignored. Then Carpenter summoned a wise and powerful Datu—Tongkalin—to come and see him.

The Datu thought he was walking into a trap. He expected to be ambushed, but he came anyway. Scornful and proud—dressed in rich clothing embroidered with gold.

They met—two strong men came face to face. And Governor Carpenter conquered the fighting heart of the Moro chieftain. Not with bullets. Not with force. But with the simple might of justice, of kindness and respect for the rights of others.

This most powerful of the chieftains accepted the post of government representative in his region, and with the Governor made plans to establish schools for the children. The master-stroke was the Governor's decision that the Mohammedan religion should be taught in these schools. So much of the old bitterness born of fighting for their religious freedom was conquered.

As the Datu returned to his people he said, "I have seen a Christian. I didn't believe before that there was a Christian who was also a just man."

But the battle was not over yet. The Governor had yet to win the hearts of all the chiefs. With only a native interpreter he started through the jungle to find these without an escort. He walked courageously where the weapons of the natives gleamed blood red, where no Spaniard had ever gone and returned alive.

As he went dark eyes watched from behind every tree and shrub. Dark eyes that were incredulous. "Our eyes deceive us," they said,

"This isn't really true. There was never a man like this dared all our weapons. Maybe he really means that peace is here."

So Governor Carpenter met the Datus. In their own headquarters surrounded on all sides by heavily armed followers of the chieftain, he spoke a few words in their dialect. More than anything this convinced them of his friendliness and interest. Then he asked that each Datu give him suggestions for his new government, told them that schools would be established, asked their co-operation.

He asked co-operation. He gave justice, kindness and faith. For now, after three hundred years these Mohammedan Filipinos were first treated as human beings.

And what is the answer? In three years these Mohammedans became the most progressive, the most eager for learning, the most friendly of all the people in the islands. They themselves took over the task of maintaining order, and soon put down piracy and terrorism.

And as the Datus told Governor Carpenter. "Christian and Mohammedan, we will hold high the torch of brotherhood."

And so you see, Christianity hadn't succeeded in the case of these Mohammedan Filipinos because the principles of the religion were distorted, the principles of Christ were not in the lives of the warring Christians.

Came one man, with the brotherhood of man in his heart, and the fiercest fighting people in the Orient knelt in grateful surrender to the Golden Rule.

FOG OVER THE SEA

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

Have you ever stood on the deck of an ocean-going ship doing half speed through a pea-soup fog? It is a thrilling experience. Eyes straining ahead, try to pierce the shroud-like atmosphere; the fog siren blows its ear-splitting blasts, and wraith-like comes an answering cry from the port bow. All such sounds add greatly to the tenseness of the moment. In spite of all precautions, a huge ship may loom up suddenly amidships. Something like that actually does happen sometimes. It did to my boat on one trip down the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The bow of the oncoming vessel cut almost silently through the water, but at the very instant we sighted her, the officers on her bridge also sighted us. Instantly they sounded three short blasts on her siren indicating, in the language of the sea, that she was reversing her engines and proceeding full speed astern. All of us, I think, held our breath while the big ship, twice as large as ours, seemed to stand quivering in her tracks while her engines reversed. Flashing through the minds of all of us must have been visions of a rending crash, buckling steel and splintering wood, a foundering ship listing heavily, destruction, annihilation and death near. Then the huge ship backed rapidly away, blew a salute—or an apology—and we both proceeded on our respective courses.

Most of us stood as though spell-bound, but not so our mate. He jumped forward the instant the other ship was sighted and grabbed the engine room telegraph handle, signal-

ling for full speed ahead. An answering clang, and we seemed to leap through the water. It was probably due to the united action of the officers on both bridges that a collision was averted. Quick thinking, sureness, a prompt response to a command, and catastrophe is averted.

There is nothing more eerie on earth, or sea, or in the air above, than the sound of fog sirens blaring forth their deep-voiced, mournful warnings to navigation. Their sepulchral tones coming out of the heavy, impenetrable atmosphere can be terrifying.

Surprising as it may seem, a fog is not so alarming nearer shore, for there are many different devices to protect and guide navigation. In 1933, the United States Lighthouse Service had forty-seven lightships in commission of which number ten were regular relief ships. There were no less than six hundred and seventeen resident-keeper lighthouses in operation around our coasts and on the Great Lakes. The service also included some one hundred and four radio beacon stations.

There are many stories of heroism among the lighthouse keepers but they do not regard the incidents as smacking of bravery, simply accepting such a dangerous task as part of the "job."

This story is told of Jacob Walker, former lighthouse keeper on Robbins Reef, one mile from Staten Island. He was taken very ill with pneumonia and had to be transferred to a hospital ashore. As he was being low-

ered from the lighthouse to which he was never to return, he told his wife to keep the lights burning which she did faithfully for many years. When other keepers came to Robbins Reef, they saw the utter loneliness and desolation of the place and left, for they did not wish such an unsavory assignment. For the first five years Mrs. Walker struggled on alone, except for her two little children. Then, in February 1890, President Harrison appointed her head keeper, and when her son, Jake, was eighteen years of age, he became her assistant. Those first five years were no doubt the hardest. On foggy nights the plucky woman would descend alone to the cellar of the lighthouse and start the engine which sent out blasts on the fog horn every three seconds.

Today, the lighthouse on St. George Reef, six miles off the coast of California, takes the prize for isolation in the California service. It is the only one in the thirty-nine which guard that stretch of coast that can really be said to be isolated. Here there is sometimes an ocean swell running forty feet high, and the men who guard the lights are unable to leave for long periods.

Many are the stories in the foreign lighthouse service of instances where two men have been on duty and one of them has died at his post. The survivor, fearing to be accused of foul play, has had to keep the body of his dead companion for weeks until relief could be sent. Two men are the minimum crew for any lighthouse, so in the case of one being mortally stricken the other can carry on, for the warnings to navigation must be continuous no matter what may be involved.

The days of lighting the lamps by hand and the wild stories of lamps blown out are over forever as engines, generators, air compressors, radio transmitters and all other modern equipment make the lighthouse service practically one hundred per cent perfect.

The last time I entered the Golden Gate was aboard an oil tanker. We had been making an average speed of possibly twelve and one half knots an hour all the way over from Japan. It was during the monsoon season, and in addition to a heavy ground swell, the atmosphere was full of moisture, like a drizzling rain. It had not been a particularly pleasant crossing. The last three days of the trip the sky had been so overcast that it had not been possible to "shoot" the sun and the navigating officer had had to rely on dead reckoning for the approximate position of the ship.

A seafarer has little fear of fogs and gives practically no thought to disaster, yet somewhere ahead of us lay the jagged rocks of the Farallon Islands, off the coast of California. The night had appeared to be clearing up, but once again the damp fog enveloped us and enshrouded the fore and aft parts of our vessel in a mantle of obscurity. Our fog whistle bellowed forth its warning every minute or so, and an echo of it seemed to be thrown back at us as we instinctively strained our ears to hear an answering blast from some possible approaching vessel.

The marvels of navigation are many, but in recent years radio beacons have been perfected to such a point that ships nearing shore can be accurately guided by them. Our ship was slightly off course. The

San Francisco Lightship radio beacon could be heard eighty miles away by the navigating officer as he stood on the bridge with earphones clamped to his ears. By varying the dial on the radio direction finder he could determine the course the ship should follow. Later, he picked up the signals of the Farallon radio beacon and with this as a check on the San Francisco Lightship signals, he was able to determine his exact position. Some little while later, the Farallon Light Station diaphone fog signal could be heard, sending out its call sign or identifying signals of one blast followed by two blasts.

In the early hours of the morning, the fog lifted momentarily and disclosed the high cliffs of the Farallon Islands. The fog closed down again almost immediately, but not before we had seen the flashing beams from the Farallon Lighthouse.

Then we heard another fog siren. It blew for two seconds, and then there was a twenty-eight second silence, before the fog signal was heard again, thus indicating that the sound emanated from the San Francisco Lightship. Each lightship and light station has a code call, as do the radio beacons and flashing lights.

As we approached the Golden Gate our vessel's passage was indicated by lighted bouys on either side, and these guided us across the bar and on into the harbor. Our navigating officer got our bearings from these and from the Mile Rocks, Point Bonita and Point Diabolo lighthouses. Soon we arrived alongside our loading wharf at Richmond, across the Bay from San Francisco.

The first lighthouse was established in Boston Harbor in 1716, and it is still in operation. The colonial governments built a total of ten, which were transferred to the federal government when it was formed. The lighthouse service is one of the oldest services maintained by the government, for it was provided for in one of the first acts of Congress of 1789. The first light to be established on the Pacific coast was erected in 1854, and it was placed on Alcatraz Island just outside the Golden Gate.

The lighthouse service maintains some 22,000 aids to navigation which have been established on our coasts, the rivers and Great Lakes, Puerto Rico, Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands and the Panama Canal approaches, so that fog and darkness now hold but little danger to shipping.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

Thank God we can see, in the glory of the morn,
 The invincible flag that our fathers defended;
 And our hearts can repeat what the heroes have sworn,
 That war shall not end till the war-lust is ended.
 Then the blood thirsty sword shall no longer be lord
 Of the nations oppressed by the conqueror's horde,
 But the banners of freedom shall peacefully wave
 O'er the world of the free and the lands of the brave.

—Henry Van Dyke.

SOME COMMUNITY FORESTS

By Doris Gale

In April, 1932, when the grade and high school students of Minford, Ohio, planted ten acres of trees on a hill near the school building, most of the local people believed that the efforts were sure to fail. The young plantation was disparagingly referred to as "Pearley's Orchard," for Pearley Gaskill, of Athens, Ohio, who was superintendent of the school. Years later, two of the students, Aileen Bennett and Paul Garrett, went back to relive the days when they helped to plant the 10,000 shortleaf, Scotch and white pine trees. In spite of the cold weather prevailing at the time of planting, and the inexperience of the planters, excellent survival results were obtained. The plantation is still referred to as "Pearley's Orchard," but the local people are now very proud of it, and everyone does whatever he can to protect it.

According to recent estimates of the U. S. Forest Service, there are now about 1,500 community forests in initial or advanced stages of development in this country, containing about 3,000,000 acres, planted with more than 143,000,000 trees. And community forests are definitely increasing in number, area, and in popular favor.

What is a community forest? It is land owned and operated for forestry or allied purposes by a village, city, town, school district, township, county or other political subdivision, or for the benefit of community or group enterprises such as schools, hospitals, churches, libraries, 4-H clubs, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and Camp Fire Girls. The advice of the state

forester is free, and in some states one or more men devote part or all of their time to aiding communities in developing and managing forests, as well as in the marketing of forest products. Some of the larger community forests are already supervised by full-time foresters. Community forests vary in size from a few to thousands of acres, depending upon the means by which they were acquired or the purpose of their establishment.

Among the many advantages of such a forest to a community are the increase of recreation facilities; aid to local business with more employment, more industry; the attraction of visitors and other desirable residents; public profits which sometimes result in an endowment for local institutions such as schools; benefit of wild life; aid in flood and erosion control; protecting watersheds in order to maintain and purify the town's water supply; and the unquestionable scenic value.

The seventy-five-acre church forest of Danville, New Hampshire, furnishes a good example of an American community forest. It was established in 1760, to provide the minister with fuel, pasture for his cow, and a garden in which he could grow vegetables. The Reverend Mr. John Page was the first to use this forest. It is recorded that the parsonage committee met each year to decide where to cut the twenty-five cords of wood which were part of the minister's annual compensation. During a time when money depreciated, the minister saw one hard dollar valued at seventy-

five continental paper dollars, but a cord of wood was still a cord of wood. The forest even financed the purchase of his gravestone, furnished funds which the town needed later on, and has aided in the support of the churches in the town. For the past hundred years, the Danville forest has been managed by three trustees. From the sale of timber products and the investment of some income at interest, the total net income obtained for the last hundred years is \$4.45 per acre net per year. A large part of this represents interest income, but it is recognized that earnings from the forest itself could be much greater if a portion of the profits were used in improving and developing the forest. On January 1, 1939, the trustees had cash on hand in the sum of \$9,316.89. They also have the original 75 acres, on which another timber crop is growing.

At Newington, New Hampshire, the oldest community forest known in the United States has been retained in public ownership ever since it was established in 1710. Newington has a population of 381, and the forest contains 112 acres. In 1874, timber was sold to pay off a debt, and funds from the forest resource have been used to aid in the building of a public library and other public purposes. The forest has also furnished fuel for the poor, and for the school, and for other public buildings.

The largest city-owned community forest in the United States is the watershed area of the city of Seattle, Washington. It contains 63,300 acres, from which wood products have already been sold for \$1,000,000, an amount sufficient to return the expenses of operation and cost of the land. It is estimated that when the

growing stock reaches its full capacity, a reasonable return, above expenses, may be \$150,000 per year.

Some community forests feature recreational activity, as that of Onondaga County, New York, which was acquired in 1929. Its 2,400 acres were reforested by planting, and though the trees are growing in value, a good part of the property is set aside as a playground. An abandoned farmhouse was remodeled into a lodge which is used by Sunday schools and church organizations for week-end picnics and parties. A charge of one dollar is made for the privilege. The demand was so great that another lodge had to be built, of timber cut on the property. Recreational equipment includes tetter-totters, swings, shuffleboards, horseshoe rinks, swimming pools, nature walks, bridle paths, and archery grounds, with further interest provided by a fish hatchery and a pheasant growing yard. More than half a million persons visited this community forest in a single year.

The chief of the United States Forest Service says: "On the forest land we have, both now and in the future, we do need more and better forests. We need them because we have drawn on a living resource without replenishing it; because for more than three centuries we have abused a heritage that was once one of the greatest forests in all the world; because we are now paying for that abuse in terms of erosion and floods, in terms of reservoirs, rivers, and harbors choked with silt, and in terms of families, communities, and whole counties left desolate and forlorn."

Every single community forest, no matter how small, aids in the nation's forest program, as well as improving the community itself.

GIBRALTAR

By Edgar Bruce in Everybody's (London)

Gibraltar has a history lesson for Hitler.

One hundred and sixty years ago Britain was facing odds such as she faces today. Redcoats were fighting Yankees in the American War of Independence. Britons and Frenchmen were locked in a death-struggle for the West Indies. Mutiny broke out in India. Holland had thrown in her lot with France, and Charles III, go-ahead and English-hating King of Spain threatened, "Give me Gibraltar, or I join the French."

Britain preferred to fight. King Charles' most brilliant general, the dashing Duc de Crillon, took over the siege operations. In front of the great Rock he assembled forty-seven sail of the line, innumerable frigates, bomb-ketches, cutters, gun and mortar boats with special "secret weapons—ten specially built battering ships, mounting 212 guns, creation of the French military engineering genius Chevalier d'Arcon.

Well might the hearts of General Elliot and his men have quaked as they saw these "impregnable" battering ships, which presented to the fire of the garrison three successive

layers of squared timber, each three feet thick, protected by a shelving roof off which the shells and round shot would bounce harmlessly into the sea.

As the British gunners fired round after round into the battering ships without effect, the watching cousins of King Charles of Spain, invited to witness the assault, confidently joked of the outcome. For the three years, seven months and twelve days which the siege lasted King Charles was to ask his Court Chamberlain every morning, "Is Gibraltar taken?" The affirmative answer seemed due in advance.

But General Elliot was a man of resource. He also invented a secret weapon—red-hot cannon shot, or, as our redcoats called them "hot potatoes."

The guns of the Rock began to roar. For three hours red-hot shot was poured into the battering ships. One by one the ships caught fire and blew up. The grand assault ended in a complete fiasco and the red dawn lit up only the shattered timbers and the floating corpses of the besiegers.

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.

—Daniel Webster.

IT ALL STARTED FROM A TRUCK LOAD OF APPLES

By John Hooper in Brattleboro, (Vt.) Reformer

When I set out from Brattleboro last Sunday night with Clint Howe and his apple truck, I was giving vent to two curiosities. I wanted to know what it felt like to drive all night with the truck traffic, and I wanted to see what happened to Brattleboro's apples after they reached the New York market.

For Clint it was just a part of the day's work, with 20-odd similar trips behind him already this year. For me it was a sort of adventure, just as anything out of the ordinary can be adventure for those who get a kick out of a new experience.

Clint had loaded his 200 boxes of apples, a hundred each of Mackintosh and Jonathans, and was all shipshape for the long run when he took me aboard. I settled back in comfort, munching a juicy apple, the latter being a ritual with which Clint always starts one of these trips. I guess the theory is that with one of Brattleboro's finest fruits inside you, as well as a load of them back of you, you are all set for the price-cutters in the market place.

The first thing that impressed me was how small the puny passenger cars looked from our lofty cab. We certainly owned the road; but one thing I noticed as we drove into the night was that even though the trucks own the road they are also true gentlemen of the road. They could teach passenger cars a lot of manners.

We stopped first just this side of Northampton for a steak supper, this

being another part of Clint's routine. I think that was the hardest part of the trip, trying to make a show of having a truck-drivers appetite. Next time I'll do a little hard work before we start off.

After we got rolling again I started to ask Clint questions. I was particularly interested in the economics of the things how much the growers stood to make on a year's crop of apples. I got the answers all right, because Clint knows his apples, and he knows the economics of apples. But I must confess that the answers were discouraging. There always seemed to be too little margin between the grower's costs and the market price. And it is equally as hard to figure how to raise the market prices as it is how to lower the cost of producing.

The trouble with apples seems to be the same trouble that most farm produce runs into; if everybody raises too much the prices are low, and if everybody raises too little the prices are high. But in neither case is there a fair profit.

Along about midnight, passenger traffic began to clear out and make way for the truck traffic. They say that the night belongs to lovers; but from what I could see I'd say it belongs to trucks. Little and big, new and dilapidated, long and short—some that looked like rocket cars heading for the future, and others like Noah's Ark creeping out of the past—they were all a part of the nightly mass

movement of produce. I should Judge that the bulk of those I saw were of the from-farm-to-market type, carrying perishable stuff. A lot of them were probably like Clint's—his own truck, running on his own time, and carrying produce to market for a dozen or so small growers.

The city looked as it always does at night—dirty, bleak, and sort of pathetically busy. We rolled down through uneventfully, even though Clint had casually remarked that for a while last year he was stopped in the Bronx by racketeers who tried to force him to hire a union driver at ten dollars a throw to take the truck down to market.

If the rest of the city was dim and down at the heel, Washington street market was brilliant by contrast. We could see its glow in the distance, and we felt its tremendous activity when we nosed our truck into the mass that converged at this point.

"Well, this is where an inch is worth a mile," Clint shouted as he jockeyed for position in the stream. Personally, I think an inch is an exaggeration. It looked as though a good many of those headlights with their protective grilles over them, were directly in our laps. And as we ed through wnot hesib har htard r good portion of the words we slithered through were so hot you could feel them on your cheeks. Clint didn't do so badly in that field of accomplishment either.

Finally we pulled up in front of Bob Miller's open salesroom. We had come through a maze of more fruits and vegetables than I thought could be grown in a year. And here we were adding more to it.

"Hi, Clint," Bob hollered, "Any snow up your way?"

"Sure," shouted Clint, "about ten feet. How's the price tonight?"

"Not as high as your snow," said Bob.

While Clint was going about his business, I wandered into Bob Miller's store. It was the coldest place this side of an ice box, and all of Bob's salesmen had colds. "Get used to them," one of them sniffled. "Save a lot of money on handkerchiefs with this kleenex. I buy it by the car-load."

Miller's place is one of the several hundred that look just alike and cover an area of about 20 blocks in that section of New York which you may know better as the dock section. They are whitewashed holes in the wall, filled with crates of fruits and vegetables from all parts of the country.

There's no season for fruits and vegetables in this market—watermelons snuggle alongside crates of apples, turnips cuddle up to celery, and oranges share quarters with cucumbers and cabbage. And mixed into the mass of all this green stuff are salesmen, porters, buyers, and truck drivers—all spilling out over the sidewalk and filling up the street.

Everybody seemed cold except the porters, the shabbily dressed gents who trundle the crates up and down the sidewalk. Incidentally the growers might like to know what a porter gets for pushing his crates of apples around, those apples which the grower has practically mortgaged his undershirt to produce. A sign in Bob Miller's reads: "Contract Porters shall receive \$40 per week for 43 hours. Any union man found vio-

lating the terms of this contract will be dealt with severely. Signed, Local 202."

By this time Clint's truck was nearly unloaded, so we dropped into a lunch room for a hot cup of coffee. It was about 4 a. m. then. I noticed some doughnuts that looked good at that hour, and pointed to them. "Give the gent a couple of May Wests," the waiter yelled.

A little later Clint was ready for the trip home.. Frankly I was rather glad that I was staying down for some business in town. We drove within a couple of blocks of a hotel and I wished Clint a good trip home.

"Thanks a lot, Clint," I said sleepily.

"Don't mention it," said Clint "Here have an apple." And he drove off on the long jaunt home.

The next night I had a little spare time and went down to see more of the market. That business of the porters getting \$40 a week was one of the things running through my mind. I wondered what the owners got.

I didn't find out much about the owners, except that several were rumored to put away better than \$25,000 a year. But the salesmen were a little more talkative. Some work on commission and some on salary, and as far as I could judge a good many

of them made in the neighborhood of a hundred dollars a week. And I should judge that some of them weren't even happy with that, since I heard one salesman say to another nodding in the direction of the boss, "Give that guy a whip and he could call himself Simon Legree."

In the confusion of the night before I hadn't noticed that a number of the stores handle just one kind of produce exclusively. Or that there would be a place which seemed to run to nothing but exotic fruits, fruits that I had never laid eyes on before.

And I noticed, too, the second night, the wide representation of number plates among the 3,000 trucks, from the deep south and far west.

I asked one sleepy salesman if the same buyers came back night after night to the same salesroom. I was thinking of the regular buyers from hotels, wholesale houses, and large retailers who come six nights a week to buy the next day's stock.

"Night after night, maybe, until somebody gets sore for a few nights. But we got some guys that have bought most of their stuff from us for 20 years."

Well that's the marketplace —mammouth, cluttered and fascinating. And this is the story I went after.

—:—

If thy friends be of better quality than thyself, thou mayest be sure of two things; the first, they will be more careful to keep thy counsel, because they have more to lose than thou hast; the second, they will esteem thee for thyself, and not for what thou dost possess.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our entire "family" of more than five hundred people thoroughly enjoyed a fine chicken dinner last Sunday. These chickens were raised in the School's poultry yards.

—S—

"Virginia City," was the chief attraction at the picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "The Egg Collector," was shown at the same time.

—S—

The boys who recently had their tonsils removed are convalescing very nicely, having returned to their respective cottages after spending a few days in the infirmary.

—S—

We are very glad to report that Henry Wilkes, of Cottage No. 11, who has been confined to the infirmary for some time, suffering from pneumonia, is recovering rapidly, and will soon be able to return to his cottage.

—S—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, had charge of the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday. Following the singing of the opening hymn and Scripture recitation, he presented John Barbee, of Charlotte, a theological student at the Bob Smith Seminary, Knoxville, Tenn., as the speaker of the afternoon.

After reading several verses from the first chapter of Romans, Mr. Barbee talked to the boys on how the lessons we get from the Bible apply to the lives of people of the Twentieth Century, just as they did back in Old Testament days.

He then spoke briefly on what the Bible meant to him, and explained just how he decided to give up an evil life and become an evangelistic preacher, and the great benefits he had gained by so doing.

—S—

Superintendent Charles E. Boger and Mr. C. E. Barber, our budget officer, spent yesterday in Raleigh. This trip was made for the purpose of conferring with members of the State Budget Bureau, concerning the needs of the School.

—S—

The recently constructed grandstand at the athletic field was used for the first time last Saturday afternoon. This job is about completed, all that is yet to be done is putting on a few finishing touches, such as painting and cleaning up.

—S—

During the past week a nice quantity of peaches was gathered from our new orchard. As there were more than enough to supply the cottage tables, it was decided to can this fruit for winter use. Between 75 and 100 bushels were taken to our

cannery last Thursday, where Mr. Walker and his young helpers put them in cans.

—S—

War usually presents a sad picture, but there are always some humorous incidents coming out of tales of strife between nations. Just the other day a friend of ours said that while passing a busy street intersection in Charlotte, he noticed a sidewalk news "butcher" displaying copies of the Charlotte News, on the front page of which was the bold headline, "Britain Will Aid Russia," and that said distributor was yelling at the top of his voice, "Extra! Extra! London Will Aid Britain!" Certainly would be a rather surprising state of affairs if she didn't.

Another strange expression relative to the war situation, recently came to this office, in which it seems that some one is slightly mixed up in his geography. We were not given the identity of the person to whom the remark is attributed—we don't know whether it was one of the boys or some older person—but our informer said he was heard to remark that he certainly hoped that London would give Britain a good whipping. First thing we know, somebody will come along and tell us the Pope is being considered as the prospective head of the Roman Catholic Church; that Joe Stalin was thinking of assuming control of Russia; or that the people of South Carolina thought a Democrat would be the best man for a governor—or somethin'.

—:—

DEFINITIONS AND DESCRIPTIONS OF A BOY

A boy is a noise covered with dirt.

A boy is a piece of skin stretched over an appetite.

A boy is like a canoe—he should be paddled from the rear.

A boy is like a bicycle—he is only stable when in motion.

A boy is like an iceberg—most of him is hidden, waiting for some explorer to come along.

A boy is a person whom Mother sends his elder sister to search for, with this admonition: "Go see what Johnnie is doing, and whatever it is, tell him to stop it this minute."

A boy is a fellow whom Mother should call "Cyclone", because he comes at the most unexpected times, hits the most unexpected places and leaves everything a wreck behind him.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 22, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
Wayne Aycock
Carl Barrier
Clarence Bell
William Drye
Arcemias Heaffner
Frank May
William O'Brien
Weaver F. Ruff
William Shannon
Fred Stuart
Weldon Warren

COTTAGE NO. 1

N. A. Bennett
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
William Cook
Ralph Harris
Burman Keller
Curtis Moore

COTTAGE NO. 2

Henry Barnes
Charles Chapman
Bernice Hoke
Thomas Hooks
Edward Johnson
Ralph Kistler
Virgil Lane

COTTAGE NO. 3

Earl Barnes
Grover Beaver
John Bailey
Lewis Baker
Robert Coleman
Bruce Hawkins
David Hensley
Jerry Jenkins
Harley Matthews
William Matheson
George Shaver
William T. Smith
Wayne Sluder
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins
Louis Williams
James C. Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4

Homer Bass
Wesley Beaver
Quentin Crittenton
Aubrey Fargis
Donald Hobbs
John Jackson
Morris Johnson
William C. Jordan
Hugh Kennedy
William Morgan
J. W. McRorrie
George Newman
Eugene Puckett
Robert Simpson
Oakley Walker

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Collett Cantor
Robert Dellinger
Monroe Flinchum
Sidney Knighting
Jesse King
Ivey Lunsford
Leonard Melton
Mack McQuaigue
Currie Singletary
Fred Tolbert
Hubert Walker
Dewey Ware

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Fred Bostian
Columbus Hamilton
Edward Kinion
James Parker
Eldred Watts
James C. Wiggins
George Wilhite
Marvin Lipscomb
Jesse Peavy
Vollie McCall

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
John H. Averitte
Edward Batten
Cleasper Beasley
Laney Broome

Henry Butler
 George Green
 Carl Justice
 Ernest Overcash
 Marshall Pace
 Carl Ray
 Loy Stines
 Ernest Turner
 Jack Reeves

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
 Otis Kilpatrick
 E. L. Taylor
 Donald Earnhardt
 Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9

Percy Capps
 David Cunningham
 James Davis
 J. B. Davis
 Riley Denny
 James Hale
 Edgar Hedgepeth
 Mark Jones
 Grady Kelly
 Isaac Mahaffey
 Lloyd Mullis
 Marvin Matheson
 William Nelson
 Leroy Pate
 Thomas Sands
 Lewis Sawyer
 Robert Tidwell
 Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

John Fausnett
 Marvin Gautier
 Jack Harward
 Homer Head
 Thomas King
 Edward Stutts
 Walter Sexton
 William Straughn

COTTAGE NO. 11

William Bennett
 Marvin Bradley
 Robert Davis
 William Dixon
 Ralph Fisher
 William Furches
 Charles Frye
 Robert Goldsmith
 Cecil Gray

Earl Hildreth
 Fred Jones
 Broadus Moore
 John Ray
 Monroe Searcy
 Canipe Shoe
 William Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
 Jay Brannock
 William Broadwell
 Eugene Bright
 Ernest Brewer
 William Deaton
 Treley Frankum
 Woodrow Hager
 Eugene Heafner
 Tillman Lyles
 James Mondie
 Daniel McPhail
 Hercules Rose
 Howard Saunders
 Charles Simpson
 Robah Sink
 Jesse Smith
 Brice Thomas
 George Tolson
 Carl Tyndall
 Eugene Watts
 J. R. Whitman
 Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

Charles Gaddy
 Vincent Hawes
 Jack Mathis
 Jordan McIver
 Charles Sloan
 Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews
 John Baker
 William Butler
 Edward Carter
 Robert Deyton
 Leonard Dawn
 Audie Farthing
 Henry Glover
 John Hamm
 Marvin King
 Feldman Lane
 William Lane
 Roy Mumford
 John Maples
 Charles McCoyle

Norvell Murphy
 Glenn McCall
 John Reep
 James Roberson
 John Robbins
 Charles Steepleton
 J. C. Willis
 Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 15

Paul Deal
 Fred Jenkins
 Floyd Puckett

J. P. Sutton
 Calvin Tessneer

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
 Frank Chavis
 George Duncan
 Roy Helms
 Cecir Jacobs
 John T. Lowry
 Leroy Lowry
 Redmond Lowry
 Thomas Wilson

 THE TERMITE

The termite is a social insect. It works from a colony in the ground below the frostline. Their organized plan is made up in three casts,—the Reproducer, the Soldier, and the Worker.

Termites eat anything containing "cellulose" and are the only insects that can eat and digest wood. They have a Proto Zoro germ that digests their food and the worker does nothing but eat and destroy wood fibers and paper.

The termite soldier guards over the colony. It notifies the other termites when they are in danger. It also keeps the workers busy. If one should "lay down on the job" the soldier will go up and nip him or may even kill him. The termite is cannibalistic.

The king and queen are the reproducers. When a colony is once started the king and queen never leave it. The new king and queen are seen in the spring, and occasionally in the fall, swarming out of buildings. They are some times mistakenly called flying ants.

This insect is blind and builds a mud shelter tube to travel in from their colony to their work. This shelter protects them from their enemy insect. They have a long interesting history, enough to make a book.

The damage caused by termites is great. They will not eat a building down but will weaken it, causing much repair and perhaps cause bodily injury.—Selected.



THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., JULY 5, 1941

NO. 27



AMERICANISM

“Americanism is an unflinching love of our country; loyalty to its institutions and ideals; an eagerness to defend it against all enemies; undivided allegiance to the flag; and a desire to secure the blessing of liberty to ourselves and posterity.”

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

I BELIEVE IN MY NATION

It will soon be the birthday of my nation.

So today, as I think of this my country, I make my faith in her an article of my creed.

This land of mine was settled in the long ago by the hard labor and courage of my ancestors.

They tapped its mines, explored its forests, planted its soil, founded its cities.

They wrote its laws, fought its battles, established its schools and its churches.

They welded its scattered parts into a single nation.

So, because of them, I believe in my nation.

In the years since a host of other men and women have labored to pass this nation on to me, greater than they received it.

For their sakes, I believe in my nation.

Today I hold in honor, those who seek unselfishly to hand this nation on to the future better and finer than it came to us.

Because of them I believe in it.

So, I believe in my nation.

—P. R. Hayward.

GREAT THEMES FOR THOUGHT

Canada's Dominion Day and Independence Day in the civic calendar of the United States are so close to each other as to compel coupling them in our consideration. No doubt there are contrasts between them. July 1, 1867 and July 4, 1776, while not quite a century apart in time are far enough from similarity in the circumstances of the British crown and of the British parliament to suggest broad distinctions: one need only put George III and Victoria into the foreground to see what we mean. But it is far easier to draw comparisons between the northern and central part of the continent, for the Dominion and the United States have both en-

joyed the blessings that accrue when the state has great men among its citizens.

This greatness to which we refer can less accurately be measured by expansion of production than by the accounting of noble ideals and the sharing of them with their fellowmen. We seek to illustrate this assertion by remarking that Henry Ford's personal wealth or the firm's manufacture of millions of cars is a smaller contribution to his times than his realization of a method of production and a way of distributing opportunities for industry. Edison by this standard of measurement was outstanding for ingenuity, but his achievements are not of the very highest order: they were too dependent on mechanisms that can be made and sold without inspiring even envy, let alone altruism. When we thus compare two men to whom both Canada and the United States are indebted, we are leading toward the assertion that Canada and "the States" are what they are as lands in which to dwell or as great states among the world's nations because of the men and women who have given thought to human freedom, human opportunities, and human equality in the sphere of privileges. Blessedness that accrues to a people who have had, and who have, great altruists idealizing and realizing in their behalf has been singularly abundant among us. What we call democracy is the product of their great thinking. Its merits are reflected from its producers.

* * * * *

MALUTRITION

From the press comes the information that there is a shortage of milk production in this state. The demand far exceeds the supply. The quantity of milk required to keep an adult up to the standard of good health is one pint daily, and for a child a quart a day is necessary for development in every way. One way, suggests Governor Broughton, to overcome the shortage of milk is for every farm house to have a cow. The remark is frequently heard that Americans are "soft". Well, we don't feel that the coming generation will be so soft, for there are continuous broadcasts as to the vital need of a well balanced diet. Many reports come by way of grape-vine communications concerning undernourished children. Neither are these young people offsprings of poor parents, but come

from the well-to-do class. We feel that the masses are fully awakened to the danger of malnutrition.

* * * * *

STILL THE BOOK OF BOOKS

It is a matter of public record that the Bible has been banned by the totalitarian governments. Despite drastic penalties, however, many of the citizens of dictator-ridden countries continue to read "the book of books." Hitler, with characteristic cleverness, has provided a Nazized version of the Bible for the German nation. During the first six years of his regime, when every adult was required by law to read *Mein Kampf*, the Bible outsold Hitler's "masterpiece" by over two hundred thousand volumes a year. Hitler forthwith banned the Bible, but was unable to prevent its circulation. So forthwith appeared a Nazized version, extolling the virtues of the National Socialist State, emphasizing that all evil forces were Jewish, all heroes German and man's highest calling service to the State. It would be interesting to learn what reception this "new edition" of the Great Book received among the German masses.

Despite the totalitarian ban, the Bible continues to be the best seller and the most widely read book of all time. It is estimated that over a billion copies have been circulated and that it has been translated into 1,038 different languages and dialects.

Thinkers today tell us that the greatest need of the world is religion. The first task of a dictator is to corrupt the spiritual welfare of the people, in effect he says, "Thou shalt have none other God but me." Even in America today there is a society for the advancement of Atheism and an Anti-Bible Society. It is sure, however, that so long as we take the Volume of the Sacred Law as a guide for our faith and conduct we shall pursue the right path. If the day should ever dawn when the Bible is proscribed then we shall face the eclipse of liberty.—Masonic Trestle Board.

* * * * *

HOW TO LIVE LONGER

Logicians claim that those who cultivate calmness and self-

possession will enjoy life better and live longer. Hence, there has been collected a number of precepts to practice:

Learn to like what doesn't cost much. Learn to like reading, conversation, music. Learn to like plain food, plain service, plain cooking. Learn to like fields, trees, woods, brooks, rowing, hiking. Learn to like life.

Learn to like people, even though some of them may be as different from you as a Chinaman. Learn to like work, and enjoy the satisfaction of doing your job as well as it can be done. Learn to like the songs of the birds, the companionship of a dog, and the laughter and gaiety of children.

Learn to like gardening, carpentering, puttering around the house, the lawn, and the automobile. Learn to like the sunrise and the sunset, the beating rain on roof and windows, and the gentle fall of snow on a winter day. Learn to keep your wants simple. Refuse to be owned and anchored by the opinions of others.

—Sunshine Magazine

* * * * *

CONSERVATION BEDROCK

The first business to come before the new board of conservation and development is brought by an official of the forestry association, who recites that there are 58 counties now having fire control organization, and that of the remaining 42, eight are especially in need of organization; also, the board is informed, the existing co-operative fire fighting organization ought to be expanded where it has been established.

That is starting off with a consideration of fundamentals. Wild-fire is the great enemy that a board of conservation is appointed to fight. The Audubon society has recently formally declared an undertaking to make the streams of America run clean and clear. The preservation of the chemicals of the soil, that support life, the control of stream flow, preventing the disasters of floods, the protection of the forest crop for its direct money value—a crop of especial potential value in North Carolina—the preservation of wild life, all these things are involved in the patrol of the forest areas to check fires in their incipiency and correct conditions and practices that start them. The future of forestry as an investment

depends to a great extent on making forest growth practically insurable, and that depends on the establishment of thoroughly efficient patrol.

The new board cannot be better employed than in utilizing to the fullest the funds provided by the state for care of the forests, and exerting its powers to secure the increase of these funds. It should always be borne in mind that conservation, the preservation of that which is to be developed, comes before development.

* * * * *

CARING FOR DUMB ANIMALS

The following clipping from an exchange tells the story of people's kindness toward dumb animals. Such a place is needed in Cabarrus county to care for many animals crippled by careless motorists. Read:

"The Humane Society would look with favor upon Smithfield's newest hospital. An errand recently took the editor to the office of the new veterinarian in the building of the Smithfield Mule Company and in the rear of his office this newest hospital was discovered. There in one of the enclosed compartments, was a sick dog undergoing treatment. On a pallet in one corner was a big German police dog with one of his forelegs in splints. He had sustained a broken limb in an automobile accident.

"Opening off the patients' ward is a small operating room with table and other conveniences for the surgeon. A laboratory completes the equipment of this unique hospital.

The milk of human kindness flows in the veins of people that have compassion upon dumb animals. Owners of pets in this vicinity will find a boon in this institution, small though it is in its beginning, as it ministers to ailing dogs and cats and other creatures of the animal world."



THE MONTH OF INDEPENDENCE

By Wilfred Brown

In a hot July day in the old city of Philadelphia 165 years ago the American Declaration of Independence was signed, and since then we have celebrated the Fourth of July as our national holiday.

On that day, Americans recall—or should—the courage and the vision of the men who built the foundation on which our freedom rests.

And in the same month of July six other nations celebrate with national holidays the anniversaries of the days from which their own independence dates.

Our own struggle for independence, and our rise as a land of liberty, had a direct bearing on the development of all of the six nations which celebrate their national holidays in July.

Dominion Day, the national holiday of Canada, our neighbor, falls on the first day of July. One day after our Independence Day, the fifth is the national holiday of Venezuela. Argentina celebrates her independence day on the ninth of July. Bastille Day, the national holiday of France, falls on the fourteenth. Belgium celebrates her independence day on the twenty-first of July, and Peru hers on the twenty-eighth.

For nearly ninety years after the American Revolution the vast region north of the United States was divided into several separate British colonies. They were governed in much the same manner as the colonies that later became part of the United States had been before the Revolution. A governor general from England worked with a local legislature. Sometimes the governors attempted to be dicta-

tors, although usually they were reasonable. But far-seeing men realized that the land that was to be known as Canada could not become a great nation until it was united under a single government.

In 1864 representatives of the maritime provinces met at Charlottetown on Prince Edward's Island to discuss a union of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island. Then representatives of the larger provinces of Upper and Lower Canada—now Ontario and Quebec—appeared at the meeting and proposed a union of all the territory north of the United States.

This much greater vision resulted in a second conference at Quebec the next year. Out of the Quebec conference grew the great nation that has become the Dominion of Canada.

The new Dominion came into being the first day of July, 1867, seventy-four years ago. At first only Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were members. Prince Edward's Island soon joined. British Columbia became a part of the Dominion when the new government agreed to sponsor building a railroad across the continent. That would have been impossible before the union. The prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta were organized after the railroad aided their rapid settlement.

Canada still retains her loyalty to Great Britain, but she has been for all practical purposes an independent nation since July, 1867.

The story of the struggle for independence in South America is link-

ed with the career of Simon Bolivar, known as "The Liberator." One nation, Bolivia, is named for Bolivar, and his birthday is a national holiday in five nations.

For many years Venezuela was ruled by a Spanish commercial company that leased the huge tropical territory from the Spanish government. The resources of Venezuela were developed only in the interests of the company, and the common people who lived in the territory had few rights.

Young Simon Bolivar was a member of one of the wealthiest families of Caracas, the capital, but he realized that rights should not be measured by riches. Bolivar was educated in Europe, and through wide reading he became much interested in the development of the United States.

After his return to his native city, Bolivar began talking quietly with other men who were not satisfied with the Spanish rule. His work resulted in a popular uprising, and a Declaration of Independence for Venezuela signed July 5, 1811—just thirty-five years and one day after our own Declaration.

Simon Bolivar was elected president of the new republic, but the years that followed were not easy. Again and again his army of patriots was beaten by the Spanish, but Bolivar never gave up. Ten years after the Declaration of Independence, 1821, he won the final great victory that freed Venezuela from Spain.

The people of the South Atlantic coast of South America became increasingly resentful in the early years of the last century because Spain would not permit the commercial development of the fine port of Buenos Aires. The city of Lima, on the

Pacific, served as the capital of Spanish America, and the towering Andes mountains lay between Lima and Argentina.

Books telling of the American and French Revolutions were smuggled into Argentina from France and England. Other nations had become free. Why should the people of Argentina remain oppressed?

The long resentment flared into revolution when Napoleon Bonaparte conquered Spain, and sent a viceroy to rule Argentina. The people refused to recognize Napoleon as their sovereign, and set up a provisional government of their own May 25, 1810. That date also is a national holiday in Argentina.

Rival factions struggled for power in Argentina for the next five years. Finally, on July 9, 1816, a congress representing all interests met in the city of Tucuman and issued a Declaration of Independence, and Argentina became free.

The summer of 1789 found France restless. The grain crop was almost a failure, and bread prices rose so rapidly that many people were unable to buy food. King Louis the Sixteenth and Queen Marie Antoinette continued to live in luxury at Versailles and took little note of the plight of their subjects.

The people of France knew that only a few years before they had helped the new United States of America to become a free nation of equal rights, but France remained under the harsh government of a vain king who apparently cared only for his own pleasure.

On the bank of the River Seine in Paris stood the grim fortress of the Bastille. It was a huge fort with eight towers, built originally to pro-

tect Paris from enemies. Later it became the king's prison. Many men and even women were thrown into the Bastille without trial, and some remained there for years

Throughout the night of July 13, 1789, men gathered in the streets of Paris. During the next morning they massed around the Bastille. The Bastille seemed the symbol of all their troubles and suffering, of the absolute power of the king.

At one o'clock the crowd stormed the fortress. After four hours the king's men inside surrendered. The prisoners were freed. Throughout the afternoon and night men with crowbars and pickaxes tore away the stones of the Bastille. The eight towers came down, then the walls and foundations. Today the place where the grim fortress stood is a public square.

The fall of the Bastille did not mean immediate freedom for France. Many mistakes were to be made on all sides in the tragic years of war that followed. But the destruction of the fortress marked the first blow for liberty, and Bastille Day is celebrated as France's Independence Day.

Since the time of Julius Caesar the little country of Belgium has been one of the battlefields of Europe, but the Belgians above all else love liberty and peace. Belgium has been ruled by many masters, and only for a little while more than a hundred years has she been an independent nation.

After the final defeat of Napoleon, which occurred on Belgium soil at Waterloo, Belgium was united with

Holland under the Kingdom of the Netherlands.

But the two peoples were considerably different in heritage and interests. The Belgians spoke French and were an agricultural and manufacturing people. The Hollanders spoke Dutch and were a trading people. In an unwise move King Wilham attempted to abolish the use of French in the courts and schools, and a rebellion broke out at Brussels in 1830.

The powerful neighbors of the Netherlands intervened to halt the war, and Prince Leopold of the German Duchy of Saxe-Coburg Saalfeld became King Leopold the First of Belgium in 1831. Eight years later, on July 21, 1839, The Netherlands finally recognized the independence of Belgium.

Peru, once owned by the Incas, was Spain's last great foothold in South America. The city of Lima, founded in the days of the first explorers, was the capital of Spain's half of the continent.

As other new republics arose in North and South America, and as Spain declined as a major world power, the people of Peru became restless. Why should not they, too, rule themselves?

In August, 1820, an army under General San Martin, known as the Liberator of Chile, landed at Lima. The Peruvians rallied to his support. The following year, on July 28, 1821, independence was proclaimed, and Peru took her place among the free nations of the world.



Today's best should be tomorrow's starting point.

THE PROMISE OF THE STARS

(Sunshine Magazine)

I haven't been here very long. I am a foreigner—a friendly foreigner, from one of the friendly countries. It is not likely that I shall ever live in my own country again, and, following the custom of my people, I must accept the laws and traditions of my new country, and become a citizen.

Changing one's nationality, however, is something that is not lightly undertaken, and I felt that I should not only examine myself, but the country whose citizenship I was to embrace.

It seemed simple. First, I should have to swear allegiance to the American Flag. I looked at it, flying high in the breeze. Stars and Stripes! The stripes did not seem particularly significant, but the stars did. Why stars? I wondered. Did they have some special significance, some symbolism?

My friends explained: "There is a star for every state in the Union, and there are forty-eight states."

"But why stars?" I asked. They looked puzzled, as people will when pressed for an explanation of something they think they have always known, and told me again that each star represented a state. They thought this answer should satisfy me, as it had satisfied them. I asked the children I knew. They gave the same answer—"a star for every state."

I went to a public library. Even in that storehouse of knowledge no one could answer the question any better than my friends, or the children. Knowing something of this

country's struggle for democracy, I could not believe that the stars had just happened in the Flag. Knowing also that in ancient Egypt, India, and Persia the star was a symbol of sovereignty and dominion, it did not seem possible that they could mean the same thing in the American Flag. Neither "sovereignty" nor "dominion" seemed democratic to me.

At last I found a little book—a book about "The Flag of the United States," but it seemingly showed no sign of having been used a great deal. However, I read it through, and this is what I read: "The reason why our forefathers placed stars in our Nation Emblem is given in the Congressional Act of June 14, 1777, which adopted the Flag, and which prescribed, 'that the Union be thirteen stars in a blue field, representing a new constellation—symbolizing stars in the heavens, signaling to mankind the birth of the first nation on earth dedicated to personal and religious liberty; a sanctuary to which men and women the world over, oppressed because of religious and other beliefs, might take refuge and enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'"

I saw it all now—very clearly. All other nations had been formed for power, for aggrandizement. This one was for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

It was a star moving ever westward that led the Shepherds and the Wise Men to Bethlehem, to the birthplace of One who was to teach the world a new philosophy, and give

to men a new moral code, a code of love and kindness in place of cruelty and greed. It was a star by which mariners set their course across troubled seas to discover this new land. It is a star that heralds dawn and twilight.

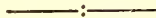
"Thirteen stars in a blue field, representing the rise of a new constellation in the Heavens!"

This was the answer to my question. It was a challenge to the old world, and a promise to the new—a challenge today more timely than when it was first written. In a world gone mad, the symbolism of the stars pledges that in one country, at least, sanity and decency shall prevail. To me, the Flag is no longer just a gallant arrangement of colors, the insignia of a great and powerful people; it is a magnificent expression of exalted human aspiration.

I read again and again of the

Founding Fathers and their dream of passing down to their children a Constitution that would stand the test of time. To their task they gave wisdom culled from the experience of an old world, but they gave ideals and hopes, too; ideals as high as the Stars, yet not beyond the reach of the humblest man.

And they had given so greatly, that I was suddenly filled with the desire to give, too—to give something of myself in gratitude for the promise of the Stars. Whatever happens to me in this new country, whatever I may find, the symbolism of the Stars will remain. And if dark days should come, if ahead there should lie some period of doubt, I will look up at the Flag and remember, for Galileo of old has said: "Why should we who have so loved the stars be found affright of the darkness?"



WHAT'S THE USE?

What's the use to worry? You've not got long to stay.

Why not take things easy as you pass along life's way?

'Twill do no good to worry, if things are going wrong.

You may as well be pleasant, meet reverses with a song.

What's the use to criticize? What's the use to knock?

What's the use to ridicule, or at some to throw a rock?

Don't appoint yourself a censor, no matter what you do.

This great big world was never made for just a chosen few.

There's none of us that's perfect, there are a few of us that stay,

And never stray or wander from the straight and narrow way.

So when you start to hammer some poor fool who's gone astray,

'Twill do no harm to pause and think, you may lose your grip
some day.

So—what's the use to kick one who's just about to fall?

If you do not care to help him, don't mention him at all.

You'll find if you take notice, that what I say is true:

While there may be faults in others . . . there's a flaw or two in
you.—Selected.

HER DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

By Ida Williams Rea

With a quick flirt of her hand, Charlotte emptied the pan of corn, and at the same time scattered it among the hungry fowls at her feet. But as if all her energy were exhausted by that one movement, she stood motionless, the pan hanging at her side and her eyes fastened on the busy hens pecking all about her. Her eyes darkened and narrowed, her lips slowly settled into a firm line, and at last she nodded her head emphatically.

"I'll do it; I'm going on fourteen; almost a young lady. Aunt Em said so today. I surely have some rights! What better time to declare them than Independence Day? I'll write them all down, just as those men did for their king, and I'll sign them, too."

She came to life so suddenly that the hens flew away, frightened. In the privacy of her own room, she made a copy of her own declaration of independence.

"Though it is more a declaration of rights," she acknowledged to herself, as she read it for the last time before presenting it to her family. She had decided to read it at the breakfast table, when her mother and father, her Aunt Em, and her grandfather would be present.

Her cheeks were a little rosier than usual, but no one commented on the fact. Aunt Em nodded approvingly at the gray linen dress that she wore, with its touch of rose embroidery.

"It suits you even better than I thought it would. I got that shaped

yoke finished very well, didn't I?" she asked, her eyes resting proudly on her handiwork.

"She is growing like a weed," added her father, giving her long hair a twitch as she passed his chair.

"I am afraid you did not bake enough cookies, Baby," said her mother. "There are to be some extra people at the picnic."

"There will be no better cookies, or no better cook there," praised grandfather, his old eyes beaming at Charlotte admiringly. "My, I guess those young boys will be jealous of me when I call for Baby at a party! I expect they're counting the days until she'll be old enough for them to push me aside. But I'm not going to give up until it's time."

To all of these comments Charlotte was unusually silent. She ate her cereal daintily, and she bit into her toast with relish. Then when her father was pushing back his chair, she lifted the sheet of paper from her lap.

"Wait a minute, Dad. I have something I want to read to you—to all of you."

"Sorry, Baby, but I cannot hear it right now. I've got to see Silas before he get away. Tell the rest and I'll hear it later," was his reply.

"My!" exclaimed Aunt Em. I did not know it was so late. I promised Jessie to turn up her white skirt this morning so that she could wear it today." And with only a pause for

thimble and tapeline, Aunt Em was gone.

"If it is anything important I'll listen, of course, but I really ought to stir up another cake. I do not like to run short," said her mother.

"Oh, well, it can wait!" sighed Charlotte. But I do wish sometimes that some of this family could spare me a few minutes. It seems as if I'm not of much importance."

"Pshaw now, Baby, you're the hub of the wheel!" remonstrated grandfather. . "The whole family revolves around you. Why not lay the paper on the table and let us read it as we have time?"

"I may as well," agreed Charlotte, with a pout on her lips. She opened the paper and re-read it.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, JULY 4, 1924.

I, Charlotte Marie Hazen, being of an age described by my own family as, "almost a young lady," do hereby assert my inalienable rights to certain privileges. Wherefore, be it resolved:

First, That, having been christened Charlotte Marie, I shall hereafter be so called, instead of the childish nickname—Baby.

Second, That, since I am now old enough to do most of the sewing on my plain dresses, I shall be allowed to exercise my own taste in the selection of the same.

Third, That, since I am the only girl in the crowd without bobbed hair, I shall have same attended to within a short time.

Fourth, That, hereafter I shall be permitted to come from evening parties with my own crowd, instead of

being "brought home," as a mere infant.

Signed,

Charlotte Marie Hazen.

"It is only right," she defended herself, as she energetically set to clearing the table.

First one and then another of her family, repenting their haste, found time to slip back and read Charlotte's resolutions. And if it pained them, they were too loyal to admit it to themselves or to one another. Not any of them mentioned it to her until afternoon. Then, when her mother was pinning up a torn ruffle for her, she mentioned the paper.

"You are growing up, Charlotte," she said, with emphasis on the name which her daughter heard and approved. We had not yet begun to realize it, but I suppose we must. I am glad to call you by the more dignified name; it was my mother's name. I remember how my nickname tormented me," she smiled merrily. "I was always dark, and the family insisted upon calling me Lily, as short for Lillian. Tiger Lily, I suppose.

"But, Charlotte, couldn't you strike out that resolution about your hair? I think it would break your father's heart to see it cut. He has worked so hard over it. You had such thin hair as a child, and he used to rub your head, massaging the skin carefully, as some expensive hairdresser had told him to do. Then he found an expensive tonic which helped it. I remember so well the first bottle that he brought home, and how shocked I was at the price. After that, to keep up the treatment, he stopped smoking for years, and cut his magazines down

to one, though he had always taken three or four, but he never complained. And when your hair began to respond to the treatment he was the proudest man that you ever saw. All these years he has brushed your hair and cared for it. You know how beautifully he can wash it, and how he always wants to wash it for you. If you could—well, think it over, Charlotte. You're old enough to decide those things for yourself, I suppose. I'm sorry that we did not realize sooner that our little girl was growing up. There now, your dress is mended."

Charlotte walked back to her companions slowly. She felt a little guilty and sorry about her resolution, and of course she would not want to hurt her father, yet she did not wish to be different from her companions.

"I wonder if any of those Revolutionary men ever thought of the pain they were inflicting on the king," she thought. I suppose not, for they went ahead and became independent."

In the late afternoon, when tired and glad to rest, Charlotte sank down on the porch step beside her aunt.

"Charlotte, I guess we must have been blind, not to see how grown-up you are. But we have been too busy working and loving you to notice. It is hard to see clearly things that go on right under your nose, so to speak. Your gray linen looks real well, and your white lawn was as pretty as anything there today. But I'm not saying that they would not have been so pretty if you had trimmed the linen in orange as you wanted to do, and had had a rose dress instead of a white dress. I guess any girl likes to choose her own clothes. You go right ahead.

"But I'm wondering, Charlotte, couldn't you take out that resolution about not calling you Baby? You know, your mother won't show it; but she seems to cling to that name. It sort of comforts her still. All you children had scarlet fever and the baby was scarcely a month old. First, the two older children died, and we all thought that you would be the next to go. But it was the baby who went next, and you got better. You were not much more than a baby yourself, and your mother sat and hugged you and called you "**Baby, Baby,**" over and over. You were the only baby out of four that she had left. It would be hard for her to give up calling you that. Of course, you have rights, too, Charlotte, and we want you to have all the happiness there is. I think that is all we four old people live for—to make you happy. There, isn't it time for you to dress for the party?"

Charlotte could not so easily be brought back to parties. She was seeing very clearly a house of silence and sorrow, where laughing baby voices were silent, and a mother who bent above one baby who was left and called it "Baby" for all of them. She stirred uneasily.

"Dear, dear, it is pretty hard to stand up for one's rights! I wonder if I ought to tear up my resolutions? Surely Aunt Em and grandfather do not feel so badly!"

Evidently they did, however, for grandfather found a minute alone with her, after she was dressed for the party.

"I wonder if you would mind letting your Aunt Em help with the dresses a little longer?" he asked. "At least, break it off sort of gradual. It seems

as if that is her greatest happiness. She keeps samples of all colors in her room, and often I see her in there fixing them together. Em should have married and had a dozen girls of her own to clothe and to dress. I do not say that you should let her do all the choosing, but once in a while—a dress that you do not care so much about—'twould sort of help. I've meant for a long time to quit following you to these parties; I know that I ought to let you come home yourself. But it seems as though about quitting time, I find myself at the door, asking for you. And when I step into the hall and ask for Miss Charlotte Hazen, I feel very proud, and forget everything else except the pretty girl I'm escorting. I won't do it any more. But—growing up hurts us folks."

"I never should have been independent, if I had lived back in those days. If that king had sent me word how sorry he was, I should have laid down my gun and given up. Well, if dad comes along and defends grandfather, it will be complete. Why should growing up hurt everyone so?"

She stood quiet as her father passed her, stopping a moment to stroke her hair.

"Going to cut it off, are you? Well, I don't know that I blame you. It must be hard to be different from your companions; it makes you seem queer. You're young yet, and your hair will grow out by the time the style changes. You had better go into the city, though, to a good hairdresser, and have it done right. I'm sorry we did not realize that you had grown up."

"Oh, dear, I didn't know growing up hurt so!" cried Charlotte.

"Growing pains," assented her father.

"Yes, but I mean that it hurts other people," explained Charlotte.

"I suppose it always hurts to see your children growing up and away from you."

For five minutes, ten minutes, Charlotte stood there alone in the dusk. Then with her eyes shining she went out to the back porch where her family had gathered. Thought she did not know it, Charlotte had grown more in those ten minutes than she had in the past year. She stood in the doorway, and the light from the hall made a glow about her.

"Dear folks, I did not know when I wrote those resolution, how my rights were going to conflict with your rights, she said. "I've decided not to become independent. I shall not cut my hair, Dad. I do not think it would be becoming; it is too straight. And Charlotte Marie is too dignified for a little girl, Mother. Aunt Em, you had better get out your samples, and decide how we're going to trim that other gingham dress before I go to visit Louise. And grandfather, you cannot bring me home tonight, because I'm going on a hayride, and we shall drive right past the door, but don't you dare to forget to bring me home tomorrow night from Sally's. As for this," she tore the paper across and across, and tossed it into the wastebasket. "I've discovered," she said seriously, and again she looked wonderfully grown up as she stood before them, "that I wasn't really trying to gain my rights; I was only trying to take away yours. Good night, Mother."

"Good night, Baby," smiled her mother with understanding.

"My, I'm glad that those men in Revolutionary times were not thinking of their own selfish rights, but the

rights of others. That is why the Declaration of Independence was successful and why mine was not a success," she said to herself. "I understand it now."

You are only going to get one shot at this life, so make every day count.—Martin Vanbee

TEACHING MOUTH HEALTH

(Selected)

A 103-page handbook for teachers has been issued by the Division of Oral Hygiene of the North Carolina State Board of Health, and distribution of 10,000 copies now is in progress, it was announced by Dr. Ernest A. Branch, Director of the Division.

Explaining the necessity for such a guide, Dr. Branch said: "There are approximately a million children of school age in North Carolina, and of these 850,000 have dental defects. Half the number enrolled in our schools have never been in a dentist's office. After all is said and done, public health—or mouth health—has got to rely on education.

"We have thirty school dentists, including six Negroes, at work among school children in 72 counties where dental programs are being carried out. While these dentists are specially trained for teaching mouth health and in the field of dentistry for children, they must depend on teachers to assist them and to help them secure parental cooperation through the children under their care.

"The purpose of this new copyrighted handbook, which was prepared by Miss Carolyn M. Mercer, educational consultant in the Division of Oral Hygiene, is to assist teachers, and its publication resulted from thousands of requests for aid that had come from those in schools which participate in the Board of Health's dental program.

"The book is designed to give those interested in the health of children pertinent information on the subject of mouth health and to suggest goals, content and tool material for an effective mouth health education program. The facts presented are scientifically sound, and the proposed teaching procedures are in accord with accepted educational principles and practices."

The subject of the book is "Teaching Mouth Health in North Carolina." It is illustrated with pictures and charts and is rich in reference material.

IN A BUTTERFLY'S WING

(Sunshine Magazine)

I returned from the war terribly wounded in body and soul. I had gone overseas a perfect specimen of humanity; I came back shattered, blinded, and with my faith in God and humanity gone. Long months I lay in a military hospital. My painful wounds healed slowly. But they told me I should probably never see again. And during those months the darkness in my soul became more profound than the blackness that shrouded my eyes.

I could not forget that last horrible sight before my eyes were blasted. I who had always loved beauty passionately had last seen the world as flame-shot, bloodspattered slaughter-house. Amid the rolling thunder of exploding destruction one vivid scene after another stood in ghastly clarity. I saw men that reminded me of terrified red ants rush forward and crumple into grotesque heaps. It seemed to me that the air was vibrating violently, and that it was red. My machine gun spewed its leaden death, and gray-clad men melted into the ground. I laughed.

That was my last visible impression. I never felt the shell that got me. I have no idea how they got me back to the base. I awoke in a bed of fire. I heard a cracked voice screaming in agony somewhere away off in the darkness. I was wrath at its persistence. After a long time I realized that the voice was mine.

Then came the long sea trip home, and a weary dark journey in a train. Then the cool, fresh hospital bed—and the smothering blanket of eternal night! Once upon a time—

centuries ago, it seemed—I had seen birds flashing like winged rainbows among laughing trees. I had spent delightful hours of peace among a profusion of flowers. During the bitter months in the hospital I tried to recall those memories. It was useless. Always among the flowers I saw the agony-twisted faces of khaki-clad corpses. The birds I tried to picture became screaming shells that exploded into tremendous black puffballs shot with blood and fire.

I who once had lived for beauty could not even remember what beauty was. Millions of men and boys, as I, had been brought into a saturnalia of pain and blood and death. My bitterness grew until it absorbed every waking moment. Whenever a visiting minister spoke of God in the word, I laughed like an insane man.

"There is no God," I cried. "The God I once loved is dead. He lured us with beauty into a trap of sucking marshes of blood. He took away my sunlight and threw me into a pit of blackness. He turned my birds into shrieking fiends; my flowers into blood-dripping vampires; the clouds into sponges of dripping yellow gas that clutched me by the throat and choked and burned and tore." I know now that I was mad. But at that time my despair was complete and devastating.

Then came a day when the doctors told me I would be able to see a little. They took the bandages from my eyes. A light-shot fog was all I saw.

"You will be able to see things within a foot of your eyes," they told me, "but anything beyond that will be nothing but a blur."

To be so close to beauty, to the colors of the flowers, to the silver of the stars, the calm blue of the summer sky, and not be able to see it all was more than I could bear! My heart foamed with malice. Some days I raved, and my life became an abomination to me and to all around me. For days I sat sullen and brooding, planning my own destruction.

A strange woman came to visit me one day. She spoke of the good in the world, and the power of will. I swore at her. "Can there be any good? Can there be any power to give back to me my garden of flowers?" I demanded.

"Yes," she said, so quietly assured that my anger turned into speechless astonishment. "Yes, you will get back your flowers—or something better," she continued. "Your intense longing is a Power. Somehow, somewhere you will once more live among the beauties that your soul craves." Then she was gone.

Unaccountably, my bitterness grew less. Despite myself, I found the hours filled with ever-growing hope and expectancy. A few weeks later, I had my garden.

It all happened one day while I was idling in the hospital laboratory. I happened to glance into one of the large microscopes. I was struck spell-bound. I could see the crystal-like substance on the slide as clearly as I had ever seen anything in my life! Half sobbing, and shaking with excitement, I stumbled into the ward and snatched a flower from the vase.

With trembling fingers I pushed a

rose petal under the lens, and put my eye to the eye-piece. And then it all dimmed for the tears. That petal, veined, and velvety red was a thing of glory! For days I was like a youngster who has found his mother after being lost.

Under the microscope one day I placed the wing of an ordinary orange sulphur butterfly. And I found my flower garden! The wonders that met my gaze were more startling than I can describe. The "dust" of the butterfly's wing was a dazzling symphony of colors. The "dust" proved to be tiny scales, arranged in patterns of astonishing beauty. Reds, browns, yellows, grays, oranges, greens—all blended into each other with the utmost perfection. Solid colors drifted into tints and pastel shades. The effect through the lens was as if I were looking down upon a heavenly garden of living blossoms.

I began collecting butterflies. Each wing proved to be a totally different perfection of blended colors. On moths I found the "dust" was a forest of minute hairs. And even among the most drab moths the hairs proved to be shot with deep blues, brown, and dark reds.

Butterflies! How I delved into their habit! I discovered butterflies that carry sacs of perfume under their wings in order to make themselves pleasing to their mates. Other butterflies seemed to live for the purpose of fertilizing yucca blossoms. With infinite pains they gather the pollen from the stamens of one flower and transfer it to the pistils of another. No human with the most delicate camel's hair brush could do it half so well. And the grubs and caterpillars!

How could such sheer beauty develop from such utter ugliness?

Beauty out of ugliness. Calm out of storm. Out of darkness I was transplanted into light. Out of bitterness I was brought into sweetness. I made a business of collecting butterflies and moths. With God's help I

made that business successful. I owe no man anything. In the wings of my butterflies I have my garden of flowers. And in the angel that came to the hospital to show me the way back to light and life, I have the most blessed of all earthly things—a Godly wife!



The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor a man perfected without trials.—Chinese Proverb.



THE PATH TO YOUR DOOR

By Grace Gordon in Good Business

"I would like to bring Mr. Johnson home to dinner tomorrow evening Bertie, if I may. He's our western manager, you know, and he's here for a week." John had risen from the breakfast table, and stood with his hand on the back of his wife's chair.

"Of course you may," replied cheerful little Bertie. "Anything special you'd like to have?"

"Oh, some nice creamed mushrooms, some big baked potatoes, maybe asparagus, one of your fine salads—and be sure to get a lemon pie from Mrs. Kemper."

"Righto! You speak, sir, and I obey!"

John stooped to kiss her, and then nodded a pleasant good-by to the house guest, who happened to be the writer of this story. My curiosity immediately came to the surface when I asked, "Who is Mrs. Kemper, anyway, and what is the lure of her lemon pie?"

"She's a neighbor, just a few doors down the street," replied Bertie. "She wanted to earn some money so that she would not be dependent on a brother, who is very kind to her. She talked to me about addressing envelopes, or getting work in some office—impossible idea for her. I said to her one day, 'Why don't you make lemon pies, and sell them? Nobody around here can make lemon pies like your's."

"One day she brought in a lemon pie. 'This one isn't for sale,' she declared, her eyes beaming as she held up the luscious plate. And a more delicious pie—well, there'll be one here tomorrow evening. She uses an old family recipe' and she does wonders—only the finest ingredients, and she charges a good price, but everyone is glad to pay it."

"It's a wise thing to find out what one can do—not well, but better, and then do it," I reflected aloud.

SAVING FOR A DRY DAY

(Christian Standard.)

"Most folks think about saving for a rainy day," laughed mother; "but Mr. and Mrs. Hump and Mr. and Mrs. Two Humps and their families save for dry days!"

Dorothy Nan and Betty Jean shouted with amusement.

"Oh, please, mother," they cried eagerly, "tell us about them. Why do they save for dry days?"

"Stop—one question at a time," laughed mother, putting her hands over her ears.

"Well," and the two excited girls climbed on the couch just as close to mother as possible, "what do they save for dry days?"

"Water," laughed mother, "and where do you think they 'bank' the water?"

The two little girls shook puzzled heads.

"In their stomachs. In fact, they have twelve stomachs, and they fill these with water—just as much as they can possibly drink—whenever they come to a good watering place."

"But how do they get the water out to drink it?" gasped Dorothy Nan, incredulously.

"Inside each of these pouches or wells are six quarts or fore of water; it depends on how far the cells stretch. The camel can open the mouths of these at will, and when he has had all the water he needs they shut up once more to save what remains until he is thirsty again. With this 'wet saving', in reserve, he can go for days without drinking when the desert wells have dried up."

"But what do they eat?" burst forth Betty Jean.

"The camel owners would no doubt tell you if you asked them, for it consists of a few dry leaves from a prickly shrub or tamarisk, besides the nourishment they draw from their humps of fat!"

"Why, you don't mean that these humps are food?"

"They are, and they certainly keep these wonderful animals from starving many times. At the end of a long journey these humps will be gone, and not until the camel is plump once more is he ready to start again.

"There are two kinds of camels, you know The Arabian camel, or dromedary, has one hump, short hair and long legs. These are used mostly for riding camels. They travel very fast—fifty miles per day—and they keep on at that pace for a whole day and half the night without taking a minute's rest. No other animal could do that. They kneel while being loaded.

"The Bactrian camel has two humps. His limbs are shorter and his hair is long and shaggy. He is the loaded camel, often carrying from five hundred to a thousand pounds."

"I should think it would hurt the poor things to kneel all the time," sighed Betty Jean.

"Nature has provided a hard flesh on their knees and breasts for that; and another thing nature has given them, too, broad, padded cushions underneath the toes on their feet. If it weren't for these pads they would sink deep into the sands. These

spread out as a camel treads and give him a firm, safe grip.

"When a sandstorm blows up on the great deserts the camel's eyes are screened by thick lashes, and he can completely close his nostrils, while his upper lip, which overhangs the lower, helps to keep his mouth closed tight. When overtaken by one of these terrible storms the camels fall upon their knees, stretch their necks and heads along the sand, close their eyes and nostrils and remain motionless till the storm is over. Meanwhile they furnish some shelter for their masters, who wrap their faces and crouch down close to the side of these big, ugly beasts."

"Oh, tell us more!" begged the two excited voices when mother paused.

"A comical thing about them is that they will balk while kneeling down,

and not while standing up, like our mules. If the camel is loaded too heavily, he will refuse to rise."

"I don't blame him," said Betty Jean, shortly.

"The baby camels are helpless, soft little creatures," continued mother, smiling. "They cannot be ridden, or bear heavy weight, until they are three years old.

"As you no doubt have learned at school, cloth of the finest texture is woven from the hair, and some of our finest brushes are also made of its hair."

"I'd like to ride on one of them!" cried Betty Jean, as she slipped off the couch.

"I'd like to ride a lot of them!" laughed Dorthy Nan, as she followed close on her heels.



Man is an adaptable creature, and he can quickly adjust himself to almost any situation. At the same time, he may become irked at his lot and do something about it. That is the reason we have made so much progress in this country. But when a man in this country runs up against something which cannot be overcome in any honorable way, he accepts it as his luck, and is ready to go through with it in the best of spirit and humor.

I have been much impressed with the fine spirit shown by the young men who have been or who will be called into the service before the present crisis is over. Their attitudes reflect the splendid American spirit which, having a task to perform, sets at it with determination.

From Georgia comes the story of a Negro man who was trying to fill out his questionnaire. Finally he said to himself:

"I can't answer all them questions in a year."

So he turned the sheet over and wrote on the back:

"I is reddy when you is."

That humble Negro man spoke the sentiments of millions of young men today. In that spirit lies the hope of the nation.

—Selected

THE STAFF OF LIFE

By James Shellenberger in Du Pont Magazine

Since the dawn of civilization, bread in one form or another has been the staple food of the human race, nourishing people through every era to the present day. One of the first prepared foods of man, it has always been more than a food—it has been the symbol for the support of life itself. We can now appreciate the scientific reasons why it has been so valued through the centuries.

The story of bread begins about ten thousand years ago. Yet it was only when civilization was developed to a comparatively high standard in Egypt, about 3,100 years before Christ, that the commercial baker came into existence. Not until some 5,000 years later, however, did commercial baking make any great progress. The change began about 1840, almost simultaneously with the discoveries and advances made in chemistry and physics. From this time on, exceedingly rapid strides were made. With the invention of bread-making machinery, there was a gradual transfer of baking from the home to the commercial establishment.

In the United States the baking industry has progressed with astonishing rapidity. In 1850, there were 2,027 establishments in the whole country, making thirteen million dollars' worth of products. Today, there are about 28,000 bakeries with a total production valued at more than one and one-half billion dollars. Exceeded only by meat, baked products constitute the second largest food industry in this country.

White bread, our most common variety, was once symbolic of luxury. Today, many other varieties vie with it for popular favor. Rye, whole wheat, vegetized, rasin, cracked wheat, prune, Pumpernickel, French, date-and nut, and home-baked types are just a few of the popular bread specialties that are changing consumer buying habits in foods, since modern housewives are alert to such new suggestions for varying their menus. More than three-quarters of all women interviewed in a recent survey stated that they switched to a different bread because they wanted a change of taste and mentioned thirty-eight different brands which they serve from time to time. In another survey of American housewives, eighty-seven per cent said they wanted "Cellophane" cellulose film on their baked goods! Assurance of freshness and cleanliness, plus visibility, was given as the reason for this preference.

Bread, in its many variations, is still the staff of life and is a "must" on most housewives' shopping lists. The home bread-making drudgery of yesterday has become the great baking industry of today, replacing crude early methods with modern skill and creating employment for thousands, giving greater freedom to housewives, and assuring a constantly reliable and nourishing product, delivered to consumers in the best possible condition—in many cases wrapped in "Cellophane."

A PLAIN MAN'S PRAYER

(Chicago Christian Advocate)

Good God, I put up this prayer to Thee because I have to. I don't know how it works—this praying business, I mean—but there must be something to it, or I wouldn't feel the urge to do it whenever things go wrong with the world, with my job, with my buddies and the fellows who don't like me, with my family, with me.

I do so many ornery things I know I shouldn't, and I fail to do so much I know I should. I'm inwardly ashamed, though I don't often admit it. I'm not the man I ought to be. I'm not the man I want to be. I try, and keep on trying, but I miss, I bungle, I get confused, and so frequently flirt with despair.

Yet there's something in me that keeps me climbing, hoping, yearning, dreaming, believing that the struggle is all-important. I know I musn't quit. It must be You, God, stirring me, luring me, goading me to play the man. If so, I want to thank You, for without such help I don't know where I'd be.

They tell me Jesus showed us the kind of God you are: a Father who understands us, loves us, feels with us, does all that can be done to help us. I'm a father, too. I love my kids. There's nothing I wouldn't do for them—if they'd only let me. But so often they won't. They think they know best. They want to do as they

know best. They resent my suggestions. And if I try to force them to do as I say, it only makes them peeved. I guess I'm like that with You, God. I wonder if it hurts You when I ignore or disobey You, the way it makes me ache inside when my youngsters pay no attention to me? If it does, I'm sorry. Please forgive me. Give me sense enough to understand that the only lasting joy there is comes from going along with You in Your all-wise way.

Maybe that's the trouble with most of us. Each man, each nation, is too concerned with his own selfish interests, not caring enough about all of us together. So we have quarrels, scraps, strikes, wars—and the human family gets torn to pieces. O God, help us to sense our sin, and stop it. Help us to live together like a decent self-respecting family should. Help us to quit making our own hell. Teach us how to make heaven on earth—here and now.

Finally, God, I want you to know I love You, and though I don't know how to say it without getting maudlin or sentimental, I love everybody—really. The whole world is our family, isn't it, God?—and we ought to stick together, for Your sake, as well as our own.

Thank You, God, for letting me talk to you a while. It helps a lot. Amen.



Keeping awake days picks more golden apples than lying awake nights.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Now that the thermometer is attaining very high marks, our boys are certainly enjoying the swimming pool.

—:—

The lads on the farm forces are now busy, putting in full time fighting the growth of grass and weeds in practically all crops since recent rains.

—:—

"Kit Carson," a United Artists production, was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. This picture, showing some of the adventures of the famous American frontiersman, was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys.

—:—

The boys who have had their tonsils removed continue to improve. The first two groups of fifteen each, have been discharged and have returned to the school rooms and their regular work. Those in other groups are getting along nicely but have not yet returned to work.

—:—

The first tomatoes of the season were gathered a few days ago and issued to the cottages. The recent rains came just in time to be of great benefit to this crop. For the first gathering they are of fine quality and nice size. We have also been enjoying

some fine squashes, recently gathered from the gardens.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Shaw, of Troy, and the latter's sister, Mrs. Addie Moss, of Asheville, visited the School last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Shaw was a printing instructor and cottage officer at this institution about seventeen years ago. He has been employed by the publishers of "The Montgomerian" and "The Montgomery Herald" in their plant at Troy, for quite a number of years.

—:—

We recently received a letter from Clyde A. Bristow, who was a member of the printing class in 1927. For the past two or three years he has been employed by the Sprinkle Oil Company, and is now manager of its service station down in Cary. He writes that a "brand new baby boy" was ushered into his family on June 26th. Clyde further stated that his wife had decided that they would call the new arrival Clyde, Jr.

—:—

We recently received a letter from J. Lee McBride, a former member of the printing class, who left the School in 1926. For more than seven years he has been working on "The Alexandria (Va.) Gazette" as a linotype operator-machinist, and is getting along nicely.

"Mac" tells us that he will be down to see us some time between August

9th and 23rd, at which time he will take his annual vacation. He also proudly announced the arrival of another baby girl at his home, his third, born February 1, 1941.

—:—

J. Perry Russ, formerly of Cottage No. 5, who left the School, July 17, 1936, called at The Uplift office the other day. Upon leaving the institution, Perry returned to his home in Wilmington, where he was employed for the West Construction Company about a year. He then drove a truck for the West Constitution Company for a couple of years. On February 2, 1940, he enlisted in the United States Army, and is stationed at Fort Bragg. Accompanying this young man, on his visit to the School was his bride of about two months.

—:—

Governor Broughton recently certified to us the following names, appointed by him, as members of the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, whose terms will expire April 10, 1945:

Luther T. Hartsell and W. A. Brown, Concord; Gordon C. Hunter, Roxboro; John T. Wall, Lilesville; Herman Cone, Greensboro; John W. Wallace, Statesville; B. V. Hedrick, Salisbury; O. J. Sikes, Albemarle; Mrs. R. O. Everett, Durham; Mrs. George E. Marshall Mt. Airy; Mrs. D. B. Smith, Charlotte.

—:—

The deed, transferring what is

known as the Kennedy farm, to the Training School, has been properly executed. This property, consisting of about two hundred acres, was recently purchased for the sum of \$10,000.00. Mr. R. G. Deyton, assistant director of the State Budget Bureau, made it possible for the School to buy this land. We have made the request for acquisition of this property for several past sessions of the Legislature. We tender herewith our thanks to the Governor and Mr. Deyton for making a feasible plan whereby this land could be acquired. This brings the School's acreage to a total of around 984 acres. The biennial reports for the past fifteen years show that the minimum amount of land needed at the School should be 1000 acres.

—:—

Leroy Janey, a former member of the Cottage No. 2 group, who left the School in 1933, called on us one day last week. Leroy, who is now twenty-three years old, lives in Greensboro. He has been married two years and has a baby boy, nine months old. He is the owner of a transfer truck and has been in business for himself about two years. As he was hauling a load of household goods from Greensboro to Charlotte, he said that he could not drive past the School without stopping for a brief chat with old friends.

Upon inquiring about his brother, Louis, who was once a member of the printing class, and who left the institution Jan. 2, 1936, we were very sorry to learn that he was dead. He was drowned in the Reddy Fork River in July, 1939, when a boat in which he was playing, capsized. This lad

was nineteen years old at the time of his death.

—:—

All our lives we have been taught that man's choicest possessions are his friends. That being true, we are fully convinced that the boys of Jackson Training School have a real friend in the person of Mr. William Barnhardt, prominent Charlotte business man. For many years, Bill, as he likes to be called, has rendered a most valuable service to our boys, presenting each one a beautifully-bound Bible upon being allowed to leave the institution. This is a fine gesture on his part, and if it were the only thing he does for our boys, we should feel forever indebted to him, but Bill is ever alert to do something to help them in other ways. Last Sunday, being the fifth Sunday in the month, there was no minister scheduled to conduct the service at the School, and, being aware of this, Bill asked permission to furnish the speaker for the occasion, which was granted without question.

At the appointed time we assembled in the auditorium, and after the singing of the opening hymn and Scripture recitation, led by Bruce Hawkins, of Cottage No. 3. Superintendent Boger introduced Bill to the boys, after which he presented Mr. Francis Clarkson, prominent Charlotte attorney and layman, as the speaker of the afternoon.

In addition to being outstanding in his profession, in civic interests in his home city, an active church and Y. M. C. A. worker, Mr. Clarkson is a great lover of boys, and his message to our lads, "The Importance of

Little Things in Life," was both interesting and helpful.

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker, stated that he had studied boys and found that they were keen, smart, right on their toes and didn't miss much, so he wasn't going to try to put anything over on them, but would endeavor to point out some actual occurrences to prove the truth of his subject.

Mr. Clarkson began by showing how the wonders of the material world are made up of little things. Scientists tell us, said he, that the earth itself is made up of atoms, and everyone knows that the great seas of the world consist of drops of water. In physical life we see how great things come from a small beginning, so well illustrated by a giant oak coming from a tiny acorn. In our spiritual life studies we learn how Jesus Christ, the greatest teacher ever known to mankind, always stressed the importance of little things.

The speaker then called attention to a Revolutionary War character, General Francis Marion, better known as the "Swamp Fox." When the general was a small boy, he was very weak, in fact so frail that his parents thought he would not live. They sent him on an ocean voyage from Charleston, S. C., to Bermuda, thinking the trip might prove beneficial to his health. A storm came up and the ship was wrecked. Marion, several sailors, and a dog, got into a small life boat, and drifted for days. Their scant food, and fresh water supply was exhausted. They even ate the dog in an effort to keep alive. When they were rescued, the sickly lad, Marion, was the only one of the group who was conscious. Some of the

others had died. The boy's health began to improve and eventually he lived to become a strong man and rendered great service to his country. Another incident in General Marion's life occurred when he was in Charleston. He and a group of officers were in a room. Some of them became drunk and grew boisterous. A few insisted that Marion take a drink but he refused. He went to a window, dropped to the sidewalk, breaking his ankle. While he was recuperating, the British bombarded Charleston and captured many American officers and men. Had it not been for the seemingly slight incident—that of refusing to take a drink—he might have been killed or captured, thus causing America to lose the services of a valuable man.

Mr. Clarkson then told the boys of an event in the great Napoleon's career in which a little thing proved very important. Early on the morning of the battle of Waterloo, he went to look over the battleground. Seeing a peasant, Napoleon asked him some questions about the field, one of which was whether the ground was level or rough. Upon being assured the ground was smooth, he made no further investigation. Napoleon's cavalry went into battle and almost immediately fell into a sunken road and was defeated. Because of the great leader's mistake in not making a more complete check-up, the battle was lost and Napoleon's downfall resulted.

The speaker then cited a case back in Old Testament times when a little thing proved of great value. David, the shepherd boy, while caring for his father's flocks, had killed bears, lions, and other wild animals that attacked the sheep, thus training him-

self for a future great event. The Philistines, led by the giant, Goliath, hurled a challenge to the army of the Israelites. All the others were afraid to meet the giant. Young David offered to fight him. He tried on a suit of armor, but it was too large; he then tried a sword, which proved too heavy for him to handle. His final decision was to use a sling and select some stones from a brook, the things he has been used to, and with one throw he slew Goliath and the Philistines were conquered.

The speaker's next illustration was the cause of Nahmon, who had leprosy, who went to Elijah, seeking a cure. The prophet told him to do a little thing—simply to bathe in the river—and he was healed.

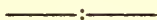
Jesus Christ, said Mr. Clarkson, throughout his life on earth, emphasized the importance of doing one thing at a time and doing it well. He selected his disciples in this manner, each of the chosen ones selecting another, until he surrounded himself with men who, with the exception of Judas, were destined to become famous for the parts they played in spreading his gospel among men of all classes and nations.

The speaker then told the boys about the little boy in Holland, who, seeing a tiny hole in one of the huge dams, through which water was trickling, did a very brave thing. He put his finger on the hole to stop it up. Night came on, but he knew if he left, the hole would become larger, causing the dyke to break, which would cause the loss of many people. When daylight broke, the little boy was found dead at his post of duty—his arm stopping up a hole in the dam. He saw a little thing—just a few drops of water coming through

the dam—and realized its importance. He has since been listed as one of Holland's national heroes.

In conclusion, Mr. Clarkson stated that each one of us is an important person in God's sight, and expressed the hope that each of us might do the little things as they come to hand—little courtesies, little kindnesses.

Should we follow this plan, doing our duty to God and to our neighbors, our life will be extremely happy. He told each boy to learn to say: "I am one—only one. I can't do everything, but I can do something. What I can do, I ought to do and what I ought to do—God willing, I will."



TAKING AND GIVING

They are mistaken who think they can take
 And they do not have to give.
 We are not here for our own joy's sake,
 But that each and that all may live,
 Just taking is but a part
 Of the infinite game and duty—
 For men must give, with a wide, warm heart,
 If they wish to inherit beauty.

Ah, he is a failure that dips and takes
 And thinks alone of his share;
 And has no thought of the many who wait
 In the long, gray lines of care;
 For never shall taking like that bring joy,
 And all shall be dust and smoke
 That does not give as it takes, that does
 Not lift some burdened one's yoke.

It's a beautiful game when you play it right,
 And the square deal makes it sing;
 And justice and truth are the only light
 For the beggar as well as the king.
 The gift of taking is merely a sham,
 And we can only take as we give
 If we want to be sure of our share of peace
 And to live as the wise would live.

—Folger McKinsey

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 29, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycock
 Carl Barrier
 Clarence Dell
 William Drye
 Arcemias Heafner
 Frank May
 William O'Brien
 Weaver F. Ruff
 William Shannon
 Alex Shropshire
 Fred Stuart
 Weldon Warren

COTTAGE NO. 1

William Blackmon
 Lloyd Callahan
 Albert Chunn
 John Davis
 Ralph Harris
 Porter Holder
 Curtis Moore
 H. C. Pope
 Kenneth Tipton

COTTAGE NO. 2

Charles Chapman
 Joseph Farlow
 Thomas Hooks
 Edward Johnson
 Ralph Kistler
 Virgil Lane
 Richard Patton

COTTAGE NO. 3

Earl Barnes
 Robert Hare
 Bruce Hawkins
 David Hensley
 Jerry Jenkins
 William Matheson
 Otis McCall
 Robert Quick
 George Shaver
 Wayne Sluder
 John Tolley
 Jerome Wiggins
 James Williams
 Louis Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver

Paul Briggs
 Aubrey Fargis
 Leo Hamilton
 John Jackson
 Winley Jones
 Hugh Kennedy
 William Morgan
 J. W. McRorrie
 Robert Simpson
 George Speer
 Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
 Collett Cantor
 Monroe Flinchum
 Sidney Knighting
 Leonard Melton
 Currie Singletary
 Fred Tolbert
 Hubert Walker
 Dewey Ware

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
 Fred Bostian
 Eugene Ballew
 Robert Hobbs
 John Linville
 Marvin Lipscomb
 Vollie McCall
 George Wilhite

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
 Laney Broome
 Cleasper Beasley
 Henry Butler
 Donald Earnhardt
 George Green
 Richard Halter
 Carl Justice
 Robert Lawrence
 Ernest Overcash
 Marshall Pace
 Carl Ray
 Loy Stines
 Ernest Turner

COTTAGE NO. 8

Otis Kilpatrick
 E. L. Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 9

Percy Capps
 David Cunningham
 J. B. Davis
 James Hale
 Mark Jones
 Grady Kelly
 Daniel Kilpatrick
 Alfred Lamb
 Marvin Matheson
 Leroy Pate
 Robert Tidwell
 William Nelson
 Edgar Hedgepeth
 Isaac Mahaffey

COTTAGE NO. 10

Delma Gray
 Jack Hailey
 Jack Harward
 Homer Head
 Thomas King
 Charles Mills
 Howard Noland
 Edward Stutts
 Walter Sexton
 William Straughn
 Jack Warren

COTTAGE NO. 11

Robert Davis
 William Dixon
 Charles Frye
 William Furches
 Robert Goldsmith
 Cecil Gray
 Earl Hildreth
 Monroe Searcy
 William Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
 Jay Brannock
 Eugene Bright
 Treley Frankum
 Eugene Heafner
 Harry Lewis
 James Mondie
 James Puckett
 Hercules Rose
 Charles Simpson
 Robah Sink

Jesse Smith
 George Tolson
 J. R. Whitman
 Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
 Kenneth Brooks
 Charles Gaddy
 Vincent Hawes
 Jack Mathis
 Fred Rhodes
 Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
 William Butler
 Edward Carter
 Leonard Dawn
 Robert Deyton
 Audie Farthing
 John Hamm
 William Harding
 Feldman Lane
 William Lane
 John Maples
 Roy Mumford
 Norvell Murphy
 Glenn McCall
 Charles McCoyle
 John Reep
 James Roberson
 Charles Steepleton
 Jack West
 J. C. Willis

COTTAGE NO. 15

Jennings Britt
 Calvin Tessneer

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
 Frank Chavis
 George Duncan
 Roy Helms
 Cecil Jacobs
 Harvey Ledford
 John T. Lowry
 Leroy Lowry
 Redmond Lowry
 Thomas Wilson

Happiness may be thought, sought or caught, but not bought.

THE UPLIFT 12

Vol. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., JULY 6, 1941

No. 28

TRUTH

Truth is the trial of itself,
And needs no other touch;
And purer than the purest gold,
Refine it ne'er so much.

It is the life and light of love,
The sun that ever shineth,
And spirit of that special grace,
That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the word,
That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to faith to tread
All falsehood under feet.

—Ben Jonson

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

MONUMENT TO AMERICAN MEDICINE

Outside a famous Southern city there is an old cemetery where the dead of long-past generations lie buried. There are 1,396 graves in that cemetery—and in only four cases were the persons buried there more than 45 years old at the time of death. In other words, only one-fifth of one per cent of them reached what in these modern times is regarded as the prime of life.

There could be no more graphic illustration of what American medicine and American medical science have done for the health of America. One hundred and fifty years ago the life expectancy of man in the United States was 35 years. Today it is 62 years.

That has been the result of endless striving, under a free system of medicine which gives every doctor, every scientist, the chance to achieve to the very utmost of his abilities and energies. Researchers in great laboratories—specialists in big cities—country doctors in villages and hamlets—all have contributed. They have spent their lives working to make the lives of others longer, fuller, happier.

In those hundred and fifty years typhoid fever has almost disappeared; small pox has been subdued; diphtheria has been practically conquered; tuberculosis has been robbed of much of its terror. The monument to American medicine is written in the standards of health of the American people—standards which are not equaled anywhere else on earth.—Gastonia Gazette.

FOURTH OF JULY ACTIVITIES

The Jackson Training School young men instead of going out on the athletic field, or to the gymnasium and swimming pool for recreation went to the fields to clear the crops of grass that had gained considerable headway during the rainy season. The weather on the Fourth of July was favorable for field work so there was no other alternative but to forego pleasure on Independence Day and save the products of the farm from the rapid spread and growth of grass. One of the officers remarked today, "We are contributing today, 'Independence Day,' to national defense by working in the

fields instead of giving the boys a holiday." In this special instance the boys were made to feel that every interest of this institution was their responsibility, and that a discharge of duties came first and then came pleasure.

Our young men accepted the change in the program on the Fourth of July with much grace, realizing that the yield of the farm meant an abundance of vegetables and other products for the school. The Superintendent, having boys of his own, understands that the adolescent youngster likes good things to eat.

The noon hour menu consisted of fried chicken, many home grown vegetables and sweet buns. Some fine lemonade was also served with this meal and to the boys in the fields at intervals during the day. The evening meal was equally well balanced and tasty. So after all the annual Fourth of July holiday was profitably and pleasantly spent at the Jackson Training School. One of the requisites of this institution is obedience. Another that they have a part in adjusting the economic conditions and give service in return for maintenance and not look to friends or government with outstretched hands for charity.

* * * * *

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

Stephen Collins Foster, famous American composer, was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 4, 1826. His composition, "My Old Kentucky Home," with the probable exception of "Home Sweet Home," is the world's most widely translated song. Every part of Europe has a version, and even in Asia and Africa, the natives have sung it in their own tongues. More than 400,000 copies were sold the first five years after publication; at that time, it was a record never before equaled.

Without any formal training in music, Foster composed about 125 songs, many of which have been favorites for years. About one-fourth of these are negro melodies, the remainder being sentimental ballads. Both the music and words of all of them were of his own composition. He being a native of Pennsylvania, it is remarkable that he was able to produce so many beautiful songs dealing with negroes and life in the South.

Although Foster was of a retiring nature and cared little for fame and money, he could not escape popularity, even during such a critical time as the Civil War period. He preferred his sentimental songs to his plantation ditties, but it is for the latter that he will be most gratefully remembered.

It is interesting to note that Stephen Foster never saw the little Florida river, the Suwanee, whose name he made immortal in "The Old Folks At Home." He was seeking the name of a Southern river, in two syllables, and a search of the map revealed the singable word "Suwanee.

While only thirty-eight years old, and at the height of his career, Foster died in New York City in 1864. We are carrying elsewhere in this issue a story of the enrollment of his name in New York University's Hall of Fame.

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HOME TRAINING

The two expressions, "my word is my bond", and "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the universe" are seldom heard. They are dim memories of confidence in friends, and the influence motherhood once exerted in American homes. The man who fails to have every business transaction sealed with the legal finality is not looked upon as having fine business technique. But the most radical and dangerous change in the social as well as the economic life of our country is the taking of women from the homes and giving them positions in public affairs the equal of husbands or brothers. There are causes, though, that have brought about these radical changes. We know that the stores are filled with ready-to-wear, the laundry takes away the drudge of wash day, the food centers supply the demand for canned goods, pies, cakes and other good things for a menu that once absorbed the attention of the thrifty housewife. Besides other activities that once held the attention of the women have been eliminated, because the large department stores measure up to the demands in a most attractive manner. After seriously thinking as to the causes that have been brought about in the way of living, it is easy to see there is more leisure time for the housewife to-day than there was in years past. Therefore, the weaker sex finds a

way to give expression to nervous energies by seeking pleasant and profitable employment other than in the home. However, in the midst of the modernistic way of living there are seen occasional living pictures of activities of yesteryear's homes and they are refreshing, because they reflect an expression of a strong personality.

Even if the cradle is no longer in evidence, the undying spirit of love and thrift continues to be practiced. As proof of the statement made we have in mind a human interest story that is worthwhile and we pass it on to our readers. The story in mind is that of a young mother who looks after two interesting boys, four and two years of age, along with the duties and other activities that show thrift and interest. This mother writes that on her birthday her young husband presented her with a washing machine. She seemed to get as much joy from this gift as she would have realized if the gift had been more precious or more valuable. She has in her poultry yard two-hundred chickens, large enough to fry, and along with all of this she has filled her storehouse with many kinds of canned fruits and vegetables.

Statistics show that the majority of delinquents in the country come from broken homes. If all homes were presided over by busy housewives, as well as those who conserve all things, there would be fewer delinquents. The home is the first training school. And we well know that the way the twig is bent the tree is inclined. Work is the panacea for all ills.

* * * * *

A MANLY YOUNG FELLOW

For three and a half years young Chester Misenheimer has been numbered as one of the daily carriers of the Concord Tribune on West Corbin Street. When he called to make his last collection he said, "I will not distribute the Concord Tribune after today, but a fine young fellow will take my route." After being further quizzed he said he would begin working in one of our many mills. We hate to part with young Misenheimer, because he has at all times proved most courteous, prompt and faithful in the discharge of the duty entrusted to him. He related with much pride that he was eighteen

and would soon be in the draft age. In stature and figure he will indeed measure up to the requirements to be one of Uncle Sam's family.

In transacting his business as a newsboy, he speaks gently, but with a polite persistence that completely disarms one of all argument even if there is a suggestion of a dispute. If this young man carries on all affairs entrusted to him as he has done in the past we bespeak for him great success.

* * * * *

Dr. G. W. Carver, of Tuskegee Institute, the famous slave-born scientist, has brought out another by-product, using the common persimmon, which, if successful, will prove of great value to future generations. He has developed a treatment against the ravages of pyorrhea from the persimmon. It is now undergoing the most stringent tests by the dental profession before being put on the market. Should this venture be successful, it will be another star added to the well-studded crown of this Negro scientist, who has taken many most useful ingredients from common fruits and vegetables and produced articles of great value to his fellow men.

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JACOB AND IKEY

Jacob and Ikey, father and son, went to Edinburgh with a view to locating in business. While walking along one of the principal streets of the city, their attention was drawn to a Scotch farmer who drove up to the curb, got out and took the bridle off his horse preparatory to feeding the animal his noon day meal. After carefully attaching the feed bag to the horse's head, he went to the back of the wagon and took a chicken from a small coop. The chicken had a string tied to its leg. This he fastened to the foreleg of the horse so that the chicken would eat the oats that spilled out of the bag. The Hebrew father turned to his son and gravely remarked: "Ikey, dis is no place for us to do business."—Selected.

NORTH CAROLINIAN ELECTED VICE PRESIDENT; DIED SOON AFTER

By Dr. Archibald Henderson

At the present time, when Mr. Edwin Bjorkman is seeking a list of the 20 leading North Carolinians of the past, Sampson county will doubtless advance the claims of William Rufus King. At the time of his death, he held, it was claimed, the record of the longest term of service in the United States government ever held by the representative of any state.

North Carolina has had two ambassadors to France, King, and James Pinckney Henderson; but the latter went to France as the representative, not of the state of North Carolina, but of the Republic of Texas.

King was elected, by a large majority, to the distinguished post of vice president of the United States; but he never lived to serve, dying six weeks after the oath of office.

The University of North Carolina has furnished to the nation a President and a vice president if the United States; James K. Polk and William R. King.

William Rufus de Vane King was born in Sampson county, North Carolina, on April 7, 1786. His ancestors lived in the north of Ireland, and his emigrant progenitor was one of the earliest settlers on the James river in Virginia. According to John H. Wheeler, his father, William King, was "an intelligent and successful planter and a popular and useful citizen. He was a member of the State Convention of Virginia, which adopted the Federal Constitution; removed

to North Carolina and became a member of the Legislature from Sampson county, serving in the House of Commons in 1788, 1799, and 1791.

William R. King as a lad attended private schools, and at an early age, Wheeler says at the age of 12, was sent to the University of North Carolina. Dr. Battle mentions him as a matriculate at the University of North Carolina; but does not record him as a graduate. He does, however, mention, as an illustration of the singular pranks of the college boys of those days, that it is hard to believe that a man who afterwards became vice president of the United States, may have been one of those mischievous students who would go out in the dead of night and, just for the fun of it, steal bee-hives! In his eulogy in the House of Representatives, following King's death, William S. Ashe, in 1853 a representative of the Cape Fear district, says that King "was sent at an early age to the University of North Carolina, which institution he left in his 17th year, bearing with him the happy consolation of having commanded the respect of his professors, the love and esteem of his associates."

Thus we see, if both Wheeler and Ashe are to be credited, that King entered the University of North Carolina at some date between April 9, 1798, and April 9, 1799, and left at some date after April 9, 1803. This might mean that he remained five years, say from September, 1798, to June, 1803. This is a pretty prob-

lem for some budding historian to solve. It is worthy of note that, despite Dr. Battle's record the "Congressional Biographical Director" of 1928 states that William Rufus deVan King "was graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1803." There were, according to Dr. Battle, only three graduates of the class of 1803, Chesley Daniel and William P. Hall of Halifax county, and Matthew Troy of Salisbury.

On June 1, 1853, at the request of a group of leading citizens of Sampson county, headed by James A. Bizzell, Richard H. Morrissey, and Allmand A. McKay, Judge Robert Strange of Fayetteville, less than nine months before his own death, delivered in Clinton his "Eulogy on the life and Character of William Rufus King." In that eulogy which was "published by request," Judge Strange says:

"In those early days, William R. King was the distinguished favorite of the people of Sampson; and although he had even then deserted the bar for the political field in which he has so successfully labored, he was still considered one of its members . . . The bar was not then crowded as it now is, and Davis, Toomer, Meares, Shaw MacMillan, and Henry, were the only members of the profession that assembled in the old courthouse, then shaded by yon ancient oak, when first it was my fortune to visit Sampson. But one of that number is now left, besides myself, to tell how Taylor and Hall and Seawell and Henderson, and other distinguished judges, administered justice in those bygone days . . .

"They were worthy and esteemed associates of William R. King—they have a place in the memory and affections of his eulogist—they will not be

forgotten in the professional annals of North Carolina. Nor would it be just to the memory of William Duffy, or to the claims of the ancient town of Fayetteville, to omit to mention that in that town and under the tuition of William Duffy, Mr. King passed through his training for the profession of the law. Of Mr. Duffy I am unable to speak from my own observation; but he bore the reputation of a professional preceptor worthy of his distinguished pupil."

Settling in Clinton, King was admitted to the bar in 1806 at the early age of 20; and quickly won wide popularity in Sampson county. He was elected to the House of Commons in 1808 and again in 1809. In 1810 he served as a solicitor of that judicial district. Elected as a Democrat to the Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Congresses, he served from March 4, 1811, until November 4, 1816, when he resigned. In those days of unexampled excitement, in the history of the young republic, King "arrayed himself on the side of the bond and patriotic spirits of the House, who were determined to repel aggression by force and maintain the rights and honor of the nation" against the efforts of both England and France to destroy American commerce.

King advocated the declaration of war against England in June, 1812; and "continued to support with all his influence every measure that would enable the government to prosecute the war to a finish.

When William R. King resigned from Congress on November 4, 1816, it was to accept the post of Secretary of Legation to the distinguished Marylander, William Pinkney, who

had been appointed by President Madison minister plenipotentiary to Russia with a special mission to Naples. King accompanied Pinkney, first to Naples and second to St. Petersburg; and during the two years of Pinkney's service, King adequately performed the duties of Secretary of Legation.

Upon his return to North Carolina, King remained but a short time before emigrating to the Territory of Alabama, where he settled in the town of Cahaba. He was sent as one of the representatives of Dallas county to the convention that framed the Constitution of Alabama as a State into the Union, William R. King and John W. Walker were elected Alabama's first senators; and being re-elected in 1822, 1828, 1834, and 1840, King served from December 14, 1819, until April 15, 1844, when he resigned for 10 years, he removed to Salma, Alabama, where he became a planter on an extensive scale, the business of his estate being transacted by agents, as he was absent the greater part of each year in Washington.

Judge Robert Strange, himself a senator from North Carolina, December 5, 1836, to November 16, 1840, thus speaks of King for these years, during which he rendered his most useful services to his country:

"He was then eminently a leader in the Senate. His intimate acquaintance with the rules of order, and his ready application of them in every emergency, rendered him quite an oracle on this subject. No one was bold enough to differ with Mr. King upon a question of order. And his decisions on those questions, when in the chair, were acquiesced in as

though they had been the decrees of Fate.

"Besides his intimate acquaintance with the rules of order, and his ready application of them, there was a commanding dignity in his manner, mingled with the utmost courtesy, which secured respect without mortifying or giving offense. These advantages, together with his sound practical sense, and fine clear voice, made him the choice of the Senate as the presiding officer on all those occasions when the absence of the Vice president of the United States rendered the appointment of a President of the Senate pro tempore necessary."

It was generally agreed by his colleagues that William R. King was lacking in brilliant qualities, did not dazzle with forensic eloquence. On the other hand it was universally conceded that he was a man of large experience, good sense, and stern integrity. Senator Clayton in his eulogy said:

"He was emphatically a business member of the Senate, and without ostentation, originated and perfected more useful measures than many who filled the eye of greater display, and daily commanded the applause of a listening Senate...On all occasions when a great issue was before the country, calling for the exercise of manly firmness, courage, and patriotism, Mr. King was abreast with those who stood foremost for the safety and the glory of the Republic."

William R. King's friends and admirers, in both House and Senate, paid high tributes to his character, transparent sincerity, and pure patriotism. Stephen A. Douglass of Illinois said of him: "For 45 years he devoted his energies and talents

to the performance of arduous public duties—always performing his trust with fidelity and ability, and never failing to command the confidence, admiration, and gratitude of an enlightened constituency.”

Thomas Hart Benton, who had known him for 50 years, called attention to the facts that King and himself were both natives of North Carolina, both emigrating when very young “to what was then the Far West,” Alabama and Missouri, respectively, and both served in the United States Senate for 30 years, with the exception in King’s case of an intermission of two years when he was serving at the court of France. He might have added that he and King were both alumni of the University of North Carolina. The following words of Benton deserve quotation: “Faithful to his adopted State, he exhibited, when duty to her permitted, the beautiful trait of filial affection to the honored State of his birth—a State which has so many claims upon her children (besides that of having first given them the vital air) for their constant and grateful remembrance—wheresoever they may go.”

In 1844 King was appointed Minister plenipotentiary to France, and served for two years. To Secretary of State John C. Calhoun he described his reception by Louis Philippe on July 1 at the King’s summer residence in Neuilly:

“Nothing could be more cordial than the reception of the King. He reciprocated very warmly by assurance of national and personal good will and acknowledge sensibility with the just tribute I paid to the virtues of his family. Referring to my allusion to the assistance

rendered the United States at the period of their revolutionary struggle, he observed that the recollection of it afforded him great satisfaction, and added in emphatic words and manner that he considered America the natural ally of France.”

During his stay in France, King artful and clever foreign minister, had some violent clashes with the Guizot. On July 4, 1844, the king assured Mr. King (curious fate which caused a Republican democracy to lend a King as Ambassador to the court of the most democratic of French kings) that it was his desire to see Texas remain an independent State.

Somewhat later King was irritated to learn of the joint protest of England and France against the proposed annexation of Texas to the United States. When the statements of both Calhoun and King, that the king and Guizot had promised a “hands off policy” in regard to Texas, were branded in the *Journal des Debats* as false, Mr. King sternly demanded a retraction by Guizot; and in the event that this were not forthcoming, he asserted that he would suspend all further relations with the French government. Guizot hedged, and claimed that King had misunderstood Guizot’s poor English; but King refused to accept so flimsy an excuse, quoting from his own diary to support his case. Guizot tried to pacify King by assuring him that “he (Guizot) had often been called a liar.” King tartly replied that he, King, had never been told that he, King, was a liar! Dissatisfied with the tergiversation and double-dealing, he felt that he was receiving at the hands of both the king and Guizot, King, after two years of

diplomatic clashes and imbroglios, closed his office and sailed for home on September 15, 1846.

Two years later King was appointed and later elected to the United States Senate to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Arthur P. Bagby. He served from July 1, 1848, until his resignation on January 18, 1853.

Elected Vice President of the United States, he took the oath of office

on March, 1853, at Havana, Cuba, whither he had gone for his health, a privilege extended him by special act of Congress. Death had set its seal upon him; and he hurried home, only to die soon after his arrival at his plantation on April 18, 1853. First interred in a vault on his plantation, his remains were afterwards re-interred in the City Cemetery, Selma, Alabama.



AN HISTORIC DRUG STORE

The Stabler-Leadbeater Apothecary Shop, founded 1792, is the second oldest in America in continuous operation. It was owned and operated by the same family for 141 years.

Today you may see this unique drug shop almost exactly as it appeared when George Washington, Robert E. Lee, and other leading figures of Alexandria and Northern Virginia were regular patrons of this firm. The orders, accounts, and correspondence preserved in this shop constitute an almost priceless historical record.

This pharmacy, now conducted as a museum, will amaze you with its stock of ancient wares, judged to be the most complete in America. There are hundreds of bottles of many sizes and colors, mortars and pestles of many shapes and sizes, old eye-glasses, weights, scales, and everything the early American bought at his apothecary shop, including three items of the original order of 1792.

The documentary records retained here are extraordinary. One is from Mount Vernon, April 22, 1802:

"Mrs. Washington desires Mr. Stabler will send by the bearer A quart bottle of his best Castor Oil and the bill for it."

Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John Calhoun and other early patriots are known to have engaged in the "drug-store conversations" in this historic building.

It is beyond a doubt the most unique drugstore in all America.—Joseph Lawren.

THE FARMER AND NATIONAL DEFENSE

By F. H. Jeter

In the last World War, I had something to do with the campaign "Food Will Win the War," and to produce that food we tore up sod land that never should have been plowed, we cut down trees on land that never should have been cut over; we mined land that never should have been in cultivation, and finally, after it was all over, we were left with a headache that we are just getting over. In other words, we paused to take stock during the depression and we found ourselves with eroded, worn-out soil that gave us diminished crop yields, and lower farm incomes no matter how hard we tried to overcome the situation. Right now, we have a different situation, and I think the agricultural conservation program is a Godsend to us in that we can expand or contract our landusing operations as the national need arises. There is an abundance of food and feedstuffs in every warehouse in the United States, so our national leaders say. We have lots of fibre and other necessary farm supplies on hand for the present. No other nation in the world is so abundantly blessed.

So, let's go from here. What does the future hold? Would a victorious England have the money to buy our surpluses? Would victorious Hitler allow us to sell our supplies? You can write your own answers to these questions but, in my very humble opinion, it is time right now for us to get the rural house in order that we may be prepared for any eventuality. The first thing to do is, of course, to pro-

duce an adequate food supply on every farm. The food not needed could be stored, and not only should we plan for 1941 in this food supply, but keep on producing food and feed so that we shall have this whatever 1942, 1943, or 1944 may bring to us. That's the first and most important thing to do in our part of the national defense. It may not be possible to get the health-giving foods that we need later, and it is well to build up reserves of sound health that may be drawn upon later to fight the effects of malnutrition.

Let's pay off all the old debts that we can right now because it takes money to prepare for defense or to wage war. As much as possible, I think we should adopt a pay-as-you-go plan and, while we get all the equipment and supplies that we need to operate the farm in a first class manner we should buy as little as possible on credit. Now is the time, too, to make all the repairs that may be needed. Even the iron in nails may be needed later for cannon and tanks. Homes should be repaired and put into good condition, barns fixed for the comfort of our livestock, gates properly hung, and fences put in good shape. Get the farm home equipped for the full use of the electrical current and add any needed farm equipment. If these are properly cared for, they will last a long time.

Perhaps the most important thing is to build up reserves of fertility in the land itself. Limestone and phosphates are available now for the growing of legumes, both winter and

summer. No one can live at home entirely and be healthy unless the crops fed to livestock, and vegetables or fruits consumed by the family come from fertile land. I believe the medical profession will agree with this. A fertile soil means a healthy, vigorous people, and a poor soil means a poor people. Therefore, the farmer who wants to do his bit in national defense will get his farm land fertile. He will save it from washing and will conserve all its resources. We have to mine it again later, but if we fill it full of necessary fertility elements at this time, the soil will not be so completely exhausted perhaps as it was when we began to rebuild after World War No. 1. Livestock units also should be put into good shape for any eventuality; perhaps the easiest way to do this is to head all flocks and herds with purebred sires while we have the money to buy them and the purebreds are available for such purposes. Then, finally, it is well to make

longtime business plans for the farm. This means a careful survey of the home farm, its needs and its possibilities. The mapping of a rotation where one is not now followed, the planning of pastures and sod land, the reforestation of certain others and other business planning should be included. The close of the present harvest season is the time for a stock-taking or inventory which will show what has been done, **what needs** to be done, and what is the present status of the farm. This may seem like a tedious job, but it is well to be prepared, and no better formula for meeting adverse circumstances has ever yet been devised. It is the policy of the United States to remain at peace, but, as every farm family well knows, we are threatened at this time with forces of evil which would like to see our democratic institutions and our very existence overthrown by force of arms or by economic strangulations.

PEOPLE

There are four kinds of people:

There is the kind that does not know when things are wrong.

There is the kind that knows when things are wrong, but does not care.

There is the kind that knows when things are wrong and does care, but does not care enough to try to make them right.

There is the kind that knows when things are wrong and strives intelligently to make them right and to keep them right.

If a democracy has in it enough of the last named kind of people, it will succeed; and it will spread its influence throughout the world.

The democracy is the highest type of human government known; it requires the highest type of citizenry to make it work.—Selected.

ENEMIES OF THE HOME

By Dr. J. Howard Williams in Baptist Messenger

Every good cause has enemies. The home, which is the keystone of everything worthwhile in civilization, has real enemies. It is well to know the peril of these enemies, and to seek to overcome them. What are some of the things that are working against our homes?

First of all, is much of the general philosophy of life in America. There is a prevailing idea that we must get all that we can and that we succeed in proportion as we get things. We seem to think that we must go as fast as we can, and a vacation is successful if we have visited many places. The English people, who are older, have learned to take things slower, have learned to live at home. They find their recreation and joy at home. But we in America have the idea that we are not succeeding unless we are going everywhere. Too many of our people are nervous and fidgety and feel that they must be on the go. Day and night they must be going somewhere. Too often parents neglect their children by failing to make the home a place where love and fellowship abound.

Another enemy of the home is extravagance. Poverty is a problem, not only because of ability or inability to get money, but the inability to use wisely what one gets. Too many homes are unmindful of tomorrow and spend today everything they get, or more than they get, regardless of the amount, little or much. Back yonder, years ago, when cotton reached a high price, there were many people who spent everything on large

cars, in some cases not even reserving enough for gasoline. Our young married people should learn not to spend all that they get. Many homes go on the rocks by lack of financial adjustments and sensible economy.

We have in a large measure, a pagan environment in which to build homes. Frequently when we turn on the radio, we soon hear advertising of beer and other hurtful things. We should commend newspapers which do not permit liquor advertizing. Many moving pictures drag the minds of children through the sewers and they come to admire heroes and heroines who are moral lepers. It is easy to make general charges against the movies, although there are many fine pictures shown in the screen; but one significant and deplorable fact in America is that some of the most influential people in America are movie actors and actresses who have played down the sanctity of marriage. Our children and young people are taught ideals of life by movie characters who divorce their mates to marry others who have been likewise divorced.

One of the chief enemies of the home is the low conception of the sanctity of marriage. We have annually approximately 200,000 divorces in America. The husband and the wife ought to be complementary and make a complete life. Nothing should be permitted to break the union of a man and wife except death. I think there is a common conception that marriage is a civil contract which may be broken at will.

There are at least two tragic results of divorce: One is the scar in their own lives which divorced people carry; the other is the awful penalty which children pay in broken homes. Recent statistics show that of 200,000 boys that have passed through a home for delinquents, 17,000 have come from homes broken by divorce. The dean of Princeton said that some time ago an overwhelming ratio of delinquencies among students came from broken homes.

The home is earth's greatest establishment. We ourselves must pay the price in love and devotion and time, and make the home what it ought to be. We should be willing to give even more time to the home, if necessary, than to business, for the home is the foundation of civilization. We should dedicate our homes to God. Only strength and grace of God can enable us to make our homes what they should be.

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Our job is to save America for ourselves and our way of life. The soul of that way of life is the supremacy and freedom of the individual in a state organized to serve him, not to enslave him.—Basil C. Walker.

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HEALTH AND DEMOCRACY

By Kennesaw M. Landis

(The following remarks were taken from Mr. Landis' column, "Corn on the Cob," which appeared in the *Pharos-Tribune* of Logansport, Indiana. The editor of the *N. J. H. Fluoroscope*, who reprints the article, informs us that the author was formerly a patient at the National Jewish Hospital in Denver. It is interesting to note, he said, that tuberculosis has not prevented Mr. Landis from becoming a success.)

As a part of the national defense drive, the people who sell Christmas seals are waging a nationwide early diagnosis campaign. One hundred and fifty thousand Americans do not know they have tuberculosis. Most of them do not find out until their

lungs are almost gone. The Tuberculosis Association wants us to stop the sabotage now.

The draft will catch a few and turn them loose. The army does not ask whether you believe in democracy. If you have long hair, the army will cut it down to one and a half inches. Your opinions don't matter, but if you have bad lungs, you are no good against Hitler.

Over thirty thousand lungers slipped by the draft doctors in the World War, and they cost uncle Sam ten thousand dollars apiece. You can't march thirty miles a day with full equipment and a hole in your lungs. Patriotism is not enough.

Even now most doctors miss early

tuberculosis. If they could detect it as easily as the Dies Committee finds Communists, the country would be safer. X-rays will find it, but X-rays will cost money. The T. B. bug can bore from within for years before a cough gives it away.

Two hundred thousand young men and women answered the sanatorium draft this year. They won't get out in twelve months. And their mortality rate will be twice as high as for those who answer the draft, should we get into the bloodiest war this country has known.

The T. B. bug is closer to us than Hitler. It is the leading killer of all Americans within the draft age, and one out of every four young women who die between 15 and 30 die from it. Once it invades the lungs, it is harder to escape than Dunkerque. And there can be no peace with a tubercule bacillus.

It has no more moral scruples than Hitler, and it is encased in an armor against which serums and vaccines

are as helpless as bullets against panzer divisions. Give the T. B. bug a head start, and it takes more than a British blockade to starve it out. It strikes without warning and generally comes to stay. And the whole community is the battlefield.

National defense will sell anything these days, from gold-nobbed canes to gold bricks. If it won't sell national health, there is something wrong. Without it, democracy is just a word. Every sick body is its own concentration camp.

We think the British way of life is better than Hitler's. Yet he is more jealous of the health of his young men than he is of money. He wants them to be able to fight.

In times like these, America can also use young men. Only in peace time do we call them the problems of unemployment. For every dollar spent to give Johnny a gun, we might advance a penny for an X-ray. At least we would win the war against tuberculosis.

THE ADOPTED CHILD

Newspaper files before the war reveal the challenging headline, "Girl, 8, Journeys 8,000 Miles Alone." Substantially the newspaper account was as follows:

After travelling nearly eight thousand miles alone from Norway, with her name and destination stitched on her coat and sweater, Elinor Richard, 8-year-old orphan, whose knowledge of the American language was limited to two words, "Mickey Mouse," blinked at New York and said: "Jeg er glad atkomme til America." That, according to an attache of the Travelers' Aid Society, meant that she was glad to come to America.

The little traveler rested from her nine-day ocean voyage, and then was placed by society workers on a train that carried her an additional 3,155 miles to San Francisco, where her uncle, who had adopted her, received her at the final terminus of her long trek.

In speaking to her uncle of her trip, all the memories of the little girl were of kindness received along the way. She was alone, and yet not alone. Everyone she met was her friend, and the long road was bright with the light of human kindness. She said, "Everybody adopted me." It is comforting in times of universal turmoil to read of something wondrously beautiful, something not perished from the souls of men.—The United Presbyterian.

IF YOU WANT SUCCESS

BY Grenville Kleiser

Do not delude yourself with the belief that you would do better with larger opportunities while now neglecting smaller ones. The qualities of initiative, diligence and concentration are quite essential in small as in large tasks. In doing small things well you are disciplining and preparing yourself for the larger opportunities to come.

One of the most fallacious ideas is to think you would do better work and make greater efforts under other circumstances, while at the same time you are shirking present duties. Be alert to the opportunities now at your ready hand. Apply yourself with earnestness and intelligence to the work immediately before you. Make the most of to-day's chances, and thus fit yourself for larger responsibilities.

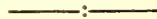
Play your part in the warfare against evil, ignorance and greed by eliminating these factors from your personal life. Personal opinion is the aggregate of individual opinion. What you think, what you say, how you act, in your private capacity, is

having its due effect upon the common welfare. You influence the world for good as you practice simplicity, kindness, nobility, and generosity in your daily intercourse with men.

You render true service, and hasten the brotherhood of man, whenever you discountenance and discourage sensationalism, costly luxuries, undue excitement, and the feverish quest for money. Simplicity and sincerity are divine qualities, leading to fineness and beauty of life.

The crowning gift of your success is the power it confers upon you to help others. However easy or difficult you have found the road to achievement, having reached the goal you are in a position to point others the way.

The test of the value of your success is the use you make of it. It is said few men can survive prosperity, but there are many inspiring examples of successful men who have used their success not for selfish satisfaction, but for the betterment of their fellow men. Such men deserve success.



We can advance and develop democracy but little faster than we can advance and develop the average level of intelligence and knowledge within the democracy. That is the problem that confronts modern educators.—Samuel Gompers.

HONORS ITSELF BY HONORING FOSTER

(Concord Daily Tribune)

New York University has announced the election of Stephen C. Foster to its celebrated campus Hall of Fame. The university does not honor Foster so much as it honors itself.

Much lesser men have been chosen in past times. Foster is the first musician to be selected and the one most deserving.

He calls to mind the famous words of Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, who flourished in the latter part of the 17th century.

"Give me the making of the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws."

Many laws have been written in the United States, but it is doubtful whether the authors of any of them will ever reach the immortality that is Foster's. A whole nation sang his songs just before the Civil War. A whole nation is still singing them, even in this age of jazz and swing. His compositions have attained the one guarantee of lasting life—they have become genuine folk songs.

And the wonder is that it was Foster who wrote them. Not that he did not have musical genius. In fact, like most musical and literary geniuses, he started young, his first song being published when he was only 16. Foster was born in the North near Pittsburgh but he became the veritable poet laureate of the slave days in the South.

When he drifted down to Kentucky he seemed to breathe in the very soul of the colored folk. He had musical rhythms like theirs. He had sentiments often like theirs. He understood their deep love of the very country in which they were enslaved.

His "Old Kentucky Home" has become the official song of the Bluegrass State. His "Old Black Joe," "Old Folks at Home" (Suwanee River) and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" are American classics.

Maybe Foster had his happy days, but many of his songs are mournful. And the chances are that this sadness came from the mishaps of his own life, a life which he himself helped to spoil by his improvidence.

There were nights when he did not know where he would lay his head. There were days when he was threadbare. There were mealtimes when he went hungry. This, in spite of the fact that many of his published songs brought him in good revenue. There were nights when he sat on park benches with shabby down-and-outs.

But nothing spoiled the natural decency of his mind and heart. His melodies remained refined. His songs remained clean. So they captured the fancy of both young and old. So they gave their author, who died at 38, a sure immortality and a hold on the affections of the plain people that is hard to match.

DUTIES OF THE INDIVIDUAL

By John D. Rockefeller

The following excerpt is taken from an address to the students of Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, delivered by John D. Rockefeller:

Today a turbulent world calls upon us as individuals to enter the opportunities for service that present themselves. We are each responsible only for the task that is ours. To perform that task to the best of our ability, however humble or exalted it may be, wherever it takes us, is our supreme duty and high privilege.

As we obey that call to service may this be our creed:

I believe in the supreme worth of the individual and in his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

I believe that every right implies a responsibility; every opportunity an obligation; every possession a duty. I believe that the law was made for man and not man for the law; that government is the servant of the people and not their master.

I believe in the dignity of labor, whether with head or hand, that the world owes no man a living but that it owes every man an opportunity to make a living.

I believe that thrift is essential to well ordered living and that economy is a prime requisite of a sound finan-

cial structure, whether in government, business or personal affairs.

I believe that truth and justice are fundamental to an enduring social order.

I believe in the sacredness of a promise, that a man's word should be as good as his bond; that character—not wealth or power or position—is of supreme worth.

I believe that the rendering of useful services is the common duty of mankind and that only in the purifying fire of sacrifice is the dross of selfishness consumed and the greatness of the human soul set free.

I believe in an all-wise and all-loving God named by whatever name, and that the individual's highest fulfillment, greatest happiness, and widest usefulness are to be found in living in harmony with His will.

I believe that love is the greatest thing in the world; that it alone can overcome hate; that right can and will triumph over might.

God grant that when our work is done we can say with the English aviator, whose letter to his mother reflects such indomitable courage and triumphant faith: "I have done my duty to the utmost of my ability."



Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir Henry Davy.

LIBERTY AT STAKE!

By Dr. Charles Stelzle

To most of us liberty is a priceless heritage. We have gloried in our heritage, but some of us have forgotten the price with our freedom was purchased. We have enjoyed liberty as though it were a gift which carried with it no obligation, and we have been reckless spendthrifts of our inheritance.

It seems a great bore to stand when the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner," forgetting that it represents that for which "our fathers died . . . land of the pilgrims's pride," whereas we should feel like jumping to our feet and waving our arms, with tears in our eyes, because of what "Old Glory" means to us. This may seem a bit hysterical, but the whole world is on the verge of a great catastrophe which may vastly affect our own country.

While we have been enjoying liberty without discipline, the people of the totalitarian countries have been subjected to discipline without liberty. They have been systematically hardened for brutal combat while we have been softened through indifference, self-indulgence and sheer laziness. The virtues which dominated the fathers of our country, who through great sacrifice won for us the freedom and liberty which we still enjoy, have been replaced by sophistication and wise-cracking, and we are permitting crackpots and irresponsible agitators to insult our con-

stitution and ridicule our form of government.

We have supinely accepted teachers of supervisory doctrines from abroad, viewed with indulgence readers of movements who frankly declared that they are trying to create class hatred and race prejudice in our midst, and condoned by politicians who are too spineless to protest against those who are boldly laying the foundations for our destruction. The same tactics indulged in in the countries which they hold up as idealistic would send them to a concentration camp or before a firing squad.

When such enemies of our country flaunt their contempt in our faces, the time has come for every loyal American to stand up in his wrath and speak out as a loyal citizen, particularly as we are now confronting forces which threaten our future as a republic of free men and women.

We have not attained the full glory which lies inherent in our system of government, although we believe that we already have the best form of government in the world. But we must vigorously oppose those whose sole purpose is our destruction and humiliation, lest we be subjected to the rule of those who are opposed to the principles of freedom and liberty which were bought at so great a price, and which made America the haven for the oppressed of other nations.

Receiving a new truth is adding a new sense.—Leibig.

AGAINST ORDERS

By Elsie Singmaster

The August air was very warm and Mrs. Krauth was very tired. It was late afternoon, when a lady, her house in order, should sit down to sew or read or talk with her friends. Mrs. Krauth had no occupation except her own thoughts.

She sat in a low chair in her sitting room in her house on the Seminary campus, her hands folded on her lap. Close to her feet lay Rover, part black Newfoundland, part some much smaller black dog. When she moved, he moved. Sometimes he lifted his head and pricked his ears. When he lowered his head, he placed it as near Mrs. Krauth's slipper as she would allow.

Sometimes she looked across the hall into the parlor, and sometimes through a doorway into the dining room. The rooms were in order; she was not one to sit down until her work was finished. She was doing her own work—since the battle, many of the colored people were too frightened to leave their cabins. The Confederates had done little harm to her belongings, but from many houses in Gettysburg all the bedding had been taken and even the curtains torn down to serve as bandages. The furnishings of Dr. Schmucker's house on the other side of the Seminary building had been ruined and the walls of the house damaged.

From two places she averted her eyes. The matting in the hall had been removed and the floor scrubbed, but no scrubbing could erase the dark stain at the foot of the stairway—

that would have to be planed away.

She averted her eyes also from her handsome sideboard. Upon it had stood since she was married her silver tea service, the most beautiful in Gettysburg, composed of four pieces—coffee urn, teapot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher, all with fluted bands. It had been made in Baltimore in 1790—the date and the manufacturer's name, Reed and Barton, were stamped into it, and her own initials H. B. K., were engraved upon it in handsome script. She used it constantly but she used it carefully, so that her two children, John and Sallie, and her grandchildren, and great grandchildren, if he should have any, should enjoy it also.

Now it was lost forever. The Confederates had carried it away, to use it or more likely, to melt it down for the metal it contained. She had loved to look at it, to feel its smooth handles, to polish it. It was part of her les, her dearest wedding gift, a memorial of the affection of her parents.

There had been no time to save anything before she and Dr. Krauth and Sallie and Rover fled. They expected the battleline to the south of Gettysburg and they fled westward. It was time to go, a bullet whistling past them had killed a Union soldier outside their door—they had seen him fall.

Dr. Krauth expected to find no property which could be removed. "They will take everything they need, my dear Harriet. This is war and they have been beaten and are desperate."

It was strange that the Confederates had taken so little and still more strange than Mrs. Krauth's china which they had used should be intact. Cups and saucers stood on a stove warped by over-heating and still warm. It was cruel that they should have taken her tea service, the object she loved best.

Rover slyly shifted his head to rest on her foot. She could not help smiling, as she drew her foot away.

"Get up, Rover," she said. "You're like a lost soul."

She rose and pushed open the shutters to the east. The land sloped toward the Chambersburg Pike which led into Gettysburg, a quarter of a mile away. Near by she saw ruin, her garden destroyed, her lawn trampled, her shrubbery beaten down. She could see out the south window the splintered cupola of the Seminary building.

From the front door a path led down across the slope to the Chambersburg Pike—that way Dr. Krauth and twelve-year-old Sallie had walked to town. To right and left the stone walls and fences were destroyed. Gettysburg itself looked unchanged, but that was only because from here she could not see walls through which shells had crashed, streets ploughed by thousands of heavy wheels, gardens over which troops had charged.

Since the battle everything had seemed quiet. Before, when she looked toward town, she saw a wagon, or a rider on horseback, or a man driving a cow. Sometimes, in the still air, she could hear women laughing and talking. Now she thought of them as sick and frightened. All had relatives or friends in the army and they

knew what a battle was like.

Suddenly her heart seemed to turn over in her side, as it always did when she thought of John who was only seventeen and was in the signal corps. All except mothers like herself had laughed because she had carried his overshoes to the station when he went away with the college and seminary boys. No mother would laugh at that!

She expected to see Dr. Krauth and Sallie come out the Pike, their arms filled with bundles. At least she hoped their arms would be filled with bundles! Some of the merchandise shipped away before the battle was being returned and it was possible to purchase necessities of life. If she had gone with Dr. Krauth and Sallie she might have found curtain material. She would not feel comfortable again until she had freshened up her belongings. She didn't like to go to town, it was too sorrowful to hear all that had happened to her friends. No one could or would talk of anything but the battle, and she wished never to hear of the battle again.

Having opened the east shutters, she entered the dining room into which the sun was beginning to slant, to bow the western shutters. Her hand on the window-frame, she stood looking over the fields. Yonder lay a stretch of woodland where General Reynolds had been shot. Beyond, to the foot of the Blue Ridge, stretched miles of farming land. It was from the mountains that General Lee had come; in these fields and woods close to her house the first day's battle had been fought. Beyond McPherson Ridge and Herr's Ridge and Marsh Creek stood the farmhouse where she

and Dr. Krauth and Sallie and Rover had taken refuge.

Fences were gone, parts of broken cannon lay about; branches of trees, attached by strips of bark, hung dangling. Oh McPherson Ridge long mounds of raw yellow earth marked the trenches where soldiers were buried.

She crossed the hall into Dr. Krauth's study and bowed the shutters there. Dr. Krauth's books were intact, the Confederates had not slashed them with their swords as they had Dr. Schmucker's. Again she looked toward the Blue Ridge. That was the route by which her tea service had traveled, in a procession miles and miles long, hurrying in night and storm to escape through the pass-Potomac before the Northern Army ses of the mountain and across the should pursue. Her heart swelled with anger. The Northern Army had not moved until General Lee was safely gone.

How had her tea service traveled? Did some mounted artilleryman carry it before him as he urged on the horses which dragged the cannon? Did it lie in a dark wagon beside wounded soldiers?

On McPherson Ridge a government wagon lumbered heavily. The sound made her shudder. Squads of soldiers were combing the fields and woods, gathering abandoned arms and ammunition, and covering more carefully the bodies which had been only lightly covered.

She felt a pressure against her knee. "Do get away, Rover! If I could only find some curtain material! I'd feel better if I had something to sew."

She took from Dr. Krauth's desk a sheet of paper on which to write a list of what she would need, and returning to her low chair spread it on a book on her lap. She stared into the dining room in an effort to concentrate her thoughts. There was the bare sideboard! The paper slid from her lap as she fumbled for her handkerchief.

By and by she picked up her book and paper. Where were Dr. Krauth and Sallie? They knew she did not like to be alone; no Gettysburgian liked to be alone during this sad summer.

She looked up at the picture-frame—where her tapemeasure and her yardstick? Dr. Krauth would measure for her, he was very tall. If she could only go to Baltimore and buy material at a large store! Probably no one would shop in Baltimore for a long time.

"Curtains" she wrote. Towelling. Move over, Rover."

Suddenly Rover bounded to his feet—it was amazing how fast he could move when he wanted to! He uttered the sharp bark he gave when a member of the family had been away and was returning. Paper and book in hand, she went to open the front door for Dr. Krauth and Sallie with their bundles. Rover sprang past her and tore down the path. Sallie was running up hill; she leaped across the strip of lawn, shouting, "Mother! Oh, Mother, listen!" Sallie liked to show her colors; she wore a blue dress and long white pantalets and her hair was in two braids tied with red ribbons. "Listen!" she cried again.

Mrs. Krauth was appalled "Listen!" Gettysburg had been saying "Listen!"

since Fort Sumter had been bombard- ed. That was what they said in June when the Confederates were marching north. "Listen! Listen! Do you hear anything?" That was what they said six weeks ago. "Listen! Can that be musketfire?" "Is that a cannon shot?"

Mrs. Krauth leaned against the jamb of the door. She must get hold of herself, there was certainly no shooting now!

"Oh, listen, Mother!" gasped Sallie.

"I am listening," said Mrs. Krauth patiently. "What is it, Sallie? What are you talking about?"

Dr. Krauth came into full view on the sloping path. "Mother, listen!" he called.

Mrs. Krauth shook her head—there was no use insisting again to these deaf people that she was listening. Dr. Krauth carried a sack like that in which grain was brought from a mill. He had taken a large basket—had he lost it? He lowered the sack to the porch; from it came a clinking as though his purchases were knocking together. He took off his hat and wiped his brow.

"Listen, my dear!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Krauth.

"And look!" Sallie tugged at the string.

"Harriet, you're going to have a surprise," said Dr. Krauth. "A gentleman named Welsh, the Burgess of Waynesboro, wrote to the newspaper to say that as General Lee was re- treating a Confederate officer left with him a tea service, marked H. B. K. He said that it was against orders for his men to take anything except what

they needed and asked that the tea service be sent back to Gettysburg where it belonged. The editor answered that it was yours and Mr. Welsh sent it over. Here it is. I'll untie that, Sallie; you're only tying it, tighter."

"Are you suprised, Mother?" asked Sallie.

Mrs. Krauth said nothing. She saw her tea service traveling westward. She heard the thunder from the sky and the heavy incessant thunder of the rain, the shouts of drivers urging their horses, the calls for help which no one could answer.

Dr. Krauth set out the cream pitcher and the teapot and the sugar bowl.

"The lid's gone!" cried Sallie.

Dr. Krauth set out the beautiful urn. "There's a dent in the side," said he "I'll take it to Baltimore and have it repaired." He put his hand deeper into the sack. "Here's the lid of the sugar bowl and here's the little lamp. The merchant told me you'd soon be able to get whatever you need. The basket was so heavy I left it to be sent out."

Still Mrs. Krauth said nothing.

"Why, Mother, aren't you glad we got the tea service back from the Confederates?" demanded Sallie.

Mrs. Krauth saw the Confederates moving toward Hagerstown, slowly, but as fast as they could go, their hearts filled with terror, the rain beating upon them.

"Of course, I'm glad!" she said, aloud. "And I'm still gladder that General Meade didn't go after them.

Live only for today, and you ruin tomorrow.—C. Simmons.

SUN, WATER, SKY,

(New York Times Magazine.)

A man is never too old and seldom too young to love the sun and the water—the skies, the seas, the lakes and streams. And of all the seasons, Spring is the time when thoughts turn most strongly to these eternal forces. Spring is the sun's season, and the rain's. A Spring sunrise is full of new leaves, new flowers, new songs and awakening life. A Spring sunset is an evensong of eager life pausing only in order to gather breath for another day.

Both sun and water have been guide and companion to man since time immemorial. Feuds and death may scourge the tribes of man, but over-head the sun continues its unwavering rounds and down from the hills the streams still run to lakes, and to the seas where the tides never fail.

When the countryman reaches for a symbol of certainty he says, "As sure as the sunrise," or "As sure as water runs down hill." The sun warms man's blood and makes his fields flourish; it meters his time and warms his faith with its inevitability. The waters of the earth slake his thirst and cool and cleanse his body; they

rise as clouds and fall as rain to nourish his crops. With the sun and the earth, the waters complete an elemental trinity of life.

When man first set forth to new lands, his going was beside the waters or upon them. He traveled down the streams to the lakes and across the lakes to the lands beyond; and he traveled down the river valleys to the sea. Because the rivers were his highways, it was on their banks that he built his first towns; and on the seacoast, beside the great waters of this earth, man built his cities.

Towns and cities rise and fall, but the waters remain and the sun is eternal. Stand on a shore and watch a sunrise or a sunset and you are seeing not beauty alone, but elemental forces. The sunset takes its color from the clouds, but the sun has mustered those clouds from the Hudson in our door-yard, from the remote lake in the high mountains, from the rolling seas off a lonely shore. Beauty is there; but beyond the beauty is the reassurance of waters that will flow forever and a sun that has never failed to rise.

—:—

Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier. Bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow. Each may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences that shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world.—A. P. Stanley.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The feature picture, "Judge Hardy and Son," starring Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone, and a comedy, "The Art Gallery," were shown in the auditorium last Thursday night. Both are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

—:—

We are glad to report that Mr. J. H. Hobby, our dairyman, who was taken to a Charlotte hospital for treatment, last Tuesday, is showing considerable improvement. Mr. J. L. Query is attending to the dairy duties during Mr. Hobby's absence.

—:—

Our baseball team was scheduled to play a double-header last Saturday afternoon, but the contests were called off because of wet grounds. Quite a number of these Cabarrus County League games have been postponed this year, and it will be necessary to play many double-headers in order to complete the 1941 schedule.

—:—

Ernest Hudspeth, formerly of Cottage No. 4, who left the School, November 5, 1937, was a recent visitor. This lad, now seventeen years old, has been living in Durham since leaving the institution, where he is employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company, and he seemed quite proud as he informed us that he was getting along nicely with his work.

This was Ernest's first visit since leaving the School and he thoroughly enjoyed going about the campus, renewing former acquaintances and noting the many changes made during his absence. He seemed especially delighted with the new infirmary,

gymnasium and swimming-pool. In conversation with the lad, it did not take long to see that he was really a booster for the School and was really grateful for what it had done for him. We were all glad to see Ernest and are proud of the good record he is making.

—:—

Our gardens continue to supply us with fine tomatoes, squashes and other vegetables, that have been showing rapid growth since the coming of rain, following an extremely dry period that prevented the growth of early vegetables. Some nice peaches and plums have also been gathered during the past week.

—:—

The "roastin' ear" season has arrived and corn on the cob occupies a very prominent place on the cottage menus at the present time. This corn is of excellent flavor, good to the last grain, and should anyone inquire as to what becomes of the left-overs by the time our large family is served this delicacy, the answer would be, "there ain't none."

—:—

The service at the School last Sunday afternoon was conducted by Rev. Robert S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of the Prodigal Son, as found in the fifteenth chapter of Luke. As the text for his subject, "A Loving Father," he selected Luke 15:31—"And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine."

Rev. Mr. Arrowood began by stating that when preaching on this parable, most ministers dwelt upon the lad who returned to his father, but that he wanted to speak briefly about the elder brother. We seldom hear much said about him because he never did anything spectacular. He was one of those men whose life was really worthwhile, always doing his duty, but never receiving any publicity except possibly a brief line in the news at the time of his death.

Coming in from his work and noting the air of gaiety, he inquired as to the cause of such procedure, and was informed that his younger brother had come home. He said to his father, "I have served thee all these years, yet thou hast never given me such a gay party in which I could entertain my friends so royally." The father replied in the words of the text, and pointed out to him that this celebration was for the son who was lost and was found. The elder brother was angry; ungenerous because another was receiving so much attention. He was selfish.

The speaker then called attention to another and more attractive side of the elder brother. He was clean; he had been faithful; he stayed at home and attended to business while his brother was running over the country, mingling with evil companions, having what he thought was a good time. This first son had lived a life worthwhile. He was the elder son of a wealthy father, and, according to the

law of that day, would receive a double portion of his father's property. He was a man whom his fellow citizens would call a good man. Unlike his younger brother, he had not wasted his share of the family property nor ruined his health. Instead, he led a clean life, kept the business in good shape, and was a man who could be depended upon. It had never been necessary for him to come home barefooted, ragged and hungry and beg his father's forgiveness. All through the years he had stood as his father's right-hand man; had never pained a loving parent's heart by wild and useless ways. But with all his good qualities, he became angry over something over which he had no control, as the portion wasted by his brother could not be restored. He was not the loser financially as he would still inherit all that his father possessed, regardless of how long the younger man might live.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Arrowood told the boys that we all have physical power and it is decidedly to our advantage not to waste it. It is all we shall ever have and we should try to keep it as long as possible. We have many talents, said he, and we should not allow them to become useless. All through life we should use our talents to the best of our ability, so that at the last we may hear God's blessed words, "Son, all that I have is thine."

God bless America!—Love it or leave it!

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 6, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycock
William Drye
Clarence Bell
Arcemias Heafner
Frank May
William O'Brien
William Shannon
Weldon Warren

COTTAGE NO. 1

William Blackmon
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
Albert Chunn
John Davis
Ralph Harris
Porter Holder
Curtis Moore
H. C. Pope
Kenneth Tipton

COTTAGE NO. 2

Bennie Austin
Henry Barnes
Charles Chapman
Edward Johnson
Ralph Kistler
William Padrick
Richard Patton

COTTAGE NO. 3

Earl Barnes
John Bailey
Lewis Baker
William Buff
Bruce Hawkins
David Hensley
Jerry Jenkins
Harley Matthews
William Matheson
Carroll Reeves
George Shaver
Wayne Sluder
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins
Louis Williams
James Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver
Paul Briggs
William Cherry
Quenton Crittenton
Aubrey Fargis
Donald Hobbs
John Jackson
William C. Jordan
Winley Jones
William Morgan
J. W. McRorie
Robert Simpson
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Monroe Flinchum
Sidney Knighting
Mack McQuaigue
Roy Pruitt
Currie Singletary
Hubert Walker
Dewey Ware

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Fred Bostain
Eugene Ballew
Edward Kinion
John Linville
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Charles Pitman
Jesse Peavy
Emerson Sawyer
Houston Turner
George Wilhite

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
John H. Averitte
Cleasper Beasley
Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
Donald Earnhardt
George Green
J. B. Hensley
Robert Lawrence
Arnold McHone

Edward Overby
 Ernest Overcash
 Marshall Pace
 Carl Ray
 Jack Reeves
 Loy Stines
 Ernest Turner
 Alex Weathers
 Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
 Otis Kilpatrick
 E. L. Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 9

J. B. Davis
 Eugene Dyson
 Robert Dunning
 Riley Denny
 James Hale
 Mark Jones
 Grady Kelly
 Alfred Lamb
 Isaac Mahaffey
 Lloyd Mullis
 Thomas Sands
 Lewis Sawyer
 Robert Tidwell
 Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

William Dixon
 Robert Goldsmith
 Cecil Gray
 Earl Hildreth
 Canipe Shoe
 Charles Widener
 William Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
 Jay Brannock
 William Broadwell
 Eugene Bright
 William Deaton
 Woodrow Hager
 Treley Frankum
 Eugene Heafner
 Tillman Lyles
 James Mondie
 Daniel McPhail

Hercules Rose
 Simon Quick
 Howard Saunders
 Charles Simpson
 Robah Sink
 Jesse Smith
 George Tolson
 J. R. Whitman

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
 Kenneth Brooks
 Charles Gaddy
 Vincent Hawes
 James Lane
 Claude McConnell
 Randall Peeler
 Fred Rhodes
 Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews
 John Baker
 Edward Carter
 Robert Deyton
 Leonard Dawn
 Audie Farthing
 Troy Gilland
 Henry Glover
 John Hamm
 William Harding
 Marvin King
 Feldman Lane
 William Lane
 Roy Mumford
 Charles McCoy
 Norvell Murphy
 Glenn McCall
 John Reep
 James Roberson
 John Robbins
 Charles Steepleton
 J. C. Willis
 Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 15

Ray Bayne
 Jennings Britt
 William Barrier
 Aldine Duggins
 James Ledford
 Paul Morris
 Claude Moose
 J. P. Sutton
 William Smith

Calvin Tessneer
 George Warren
 Bennie Wilhelm
 Alton Williams
 Basil Wetherington

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
 Frank Chavis
 George Duncan

Roy Helms
 Cecir Jacobs
 James Johnson
 Harvey Ledford
 John T. Lowry
 Leroy Lowry
 Redmond Lowry
 Varcie Oxendine
 Thomas Wilson

YOUR FLAG AND YOU

Your Flag! Unfurl it long to every breeze!
 Your Flag! Aye staff it on land and seas!
 It needs your hand—to medicate the woe
 Of beggered, sickened earth, to crush the foe!
 Within those folds is bound your sacred ALL;
 When it goes down, Ah, know you too must fall!
 So, press it! caress it! and bless it!
 Your grand Red, White, and Blue!

Your Flag! What mission new today it bears
 Your Flag! What helpful hand today it shares!
 To right the world, to null the tyrant's wrong,
 To brother men in Freedom's world-wide throng;
 It seeks your sacrifice, your hand, your gold—
 Your life, it needs be—for the task is bold!
 So, press it! caress it! and bless it!
 Your dear Red, White, and Blue!

Your Flag! Shall it by tyrant e'er be downed?
 Your Flag! Shall stain e'er on its white be found?
 Shall its own blood-red stripes e'er test untrue?
 Or shall one single star fall from its blue?
 Ah no! Not while your hearts are true, blood-red;
 Not till, please God, you're fallen, helpless, dead!
 So, press it! caress it! and bless it!
 Your own Red, White, and Blue!

—Rev. John F. McShane



THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 19, 1941

NO. 29

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U. N. C. Library

MIND

The man whose mind is always closed
To thoughts and deeds worthwhile,
Will never gain things good and true
Nor oft have cause to smile;
While he who keeps an open mind
Will analyze the facts,
And seldom have cause to regret
Unwise or faulty acts.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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I LOST A FRIEND

For twenty years his friendship was one of my most cherished possessions. It was not that we saw eye to eye—we had arguments that sometimes lasted into the wee hours of the morning. Our trust in each other was manifested in the way we bared the innermost secrets of our lives, and shared our highest aspirations and fondest dreams.

Then he began to rise. The public took him to its heart. His name was always in the papers; at many public functions he was at the speakers' table. A much sought-after position was only a little way ahead. Though we no longer moved in the same circles, we were friends. I often knew about moves he was going to make long before the papers announced them.

But my friend had one great weakness. (Why must every genius always have a weakness hanging like a sword of Damocles over his head?) I refused to believe the things whispered about him. Then he crashed. Everything he had built tumbled like a house of cards upon him.

Since then my friend has avoided me. I lost him because he was ashamed, and feared my disapproval. I am not sure of his place of abode, but some day I must seek him. I want to shake his hand, and say: "Listen, pal, someone has said, 'A true friend is one who knows all about you, but is a friend for all that.' Come, let us make up for lost time!"—J. S. Royer.

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MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Thursday, July 11th, marked the date of the meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School. The new members of the board present, appointed by Governor Broughton, were: Judge O. J. Sikes, Albemarle; Messrs. Gordon C. Hunter, Roxboro; J. W. Wallace, Statesville; and Mrs. D. B. Smith, Charlotte. The other members in attendance were: Hon. L. T. Hartsell, Concord; Mrs. R. O. Everett, Durham; and Mrs. George E. Marshall, Mt. Airy. The last three named have faithfully served this institution as members of the board for many years, and by their

reappointment will continue their interest in the young boys who need their attention. The terms of all board members will expire April 10, 1945. Mr. Hartsell was named chairman; Mrs. Everett, vice-chairman; and Mr. Herman Cone, of Greensboro, secretary.

Superintendent Charles E. Boger gave a full report relative to the activities and finances of the institution. The report on the recent purchase of acreage of farm land, about two hundred acres, was received. This makes the acreage of farm land now belonging to the School close to one thousand acres, and it will be used to raise grain, grass, fruit and vegetables to meet the demands of the institution in every respect.

The bequest of the late Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, of Raleigh, a former member of the board of trustees, to the Stonewall Jackson Training School, was noted with interest.

The information that the State Highway Commission was going to top-surface the roads of the institutional grounds was accepted as a wonderful contribution. By so treating the many winding roads here, the upkeep of same will be much easier and dust will be practically eliminated, and the picturesque surroundings will be made more attractive and orderly.

This meeting of old friends and the new ones lately brought into the work of the School soon revealed the fact that all had a common interest—the welfare of the neglected boy—and was most pleasant and profitable. After a social gathering the board members left for their respective homes, expressing their interest in this humanitarian institution.

* * * * *

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT

A story that carries a mystery never fails to elicit interest, therefore, the deeper the mystery, the more intense is the interest. The story in mind at this time began while dining on July 4th in the Rutherford Cottage at this institution. While in the midst of an engaging conversation, the hostess suddenly arose from her chair and said, "I have something I must show you," and turned to the mantel, taking therefrom a small package that contained four bands that had been taken from the legs of two carrier pigeons. She

then showed a paper upon which she had written the figures, or code, that had been placed between the bands and a piece of rubber. The presumption is that the rubber was used to protect the code from being damaged by rains or damp weather.

Doubtless by this time the question arises from whence came the carrier pigeons, and how they were caught. Therein lies the mystery. "Well," said the hostess to her guests, "for several days last week, when going to my room on the second floor, I heard cooing, almost a moan, such as pigeons make when looking around for nesting places. The noise was mournful and really disturbing." It was decided to investigate the third story of the cottage. The officer in charge made a tour of the third floor, and the picture presented was one of pathos. There was in the attic a bucket, the bottom of which was covered with a mixture of tar and grease. In this bucket were two pigeons, one dead and the other exhausted, showing but little evidence of life.

It is believed that these birds flew through an open window, seeking shelter, and seeing the bucket perhaps thought it contained water or food. In this tar and grease they were trapped and died while on a mission, that of carrying a message to some point, no one can guess where. What to do with these bands was discussed by the guests present. Many suggestions were offered, and it was finally the concensus of opinion that the bands taken from the dead pigeons' legs be turned over to the office of the F. B. I. in Charlotte.

The story related may be "much ado about nothing", and then the secret code may be from friends of our country or there is a possibly of it being otherwise. The moral of this tale is do not put off until tomorrow what can be done today. In this instance the lives of two birds, flying on a mission, could probably have been saved if an investigation had been made sooner. Finis will be written to this story after hearing from the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

* * * * *

ONE MAN'S EXPERIENCES

Ignace Jan Paderewski, one of the world's greatest pianists, in

spite of many handicaps during his life, as told in the following editorial from the Morganton News-Herald, was probably the best known man of his profession. While he attained great heights, receiving the plaudits of multitudes in all parts of the world, he remained a loyal supporter of every cause for the good of his native Poland. Read:

In commenting on the life of the great Paderewski, perhaps the greatest man that Poland ever produced, a great statesman as well as a world-famous musician, newspapers reviewed the outstanding events of his long career when he died a few weeks ago. It seems almost unbelievable that one man's experiences should have covered so much. An outline of the things that Paderewski saw and experienced included the following:

His mother murdered, his father imprisoned, his grandfather exiled in a futile rebellion for freedom when he was three years old.

His beloved country divided, oppressed, for fifty long, turbulent years.

His country fought over by two great opposing forces in the World War, devastated and stricken again and again.

Its independence declared four years later.

Two years later, a bitter and almost disastrous war with the new Soviet state.

Twenty years of effort to establish republican government in the face of old racial and nationalist hatreds.

Another war, and his country overrun by blitzkrieg and partitioned in a few weeks.

Less than a year later, another fierce campaign sweeping across its prostrate body.

All this, in Ignace Jan Paderewski's 80 years. Yet despite it all, he was able to live a full and productive life in art.

* * * * *

ON DIMMING LIGHTS

To those who fail to dim their lights when meeting another car we would like to quote the Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina on that subject. In Section 94 we read: "The head lamps of motor vehicles shall be so constructed, arranged and adjusted that they will at all times and under normal atmospheric conditions and

on a level road produce a driving light sufficient to render clearly discernible a person two hundred feet ahead, but any person operating a motor vehicle upon the highways when meeting another vehicle, shall so control the lights of the vehicle operated by him by shifting, depressing, deflecting, tilting or dimming the head light beams in such manner as shall not project a glaring or dazzling light to persons in front of such head lamp."

In other words, dim your headlights when meeting another car on the highways at night. The law requires it, courtesy suggests it, safely demands it.

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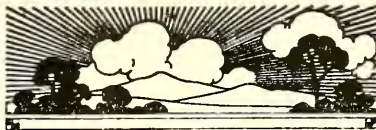
DON'T BLAME FINLAND

We were so well impressed by the fairmindedness of Editor Carl Goerch, of The State magazine, in which he dealt with Finland's position in the present war, that we are passing it on to our readers, as follows:

Finland has aligned herself with Germany, and there are some people who apparently are inclined to criticize the little country for this action.

But don't blame Finland: she is merely taking the lesser of two evils, and confronted with necessity of choosing between her old enemy, Russia, and Germany, she chooses Germany.

Finland is not embracing Naziism: no more so than we are embracing Communism by accepting Russia's aid in fighting Germany. It'll all get straightened out properly in the end.



BRAZIL HIGHLY AMERICANIZED REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AMERICA

By E. Bradford Church in *Charlotte Observer*

Speed, speed, speed. That's the motor slogan in Brazil. We in the United States hear much about Brazil in its relation to its great world production of coffee but no guide book, travel volume or newspaper story has yet impressed me with the speed motorists maintain on the highways. America with its vast road system is usually thought of as having a high rate of deaths and accidents due to automobiles but from all observation Brazil would seem to me to be a very close second or perhaps to exceed us.

The speed of motor traffic in Rio de Janeiro is unbelievable. The speed law has been variously quoted in the neighborhood of 45-50 miles per hour in the city limits. It would seem to be higher.

We are partly to blame perhaps because it is we alone who supply them with automobiles. But there is one desirable aspect, to be sure in that it means it doesn't take anytime to get places, which we in America have always thought we excelled in.

Brazil is an enormous country in area—the size of the United States plus Texas. So much of it is mountainous or tropical jungle that only a small portion has been developed.

Airplanes are fast opening up better means of communication and transportation, and North Americans excluded from European travel and business because of the war are turning more and more southward and becoming better acquainted with this too little known land. The moun-

tainous nature of the country has prevented railroads from being easily or reasonably built, so water and air are the most favored means of transportation.

Pan-American airways makes New York and Rio about three and a half days apart; the ocean route via the Good Neighbor Fleet which plies along the east coast of South America may seem long—a week and a half—but truly a delight to those who enjoy steamer travel.

It is hard to believe but not long ago an American bookstore keeper hesitated as to the existence of a Portuguese language. It is the language of Brazil. Not many of us would go equipped to converse with the inhabitants of Brazil in their native tongue but rest assured Spanish goes across anywhere. And then one encounters French and German to an amazing degree and of course English.

The population comprises a curious conglomeration of strains. The percentage of whites is 51, a smaller per cent are mixed, blacks, and Indians. Japs, Germans, and Poles and other nationalities have come in large numbers and have become assimilated, except for the Germans. Jews are being less welcomed than they were and if they don't take to agriculture are being deported frequently.

The Americanization of Brazil is extraordinary. American cars, as has been mentioned, are in evidence everywhere—Chevrolets, Fords, Pack-

ards, Chryslers and Hudsons are makes I have spotted in particular. Other American products are more conspicuous here than in any European large city of over a million population as is Rio. One sees ads for pads, toothpaste, adding machines, elevators, gasolines, lipstick and other products.

The sad aspect of the scale of some American products in Brazil is the terrible prices that are put on them, of necessity, because of high import duties. Ford autos retail in Rio at three times the price asked in New York. American movies have become amazingly popular. Portuguese captions are affixed as is customary for us to put on English titles on foreign films.

It is impossible to say very much about Brazil without pausing for comment upon its great capital city, Rio de Janerio—River of January in English, which is a misnomer selected by a misguided 16th century navigator who didn't realize it was simply a tremendous harbor and not a river that he had anchored in.

The harbor of Rio is the most magnificent and spectacular in the world—the more travelled lecturer, Burton Holmes, can bear me out on that dogmatic statement but it must be appreciated. Imagine Havana with a coastline much more extensive in length and backed by jagged precipitous headlands, and you have a vague impression of Rio. It is a city of over a million, teeming with speed, industry and a progressive 20th century outlook.

The city is so spread out that it has not seen fit to erect many high buildings. Its scenic wonders are

numberless and its night life can pretty well satisfy discriminating American travelers. Racing and gambling are at the top in the list of amusements.

The Brazilian way of life is like that in any tropical country. In the north of Brazil where it gets excessively warm the people are lethargic and the poorer classes lazy.

The climate of Rio resembles that of Florida and Havana, I should judge. Streets in Rio are narrow and many shops are almost wholly open to the street because of the high tropical blinds rolled up in the daytime but securely barricaded from the longing eyes of evening window shoppers in the hours after dark.

Coffee is still the major export of Brazil, and the United States her best customer. It is a staple that has been affected less by the war than any other. Java and Arabia contributed a good deal of coffee to America in times past, but now it is Brazil that keeps us principally supplied.

The war of course has cut off European markets and has brought about consequently a serious problem for the Brazilians. That of course is one source of irritation in South American lands—more particularly in the Argentine. If European markets beckon more temptingly, South America might look to European powers as allies rather than to North America. In the last year or two when European markets have virtually disappeared for South American coffee, the Brazilians have had to resort to burning thousands of bags of surplus. In some instances cotton crops have supplanted coffee.

The government has tried to encourage farmers through advertisements in street cars and other methods to improve the crop and raise a finer quality of coffee. There are about eight grades and number one is scarce.

Santos, south of Rio de Janeiro, is the great export-import city, and here thousands of tons of cargo are being unloaded by every ship from North America while hundreds of bags of coffee are taken on each trip to be transported back to the United States.

The method of preparing and serving coffee in Brazil differs from ours—Brazilians take their coffee strong and have it served the continental way—half coffee and half hot milk. For demi-tasse the cup is half filled with powdered sugar first and then the black coffee is poured in.

Cotton is being cultivated on a greater scale than heretofore and this may jeopardize our export trade to Brazil if we don't keep our eyes open.

The agricultural products which this fertile country can produce are many and varied: Corn, tea, rice, sugar beans, wheat and many kinds of fruits. Bananas have been raised extensively as well. There is a very small banana about two to three inches long which is of a most delicious flavor and for me superior to the regular size fruit but unfortunately it is so perishable that it cannot be exported to the United States. It is regrettable.

The United States has had her eye on the undeveloped natural resources of Brazil, and now that

Germany is taking drastic steps to get her hand on them first, our government is getting busy and doing something about it. Experts in mining and minerals from the United States are making surveys and reports and endeavoring to get the Brazilians to further work their resources in manganese, iron ore and gold and diamonds.

The lack of adequate transportation facilities is one major difficulty. The deposits are back in the inaccessible reaches of Brazil and it is going to be costly to build railroads to get these minerals out. The Brazilians are hesitant about developing transportation systems into the interior and Americans have been hesitating also about investing the huge sums needed to open up these resources.

Rubber is another crop that outside nations are interested in. Henry Ford owns considerable land around the Amazon and is looking forward to developing plantations when the problem of labor becomes less acute.

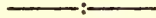
Rio de Janeiro resembles to a great extent some of our boom towns when one wanders about its streets and observes the vast amount of building that is going on. This is true of other cities, too, as in Bello Horizonte, a city of 200,000, north of Rio, where a great many new hotels have gone up in recent years. It is but one of the good results of a progressive forward moving government.

Getulio Vargas has been in office as president of Brazil since 1930, virtually a dictator although he does not go by that title. He is as demo-

cratic a dictator as is possible and has become very popular with the people. He walks almost every day from the Guanabara Palace, his home, to the Gattete Palace, seat of the nation's government, a distance of about two miles. People may shake hands with him and he reciprocates cordially.

He abolished the constitution sev-

eral years ago and has substituted a governing body of ministers representing education, justice, aviation, agriculture and so on. Just how long this type of government will exist is debatable as much friction has been going on of late, and a desire has been indicated for a return to a constitutional form of government.



JUST WHERE YOU ARE

Though other paths may seem to you more fair,
 Or sunshine gleam from far,
 God bids you tread the common pathway there,
 Just where you are.

You miss the greater chances lying near
 By gazing out afar;
 Your place of usefulness is now and here,
 Just where you are.

Though you may long for power to conquer through,
 Or be a guiding star;
 God has a better work laid out for you,
 Just where you are.

—Jessie Wilder.

THE BATTLE OF THE BUGS

By Wilfred Brown

Cattle on a rolling pasture of the Southwest sniffed at the scattered, scraggly clumps of grass and turned away, refusing to eat.

Around the base of the grass clumps crawled caterpillars, millions of them, cutting down and devouring the blades until the pastures was almost stripped bare of vegetation. What the catapillars did not eat they poisoned, so that it was useless for livestock feed.

The range caterpillars, as the creaturest of insects. They eat almost without stopping from the time they emerge from tiny eggs until they enter the pupa stage. They seem to eat from habit, as well as from hunger.

A dark, buzzing cloud of millions upon millions of grasshoppers swept over a midwest horizon and settled on a field of flourishing corn that tossed its blades and tassels in the breeze. Within an hour the field was stripped bare, until only scattered stalks of the corn remained.

In truck gardening sections plagues of caterpillars and "mormon crickets" sometimes arise seemingly from nowhere, and move from field to field, destroying all vegetation in their path. Sometimes they can be halted by ditches filled with water or flaming oil, but never before they have destroyed crops that were the only hope of profit for scores of farmers.

Some who have witnessed the spectacular and almost complete destruction wrought by hordes of insects cannot help believing that there may be

something to the pessimistic prediction that the bugs will inherit the earth. According to this theory, insects gradually will destroy all plant life in the world. Then animals that depend on plants, and even human life could no longer exist.

But most scientists think there is hope, and it lies in the very insects themselves.

There are more than six hundred thousand different kinds of insects in the world, far more than all other kinds of life. Some are fearful looking creatures, measured in inches, and some are so small that they are almost invisible to the human eye. Some are beautiful and some are revolting in appearance. Some insects because of their nature are enemies of men, but many more are his friends.

Everyone has heard the old nonsense verse which reads:

"Big bugs have little bugs
Upon their backs to bite'm,
Little bugs have lesser bugs
And so on ad infinitum."

That rhyme tells the story of the most effective check on insect pests. Every species of insects has its own enemies in the insect world.

Nature seems to have wonderfully balanced the insect world, as well as the plant and animal world, so that every living thing may have its place. The natural enemies of one kind prevent it from increasing out of proportion to the rest.

It is only when man has upset the

balance of nature that troubles with the insect world arise. Cultivation of fields that once grew wild, or planting a large area to a single crop, may create conditions particularly favorable for some destructive type of insect. At the same time the insect's natural enemies may be reduced in numbers, or may not increase nearly as fast.

Many harmful insects were introduced into the United States accidentally from Europe or the Orient, with plants, shrubs, bulbs, seed or other products. All imports now are carefully inspected and in some cases fumigated, but we already are hosts to many definitely "undesirable aliens." One of the most undesirable is the destructive Japanese beetle.

Some of the insect "foreigners" thrived in America both because they found food to their liking and because none of their natural enemies were imported with them.

After man has badly upset the balance of nature in the insect world, through ignorance or carelessness, he is doing what he can to restore it. Scores of United States Department of Agriculture laboratories and experiment stations in all sections of America are rearing and releasing "big bugs and little bugs"—mostly little—to prey on the insects that damage crops.

Dozens of field men are at work abroad, collecting insects that might be valuable allies of man in his fight against his enemies.

Many of the insect allies proved disappointing. They did not find the climate suitable, or for some reason were unable to reduce their enemies to reasonable numbers.

The bugs that aid man in his fight against insect enemies are divided into three classes: those which feed upon the insects themselves, those which attack the caterpillars or larvæ, and those that attack the eggs. The egg eaters are the most valuable, because they act before the caterpillar, the most destructive stage in the life of an insect, has a chance to develop.

The best known friend of man that attacks other insects is the handsome ladybird beetle, the subject of the old verse starting: "Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home—"

The native ladybird, usually bright red with black spots, is found in almost all parts of the United States. One species was brought to America from Australia more than fifty years ago to fight the "cottony cushion" scale insects on citrus trees in California. The Australian ladybirds increased so rapidly that the scale soon ceased to be an important pest. A Chinese ladybird was imported to fight the San Jose scale of apple, prune and other fruit trees, but proved less successful.

The native ladybirds have a curious habit of hibernating in the winter in great colonies, high in the mountains buried deep beneath the snow. Colonies of several bushel of the beetles, many thousands of individuals, frequently are found in the melting snow in the spring in the high mountains of the Pacific Coast states. Refrigerated packages of ladybirds sometimes are carried by airplane to other parts of the nation.

Native ladybirds attack many kinds of harmful insects, but are particularly the enemies of aphids. Aphids feed on the foliage of growing plants,

and are among the most prolific of all insects. An aphid develops from an egg to an adult insect in less than a week. Someone once estimated that the descendants of a single aphid, if nothing interfered, would within a comparatively short time exceed the weight of the earth.

But the female ladybird lays her eggs among the aphid colonies, as many as a thousand in a single season. Five days later the tiny larvæ emerge from the eggs and immediately attack the aphids. A single larvæ may eat as many as five hundred aphids in the sixteen days before it enters the pupa stage of its life. In another five days it emerges as a full grown beetle. It will eat about a hundred aphids a day until the end of the summer season—or just as long as the great supply lasts.

A fortunate accident introduced the Chinese praying mantis into the United States in a shipment of nursery stock. This creature is one of the largest and fiercest of the insect world. It is named for the curious, prayer-like posture it takes on a twig or leaf, with its two front legs folded back waiting for some other insect to come within reach. An adult praying mantis is about three inches long. It catches and eats grasshoppers, flies, June bugs, and many other insects harmful to man.

Various tiny wasps—some less than one twenty-fifth of an inch in length—have proved the most effective allies in the battle against insect pests. Most of the wasps lay their own eggs inside the eggs of the destructive insects. The wasp larvæ feed on the eggs and the destructive caterpillar never hatches.

More than sixty-six millions of a wasp called "anastatus disparis" were introduced into New England from Hungary, Russia and Japan in recent years to combat the gypsy moth arrived in America from Europe by accident in 1868. It increased so rapidly that its caterpillars practically stripped New England forests of leaves.

In the past thirty-five years more than fifty natural enemies of the moth were brought to the United States, and twelve of this number established themselves.

A bright-colored beetle proved quite an effective enemy of the caterpillars, but the wasp that attacked the eggs was much better. The gypsy moth is now well under control.

Other types of wasps are being used against Japanese beetles, earwigs, June bugs, the codling moth that produces apple worms, range caterpillars and several other kinds of pests.

The Department of Agriculture reports that a native American wasp now appears to be the most effective ally in the fight against the Japanese beetle, although many other of the beetle's enemies have been imported from the Orient.

That shows how nature herself gradually goes about restoring the balance that man has upset. When one species of destructive insect increases rapidly, enemies appear and gradually increase.

But sometimes it is a slow process, and man reaps the whirlwind of his own mistakes. So he is taking sides in the battle of the bugs, and trying to help nature restore the balance.

PERFECTS INVENTION TO ELIMINATE GLARE

By S. J. Woolfe in *Chalotte Observer*

I learned this the other day in a drab-looking factory. I put on a pair of smoky spectacles handed to me by the young man who had made the peculiar glass in them. I looked out of the window and the dazzling reflections on a sunny street had disappeared.

Then he led me into a large darkened room and suddenly turned on two automobile headlights. I was blinded by the glare, but when I put on another pair of spectacles, the blaze of light died down to two subdued spots and the surrounding objects which had been invisible loomed out of the darkness. Before many years this may be the way all night drivers will see.

And that was not all. Pictures projected on screens, which seemed blurred to the naked eye, took on depth (like the old stereopticons) when viewed through these magic lenses. There were prophetic gleams of what moving pictures soon will be.

I was prepared for more miracles and I saw them when I stood before a sheet of glass behind which a light glowed. My guide took different objects and held them before glass and as he turned and twisted them they took on all the colors of the rainbow. Even now this property of materials to assume different hues is being used in construction to show where strains and stress come.

"What are these lenses which

change the visible world and play such strange tricks with light?" I asked.

And the young inventor smilingly replied: "They are optical picket fences."

Then Edwin H. Land, the inventor, suggested that I go into his office and there, as he posed for a sketch, he told me something about the picket fences that he has been building since he was a boy.

It was hard to believe that this unassuming young man had found the answer which older scientists had sought in vain for years—a glass which would permit only certain light vibration to pass through it.

It is inventors like Land whose names go down in history. They are the men who use scientific discoveries for practical purposes. Joseph Henry developed the electromagnet but Morse applied it to telegraphy. The waves which Hertz discovered were employed by Marconi for wireless. And both Edison and the Wright brothers gained their fame by turning the work of others to everyday use.

And so Land, basing his experiments with polarized light on what had been done before, succeeded in producing a cheap substitute for a scientific instrument which up to his time was employed chiefly in the laboratory. He also found many new uses for it.

As he sat speaking in his large,

light office, he looked little like the accepted conception of a scientist. Youthful in manner as well as in appearance, he is modest almost to the point of being shy. His well-groomed clothes are smart in cut. One can see his counterpart catching morning trains at suburban stations. His smoothly brushed hair is dark, his lips are heavy, and his deep gray eyes with their extraordinarily long lashes add a certain poetic quality to his round face.

In frank and simple manner over and over again, he stressed his desire to remove the aura from science.

"People regard science," he said, "as something apart from their lives, and while men and women do not hesitate to read history or biography they shy away from reading anything about a subject with which they should be deeply concerned.

"Perhaps the scientists themselves are to blame for this for many of them have acted as if it were possible only for exceptional people to understand what they are doing. I would like to see a growing interest generally in what is taking place in laboratories."

I asked him if the day of the lonely scientist was not past; if the great inventions and discoveries of the present were not the product of the big industrial laboratories.

"In a sense that is true," he replied. "Many of the recent innovations have been the work of a number of men. Yet even in the experiments that are being carried out by the large companies you will usually find there is a guiding

genius, some one with a vision who dreams perhaps of what to most men would seem impossible, and it is he, no matter how many work on the problem, who is responsible for it."

It was strange that, as he said this, it never crossed his mind that he was one of these dreamers. When I insisted I wanted to hear of some of the exciting happenings in his life, he said:

"There are enough romance and drama in the laboratory to satisfy anyone. What more excitement can you imagine than the feverish anxiety which exists when the outcome of an experiment hangs in the balance, and you stand waiting to see if what you have worked out in theory will actually happen?"

Yet there is drama in Mr. Land's life about which he refused to speak. He was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, 32 years ago, and at an age when most boys are interested in sports and games he was already delving into the mysteries of light. He entered Harvard when he was 19, but left within a few months to carry on experiments by himself. For three years he worked alone, and then he returned to college and was given a laboratory.

But he needed some delicate instruments, so the story goes, which but one man in the university had, and this man refused to let young Land use them. However, the room in which they were kept opened onto a fire escape.

Science in this case, like love, laughed at locksmiths, for nightly the young experimenter climbed the fire escape, entered the room

and with a pass key unlocked the closet in which the instruments were hidden. Then bending over a table stealthily he made his calculations. For weeks he did this until he had obtained the data he was after.

While Land would not talk about his life, he was ready to explain fully his "picket fence" work.

"Nobody knows what happens in light," he said. "The most we can say is that its waves are different from those of sound and that they swap from side to side as well as up and down.

"Let's pretend a ray of light is a rope. Suppose you tied one end of the rope to a post, then having passed the other through a couple of picket fences, you began shaking it in all directions. The waves would move along the rope until they struck the first picket fence. This would act as a barrier to all the vibrations except the vertical ones. These could pass through.

"The glass which you have been looking through combs out the tangle of light waves and permits the passage of only those which are parallel to its axis. In scientific terms, the glass polarizes the light. All our work here is based on this simple fact."

He then went on to say that the polarization of light was no new discovery. The phenomena was first observed over 300 years ago in connection with a crystal called Iceland spar. In the course of time other crystals were found which also had the property of retarding all but one type of vibration of light waves. The trouble was that all these min-

erals were rare and costly. Land was determined to find a cheap substitute for them.

In his search he had run across a discovery made by Dr. William Herapath over a half century before. The doctor had noticed that a tiny crystal formed by combining iodine with quinine salt would polarize light.

"The old Ganot's Physics," Mr. Land explained, "referred to this material, called after its discoverer, herapathite, but the modern books did not. The old Encyclopedia Britannica mentioned him but the modern editions left him out. Even in Webster's dictionary herapathite is listed as an obsolete word.

"No sooner did I read about it than I set out to apply it to removing the glare from automobile headlights. The crystals, however, are microscopically small, they are extremely fragile and all efforts to grow them over large areas had been unsuccessful."

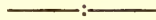
After 10 years of work, Land solved the problem by piecing small areas together. He does this by imbedding the minute crystals in a substance similar to photographic film and then to stretching this until their axes are all in line. The film is then sandwiched between two plates of glass. In every square inch of it there are billions of invisible optical slots formed by billions of these parallel crystals.

All of Land's experiments were not conducted at Harvard. After he had been there three years he left and with George Wheelright, an instructor who was little older than himself, set up a laboratory in a dis-

carded dairy in Wellesley. From there the two young men moved to Boston and formed the present corporation. As its president, Land has shown the same remarkable ability as a businessman that he has as a scientist.

His methods at times border on the spectacular. In order to interest a large optical corporation in

his product he placed a goldfish bowl in such a position that when a representative of the company tried to see how many fish were in it, he was blinded by the reflection of the sun. Then Land handed him a pair of spectacles made with his glass and told him to look a second time. A big contract was the result.



THE POWER OF WORDS

The power of the tongue for evil cannot be overestimated. We all know that words are living things. Scientists tell us that every uttered word produces a vibration in the atmosphere, and some have gone so far as to say that these vibrations never entirely cease. However fanciful this may be, there is an important sense in which words live forever. They live in their influence, in their power. They live in the record which we are writing, in the characters which we are building. When Latimer was being tried for heresy he heard the scratch of a pen behind the tapestry. In a moment he bethought himself that every word he spoke was being taken down, and then he became more careful. So our words are being transformed into character and we will carry the record through eternity. Our words have much to do with molding our characters. Words fix and make indelible thoughts, impressions, feelings. To utter falsehood makes us grow more false. To utter words of impurity causes us to become more impure. To speak harshly makes us feel more harshly. Words have about them a daring and audacity. Once uttered we move toward them in our feelings. The thought is not so powerful as the thought made vocal in words. Again, our words live in the influence which they have upon others. They are thoughtlessly uttered perhaps, but they are live seed which falls into fertile soil. The man who hears them is influenced by them, and he influences others, and they influence still others to the end of time and through all eternity. Our words thus move out into eternity. How careful, how thoughtful, how sincere we ought to be. Words good and evil, words wise and foolish, words true and false, they will all live for eternity in their influence upon me, and in their influence upon others.—Dr. Curtis Lee Laws.

LONDON'S CHURCH BELLS UNDER FIRE

(From Presbyterian Tribune)

It is a local scandal in London that the Nazi blitz is no respecter of Sir Christopher Wren. His famous churches, housing some of the most melodious bells of the city, have taken the bombing as severely as countless other "military objectives."

Londoners, who have a historic affection for their church bells, are keeping careful count of the damage to the city churches and their war-silenced carillons. The record can be read between the lines of the ancient nursery rhyme about London's churches:

"Oranges and Lemons say the Bells of St. Clemens." The blitz finally caught up with the bells of St. Clement Dane, in the Strand. They were to have been buried in sand for the duration of the war, to save their gay nursery rhyme peal for posterity. As they lay in the porch awaiting removal, an incendiary fired the church. Now only the walls remain. The bells lie in debris. Some may never peal again.

"You owe me five farthings, say the bells of St. Martins." Maybe they will go on collecting their debts for years yet, the bells of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, at Trafalgar Square. A bomb hit the church and damaged the crypt early in the blitz, but the bells are still intact.

"When will you pay me? Say the bells of Old ailey." The Church of St. Sepulchre, opposite the Old Bailey, scene of England's gravest criminal trials, once had a grim task. Its bell tolled a death knell for murderers

condemned to the gallows. The Central Criminal Court of the Old Bailey has been hit three times, but St Sepulchre's bell has escaped so far.

"When I grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch." The Actors' Church, bells of Old Bailey." The Church of Shoreditch, still has its bells. It has another distinction in its official register, which records the death in 1588 of Thomas Carn, aged 207. The present church was built in 1740.

"When will that be? Say the bells of Stepney." Incendiaries burned holes in the roof of St. Dunstan's Stepney, known since the 15th century as the Parish Church of all those born at sea. Bomb-blast broke the windows.

"I do not know! Says the great bell of Bow." The most famous of all London church bells are those of St. Mary-le-Bow, which once sounded the city's 9 o'clock curfew. For centuries the hall-mark of a Londoner was that he be born within reach of their sound. The bells remain, but the church has been severely damaged.

None of London's bells has sounded since the day war was declared. Until peace comes again only one event could make them speak—the arrival of invading German troops on English soil.

But war cannot silence the nursery rhyme. Last night Cockney children playing the East End streets were chanting "Oranges and Lemons" as they chose partners for the tug-of-war which ends their ancient game.

The words they sang, though, were
their own blitz-amended version:

"Gay go up and gay go down
To ring the bells of London town.

Here come incendiaries to light
you to bed—

Out with the sandbags! Kill 'em
all dead!"



MY CREED

To this day that is mine, my country's and my God's I dedicate my all. My talents, every one, shall be held subject to the sight draft of the emergencies of others. I will enlarge my soul by cultivating love for those from whom I find myself recoiling. No man shall ever feel his color or his caste in my presence, for within my hearts of hearts there shall be no consciousness of it.

The man who has fallen shall find in me a friend, the woman down a helper. But more than this, those falling shall have my trust that they may stand again. The cry of every child shall find my heart whether cry of need or aspirations. Not one of all the nation's "little ones" shall be despised. Cherishing every life of whatever land or race, and mindful of hidden struggles in all things, I will strive to help and to serve.

No word shall ever pass my lips that hurts another in things of face, form, station or estate. My own weaknesses, my foibles and my sins shall chasten speech and spirit and deny desecration to pervert them. The vandal hands of lust and hate and greed shall not be permitted to despoil.

And thus I resolve, not because I am good, but that I want to be; not because I am strong, but that I feel weakness; not that I feel above others, but with all my soul I long to be of humankind, both helped and helper. So do I set apart my culture. So do I receive but to give to others. So do I press humbly into the presence of the sacrificial Son of Man, crying out in eager consecration, "Let me follow Thee, Master, wherever the world still needs ministry, wherever life is still to be given for many."

Help me, Thou whose manger cradle brought democracy to light, to meet in my own worth democracy's final test and to my own great day to be true.—Dr. Charles Medbury.

THE NEW KNOWLEDGE

(Selected)

We might as well accept the new knowledge graciously, for it is sweeping in on an incoming tide. We institutional people are accused of being conservative with regard to our acceptance of change in our methods. Without denying the charge and without admitting it, the plain fact faces us that everything is changing in the child welfare field. Fortunately, there is no criticism against those who are making every effort to improve methods by accepting the new knowledge. But at Atlantic City and at every meeting of people who know what child welfare work is, we are told that we must get out of the rut or perish.

Report comes from the Children's Bureau at Washington and also from the Child Welfare League of America that many institutions, especially at the north and east, are being closed. Strange to say, they are not being closed because of antagonistic assaults. No one seems to be making an attack of any kind. They are being closed for the simple reason that they do not have applications for admission of children. Some of them are endowed and are in position to continue to care for children within their walls, but the children do not come.

At one time there was a movement of considerable strength to try to close the institutions by force. Most of this was backed by prejudice pure and simple. The trend now is actuated not by criticism or opposition at all. The progressive methods of child

care are being accepted by our people and by many of our constituencies. The ADC division of the Social Security Act providing for aid to dependent children in their own homes is interesting many people. Large numbers of children seem to be cared for not actually in their own homes, but in homes of those who are of blood kin. The stipulation of the law is quite explicit and certain relatives are specified as being acceptable for the care of children with joint aid from the state and the Government.

The movement of closing the institutions appears not to be observable in our part of the country as yet. So far as our limited knowledge goes, little has been said of it. The fact, however, is quite patent that members of our constituency are becoming more and more favorable to the plan for aiding children by a public grant, if they are actually cared for by relatives. In many of the states these grants are so liberal that they are preferred to institutional care. In our southeastern area however the grants are so small that they are not particularly attractive; therefore we are still using the institutions. The developing sentiment in favor of the ADC plan may be plainly observed, but it is not loud or pronounced. There can be little doubt that the amount granted per child will within a few years be increased. It may be five years or so before our institutions in this part of the country feel the effect of it all. But as our own people, many of them thinking people and

important people, gradually change their minds with regard to the best types of child care, we will begin to see a difference.

We have a mighty good, easy time, most of us at least, in gliding along in the good, old way that our fathers established. Some of us are doing exactly as we did thirty years ago, or perhaps fifty years ago, but as styles are changing in practically every department of human activity, the Orphanage style is changing too. We will be wiser if we keep our eyes open with regard to the new proposals. The traditional way in Orphanage work, as elsewhere, is destined to undergo pronounced and important changes. The new knowledge presses. There is something inherent in new knowledge that makes it strongly contrast with the old style. In certain areas our institutions have done

a remarkably fine piece of business. Multitudes of boys and girls have trained for life, and they have been well trained. But to use the familiar figure we must now cut with the new axe that has been sharpened for us. The dull, old axe will be very difficult to use effectively henceforth. Neither a satisfied constituency nor a good big endowment will preserve the prestige and popularity of children's institutions if they do not each step with progressive movements. Traditionism has a mighty hold on people and it has a strong hold on us Orphanage people. The traditions, however, must frequently be revised and certainly in human history they have always been revised when new knowledge has come in. Traditions in Orphanage work may persist for a while, but it is a pretty safe proposition to say that they are doomed.

UP TO YOU

Life's a bunch of roses in a sky blue vase,
 And a bunch of pansies, with a baby face
 In each blossom of 'em, looking out at you;
 Life's a world-like playground; life's a task to do.

Life's a winding highway going out of town;
 Life's a winding byway leadin' 'round and down
 To where streams are running, rippling in the sun;
 Glad days are the short days; sad days are the long.

Life's a winsome maiden smiling up at you,
 Life's a lover's lane, too, you may wander through;
 Life's a little cottage in an inglenook,
 Standing in the shadows by a winding brook.

Life's a thing of struggle, fretting and despair,
 Climbing up and falling, rushing here and there;
 Life's as you shall make it—love and skies of blue,
 Or a grumbling journey—life is up to you.

—Jud Mortimer Lewis

BEFORE ANOTHER WINTER COMES

(The Christian Index)

One day last winter a casually observant person was forty miles out of Atlanta, in one of the wealthiest and most populous counties of the state. A slow rain was falling and the day was cold. As he drove toward the city he overtook a country school bus filled with white children, the sight of which filled him with pride, as he thought of the years when modern school and buildings and conveyances at the state's expense were not in the dreams of the far-seeing teachers and school authorities. "Cold and rain," he said to himself, "do not affect the health and add to the discomfort of the children of today."

But shortly after passing the bus, he met a group of twelve Negro school children walking up the hill to meet the oncoming bus. They were ill-clad and undernourished and in every way underprivileged. One can imagine his distress as he thought of the contrast which was sharp and powerful. Thus he spoke to himself. "Why this difference? If those children were white or red or yellow, a conveyance to and from school would be provided. Evidently those children are of Negro tenant farmers in the community, some of them living in leaking, cold homes along the highway. Their parents are servant in the homes of some of the children in the bus. They planted, cultivated and gather the crops and some of those little black and some of those little black hands, cold and chapped, picked the cotton, pulled the corn, cut the cane, and cullled the potatoes. If money or even a comfortable living was made on the

farms in this community this year, the Negro parents and their children made their contributions to it, for which reason, if for no other, their white neighbors should see that a well-ventilated, comfortable school house and a conveyance to and from school are provided."

In the light of the conflagration in Europe, the time has come as we see it when the statesman, the editor and the preacher worthy of his salt will speak often on justice for the minorities in America. That is what our people want to give and what they will give when their attention is directed to this unfortunate discrimination.

Of course it will cost more to buy and run extra buses and build comfortable, modern school houses for our Negro neighbors, but the returns in the long run will bring great reward. It will build self-sacrificing patriotism among the Negroes. It will build a better Negro citizenship. It will deepen his respect for his white neighbors. It will deepen the white man's self-respect. It will be applying the Good Samaritan principle to the man and his family to whom the South owes a debt it can never pay. And it will meet with the approval of the God of races and nations who, in our day of trouble, will say: Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me.

May we not hope that before another winter comes we may see better provisions made for those children whose parents can do so little for them?

COOPERATION

(Smithfield Herald)

The movement to provide the right kind of recreation at the Army camps throughout the nation, will demonstrate the effectiveness of cooperation. Whereas in the World War, six social and religious organizations strove independently to keep the morale of the Army men on a high plane, these six agencies are now seeking to promote a leisure time program jointly. The Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the National Catholic Community Service, the Salvation Army, the Jewish Welfare Board and the National Travelers Aid Association are sponsoring a nation-wide campaign to raise money to provide for proper recreation at the training camps.

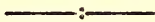
In Johnson County the drive is headed by R. P. Holding and the county's quota has been set at \$750. This is small enough sum to ask of the vast population that does not have to give a year's service at a small monthly salary for their country's defense. A dollar from 750 men and women who have this viewpoint would put Johnston "over the top."

The desirability of recreational facilities hardly needs comment. To

take thousands of young men out of the environment of local communities with their opportunities for social and recreational life and herd them into an army camp with nothing to do but drill and perform the duties of army camp life is a big undertaking. To keep them interested and happy, far from family and friends, is a task beyond the army itself and beyond the neighborhoods adjacent to the camps. It becomes a nation-wide problem in which every locality however remote from the camps, can assist.

Johnston county has sent fine young men to camps through the Selective Draft and through the National Guards. We have no doubt that the citizens back home will do their part in providing the recreational program which the United Social Organizations are seeking to underwrite for their benefit.

The success of the venture will be a demonstration not only of cooperation on the part of the sponsoring social and religious agencies, but a demonstration of the cooperation of civilians who are behind the soldiers' line of defense.



The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menace and frowns; and whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God, is most unflinching.—Channing.

WHY DISLIKE LAW?

(The Baptist Standard)

There are some people who have a deep-seated resentment for rules. They want to be free to do as they please without any restraints, limitations or laws. They resent restraints and rebel against restraining authority. This is lawlessness. The Bible states that "Sin is the transgression of the law." The revised version reads, "Sin is lawlessness. As a matter of fact, that attitude is itself sin in the heart, and, if let control, will bring trouble, unhappiness and ruin both in this life and hereafter.

Obedience to law is righteousness and the desire in the heart to obey all right and wise laws is the best basis for a useful, successful and happy life. Boys and girls should be taught that the love of lawful obedience goes together with education skillful training and is essential to both happiness and continuous success.

This is a universe of law just to the extent that it is a universe of safety. Light is controlled by law. Gravitation, the force which holds the universe together, is controlled by law from the object in the land to the farthest star. Flowers bloom according to law. The music that charms is in lawful harmony. The mind has its psychological laws. God revealed in His Word all the laws for man's moral and spiritual nature. Blackstone wrote: "The will of God is the moral laws." One said, "I delight to do Thy will, O God." It ought to be so with every person on

earth. Then this would be a happy, peaceful, prosperous world.

Everybody ought to take it as a duty of life to magnify the benefits of good laws, both human and divine. There should not be any agreement with the silly attitude, or talk, about freedom that resents good laws or an obedient attitude of heart.

Every violation of law must be either punished or pardoned in a government of justice. God is not unjust. He never made a law for man's good and then set it aside to accommodate the one who trampled it under foot. God provided a way by which pardon may be obtained. That way is by heart sorrow for defying His laws and by asking pardon because of the perfect obedience of Christ and the penalty paid by him in his terrible sufferings. Neither God nor man has ever thought of any way the violator of law can be pardoned in harmony with God's justice. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." God cannot have the least wish to pardon any sin, except in the way He has provided. He is not a weakling, nor unjust, nor inconsistent. He is as sure to condemn the sinner, just as He has declared in the Bible, as he lives. He is as sure to pardon the broken-hearted penitent who trusts in His Son, as He is to rule over the angels in heaven. "Ask and ye shall receive."

THE DESERT SIX INCHES AWAY

(Concord Daily Tribune)

In the time of our Revolutionary ancestors, the desert was nine inches away from the United States. Today it is only six inches away.

That is the dramatic and startling method taken by the National Wild Life Federation to call attention to the dangers of soil erosion.

What the federation means is, of course, that there once was an average of nine inches of topsoil spread over the whole United States. The cutting and burning off of the forest cover has resulted in such a washing away of that topsoil that now it averages only six inches in depth.

If that, too, is allowed to wash away, the United States would be a desert, like the vast deserts of China. How long would it take if the present rate of washing away of the precious soil continues without interruption? Fifty years is one rather alarming estimate. Fifty years seems even closer than six inches.

Probably in no period has so much progress been made in the fight against soil erosion as in the past 10 years. Million of trees have been planted, thousands of check-dams have been built to stop gulying. The beginnings of a tree shelter belt against wind erosion dot the prairies.

It is only a beginning. The task of conserving our soil is basic. If the soil goes, from which alone man is now able to get a living, all else is in vain. So all plans almed at this vital form of conservation are worth study, cry for action.

The Wild Life Federation is primarily interested, of course, in the restoration of those wild animals which are rapidly disappearing. It lists more than 40 species which are either extinct or are rapidly disappearing. Those who are uninterested in hunting, fishing or natural history may be indifferent.

But soil conservation and wild life go together. The game disappears, not so much because it has been killed off as because the forest cover is cut away and the streams polluted. It will reappear naturally when the surroundings in which it thrives are made to reappear.

Thus the two problems are one, because it is restoration of this forest cover, and clearing up of muddy and polluted streams, that lessen the erosion that robs us of our soil.

This is another American heritage that must not be lost while we are intent even on more immediate things.

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Happiness is a sunbeam which may pass through bosoms without losing a particle of its original ray; nay, when it strikes on a kindred heart, like the converged light on a mirror, it reflects itself with redoubled brightness. It is not perfected until it is shared.—Jane Porter.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Friendly Neighbors," a Republic production, was the attraction at the regular weekly motion show in the auditorium, last Thursday night.

and William Buff, highest general average; seventh grade—William Furches, greatest improvement in writing.

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Gilmer Harris, of Charlotte, CCC selecting agent, working with the Mecklenburg County Welfare Department, visited the School last Thursday afternoon. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, he made the rounds of the various departments.

The boys enjoyed the first watermelon feast of the season last Sunday afternoon. These melons were not the product of our own fields, however, but were purchased from a South Carolina farmer. According to all reports coming to this office, the prospects for a good crop of home-grown melons are very favorable. While our patches suffered considerably from dry weather early in the season, they have now taken on new life, and it will not be very long before we shall enjoy plenty of watermelons and cantaloupes.

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Having made good records during their stay at the School, forty-six boys have been allowed to leave on conditional release. Most of them returned to their respective homes, while it was found necessary to place a few elsewhere. If these lads continue their good records a final discharge will be granted them later.

Clay Houk, one of our old boys, called at The Uplift office one day last week. He was admitted to the School in December, 1915 and was permitted to return to his home in August, 1918. During his stay at the institution he was a member of the Cottage No. 1 group and worked on the barn force. Upon leaving the School, he returned to his home in Newton, and worked for his father in a cotton-seed oil mill for more than eleven years. He next worked as a section hand for the Southern Railway Company for two years. In June, 1931, Clay secured employment with the Nugrape Bottling Company, at Newton, and is still with that firm. He has been pro-

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Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending June 30, 1941, as follows:

First grade—Charles Gaddy, greatest general improvement; second grade—Jack Howard and Carl Hooker, best spellers; third grade—Fred Tolbert and Earl Hildreth, most improvement in work; fourth grade—George Green, greatest improvement in English; fifth grade—John Jackson, greatest improvement in reading; sixth grade—Raymond Andrews

moted from time to time and is now an inspector in the bottling plant.

Clay is now thirty-nine years old; has been married fourteen years, and has a daughter, aged twelve. He has worked steadily since leaving the School, and he did not hesitate to give the institution full credit in teaching him the value of work, stating that the training received here had been most beneficial. It was with genuine pleasure that Clay went about the campus renewing acquaintances among the members of the staff who knew him as a lad here, and he seemed delighted in noting the growth of and the many improvements added to the School in the past twenty-three years.

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Recent rains have done much toward beautifying our campus. The lawns, which made such a bad appearance during the extremely dry period during the entire month of May and part of June, are now looking fine. Flower beds in various sections of the grounds are now a profusion of blooms, with extra fine zinnias and gladioli predominating. The growth of the grass has been so rapid that Mr. Walker and his boys have been putting in almost full time with the power driven lawn mower all this week.

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The minister who was scheduled to conduct the regular service at the School last Sunday afternoon failed to make his appearance, and a visitor, our good friend, Mr. John J. Barnhardt, was pressed into service, as the speaker of the afternoon. In

addition to being a prominent textile executive, Mr. Barnhardt is one of Concord's most active religious leaders. Although a very busy man, he finds time to lend his services to almost every religious and civic activity undertaken in the entire county. He has been a loyal supporter of the Training School and its work for the underprivileged youth, and when he learned that the boys were about to be deprived of the usual service here last Sunday, a part of their training which they thoroughly enjoy, it was not hard to get his consent to see that they were not disappointed.

At the beginning of the service the entire student body recited the 15th Psalm and the Lord's Prayer, led by Bruce Hawkins, of Cottage No. 3, after which Mr. Barnhardt delivered a most interesting and helpful message, closing with a beautiful prayer.

The speaker began by saying that he wondered just what sort of men the boys then listening to him would be when they grew up. As long as we are living, said he, those who are now boys will make up the government of this great land of ours, and what the lads learn while here in this institution is going to reflect on them during their entire lifetime.

Mr. Barnhardt then asked his listeners these questions: What are you doing with yourselves? How are you shaping your lives? What sort of spiritual influence are you going to be in your respective communities? What have you to encourage you to make good citizens? What sort of future do you think you would have in a country like Germany?

Mr. Barnhardt pointed out that many of us do not stop to realize just what sort of possibilities lies

in a group of boys such as those here at the School. Here they enjoy privileges that boys are deprived of in other countries, and most of them are free just for the asking, whereas the boys living under the iron heel of a dictator would gladly pay any price for such privileges. Here in America we have the assurance of reaching maturity, free to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences. When we want to go to another town or city, we do not have to go to the police and report that we are going elsewhere and tell them what time we expect to be back or if we intend to stay in the place to which we are going, to report to the authorities there and get permission to stay. As long as we obey the laws of the land, we are free to go and come as we choose.

The speaker then stated that here is another great feature of the American life—every man has the privilege of working for a living. What money he makes honestly, he is free to use as he sees fit. He may save it up without any fear of having it confiscated by a dictatorial ruler, such as so often happens in some foreign

countries. We should be thankful for our American youth and when we sing "God Bless America," we should sing it from the bottom of our hearts.

When we are guided in our daily lives by the power of the Holy Spirit, continued the speaker, we obtain the necessary courage to go forward in the right direction. The mercies of God are from everlasting to everlasting to those that fear Him. He has given us this span of life to use in His service. He has given us His Holy Word to be a rule and guide for our lives. We should be careful to use His teachings as the necessary instruments to keep us from going astray, and we need not have any fear about being led in the wrong direction.

In conclusion Mr. Barnhardt told the boys that when they left the School and started out to take their places as the future citizens of America, the only way in which they could succeed would be to let God direct the course of their lives. By so doing, said he, there is no power in the world that will be able to keep them from becoming good citizens of the best land on earth.



The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time. To give up something, when giving up will prevent unhappiness; to yield, when persisting will chafe others; to go a little around rather than come against another; to take an ill look or a cross word quietly, rather than resent or return it,—these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off, and a pleasant and steady sunshine secured.

—Aikin.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 13, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
William Drye
Clarence Bell
Arcemias Heafner
William O'Brien
Francis W. Ruff
Fred Stewart
Weldon Warren
Charles Wooten

COTTAGE NO. 1

Lacy Burleson
William Cook
Ralph Harris
Doris Hill
Porter Holder
Burman Keller
Curtis Moore
Kenneth Tipton
Jack Sutherland

COTTAGE NO. 2

Bennie Austin
Charles Chapman
Joseph Christine
Jack Cline
John D. Davis
Edward Johnson
Ralph Kistler
William Padrick
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Lewis Baker
Earl Barnes
William Buff
Robert Coleman
Jack Crotts
Robert Hare
Bruce Hawkins
David Hensley
Jerry Jenkins
William Matheson
Otis McCall
Fonzer Pitman
Robert Quick

Carroll Reeves
George Shayer
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins
James Williams
Louis Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Homer Bass
Wesley Beaver
Paul Briggs
Quenton Crittenton
Quenton Crittenton
John Jackson
William Morgan
Robert Simpson
B. J. Smith
George Speer
John Whitaker
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Collett Cantor
Sidney Knighting
Currie Singletary

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Eugene Ballew
Robert Hobbs
James Parker

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Cleasper Beasley
Henry Butler
Donald Earnhardt
J. B. Hensley
Raymond Hughes
Robert Lawrence
Arnold McHone
Edward Overby
Ernest Overcash
Loy Stines
Ernest Turner
Alex Weathers

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
 Charles Crotts
 Jesse Cunningham
 Otis Kilpatrick
 Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9

David Cunningham
 James Davis
 John B. Davis
 Edgar Hedgepeth
 Mark Jones
 Grady Kelly
 William Nelson
 Thomas Sands
 Lewis B. Sawyer
 Robert Tidwell

COTTAGE NO. 10

Delma Gray
 Marvin Gautier
 Jack Hainey
 Homer Head
 Jack Harward
 Thomas King
 Charles Mills
 Charles Phillips
 Edward Stutts
 Robert Stephens
 Jack Warren

COTTAGE NO. 11

William Bennett
 William Dixon
 William Furches
 Charles Frye
 Robert Goldsmith
 Earl Hildreth
 Fred Jones

Samuel Stewart
 Monroe Searcy
 Canipe Shoe
 William Wilson
 Charles W:dener

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
 William Broadwell
 Eugene Bright
 William Deaton
 Treley Frankum
 Woidrow Hager
 Eugene Heafner
 James Mondie
 Hercules Rose
 Howard Saunders
 Charles Simpson
 Jesse Smith
 George Tolson
 Carl Tyndall
 Eugene Watts
 J. R. Whitman
 Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

Bayard Aldridge
 Charles Gaddy
 James Johnson
 Melvin Roland
 Ray Smith
 Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny.—Carl Schurz.



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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., JULY 26, 1941

NO. 30

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GET OUT OF THE RUT

“The world is full of ruts, my boy, some shallow and some deep;
And every rut is full of folks as high as they can heap.
Each one that’s grovelin’ in the ditch is growlin’ at his fate,
And wishing he had got his chance before it was too late.
They lay it off on someone else, or say ’twas just their luck;
They could never consider ’twas just their lack of pluck.
Now here’s the word o’ one that’s lived clean through from soup to nuts—
The Lord don’t send no derricks ’round to hoist folks out of ruts.”

—Masonic Bulletin.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

"AIRPLANES WILL END WAR"

(Tennyson's Prophecy of Ninety-eight Years Ago.)

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder be;

Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunderstorm;

In the parliament of man, the Federation of the World.
Till the war drums throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped in universal law.

FOR THE BETTERMENT OF CHILDHOOD

The Garden-Canning-Lunch project, sponsored by the WPA, the County Commissioners and the Parent-Teachers Association, means more than is generally understood by the people at large. All expenses of this hyphenated project, including the cultivation of small truck farms and using the products for canning purposes and serving lunches to school children, are paid by these organizations. The units of workers in each community are selected by the local

welfare commissioner from families that need help. Moreover, after one unit of workers serves eighteen months, a fresh group of recruits takes the place of the first shift. The shift of workers is planned so as to help without discrimination as many needy homes as possible. To a person who knows the significance of thrift, the project is built upon an economic basis, and with no other aim than that of helping the less fortunate.

Nothing has been more truly said than "where there is no vision, the people perish." The work on this project measures up to the needs. The farm is the first interest and from this source the vegetables were conserved in the cannery, also cared for in other ways. Following these two activities comes the lunch-room, where the fruits of the field are used under the supervision of dietitians, to give a well-balanced meal to all children of the public schools. The children who are served at lunch hour are classified. The ones financially able give in return for their lunches a small remuneration; those who have in their homes an abundance of foodstuffs, give the same in return for their meals; and those without the means to pay are served without charge.

Every detail of this work has to measure up to the rules and standards of hygiene and sanitation required by the State Board of Health. Once each month the children are weighed, and the results of a well-balanced mid-day meal have not only been gratifying to all concerned, but are simply marvelous. Both the privileged and the underprivileged child have benefitted by this project of humanitarian interest. Few people realize that the dull child and the problem child are often victims either of improper diet or the lack of the same. We heard a few days ago of a little girl, seven years old, who could not sit up during the morning school period, but had to be sent to the rest room. On investigation, it was learned that she had been having only a very meager breakfast. As soon as this particular child was given a full and well-balanced diet, she not only was able to stand the confinement of the school room, but made better progress in her studies; gained weight and entered into the sports at recess hour. This case is similar to thousands of others among children from poor homes.

During the scholastic year of 1940-41, a report from the supervisor of this department of work in Cabarrus county shows that

122,698 complete meals were served. All power to this project as described, emanates from the combined efforts and interest of the PWA, P-T-A and the county commissioners. This service to the youth of our land is far-reaching. The lessons learned are thrift and food values, therefore, the children are being better prepared to be the future home makers. Long may this good work continue. The results of this project show that it is not an experiment, but an essential that plays a strong role for the betterment of childhood.

* * * * *

DUTY TO STOP

The Highway Safety Division, directed by Ronald Hocutt, is making every effort to decrease motor fatalities on the highways of the state. From time to time this department sends to the press important items, reminding the motorist to drive carefully and obey the law. We now call attention to the one concerning the duty of stopping when an accident occurs, as follows:

Sec. 128, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina:—(a) The driver of any vehicle involved in an accident resulting in injury or death to any person shall immediately stop such vehicle at the scene of such accident. . .”

“(b) The driver of any vehicle involved in an accident resulting in damage to property shall immediately stop such vehicle at the scene of such accident. . .”

“(c) The driver of any vehicle involved in any accident resulting in an injury or death to any person or damage to property shall also give his name, address, operator’s or chauffer’s license number and the registration number of his vehicle to the person struck or the driver or occupants of any vehicle collided with and shall render to any person injured in such accident reasonable assistance including the carrying of such person to a physician or surgeon for medical or surgical treatment if it is apparent that such treatment is necessary or is requested by the injured person. . .”

Hit and run driving is illegal, inexcusable and indefensible. Every driver involved in a motor vehicle traffic accident is required by law to stop, identify himself and render what aid he can to any injured person.

FRANK GRAHAM SPEAKS ON FREEDOM

Frank Graham is perhaps the best gift of North Carolina to the nation in this critical hour. Recognized with important responsibilities by President Roosevelt since the beginning of the administration, President Graham of the University of North Carolina has come to represent in the counsels of the nation all that his friends have known him to be.

Greeted enthusiastically by Atlanta alumni recently, Ralph McGill in the Constitution pays this tribute to Chapel Hill's Graham: ".....a quiet man.....absolutely fearless.....splendid job on Mediation Board. People trust him. They have reason to trust him.....He has been in the sharpest of controversies. He never loses his temper. He is tolerant of criticism that has been heaped upon him."

At Montreat on the Fourth of July, Dr. Graham revealed the roots of his strength and the foundation of his personal and political principles in these words:

"On the principle that religion—with its conception of one God, one human family, and of all men as brothers and sons of God—is the basic source of freedom and democracy in the modern world." Dr. Graham traced the rise of freedom through the church, the parliament, corporation, co-operative societies, the labor unions, the press, the schools, and the universities.

"These are the institutions which the dictators had to strike down on their way to totalitarian power. These are the institutions whose freedom is at stake in the world today and for whose total defense we are organizing in America."—Mecklenburg Times.

* * * * *

LEARN FROM EXPERIENCE

Notice is seldom given to the practices of the Red Men. We know that they lived in the open with little protection from weather of all degrees of heat and cold, and were students of ever changing conditions. Their lessons were learned in the school of bitter experience, and occasionally short items of the practices of the Indians are given, proving they were constant students of natural history. They not only knew the value of herbs for medicinal purposes; the influence of the moon upon the tides; and the right time for suc-

cessful fishing and hunting; but we learn from the following, in the days of no refrigeration, they understood the art of protecting meats from the flies. This article, clipped from an exchange, shows the keen understanding of Indians and their practices:

The American Indian knew a thing or two, even if he was a savage to the gentlemen who landed at Plymouth Rock. When drying his fish or meat to preserve it, the Red man would pull down two young saplings. He would tie a rope between them, fasten his food to the rope, then allow the saplings to spring back and raise his provisions into the air. Investigation shows that the food always was suspended 33 feet above the ground. And for a good reason, the flies would not get at it. Several hundred years later science tells us that the ordinary house fly, unaided and of its own accord, does not rise more than 32 feet above the ground. Yes, the Indian was a clever man.

* * * * *

James Brewer, one of our boys, now on a short vacation at his home in High Point, writes back to friends at the School, showing that he appreciates the many kindnesses received during his long illness. During this illness that lasted more than two years, James showed the spirit of a martyr. He is now on the road to recovery, and is expecting to complete his course in operating the linotype, and in this way will find a place for himself in the world. While his message is very brief, it shows that he is thinking of friends here while enjoying a short time with home folk. He writes: "Arrived here all right, and am enjoying home just fine. I haven't anything much to write. When you see Mr. Boger give him my best regards."

WALTER HINES PAGE PLAYED BIG ROLE IN NORTH CAROLINA HISTORY

By Dr. Archibald Henderson

At a moment in history like this, through which we are passing, a moment fraught with the deepest consequences for the future of mankind, the subject of the destiny of Anglo-Saxondom is necessarily uppermost in the minds of English-speaking peoples everywhere.

Thus far in the course of the Second World War, no clear image has been presented to the world of the aims and objectives of Great Britain and the United States, aims and objectives for which this country in particular is striving, although we have not yet entered into a "shootin' war."

How shall liberty, justice, independence, and humanity, and not alone democracy, be preserved in the future; and how shall law-abiding, neutral states be freed from the danger of ruthless aggressor nations and rapacious war-mongers? Shall we endeavor to restore Wilson's concept of a League of Nations, implemented with military force too powerful to be ignored by a would-be aggressor defiant of the principles of international law and justice? Or shall we form a great international alliance or league of liberty-loving peoples, headed by the United States and Great Britain? Or shall we endeavor to anticipate the end of the present war by establishing this Union now?

Whereas no answers are as yet forthcoming to these, and other

equally momentous issues, concerning the future of the human race, the mind constantly reverts to the first World War; and the lessons to be derived from that conflict, which was concluded with such relief and thanksgiving less than a quarter of a century ago.

Are the troubles which confound the world and profoundly affect people everywhere so deep-seated that they cannot be settled by one world war? Have the people of the world once more entered upon a great cycle, of wars, which with only brief intervals for breathtaking and fresh preparation, may go on for centuries? Only the other day one of the ablest British observers and critics of my acquaintance wistfully remarked to me that he did not expect to live long enough to see the end of the present conflict.

Surely the first World War was not fought in vain. That conflict tended to define many of the issues which still confront the world. The greatest of all these issues is this: Can war alone solve the vast problems of race, geography, boundaries, monetary standards, tariffs, nationalities, which must be solved, rather than temporarily patched up, if an enduring peace is to be established?

The thoughts of North Carolinians, during these days which try men's and women's and children's souls as they have never been tried before in world history, frequently revert to the personality, character, and career

of that native son who bore the mighty trials, tribulations, and vicissitudes of the two great English-speaking peoples in their closely-inter-woven relationships throughout that other World War which at the time seemed so mighty and world-shaking, but which today in retrospect, dwindles in significance as compared with the far-reaching extent and almost cosmic proportions of the present struggle of national ambitions and popular ideologies.

Perhaps that first World War clarified the air and prepared the way for the mightier struggle of today, in making inevitable the final union of the English-speaking peoples in a mighty effort to restabilize democracy.

Certainly no men of our time have more deeply believed in democracy than Woodrow Wilson, Edwin Anderson Alderman, and Walter Hines Page. And no man surpassed Page in whole-hearted admiration of the British peoples, or in more profound conviction that their destiny and our own, by reason of common faiths, hopes, and aspirations, were and are indissolubly and eternally united.

Walter Hines Page is closely identified with North Carolina. And members of the Page family, for many years past, have played important roles, industrially, politically and financially, in the life of the Old North State.

The North Carolina Pages originally came to North Carolina from Virginia. Walter Page's great-grandfather, Lewis Page, was living in Virginia in 1778, when he was married to Cally Justice; but his son, Anderson,

North Carolina, in 1790; and lived to a great age, dying in 1884. His son, Francis Allison Page, born in 1824, was a prosperous, hard working farmer, six feet five and a half inches tall rigid in Wesleyan Methodism, unbending in stern virtue, big hearted, strong minded. From his father Walter must have inherited a passionate love for the soil of North Carolina, a quaint and hearty humor, and a profound loyalty to the Union, to which was united an incorrigible aversion from human slavery.

Walter Haines Page, third child of Frank and Catherine Francis Rabotean Page, was born in Raleigh on August 15th, 1855. He died at Pinehurst, North Carolina, on December 21, 1918, in his sixty-fourth year. For the dying man, who returned from the scene of his arduous and unresting endeavors, there was no warm welcome or loud acclaim from a grateful people. He was merely hurrying home to die. In the memorial service in New York City, April 25, 1919, Dr. Alderman said:

"When he actually came home broken in body to die, while the bells of victory were everywhere pealing, my heart was bitter at what seemed the savage cruelty of such a fate. But I now know that my emotion was the natural human reaction to loss and pain, and I now see the grandeur surrounding the end of this tired, faithful servant of the state, who had fought to the finish and won the fight in a crisis of the world, and who must have had acquaintance with the things that are not seen, and must have heard about him the rustling of the pinions of victory and the 'well done' of just men in all lands.

"And there was infinite beauty and fitness in carrying him back to lie under 'the long-leaf pines down in the old country' where the sands are white and the air clean. And those who cared for him rejoiced that the great ambassador rests among his forebears, amid childhood scenes, content, I dare say, on some mount of faith, to know that

'His part, in all the pomp that
fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is, that his grave is green.'

Until the age of 10, Walter never saw the inside of a schoolhouse, being lovingly taught by his young mother. During these early years he was well aware of his father's strongly expressed view that the Civil War was a mistake; but he also knew that his father "kept his lumber mill going day and night, devoting the entire product to the Confederate government."

For one whole day Walter watched Sherman's apparently endless host march past the window; and nothing else could have given him so vivid an early impression of the military might of the nation, although he witnessed only one division of Sherman's army.

From his tenth to his thirteenth year, Walter attended an old field school kept by one Adolphus Jones, a well-educated man, a graduate of the University of North Carolina. He next attended the famous Bingham school at Mebane, North Carolina, a school which, in several different localities, had flourished ever since its founding by the Rev. William Bingham in 1795. He spent his last

year of preparation for college at the Cary academy, headed by one Haywood Merritt, another graduate of the University of North Carolina.

In 1871 Walter Page, who would doubtless have entered the University of North Carolina had it not been closed in the devastating aftermath of civil war, matriculated at Old Trinity college in Randolph county. A year or so later, another youth in North Carolina, afterwards to become world famous, Thomas Woodrow Wilson, entered Davidson college. Page's 15 months stay at Trinity college was, according to his own account, not particularly rewarding; but at least he acquired valuable experience in debating, which he enjoyed.

He next made trial of higher education at Randolph-Macon college in Virginia, with somewhat happier results. During his three years from January, 1873, to 1876, he became imbued with the idea of building up and rehabilitating the shattered and devastated South. He conceived a realistic view of sectional questions, which was a great achievement in the midst of embittered memories of the Civil War. Under Thomas Randolph Price, professor of Greek and English, Page flowered out, at last found himself in scholarship, and realized Price's encomium: "a young scholar of extraordinary promise."

From Price, Page absorbed abiding love of the Greek and English languages and literatures, and ever afterwards was a keen, sensitive student of style and literary values. Many years later when Page, as ambassador in London, poured out his boundless admiration for Great Britain, its government, people, literature, and

national ideals, it seemed to some critics like a species of excessive diplomatic flattery. But of Page's sincerity no doubt need be entertained; for this boundless admiration had grown by leaps and bounds through the intervening years since the days when he eagerly heard like sentiments from the person of Thomas Randolph Price. It was through the influence of Price that Page received an appointment to one of the coveted fellowships at Johns Hopkins university under the famous professor of Greek, Basil Lannean Gildersleeve.

At Johns Hopkins Page was inspired by the vision of Daniel Coit Gilman; the desire "to absorb the culture of the past," and "to add to the existing capital of knowledge." Page found John Hopkins "a marvel of greatness and goodness—greatness in its projects, goodness in its management." In the summer he took a trip abroad, to Germany primarily, to acquire broadened experience and a first hand knowledge of the German language, of which he sorely felt the need in the prosecution of his advanced studies.

He considered Germany at that time as "at the head of the nations"; and he was deeply interested in discovering the qualities which enabled the German people to acquire this leadership. He felt and said that the qualities he found there were the qualities which were most needed in North Carolina. Returning to Johns Hopkins in the autumn, he began his second year there in October, 1877.

The truth is that Page, after his visit to Germany, reacted strongly against the technical study of language and the root-grubbing methods of German scholarship. He now

turned with avidity to wide-ranging reading and study of what he called "fine literature," in particular Greek, English and Italian. The outcome of it all was that Page now found that temperamentally he was not sympathetic with the life of minute scholarship—his preoccupation with the great world of action and affairs gradually displacing his initial interest in academic pursuits. So in March, 1878, with that decisive and radical independence which marked his character, he relinquished his fellowship and left Johns Hopkins, without a single regret for not taking a degree.

At the summer normal school at Chapel Hill, in 1878, Page was offered a lectureship in English and taught brilliantly for six weeks. For lack of means, and perhaps because of his radical views on religious and scientific subjects, the university did not offer him a permanent lectureship although there was strong influence brought to bear to add him to the faculty. Had he been offered a professorship in Greek, his entire life might well have been different from what it was. and he might have brought about, many years earlier than it actually came, the awakening in North Carolina which has been a phenomenon of national import.

It is not the purpose of this brief appreciation to follow Page's career as writer, editor, and educational leader and reformer. He successfully edited for a time the Atlantic Monthly and became the best letter writer of his generation. He loved North Carolina; but the man and the State were somehow unsympathetic, if not antipathetic. He was chagrined that the call did not come from the

University of North Carolina; his early starts in journalism were failures, in particular his editorship of *The State Chronicle* in Raleigh, which he attempted to found on a basis of satire and ridicule of the local mores, traditions and superstitions.

His novel, "Nicholas Worth, Southerner," was also a failure, for very much the same reason. Page loved the South deeply, and would have preferred North Carolina, of all places on earth, to live. But he was "eaten up by the zeal"—the zeal of the reformer. Nevertheless, he was a leading spirit of the Watauga club in Raleigh which brought about the establishment of the State College of Agriculture and Engineering, now one of the three branches of the University of North Carolina; and his speeches on "The Forgotten Man" and "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths" are generally believed to have exercised a profound influence in assisting in bringing about North Carolina's educational crusade and popular awakening.

In later years, his work on the Southern Education board and the General Education board was constructive, helpful, and generally beneficial to the State; and he and Alderman did yeoman service for southern education as aggressive and highly influential members of these bodies.

As founder and editor of the successful magazine of industry, education and economics, "*The World's Work*," Page did much to foster and encourage the South's economic development; and the interesting articles on the South which he commissioned Professor Edwin Mims to write, were the basis of Mims' valuable and influ-

ential work, "*The Advancing South*."

In no brief compass can be summarized the character of the service rendered by Walter Hines Page as United States ambassador at the Court of St. James' during the first World War. Opinion on the subject is divided; an dmany of Page's harshest critics felt and said that, in his enthusiasm for the success of Great Britain in the mighty contest, he was derelict to the highest interests of his own country.

According to his own confessions and those of Earl Grey, protests he was instructed to make regarding Britain's seizure of American vessels carrying contraband of war to neutral countries, were merely pro forma; and were so understood by both Page and Grey. Page had an unmitigated contempt for Bryan, and, so far as he possibly could, ignored and defied the instruction of the American Secretary of State.

His clashes with President Wilson on matter of American policy in international affairs were conspicuous; and resulted, it was charged, in alienating Wilson's good will. Wilson in December, 1917, told ex-President Taft that Page was "really an Englishman and I have to discount whatever he says about the situation in Great Britain." Upon his return to the United States, Page never saw Wilson and at that time, I believe, received no greeting from him or thanks for his services to his country.

On the other hand, Theodore Roosevelt wrote to Page on March 1, 1918, alluding to him as "the ambassador who has represented America in London during these trying years as no other ambassador in London has ever

represented us, with the exception of Charles Francis Adams, during the Civil war."

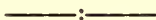
In Westminster Abbey is a tablet to Page, which is believed to be unique. At the memorial service in New York, April 25, 1919, Lord Reading, ambassador of Great Britain to the United States, said in his address:

"I doubt very much whether we have ever brought home to you, or whether any words that I could use would convey to you, the deep debt of gratitude that we British people feel for the work of Dr. Page, during that period of the war. It was his counsel, his acts, it was generally his thought that helped always to clear

away some of the complexities that were constantly arising.

Nor should it be forgotten that, at that same memorial meeting Dr. Alderman read the following message from Woodrow Wilson:

"It is a matter of sincere regret to me that I cannot be present to add my tribute of friendship and admiration for Walter Page. He crowned a life of active usefulness by rendering his country a service of unusual distinction, and deserves to be held in the affectionate memory of his fellow countrymen. In a time of exceeding difficulty he acquitted himself with discretion, unwavering fidelity and admirable intelligence."



FRIENDS

Making friends is lots of fun—
Shaking hands with everyone,
Hearing what each has to say
As we greet them day by day.

Trading smiles and swapping cheers;
Giving kisses, shedding tears
As we see one, oh, so dear
Every day and every year.

Some of them are old and gray,
Others are young and gay,
Some remembered as a child
Age and youth were reconciled.

But anyway the road may bend
It's always good to have a friend
And still the aged pass away
But in my heart my friends will stay.

HOUSES FROM THE GOOD EARTH

By Walter E. Taylor

I live in a one-hundred-year-old house built of mud and straw; but wait, you needn't begin to feel sorry for me! I live in this house by choice and my home is not a hovel. It is old and its walls are made of mud, but it is a very comfortable and charming residence. Despite the fact that it was built by one of the world's most ancient building methods, I have all the comforts of modernity. I also have conveniences not found in all modern houses, for the good brown earth of the thick walls of my house makes it easy to keep warm in winter and delightfully cool in summer.

You see, I live in New Mexico, where more than half the homes of the people are built of mud, and where large churches, office buildings, and business houses are also sometimes constructed with mud bricks. In this land millionaires and paupers alike shelter themselves behind mud walls. This type of construction is called adobe, and this region is the "adobe belt" of the United States. The "adobe belt" extends from West Texas through Arizona and Southern California. It is a style adapted only to dry climates.

New Mexico, with its large Spanish American population is in the heart of the adobe country. In the northern part of the state there are large communities where every building is made of adobe. A hillside village of little adobe houses never fails to suggest to the mind a scene from the Holy Land, for in arid Palestine, in the time of Christ as well as in modern times, mud construction has always been used.

Mud has been the leading building material of the Southwest for thousands of years and the advance of civilization has not changed that circumstance. This interesting type of architecture has been found to be perfectly suited to this climate. True there was a period during the latter half of the nineteenth century when American newcomers refused to live in mud houses and built their homes of brick or wood. These settlers, who came in the years following the transfer of New Mexico from Mexico to the United States, were proud of their prim brick and wood houses but with the passing of the years even the newcomers learned that the Indian and Spanish people knew best and that an adobe house is the most comfortable dwelling for this region.

When the first Spanish settlers wandered up the Rio Grande valley into New Mexico late in the sixteenth century, they found the Pueblo Indians living in great five-storied communal dwellings built of red mud. Some of these communal houses were ancient, and in many deep canyons the Spaniards saw ruins of mud buildings that had been built by prehistoric peoples before the time of Christ.

The Spanish people had come to New Mexico to build homes and develop a new colonial empire for their king. When they set about making themselves comfortable they adopted the Indian method of building homes, but they modified it to suit their own needs. The Indians built their great houses by making forms of animal skins and filling these forms with

mud to make solid walls. The Spaniards made the task easier and forms unnecessary by mixing the mud with straw to make sun-dried bricks. The houses of the Spaniards were of only one story and were of simple design. Here and there they added touches of Spanish elegance by carving ceiling beams and lintels. Sometimes the carving was touched up with a little color, for the Spaniards loved their bright reds and blues almost as much as the Indians did, and they used them skillfully.

Some of those adobe mud buildings erected by the Spaniards more than three centuries ago still stand to give testimony to the sturdiness of adobe construction. The Palace of the Governors at Santa Fe, New Mexico, is an outstanding example of the early building, and there are churches that are equally as old. An adobe house that was built before 1610 and is said to be the oldest European-style house in the United States also is a point of interest in Santa Fe.

The building of such houses goes on to this day. Adobe has lived on in the Southwest because it is durable and it is cheap. Someone has said that the poor people of the Southwest are the luckiest paupers in the world, because no matter how little cash they may have they can always make themselves a comfortable home merely by digging in the earth for the material. The home will be beautiful as well as utilitarian, for tawny brown walls fit into this landscape and have the charm of simplicity. Each house has the appearance of having grown to the spot where it stands.

The typical adobe house, the type occupied by thousands of families

throughout the Southwest, is thick-walled, for adobe bricks must be made about a foot square. In other days, when there was constant danger of attack by Apache or Navajo scalp-hunters, the walls were usually made with two rows of bricks, making them impregnable to both arrows and bullets.

The roof of the adobe is usually flat and is held up by log beams which, after they have been treated with oil and wax and perhaps a little color, add decorative interest to the interior of the house. Over the adobe bricks there is an outside coating of mud applied by the skillful brown hands of the Spanish-American workman. The Spaniards learned this part of plastering with mud from the Pueblo Indian women, who are always responsible for the plastering of outer walls of the Pueblo communal houses. The Indians renew their mud plaster every spring, but white adobe-dwellers usually replaster every three years. Refinishing the mud plaster at frequent intervals is necessary because winter winds and rains dissolve the soft mud mixture. The color of the outer coating of mud will depend upon the mineral content of the earth used in the mixing. In one section the houses may be rusty red, in another a rich golden brown, and in yet another a light cream color.

Some adobe-dwellers overcome the necessity of frequent replasterings by coating the outer walls of their homes with cement or stucco that has been colored to give it the appearance of genuine adobe mud plaster. This saves a lot of work, but the cement or stucco does not give the house the soft and uneven lines that are the result of mud plastering.

Sometimes the outer walls are painted with pastel shades of pink or blue that blend well with the colorful southwestern landscape.

One or more rooms of an adobe house are always made cozy with a little corner fireplace. These fireplaces are a combination of ancient Indian fireholes and Spanish domed fireplaces. In fact, nearly every feature of adobe-type construction shows the combining of Spanish and Indian influences.

One of the great advantages of adobe construction is that almost anyone can build an adobe house. In Santa Fe there are many beautiful adobes that were actually built by the artists and writers who occupy them. All one needs to begin adobe construction is a bit of land, a little straw, a shovel, plenty of water, and a brick mold. No plumb lines or T-squares are needed, for it is the lack of exactness that adds much to the rugged charm of the adobe houses. The mud for the bricks is dug from the building site and as the bricks come from the mold they are piled in a sunny spot to dry. After the bricks have been "seasoned" for a few days the walls begin to go up and the house literally rises from the very earth upon which it stands.

Of course, if you do not have time to do your own building or if you want an elaborate house, you can get a contractor to do the building for you. That is all right, too, but when the householder has a hand in the fashioning of his own dwelling the house assumes much of his personality and is more truly his own castle.

There is a happy, erratic lack of formal planning in the building of adobe houses and they are inclined to spread out from year to year. It is so simple to add another room that the average New Mexican adds to his house as casually as he adds a new coat or a new pair of shoes to his wardrobe. This constant addition of new rooms is particularly common among the Spanish-Americans, for among them the old custom of the sons of the family bringing their brides to live under the parental roof still holds.

The adobe-dwellers of the Southwest are truly dwellers of the good earth and their architecture is perhaps the only American architecture that might be called truly indigenous. It shows certain Spanish influences, but it has its roots in American antiquity, in the adobe ruins left by the mysterious peoples of the Southwest in prehistoric times.

The idle levy heavy tax upon the industrious when, by frivolous visitations, they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honor of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself.—Bacon.

ACCOUNTING FOR ALBERT SMITH

By Vernie Goodman

My father's conversation has a good deal in common with Tennyson's immortal Brook. It just keeps going on, in a gentle sort of way, through sun and shade, with an occasional rush over a rocky place when he gets excited; and it mirrors faithfully, and without malice, all the happenings of concern that go on about him. And occasionally, like the brook, it sparkles with something that leaves a happy remembrance long after it is past. And sometimes leaves you reflecting.

Years ago, I recall that he made the reply to an inquiry as to when the religious training of a child should begin—"A hundred years before the child is born." and then he added—"Nothing but the grace of God can save a child from a couple of foolish parents who have no sense of moral and spiritual values, and who care more about how their children look than how they act.

A couple of Sundays ago I read the bulletin for St. Mark's Lutheran Church, at Moorsville, which, (and I point with pride) is my home church. I looked across the aisle at Albert Smith, who, with his mother, his older, and a couple of younger brothers, were sitting in their usual pew, well toward the front; Looked up into choir where Albert's sister, father and cousin were coming in, singing the processional, and where another of Albert's cousins was playing the organ, and I admitted in my heart, as I've often reason to do, that my father had something.

Albert Smith, sixteen years old, and a member of the graduating class

of Mooresville High School, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd B. Smith, who would be "Floyd and Julia" to you if you were a member of St. Mark's congregation. He is a tall, likely-looking lad, with a grave manner that is balanced by a twinkle in his direct gaze. He's smart—that lad—and the nice part about it is that he doesn't know it. For instance, while the congregation read in the bulletin that Albert had won second place in the State Mathematical Contest, his home folks learned about it very little sooner. Albert, it seems, thought it was nothing to brag about. In which Albert displayed another fine trait and much tact. His home would be a poor place to start any sort of parade, because all his home folks do pretty well themselves by way of breaking records in church and in school.

Also, the church bulletin made mention of Albert's Sunday school and church attendance, and there's where my father's observation came into my mind. One could just about figure that dad's statement tied up right well with where Albert Smith is, where he came from, and where he will be going.

Albert's father was a member of St. Enoch Lutheran Church, in Rowan county—as were his father and mother. When he came to Moorsville, there wasn't a Lutheran church, but a congregation was in the process of organization, and so Floyd went straight as a homing pigeon to the small group and lined up with them. After the church was built, Floyd was just sort of naturally made sec-

retary and treasurer of the Sunday school. Seven years later, he left to go to war. In my clippings there is a record of the fact that he was presented a gold watch on the Sunday preceding his departure by St. Mark's Sunday school. Seems Floyd hadn't been absent or tardy in seven years.

Well, Floyd came back from the war, and on November 28, 1920, there was choir practice at St. Mark's as usual. But this time Floyd was there about an hour in advance. He checked the fire in the furnace to be sure the church was comfortable; he discussed the hymns for the following Sunday, and finally told me that he would like to be excused from choir practice. He was, he announced, going over to Enochville to marry Julia—his sweetheart since everybody in the choir had known Floyd, and who was also a member of St. Enoch's congregation. It was unanimously agreed that it would be all right for Floyd to go ahead and marry Julia—which he did—and was back at St. Mark's the following Sunday—along with Julia. And there they've been every since. When the Floyd Smiths come to church now they have a good deal of company. There's Laura, Brem, Albert, Clarence and Harry.

For the past thirty-two years Floyd Smith has been secretary or treasurer, and sometimes both, for St. Mark's Sunday School, along with being a member of the church council, the choir, the Brotherhood, and many other organizations or activity that needs his attention. While he's been busy with all that, maybe you think Julia has been left behind! Well, just ask the Ladies' Aid, the children's societies, the missionary society, the Sunday school, the ladies'

Bible class, the flower committee, and anybody that starts anything that concerns a church program.

Having been born of such parents, it wouldn't be hard to find the children, would it? Sure, they're there! There's hardly anything connected with St. Mark's that would be considered official without representation from the Smiths—from the Children of the Church to the regular meeting of the council.

As for perfect attendance records—maybe trying to figure them out was where Albert got his turn for math. There's his father—he had only seven years before the war, but he has added twelve and a half since. Julia, Albert's mother, chalks up only seven and a half years, on account of when the babies were only a couple of weeks old, or when one of them fell out of a tree, or had the measles or appendicitis, she naturally felt that maybe mother had better stay at home with them. Harry, too, has seven and a half years—he was the one who fell out of a tree—and besides, is one of the younger boys. This leaves Laura, Brem, Albert and Clarence holding the bag with nine years' perfect attendance at Sunday school—and I mean each, and not as a whole family. At one time, before Brem had appendicitis and had a hard time making up his mind whether he was going to live or not, the whole Smith family had a record for seven and a half years' perfect attendance. There are Floyd and Julia to begin with, you know, and there are five of the children. You can go ahead and figure it out, or you can get Albert to help you. As has been noted, he is good in math. And this, let me remind you, is the Sunday school record of the Smiths. The

public school record is something else you can figure out in your spare time.

And let me add, in conclusion— (I'm sorter like the Brook, too, you see)— if you think this family is a crowd of intellectual-appearing, serious-minded, "sissy-looking" folks, you're mistaken. They are the Smiths who live in a comfortable brick home up the street from St. Mark's. They like good times, ice-cream and fried chicken, and folks in general; and

they have lots of flowers growing about, and a piano, books and magazines. They are mighty good neighbors—whether the neighbors belong to St. Mark's or not. If anyone intimated to them that they were a sort of unusual family, they would be greatly surprised. My father says that Albert's grandparents on both sides were good, church-going people. Accounting for them, and for Floyd and Julia—don't you think maybe that accounts for Albert?

I AM AMERICA

I am the Shore
That skirts the world's two greatest seas;
I am the margin of a land
Of utmost possibilities.

I am the Rock
On which the pilgrims first set foot
And proved the soil had elements
In which a man's freedom could take root.

I am the Port
Where emigrant and exile's come,
Torn from their native habitat—
Forced from home ties friends and home.

I am the Shield—
A nation's weapon of defense
Between a feudal age and strife
And modern peacetime's recompense.

—Selected

THE SOYA BEAN—A FOUR-STAR FOOD

By Clara M. Brewster in Diet and Health Digest

Perhaps as old as man's search for the Fountain of Youth is his quest for the Perfect Food, that magical substance which would bring back strength to bodies worn by labor, and which would replenish the blood, bone and muscle used up in the battle for existence. Furthermore, it would do all that alone!

Like the Fountain of Youth, the Perfect Food is a myth. There is, however, a well-nigh ideal substitute. It is 5000 years old, yet fully appreciated only so recently that it can well be called the food of tomorrow. This food is the Soya bean—a four-star tiny seed, with one star for its exceptionally fine and healthful chemical composition, one star for its cheapness, one star for its taste and the final star for its adaptability which makes it a blessing to every health-minded housewife.

In the Orient, the Soya bean takes the place of meat, eggs, milk, cheese, butter and wheat. Over its supply, wars have been fought. On a diet of it entire races have been nourished and have thrived. To approximately half the population of the world, it is food and drink day in and day out.

Its Wonderful Chemical Content

And it is no wonder. An analysis of the chemical composition of the Soya bean shows that it is composed of 40% protein, 20% fat, and the rest is balanced carbohydrates and minerals. Also, recent research has shown that the Soya bean contains all the vitamins, both the fat-soluble and the water-soluble.

This explains two things: First, why the Soya bean can be eaten by the very young as well as by the very old, by the sick as well as by the healthy. Secondly, it can be prepared in such a variety of ways that one could feast on several different tasting dishes at a single meal and still have eaten nothing but Soya beans.

Consider the many forms in which Soya bean is used:

The Soya bean is a complete vegetable protein containing all of the amino acids in assimilable form; one pound of Soya beans equals the protein value of two pounds of beef, which is much more expensive. Also, quite the opposite of meat, which is highly acid forming, the Soya bean is alkaline, possessing more than twenty times the alkalinity of cow's milk.

Soya Bean Milk

Milk made from Soya beans not only resembles cow's milk in appearance and food value but is actually richer in calcium, phosphorus and iron. Not only does Soya milk contain more calcium, but during the process of digestion it breaks up into finer curds, thus furnishing more assimilable calcium. Also, this complete vegetable milk contains no putrefactive bacteria, and, contrary to all other proteins, does not putrefy in the intestinal tract. Instead, it actually combats putrefaction of other foods by supplying the protective bacteria, bacillus acidophilus, in liberal quantities.

Soya bean milk is easily made, may be used in any way that ordinary

milk may be used, and may be substituted, cup for cup, in any recipe calling for cow's milk. For example, clabbered Soya bean milk makes delicious flapjacks; it gives these the so-called "flannel texture" which is so greatly desired and so seldom attained.

Perhaps our youngest children, our infants, will be introduced to the Soya bean before we can make its acquaintance. Some babies, every mother knows, are sensitive to any kind of milk—mother's milk as well as cow's milk. These babies cannot assimilate milk and break out in nasty rashes when parents or physicians unwittingly force it upon them. But now science has perfected a milk substitute, the basis of which is Soya bean meal, that these peculiarly sensitive children can tolerate.

Soya Oil

The oil of the Soya bean is very palatable and may be used in salads or in cooking much as one would use butter. Soya oil under intense heat, however, becomes a bit "gummy" and if used for frying or oiling baking dishes may often result in the food sticking to the pan.

Solidified Soya oil looks like the finest of snow-white cooking compounds and used in pastry is a perfect substitute for lard and other kinds of indigestible shortening.

Being rich in the "butter vitamin" A, this white soya compound, if colored with a bit of carrot juice and seasoned with a little Vege-Sal, will have, in appearance and in food value, the essential virtues of fresh butter.

Soya Bean Flour

Delicious flour is made from Soya beans. When combined with whole wheat flour, or flour made from other

natural grains, it adds richness of flavor and food value. A cook in one of the big lumber camps told me, in an interview, that she always adds Soya bean flour to everything she bakes. She said, "Men like it better when I add this flour to everything, including pancakes." She knew nothing of food values, but she appreciated the importance of taste and flavor!

Soups may also be made richer by the addition of Soya bean flour.

Toasted Soya Beans

Toasted Soya beans resemble peanuts in flavor and are very popular as a crunchy pick-me up at luncheons and bridge games. They make a delightful novelty in children's lunch boxes and, when finely ground, make a delicious "nut butter" for sandwiches. They also add character to salad dressings.

Coffee and chocolate substitutes, alkaline in reaction and minus all harmful stimulants, can be made from the toasted soya beans. Toasted soya flour has a nut like flavor and may be added to muffin, waffle and "flapjack" recipes, as raw soya flour requires more cooking than is usually given to "quick breads."

Many Other Uses

Sprouted Soya beans are an excellent food. When the plant is three quarters ripe, the seeds are palatable and nutritious green vegetables, used in the same way as peas or lima beans. They are easy to shell after boiling in the pods for five minutes. The boiled beans may also be served split in soup or served cold in a salad. They make delicious baked beans. Since they have no starch, they do not fall apart. Wilt some of these sprouts three minutes in melted butter, and then fold them onto an om-

ette and you will have a new and exciting taste thrill.

One of the most popular foods made by the Chinese from Soya beans is "Tofu," a cheese much on the order of our cottage cheese. Pressed into small cubes to combine with stews and casserole dishes. Or it can be sliced, rolled in egg yolk and crumbs and browned in butter. The latter dish, served with a slice of lemon and a sprig of parsley is delicious and a good imitation of fillet of sole.

Soya cheese, made in curds, like cottage cheese, may be used in salads and other recipes calling for cottage cheese.

A Cue to Eastern Longevity

There are 250 varieties of soya beans! Also, there are new health

values discovered for them all the time. The latest of these is that the soya bean takes the laurels away from egg yolks by supplying, inexpensively, that rarest of all oils, lecithin, which is essential for the nutrition of brain and nerve cells which is found in only a few other foods on this earth.

In China and Japan the soya bean has been a bulwark against deficiency diseases—it has given our Oriental neighbors a resistance and longevity which can be in large measure attributed to the nutritive and health protecting values of the soya bean. We in the West should take a cue from the East which pays tribute to the soya bean as a four star food.



THE STARTING-POINT

If you want to be happy, begin where you are.
 Don't wait for some rapture that's future and far.
 Begin to be joyous, begin to be glad,
 And soon you'll forget that you ever were sad.

If you want to be happy, begin where you are.
 Your windows to sunlight and sweetness unbar;
 If dark seems the day, light a candle of cheer,
 Till its steady flame brightens each heart that comes near.

If you want to be happy, begin where you are.
 Tune up daily discords, till out of their jar
 New harmony rises, rejoicing and sweet,
 And onward, in music, go ever your feet.

If you want to be happy, begin where you are.
 God sets in each sky Heaven's joy-bringing star.
 Live bravely beneath it, through cloud and toward light,
 And under its radiance your path shall be bright.

—Priscilla Leonard.

LOOKING FORWARD TO CONTINUING THE MIMOSA FESTIVAL

(Morganton News-Herald)

The 1941 Mimosa Festival is now history. It is praised on all sides as having been the best yet held and the crowds at the various events were said to have been the largest ever. The parade this year was exceptionally good and all the attractions seem to have appealed to the fancy and interest of the public in general.

With four successful festivals to Morganton's credit in as many consecutive years, it has become an accepted fact that this annual celebration commemorating the blossoming of the "Mimosa City's" adopted name tree, must be continued regularly summer. It seems to be taken for granted, after four years' observation that June is the better month for the festival—that anytime between June 15th and June 30th will, as a rule catch the flowers in their prime. While the Mimosas were still blooming for July 4th they were not in the same state of perfection they would have been two weeks earlier. It would not be a bad idea for the Mayor to designate officially the third week in June each year as "Mimosa Week" and to plan the festival as an annual affair for two or three days—preferably two—during that week.

There seemed to be the unanimous opinion that this year the Mimosa trees excelled all former years in beauty and profusion of blossoms. Certainly they attracted more attention than ever before. Numbers

of tourists are known to have stopped individuals and at filling stations to inquire about "these beautiful flowering trees". Through the years plantings have been increasing and there were more trees blooming throughout the city than ever before. Even at that, however, there are not enough. No yard within the city limits should be without a Mimosa tree—at least one—and property holders should cooperate by planting them along the streets, wherever possible.

For this Fall we would like to see the Town Council provide for a "City Beautification Project" that would include plans for a more extensive planting of Mimosa trees, all over town.

The "Mimosa City" should have a veritable profusion of Mimosa trees scattered in generous quantities in every section and extending in unbroken lines out the principal highways.

The Mimosa Golf Course has been a beautiful example of what planned plantings of Mimosas will amount to within a comparatively few years. Even Morganton people, accustomed more or less to the beauty of Mimosas, rode out just to see the trees on the golf course and exclaimed at their loveliness.

"More and more Mimosas for Morganton, the Mimosa City", would be an excellent motto for us to adopt for the next few years.

DOLLARS FROM DOUGHNUTS

By Paul D. Paddock in Nation's Business

The doughnut dates back to antiquity but the doughnut industry is only 21 years old.

It comes of age this summer.

Doughnut sales now ring the nation's cash registers to the tune of nearly \$80,000,000 a year. Approximately \$10,000,000 have been invested in "exclusively doughnut" making and handling equipment.

More than a dozen concerns are manufacturing doughnut equipment and some 200 companies are now making and selling doughnut mixers.

More than any one man, Adolph Levitt is considered the founder of the modern doughnut industry. He took the doughnut and surrounded it with modern showmanship, merchandising and some of the most efficient machines Yankee ingenuity has yet devised.

He put doughnut factories in show windows and they now rival steam shovels in sidewalk audience appeal.

Doughnut shops are dotting the nation. Two are in Times Square. When the first one was opened there at an annual rental of \$60,000, the late O. O. McIntyre was not the only person who poked fun at the idea of the old-fashioned doughnut "trying to be sophisticated." The shop paid a profit the very first year and has continued to do so since.

The first World War, the Salvation Army, the Automats and complaints from a motion picture audience are among the apparently incongruous factors mixed up in the beginnings of the doughnut industry. The story begins in 1920 in one of Mr. Levitt's bakeries where a man is making

doughnuts in the old-fashioned way—dropping plump rings of dough into a big black kettle of fat, turning them over and then fishing them out with a long fork.

The doughnuts sold briskly at 50 cents a dozen. People liked to see them made. They liked to eat them. A kettle was installed in another Levitt bakery and before long all his stores were featuring old-fashioned doughnuts. Then trouble began.

It was a hot, smelly job.

The time-honored method of making doughnuts was interesting to spectators but it was also hot, smelly and slow. The fumes became so objectionable in one bakery that they had to be drawn off in an air duct. It happened that this duct served a motion picture theater next door. Unfortunately, it leaked. Soon, patrons were complaining loudly at having doughnut odors mixed with their drama.

Mr. Levitt was tempted to give up doughnut-making but, after witnessing the acceptability of his product, he believed that he had only scratched the surface of the potential doughnut market.

One night on a trip to Philadelphia, he hinted at his problem while talking to a fellow passenger. "I think I can help you," the man volunteered. "My company makes machinery for the Automats. I believe we can make a machine that will manufacture doughnuts. It will take care of the fumes and everything. Do you want us to try?"

Joyfully Mr. Levitt gave the order to go ahead.

After 11 failures a twelfth machine was set up for duty. Pleased with the success of the machine and more confident than ever that the doughnut has a great future, Mr. Levitt sold his bakery chain and devoted all his energies to the making of machines for other bakeries. But further perplexing problems arose.

The machine efficiently standardized the method of making the doughnut but, up to that time, nothing had been done to standardize the mix that went into the hoppers. The necessity for such a mix was soon apparent. The machines clogged on some of the mixtures poured into them. Worse still, not all mixes were good to begin with. Another important step-development, distribution and acceptance of a standard mix that would work equally well in all the machines and that would produce better doughnuts must be taken if the doughnut industry was to proceed satisfactorily.

He bought a flour mill at Ellicott City, Md., on a site where the first flour mill was built in this country. He scoured the land for wheat, milk and eggs that would suit his purpose and, after repeated trials and failures, developed a mix that would meet his requirements. All the baker had to do was to add water, stir and then pour the dough into the hopper of the machine.

The corporation now has nearly 2,000 on its staff. It makes machines,

mixers, and doughnuts. It sponsors more than 14 retail display and sales outlets in cooperation with other food dispensers. At these places, the show window doughnut factories are seen at their best. It is here also that the fancy doughnut appears in all its glory although the plain, sugared and chocolate-covered kinds are still the biggest sellers.

Recently doughnut mixes with vitamins added have been introduced to keep pace with the general vitamin "movement" throughout the country and to make the doughnut still more important as a food. Elaborate tests have been conducted to demonstrate the nutritious qualities of the doughnut and further proofs of its digestibility have been offered to medical and other agencies seeking such information. In the corporation's larger producing centers, doughnuts are made at the rate of 1,400 dozen an hour or more. The dough is squeezed by air pressure through nozzles that cut it into rings. The circlelets swim along a bath of vegetable fat electrically heated to exactly the right temperature. Then they are flipped over to fry on the other side. Evenly "done" and glowing with a color rivalling sun tan, they march out upon a conveyor which sends them to the cooling cabinets.

It's less than an hour from the mix to the finished doughnut, neatly packed and ready for the dealers' counters.

America is not perfect by any means, but it is a country in which each citizen has a hand in making it nearer perfect. This right of every citizen makes America the democracy it is. We should resolve to defend this right "with our strength, our wealth and our very lives if need be."

WEALTH AND WISDOM

(The United States Baptist)

Prosperity is a fine thing for wise men, but dangerous for fools. Solomon was right when he said: "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them."

A man shows himself a fool when he thinks financial prosperity brings wisdom. Here is a man who has become suddenly rich, not through any business astuteness of his own but through some accidental streak of luck such as, for example the discovery of an oil well on his land. If he is a wise man this unexpected wealth sobers, humbles, ennobles him. If he is a fool it goes to his head and causes him to believe that he is the smartest man in the country and knows just how everything ought to be run, in religion, in business, in education, in politics.

The more ridiculous feature of it is that his associates seem to think the same thing and he is put on all boards and committees where intelligence is needed. Before he had his accidental wealth thrust upon him everybody realized that he knew nothing about education or missions or banking, but now every college in 500 miles if him wants him on its board of trustees; the bank wants him as a director; and the church wants him on its state mission board; and if the oil well is a real gusher it qualifies him even for the national foreign mission board. He struts around giving advice—almost orders—concerning matters he has never studied and, in fact, could not understand if he did. His opinions are so crude that ultimately his fellow members are conscience-bound to disregard him, whereupon he storms around for awhile and quits and begins to openly prophesy that the institution,

is headed straight for ruin. At this point, I'm not recording what I have heard but what I have seen.

It is a tragedy that most people regard prosperity and money-getting as synonymous. Nothing is further from the truth. One of the most prosperous men I ever knew lived in a rented house and was never able to own an automobile. His prosperity consisted, for one thing, in the fact that he had brought up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord" seven sons and daughters, and given to each a good education, and in his old age saw them all filling important stations in church, state or business life, devoting themselves to the task of home-making for more than a score of grandchildren.

About the most poverty-stricken man I ever saw owned \$5,000,000. But his sons and daughters figured shamelessly in police courts and divorce courts. His wife had died of a broken heart and his children were so mean he could not live with any of them. He had a sumptuous apartment in the finest hotel in town but in everything that goes in to make life worthwhile he was a pauper. He had gained his gold but had lost his children.

There is a fine young man reading these lines who is in danger of making that same tragic mistake. He is so keen for making money that he is about to forget God and the group of children God has given him. My dear young man, there is danger ahead. You had better stop, look and listen. Money will not mean much if you lose the pickaninnies. - Don't sacrifice the babies on the alter of Moloch. Don't crucify the kidlies on a cross of gold.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Some of the boys on the outside forces have been repairing roads about the campus that were badly washed by recent rains.

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The feature picture, "Ma, He's Making Eyes At Me" and a comedy, "Life Begins For Andy Pandy", were shown in the auditorium last Thursday night. Both are Universal productions.

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Superintendent Charles E. Boger attended a conference of the heads of North Carolina's correctional institutions, held at the Eastern Carolina Training School, Rocky Mount, last Wednesday.

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The first cantaloupes of the season were gathered this week and issued to the cottages. We are also enjoying some fine corn, tomatoes and string beans. The beans now being picked are of a second planting, the early ones having been destroyed by an extended period of dry weather in the early summer.

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Immediately following the service last Sunday afternoon, the boys enjoyed the second watermelon feast of the season. Like the ones served last week, these melons were purchased from a South Carolina farmer. A few days ago we received the first

cantaloupes grown at the School, and we have every reason to believe that in a short time, our gardens will produce a good supply of cantaloupes and watermelons.

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Several officers, matrons and boys have received cards from Bobbie Lawrence, a former member of the printing class, who was allowed to leave the institution on conditional release a little more than a week ago. After spending a few days with his brother in Asheville, Bobbie went to the home of his sister, in Johnson City, Tennessee. He hopes to obtain employment as a linotype operator in that city soon. Failing to do so, he will probably go to Miami Beach, Florida, where his mother is employed.

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Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 22: 15-22, and as the text for his message to the boys he chose Genesis 12: 2—"And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing."

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker called attention to this great promise made by God to the people of Israel if they would remain true to Him. A promise, said he, is a most wonderful thing, and to learn to keep a promise is the best thing a person can do. He pointed

out how the Boy Scouts promise on their honor to do certain things when they join the organization, saying that was the great reason why Boy Scouts all over the world are found to be trustworthy. The value of keeping a promise is the first thing they are taught upon becoming Scouts.

In the words of the text, said Rev. ham who represented the Hebrew nation, that his nation should become a great nation; that He would bless them, and that they, in turn, should be a blessing. That revives the question of thankfulness. God not only wanted the Israelites to be thankful, but He wanted them to show their appreciation of His goodness by being a blessing to others. Abraham then went out on a long journey, not knowing whether he was going, but having absolute faith that God would guide him in the right way.

There were times, said the speaker, when the people of Israel did not appreciate God's blessings. Consequently, they were caused to suffer in order to realize the dangers of their failure to live as God willed. Again and again the prophets called the people back to God.

Special blessings, continued Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer, mean special responsibilities. We in America are greatly blessed, yet there are many who do not appreciate the blessings visited upon us. We are enjoying a wonderful freedom, such as we would not know was in existence if we were living in any other country. God has richly blessed America. Here we have pleasant homes, fine schools and colleges, farms, factories, and friends. We should show our appreciation by living the kind of lives God wants us to live.

Although the world is in a turmoil and great suffering is being experienced by many people in other countries, Americans should be thankful that such conditions do not exist in this country. We still enjoy the freedom for which our forefathers fought and died, more than 150 years ago. God has blessed us because we continue to be a Christian nation.

The speaker then told of a recent vacation back to his old home in Ohio, and how people in one community were thankful for God's blessings to others. Here was a congregation of about 1,200 people, consisting mostly of farmers. They work hard in the fields during the week, and from 900 to 1,000 attend church every Sunday. They may be seen on their way to the Sunday service, carrying Bibles and hymn books—they keep them at home for use during the week, and are prepared to take a part in the service on Sunday. These people contribute liberally to the church—they use more for helping others than is spent for their own church expenses. These people realize that God has blessed them, and that they are being blessings to others. They are not satisfied just to receive, but want to share their blessings with their fellow men. This congregation is 100 years old, and during that time has sent thirty-eight men to the Christian ministry and twenty-eight of the young women have become the wives of ministers.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer told the boys that they had been blessed in many ways; that God had given them eyes, hands, feet, minds, souls and was saying to them: "I have given you these blessings—use

them, and let your lives be blessings to others." One way in which they can do this, said the speaker, is to make use of them in trying to improve themselves while here at the School, and then, upon returning to their homes, to make their lives worthwhile by being blessings to others.

Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer was accompanied by his little son, David, eight years old. Just after the singing of the opening hymn, his father announced that this fine little youngster would like to play the piano for the boys. David then went to the piano and played "Humoresque," a beautiful piece of music, and one that would ordinarily be considered quite difficult for one so young, but

this little fellow played it through faultlessly in a most entertaining manner. From what we have been told it would seem that David is quite a musical genius. Hearing him play, one might think that he had been trained for several years, but we were told that he had taken two or three lessons and could read music but very little. He doesn't seem to be much interested in music lessons—not this boy—he just hears a piece of music and liking it, simply sits down at the piano and plays the thing, and plays it well. We were glad to have David play for us and hope he will consider this an invitation for a return engagement the next time "Daddy" is scheduled to conduct a service at the School.

—:—

THE CHILD OR THE DOLLAR?

Education costs more now than it did in pioneer days because schools are better and more children attend them for longer periods. A majority of parents now desire their children to have the advantage of high school which costs more than the elementary school. And yet American schools are run so economically that they give your child books, a classroom, equipment, a playground, and a day's instruction under a well-prepared teacher, for the price of a golf ball or the cost of a box of candy. The average cost for a day's instruction for an American child is only 51 cents. Of the 51 cents the teacher receives only 28 cents. Suppose you had to engage a tutor to teach your child in your home. Such service costs \$1 to \$2 per hour. In proportion to the magnitude of its helpfulness—the number of children the number of hours, the variety of activities, the care for each individual child, the preparation necessary for teaching, the high responsibility—the school is relatively inexpensive. Let us all join hands to give our young people the best possible preparation for life. Let us keep the children first.—P. T. A. Bulletin.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 20, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
Clarence Bell
Arcemias Heafner,
William O'Brien
William Shannon
Fred Stuart
Charles Wooten

COTTAGE NO. 1

N. A. Bennett
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
Everette Case
Ralph Harris
Doris Hill
Carl Hooker
Curtis Moore
Frank Walker
Everette Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

Henry Barnes
Raymond Brooks
Charles Chapman
Edward Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 3

L. H. Baker
John Bailey
Grover Beaver
William Buff
Robert Coleman
Bruce Hawkins
David Hensley
Jerry Jenkins
William Matheson
Robert Quick
Carroll Reeves
William T. Smith
John Tolley
James Williams
Louis Williams
Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver
Paul Briggs
Aubrey Fargis
Leo Hamilton

John Jackson
Morris Johnson
Columbus Jordan
Robert Jones
Hugh Kennedy
William Morgan
J. W. McRorie
George Speer
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Collette Cantor
John Lipscomb

COTTAGE NO. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 7

Henry B. Butler
Donald Earnhardt
George Green
J. B. Hensley
Carl Justice
Alex Weathers

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Cecil Bennett
Charles Crotts
Jesse Cunningham
Earl Godley
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9

Marvin Ballew
David Cunningham
James Davis
Eugene Dyson
Riley Denny
George Gaddy
James Hale
R. L. Hall
Edgar Hedgepeth
Mark Jones
Grady Kelly
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Lloyd Mullis
William Nelson
Lewis B. Sawyer

Robert Tidwell
Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

Homer Head
Jack Harward
Thomas King
Charles Mills
Charles Phillips

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
John Allison
William Bennett
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Fred Jones
Henry McGraw
Samuel Stuart
Monroe Searcy
Canipe Shoe
James Tyndall
William Wilson
Charles Widener

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
Jay Brannock
William Broadwell
Ernest Brewer
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Woodrow Hager
Charles Hastings
Tilman Lyles
James Mondie
Daniel McPhail
Hercules Rose
Simon Quick
Howard Saunders
Charles Simpson
Jesse Smith
George Tolson
Brice Thomas

Eugene Watts
J. R. Whitman

COTTAGE NO. 13

Charles Gaddy
Vincent Hawes
Leonard Jacobs
James Lane
Jack Mathis
Randall Peeler
Melvin Roland
Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews
John Baker
Edward Carter
Mack Coggins
Robert Deaton
Leonard Dawn
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
Feldman Lane
William Lane
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoy
John Maples
Glen McCall
John Robbins
James Roberson
Charles Steepleton

COTTAGE NO. 15

Robert Chamberlain
Aldine Duggins
James Ledford
Marvin Pennell
Brown Stanley

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Cecir Jacobs
James Johnson
Leroy Lowery
Varcy Oxendine

If the devil ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites, for they are the greatest dupes he has. They serve him far better than any others, but receive no wages; nay, what is more extraordinary, they submit to greater mortifications to go to hell, than the most sincere Christian to go to heaven.—Colton.

AUG 5 1941

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 2, 1941

No. 31

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U. N. C. Library

FLOWER OF FRIENDSHIP

The flower of friendship droops and dies
 In gossip's gale,
Beneath the heat of hate and lies
 Its petals fail;
The splendor of its sunny cheer
 Is lost to sight,
When falsehood and dishonesty
 Its beauty blight.

But friendship's roots are deep and strong,
 And live for aye;
Though blossoms fade, the parent plant
 Must always stay.
And flowers of true sincerity
 Will bloom anew,
When watered with forgiving love
 And heaven's dew.

—Cecil Bonham.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

UNITY

Great movements which ultimately meet with success have one thing in common—the unity with which those identified with them tackle the job they have set for themselves.

An idea may be the beginning of some important social improvement. But, unless there are enough people in agreement as to the potentiality of the idea and willing to work together to make the most of it, it will remain simply an idea.

On the whole, men are progressive and, given a cause which appears to them

On the whole, men are naturally progressive and, given a cause which appears to them as a means, not only of preserving what they have won, but of bettering their lot, and a leader who is able to transmit to others his belief in that cause, men will work for it.

We, in the United States of America, are blessed with unusual advantages and opportunities. As a democratic people we may honestly and properly differ with one another at many points. But, in the final analysis, as a nation we have a heritage and a tradition which bind us together, regardless of creed or color, origin or position. And this heritage and tradition of a democratic people are worth working for.

Unity of purpose, thought and action was never more important than it is today.—Thomas. J. Watson.

THE BOOKMOBILE

We have read frequently of the inestimable service the Bookmobiles render to the rural people and wished that Cabarrus county could be numbered among the counties having this far-reaching activity. Well, the day has come when our rural people have access to library books in a manner similar to distribution in the city libraries. The rural library, the Bookmobile, is on wheels, therefore, commutes from one community to another. This Bookmobile is another WPA project sponsored by the Cabarrus County Commissioners. We congratulate this unit of fine men for their vision in seeing the needs of the people they serve and rising to the emergency in a happy way.

This project has to be approved by the North Carolina Library Association, Raleigh. The librarian who accompanies the Bookmobile is required to receive training under a fully accredited librarian, and the books distributed are selected by a trained librarian. The Bookmobile in making its circuit has a driver, the librarian, and a library clerk. The clerk inspects the books as they are taken in and those needing repair are properly placed. Each person engaged in this work has specific duties, and each fully understands that no excuse will be taken for failing to measure up to the charge in every sense of the word.

The Bookmobile has a regular schedule and it moves on time, and with precision and accuracy. The tour of the county includes seven routes. Three are made one week and four the next. Each point or station selected for distributing books is chosen from the viewpoint of reaching the greater number of people. While the project has been operating only three weeks, we learn from a reliable source that the patronage has increased fifty per cent.

The movement also makes possible a library clerk in the rural high schools, and the same interest is expressed in Long School, Clara Harris School, Coltrane School and Central Primary School, all in the city of Concord. The clerk's duty in the schools named is to see that all books are kept in a useable condition.

The Bookmobile is a most valuable contribution to the cultural life of the rural people, and we rejoice to know that county neighbors and friends have access to good literature. There is no more refining influence on earth than a good book. After reviewing the many far-reaching activities of the county commissioners, we feel that their interests have been placed where good results will be realized for all classes without discrimination. They have an understanding of the duties of their office and have measured up to trust. The Bookmobile is an expression of interest in the rural people. We know, as a rule, a reading public means a law abiding citizenship.

* * * * *

SOME ACCIDENT FACTS

Anyone who thinks it takes two motor vehicles to make an accident would be greatly disillusioned by the Highway Safety Division's

traffic accident summary for the first six months of this year.

This summary, completed this week, reveals that only 129 of the 545 traffic fatalities on North Carolina streets and highways the first half of this year involved collisions between two motor vehicles. The other 413 fatalities were distributed as follows: 159 involved collisions between motor vehicles and pedestrians, 116 involved motor vehicles that ran off the roadway due to excessive speed, 29 resulted from collisions between motor vehicles and railroad trains, 35 involved cars that overturned on the roadway, 20 resulted from collisions between motor vehicles and bicycles, 31 occurred in motor vehicles that struck fixed objects such as bridge abutments, 5 resulted from collisions between motor vehicles and animal-drawn vehicles, and 17 were non-collision accidents such as when someone falls off a moving vehicle.

In other words, it doesn't take two cars to have an accident. If there's only one car on a highway and that car is driven improperly, at an excessive rate of speed or in a careless and reckless manner, that car can kill someone very quickly. It isn't "the other fellow" who causes an automobile to be hit by a train; it isn't "the other fellow" who causes automobiles to land upside down in a cornfield after failing to straighten out a curve. In four out of five fatal accidents, there is only one motor vehicle involved, and the driver of that vehicle generally is at fault.

Another striking fact disclosed in the accident summary was that 211 of the 545 persons killed were under 25 years of age. Safety division records show a decided upward trend in fatal accidents involving young drivers.

* * * * *

BUILDING NATIONAL MUSCLE

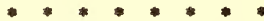
The number of wage-earners in the United States today is higher than ever before in the country's history—51,647,000 according to the National Industrial Conference Board. Until this estimate it has been customary to think of the number of employed workers as roughly 45,000,000. Fewer than 4,000,000 remain unemployed, according to the same source, the lowest number since September, 1930.

Such figures are estimates; no one can say how nearly correct

they are. They do suggest, however, that the national muscles are being slowly flexed and that the biceps revealed are bigger and stronger than ever before. It was with man-hours of work that Hitler built his military machine; it is this steadily growing volume of American man-hours of work that gives the best hope of seeing him defeated.—Morganton News-Herald.



The bill collector has caught up with Connecticut after more than 200 years of pursuit. The importunate creditors are the Mohegan Indians, who are seeking at long last for \$50,000,000 in payment for 1,500 square miles of Connecticut land which surrounds the two miles square still in their possession as a reservation. The price is not large for the lands originally granted the Mohegans and taken from them gradually for pitifully small prices, and considering the present improvements (cities industries and roads) on the land in question. The Mohegans have as an advocate no less person than Lieutenant Governor Odell Shepard, though he thinks "the naming of a specific sum a matter of bad policy." The Mohegan creditors are described as farmers, poor but industrious. It is possible that their account will eventually be acknowledged in some greatly reduced amount, but in the meantime the Mohegans will need to continue the practice of patience. States are prompt in collecting taxes but notoriously slow in paying them. Since the next session of Connecticut's General Assembly will not meet before January 1943, nothing will be done before that date.



Community water rates are a common "peeve," though the average rate for household consumption is estimated at eighteen cents per hundred cubic feet, or 750 gallons. On the other hand, we are complaisant about paying very high prices for water in other forms. Almost any pantry will contain flour, macaroni, noodles, rice, oatmeal, cornmeal, and cereals. Dry as they look and feel, they contain from ten to fifteen per cent of water. Vegetables are even thirstier. Potatoes are seventy-seven per cent water; beets, eighty-seven; turnips, eighty-nine; asparagus, ninety; celery, lettuce, cucumbers, eggplant, broccoli, over ninety-five per cent. Turned

into cash values, that makes us pay \$1 for cabbage water; \$1.64 for carrot water; \$10 for asparagus water; \$25 for corn water; \$50 to \$60 for cucumber or broccoli water—that is, for a cubic foot of each. At that rate the water in a cold salad of lettuce, onions, peas, and string beans would cost us from \$400 to \$800. So says Father Professor J. J. Sullivan, head chemist of Holy Cross College. Even at that it is good common sense to pay the price; for who likes wilted vegetables, or who would touch, after one trial, these articles in concentrated or dehydrated form?

* * * * *

Recently the head of London's County Council came back from a tour of the city's bomb-torn districts to say to its citizens: "Let us decide to commemorate victory, not with hundreds of individual war memorials but by a new London which will be an everlasting memorial." His calm assumption of victory may seem rather previous, but his words have found a continuing echo throughout the city's population, and are daily repeated in spite of the growing acreage of ruin. These Londoners are aided in their inspiration, and their courage heightened through the direction given to their vision, by the plans which Sir Christopher Wren originally drew for the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire of 1666. These were approved then by King and Parliament, but were finally defeated by the inertia of the landholders. Public opinion is said now to be on the side of Wren, and plans are already under way for a modernized adaptation of his dream.



THE MAN WHO WAS BORN IN TWO PLACES

By LeGette Blythe

The man from Michigan or California or New York who has been out searching for the birthplace of Andrew Jackson climbs back into his car.

"Well," he says to himself, as he starts the motor, "it does seem they could get their stories together. It does seem somebody could figure it out. It's a cinch Old Hickory wasn't born at both places. Or was he, after all? Old Hickory was never much for doing the usual thing anyway."

The man from Minnesota or Colorado or Texas drives down the country road that leads past the site of the George McKemey cabin and on beyond the site of the James Crawford house out to the new highway that almost parallels the north-south North Carolina-South Carolina state line. He leaves the sign on the edge of this country road—the old Wagon Road of the history books—which proclaims "0.3 Miles to McKemie Cabin Site, Birthplace of Andrew Jackson, Seventh President U. S. A." He rides on past the little marker on the edge of the road that says "Jackson's Birthplace" and the marble slab inside an iron fence that stands "upon the plantation whereon James Crawford lived, near the site of dwelling house."

Out on the highway he comes to the large iron South Carolina highway marker that has beneath a black arrow pointing up this dirt road the inscription: "To Birthplace of Andrew Jackson. The Place Where He Himself Said He Was Born. One-

fourth of a Mile From Here."

And he turns north or south and goes home to Maine or Florida wondering if Napoleon wasn't right after all when he said that "History is fiction agreed on."

It is rather confusing, this business of visiting the birthplace of Old Hickory. For a century and longer that question has been one of the puzzlers. Historians and biographers have wrestled with it and the ordinary every-day fellow who likes to read the historical markers and do a little simple investigating for himself has been lost in this question of whether Andrew Jackson was born in North Carolina or South Carolina.

It's pretty well settled now, however, thanks to the enterprise of Dr. Archibald Henderson, eminent man of literature and of science at The University of North Carolina.

Dr. Henderson comes to the conclusion—and it appears to be the only logical one to reach if you are in possession of the facts—that Jackson was born at the McKemey cabin—in North Carolina. These facts are revealed in his new two-volume "North Carolina: The Old State and the New," perhaps the most complete story of North Carolina ever told, certainly a story embracing the longest period and one that reveals in many particulars entirely new material.

It's an interesting story, that of Old Hickory's birth. It's an interesting ride, that of visiting his "birthplaces."

Start at the railway station at Wax-

haw, N. C. Jackson as any schoolboy can tell you was born down in the old Waxhaws, March 15, 1767. Read the sign on the end of the little railway station under the name of the town: "Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States and general of the American forces in the War of 1812, was born six miles southwest of this place. A marker has been placed and a little plot laid off at this spot by the daughters of the American Revolution."

Then drive southwest across the boundary line, which in this section runs due north and south, until you come to the South Carolina State highway. In a little while you'll come to the big iron highway marker. Turn left, ride up the dirt road a quarter of a mile, and you'll see a small roadside marker designating this as the Jackson birthplace. Turn left and you are beside the big granite slab within the small iron fence.

"I was born in So. Carolina, as I have been told, at the plantation whereon James Crawford lived about one mile from the Carolina road Xg (Crossing) of the Waxhaw Creek." So said Andrew Jackson to J. H. Witherspoon, August 11, 1824. Jackson also said in his last will and testament that he was a native of South Carolina. This stone stands upon the plantation whereon James Crawford lived, near the site of the dwelling house.

Ride on up this little country road a mile and a half or two miles and you'll come to another sign, the marker pointing to the site "0.3 Miles" distant of the "McKamie Cabin Site, Birthplace of Andrew Jackson." Proceed along another sandy country road and shortly you'll come to a beautifully wooded little knoll in the center of which you'll see another granite

slab and beneath the carved-out likeness of a log cabin: "Here was born March 15, 1767, Andrew Jackson, Seventh President of the United States." Another stone has an inscription explaining that the base of the slab is composed of stones from the fireplace of the cabin in which Jackson was born.

Each of the two sites, though they are about two miles apart, is close to the state line, which runs roughly parallel to the old country road.

And now at which place was Jackson really born?

The site of the McKemey cabin (or McKamie, as it is also spelled) is known. If Jackson was born in that cabin, he was born on the exact site of the slab proclaiming it as his birthplace.

The site of the Crawford house is not known. As the slab on the South Carolina side explains, it marks a spot on the Crawford plantation "near the site of the dwelling."

And it is true that Jackson wrote the letter to Witherspoon expressing the belief that he had been born at the Crawford house, as the South Carolina marker quotes. But, of course Jackson did not know—nor does any man for a fact—where he was born.

Dr. Henderson's investigation, which he had been conducting over a period of many years, seems to prove that Jackson was wrong in this belief. More remarkable the Chapel Hill historian produces documentary evidence to show that Jackson changed his mind and later came to the conclusion that his birthplace was the McKemey cabin.

In the Edenton Gazette and Farmer's Palladium of March 23, 1831 during the presidency of Old Hickory, a facsimile of which is carried in the

Henderson book, there is published an invitation from the citizens of Murfreesboro, N. C., to visit them, and the reply of the President. “. . . Understanding that it is your purpose to visit the state of your nativity shortly . . .,” they urge him to include “this village on your southern tour” and he replied that “Should my official duties permit me to visit my native state during the recess of Congress, I will with great pleasure accept the flattering invitation which you have so kindly presented me. . .” and continues with the observation that “The State of North Carolina is a portion of our country endeared to me by the earliest associations. It was upon her bosom and among her citizens I first entered the career of life. . . .”

This letter was written almost seven years after the letter was written to Witherspoon, and follows the revelation to Jackson of affidavits obtained during the sensational campaign of 1828, and many scandalous stories about the candidate were being circulated. These affidavits, discussed in interesting detail by Dr. Henderson, testified that upon the death of Andrew Jackson, Sr., early in March, 1767, Mrs. Jackson went to the home of Mrs. George McKemy, her sister, where the baby was born March 15, After she was strong enough to continue her journey she went on down the Wagon Road to the home of another sister, Mrs. Crawford.

During the campaign of 1828 information to disprove campaign charges against Jackson was collected, including affidavits supplied by James D. Craig, a native of South Carolina, who had published a letter saying

that General Jackson had been wrong in the statement he had made to Witherspoon and pointed out there were “living witnesses yet remaining” who knew that he had been born at the McKemy house.

Now Dr. Henderson comes forward with a copy of the abstract of the affidavit of Mrs. Molly Cousert, preserved in the Walter Clark manuscripts of the North Carolina Historical Commission, in which this woman testifies that she was sent for on the night of the birth of Jackson to aid in the delivery of the baby in the home of George McKemy, and that she arrived there before the baby was dressed. This is first-hand testimony, and it fits in neatly with the other affidavits, which were given by persons who had talked with those present and aiding at the birth of Jackson.

Dr. Henderson's revelations, coupled with those of past research into this intriguing story, should end the controversy. But, of course, it won't.

They'll still argue—the South Carolina supporters of the Crawford house argument, will—that Andrew Jackson was born on that side of the line. They won't take down their markers. They may put up bigger ones. Confronted with what Dr. Henderson contends, is overwhelmingly evidence to prove that Old Hickory came into this world in the little cabin some 400 yards inside North Carolina, they won't yield.

The most they'll do, you can wager, is to admit grudgingly that maybe he was born at both places.

Maybe he was. Old Hickory, after all, was a fast-stepper.

HOW MUCH BETTER IS A HORSE THAN A MAN?

By G. F. Hubbartt in Zions Herald

Some time ago I spent a week's vacation in the famous Blue Grass section of Kentucky, and soon discovered that I had not seen all the sights until I had visited the great race horse, Man O'War. Passing along a state highway I observed a horse cemetery, fenced in by a stone wall. In the center was a monument to Nancy Hanks, 1886-1915—best time, 2:04—and all around in a circle above her grave were other mounds, each with its headstone. My host told me this was one of a number of such cemeteries. An animal burial ground is not unique. North Easton, Mass., has a cemetery and monuments for cows, and Blue Ball, Ohio, boasts a monument to the Poland China hog. A Fort Wayne, Ind., family buried its pet dog in a steel casket, placed a monument at its grave, and covered the mound with flowers. I instinctively compared that well-kept horse burial plot with the old cemetery at Harrodsburg, in which lie the Kentucky pioneers in unmarked graves and with the weedy patch at Boonesboro containing the remains of the pioneering friends of Daniel Boone.

But to return to Man O'War. I motored out to the Faraway farm, northwest of Lexington, and was shown the animal by the negro caretaker. The noted horse spends his years in a magnificent barn and has every comfort conceivable, while in all parts of the South both many whites and negroes lived in mere hovels.

My voluble informant furnished me

with these facts: Man O'War was sired in the Blue Grass country, and while still a yearling was purchased by Samuel D. Riddles of Philadelphia for \$5000, and sent at once to Maryland for training. When he was two years old he won nine out of ten starts in races, with eleven races and eleven wins in the third season. In those two years he brought in \$249,645, and as there was no other horse to pit against him he was sent away to Faraway for breeding purposes, earning for his owner an income of \$125,000 annually. I committed what I since have been told was an unpardonable sin—I dared to ask what the horse was worth. The colored lad replied courteously, "We don't know, but he is insured for \$500,000, and Mr. Riddles has refused an offer of \$800,000 for Man O'War."

When I left that barn my homiletical mind began to work. I said to my Lexington hostess, "I have a sermon from your Man O'War and your horse cemeteries. She replied, "You cannot make it too strong, for I have heard our ministers say that many in the Blue Grass section love horses more than they do people." I am reminded at this point of a story. On three successive Sundays a preacher found a note on his pulpit asking him to pray for Nancy Gray. The fourth Sunday a slip of paper told him he need pray for her no longer since she had won the race.

While in the lovely Kentucky country, in company with a student, I visited Berea College, an institution

that is doing a marvelous piece of work for mountain youth. From the catalogue of the school I discovered that if Man O'War could be sold for \$800,000 in cold cash the money would send 1428 boys and girls through four years of college. I was again reminded of a story told by Roger Babson at the time of the Boston police strike. While in the heart of the city he saw a soldier with gun on shoulder walking in front of a jewelry store to protect the gems. On his way out to his office in Wellesley Hills he saw an officer removing the household goods of a widow because she could not pay her rent. Mr. Babson said, "I reflected that jewelry is property demanding protection by law, while a poor widow is only a human being."

Jesus found that the residents of Gadara preferred the well being of their swine to the mental recovery of an unfortunate man. John Webba of the Angola conference, who died recently leaving five sons in Christian service, was once turned over in lieu of four razorback pigs by a heathen chief to pay a fine. Dr. George W. Carver, the noted Tuskegee scientist, who Louis Adamic, in his "From Many Lands," says is possibly the most valuable man in the South, was once traded for a horse. An Indiana district superintendent labored a good part of an afternoon to prevent the officials of a three-point circuit from reducing their pastor's \$700 salary. At last the superintendent said, "Brother C., you think more of the stock on your farm than you do of your preacher." The layman replied, "Of course I do."

The more I meditated about Man O'War the more I realized that we live in a topsy-turvy world. Congress

grants in one budget \$2,990,000 for animal husbandry and \$403,000 for the Children's Bureau. The Army demands \$72,155 to train cavalry horses, but the State Department to care for all foreign trade gets \$75,000. The Buenos Aires Pan-American conference in 1936 ruled out of its agenda the item on civil rights of women, while it retained one on sanitary regulations, which referred to the importation of hoof-and-mouth diseased cattle into the United States. Zions Herald in 1923 reported that the World Conference on Education in San Francisco received not a line of space in some of the Boston papers, while the Boston Post accorded 398½ inches to a prize fight in Shelby, Mont.

Another reflection that impressed itself on my mind was the fact that there was no drawing of the color line among horses. While on the campus of Berea College I was informed that the school originally was open to both white and black youth, but the state of Kentucky passed a law separating the races in schools, so that one half the assets were given to the establishment of a Negro institution. But in that barn the day I visited the Faraway farm was sorrel Man O'War with two of his sons of the same color, Crusador and Mars. In an adjoining stall was Golden Broom, a chestnut brown. The line of color and blood may be drawn when it comes to humanity, but not in the case of thoroughbred horses.

My call on Man O'War increased my belief in the theory of eugenics, for this knight of the race track can trace his ancestry back through twenty-two generations of thoroughbreds, to White Turk, a horse owned by the stud-master of Oliver Cromwell. Man O'War in his colts carries on the

family tradition. I have mentioned Crusader and Mars, but the family tree includes other great racers like American Flag, Scapa Flow, Edith Cavell. The outstanding horse of 1937 was Man O'War's son, War Admiral, and another is Battleship. Then there is his grandson Seabiscuit, who in five years came to high track fame and brought to his owner \$437,730 in earnings.

Dr. F. A. Adams, formerly of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, spent years in a study of European nobility. He made the amazing discovery that the royal families in Europe had produced more truly great men and women than any other series of interrelated families of which we have any record. A look at the John Adams family in America, continuing into the fifth generation with Charles Francis Adams, III, Secretary of the Navy under Herbert Hoover, would seem to lend proof that there is something in blood. The study of the ancestry of Abraham Lincoln by Dr. L. A. Warren of the Lincoln Foundation of Fort Wayne, Ind., shows that the great war President was not a "sport" in biological development, but that he came from a long line of forebears who had been prominent in political affairs. Dr. Leta Hollingsworth, after a thirteen-years examination of the children of Public School

500, New York, declares that she has never found a superior child that came from inferior stock. It appears that Man O'War preaches a sermon on eugenics which our country ought to heed.

While on my stay at Lexington my hostess took me out to her race track, pointing out the half block of book makers' booths. Then I thought that old Man O'War also preached a warning sermon about gambling. He is the innocent victim of one of the most vicious systems in our nation. Grantland Rice quotes a bookmaker as saying that anyone who tries to play every race on a card hasn't even a starting chance; the odds against him are a thousand to one. A few years ago the Readers Digest had an article (originally in Collier's) entitled "Rhode Island Picks the Wrong Horse," in which it was stated that legitimate business had suffered greatly since racetrack gambling had been legalized. Today bank night holds sway in many moving picture theatres, and even raffles, bingo, beano, and what have you, are invading the church.

Man O'War is one of the finest commentaries of the age on Jesus' question, "How much then is a man better than a sheep?" Really, how much better is a horse than a man?

Let us learn the lesson in which long ago we should have been letter-perfect. Let us never again be guilty of the sin of the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin; let us hereafter be ready in advance to defend our rights against alien foes with all our hardened might; and let us brace ourselves with steel-hearted resolution and with serene wisdom to grapple with the vitally important problems of peace—just as, if necessary, we will grapple with the problems of war.—Theodore Roosevelt—1918.

MAESTRO, AMERICAN STYLE

By John Battiston in *Christian Science Monitor*

When Arturo Toscanini was conducting the New York Philharmonic a few years back, there occurred a trivial digression in rehearsal that was to have significant results. Toscanini wished to hear a certain passage from the rear of the auditorium and called for a volunteer in the orchestra to take his baton. No one proved bold enough to step forward. Toscanini then motioned to his first viola player, Leon Barzin, to officiate. While Barzin conducted, Toscanini hovered silently in the darkness of the unlit hall. He made no comment until the passage had been completed and he returned to the stage. Then he said simply:

"Put your instrument away, Leon, you are going to be a conductor."

It is seldom that a musician in an orchestra becomes a conductor. The recurring cartoon depicting a maestro as a tempestuous European—coattails askew, hair bristling, arms whirling—appeals to Americans because it contains the fairly general truth. Nevertheless, behind the mannerisms and the facade of a virtuoso's toilette lies a long record of grinding work, study and traditions amounting almost to self-immolation.

Despite his sudden and dramatic success Leon Barzin knows from experience the difficulties of a career in music. His father was a professional viola player. Like most children of musicians, Leon hoped that he would be spared the hardship of following in his father's footsteps. Familiarity with the drudgery involved and the scant rewards, may have been his reasons. The father had

other ideas, however. The musician who is not hopeful of fathering a virtuoso was never born.

One day during the intermission in the old French Opera House in New Orleans the elder Barzin, first viola and conductor, was walking arm in arm with the first horn.

"Tomorrow is a great day for me, Carl," said the viola. "I'm going to give my son his first violin lesson."

Leon's ambition as a child was to be a baseball player. Even as a boy it gave him as much thrill to slip a strike over the plate as to vibrate the most ethereal of notes. But play hours were turned into work hours. When public schols let out and the children ran wild on the streets of the West Side, Leon hurried home to put in three or four hours on scales and bowing. During the four high school years the practice session was stepped up to five and six hours a day. Then, after graduation, when the fingers were becoming strong and the boy's technique well developed, the non-union workday planned by his father called for 14 hours of practice daily.

The debut came in 1916 at 16. Later he appeared in concert and played for the Liberty Loan Campaign. Friends in the audience sometimes saw tears of joy trickling down the father's cheeks as he sat unobserved, he thought, in a corner. More work, more certainty, closer approach to perfection became the father's creed for the son. At home, after the concerts, only the defects were remembered.

"Tell me he would demand, "why

did you play that note on the eighteenth bar so loud?"

The spirit of youth does not crack easily. Leon not only survived but found a surreptitious outlet. The family summered at a colony of painters, writers, and musicians. The hills surrounding it rang every night with the echo of merrymaking. Leon always appeared at these parties with his violin, which he smuggled out of the house. The dizzy tunes he played and the operas he jazzed still remain, in the memories of those who heard them, feats of artistic distraction and relaxation.

The value of this horseplay may seem remote in a maestro's life. The unhappy day came, however, when his father needed a helping hand. Leon's ability to entertain the flip-pant element that likes clowning as well as the more serious-minded lovers of music turned to gold. He found a position as leader of the orchestra at the old Alps Restaurant on Sixth Avenue, New York. It was a rendezvous for musicians and artists. The job required a perfected technique so as not to pain the ear of the professionals, and a young enthusiasm to distract them after days of taut concentration. Fritz Kreisler and Eferem Zimbalist were among the habitués. When they drifted in, usually to a late supper, one was certain to toss the score of a favorite sonata on the piano as he passed.

"Leon, there's something for you," was the greeting.

The orchestra gladly put aside "Dardanella" and the other hits of the day. From that moment the Alps became a concert hall. Many of the pieces were new to the young violinist and difficult to play at sight, but he never hesitated. One does not demur

when Kreisler is waiting with his ear cocked. In fact, Leon Barzin never hesitated to play anything, anywhere, for anybody at all who cared to hear.

The family emergency had no sooner passed than the father took a hand in the son's future. It seems that he had not brought him up to be a cafe fiddler; that he wanted him to try for a place on a symphony orchestra.

"What," demanded Leon, "take a job at \$60 a week in place of the \$180 I'm making now?"

That seems to have been exactly what the father had in mind. Leon secured an audition and was hired as second violin of the National Symphony Orchestra conducted by Arthur Bodanzsky and Wilhelm Mengelberg. That was in 1919. A year later the Philharmonic engaged him as second violinist. Then, in 1925, Leon became first viola and a member of the Philharmonic quartet.

At that time the Philharmonic was under the baton of Toscanini. For a musician it was not an unmixed blessing. Leniency was not one of the maestro's strong points, as the record of broken violins and flying batons will confirm. But if your musicianship was not too shaky, rehearsing with Toscanini was bound to be the biggest thing in your life.

For any ensemble musician who has attained the first chair of any good symphonic orchestra there is little ahead. His superlative best as a fiddler, or 'cellist, or clarinetist is not a logical step to conducting, which is a separate career requiring other virtues. Leon Barzin like the rest, was happy to live and play in the shadow of Toscanini for the pleasure of watching a genius at work. Then came the unforeseen, the unexpected

—the rehearsal at which he was asked to conduct.

With this pinch of opportunity thrown in, this career in art parallels the usual successful career in business (ability, hard work, opportunity). And working up from the bottom has left a happy imprint on the home-grown maestro. First, you are impressed by the absence of any trace of pomposity; then that he is cheerful, optimistic, and a good mixer—that you couldn't tell him from a bank clerk in a crowd—a tall, well dressed, distinguished clerk.

Leon Barzin began conducting in 1929. Within a year sponsors were to run out of money and orchestras lose sponsors. The financially distressed orchestra, of which Leon Barzin was Associate Conductor, was re-organized. The name was changed to National Orchestral Association and

he remained as conductor and musical director.

This group was altruistic, almost utopian, in its objectives. It aimed at giving young instrument players who had completed their academic courses, only to find further progress and even the possibility of playing denied to them by the depression, the otherwise unobtainable experience that leads to a job. Many were so poor they could not afford tuition but received scholarships. Those without instruments of their own were equipped. Some seem to have been going hungry in silence.

These are only passing clouds in the often treacherous path of a musical career. They were not sufficient to keep the boys and girls away from a single rehearsal where Leon Barzin works them to a frazzle.



WHO SOWS A WHEAT FIELD

The man who sows a wheat field
 Shall harvest more than grain:
 Long days of June-bright sunshine
 And nights of slanting rain;
 Tall sheaves of crested grasses
 That move in measured tide:
 He walks among his acres
 With Beauty and with Pride.

The man who tends a wheat field
 Shall harvest more than grain:
 Laughter for sturdy childhood,
 And strength for hand and brain;
 In silent benediction
 His plowshare turns the sod:
 The man who tends a wheat field
 Walks with his partner, God.

—Goldie Capers Smith.

FOREST FIRE CONTROL

(American Forestry)

Active forest fire control by a State agency began in a small way in North Carolina in 1915, with the Legislative enactment of the basis of our present forest fire laws. This basic fire law carried no fiscal appropriation, and was administered by the North Carolina Geological and Economic Survey, which was the immediate predecessor of the present Department of Conservation and Development. However, cooperation with the United States Forest Service at that time enabled the Survey to appoint a few part-time forest wardens, principally in mountain counties, whose duties were largely educational. This federal cooperation was given under the Weeks Law of 1911, and consisted of from \$380 to \$2,000 annually between 1915 and 1920 for the payment of fire lookouts and patrolmen in the forested regions of the state. Such payments were made direct to the patrolmen by the Federal Government, under certification by the State Forester of their employment.

It is of interest to note that the title "State Forester" was first put into official use in 1915. Prior to that time this official had been termed a forestry expert in the Geological and Economic Survey.

In 1920 the State Forester was allowed an assistant to take charge of the fire-control work, and this assistant was appointed under the title of Chief Forest Fire Warden. Between 1915 and 1920, annual reports on the occurrence of forest fires were compiled from data furnished by volun-

teer correspondents throughout the state.

During the years 1915-20, the fire-control work that was actually carried out was done largely by individual landowners and by fire protective associations. A number of these associations were formed under the leadership of the State Forester, and they consisted of groups of forest landowners whose property was contiguous and who handled their own fire-control work through payment of assessments on a per-acre basis.

In 1921, the General Assembly passed the first law authorizing the several counties to cooperate financially with the Survey in the work of forest-fire protection. A number of counties took immediate advantage of this authorization and during 1921, about \$350 of county money was spent in the work. In 1922 this figure was about \$951, and in 1923 it rose to about \$3,500.

By 1922 forest wardens, under very moderate compensation, had been appointed in about twenty-one counties, and were being supervised by two salaried foresters in the field who were called District Foresters.

In 1925, the General Assembly reorganized the Geological and Economic Survey as the Department of Conservation and Development. At that time the federal funds available under the Clarke-McNary Law of 1924 for fire-control work in the state were about \$30,000 annually, and some thirty counties cooperating with the state appropriated an additional \$10,000.

In 1926 the first lookout tower was constructed by the State Forest Service. It was a wooden tower near Cameron Hill in Harnett county. During the next few years some twenty-five steel towers and a few miles of connecting telephone line were placed by the State Forest Service. With the coming of the Federal Emergency Conservation work Program in 1933, the tower system made rapid strides. Towers and telephone lines were built by the CCC camps under the State Forester's direction, at no direct cost to the state and counties. At present the fire detection and reporting system of the State Forest Service consists of ninety-one lookout towers (with seven more on order through the CCC) and about nine hundred and fifty miles of connecting telephone lines.

About fifty-nine percent of North Carolina's thirty-one million acres of land area is forest land. Considering the value of the land and timber, the worth of the forest products cut from

them each year, values from the standpoint of game and fish and recreation, watershed protection, the investment in wood-using industries, etc., it is conservatively estimated that this state has an annual investment of over \$200,000,000 in its forest lands.

The Federal Government, through several of its branches, owns and gives complete fire protection to about 1,375,000 acres of forest land in the state. The remainder of nearly 17 million acres is largely privately owned. It is this latter area with which the Department of Conservation and Development is concerned. In 1930, the state had some ten million acres of this under a measure of fire protection. During the depression years, this protected area dropped as low as six and three-quarters million acres. It has now risen to 11,720,000 acres, and 59 of the State's 100 counties are cooperating financially with the Department in this work.



PESTS

Of pests I'm growing weary;
 One finds them everywhere
 Loud pests who won't stop talking;
 Dumb pests, who sit and stare.

Instructive pests, who teach you
 Dull facts you knew before;
 And pests who talk of nothing
 Beyond their own front door.

But when I say in anger,
 "All pests should, forwith die;"
 An awful thought assails me,
 "What sort of pest am I?"

NEW ORDER IN THE WORLD

(Baptist Record)

The world is in sore need of a new order. It is badly out of adjustment. The whole social, economic, political and moral structure is badly out of kelter. And it has been this way for generations. Now and then this condition gets to be acute, and men begin to wonder what can be done to remedy it.

Then comes a diverse assortment of quacks and cranks who propose a "new order." Certainly the old order is bad enough. Justice is not meted out to all. There is not equality of opportunity and the latent resources of nature, including human nature, are not being developed and utilized. Man power is dormant or going to waste. The energies of man and of nature are not being harnessed and used for their appointed tasks. It is not surprising that a Hitler or a Mussolini arises to try to set things right.

It was the abnormal and unnatural condition of the world which gave birth to men like these. They are like the Holy Rollers, the product of degenerate times, which lead men to welcome anything that promises relief or improvement. But there are quack remedies in every department of life, and men in desperation welcome them because they know of nothing better.

"Is there no balm in Gilead? Is

there no physician there?" Yes, there is a remedy for every ill. And there is a new order which will heal men of their moral and spiritual woes. Anybody who reads the Old Testament finds it studded with the promises of God for a "New Order" in the world. Isaiah is "very bold" in declaring it and his language is inspiringly beautiful in the description of it. Read for example, the whole of the fifty-fifth chapter.

We quote only a fragment. "I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David. Behold I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people. Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you singing; and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree. And it shall be to Jehovah for a name for an everlasting sign which shall not be cut off." The book is full of description of the New Order.

This is just another name for what the Bible calls the kingdom of God. If you will take your Bible or a concordance and look up the word new, you will find ample description of its nature. It is ours to bring it in.

In the destiny of every being there is an object more worthy of God than happiness. It is character. And the grand aim of man's creation is the development of a grand character—and grand character is, by its very nature, the product of probationary discipline.—Austin Phelps.

THE EXTRA CAN OF PEACHES

By Wallace Joice in World Horizons

During the early days of our country's history, traders opened supply stores on the frontier, dealing mostly with Indians, often enduring great dangers. The Indians understood little of the value of money, and practically all transactions were on the basis of bartering.

An intrepid immigrant to the great West was "Trader Jones." He opened a post in the Far North. One day, soon after he began business, a band of Indians swept around a bend in the river and landed on the white, sandy beach not far from Jones' store. They pitched their tepees and started their fires. Trader Jones heard the low beat of their drums and the soft sound of their dancing feet. Once he went to the top of the mound that separated his cabin from the Indian camp, but the Indians gave no heed.

"They will come to my store in the morning for supplies," he speculated, but felt some misgivings as to the character of the tribesmen and their intentions. So he bolted the heavy log door and blew out the light.

Morning came, but the Indians did not appear. The smoke of their fires was visible, hence the trader knew the Indians were still there. Two days, three days, passed without incident. On the fourth morning a young Chief stepped into the door, threw a bundle of furs on the counter, and grunted. He held up both hands, and then opened two fingers, indicating that he had brought twelve skins.

The trader untied the bundle and counted the skins. Then he held up

both hands, followed by three fingers. The Indian protested, again indicated that there were but twelve, and made signs that he wanted merchandise for twelve skins. The trader laid the skins out on the counter and pointed to them one by one, but the Indian Chief could not be convinced. He wanted sugar and coffee and tobacco for twelve skins.

Trader Jones was perplexed. He feared that the Indian was preparing the way for trouble. At that moment a number of dark forms appeared in the doorway, apparently watching the procedure. Jones seized one of the best furs and thrust it back into the Indian's arms, and put away the twelve. Then he turned quickly and wrapped up the merchandise the Indian wanted. He put into the package a can of peaches as good measure. When the package was ready, the Indian stalked out of the door, followed by the several who had been watching. Jones watched them disappear over the mound, quite unable to understand the Indian's queer antics in insisting on a wrong count of the skins.

Half an hour later, the trader was surprised to see a score or more of Indians approaching his store. For a moment he was wavering between bolting the door or attempting to make his escape. He was standing behind the counter when the Indians pompously walked into the door. They talked and laughed, and some of them were singing. All were carrying bundles of skins, and one by one they placed the bundles on the counter un-

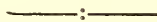
til the pile was higher than the trader's head.

Then the Indians wandered about in the store, examining the goods displayed on the long shelves. One Indian indicated what he wanted in return for his skins. A young half-breed stepped forward and in broken English exclaimed, "He say you give him sugar and coffee and flour and peaches, like you give to Chief—much as you can for skins."

The trader smiled. He saw that his reputation had been made with the tribe. He knew, too, that this sort of thing would be spread far and wide. Each Indian in turn stepped up for his package, and the trader saw to it that each package contained full measure and an extra can of peaches.

One night the young Chief came to the door attired in regalia. He brought with him the young buck as an interpreter. The Chief expostulated wildly, and the half-breed explained, "Chief say he want you at camp." The trader readily agreed to accompany the two Indians. Upon reaching camp he was greeted with loud beating of drums and dancing and singing. Then he was seated in the center beside the Chief, and given the ceremonies of a favored brother.

The trader learned some days later the reason for this unusual reception. The Indians at many posts had suffered at the hands of dishonest white traders. Trader Jones was given the test of honesty by the Chief on his first visit to the store, and Trader Jones was not found wanting.



TEN ROYAL RESOLUTIONS

1 I will study the language of gentleness and refuse to use words that bite and tones that crush.

2 I will practice patience at home lest my testy temper break through unexpectedly and disgrace me.

3 I will remember that my neighbors have troubles enough to carry without unloading mine on them.

4 I will excuse others' faults and failures as often as fully as I expect others to be lenient with mine.

5 I will cure criticism with commendation, close up against gossip and build healthy loves by service.

6 I will be a friend under trying tests and wear everywhere a good-will face unchilled by aloofness.

7 I will gloat over gains never, but amass only to enrich others and so gain a healthy heart.

8 I will love boys and girls so that old age will not find me soured and stiff, but fresh and free.

9 I will gladden my nature by smiling out loud on every fair occasion and by outlook be optimistic.

10 I will pray frequently, think of good things, believe in men and so do a full day's work without fear or favor.

TRUTH ABOUT THE MARKET HOUSE

(The State Magazine)

For many years there has been discussion and argument about whether slaves actually were sold at the old Market House in Fayetteville. Here are the actual facts.

Fayetteville, July 14, 1941

Mr. Carl Goerch,
The State,
Raleigh, N. C.

Dear Mr. Goerch:

I enclose you a signed statement by Captain Alexander Campbell, Sr., of Fayetteville. It is very interesting with reference to the Old Market House and the sale of slaves there. I thought you might like to have it for The State.

Yours very truly,

John A. Oates.

Mr. Oates having asked me what I know about the sale of slaves at the Old Market House in Fayetteville, North, Carolina, I told him that I would be glad to tell him what I have seen.

In the beginning I want to say that the slaves that were sold there were sold whenever estates were divided or when personal property, which included slaves, was sold at public auction. All kinds of personal property and household goods were sold at the Old Market House because it was about three blocks away to the County Courthouse and it was more convenient to make the sales at the Market House.

I may say that I was eighty-five the 5th day of September 1940, hav-

ing been born in 1855 in the City of Fayetteville.

My father was A. M. Campbell and he was City Auctioneer and often sold property at public auction.

In 1861 or 1862 my father was in charge of the estate of J. J. Johnson, who was a minor, and my father had charge of some eight or ten slaves belonging to J. J. Johnson. Whenever it was necessary to raise money my father would sell, under Court order, some property and sometimes a slave.

I recall distinctly going one day with Robert Cotton, a slave boy who stayed at my father's house, to the Old Market House where the boy was to be sold at public auction along with several other slaves. The first one sold was a first cousin of Robert and I believe his name was Alec Cotton. This boy was about twenty-one years of age. When he was sold he brought a good price but after the sale the purchaser was told by someone that the boy had a scar on him. The boy showed the purchaser the scar on his knee and the purchaser then refused to make good his bid. We were all mighty glad of it because he was a great musician and a most agreeable boy and a hard worker and we were fond of Alec. The Cotton boy's mother was present when Robert was sold and cried all the time during the sale. The old Negro mother prayed that her boy would never do the purchaser any good and we found out soon afterwards that the boy died within two months after the sale. She said afterwards that she was sorry that she made that prayer

because the boy might have lived and she could have seen him again.

I have seen slaves sold at the Old Market House by other auctioneers.

I may say that slaves were never brought to the Old Market House and sold like farm produce or other things. They were sold there only for the purpose of dividing an estate or satisfying a debt.

My companionship as a boy with the slaves were some of the most pleasant days of my life and we all seemed to be happy together.

We lived at that time on the corner of Gillespie and Russell streets, which later became the Jennings Place. That house was burned before Sherman came through Fayetteville and my father had put lumber on the

ground to rebuild and the house was partially constructed. Sherman took that lumber and used it to build pontoon bridges over the Cape Fear River where Johnson burned the bridge. We then moved to Dick Street to the old Breece House and later after the war to Haymount in the Matthews House.

I have seen Fayetteville during its worse days, that is, when Sherman was here and the terrible conditions that followed through the days of reconstruction. I am glad to see the old City spreading out and growing so fast, and I hope that the future citizens will maintain the fine spirit that has prevailed in the old town for more than a hundred years.



LIFE BEGINS AT SIXTY-FIVE

Cheer up, grandpa, don't you cry!
 You'll wear diamonds by and by.
 Uncle Sam has money mills
 Made to grind out brand new bills.
 He will help you in your cause,
 With his old-age pension laws.
 No more worry over bills,
 Butchers' duns, or doctors' pills.
 No more panic over rent,
 Leave that all to Government.
 Dine on squab and caviar,
 Sport a streamline motor car.
 When the blizzards bliz a bit,
 Off to Palm Beach gayly flit.
 Lead a life on pleasure bent.
 But you must spend every cent!
 Whoopee, grandpa! Stay alive!
 Life begins at sixty-five!

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The popular R-K-O production, "Gunga Din," was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. Although it was a very hot night, the boys thoroughly enjoyed the picture.

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In former issues much has been said about grass and how rapidly it grows. The farm boys are now mowing every day and will continue to do so each suitable day until the coming of frost. We are beginning to see day by day the wagons passing by our window, on the way to the barn, heavily laden with nicely cured hay.

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Adverse weather conditions of the past few weeks have interfered with the growth of the vines and the development of the watermelons, and the unusual early melon feasts will be delayed somewhat and possibly lessened. Some cantaloupes, however, have been gathered and they are quite delicious.

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Superintendent Charles E. Boger and Jesse C. Fisher, assistant superintendent, representing the School; Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rockingham, representing the North Carolina Branch of King's daughters; Walter Hooks, prominent Charlotte architect; and the district supervisor for the PWA in this section; met recently in Charlotte. This meeting was for

the purpose of discussing plans for the erection of a chapel at the School some time in the future.

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Howard Riddle, a former member of the Cottage No. 6 group, called on friends at the School last Tuesday morning. Upon leaving the institution, February 19, 1929, he returned to Iredell county and was employed on a farm near Statesville for about two years. For the past ten years he has been employed by the Cannon Manufacturing Company, in the weave room of Plant No. 4, Kannapolis, and he stated that he liked his place of employment very much and was getting along well. Although quite a little lad at the time he left the School, Howard has developed into a rather husky young man. He is twenty-nine years old, has been married four years, and has one son, aged three years. In speaking of his stay at the School, he said that he felt that it was the very best thing that could have happened to him, as the lessons learned while here had proved a great help to him in many ways.

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The School has been blessed this year with more fruit than at any other time in its history. Both the old and the new orchards have produced a most bountiful supply of peaches. The cannery was put into action in an effort to save the surplus fruit for winter use. In addition to the regular canning force, the teachers and

boys of several school grades were pressed into service as "peelers" and things have really been humming over at the cannery. They have been hard at work for nearly two weeks and as the result of their labor more than two thousand gallons of peaches have been prepared for storage. The boys have eaten fresh peaches until they no longer are tempted by their allurements.

Grapes are just beginning to put in their appearance, and it is expected that our vineyards will yield a most generous supply for many weeks to come.

Another nice fruit in the form of a plum has been served at the cottages several times, but has not seriously affected the abundant yield, as the trees still carry quantities of this fruit. To see these nice yellow plums clinging to the trees makes a picture that would appeal to the eye of an artist.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lee McBride of Alexandria, Va., were visitors at the School last Wednesday afternoon. The former, better known as "Mac," was once a member of our printing class, leaving the institution in 1926. For the past nine years he has been employed as linotype operator-machinist on the "Alexandria Gazette," the oldest daily newspaper in the United States, and has been getting along very nicely. He is well liked by his employers and has received several promotions during his stay with them. On the car which he was driving we noticed just above the regular license tag, one on which was printed the word "Press," which would indicate that he does some reporting in addition to

his duties in the composing room. Such tags are usually found on cars driven by members of the press, allowing them to proceed through police lines in cases of fires or other occasions where large crowds gather.

Since it has been our pleasure to meet "Mac's" employers, and to visit the little cozy home in the suburbs of Alexandria where he and his wife and three daughters live, we do not hesitate to say that here is one of our lads who has really made good since leaving the School, and we are proud of the record he is making.

Following a custom started a few years ago, he brought a treat in the form of candy—about forty-five pounds—especially for the boys in the printing department, the remainder to be distributed among the other boys, which was most gratefully received.

It is always a pleasure to have this red-headed, good-natured young man with the sunny disposition and million-dollar smile visit us, and since we have become acquainted with Mrs. McBride, we are equally glad to see her. We hope they will stop in to see us whenever they happen to be traveling through this section of the country.

—:—

In the absence of Mr. A. C. Sheldon, who is vacationing up in Vermont, Mr. Douglas Aitken, of the Industrial Loan and Investment Bank, Charlotte, was in charge of the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. Following the singing of the opening hymn, and scripture recitation and prayer, led by Bruce Hawkins, of Cottage No. 3, Mr. Aitken addressed

the boys briefly, after which he presented the speaker of the afternoon, Rev. Thomas E. Morton, pastor of the First Christian Church, Charlotte, who spoke to the boys on "The Covered Wagon of Today." At one time the speaker was a chaplain at the Training School for Boys, located at Eldora, Iowa, and from the manner in which he delivered his message, one could readily see that he knew just how to hold the boys' attention.

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Morton said that he got the idea for the subject of his story from a magazine advertisement telling the qualities of a new trailer called "The Covered Wagon", which caused him to think of the old covered wagon days. When reading the story of the early days of our nation, said he, it is thrilling to note the adventures of the early pioneers as they made their way Westward. They kept going when times were hard, and never stopped until they succeeded in making their homes safe in the new country. They were besieged by hostile Indians; they lost many members of their families through sickness; in fact, everything seemed to go against them, but they carried on to success. When thinking of all those early settlers had to endure, we must class them as heroes, but with conditions in the world as they are today, there is also a crying need for heroism in 1941.

In the old covered wagon days, continued the speaker, men thought of where they were going. They thought of their wives and children and the things they would need in their new homes. Things are very much like that today. Boys in the world today must make preparation for the places to which they are going.

Youth today has a West toward which they are traveling. The early pioneers traveled from the East to the great lands of the West in search of homes. They sought to develop the country which we of today enjoy. Today we have pioneers, or youths from the east or early days of life traveling toward the west or the sunset of life, and it is their duty to seek the right way which will lead to the goal. They must have adventures in the realm of friendship. A man who has no friends is a pretty lonesome sort of person. If you want to live a useless sort of life, try to live without friends. These are steel cords which bind men together. Youth also has to go out in this covered wagon in the fields of knowledge. We cannot go through life in an ignorant sort of way. We must learn how to live for the common good of each other. The best way to do this is to search the field of Christian experience, seeking to know all the wonderful powers of the goodness of God.

On this journey toward the sunset of life, continued Rev. Mr. Morton, we will find the way before us difficult to travel. It is not easy to do things worthwhile. There are countless hardships ahead. If we try to stand for what is right, people will misunderstand us and will criticize our every act. When this occurs, we should not be discouraged. Just as the pioneer of the old days fought hardships rather than turning back, we, too, must keep our faces toward the west, overcoming obstacles by a true faith in Good.

Just as the early settlers had guides along the journey, we of today must follow the right sort of guide. There came times in the lives of the pioneers when they had to choose between two ways to travel. Arriving at a turning-

point, they had to decide which way to go. So it is with the young people of today. Evils on all sides beckon to them. Some of these evils are so disguised that they look like the real thing. Here is a very important turning-point, and the only way to be able to make the right choice is for us is to let Christ be our leader. He alone can give us the necessary strength and courage to overcome the dangers to be found along the journey of life. As we make the right choice

in the days of our youth, so we shall reap the ripe fruit of a well-spent life in later years.

There is a great difference in the way a journey ends, said the speaker, and it all depends upon the beginning. Those who have started well and have continued even through the greatest of hardships, will find joy at the end of the road. Christ has said, "I am the way, the truth, the life," and if we will let him guide us, the end of the journey will be beautiful indeed.



AGAIN

Over and over again,
 No matter which way I turn,
 I always see in the book of life
 Some lesson that I must learn.
 I must take my turn at the mill.
 I must grind out the golden grain.
 I must work at my task with resolute will—
 Over and over again.

Over and over again,
 The brook through the meadow runs;
 And over and over again
 The ponderous mill wheel turns.
 Once doing will not suffice—
 Though doing be not in vain—
 And a blessing failing us once or twice,
 May come if we try again.

—Author Unknown

SCHOOL HONOR ROLL --- JUNE

FIRST GRADE

—A—

Roy Barnett
Charles Browning
Charles Crotts
Jack Crotts
David Cunningham
Leonard Dawn
Jack Evans
Charles Gaddy
Olin Lankford
Durwood Martin
Ernest Overcash
Jack Reeves
Melvin Roland
Hercules Rose
Walter Sexton
Brice Thomas
Carl Tyndall
Eldred Watts

—B—

Troy Gilland
Vernon Harding
Isaac Mahaffey
James Roberson
George Roberts
Ray Smith
Ernest Turner
David Williams

SECOND GRADE

—A—

Bayard Aldridge
Elgin Atwood
Wesley Beaver
James Mondie
Roy Mumford
Carl Ray
Lewis B. Sawyer
Charles Widener
James C. Wiggins
Floyd Williams
Louis Williams

—B—

Winley Jones
Claude McConnell
George Tolson

THIRD GRADE

—A—

Percy Capps

James Davis
Eugene Edwards
John Maples
Broadus Moore
Monroe Searcy
Fred Tolbert
Thomas Yates

—B—

Donald Hobbs
Floyd Puckett

FOURTH GRADE

—A—

William Cook
Martin Crump
George Green
Jerome Wiggins

—B—

Paul Briggs
James Hale
Robert Goldsmith
Charles McCoyle

FIFTH GRADE

—A—

Woodrow Hager
David Hensley
Vollie McCall
Jack West

—B—

Homer Bass
Cleasper Beasley
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
Bernice Hoke
Ivey Lunsford
William Nelson
George Newman
James Puckett
Canipe Shoe

SIXTH GRADE

—A—

Herschel Allen
Raymond Andrews
Edward Batten
William Buff

—B—

Bennie Austin

Lewis H. Baker
 Ray Bayne
 Grover Beaver
 James Brewer
 Jennings Britt
 Henry Butler
 Collett Cantor
 William Cherry
 Joseph Christine
 Thomas Fields
 Jack Hainey
 Vincent Hawes
 Eugene Heafner
 J. B. Hensley
 Edward Johnson
 James Lane
 Edward Murray
 Otis McCall
 William Padrick
 Marvin Pennell
 Randall D. Peeler
 Grover Revels
 Thomas Sands
 Jack Sutherland
 J. P. Sutton
 Currie Singletary
 James C. Stone
 Thomas Willis

Hubert Walker
 Dewey Ware
 Jack Warren
 Basil Wetherington
 George Wilhite
 Alton Williams
 William Wilson
 Woodrow Wilson
 Charles Ziegler

SEVENTH GRADE

—A—

Theodore Bowles
 Quentin Crittenton
 James M. Hare
 Edward Stutts
 Weldon Warren

—B—

Odell Almond
 George Duncan
 Henry Ennis
 Homer Head
 Porter Holder
 Harvey Ledford
 Mack McQuaigue
 Thomas Wilson

 MY DESIRE

I want to do something to make a heart glad
 Each day that I live in this world.
 I want to help brighten the paths that are sad,
 And clear where the serpents lie curled.
 I want to keep smiling as long as I live,
 For smiles are the world's greatest need.
 I'll not expect more than I'm willing to give;
 And "Helpfulness" I want for my creed.
 I want to encourage, I want to commend
 While life tries me as a host.
 I only want to be a good friend
 To those who need a friend most.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 27, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
Clarence Bell
Arcemias Heafner
William O'Brien
William Shannon
Fred Stuart
Charles Wooten

COTTAGE NO. 1

N. A. Bennett
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
Everett Case
Doris Hill
Carl Hooker
Joseph Howard
Curtis Moore
Luther Vaughn
Frank Walker
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

Bennie Austin
Paul Abernathy
Henry Barnes
Raymond Brooks
Charles Chapman
Joseph Christine
Jack Cline
Joseph Farlow
Bernice Hoke
Edward Johnson
Ralph Kistler

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Grover Beaver
William Buff
Robert Coleman
Kenneth Conklin
Jack Crotts
Robert Hare
Bruce Hawkins
Jerry Jenkins
Jack Lemly
Otis McCall
Wayne Sluder
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver
Aubry Fargis
William C. Jordan
William Morgan
George Speer
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Collett Cantor
Charles Hayes
Sidney Knighting
Ivey Lunsford
Fred Tolbert

COTTAGE NO. 6

Gerald Kermon
Hubert Smith
Emerson Sawyer
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
John H. Averitte
Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Donald Earnhardt
George Green
Richard Harvell
J. B. Hensley
Carl Justice
Jack Reeves
Alex Weathers
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Cecil Bennett
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9

David Cunningham
James Davis
Eugene Dyson
James Hale
Edgar Hedgepeth
Mark Jones
Daniel Kilpatrick

Grady Kelly
 Marvin Matheson
 Lloyd Mullis
 William Nelson
 Lewis B. Sawyer

COTTAGE NO. 10

Delma Gray
 Jack Harward
 Homer Head
 Thomas King
 John Lee
 Charles Mills
 Charles Phillips
 Robert Stephens
 Jack Warren
 Torrence Ware

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
 John Allison
 William Bennett
 Velda Denning
 William Furches
 Charles Frye
 Robert Goldsmith
 Earl Hildreth
 Henry McGraw
 Samuel Stewart
 Monroe Searcy
 Canipe Shoe
 James Tyndall
 William Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
 Jay Brannock
 William Broadwell
 Eugene Bright
 Woodrow Hager
 Eugene Heafner
 Tillman Lyles
 Daniel McPhail
 James Puckett
 Simon Quick
 Hercules Rose
 Charles Simpson
 Jesse Smith
 George Tolson
 Carl Tyndall
 Eugene Watts

J. R. Whitman
 Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

Bayard Aldridge
 Charles Gaddy
 Vincent Hawes
 Leonard Jacobs
 James Lane
 Jack Mathis
 Randall Peeler
 Melvin Roland
 Alex Shropshire
 Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
 Edward Carter
 Robert Deyton
 Leonard Dawn
 Henry Ennis
 Audie Farthing
 Troy Gilland
 William Harding
 Marvin King
 Feldman Lane
 William Lane
 Roy Mumford
 Charles McCoy
 John Maples
 Norvell Murphy
 James Roberson
 John Robbins
 Charles Steepleton
 J. C. Willis

COTTAGE NO. 15

Robert Chamberlain
 Aldine Duggins
 James Ledford
 Marvin Pennell
 Brown Stanley

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
 Cecir Jacobs
 James Johnson
 Harvey Ledford
 John T. Lowry
 Leroy Lowry
 Louis Stafford

Characters do not change. Opinions alter, but characters are only developed.—Disraeli.



AUG 11 1941

THE

UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 9, 1941

No. 32

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THE GAME OF LIFE

All play the varied game of life,
With chance to win or lose;
The game goes on from day to day,
To baffle or amuse.

Some play the game with confidence,
Some paralyzed with fear;
Some play with high expectancy,
Some fail when victory's near.

Some play it nervously and fast,
Some stack the cards to cheat;
Some play to pass the time away,
Some, white-faced, meet defeat.

Play on, my friend, the game of life,
No matter how you fare;
Play on, play hard, and play to win,
But always play it square.

—Grenville Kleiser.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act
of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

NOT BY LUCK

It all depends on the choice we make,
And which of the two roads we decide to take;
Though luck may follow, or stay behind,
It isn't by luck that a man grows kind.

Each of us says what his fame shall be,
Fashions the man which the world shall see;
He may blame his luck for the fortune he meets,
But there's no excuse for the man who cheats.

We can all be fair under skies serene,
But it isn't by luck that a man stays clean;
Chance may favor some shady plan,
But luck never fashioned a gentleman.

The fame man wins, and the friends he makes,
Depend on which of the two roads he takes;
Wealth may be won by a wheel that is turned,
But honor is something that must be earned.

In countless ways are our natures tried,
And what we shall be we must all decide:
The world shall judge us false or true,
By the men we are and the things we do.

We may gather from fortune what joys we can,
But it isn't by luck that a man's a man.

—Selected.

DIVIDENDS REALIZED

The founding of the Stonewall Jackson Training School was the result of a dream, and that dream has been fully realized. Since the day, January 12, 1908, when this institution opened for the reception of young delinquents, it has become a busy village. To follow the growth of this delightful home for boys, apparently without a

hope, would consume too much time, and too much space in this small publication.

Suffice it to say that this institution opened with one boy, and the only cottage on the grounds was sponsored and built by the North Carolina Branch of King's Daughters and Sons. Furthermore, since noting some incidents relative to the early history of the School, we cannot pass up the opportunity to refresh the memory of older citizens of the county, and at the same time inform the younger generation of the fact that many of Concord's finest citizens contributed to this most worthy cause by giving two hundred and ninety-eight acres of land. This was a magnificent gift for that era of history, also an indorsement as well as a sign of faith in the work so courageously undertaken. This institution has long since passed the experimental stage, and today is accepted by the citizenship of the state as an absolute necessity.

Few people realize the volume of work carried on in the many activities, including the farm, dairy, printing office, laundry, bakery, machine shop, sheet metal shop, poultry yard, cannery, plumbing shop, ice plant, carpenter shop, barber shop, painting, cooking, and last, but not least, the school department that includes eight grades.

It is not unusual to hear the statement that "living in the past is an evidence of old age" or words to that effect. Old age is sweet if one can reflect upon delightful memories. In this instance we can say that we rejoice as we recall the picture of one boy, the first who entered the Jackson Training School, and that we are continuing to stand strong on a beautiful campus in the midst of five hundred boys who find happy homes in the seventeen cottages donated by the state and some individual counties. All of these are modernly equipped and comfortably furnished.

Doubtless the general public will be amazed to know that five thousands and seventy-nine boys, the majority of them coming from broken homes, have been enrolled at this institution during the thirty-three years it has been in existence. The most pleasing part of the story is that statistics show that three thousand of the number who were given the advantages of this place of refuge are now responsible and manly citizens. Many others have drifted off into other states and engaged in various activities. On account of distance, it is difficult to keep in touch with them and make reports

with any degree of accuracy. These are the dividends realized for the state's investment. We know the goal of the institution was the salvaging of the wayward youths, not through any fault of their own, and making useful citizens of them. From all corners of the country our boys are found and they are measuring up satisfactorily. Not the half has been told, but enough to know that the work was launched in faith, and will continue with the same interest.

* * * * *

A TEACHER'S INFLUENCE

The radio broadcasts of programs from all parts of the compass keep the masses, if there is a desire for information, from moving either in grooves or becoming stagnated. The programs have to be varied for the reason that the radio audience is made up of all kinds and conditions of people. However, those listening in have the privilege of choosing according to taste.

At times, though, we turn on the radio without the least idea of returns, and to our surprise, hear either a program of classical music or an address that both pleases and edifies. We made a fine contact lately and heard one of our own educators, Prof. W. J. Bullock, superintendent of city schools, Kannapolis. He made some illuminating statements about the teacher who does the best work and makes the most lasting impression upon childhood. By way of introduction, Prof. Bullock said, "It goes without repeating, teachers must measure up to the educational standard required in the teaching profession." "Moreover," continued the speaker, "character is the real quality that makes the all-around successful teacher, because from the elementary grades up to and through high school, the teacher is the pupils' criterion." As proof of his assertion he cited little Mary in the first grade. She looked upon her young teacher as a perfect model in looks and dress. In fact, little Mary returned home after her first day in school, and polished her finger nails, telling mother just how lovely teacher's hands were. From this illustration it is easy to discern how impressionable children are, and how necessary it is that the teacher walk circumspectly at all times.

Neither, said the speaker, should a teacher use the profession as a stepping-stone to other attainments, but accept the work in the

spirit of superb leadership. Such leadership includes the combined elements of courage, firmness, kindness, justice, fairness and a charitable disposition of all issues to be met by the teacher. The elements of a strong character are absorbed by students more readily than we realize. This program given by one teacher can be used by all:

A schoolmaster when I asked him what place he gave to religion in his curriculum, said: "We teach it in arithmetic, by accuracy. We teach it all day long. We teach it in language, by learning to say what we mean—yea, yea, and nay, nay. We teach it in geography, by breadth of mind. We teach it in handicraft, by thoroughness. We teach it in astronomy, by reverence. We teach it on the playground, by fair play. We teach it by kindness to animals, by courtesy to servants, by good manners to one another, and by truthfulness in all things. We teach it by showing the children that we, their elders, are their friends and not their enemies. We teach them to build the church of Christ out of the actual relations in which they stand to their teachers and their school fellows, because we believe that unless they learn to build it where they are, they will not learn to build it afterward anywhere else."

* * * * *

BLACK BEAUTY VINDICATED

Probably none of them had read "Black Beauty." That's a story widely read during the horse-and-buggy era in which Anna Sewell taught kindness to animals, particularly horses. Motorists passing along the New Jersey road just outside of New York have lived their lives, mostly, on rubber tires. But the same instincts that animated their fathers and grandfathers are still in them.

When passing motorists came on a horse, prostrate in the shafts of a buggy in the middle of the highway, and found that it had been mercilessly driven all the way without food or water along the brutal concrete highway, they furiously pummeled the heartless drivers. Untrained hands fumbled at unaccustomed straps of the harness, lifted the exhausted mare to her shaking legs. State police had to rescue the drivers.

It's good to see that a generation or two of driving motor vehicles has not dulled men's minds completely to the sight of brute misery.

—Concord Daily Tribune.

RECKLESS DRIVING

Director Ronald Hocutt, of the North Carolina Highway Safety Division, calls attention to the laws concerning reckless driving, as follows:

Sec. 102, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina:—"Any person who drives any vehicle upon a highway carelessly and heedlessly in willful or wanton disregard of the rights or safety of others, or without due caution and circumspection and at a speed or in a manner so as to endanger or be likely to endanger any person or property, shall be guilty of reckless driving. . ."

This means that regardless of speed laws, every driver is required to drive with caution and with regard for the rights of other individuals at all times. You can be guilty of reckless driving when going only 30 miles per hour on an open highway where the maximum speed limit is 60 miles per hour.

* * * * *

TARHEELIA ON PARADE

The National Geographic Society in the August issue of the National Geographic Magazine, gives a favored picture of North Carolina in progress, covering activities from the mountains to the sea, with special emphasis on National Defense work now being carried on in the State. The author of this splendid article, Leonard C. Roy, a staff writer for the magazine, also tells of the scenic beauties of North Carolina that annually attract visitors from all parts of the world. A synopsis of this graphic story, carried elsewhere in this issue, will convince our readers that it is well worth reading if they wish to know and talk intelligently of the great State of North Carolina.

GALLIPOLIS, FAMOUS HOME TOWN OF ODD McINTYRE

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough in Charlotte Observer

In the 25 years of O. O. McIntyre's daily column, *New York Day by Day*, thousands of people resolved that some time they would visit Gallipolis, Ohio, the town of his boyhood which he made famous by his descriptions of its people and places.

They knew they would not see the characters of whom he wrote—Capt. Simeon Huddleston of the river packet, *Gazelle*; editor Will Sibley who wrote the *French Five Hundred*; Mr. Dages, puttering around among his rose bushes in his tall silk hat; Aunt Kate on her ivy clad porch; Mr. Weatherholt, the undertaker with his white hearse horses; Joe Sheline, gnarled man of all work with his wheelbarrow; Mr. Henking the town's sedate banker; Col. Jud Nash, editor of the *Journal* and Marcellus Blake, rich farmer who called the dances for the annual ball for the older crowd in stentorian tones that could be heard at Mt. Pleasant, four miles away.

But they wanted to go to Gallipolis to see State street, along which these people had once passed; to see the band stand in the park, where concerts were given for which the whole town turned out; the front stoop where Odd sat on Sunday nights with Grandma until Gen. George House passed on his way home, a certain sign that it was exactly 9 o'clock; and Gate-wood, the small childhood home of Maybelle Small, his wife, which he bought and renovated to mark their silver wedding anniversary.

With others I had this urge to visit Gallipolis and when I finally

reached there a long cherished wish was fulfilled.

If one expects, however, to find a small sleepy river town, he will be tremendously surprised, for Gallipolis is an up-to-date, prosperous little city, with the usual industries and modern accomplishments among which is the Holzer hospital, worthy of any of the nation's largest cities; the largest roller dam in the world; the Ohio Hospital for Epileptics, largest in the United States and the famous Silver bridge which connects Ohio with West Virginia, the first in America to use heat treated steel eyebars instead of the usual suspension cables and the first to be painted with aluminum, which gave it its name.

Lying near one of the Ohio's enchanting bends, Gallipolis is fortunate in its river location. It is no wonder McIntyre loved that river and never forgot it. With its scenic beauty, clear green water reflecting blossom and foliage, rythm and majestic as it sweeps slowly along, it literally entwines itself in one's heartstrings.

McIntyre once wrote, "A philosopher has called it 'river in the blood.' He was speaking of the tug of the river-born for their local rivers. Where the river is, to them, is Utopia."

Harold W. Weatherholt is the editor and proprietor of the *Gallipolis Daily Tribune*, which is the only daily newspaper in Gallia county and has a circulation of over 3,000. He is the nephew of "Mr. Weatherholt, owner of the white hearse horses, who passed along State street every morn-

ing," often referred to by McIntyre. Born across the street from Aunt Kate McIntyre's millinery store, a few doors from the McIntyre home, he has spent his life in Gallipolis with the exception of his school days and time in the army during the World War. Squire Mauck, who McIntyre frequently mentioned in his column, is associate editor of the Tribune.

I wrote Mr. Weatherholt of my intention to visit Gallipolis and my wish to write a story of the town made nationally famous by the pen of the gawky lad who became the greatest columnist of his time. Soon after my arrival he called me at the hotel and offered his services in any way I might wish.

While Gallipolis deserves fame as the boyhood home of the incomparable McIntyre, it deserves equal fame because of the achievements of the remarkable man who for a quarter of a century has been universally acclaimed as its most useful citizen, Dr. Charles E. Holzer.

One who has known him for years said, "His name stands for a radiant and dynamic personality, a gallant, many-sided, resourceful leader and builder. What he has accomplished, professionally and otherwise is an inspiring story which has few equals."

Dr. Holzer was born at Sherwood, Ohio, worked his way through Ohio State University Medical school and came to Gallipolis as resident physician at the Ohio Hospital for Epileptics. In 1910 he opened the Holzer Hospital in the next year.

With the United States' entry in the World War, he enlisted in the medical corps, although it meant the closing of his hospital. Reopening the institution after the war, he soon found it necessary to erect a large

addition. With a large and highly trained staff and the most up to date equipment, this beautiful building of more than 100 rooms is one of the most important medical and surgical institutions in the midwest. Airplane service for patients is provided.

Nothing of consequence is ever planned in Gallipolis without Dr. Holzer's advice and co-operation. He was one of the founders of the Gallia Community Association and president for seven years; president of the city board of education for ten years; a director of the chamber of commerce; president of the Gallia County Historical Society and has held numerous other civic offices. He owns the Gallipolis airport and is president of the Gallipolis Airways, Inc., which operates it. His enterprise and tireless energy brought into being the Silver Bridge and he is president of the West-Virginia—Ohio River Bridge Corporation, which operates it.

Dr. and Mrs. Holzer purchased and restored the Our House, a tavern of the early 19th century which contains furniture, china and other treasures brought over by the French Five Hundred who settled Gallipolis. Here Lafayette was entertained in 1825, Jenny Lind in 1851 and here you may see the bed in which Louis Philippe, later King of France, slept while visiting Gallipolis in 1795. Dr. and Mrs. Holzer contributed most of the furnishings of this shrine which is now opened to the public as a museum.

It is attracting national attention as an excellent example of restoration. I was fortunate in finding Dr. Holzer there when I visited Our House. He pointed out some of the most interesting objects and when I left he gave me a copy of William G. Sibley's The

French Five Hundred, inscribed "Compliments of Charles E. Holzer, Gallipolis, Ohio." The foreword is written by McIntyre and eulogizes Dr. Holzer's generosity and courage in giving Our House the historical significance it deserves.

Never in planning to visit Gallipolis had I expected to see the interior of Gatewood, for it is not a shrine as many suppose and is not open to the public. It is the home which Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre remodeled and furnished with the intention of some day occupying. My opportunity of seeing it came through an unusual circumstance. On a trip through the middle west I had met a friend of Mrs. McIntyre's sister and through her an arrangement was made with Mrs. Joseph Leighton, a cousin of Mrs. McIntyre, to give me the privilege of seeing the "Dream House."

We entered the rear door for always near the front door are persons lingering who hope for an opportunity to gain entrance. The kitchen is equipped with every electrical convenience, all in blue and white and silver. The breakfast room had many cabinets holding china and glass which was banded in blue and has the monogram, O. O. M., in blue. On the dining room table a large deep blue glass bowl held calla lilies. The carpet was blue, also the draperies. One quickly saw that blue was the McIntyres' favorite color for every room on the first floor, the hall and the stairs were carpeted with royal blue velvet except the library which was maroon with draperies of maroon.

On the dresser in the bedroom that was to have been McIntyre's, was a large photograph of him and nearby was a picture of Billy, his deaf Boston terrier. Covering one of the

walls were autographed pictures of Will Hogg, Irvin Cobb, Floyd Gibbons, Walter Damrosch, Harry Silvey, Hugh Wiley, Will Rogers, Irving Berlin, Harry Lauder and others.

Mrs. Leighton pointed out the place in the hall where McIntyre lay while the townspeople paid last tribute to their famous citizen.

"From the time he was placed there until almost the hour for the funeral, a stream of people passed through, paused to look sadly at him, then moved on out the side door, silently, reverently," said Mrs. Leighton. "I was struck with the fact that they did not take advantage of the occasion to stare curiously at the house, which none had ever seen before. Their attitude was sympathetic and considerate. Mr. McIntyre wore a dark blue suit, blue shirt and red tie with blue figures."

Mrs. McIntyre had never seen Gatewood until her husband died. All the restoring, furnishing and decorating were done by mail, from a model of the house they had in their New York apartment.

In the back yard, I saw Percy, McIntyre's English bull. Nimble, the dog that was on the bed with her husband when he died, was in Bermuda with Mrs. McIntyre.

I went out to the cemetery where McIntyre's body rests in a peaceful spot overlooking the Ohio. It was Mother's Day and his grave was covered with Easter lilies.

Marking the house where McIntyre spent his boyhood is a wrought iron sign of a man tapping on a typewriter. Below it a bronze tablet tells its history.

Other interesting places are the old Park Central hotel where he clerked as a boy and the postoffice where

the first postmaster, Francois D. Hobe-court, penned epistles to his friend Napoleon Bonaparte.

It is strange that McIntyre never wrote of the founding of Gallipolis. Full of romance, hardship, humor, chicanery, sadness, the story of "The Old French City" of the Ohio valley has possibilities of a great historical motion picture. In 1787 the people of France were under a reign of tyranny and terror. Lafayette and the French troops who had helped to establish American independence were lavish in their praise of the advantages America offered in land, rich harvests, fine climate and best of all, freedom from oppression.

The time seemed ripe to a group of New York speculators to open an office in Paris. The Scioto company was established under an agent, Playfair, an Englishman who described the marvelous tract of land known as Gallia, the old name for France, which had been set aside. He also told them a town was already begun to receive them, Gallipolis, City of Gaul. No doubt entered their minds for was not the great Washington, the friend of Lafayette, the president of this new nation?

Hundreds of French, aristocrats and craftsmen, bought deeds and in February, 1790, set sail in five ships with all expenses paid by the company. Landing at Alexandria, Virginia, three months later they were charmed by the beauty and culture of the city. They were impatient, however, to go on to Gallipolis, but there was delay after delay. Finally, alarming rumors began to spread and from correspondence with authorities in Washington it was found that the Scioto company did not own the land which they had sold to the French

as they had failed to make payments to the Government and the tract had been sold to the Ohio company three years before.

An appeal to President Washington resulted in the Scioto company furnishing transportation to Gallipolis and in October, 1790, the French Five Hundred finally reached their destination where they found log cabins for the trades people, store and a half houses for the gentry, three block houses and stores. The rest was wilderness inhabited by hostile Indians.

But the gallant Parisians were undismayed, it is said that on the first night they brought forth a flute and a fiddle and made merry with music and dancing, for at last they had arrived at their city of promise.

Law and order were maintained and a courageous spirit prevailed. They who had never worked felled trees, made clearings, dug gardens. For years they held no title to land and redress seemed unlikely, for it was proved that the company in America had never received a penny of the purchase price.

After many petitions to Congress a grant of 24,000 acres was made outside of Gallipolis to the colonists. The Ohio company owned the site of the city but in 1795 they agreed to sell it to the settlers and today some of the descendants live in Gallipolis.

The public square on which stood the rude homes of the colonists is a beautiful park and the old band stand McIntyre loved is still there.

I shall always be glad I went to Gallipolis, not because of my desire to see the town but because I was told by those who feel they know McIntyre's real reason for not coming back. Some of his readers censur-

ed him and felt that the nostalgic paragraphs sometimes appearing in his columns were not sincere. But his friends in Galipolis do not blame him. They knew he always had "the river in his blood."

He once wrote "Retrospection convinces me that the very happiest

hours of a singularly happy life were spent among the rustic scenes of my home town." And again, "The small town encompasses that charm of security, the dramas of self-sacrifice and a loyalty the city does not attain. I still want to go back."



A SIMPLE CREED

I believe in the everlasting beauty of the universe, in the supremacy of good or evil, the conquering power of love, the brotherhood of man, and the omnipotence of the spirit.

I believe in the forgiveness of injury, pardon of wrongdoing, and judgment without prejudice.

I believe there is nothing so contagious as happiness, nothing, so healthful as good will, and I believe that evil is the result of misunderstanding.

Therefore, I am resolved to so live my life that all the evil in the world shall not make me morose, all the unkindness in the world shall not make me unkind, all the unfaithfulness shall not make me disloyal, and all the injury shall not make me unforgiving.

I shall try with all my soul to be strong and true, happy and generous, brave and undismayed.

And if I fail, I shall still try!—Helen Rowe.

VIVID PICTURE OF NORTH CAROLINA IN NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

North Carolina's amazing upsurge in a generation forms the background for an article, "Tarheelia on Parade," appearing in the August issue of the National Geographic Magazine. The author is Leonard C. Roy, staff writer for the magazine.

The article covers 44 pages of the Geographic, including 45 illustrations, of which 21 are printed in natural color. In addition a map of the State spreads across two pages. The illustrations show scenic views, college campuses, industries, places of historic interest, and North Carolinians at work and at play.

Story Will be Distributed Widely

This article is one of a series of American State and city stories being published by the National Geographic Magazine, official publication of the National Geographic Society. Appearance of the article in the Geographic means that it will reach more than a million homes of members of the Society. This membership, the largest of any educational and scientific body in the world, is represented in every community in the United States of 100 or more inhabitants, and in many foreign countries. Nearly 10,000 members of the Society live in North Carolina.

President of the National Geographic Society is Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor; Dr. John Oliver La Gorce is its Vice-President. Noted trustees include former Chief Justice Hughes, General Pershing, Admiral Pratt, and Charles F. Kettering.

Mr. Roy was particularly impressed with the industrial wealth of North

Carolina, and spent many days inspecting the large factories of the State. At Greensboro, in the world's largest mills producing denim, he watched the machinery which normally turns out 100,000,000 yards a year, and half as many yards of each flannel and cotton print and piece-dyed fabrics.

He visited several of the 30 furniture factories at High Point. "By 1918," he writes, North Carolina furniture was sold throughout the United States. North Carolina now leads all other States in the production of wooden household furniture."

Kannapolis is Textile Center

At Kannapolis the writer saw the mills which daily convert about 500 bales of cotton into tiny bibs, towels, bath and beach robes, sheets and pillow cases. He also inspected mills turning out 600,000 dozen pairs of hosiery each year and a giant paper mill where daily one thousand cords of pine, poplar, hemlock, chestnut, gum and cottonwood are made into thirty kinds of paper, including stock for one-cent postal cards. This latter plant also produces turpentine and tanning extracts.

Mr. Roy found that one chemical company at Greensboro printed its advertising folders in fourteen languages, and had plants normally operating in England, Ireland, Mexico, Chile, Brazil, Argentina, Spain, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa.

The article emphasizes the excellence of the State's highway system. The writer, in his excessive tour, noted the vast acreage devoted to tobacco,

but was still surprised to learn that North Carolina, with its 120,000 tobacco farms employing half a million people most of the year, was the greatest tobacco growing State in the Union.

"Three tobacco companies operating large plants in the State each use more than a quarter million dollars' worth of revenue stamps every working day," he writes. "Do you wonder that North Carolina is the fourth ranking State in the payment of taxes to Uncle Sam? I saw hundreds of machines each producing more than 1,200 cigarettes a minute. Other machines packed them at the rate of 120 packs a minute."

National Defense Program

North Carolina's participation in the defense program appealed to Mr. Roy, who notes in his article that the bulk of Wilmington's seaborne trade now is gasoline from Texas: "More than one hundred silvery tanks holding 65,000,000 gallons spread along the Cape Fear River bank in and below the city. Wilmington built ships for the World War and is playing a similar role in the defense program today. On a 70-acre site nine ways have been built where 37 steel cargo ships of 7,500 tons each will be assembled by 1943."

In connection with the defense work, he visited Fort Bragg: "A year ago its population was 5,000; Fayetteville's about 20,000," the article states. "Last winter 24,000 workmen began thrusting roads through pine forests and flanking them with buildings at the rate of one every 32 minutes. The military population has swelled to more than 65,000. It is the largest military reservation in the United States—about 25 miles long and 10 miles wide.

"Early spring brings throngs of garden visitors here (Wilmington)," the writer points out. He mentions the famous Orton plantatation. "A Hollander told me he bought a ten acre plot in 1920," says the article. "Now he owns outright 100 acres. 'We raise 24 different crops, and ship as many as 10,000 dozen daffodils, 5,000 dozen irises, and 2,500 dozen gladioli in a day,' "the grower told Mr. Roy. "We also produce a quarter million bulbs over those used for next year's crop."

The article in its sweep from the coast to the Tennessee border gives interesting highlights on Roanoke Island, Elizabeth City, Raleigh, Charlotte, Gastonia, Winston-Salem, and Asheville.

Produce Auctioned Off

"Produce is often sold at auction, as is tobacco. At Faison I saw buyers from northern cities bidding on corn, cantaloupes, string beans and cucumbers, while an auctioneer chanted. A buyer from a Washington, D. C., grocery chain showed me a day's order for 5,000 dozen ears of corn. One hundred and fifty thousand bushels of cucumbers grown in this region move direct from vines to a local pickle plant."

As the author of an article in the Geographic in recent years on the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, the writer took advantage of the opportunity again to visit the Park, and he devotes considerable space to the State's scenic attractions and health resorts.

He visited the universities and also made a study of the developments in the State educational program: "Buses have nearly made the little red school-house a thing of the past in North Carolina," he writes. "More than 4,500 State-owned buses trans-

port 331,000 children over 143,000 miles each school day."

Fisheries, quarrying, and other business enterprises, as well as the many social and cultural activities of North

Carolina are fully discussed by Mr. Roy, as well as being portrayed in the many illustrations which add graphic detail to the story.

—:—
Birth is nothing where virtue is not.—Moliere.
—:—

PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW SECRETS OF NATURE

By Jonathan Barry

Practically everybody has seen, at one time or another, X-ray pictures of the human body, or parts of it. But how many have ever seen an X-ray picture of a flower? This development marks an interesting chapter in the field of research.

Perhaps you think X-ray pictures are taken with a camera. This is not so. There is no lens that can focus the rays from an X-ray tube to make a picture. Consequently a different procedure is used.

You undoubtedly know how to make shadow images. You place your hand in front of a strong light. This throws the shadow of your hand and fingers on the wall.

That's exactly the case with X-ray pictures. Instead of using a wall, however, X-ray film in an aluminum box is used. The tube that produces the X-rays is the "light" used. These X-rays see inside the object being pictured. (Strictly speaking, they go through it.) Thus they record on the film the shadow of what they see. In other words, an X-ray is just a shadow picture.

Medical research workers, when they tried to use the common X-ray

in studying the secrets of inner structure of flowers and plants, ran up against a blank wall. They found the rays penetrated leaves and stems and produced a blank on the X-ray film. So the short-wave X-rays were useless in this field.

About six years ago, however, H. F. Sherwood, of Rochester, N. Y., began to make various experiments with what is known as the Grenz ray. This is a long-wave soft ray that has the power of penetrating about a millimeter of human tissue. It was used, in the past, in the treatment of certain skin disorders.

After many months of research, Sherwood finally found a method of applying these rays with the technique of photography. As a result, he was able to produce pictures of the insides of flowers and plants.

More experiments with the same ray resulted in unusual motion pictures. These revealed small insect pests at work inside a variety of crops. They were invisible from the outside of the plant. It is needless to point out the importance of this in studying how to control the ravages of pests that work from within.

MAN IN QUEST

A Great Man and a Great Teacher Forsees the Birth of a New South

By George Lee Simpson, Jr.

Few people hold long enough to a zest for life and a faith in the living to throw off the awesomeness of the long roll of past, present and future, then grasp and dare to mold with hope and vision the inevitable succession of birth, growth and death.

Of these few who have caught the sense of the on-going and succession of life is Howard Washington Odum.

The full scope and measure of his grasp on life and the extent of his dreams find concreteness in a thousand ways. It is told in long, hard, insatiable living, and in a cavernous and many-sided appetite for work through what he calls "those long glorious hours." The realization of the press of things to be done and an eagerness to do them is clearly writ in his too-fast walk and ill-tied shoe laces, in his sprawling handwriting and impatient handling of papers and books, in his short-cut use of gestures for words and in his voracious reading.

This push, this appetite for life spills over into a Tom Wolfian style of writing that moves in wide sweeps, like a giant scythe, ever trimming closer to the core of things, yet forever threading clearer details with broader vision and ever-widening sweeps.

This surge of his through the living of life is not an indiscriminate filling of hours and days. It is a distinct use and extension of the primary and elemental, of the fundamentals of

birth and death, of planting and growing, of building shelters and raising children, of meeting the seasons and knowing the soil, of the real, elemental requirements of survival that underlie our great super-structure of civilization. These things he knows. In the human realm he has known the power of the demands of these fundamentals of life, and he is forever looking for the patterns of action in primary relation to these hubs of existence.

For his sociology there has come the conviction that in the patterns laid down by people in relation to these fundamentals of life, is to be found the real, powerful forces in society, the forces of fertility and survival in human culture.

Here the individuals, as members of a group of localized interests and resources, find ways of action and thought in adjustment to the fundamentals of survival, to the true molding place of society. The individual is sensitive to both the rigors of survival and the pressure and suggestions of the ways used by those around him to meet these needs. He and the other members of these more-or-less localized groups, whose ways in these matters generally coincide, are the real power of any lasting movement or change in society. This is the folk group, the group of constant adaptation and change, whose attitudes and habits and customs give the group a tone, a characterization unlike that of

any other group, yet forever akin to other groups in the adjustment to the fundamentals of life.

Thus Odum's surge through living carries him not toward the great cosmic forces of the intellectuals whom he soundly dislikes and frequently castigates with as close to vituperation as he ever comes. He has not gone this way, but toward the evermoving adaptation of the individual and the folk group to the elemental necessities of life. The folk are the conveyors of the lore and adaptations of the past; yet they are also the sounding board of things of the present. The folk, moving endlessly in these necessary adaptations, sometimes take all of a new idea, or none. But, withal, they continue to move, and in time there is a selection and adaptation of the bits of the idea of movement for permanence in folk wisdom and ways. Hitlerism may overawe for a while, but only as it generally demonstrates its ultimate value in survival, will it attain permanence with the folk; and only as the New Deal, or parts of it, are accepted into the folk cultures—the habits and customs and ways of thinking and acting—of the South and North and West and East and in the smaller folk groups, will it attain any permanence.

This nature-rooted optimism and push of life that has sent him and his co-workers into long hours of sheer work is now reaching fruition in mounting details and specifications for regional planning. Here again are met the fundamentals of life and the power of the folk, because this planning is not economic planning or a planned system of any sort. It is planning on a regional basis for knowing use by the folk—of resources,

both natural and human, toward the end, that in the satisfaction of these fundamentals of life there will be ample opportunity for the recognizable optimum development of the individual and the folk.

The regional classification, as Dr. Odum says, grew out of the day's work. To start with, there was the knowledge of the feel of the folk, plainly evident in his early collections of Negro songs, in the fantasy-poetry-sociology of the trilogy of books of Black Ulysses, in the partly autobiographical novel-history hybrid, "An American Epoch." Yet in these works of the twenties and early thirties, there was no strict ordering, no system, no basis for plans into the future.

Paralleling these works was a great volume of statistical investigation, still being made, on every side and phase of the South. For purposes of comparison these studies were extended to cover the entire nation. Time and time again it was found that figures on housing, health, income, and hundreds of other indices blocked the same state together. As the tide of indices mounted, the blockings became more apparent and convincing. Finally, investigations into the history and culture of these groups of states, into their natural resources, and into the feelings of the people, for the most part corroborated the groupings indicated by the indices, there began to appear the beginnings of the science and theory of Regionalism.

And even stranger than these revelations was the discovery that the region appeared to be the real framework of the folk. Because in the satisfaction of the fundamentals of survival, there is in the region a unique convergence of natural factors,

of personal contact and influence, and of history and tradition that stamps as different the folk of one region from the folk of another region.

Here, then, taken from the evolution and succession of work, are the apparently natural areas of development, fitted with the folk—the dynamics of development. It is no longer impossible to do anything but beat water with a great, though undirected, knowledge of the power of the folk. And neither are we faced with the dilemma of a nation muddling through unplanned or risking the dangers of complete centralization. There are the regional areas of natural development to be planned in, and there the compulsion to plan and work with the individual and the ways of the folk.

From this framework there is coming in snowball fashion, plans and details for the regional development of the nation. The greatest yet has been Southern Regions of the United States, a prodigious statistical and valuational study of the South.

What strange chemistry has pushed Dr. Odum along the path from simple to complex and back to the simple is not known. A great part of it must have come from the North Georgia country where he was born on May 24, 1884, on a farm near Bethlehem. That was a country still lined deeply with the shock and suffering of the war. The people ran deep to both the fertility and stoniness of the soil. They were intense and lived hard. Naure was all around, and the succession of seasons, the cold and heat and rain, were vital parts of life. The folks knew the soil and growing things, and there was a quality of age-long struggle and intensity here that left an imprint clearly discernible today in the man and

his work. But more than the hardships, he remembers the power of these folks, a power exemplified in the force of sacrifice and will that enabled his parents to send him to school.

There was a series of teachings and research assignments between then and 1920 when he came to the University. Opening up here on public welfare, he was soon pulling the stops out of the matter and calling public welfare "the way of making democracy work in the unequal places." This was a very brash idea then and the howls of protest now ridiculous, arose in great numbers.

Then there began to appear the studies that led to the development of the sociology of the folk and the science of the region, leading to a convergence of these two into a synthesis of plan and work for tomorrow.

It would be easy to be glib and catchphrasy about Howard Odum. Such summations as Poet in a Cow Pasture or Camp Meeting Genius would perhaps be well-turned and certainly not irrelevant or irreverent.

Because he is a poet of the homely and simple and fundamental; he has the genius of the brother-warmth and the fanaticism of those now-dying Southern camp-meetings of two and three generations ago.

But he hasn't stopped with a feeling and a poem; nor has his genius ended in the ineffectiveness of "Howdy, Brother" or the one-sidedness of a fanatical crusade.

Instead, he has turned this power and longing of the Southern spirit, and this earthly wisdom of which the Southern people have so much and use so little, into a broadening focus on the whole human process, fanning out from the core of these people of

which he is so much a part to a study of universal society.

He is not just a poet of feeling, nor a genius afar off, because he has followed through, and stands today perhaps not very far from the full circle of his work. He started with feeling and ambition from which he soon tore sentimentality; with his poetry he soon joined science and began his study and search. And from all these things there arose new dreams and

visions for people, his people and others. And now, as he fashions, concretes, and details these dreams, he is back again with plow-stock and a mule on a north Georgia farm, on other farms in the South and elsewhere, in the factories and on the roads, in the swamps and Piedmont and sandy country and the hills, and there are folks with him, and more and more is he not "walkin' an' talkin' to myself."

READJUSTMENT

After the earthquake shock or lightning dart
Comes a recoil of silence o'er the lands,
And then, with pulses hot and quivering hands,
Earth calls up courage to her mighty heart,
Plies every tender, compensating art,
Draws her green, flowery veil above the scar,
Fills the shrunk hollow, smooths the river plain,
And with a century's tendance heals again
The seams and gashes which the fairness mar.

So we, when sudden woe like lightning sped
Finds us and smites us in our guarded place,
After one grief, bewildered moment's space,
By the heavenly instinct taught and led,
Adjust our lives to loss, make friends with pain,
Bind all our shattered hopes and bid them bloom again.

—Sarah C. Woolsey.

MONUMENTAL HEAT

(Pathfinder)

In Washington, where every summer day seems to grow hotter than the last, it may sound strange that Congress should be asked to appropriate \$4,000 for a year-round heating system. And for a mounment! Yet such is the request of the National Park Service on behalf of the Washington Monument, world's tallest masonry structure. Not only would this protect visitors (959,624 last year) from cold and damp, say the authorities, but it would also check corrosion of steel work within the shaft.

Truth of the matter is that this 81,120-ton memorial to the First President, which towers more than 555 feet above the Mall between the Capitol and the Lincoln Memorial, is anything but serene inside. Its impressive exterior calm, suggesting the quiet strength of the great man it honors, is in reality a poker face hiding (structurally) a temperamental interior, and masking (historically) a stormy past.

Because the monument's stone walls respond slowly to outside temperature changes, a sudden warm spell following a period of cold will produce definite precipitation inside. This artificial "rain" is so bad that attendants are obliged to don rubber overshoes and raincoats. The structure also "breathes" and suffers from "geological tuberculosis."

Its "breathing" is a regular pulsation of lateral expansion and contraction, which necessitated the use of channel irons to support its stairway of 898 steps. Its "t. b." is a disintegration of the rubble masonry within the 15-foot thick lower walls, which exudes through interstices in the stones—a disease combated by drilling through the inner walls and forcing in new cement under hydraulic pressure.

If, in addition to breathing and perspiring, this more than \$1,500,000 memorial could also think, it would shudder on quiet nights all the way from its 3,300-lb. capstone to its 37,000-ton underground base upon contemplation of its "past." In the century which elapsed between its inception by Congress on Aug. 7 1783, and its completion in December of 1884, historians say, it was "the plaything of an indifferent Congress, the despair of its patriotic sponsors, and the focal point of a politico-religious battle." At one time, its records and books were stolen. Upon another occasion, an anti-Catholic group outraged the entire world by stealing and destroying a marble block (originally from the Temple of Concord at Rome) sent as the gift of Pope Pious IX. (There are 202 such tribute stones in the monument)

Ambition is the germ from which all growth of nobleness proceeds.—T. D. English.

EIGHT HUNDRED PATENTS WERE HIS

(Esso Oilways)

In the shadow of the retort the rat paused to get his bearings. Yes, there was that silly trap, freshly baited as usual. With all these works of genius in the laboratory—the tanks and tubes of vari-colored and vile-smelling liquids—the batteries and the elaborate wiring—one would think that they would devise a better rat-catcher than that! He felt a touch of condescension as he tried to decide whether the green or blue note pads looked more appetizing.

Hold on—what was this? In such a wilderness of glass and metal, grains of authentic corn? Yes, no doubt about it. Small black eyes glittered. Ravenously the corn was devoured. As the last kernel disappeared, the rat felt distinctly unwell. He beat a hasty retreat in the direction of his hideaway. A few minutes, and he had gone to join his fathers.

The rat poison disguised as corn was developed by one of the most original, scientific minds ever to work in this country. It is a commentary on the breadth of interests cultivated by the late Carleton Ellis that his inventions spanned such diverse fields as petroleum chemistry, paints, plastics, soil-less growth of plants—and dog biscuit. Over 40,000,000,000 gallons of gasoline have been produced by his petroleum cracking process. This chemical genius is also responsible for a non-smudging printing ink, a method for fireproofing fighting planes against incendiary bullets, and the process whereby isopropyl alco-

hol and acetone are produced from petroleum. He even patented a soap that prevents bath-tub rings from forming!

When he died in Miami, Fla., last January 13, Carleton Ellis held a greater number of patents than any living American—almost 800, in addition to an estimated several hundred patent applications still pending. This mark has been surpassed by only two men in the history of the American Patent Office—Thomas A. Edison, who obtained over 1,000, and John O'Connor, a little known inventor, with a few less.

This versatile chemical wizard was born in Keene, N. H., on September 20, 1876. He was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the class of 1900. The following two years, during which time he married, were spent in teaching chemistry at the Institute.

After leaving his teaching post, Ellis settled down to the serious job of inventing. In 1908, he founded the Ellis Laboratories, Inc., at Montclair, N. J. His chief interests at this time were the fields of paints, varnishes, and similar coatings, as well as synthetic resins and petroleum products.

Ellis conceived and fully worked out on paper many of his ideas before performing any laboratory investigation. He had so many irons in the fire that he often got only four hours sleep a night, spending the time "saved" on potential patents. But even this difficult schedule did

not satisfy him, for he had found that ideas he had at night were sometimes forgotten by morning. This problem he solved by hanging a note pad beside his bed.

Out of these efforts came approximately 10,000 chemical compounds. In recognition of Carleton Ellis's achievements, he was awarded medals by the Jamestown Exposition of 1907 and the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia. He held memberships in the Chemists' Club of New York, the American Chemical Society, the

American Institute of Chemical Engineers, and the Chemical Society of London.

At the time of his death, 20 assistants were helping him to develop his ideas. But still this human dynamo refused to slow down. He was 63 years old and for two years his health had been failing. Yet, when Carleton Ellis died of influenza, he was en route to one of his laboratories at Nassau, in the Bahamas . . . eager to tackle new problems and solve new scientific riddles.

'TAINT NO USE

'Tain't no use to worry 'cause the sun doesn't shine
 'Tain't gonna do no good just to sit and whine.
 If your sky you'd be a-clearin'
 Help another that needs cheerin' and the sun will shine for
 you.

'Tain't no use to grumble 'cause a task is hard,
 'Tain't no use a-givin' up 'cause the door seems barred;
 If you have the courage true
 And the will to dare and do,
 It will yield and let you through
 To find success beyond.

'Tain't no use to sit and grieve over wasted years,
 'Tain't gonna do no good a-sheddin' of your tears;
 Heed the moments of today,
 Grasp their jewels while you may
 Learn to love, and hope and pray
 There's so much you yet can do.

—Zella P. Patterson.

LEPROSY CAUSE DISCOVERED

(London News Review)

All because a tribe of Nigerian natives had a taboo against eating certain roots there was new hope for lepers last week.

Responsible is a brisk, clean-shaven, spectacled American, Dr. Douglas Ross Collier, of Thailand's Chieng-mai Leper Asylum.

For 16 years, with few breaks, Dr. Collier has been at Chiengmai.

Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, Collier (44) married Mary Marr, of Denver, who has an M. D. degree. They went to Thailand to become medical members of the Presbyterian Mission.

This village of 200 houses shaded by casuarina trees shelters 450 people from babes in arms to ancients—a portion of Thailand's 50,000 leper population.

In 1937 a blond German arrived at Collier's colony. Manfred Oberdoerffer, a medical graduate of Hamburg University, had previously been to Africa to examine leprosy under the British Leprosy Relief Association. Having studied 50,000 cases, he noticed that on one side of the Niger River there was leprosy, on the other side very little.

Diligent Dr. Oberdoerffer found that on the tainted side of the Niger people ate taro; on the other side it was forbidden. An exhaustive survey showed Oberdoerffer that wherever taro formed a part of diet there was leprosy. He also discovered that taro and its various relatives contain saponin, a complex compound which is a deadly poison in its pure form.

Oberdoerffer's story intrigued Col-

lier, for taro is a traditional staple food in Thailand.

Leprosy is one of the oldest diseases known to man, but though many skilled scientists have worked on it all their lives, some of its factors are still unknown, such as the method of infection, point of entry into the body, exact incubation time.

Commented Dr. Collier recently in Collier's Magazine, U. S. A.: "We hope that with the experimental infection of animals, many questions can be settled; also that we can investigate various methods of treatment, drugs and procedures.

"We are now working to determine whether, with the new treatments developed at Chiengmai, we can immunize animals. If so, this may be a step to the immunization of humans, which in time may eliminate leprosy from the earth."

Collier reasoned that it was necessary to stimulate the adrenal glands of sufferers. Diphtheria antitoxin was used.

In diphtheria there is sometimes a degeneration of these glands, and antitoxin can prevent it.

In October, 1938, he injected the first dose of toxoid into a patient's arm. Blotched and disfigured skins cleared up, so did ulcers.

Swollen, rope-like nerves subsided to normal size and function, while paralyzed muscles came back into use.

Returning from a holiday Mrs Collier found patients being healed at remarkable speed.

Areas of skin which had been in-

sensitive (typical and best known of leprosy symptoms) became reactive to touch again. Under the microscope the bacilli were changed, and even broken up or rapidly destroyed.

Such progress is by no means decisive. Science is too careful to hail as perfect the beginning of a discovery, even in face of what looked like instantaneous results. "It would appear, however, that in the use of toxoid and antitoxin we have a treat-

ment that far surpasses any other method known," Dr. Collier stated cautiously.

About half the patients treated at Chiangmai have been able to take up their normal lives again. If all forms of leprosy do not react swiftly, the results are still good. The nerve form type is the quickest in reaction to the cure, but other forms of the disease have yet to be conquered.



SOMEWHERE A LAD

Giants are slain as in the olden day,
 For never giants shadowed camp with gloom
 But moving in the sure and age-old way
 Of fruit succeeding starry-petalled bloom,
 Somewhere a lad, stirred by a strange new flame,
 Tosses aside the too-familiar crook
 And lifting eyes from routine's flock takes aim
 With stones worn smooth in truth's unsullied brook.
 Thereafter days hold burning quests to share
 And more and more he seeks the pebbled stream;
 Fearless he fells the lion and the bear
 That prowl between a boy's heart and his dream.
 Giants are slain because while strong men cower
 Somewhere a lad has trained for his high hour.

—Molly Anderson Haley.

MOSCOW, GERMAN OBJECTIVE

(Concord Daily Tribune)

As a German bombing objective, the Soviet capital, Moscow, in many ways resembles battered London by the Thames, points out a bulletin from the National Geographic Society.

"Like the English capital, Moscow lies on both sides of a winding stream (the Moscow River), whose course presents an accurate guide to important sites. The Kremlin, seat of government, stands beside a deep loop of the river as it extends into the heart of the city, like London's recently bombed Houses of Parliament.

"The Kremlin itself is a big target, covering a roughly triangular area of some 63 acres. It is enclosed within a high, battlemented wall, behind which the domes, spires and towers of its old palaces, churches and government buildings rise in the picturesque skyline of a medieval town. On its hill overlooking the river and the expanding sections of the city that grew beyond it, the Kremlin, or 'citadel' was long the center of Russia's political and religious life. After the 1917 revolution it became the headquarters of the Soviet government and residence of its highest officials.

"Outside the walls of the Kremlin, in accordance with a decade-long building program, streets and squares have been widened, old buildings torn down, and new modernistically-designed structures put in their places. The most ambitious project is the skyscraper Palace of the Soviets, west of the Kremlin along the river front, which is to be topped by

a 260-foot statue of Lenin. It is planned as the world's tallest building to reach a height of more than 1,350 feet.

Along Moscow's landmarks for enemy fliers are its many squares and public parks. Most famous is the Red Place, or 'Squares,' an oblong stretching north of the Moscow River and east of the Kremlin.

"In this area are two opposite extremes of Moscow architecture. One is the fantastic church museum of Basil the Blessed, comprising an extraordinary mixture of varicolored tent-and onion-shaped cupolas, spires and domes. The other is the Lenin Mausoleum, rising in severe, simple rightangles of red granite.

"In the business, administrative, and amusement sections of 'downtown' Moscow are found other architectural contrasts, including the old Bolshoi Theater, home of the Russian ballet, and the modern Telegraph and Telephone Building; the 19th century Historical Museum and the All Union Lenin Library, with some ten million volumes. There is the science-promoting Polytechnical museum, covering an entire city block, and the one-time home of a rich 17th-century Boyar (noble), made into a showplace to illustrate the Russian life of that period.

"The long-term building program has already brought into being in Moscow new housing units, clubhouses, theaters, and hotels, rising between 6 and 14 stories high. Blocks of uniform eight-story structures have been built, with shops on the

street and flats above. The new Moscow Hotel, on broad Hunter's Row leading to Red Square, has 1,200 rooms, each equipped with radio and and bath.

"As a whole, this city, with its more than 4,300,000 inhabitants, pre-

sents from the air the physical appearance of an actual bulls-eye. Its five circular boulevards, marking sites of former fortress walls, lie one within the other, like the dark lines on a target face.

ALL THINGS WORK OUT

Because it rains when we wish it wouldn't,
 Because men do what they often shouldn't,
 Because crops fail and plans go wrong—
 Some of us grumble, the whole day long,
 But somehow in spite of the care and doubt,
 It seems at last that things work out.

Because we lose where we hoped to gain,
 Because we suffer a little pain,
 Because we must work when we would like to play
 Some of us whimper along life's way.
 But, somehow, as day will follow the night,
 Most of our troubles work out all right,

Because we cannot forever smile,
 Because we must trudge in the dust awhile,
 Because we think the way is long—
 Some complain that life's all wrong.
 But somehow we live and our sky is bright,
 Everything seems to work out all right.

So bend to your trouble and meet your care,
 For clouds must break and the sky grow fair
 Let the rain come down as it must and will,
 But keep on working and hoping still,
 For in spite of grumblers who stand about,
 Somehow, it seems all things work out.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The attraction at the weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night was "Coast Guard," a Columbia Production.

—:—

Mr. W. W. Johnson and his group of helpers are giving the boys a neat hair trim, making a great improvement in their appearance.

—:—

The boys on the farm forces are still busily engaged in hay-making. The weather has been very favorable and large quantities of fine hay are being stored in our barns daily.

—:—

The walk leading from the upper end of the campus to the infirmary is now lined on both sides by giant zinnias of very rich colors, and they are attracting very much attention as visitors go through the grounds.

—:—

Doris Hill of Cottage No. 1, was taken to the Cabarrus General Hospital, Concord, for observation last Monday, following a recent fall, in which it seemed that his shoulder had been injured.

—:—

Some fine butter beans are now being gathered and issued to the cottages. We are also enjoying generous supplies of peas, corn, tomatoes,

okra and other vegetables that seem to have taken on new life since the recent rains.

—:—

We recently received a letter from Bobby Lawrence, a former member of the printing class, who left the School last month. He is now living with his mother in Miami, Florida. He reports that he has not yet been able to get a job as linotype operator, but has the promise of one in the near future.

—:—

Floyd Williams, of Cottage No. 10, who was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, about ten days ago, and was operated on for appendicitis, is recovering very satisfactorily, according to reports coming from that institution. It is expected that he will return to the School at an early date.

—:—

Henry Wilkes, of Cottage No. 11, underwent an operation for an infection in his side, at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, about two weeks ago. He was brought back to the School the first of this week, and is now convalescing in our infirmary. We noticed the other day that Henry was able to take some exercise, so it will not be long until he will be able to return to his cottage.

Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, was in charge of the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday. He was accompanied by Jack Cook, of Minden, Louisiana, a theological student at Duke University, and Dr. Henry Louis Smith, a former president of Davidson College and Washington and Lee University, and now president emeritus of the latter institution.

Following the singing of the opening hymn, Rev. Mr. Herbert delivered the invocation, after which Mr. Cook led the boys in reading responsively, Ecclesiastes 12: 1-7, 13, 14. Dr. Smith was then presented, and he gave the boys a wonderfully inspiring message, the title of which was, "Three Golden Habits."

At the beginning of his remarks he stated that he was a great believer in boys, and that he wanted to tell them about these three habits, which, if cultivated, would make their lives successful.

The first habit pointed out by this venerable educator was: "Form the habit of being cheerful." When we run across a sour-looking fellow, said Dr. Smith we notice that nobody likes him or wants to employ him. No one enjoys hearing a fellow growl. The best thing a boy can do is to cultivate a smile and show it whenever he can. He told his youthful listeners that they were just at the age of forming habits that would last all their lives, and stressed the importance of trying to be cheerful at all times.

The second habit mentioned by Dr. Smith was: "Form the habit of liking other people." Making friends, said he, is one of the finest things a boy can do, and the very best way to make friends is to be a friend to those

with whom we can come in contact in our daily lives. He pointed out that the boys right here at the School can do this by seeking opportunities to be kind to their teachers and associates, and by always acting kindly toward the smaller fellow.

"Form the habit of doing your level best at all times," was the third habit Dr. Smith urged the boys to acquire. In school, said he, a boy should study hard and form the habit of doing a sum quickly and correctly or making a good recitation; in his personal appearance he should pay particular attention to brushing his hair, keeping his face and hands clean, keeping his clothes neat thus looking his best at all times; in his work he should get into the way of always doing the job to the very best of his ability. Learn to love your job, said the speaker, for when you again take your places out into the world you will find that there is no place for lazy people.

Pointing out that it is necessary for everybody to work, Dr. Smith told the boys they would find that prospective employers would not be very favorably impressed by a sour-faced boy; that they would have no room for one who does not like people; and certainly would have no time to waste on a lazy fellow. If a boy finds himself in any or all of these classes, he will never get a job and hold it, and his life is certain to be a failure.

In a school like this, continued the speaker, boys are often called upon to do jobs which they consider far beneath them. He cited for an example boys who are selected to do cooking and housework. While most people would say this is a girl's or a woman's work, they do not stop to

think that the highest-salaried cooks in the world—those in charge of kitchens in our largest hotels and restaurants—are men, and not women.

In conclusion Dr. Smith told the boys that all jobs would be highly successful if they would learn to love their work. Do your best today and it will be much better in a week or a month from now, was his advice, as he again urged them to cultivate the three golden habits as they made their plans for the future.

We are indeed indebted to Rev. Mr. Herbert for making the necessary arrangements whereby our lads had the opportunity to hear Dr. Smith, and, speaking for both the boys and the officials of the School, we would like to say that it is our opinion that the boys will remember the most helpful message brought by

this veteran educator for many years. We have often heard the remark that Mr. So-and-So was too old to work, but we are unwilling to put Dr. Smith in that class. When he told the boys that he had just passed his eighty-second birthday, one could not help noticing the looks of amazement that passed over their faces. Then when Rev. Mr. Herbert told us that he had spoken to two groups before coming out to the School and was scheduled to speak twice at evening services, we concluded that the good doctor made a slight mistake when he told the boys he was eighty-two years old—he should have said eighty-two years young, for never have we seen one upon whose shoulders the weight of the passing years seemed to rest so lightly.



It is a noble faculty of our nature which enables us to connect our thoughts, sympathies, and happiness, with what is distant in place or time; and looking before and after, to hold communion at once with our ancestors and our posterity. There is a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart. Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what to bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind, than a consciousness of an alliance with excellence which is departed; and a consciousness, too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments and thoughts, it may be actively operating on the happiness of those that come after it.—Daniel Webster.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 3, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
Arcemias Heafner
Edward Moore
William O'Brien
Weaver F. Ruff
William Shannon
Fred Suart
Charles Wooten

COTTAGE NO. 1

Charles Browning
Everett Case
William Cook
Doris Hill
Curtis Moore
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

Bennie Austin
Paul Abernathy
Henry Barnes
Raymond Brooks
Charles Chapman
Edward Johnson
William Padrick

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Charles Beal
Grover Beaver
William Buff
Robert Coleman
Kenneth Conklin
Jack Crofts
Bruce Hawkins
Jerry Jenkins
Otis McCall
Robert Quick
Carroll Reeves
William T. Smith
Wayne Sluder
John Tolley
James Williams
Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver
Eugene Cline
Luther Coe

Quentin Crittenton
Aubrey Fargis
Leo Hamilton
John Jackson
William C. Jordan

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Collett Cantor
John Lipscomb
Dewey Ware

COTTAGE NO. 6

Robert Hobbs

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
Hurley Bell
Henry Butler
Laney Broome
Donald Earnhardt
George Green
Robert Hampton
J. B. Hensley
Carl Justice
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash
Alex Weathers

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Thomas Britt

COTTAGE NO. 9

Marvin Ballew
David Cunningham
Eugene Dyson
Riley Denny
George Gaddy
Edgar Hedgpeth
Mark Jones
Daniel Kilpatrick
Grady Kelly
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Lloyd Mullis
William Nelson
Lewis B. Sawyer
Robert Tidwell

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

William Furches
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Canipe Shoe
Monroe Searcy
Charles Widener
James Watson

COTTAGE NO. 12

William Deaton
Charles Simpson
Robah Sink

COTTAGE NO. 13

Bayard Aldridge
Charles Gaddy
Vincent Hawes
James Johnson
James Lane
Jack Mathis
Charles Metcalf
Rufus Nunn
Randall Peeler
Melvin Roland
Alex Shropshire
Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
William Butler
Edward Carter

Robert Deyton
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
Troy Gilland
Henry Glover
John Hamm
William Harding
Marvin King
Feldman Lane
William Lane
John Maples
Norvell Murphy
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoy
Glenn McCall
James Roberson
John Robbins
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 15

Ray Bayne
William Barrier
Aldine Duggins
James Ledford
Marvin Pennell
Basil Wetherington

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

MAN IN NATURE

Climbing up the hillside beneath the summer stars
I listen to the murmur of the drowsy ebbing sea;
The newly-risen moon has loosed her silver zone
On the undulating waters where the ships are sailing free.

O moon, and O stars, and O drowsy summer sea
Drawing the tide from the city up the bay,
I know how you will look and what your bounds will be,
When we and our sons have forever passed away.

You shall not change, but a nobler race of men
Shall walk beneath the stars and wander by the shore;
I cannot guess their glory but I think the sky and sea
Will bring to them more gladness than they brought to us of
yore.

—William Roscoe Thayer.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 16, 1941

No. 33

IT'S A GAY OLD WORLD

It's a gay old world when you're gay
And a glad old world when you're glad
 But whether you play
 Or go toiling away
It's a sad old world when you're sad.

It's a grand old world if you're great
And a mean old world if you're small;
 It's a world full of hate
 For the foolish who prate
Of the uselessness of it all.

It's a beautiful world to see
Or it's dismal in every zone.
 The thing it must be
 In its gloom or its glee
Depends on yourself alone.

—Anonymous.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE RAINBOW

It cannot be that the earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a mere bubble cast up by eternity to float a moment on its waves, and then sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that all stars that hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty presented to our view are taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber in the ocean; and where the beautiful beings which now pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

—George D. Prentice.

THE BIRTHDAY OF VIRGINIA DARE

August 18, 1587 was the birthday of Virginia Dare, the first white child born on the American Continent. Around her name has grown up a most interesting legend of the early days of the colonial period. She was the daughter of Ananias and Eleanor White Dare, members of the band of 121 colonists sent to Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587. Two days after her birth, the infant was christened Virginia—the first known celebration of this Christian sacrament in America. In addition to this information, all that is known of her centers around the legend of the "Lost Colony."

In 1587, Sir Walter Raleigh sent a colony of 121 persons, under John White, who was instructed to remove a former settlement to the shores of Chesapeake Bay. Arriving at Roanoke Island, they were obliged to remain there, as the sailors refused to carry them

farther. Of the persons they expected to greet (those of an expedition made in 1585), not one was found alive upon their arrival, July 22, 1587. Twenty-seven days later, a granddaughter of White was born, the Virginia of our story.

White returned to England for supplies and was detained there until 1591. Upon his belated return, he found no trace of the colony except the word "Croatan," carved on a tree. It had been agreed that if another location were sought, the name of the new place would be thus indicated. It was assumed that the colonists had gone into the interior with friendly Indians, but they were never found. The arrival of the colonists, the birth and baptism of Virginia Dare, the return of Leader White, and the finding of the word "Croatan" are the only facts that compose the record of the colony.

Tradition carries the story along, and declares that among friendly Indians, Virginia grew into a beautiful girl. A bit of pure imagination enters also, for an Indian superstition relates that she was changed by the sorcery of a rejected lover into a white doe, which lived a charmed life; true love finally won out over magic, and she was restored to human form, only to die when shot by the silver arrow of a cruel chieftan.

* * * * *

OUR BAKERY

It is evident, after seeing the tiers of bread, rolls, buns, pies and cakes stacked in the bakery of the Jackson Training School, that the personnel of this institution accepts bread as "the staff of life." The bakery is a very busy place, and from an economic viewpoint, is a most essential department of the School. The staff of the bakery consists of Mr. Frank Liske, officer in charge, assisted by twelve of the boys, six on the morning shift and six in the afternoon, who operate this department most efficiently.

These young men learn the art of making good bread, one of the most essential accomplishments in well-regulated homes. Having sampled the nice bread, rolls, pies, cakes and other good things prepared in the School bakery, we can say without reservation that they measure up to the demands of the most critical. It is opportune to emphasize at this point that our boys have plenty of home-

baked bread, as well as an abundance of milk, supplied by one of the best herds of cattle in the state. With these combined elements of food values, our lads are kept in fine physical condition.

It has been estimated that it takes approximately 16 loaves of bread daily for each cottage. Through the process of multiplication we find that the number of loaves required for one cottage per week is about 112, therefore in a single month each cottage consumes about 480 loaves. For one year, one cottage will have for its apportionment 5760 loaves. By multiplying 5760 by 17, the number of cottages at the School, the number of loaves sent from the bakery to the cottage homes in a year amounts to 97,920. More than four hundred barrels of flour are used annually in making this amount of bread. The baking of bread is not the only kind of baking done for the institution, for on special days of the week buns, cakes and pies are served to the boys. In addition to this, at one of the daily meals, corn bread is served to the boys, and this is also baked in this department.

The object of the bakery is not only to furnish food for the institution, but to teach some of the boys committed to the care of the School the art of making good, wholesome bread and tasty pies and cakes. We recall a familiar quotation, "nothing succeeds like success, and nothing fails like a failure," that always gave a fresh impetus when apprehensive as to results of a new venture. Success has followed in the trail of activities of the bakery since it was built and equipped in 1920, both in quality and quantity of bread and other good things to eat.

For the benefit of interested readers we might add that many of our young men who served in the bakery while here have, after being dismissed from the School, found work in bakeries, hotels and cafes, and are now making good. The joy of this work is the satisfaction of knowing our young men when passing out into the world are inspired to higher ideals and are better fitted to take up and carry on some gainful occupation.

* * * * *

ON DECREASING SPEED

The North Carolina Highway Safety Division points out that there are times when a motorist should decrease his speed, even

though the law gives him the right to drive more rapidly. In many cases it is far better to keep your mind on driving conditions than to keep your eye on the speedometer, as the following article clearly states:

Sec. 102, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina:—"(c) The fact that the speed of the vehicle is lower than the . . . prima facie limits shall not relieve the driver from the duty to decrease speed when approaching and crossing an intersection, when approaching and going around a curve, when approaching a hill crest, when traveling upon any narrow or winding roadway, or when special hazard exists with respect to pedestrians or other traffic or by reason of weather or highway conditions, and speed shall be decreased as may be necessary to avoid colliding with any person, vehicle or other conveyance on or entering the highway in compliance with legal requirements and the duty of all person's to use due care."

In other words, adjust your speed to existing conditions. Regardless of what the stated speed limit may be at any particular point, drivers are required to decrease speed when conditions of traffic, visibility, weather or the roadway are such that it is not safe to drive at the maximum legal speed.

* * * * *

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY

The frequently used expression, "where there's a will, there's a way." has been many times successfully demonstrated. Moreover, people of bull-dog tenacity who "dare to do", usually are found happily and comfortably placed socially. We should at all times conserve our talents, not by burying them, but by using them until the peak of proficiency is reached. Furthermore, when talents are used wisely there is no casting about for work, for the capable, earnest workers are always in demand.

Public opinion has been moulded to an extent that to get a lucrative job, with delightful environment, without college training is impossible. We are sufficiently antiquated to feel that if there is the desire to burgeon one's way to greater attainment, it can be done if opportunities offered in the public school system up to graduation day are used and not abused. It is conceded that success follows on the trail of a person who has push, pluck and perseverance. At this point we can give proof of our argument wherein young girls, high

school graduates, who today are holding government positions, making respectively, \$200.00, \$175.00 and \$135.00 per month. The only business courses pursued by these young ladies were those offered by the high schools they attended. These girls are alert to changing conditions, keep themselves abreast of the times with a most pleasing personality.

Let us not be oblivious to the fact that opportunities are presented daily, and make ourselves understand that "where there's a will, there's a way."

* * * * *

THRIFT

The following from an exchange shows the thrift of the Irish people. They are now processing the peat gathered from the bogs, and are saving it for winter use, should there be a coal shortage. The Irish have long been noted for their quick wit, but this shows they are just as quick in discerning emergencies.

Ireland has decreed that a double harvest of peat is to be produced this year. This humble, smoky fuel must do duty this coming winter for the coal that cannot come because of the dangers of sea traffic and the enlarged demands elsewhere. The peat supply is plentiful, for Ireland is 15 per cent peat bog; but its preparation is laborious. Usually a three-man job, one cuts it into 'sods,' another tosses the sods to a stacker, who must pile them in a particular way to dry. Later the peat must be re-stacked for the final drying in preparation for the winter burning. Peat is a poor fuel, being only a little way along the path of nature's process in the development of a more highly concentrated coal. Nevertheless it is far better than no fuel at all, the unhappy fate of many of the countries of Europe for this coming winter. Ireland is fortunate.

DARE COUNTY

By Carl Goerch

We were on our way to Colington—Victor Meekins and I—when we came upon a car with a Virginia license number, stuck in the sand. A rather puny looking man and two big, fat women were standing by the roadside, gazing ruefully at the automobile.

We stopped a short distance away and got out. "Looks like she's in pretty deep," said Victor.

"She sure is," said the man. The larger of the two ladies spoke up and said: "I told him to be careful when he hit this piece of sand. I pointed it out to him because we almost got stuck on the way out, but he thought the car had enough power to pull us out."

The puny little man sighed, but didn't say anything.

"Well," said Victor, "let's see what we can do."

He examined the wheels and lightly jostled the car. The fat woman spoke up again: "If you'll put something underneath these rear wheels to keep them from slipping in the sand, I believe she'll pull out."

Victor paid no attention.

"One of you get behind the steering wheel," she continued, "so you can be ready to start."

Nobody said a word, but I could see Victor getting red behind the ears. Pointing to the little man he said: "You go ahead and steer, and the rest of us will push. Be careful, though, and don't give her too much gas."

"That won't do any good," protested the fat woman. "The car will only sink deeper in the sand."

That was too much. Victor stepped back from the car, dusted the sand

from his hands and spoke up and said: "Lady, I wanted to be of assistance to you, but you evidently know much more about this business than I do, so I'll just let you go ahead and attend to it."

And he started walking back to our car. But he didn't get very far. The little man ran after him, grabbed him by the sleeve and said: "Mister, don't leave me here. Don't pay any attention to what my wife says: she's always shooting off her mouth and getting me into trouble. Please help us get out."

It was one of the most pitiful pleas I've ever heard. Victor gazed at him for a moment in silence. Then he grinned and said. "O.K., pal, we'll help you."

In less than five minutes the car was on its way and we had resumed our trip to Colington.

By this time, most of you probably are saying: "Whereabouts in North Carolina is Colington?" And the question is a justifiable one because only a comparatively few people ever go there.

You know where the Wright Memorial is in Dare County. Well, at that point you take the paved road that branches off in a westerly direction past the monument. You keep on going and directly you come to a bridge which brings you to an island known as Little Colington. Crossing that, you come to another bridge and at the other end of that you land at Big Colington. The road is pretty bad in some places and Mrs. Stetson, who is postmistress there, got quite eloquent on the subject of what a new road would mean to the community.

The people there make their living fishing. And if you're interested in bass fishing, there's no finer place along the coast than right here. They were catching a lot of them when we were there last Wednesday.

On the way back to the main highway we stopped at the home of Mr. Morris Beasley. Morris was down on the floor of the living room of his small house, trying to put an outboard motor together. Mrs. Beasley, holding a baby in her arms, was watching operations. Morris is 68 years old; Mrs. Beasley is 30. The baby looks to be about three months old.

There's an interesting story in connection with their marriage. Morris' brother was married and died about a year or so ago. Morris went to the funeral and rode back home with the widow of the deceased. He proposed marriage on the way and she accepted his offer. As a matter of fact, the deceased himself had expressed a desire that this be done. Morris and the widow-bride wanted to get married right away, but her folks objected strenuously. They had to wait almost a month before they were able to run off together and have the knot tied.

"I ain't never regretted it," said Mrs. Beasley, bouncing the baby on her knee.

"And I ain't either," said Morris, expectorating to one side as he tightened up a screw in the motor.

It's hard to know where to begin when you start writing about Dare County because there are so many things of historical interest in that section. Most of these, however, are well known, so we'll just touch lightly on them in passing. It was on Roanoke Island that Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists settled and disappeared. That

was back in 1587. It was also on Roanoke Island that Reginald A. Fessenden, of the U. S. Weather Bureau built an experimental wireless station in 1902 and established communication with a ship similarly equipped. He subsequently completed his experiments elsewhere and secured patents for his system. And it was on the Kill Devil Hills sand dunes that the Wright brothers—Orville and Wilbur—made the first successful flight in a heavier-than-air plane. That was on December 17, 1903. But, as we've just said, you know all about those historical facts, so we'll turn our attention elsewhere.

Dare County is a peculiar county from a geographical standpoint and, roughly speaking, is divided into three classifications. In the first place, there are the banks—those long, narrow strips of sand extending across the coast of the state. Dare County starts on the banks at a point about half a mile north of Caffey's Inlet Coast Guard Station: about five miles north of the village of Duck. It runs on down through Kitty Hawk, Kill Devil Hill and Nags Head, winding up at Oregon Inlet. The inlet is about a mile wide. There's a regular ferry schedule and at the southern side you land upon the Island of Hatteras, with its picturesque villages of Rodanthe—the most easterly point along the North Carolina coast—Waves, Salvo, Avon, Buxton, Frisco and Hatteras.

That makes seven towns in all, and here's a rather peculiar thing about those seven communities: each of them has a woman for a postmaster. (And please don't say that it should have been written "postmistress" instead of "postmaster," because officially there is no such person as a "postmistress.")

It's a picturesque country. At some points the banks are only a few hundred yards wide: at others the width is close to a mile. Some areas are wooded; others are covered in sand. When they get that national Seashore Park down there and when they get a passable road down the length of the island, you're going to see some real development in progress.

In the village of Waves every man draws his paycheck from the government, either in the form of pensions or through some other channel, which means that it doesn't make very much difference to the people down there whether times are good or whether a depression is in existence—their income arrives regularly, regardless.

Fine folks down there: courteous and hospitable to strangers, clean thinking and clean living people. It's very seldom indeed that you hear of any acts of law violations down in that section. Houses, for the most part, are never locked, and every man respects the rights of his neighbors.

At intervals along the beach are the wrecks of many ships. In 1927 the Greek steamer, "Paraguay" broke in two when she grounded on a reef. A year later the "Carl Gerhard" was driven ashore between the bow and stern of the "Paraguay." It is believed that the beautiful Theodosia Burr, daughter of Aaron Burr and wife of Joseph Alston, Governor of South Carolina (1812-14) perished off the coast here. On December 30, 1812, she sailed from Georgetown, S. C., on the "Patriot" to visit her father in New York, and was never seen again. The boat was then believed to have been wrecked off Hatteras during a storm.

In 1869, Dr. W. G. Pool was called to attend a poor banker woman who gave him a portrait from her wall for

a fee and told him its story. In 1812 a boat with sails set and rudder lashed drifted ashore at Kitty Hawk. There were no signs of violence or bloodshed on the deserted ship—an untouched meal was on the table and silk dresses hung within a cabin. On the wall was the portrait of a young and beautiful woman, painted in oil on polished mahogany and set in a gilded frame. The bankers stripped the boat, and the portrait fell to the woman's sweetheart, who gave it to her.

Upon comparison, Dr. Pool was impressed by the resemblance of his portrait to a picture of Aaron Burr. Photographs of the portrait were sent to members of the Burr and Edwards families, who, almost without exception, proclaimed the likeness to be that of Theodosia. The Nags Head portrait is now in a private museum in New York City.

The wreck of the Huron is indicated by a marker recalling the disaster of November 24, 1877, when 108 lives were lost.

Chicamacomico Coast Guard Station at Rodanthe marks the dangerous coast at that point. Here is the surfboat in which, on August 16, 1918, Captain John Allen Midgett and a crew of five braved a sea of blazing oil and gasoline to rescue 41 persons from the torpedoed British tanker, "S. S. Mirlo." For this deed, Congress awarded them bronze Medals of Honor. Close by the station is the burial mound of British seamen drowned in the wreck of the "St. Catharis," April 16, 1891, in which 90 lives were lost.

Many other wrecks have occurred along this part of the coast, and throughout the years the men at the various Coast Guard stations along North Carolina's shores have done

valiant service in the saving of lives and property.

So much for the banks—the first classification of Dare County.

The second is the island of Roanoke. It is separated from the banks by Roanoke Sound; from the mainland by Croatan Sound. There's a bridge over to the banks—two of them, as a matter of fact, but the only present contact with Mann's Harbor on the mainland is by means of a ferry. However, I heard down there last week that serious consideration is being given by the State Highway Department to the proposition of building a bridge from Mann's Harbor to the island. You'll hear something about that in the near future.

At the lower end of Roanoke Island is the village of Wanchese, the largest community on the island, although at first thought you'd probably be inclined to give that distinction to Manteo. Wanchese, however, is scattered from here to yonder. There is no business section, such as you'll find at Manteo, and the half-dozen or so stores are widely separated.

There are scores of fishing boats, and practically all of the income of the people is derived from the sea. Not only are fish sold commercially but the rental of boats to sportsmen also brings in hundreds of dollars annually.

Roanoke Island is about ten miles long. Leaving Wanchese, you drive north about six miles and come to Manteo, the county seat, which has a year-round population of about 700 people. (Wanchese has around 1,100). They had a bad fire in the business section of the town a year or so ago but all that has been rebuilt and greatly improved in appearance.

Chances are you've seen the Lost Colony Pageant, which is now in its

fifth year. If you haven't, by all means do so before the first week in September.

That pageant has been a big thing for Dare County. For the state of North Carolina as a whole, so far as that goes. It has brought visitors to our eastern shores from every state in the union and from foreign countries as well. Used to be that folks in Manteo didn't particularly care to open their homes to visitors, but now, as you drive through the town, you can't help but observe that practically every house has a sign in front—"Rooms and board."

Melvin Daniels has been registrar of deeds there for seventeen years, without any opposition in the Democratic party. Not only that, but in the last general election the Republicans even refused to put up a candidate to run against him.

Please observe that we refer to Mr. Daniels as "registrar of deeds," and not "register of deeds." That's the way the sign on his door reads and, by George, when you come to think of it, "registrar," when applied to a man, undoubtedly is much more accurate in its application than "register." We just looked it up in Webster and he says that both terms are right. But so far as we know, Mr. Daniels is the only register of deeds in North Carolina who advertises himself as being a registrar of deeds.

Speaking of county officials, Victor Meekins at one time was the youngest sheriff in North Carolina, but we don't know whether he still holds that distinction or not, because it was several years ago when he enjoyed it.

Victor has a deputy, a very attractive young lady by the name of Mrs. Estelle Tillett. We won't make the assertion that she is the only woman

deputy sheriff in North Carolina, because just as sure as we do that, somebody will come forward to refute such an assertion. But she's the only one that we know anything about, and Sheriff Meekins says that no one could be more efficient.

Two miles north of Manteo is Fort Raleigh, and here's where we ought to go back into history again, but we're not going to do it. Fort Raleigh is where the pageant is presented every Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday night. There are thousands of people who have seen it at least once every year since it was started five years ago. Aside from those who are directly connected with it, the person who probably has seen it most is young Charles Warren, son of Comptroller General and Mrs. Lindsay C. Warren. Charles has seen it forty-three times. We saw it with him about a month ago and he seemed just as enthralled with the spectacle as those sitting around us who were seeing it for the first time.

As a rule, when folks visit Dare County, they come in by way of the Wright Memorial bridge and drive on down the banks. We had made that trip any number of times, so just for a change we decided to go westward by way of the ferry from Roanoke Island to Mann's Harbor, across Croatan Sound. The sound is about three miles wide at this point and it takes just about half an hour to make the trip. Very enjoyable, too.

Mann's Harbor is a fishing village and has a population of around 350. It has a church, a school, a sawmill and a few houses all of which are owned by their occupants. Fish houses flank the river docks.

To the south some 20 miles, on a beautiful crescent bay, lies the village

of Stumpy Point, one of the most attractive looking places imaginable. To the west for about 15 miles is some of the most desolate country to be found in North Carolina. It is 15 miles from Mann's Harbor to East Lake. A good dirt road connects the two places, but you ride for miles and miles without seeing a place of habitation: nothing but gum and cypress trees. A few pines and a few junipers, but most of those have been cut out. The road is built on a canal bank and the canal follows you for the entire distance between Mann's Harbor and East Lake.

I've seen that country from the air a number of times. In a good many places, as you're flying over it, you can see the glint of water through the trees, indicating that a goodly portion of it is swamp land. No houses and no tracts of cleared ground. Nothing but absolute wilderness.

Just before getting into East Lake, we picked up a young man walking alongside the road.

"Going to East Lake?" we queried. "No," he said. "Buffalo City."

That was a new one on us: we never had heard of Buffalo City, much less seen it. He said it was only a couple of miles to the south of the main highway, so we took a chance and drove down there.

It's on Miltail Creek and was once a prosperous community. A long time ago, tradition relates that at the peak of prosperity some 200 white residents occupied more than 5,000 acres and worked many slaves on their plantations. They built a seven-mile bridge of logs to Long Shoals Bay and dug a 2-mile canal to Miltail Creek, down which shingles were floated to be loaded on ships coming up the Alligator River. Their products were

shipped to the West Indies, there traded for rum, molasses and other commodities. It is believed that sailors brought cholera to the community. Within a very short time all but a few inhabitants were dead. The survivors, fearful for their lives, abandoned the settlement.

At the present time, there are about twenty houses in the community. A few years back, there was a revival of prosperity as lumber operations were revived on a large scale. Right now, however, the lumber business has been curtailed to considerable extent and there is employment for only about seventeen or eighteen men.

Driving back to the main highway, we soon arrived at East Lake, a place about which we have heard for many, many years but never had had a chance to see.

To tell the truth, there isn't very much to see. Mr. A. M. Cahoon has a country store there. His house and another one, as well as two or three barns and out-buildings, comprise the settlement proper, although there are some thirty or forty other houses within a radius of four or five miles.

An interesting character is Mr. Cahoon, as we soon found out. Our first impression was that here was a man who probably had been stuck away out there in the sticks all his life, but during our conversation with him we found out differently. He went to sea when a young man and visited practically every country in Europe as well as making a trip to Japan. Talks very interestingly and entertainingly too.

We had made the mistake in coming to Mann's Harbor on the 2:30 ferry. In order to make the proper connections with the ferry across Alligator River, we should have left Roanoke

Island either at one o'clock or four o'clock. When we got to East Lake we found that we would have to wait there almost two hours. Our first thought was to go back to Mann's Harbor and then take the highway to Stumpy Point, Engelhard, Swanquarter, Belhaven and Washington. A mighty long and dusty trip. Instead of doing that, we decided to remain at East Lake and talk to Mr. Cahoon and some of the other East Lake folks who came from time to time.

Across the front of his property is a fence with a broad rail at the top. Everybody who comes up says howdy to Mr. Cahoon and then proceeds to sit himself upon the rail. And you know, when you come to think of it, it's mighty hard to find a more comfortable place on which to sit, with your shoulders hunched forward and your feet hooked in between the horizontal rails, than a good fence with a broad top-rail.

We asked some of the natives about East Lake's reputation for making rye liquor. They smiled and said that those reports were greatly exaggerated. Oh yes; liquor was made, and in considerable quantities, too, but nowhere near as much as some people would have you believe.

"A lot of the so-called East Lake liquor that was taken up to New York and other places during prohibition times," one man informed us, "wasn't made at East Lake at all. Folks in other sections merely traded on our reputation."

"Any being made now?" we inquired.

"Some," he admitted.

There were pauses of several minutes during which no one said a word; merely sat and thunk. At other times, we just sat. Sounds rather dull and

uninteresting, but I don't know when I've had a better time.

"Jim cotch that bear yet?" asked the chunky man with the shotgun.

"No, but he's still a-tryin'. I've heard several folks say that there are more bears in the woods this year than they have ever known to be. They sure are a nuisance."

And it's the truth. Those woods are full of deer, bear and other wild game. Scores of these animals are killed every year. The land would make wonderful hunting preserves if someone wanted to invest a little money in acquiring some acreage.

We were sorry when it was time to leave East Lake in order to catch the ferry and cross the six-mile expanse of the Alligator River, which is another very enjoyable and restful experience and lasts for about an hour. By the way, if you're interested in making this same trip—the ferry makes its first trip from Fort Landing, Tyrrell County at 7:30 in the morning, and repeats every three hours thereafter, leaving Fort Landing at 4:30 for the last trip to East Lake.

And that's Dare County—land of variety. On the mainland the people are mostly poor and get along on a few hundred dollars a year. On the banks in the vicinity of Nags Head, Kitty Hawk and Kill Devil you'll find hundreds of cottages belonging to wealthy people from various points in North Carolina and Virginia. On Roanoke Island you'll observe an air of substantial prosperity. Not wealth, by any means, but you can see that the folks live well and enjoy life.

There are more varieties of fish in Dare County than anywhere else along the coast. The hunting (geese and ducks) also is good.

If you get a chance, by all means visit Dare this summer. There are fine accommodations over on the beach, at Manteo, at Wanchese and other points and, as we have tried to point out to you, there are all kinds of interesting things to see. Go down by way of Elizabeth City, Coinjock and the Wright Memorial bridge: come back home by way of Mann's Harbor, East Lake and Fort Landing. There's no particular saving in time (matter of fact, we believe you probably can make better time by going back by way of Elizabeth City) but there are other things to consider besides time. You really will enjoy the variety.

And so, we believe we have summed up everything in Dare County with one exception—and that is the village of Mashoes. The only thing we regret about our trip is that we failed to see Mashoes.

"How," we inquired at East Lake, "did it get its name?"

"Well," the long, skinny man with the chew of tobacco told us, "the way I've always heard it is that a long time ago a rather finnickly lady visited there. First thing she did when she got off the boat was to step in some water. She looked down at her soiled shoes and said: 'Lawsy me; pity my shoes!' and that's how the place got its name."

In conclusion, there's one more thing we'd like to tell you. If you're planning to drive down Hatteras Island, better be careful how you pick your time. It isn't hard at all to get stuck in the sand—the way those folks from Virginia did—and once you get stuck you may have to wait an hour or more before someone comes along to help you. (What a blessing a good road would be down there!)

And one thing more: if you do get

stuck, you may be interested in our observations of Sheriff Meekins' method of extricating cars. Of course the worst thing you can do is to race your motor and try to come out through the use of excessive power. Such a course will only tend to mire you deeper in the sand. Best thing to do is to get all your folks on one side of the car and then joggle it. As the wheels on your side come up out of the sand, pack some sand under them with your feet. Do the same thing on the other side. Then half-way deflate your tires, run your motor slowly, put everybody behind to push, and you'll

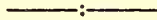
come out with a bang.

Those folks who live on the banks know all about the sand. On a previous trip I was out riding with this same Sheriff Meekins. We were crossing the banks at Nags Head. On our left was a tall sand dune.

"It'd be something if you could drive up there," I remarked.

"Why not?" said Victor in a casual tone of voice.

He swung his steering wheel around, gave her the gas, and darned if we didn't go clear to the top of that sand dune without the slightest bit of a hitch.



A BOY IN THE HOUSE

A gun in the parlor, a kite in the hall,
 In the kitchen a book, a bat and a ball;
 On the sideboard a ship, on the bookcase a flute,
 And a hat for whose ownership none would dispute;
 And out on the porch, gallantly prancing nowhere,
 A spirited hobby-horse paws at the air;
 And a well-polished pie-plate out there on the shelf
 Near the tall jelly jar, which a mischievous elf
 Emptied as slyly and slick as a mouse,
 Make it easy to see there's a boy in the house.

A racket, a rattle, a rollicking shout.
 Above and below, around and about;
 A whistling, a pounding, a hammering of nails,
 The building of houses, the shaping of sails;
 Entreaties for paper, for scissors, for string,
 For every unfindable, bothersome thing;
 A bang of the door, and a dash up the stairs
 In the interest of burdensome business affairs,
 And an elephant hunt for a bit of a mouse,
 Make it easy to hear there's a boy in the house.

—Author Unknown.

LAY OF THE LOST COLONY

Nell Battle Lewis, in *The News & Observer*

Inspired, naturally enough, by the miraculous "discoveries" of some two dozen grave-stones of our Lost Colonists ostensibly chipped out by the talented and indefatigable Eleanor Dare which are sponsored by the Doctors Pearce, of Brenau College, Georgia, Mrs. Mayhew Paul, of Washington, N. C., has composed the following lay which throws bright new light on those mysterious original immigrants and which incidentally backs as archaeological evidence in value fully equal, if not superior, to that furnished by the Brenau stones:

"Dame Eleanor Dare, by her log-cabin door,
 With mallet and chisel and tomb-stones galore,
 Sat busily knocking out tender adieux
 In dozens of delicate stone billets-doux.
 Virginia Dare squalled and the pot bubbled o'er,
 But Eleanor only did hammer the more!
 With rare intuition, to which she paid heed,
 She felt that some day she would probably need
 A few such mementoes to sprinkle her trail
 To tell future searchers the pitiful tale;
 And knowing with Indians behind every pine,
 She'd never have time to drop papa a line.
 So like the wise babes in the wood she did plan
 To carve a few letters to strew as she ran.
 Now while she indulged in her womanly art
 Her husband was making a little pull-cart
 To carry the ossified missives if he
 And Ellie should ever be tempted to flee,
 Because it was plain as the nose on one's face
 They never would tuck in a vanity case.
 The months came and went and the swift seasons flew,
 And still Mistress Dare did her sculpture pursue.
 While other mere housewives were sweeping a room,
 She wielded a hammer instead of a broom!
 The time other matrons would waste knitting socks
 Our Ellen more laudably spent chipping rocks.
 At last came the day she long had foreseen,
 When savages gathered with scalping-knives keen;
 Then quickly the terrified colonists tried
 To find a safe haven and somewhere to hide.
 And wildly they scrambled the forest to reach
 Before in their ears rang the war-whoop and screech
 Of painted red devils so close on their heels
 Who'd never be moved by their tearful appeals.

They all gained the sheltering depths of the woods,
With top-knots uplighted and some of their goods,
Save Ellen, who tarried to save baby Dare
And the diary hefty she had chiseled with care.
The spraddle-wheeled cart with its load wouldn't budge
And sank in the mud with a sickening sudge.
She pulled and she tugged and she puffed and she blew,
While nearer approached the dread hullabaloo!
Her fugitive friends from their gall-berry screen
Peeped out at the hopelessly heroic scene
And saw what was causing fair Ellie's delay
With mingled emotions of scorn and dismay.
They just hadn't heart to abandon our El,
So back they all turned, though they muttered, 'Oh, H——!'
And bidding the woman her efforts to cease,
They each staggered off with a boulder apiece!
Now, burdened like this, they were bound to be slow,
And soon they were caught by their merciless foe,
Who, thinking the stones must be great totems rare
To cause these pale fools to risk losing their hair,
Decided to keep them, their magic to try,
Though rather than lug them they sooner would die.
So, true to their code that no warrior delves,
They made the poor prisoners tote 'em themselves!
The trail it was long and the way it was hard,
And brambles and briars their steps did retard,
But onward they plodded, though bloody the track,
Each bearing a page of El's book on his back.
And as one by one in exhaustion they fell,
With stones at their side the sad story to tell,
The band was depleted until there were none
Left living at all when the journey was done!
The centuries passed and no one ever found
These marvelous relics till men, scratching round,
By greatest good fortune, the very same year
The pageant at Manteo was to appear,
Discovered the things to our bug-eyed surprise—
Which happening naturally helped advertise.
Now Heaven forbid I give any offense,
But wasn't that wonderful coincidence?
Though 'truth is far stranger than fiction,' they say,
Such landslides of truth our credulity slay.
Now, ending my saga in true ballad style
Made sacred by usage for quite a long while:
'The bridle and saddle lay under the shelf;
If you want any more, you can sing it yourself!'

WILLIAMSBURG

By Laura E. Armitage in Chesapeake & Ohio Magazine

During Virginia Garden Week, April 28—May 3, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway's annual personally conducted, all-expense tour offers a rare opportunity to renew acquaintance with a section of our country commonly referred to as "The Cradle of the Republic." Occupying prominent place in this figurative picture is Williamsburg, the completely restored Colonial City. Sharing with it is Jamestown, where in 1607 the first permanent English settlement was established in America, and Yorktown, where the final battle of the Revolution was fought. Within this small radius of approximately twenty miles, the nation was born, nurtured and reached maturity.

Travelers who visit Williamsburg may well marvel that in less than fifteen years something has been done here that has never been accomplished elsewhere, a living town has been restored. In 1927 Williamsburg was much like other small towns of its size. The lovely Duke of Gloucester Street, 99 feet wide and seven-eighths of a mile long, was flanked by modern buildings. The Capitol, the Royal Palace, the original Sir Christopher Wren designed section of William and Mary College, Raleigh Tavern, home of Phi Beta Kappa, where Jefferson danced with his fair Belinda, had long since burned. Glaring new architecture crowded the dignity of the old Colonial type houses.

Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin, rector of Bruton Parish Church, cherished a dream about the restoration of Williamsburg, as the result of which he succeeded in imparting his vision to

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. So that the identity of Mr. Rockefeller would not be revealed until the proper time, Dr. Goodwin went about buying up property in his own name. Among the difficulties he encountered was the fact that a large number of the houses were owned and inhabited by people who had been born in them and whose ancestors who had lived in them for many many years. After convincing these "first families" of the importance of the project, Dr. Goodwin worked out a plan whereby these people were to have a living tenure in their homes. The property was bought and reconveyed to the seller without monetary consideration with a life interest in the property. This means that the seller was given the right to live there for the rest of his or her life, without payment of rent, in most cases without payment for taxes, insurance or repairs. While the houses were being restored and concealed, modern conveniences installed, temporary quarters were provided.

As the chief keynote of the restoration is accuracy, a research department was established to study and investigate. Researchers were in every important library in the United States, in England, France, Spain, Rome, for while it is not generally realized, the source records of American history are almost as much in the archives of the British Public Record Office, the British Museum, libraries in France, in Seville, in the Vatican in Rome, as they are in American archives.

Fortunately the College of William

and Mary had in it what is known as the "Frenchman's Map," almost considered the Restoration Bible. Little is known of this map except that it was drawn by a Frenchman in 1781 or 1782. It shows the location of every important building in Williamsburg at that time. At many places where the map indicates a building, by 1927 there was a street, an open yard, a field, or perhaps another structure, but upon digging, the original foundations were always found.

In rebuilding the Governor's Palace, the exact location was not known—just the approximate one. A plate had been discovered, after long search, in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, England, on which was engraved, not only the front and rear elevations of the Main or Sir Christopher Wren building of the College, the two flankings, the only elevation in existence of the first Capitol, but also the only elevation of the Governor's Palace.

A continued search regarding the location of the Palace revealed a floor plan made by Thomas Jefferson, the property of the Massachusetts' Historical Society. Aided by this, digging started, disclosing that the school house occupying the site had its rear wall built on the front wall of the Palace. Beautiful flagstones, arches supporting fireplaces, vegetable bins, wine cellars and brick drains were found, in excellent condition, having lain covered with dirt and debris since 1781. Then the Bodleian Plate gave the elevation and the inventories of the Royal Governors of that time supplied the details regarding the furnishings. Court records, old wills, deeds, insurance maps were studied and photographed. So that future generations may have complete and accurate information not only of the

restoration but also for the reason of every detail, photographs were made of all property before it was touched, and of the progress of the work, with statements of all that was done, step by step. Forty tons of earth was sifted. The pieces of ceramics, china, silver, glassware, cooking utensils, wearing apparel, hardware and the like were carefully preserved and the design followed in making replacements. Paint colors were obtained by scraping layer after layer. Merchants' advertisements of that period fortunately gave the pigments of paints used, so the result was again, accuracy.

More than 77 Colonial buildings were restored in Williamsburg a total of 88 Colonial buildings reconstructed, 19 modern buildings were removed from the restoration area and set up outside the Colonial city; two entire blocks of business buildings of a Colonial style of architecture, containing 33 shops, have been erected and 572 modern buildings torn down. The Chesapeake and Ohio cooperated by remodeling its station into keeping with the general design.

Colonial Williamsburg would not be complete without its lovely gardens. These have been replanted, using a great deal of boxwood. Today the tourist may wander at will over the 360 acres of approaches, gardens and park of the Governor's Palace, never realizing that not so many years ago this tract contained railroad tracks, a factory and school buildings. There one finds now the Canal and Governor's Fish Pond, the Ballroom Garden, the North Garden, the Fruit Garden, the Kitchen Garden and the Hanging Garden, among others.

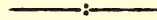
Rarely a restored house but has its box trees, its yew trees, old and gnarled. Transplanted, yes, but seemingly

at home, in age dating back to the time when first as students to the town and later as statesmen, came Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, John Tyler, and, as Chancellor, George Washington, four men who were to become Presidents of the United States.

In 1779, during the Revolution, the seat of government was moved, for safety, to Richmond, Va., and from then on Williamsburg declined in importance in national life, never to be active again. It had, however, already made its place in history and as reconstructed it recalls vividly the charm and culture evident when America was young.

Unlike the other mansions in this section, Williamsburg is open to the

public the year round, not only just during Garden Week. Hostesses in costume conduct travelers through the buildings, outlining the history and achievements. A visit to Williamsburg should almost be put on the must list, for should the Pages, the Burrells, the Blairs, the Carters, the Harrisons, Pendletons, Randolphs, Tylers, Tuckers, Wythes, Patrick Henry, George Mason return they would feel as much at home as they did two hundred years ago when they attended the House of Burgesses or met in secret conclave at Raleigh Tavern. Williamsburg as reconstructed is a miracle, mellow as if aged by time, its beauty reflecting the atmosphere of the 18th century town our ancestors knew and loved.



A NOBLE PURPOSE

A noble purpose is in every great
Achievement; a divine experience,
Surpassing the most glorious evidence
Of envied wealth and worshipful estate.
It is the soul of all who toiling wait
Delayed success of honest diligence;
It is the very soul of all whose recompense
It is good achieved against the trend of fate.

—Brooks More.

THE LOST COLONY AGAIN

(Raleigh News & Observer)

With less promotion and fanfare than in any previous period of its operation, The Lost Colony is well in the swing of its fifth summer showing at Fort Raleigh. Reports from the first performance indicate that the drama has lost none of the magic which has brought thousands of spectators from far states to see it and has caused hundreds of others living closer by to measure their interest by the count of performances they have witnessed.

For a good many reasons, this should be the best season in The Lost Colony's history. For one thing, the Nags Head and Manteo area should profit from defense crowding in other resorts. For another reason, the production goes into its new season with the very practical blessing of a legislative appropriation or guarantee against loss from natural disaster.

The most important consideration, however, is that in this good year 1941 the theme of the play, its portrayal of the English-speaking people's search for freedom, their courage in

the attainment of it, their will to dare and endure in its pursuit has a meaning in the world now vastly clearer and more significant than ever before.

The British Empire is in the midst of a great war in which other democracies have already fallen for the preservation of the ideals to which this little band of colonists committed themselves. The United States is arming itself in desperate preparedness against the threat which is already apparent and has made no secret of its intent.

The play itself is unchanged. And the masterly work of Paul Green is implied with striking clarity in the fact that the show goes on, very much as it was originally written. Only the world is faced with change and menace of spirit of the colonists inherent in the American people today, merely a historic memory in another of the world's change which might make of The Lost Colony and the Dark Ages.

ADVERSITY

Adversity is a severe instructor, set over us by one who knows us better than we do ourselves, as he loves us better, too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This conflict with difficulty makes us acquainted with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.—Burke.

ISLANDS OF HAWAII PARADISE OF RICHES

By Henry Dougherty

The Hawaii Tourist beareau is urging all visitors to see the outlying islands if they are in search of the real Hawaii. Aahu is the dot on which Honolulu is situated. From Honolulu everything else in the archipelago is "outlying." These islands are, starting with the northernmost: Nihau, Kauai—and south of Honolulu—Molokai, Lanai, Maui, Kahoolawe and Hawaii.

Hawii is the largest, and home of our active volcanoes. Hilo, principal part of the island, is 195 miles from Honolulu by steamer or airplane. It would be 195 miles as the crow flies, too, but there are no crows around here. Mauna Loa, largest of the volcanoes, has an elevation of 13,680 feet, and Kilauea, the greatest tourist attraction, center of Hawii National Park, is 4,090 feet high. Mauna Loa erupts on an average between four and six years, and it is the mountain that sends its flows across ranches and deserts into the sea.

Madame Pele, fire goddess, legendary figure in Hawaiian mythology, resides in Kilauea, and her special apartment is Halemaumau, Kilauea's fire pit. Halemaumau, means, "House of Everlasting Fire." The distance from Hilo to Kilauea, is 35 miles, and to the top of Mauna Loa, about 60 miles. Kilauea, erupted continuously for a number of years about the time of the World War 1, all activity ending in a gigantic explosion in 1924. Since then there have been a few brief outbreaks, the last being in 1934.

Hawaii's famous Volcano House is located on the rim of Kilauea. Surrounding it are the justly celebrated tree ferns, millions of them, a veritable jungle.

Sugar culture is the main industry, centering along the Hamakua coast and the northern section of the island, which is the oldest geologically. Mauna Kea, highest spot between Alaska and New Guinea, and between the High Sieras in California and the Philippines, has an elevation of 13,784 feet. Believe it or not, skiing is a favorite sport near the summit, a spot nearly always covered with snow.

On the western side of the island is the Kona coast, home of coffee, cattle ranches and extensive kona forests. Down by the sea are many villages, where Hawaiians live in primitive fashion, but not in grass hunts, The famed Parker ranch, spreading from the sea up the slopes of Mauna Kea, embracing about 400,000 acres, is one of the largest ranches in the United States.

From Hawaii we hop to Maui, the Valley island, where we find sugar again in the ascendancy. Pineapple also is a big industry and once again ranching comes to the fore. The largest town is Wailuku, and the oldest is Lahaina, home of the early missionaries. Rising above the plains is stupendous Haleakala, largest dormant crater in the world—a crater with an area of 19 square miles large enough to swallow New York City and have room enough left for a part of Chicago. Haleakala has an elevation of 10,-

025 feet, and is a part of Hawaii National Park. The island is 70 miles from Honolulu.

In passing we take a look at Kahoolawe, 45 square miles of desolation, but for years caressed as a ranch, with one lone inhabitant—the caretaker. More recently the army and navy have been angling for the island to be used as an artillery and bombing range.

Near both Kahoolawe and Maui is the island of Manai. Until about 15 years ago it was a windswept ranch. Then it was purchased by the Hawaiian Pineapple company and converted into the most productive pineapple plantation in the world. Its area is 141 square miles. Its purchase from the Baldwin interests on Maui was engineered by James D. Dole, now chairman of the board, and father of the pineapple canning industry in Hawaii. The company spent millions in this development.

Completing the triangle around Lahaina Roadstead, where the United States fleet spends much of its time, is the island of Molokai, realm of ranches, pineapple and forests in the uplands. On a remote peninsula, bounded on one side by angry breakers of the Pacific, and on the other by a mighty cliff, is the Kalaupapa leper settlement. Molokai's area is 260 square miles.

We have already described to a certain extent the island of Oahu, home of Honolulu. Beyond the city limits are sugar plantations, and on the inland plateau are vast pineapple fields. Six miles from Honolulu is the celebrated Pali precipice, the islands most spectacular scenic attraction.

Kauai, the Garden island, is 90 miles north of Honolulu, dominated by sugar plantations, with some pineapple. It also is a wooded domain in the upper reaches. Mount Waialeale on this island is claimed by some as the wettest spot in the world, with a rainfall sometimes totaling as much as 600 inches. Captain James Cook, discoverer of the islands, landed here in January, 1778. It is on Kauai that one finds evidences of a prehistoric race in the form of a well preserved irrigation system.

Kauai offers to tourists its Waimea canyon, described as a miniature Grand Canyon; also Barking Sands, a phenomenon that growls when one walks across the sand hillocks.

A few miles to the north and west is Niihau, 72 square miles of private estate, owned by the Robinson family. It is a ranch, and the kapu or keep out sign is always up. No one goes there except on special invitation by the owners. I have the distinction of being the only newsman ever to visit Niihau a trip made possible some years ago through the friendship of Lawrence M. Judd, then governor of Hawaii. I was a member of his official party. There are no automobiles, radios, dogs, police, paved roads, or any twentieth century gadgets on the island, except what one may find in the ranch house. Niihau is the home of Arabian horses, thousands of sheep, tens of thousands of turkeys, and a population of 160 purebred, unmixed Hawaiians.

And this ends our sketchy series of Uncle Sam's most important defense outpost. Aloha.

THE SILK SHORTAGE

(Catawba News-Enterprise)

There's an old saying, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

At the beginning of World War No. 1 the United States found that it did not have a single fast dye except those imported from other countries—mainly Germany. When war was declared on Germany many began to wonder just what we would do without Germany's dyes. Some were so skeptical as to believe that the cotton and rayon industry would become extinct for lack of proper dyes, and some women even went so far as to picture themselves dressed in clothing that had faded as a result of the lack of fast dyes.

Today, twenty-odd years later, the United States ranks at the top in the number of fast dyes produced as a result of chemical experiment. We no longer depend on Germany, or any other country for our dye products, but we have advanced so far that we are exporting them to other countries. This was a case where necessity resulted in the manufacture of the product.

At the present time our country is faced with a problem of silk shortage, and one that will affect North Carolina, and Catawba county industries more than any other section of the country. As a matter of fact the effect

on North Carolina will be almost as much as on the combined other 47 states.

For years we have been depending on Japanese silk, and now that silk is being held under the Presidential "freeze," many are wondering what the final outcome will be. Here in Newton it may mean that four or five hundred employees will lose their jobs. Coupled with this is the fact that thousands and thousands of dollars have been invested in machines used in the manufacture of silk.

The News-Enterprise agrees with Governor Broughton in his efforts to get the priorities board to take note of the Tar Heel Manufacturers' predicament to the end that adjustments may be made. As Governor Broughton pointed out twenty thousand of the 35,000 bales of silk are in North Carolina.

If the occasion should necessitate it, the Nation and North Carolina will be able to find a substitute for silk, the same as was done with dyes back in 1916-17, but until a suitable substitute can be found it seems only fair that some kind of consideration should be given North Carolina manufacturers and workers connected with the silk industry.

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Eat three meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors. Keep your digestion good, exercise, go slow and easy. Maybe there are some other things that your special case requires to make you happy, but these, I reckon, will give you a good life.—Abraham Lincoln.

SLOW DOWN FOR UNCLE SAM

(Selected)

Now that Mr. Ickes has found that gasoline must be conserved in the East because of a shortage of transportation facilities, we're learning a lot about gasoline consumption, which many of us haven't known before.

We've always realized that it took more gasoline to go 70 miles per hour than to go 40 miles an hour, but with a big tankful of gasoline in the car we're apt not to think much about it. If we're in a hurry and if the road is one of those big highways that invites speed, we haven't worried much about losing a few extra ounces of gasoline.

But when we are told that we use 56 per cent more gasoline when driving 70 miles an hour than when only going 40 miles an hour, that's something worth thinking about. That means for each dollar we spend for gasoline, we're paying 56 cents additional for the pleasure of speeding—and to a lot of us it isn't worth that.

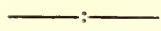
It is quite possible that speed laws will be more strictly enforced than ever before in the East in order to cut down our consumption of gasoline. It is also probable that we will be taught to consider speeding un-

patriotic. But whatever means are used to educate us to slow down and save gasoline, most of us won't object too vehemently when we realize that it also means a substantial saving to our pocketbooks.

It is estimated that private passenger cars in this country travel about 500 billion miles a year and consume over 30 billion gallons of gasoline. Even a 10 per cent cut in consumption, due to less speed, would mean a saving of 3 billion gallons—which is more than enough to take care of the problem which is now one of Mr. Ickes' major worries.

Gasoline prices are apt to increase. New taxes on gasoline may cause an additional boost in the price. But we can offset these increases, so far as our expenditure for gasoline is concerned, if we go slower as prices go higher.

The chief objection to speed always has been from the danger viewpoint. Speed is the leading cause of accidents. This new incentive to stop speeding may, in addition to aiding the gasoline problem, also result in the saving of many lives.



There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man is like sunshine to the day, or gentle renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good nature.—Carlyle.

VIRGINIA—WHERE AMERICA WAR BAWN

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

Why don't these upstarts from Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and North Carolina stay in their places? First we have the claim from the Bay State Development and Industrial commission that Massachusetts is "where America was born," and then along comes Pennsylvania, and advertises itself as "the birth state of the nation." Not to be outdone, North Carolina's Conservation and Development commission promulgates the thesis that Tarheelia is "the birthplace of the nation."

This last was too much for even Dr. C. C. Crittenden, secretary of the North Carolina Historical society, who advised the North Carolina commission lately, with admirable understatement, that the claim "might be open to some question." Yet Josh Horne, chairman of the North Carolina commission, goes on honking that state's horn in manner aforesaid.

All of us have heard the Carolinian wheeze of some years back which describes North Carolina as "first at Bethel, farthest to the front at Gettysburg, and last at Appamattox." We understand that none of the three claims is justified. However, they are probably just as well-founded as the latest piece of shamelessness south of the border.

There was a time when that "valley of humiliation" was adequately respectful in the presence of its upper and neither neighbors,

but, alas, in these days, when all values have been destroyed and the bottom rails are becoming the top rails nearly everywhere, we can expect such uncouth and bumptious behavior. North Carolina "the birthplace of the nation!" Its no worse than the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania pretension in this connection, but it's bad enough. If the Bay state is going to base its claims partly on the argumnt that Lief Ericsson landed there some six centuries before Jamestown there would seem to be no reason why Tarheelia shouldn't point with pride to the Lost Colony of Sir Walter Raleigh, which left hardly any more traces than the Norseman did. And if Massachusetts also cites the pilgrims, Lexington and Concord, in substantiation of its allegation, why shouldn't Pennsylvania haul off and pronounce itself the nation's cradle, in view of the fact that the constitutional convention met in Philadelphia in 1787?

Each of these claims is almost equally absurd, of course, when placed beside the indisputable, iron-clad, triple-plated, copper-riveted, 24-karat fact that Virginia is the one and only cradle of the republic. Why bother to prove what every Virginian knows is true, when nobody else matters anyway? Parvenus from such states as Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and North Carolina please take note: This nation was bawn heah!

INSTITUTION NOTES

Although the extended period of wet weather will not be conducive to the development of grapes, our horticulturist has been sending in quantities and varieties of excellent grapes. One bunch picked out at random, weighed exactly one pound. The grape vines have been infested by insects known as "hoppers," which has curtailed the yield somewhat. We know of no antidote for the destruction of these pests and they are still at work on the vines.

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By reason of having made good records during their stay at the School, eighty-five boys have been allowed to leave on conditional release since July 1st. This is the largest number of boys that has ever been permitted to leave the institution in such a short time. The intake has not been anything like equal to the number of boys released, hence our cottage enrollment is lower now than it has been in several years. We are always glad to be able to send the boys home when they have earned their release.

—:—

A new experiment at the School is now being tried out. The rainy season which lasted almost the entire month of July, caused a growth of Johnson grass almost inconceivable. In many places it attained a height of six feet, and our fields are practically covered with it, especially those in the section known as the Kennedy farm:

The idea was conceived to use the reapers in cutting this grass, and binding it in order that it might more easily be handled as it was cut and made into ensilage. This shredded grass is mixed with molasses as it is placed in the silo, thus causing fermentation. We hope this experiment turns out as expected. If it proves satisfactory, we will never have a shortage of material for making fine ensilage.

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Kester Sutphin, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who left the School about nine years ago, called on us last Tuesday evening. He informed us that he had served one term of enlistment in the United States Army since leaving us, and for the past five years has been driving a large transfer truck for the R. P. Thomas Company, Martinsville, Va. This young man, now a little more than twenty-one years old, is married and has a son three months old. He stated that he had been getting along very fine since leaving the School and expressed his appreciation for the training received here. He was on his way back to Martinsville, hauling a load from Atlanta, and did not have much time to stay. Upon hearing of the many changes and improvements made at the School, he said that on his next trip through this section he would try to take time to stop and look over the place.

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The boys have really enjoyed the swimming-pool during the hot weath-

er. It is a great joy to have an opportunity to plunge into the cool water after having worked in the fields all day. While we do not know just what effect this effusion of enjoyment might have on animals, it has been interesting to watch our cows head straight for the lake near the dairy barn as they come up from the pasture each afternoon. As these cows, more than eighty in number, come up the lane, they may be seen making their way toward the lake, and in a very short time practically the entire herd will be almost submerged in the water. They seem to obtain real satisfaction in the water for on several occasions, as we watched the dairy boys trying to get them back to the barn, most of them were very reluctant to leave this cool spot.

We are still wondering whether enthusiasm and enjoyment of good, cool water during these hot days, has been transmitted by the boys or whether it just comes natural to cows to get into the water whenever the opportunity presents itself.

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Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 116th Psalm, and he talked to the boys on the kind of lives people are living today.

At the present time, said the speaker, all hardships are here in this world, and they must be met in the right way by those who would go to heaven. The theory that a man has to get old before he has hardships is not true, for a young man or a young woman has his or her portion

of the trials and troubles of the world.

Rev. Mr. Summers said that he would rather see a boy get ready to live when he is twelve years old than to see a man wait until he is forty. The main problem of life is whether or not one has borne the burden. The question is not necessarily whether we live or not, but how we live. He further stated that there are three unailing rules in life, as follows: (1) Appropriation; (2) Formation; (3) Donation.

Appropriation, said the speaker, is to receive or take what is offered. The first thing we do in life is to breathe air into our lungs. Because we have received the good things in life, we have been able to live. Unless a rose bush planted in the yard has water and sunshine it cannot live. The first lesson in life, regardless of whether it be a man, plant or animal, is to receive. The Psalmist said, "I'll take the cup of salvation." If a boy in school does not take the courses offered he will not be able to grow as a student. We are commanded in Proverbs to "take hold of things," and in another section of the Bible we read of receiving talents and goods. In order to live the right kind of lives we must receive goods, instruction, strength and the cup of salvation that God has offered us.

Rev. Mr. Summers then said that formation means not only taking the things that are offered us, but we must make something out of what is offered. The trainer who teaches and trains the race horses of Kentucky teaches them how to pay attention to the bridle-bit, to the pressure of his legs on his side when he is put on the track. That teaching is in vain unless the horse has made use of the food, air, sunshine and rest that was

offered. So it is with human beings. We must take the things that God has offered us and appropriate them. He then told the story of a little boy, born about sixty years ago. The lad did not know that he had a good voice, but a music teacher heard him one morning as he sold his magazines on the street and asked him to come to his home. That boy was Enrico Caruso, one of the greatest tenor singers the world has ever known. That boy had to train his voice before he attained international fame. The only reason that some of us do not get anywhere in life is because we do not appropriate what God has given us, continued the speaker, and he urged the boys to try to develop themselves into the finest kind of boys by appropriating the things offered them.

Donation, said Rev. Mr. Summers, means to be helpful. The thing that

will determine how to live is how we give. We can make our choice in life. The decision as to whether our lives shall be useful or worthless is entirely up to us. A live wire is one that gives out electricity, directing great power to the places where it will do the most good. A worthwhile life is one that gives. The real test of life is what we can give to the world that will make it a better place in which to live. A boy has the ability to give a good mind, truth, honesty and strength. In this great race of life it takes strength to win and the boy who wins will be the one who appropriates God's good gifts.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Summers stated that one of the saddest pictures in life was to see anybody who was not willing to give something for the benefit of his fellow men. The real test of life is what we give to the world by right living. We live only as we give.



“Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown.
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone.
Strange that summer's skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air.”

—Mary Riley Smith

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 10, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Clarence Bell
Edward Moore
Weaver F. Ruff
Charles Wooton

COTTAGE NO. 1

Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
Everett Case
William Cook
Ralph Harris
Carl Hooker
Joseph Howard
A. B. Hoyle
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton

COTTAGE NO. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Grover Beaver
Robert Coleman
Jerry Jenkins
Otis McCall
Robert Quick
William T. Smith
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins
James Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver
Paul Briggs
Eugene Cline
Leo Hamilton
Donald Hobbs
Morris Johnson
Robert Jones
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Collett Cantor
Eugene Kermon

COTTAGE NO. 6

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 7

Henry Butler
Laney Broome
Hurley Bell
George Green
J. B. Hensley
Peter Harvell
Carl Justice
Arnold McHone
Edward Overby
Ernest Overcash
Alex Weathers
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

Thomas Britt
Jack Hamilton

COTTAGE NO. 9

David Cunningham
James Davis
Eugene Dvson
James Hale
Edgar Hedgepeth
Daniel Kilpatrick
Grady Kelly
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
William Nelson
Robert Tidwell
Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

Roy Barnett
Delma Gray
Jack Harward
John Lee
Howard Noland
Robert Stephens
Jack Warren

COTTAGE NO. 11

William Bennett
Robert Davis
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Henry McGraw
Samuel Stewart
Monroe Searcy
Canipe Shoe

Charles Widener
William Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
Jack Bright
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Eugene Hefner
Tillman Lyles
Daniel McPhail
James Puckett
Simon Quick
Hercules Rose
Charles Simpson
Robah Sink
Jesse Smith
George Tolson
Carl Tyndall
Eugene Watts
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Otha Dennis
Thomas Fields
Charles Gaddy
Vincent Hawes
Charles Metcalf
Fred Rhodes
Ray Smith

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews
John Baker
William Butler
Edward Carter

Robert Deyton
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
Henry Glover
John Hamm
William Harding
Marvin King
Feldman Lane
William Lane
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoyle
John Maples
Glenn McCall
Norvell Murphy
James Roberson
John Robbins
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 15

Ray Bayne
William Barrier
James Ledford
Paul Morris
Marvin Pennell
Basil Wetherington
Bennie Wilhelm
William Whittington

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
Cecir Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
John T. Lowry
Louis Stafford

—:—

Affliction comes to us all not to make us sad, but sober; not to make us sorry, but wise; not to make us despondent, but its darkness to refresh us, as the night refreshes the day; not to impoverish, but to enrich us, as the plow enriches the field; to multiply our joy, as the seed, by planting, is multiplied a thousand-fold.—Henry Ward Beecher.



THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., AUGUST 23, 1941

No. 34

EDUCATION

I think that I would rather teach a child
The joys of kindness than long hours to spend
Poring o'er multiple and dividend;
How different natures may be reconciled
Rather than just how cost accounts are filed;
How to live bravely to its end
Rather than how one fortress to defend,
Or how gold coins once gathered can be piled.

There is an education of the mind
Which all require and parents early start,
But there is training of a nobler kind
And that's education of the heart.
Lessons that are most difficult to give
Are faith and courage and the way to live

—Edgar A. Guest.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE LIFE IS THE BEST SERMON

Once St. Francis said to a monk of his own order, "Brother, let us go down to the town and preach." The young man was delighted to be the chosen companion of St. Francis on a preaching expedition. And they passed through all the principal streets and down the byways and alleys and out through the suburbs, and so again to the gates of the monastery. Not a word had been spoken. The young man said, "You have forgotten, Father, that we went down to the town to preach."

"My son," said St. Francis, "we have preached. We were preaching while we were walking. We have been seen by many. Our behavior has been closely watched. It was thus we preached our morning sermon. It is no use, my son, walking anywhere to preach unless you preach as you walk."

The transformed life preaches Christ as it walks. It expresses him in character. For there is no earthly substitute. A shabby and inconsistent life negates the gospel.—F. C. Feezor, in Baptist Record.

ROOSEVELT-CHURCHILL EIGHT POINTS

We have been told by a radio commentator that the month of August marks the dates of many outstanding historical events. He tells us that it was August 6th, 1863 when President Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, it was August 13, 1898 when Admiral Dewey unfurled Old Glory over the Phillipine Islands and August 23, 1918 when President Wilson, the World War President, through Congress declared war against Germany and it is this month, the exact date of meeting not known, that President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill of England met at some point on the Atlantic coast to collaborate over the menace of war conditions and to the best of their spiritual, mental and physical ability bring about peace for the world. Knowing conditions in

the war zones of Europe only through the commentators and reports in the press, we feel that the task of appeasement is a most stupendous one. To bridge the chasms in family misunderstandings, political issues or civil affairs demands the finest diplomacy. In issues of every nature "might never makes right" and it requires the calm and deliberate person with an understanding mind and charitable spirit to work out an equitable adjustment to all concerned. We give here the tangible results of the meeting of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, the eight post war points, expressing the desire of two of the world's noble, Christian Statesmen.

First—These countries seek no material aggrandizement, territorial or otherwise. They desire to see no territorial changes which do not accord with the will of the people.

Second—They will respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live.

Third—They wish to see sovereign rights restored to all those people who have been deprived of them through the aggression of other nations.

Fourth—They will endeavor with respect to their existing obligations, to further the enjoyment of all states, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access on equal terms to the resources and raw materials which are needed for economic prosperity.

Fifth—They desire to bring about the greatest collaboration between all nations in the economic field with the object of bringing about for all improved standards of living and labor with full social security for all.

Sixth—After the final destruction of the Nazi tyranny, they hope to see established a peace which will afford to all nations the means of dwelling in safety inside their own boundaries and which will afford the assurance that all the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want. Such a peace would enable all men to traverse the high seas and oceans without hindrance.

Seventh—They believe that all the nations of the world, for spiritual as well as realistic reasons, must come to the abandonment of the use of force of settling differences, since there is no peace, if land, sea and air armaments continue to be used by nations which threaten aggression outside their frontiers.

Eight—They believe, pending the establishment of a wider system of general security, that the disarmament of all aggressor nations is essential. They will likewise aid all other measures which will lighten for peace loving peoples the burden of armament.

THE CANNERY

Conservation is the watchword of the officials of the Jackson Training School. We are now in the midst of the peach season and the desire of Mr. R. H. Walker, who supervises canning activities here, is to conserve all of the peaches by canning them as fast as they ripen. The peach crop this year has exceeded all expectations, therefore, the store-room will have a larger supply of home-grown and home-canned peaches than at any previous year.

The cannery is now one of the busiest places at the School. There are from fifty to sixty boys assisting Mr. Walker in this special work. The canning of all fruits and vegetables that are grown on the farm is not only an economic saving to the institution, but gives a greater variety of food for the boys during the winter months. The manager of the cannery reports that two thousand and nine hundred gallons of canned peaches have been placed in storage. These will prove a tasty dessert for the boys next winter.

The peach crop at the institution was a bumper one this year, supplying not only the needs for future use, but fresh peaches in abundance have been enjoyed by the entire personnel. The canery has been in full swing for about six weeks. This project, the conserving of fruits and vegetables, teaches a lesson in thrift by utilizing the fruits of the field and storing them away for future emergencies. Preparedness helps one ride the turbulent waves of misfortune with greater calmness and assurance that all will be well.

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A GOOD NEIGHBOR

Many years ago a little six-year-old girl was taking a ride with her father. They came to a lowly village. The people lived in shanties that were ugly and dirty. There were no places for children to play.

"When I am grown up," the little girl whispered to her father, "I am going to live in a big house right next door to poor people, and the children can play in my yard."

The little girl was Jane Addams. When she grew up she lived just as she had said, in a big house in a very poor neighborhood, and the children came and played in her yard.

When Jane Addams was a young woman, she found a friend, Ellen Starr. Her friend became as interested in Jane Addams' plan as she was herself, and the two started together. They found an old house that had once been a beautiful mansion, and rented part of it for thirty dollars a month. It had been built by a man named Hull, and so they called it Hull House. They had the ceilings and the walls plastered, and they hung new paper on the walls to make them interesting. The woodwork was repainted and the floors polished. Pictures were put up, and Hull House began to look like a home.

There were many foreigners in the neighborhood, and all were poor. Both the men and the women worked in factories. The children played in the streets, for the rooms in the tenement houses were small and few. In places a family of five or six lived in one small room.

At first the people in the neighborhood did not visit Hull House when Jane Addams invited them. They could not understand why two women would come to live among them, so they were suspicious. But some of them the more bold soon came, and then others followed. They were beginning to see that Jane Addams only wanted to be a good neighbor. Then mothers brought their babies to be cared for while they worked in the factory. They came for help when they were sick, or in trouble. On cold days the children came to play in the large rooms, and to read the children's books Jane Addams had provided. At night the older folks came to read and talk and study.

Jane Addams' friendly house was known to people in many lands. They called it Hull House, but the Italian women in the neighborhood had a better word for it. They called it "la casa di Dio—the House of God."—Selected.

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OIL AND THE FARMER

The following article, clipped from the editorial page of the Morganton News-Herald, is most interesting, and we feel that a little more interest can be added to this information concerning the value of sheep-raising by calling attention to some of the cures used by our grandmothers. In the medicine cabinets in old homes in former years was always found a cake of sheep tallow, used profusely when the smaller children had colds or croup. The youngsters were greased

from head to foot and wrapped in flannel, in an effort to prevent serious developments.

The oil industry, strange as it may seem, is one of the farmer's best and most reliable customers.

You probably don't know it—but much of the grease that lubricates America's cars and other machines contains tallow oil, which in turn, comes from sheep. About 107,000,000 pounds of tallow oil in one form or another are consumed annually by the petroleum industry. That requires 25,000,000 sheep.

This is just one item in the long list of supplies the oil industry buys each year directly from agriculture. To it must be added lard oil from pigs, stearine from cattle and horses, castor oil from the castor plant, neat's-foot oil made from horns and hooves, milk, fibreboard, hair felt, leather, cotton fabrics, wool products—and dozens of others.

The petroleum industry's consumption of farm products grows steadily, as production of oil and lubricants increases, and as new technique and processes are developed. And millions of dollars thus find their way into the farmers' pockets.

So, in a very real sense, the corner service station is a distributor of farm crops! And the oil industry is one of agriculture's biggest cash customers. This is an example of how American industry spreads its economic benefits throughout the whole **country**.



FIRST CLASSICAL SCHOOL AND THE FIRST PUBLIC LIBRARY IN STATE AT EDENTON

By Dr. Archibald Henderson

The town of Edenton, for the charm and quaintness of its architecture, the richness of its associations, the distinction of its inhabitants, is one of the most interesting places in North Carolina.

As early as the middle of the seventeenth century there was a considerable settlement there, which was known as Chuwon Precinct. Little more than half a century later this settlement, which bore the several names of the "Towne in Queen Ann's Creek," the "Towne in Mattercomock Creek," and the "Port of Roanoke," had become a borough of some importance. In 1710 it was the capital of the colony and the seat of the royal governors.

In 1729 the satirical William Byrd in his "History of the Dividing Line" poked fun at Edenton, then a town of forty or fifty houses, as "the only metropolis in the Christian or Mohammedan world where there is neither church, chapel, mosque, synagogue or any other place of worship, of any sect of religion whatsoever." At this very time the commissioners for building the second church in Edenton had in hand a sum of six hundred pounds; but the church was not completed until 16 years later.

In appreciation of culture, breadth of view, missionary zeal, and as patrons of learning, Edenton boasts the names of four distinguished figures in colonial days: Edward Mosely, Clement Hall, Daniel Earl, and Robert Smith.

Edward Mosely, who first appeared in public life in the Albemarle region in 1705, has been described as the "foremost man in North Carolina for nearly half a century." He made repeated efforts to bring suitable literature, religious and educational, to the people of this region. In 1720 and again in 1723 he ordered from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts books to the value of 10 pounds, which he planned to loan out through the parish of Chowan.

These books, as ordered by him, were 12 copies of the book of common prayer, 12 copies each of the "Whole duty of man," Dr. Nicholl's paraphrase on the Common Prayer, and Dr. Horneck's "Great Law of Consideration," together with Bishop Beveridge's "Sermons on the Usefulness of Common Prayer," and "Such like help."

Singularly enough, Moseley's letters to the S. P. G. in England were ignored; and the ordered books were never sent, possibly because Moseley's project appeared to be an attempt at usurpation of the Society's function. Undiscouraged by his second unsuccessful attempt to procure needed books of piety for the people, Moseley in 1723 presented 76 volumes acquired from various sources, the titles fortunately being preserved, to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to go "towards a Provincial Library to be

kept in Edenton, the Metropolis of North Carolina."

These books comprised 23 folio volumes, 15 quartos, and 38 octavos; and were chiefly theological in character, and in three languages other than English: Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. This was primarily a scholar's library, and on that account unsuited to the linguistic capabilities of the average citizen. There is no record of its acceptance or of its establishment as a public library in Edenton.

Edenton's neglect of this generous gift by a great public spirited citizen may perhaps be attributable to the lack of popular interest at this early day in the library as a public institution.

In 1782 Smith Academy was chartered by the Assembly of North Carolina.

This was the gift of Robert Smith, a lawyer of Edenton, a soldier in the Revolution and a business partner of Joseph Hewes. Among the trustees were James Iredell, Samuel Johnson, and Hugh Williamson.

The General Assembly in 1785 gave to the academy six acres of the Common's land; and in 1807 by legislative act this land was conveyed to the Edenton Academy.

It is not believed that this bequest was carried out, so far as the establishment of an academy was concerned. Robert Smith was a philanthropist and patron of learning, who is entitled to the veneration of posterity.

One of the most energetic and successful missionaries who ever lived or traveled in North Carolina was the Rev. Clement Hall, a native of England, who in November, 1774, arrived in North Carolina to take

charge; as itinerant missionary, of the work of the Established Church of England in Chowan, Perquimans, Pasquotank, and Currituck on the north side of Albemarle Sound.

The first book by a native author to be published in North Carolina is "A Collection of Many Christian Experiences" (James Davis, New Bern, 1753)

of ninety-three words, is an interesting pietistic volume, with a title of ninety-three words, is an interesting devotional work and useful religious handbook, containing incidents and anecdotes of religious experience, prayers, Scriptural interpretations and texts for thanksgiving advice, and admonition.

In a letter to the Secretary of the S. P. G., the Rev. Clement Hall on May 19, 1752 said that he should be glad if the Society would send a worthy schoolmaster to Edenton. In response to this appeal, the Rev. Daniel Earl was sent over to teach.

Born in Brandon, Munster County, Ireland he came of a family of prominence and distinction. He was said to be the youngest son of an Irish nobleman; and one of his ancestors, it seems, was General Earl, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland in the reign of Queen Anne. "In early life," observes Dr. Dillard, "he was an officer in the British Army, but his marriage with the daughter of a Church official changed the whole tenor of his life, and he soon resigned his commission to take holy orders."

After becoming a clergyman of the Anglican Church, he was chosen by the S. P. G. to go to Edenton as schoolmaster. On September 19, 1756, he was licensed by the Bishop of London and four days later received passage

money from the Society. It was said that he was first sent by the Bishop of London to that part of Virginia which is now Gloucester county.

By May of the following year, he was teaching in Edenton; for on May 20, 1757, the Rev. Everard Hall reported to the Secretary of the S. P. G. that the Rev. Mr. Earl, who taught a school at Edenton, by agreement with his employers officiated at St. Paul's Church on the Sundays he himself, the rector was obliged to visit remote chapels. This is the first classical school for boys ever taught in North Carolina.

In a letter to the Secretary of the S. P. G., May 30, 1757, Governor Author Dobbs says that Daniel Earl came to North Carolina "by encouragement from Earl Granville." Evidently the Rev. Mr. Earl created a favorable impression in Virginia as a scholar and educator; for after his removal to Edenton, he was offered the post of master of the grammar school of the College of William and Mary, at Williamsburg, Virginia; but he declined the offer.

Before coming to America, Daniel Earl was married; but the name of his first wife is not known to me. By his first wife, who died before his departure for America, he had two daughters; but as they were quite small when he left for America, he committed them to the care of relatives in the Old Country, to be reared and educated.

On first coming to Chowan, Mr. Earl settled some 15 miles above Edenton at a place on the Chowan river; and named his residence or plantation Bandon, after his native town in Ireland. Not long after settling in Chowan, he was married

to a Welsh lady, Mrs. Charity Jones of Smithfield, Virginia; and of this second marriage there was no issue.

As soon as he became well established in his new home, he sent to England for his two daughters. One of these daughters, Anne, called Nancy, later on assisted him in his teaching, and was never married; and the other daughter, Elizabeth, as I recall, was married to Charles Johnson, who represented Chowan county in the State Senate 1781-1784, 1788-1790, and 1792 and served in the Seventh Congress of the United States, from March 4, 1801, until his death at Bandon on July 23, 1802.

Dr. Richard Dillard says that the Rev. Daniel Earl came to the Albemarle section to act as curate for the venerable Clement Hall, rector of St. Paul's. Certain it is, as already shown, that he acted in that capacity; but his primary purpose was to teach a classical school, which was under the influence of the Established Church of England. Hall died in January, 1759, at an advanced age, after a devoted ministry of itinerant character and unflagging service. Very shortly afterwards, to be precise, on March 4, 1759, Earl succeeded Hall as rector of St. Paul's.

At this time, Earl undoubtedly closed his school, after teaching for three years; for on May 5, 1760, he wrote the S. P. G. that schools were greatly needed throughout the province, and proposed that if the Society would support a school at Edenton, he would superintend it and "inspect into the conduct of the teacher."

The Society agreed to order Mr. Earl to look up a proper person as teacher, and see what local support for a school could be had, after which

the Society would be ready to add its assistance. This arrangement was not effectuated, for it is clear from the records of the S. P. G. that the letter, conveying news of this action, never reached Earl. In 1761 he wrote to the Society that a school for white children would receive prompt and ready encouragement; and on March 1, 1763, he wrote that a school for Negro children was not wanted at Edenton, reminding the Society that he had repeatedly urged one for white children, but with no reply from the Society regarding his recommendation.

About 1763, according to Dr. Kemp P. Battle, a classical school was taught at Bandon by the Rev. Daniel Earl and his daughter Anne. The Rev. Robert B. Drane gives no date, nor does Dr. Dillard, for this school as no mention of such a school is made by Earl in his letters to the S. P. G., of dates October 6, 1763; April 19, 1764, and October 4, 1764, it is highly unlikely that a classical school was taught by the Rev. Daniel Earl and his daughter Anne at this period. Indeed, in 1763, his daughter was undoubtedly too young to assist her father in teaching school, in particular a classical school at which Latin, Greek, mathematics, and the English branches were taught.

Early in the Revolution Mr. Earl reopened his school, whether in Edenton or at Bandon is not known; for in a letter to the S. P. G. of date April 20, 1777, he said that he had been reduced to the necessity of keeping a school in order to support his family. He doubtless continued, with the aid of his daughter, Anne, to conduct this school for a number of years; and it is of record that from September, 1782, to June, 1783, his school was at-

tended by the children of Baron de Poelnitz, on the recommendation of James Iredell. At this period the Baron, who was Grand Chamberlain at the Court of Frederick the Great, and his wife, was Lady Anne Stuart, were spending some time in America on tour.

Rev. Daniel Earl was a remarkable character, scholarly, energetic, independent. The charge that he was a Tory in sentiment, a vague tradition from a day torn by passion and dissension, has no foundation in fact. As a representative citizen, expressing the sentiments of the patriotic people of the Albermarle, he was chosen to preside over a revolutionary meeting of the freeholders and other citizens of Chowan county in the court house at Edenton, August 23, 1774, including such forward-looking patriots and able men as Joseph Hewes, Samuel Johnston, and Richard Benbury.

At this meeting were passed resolutions condemning the Boston Port Act and the unjust imposition of tax upon the colonies. Dr. Richard Dillard, who has made the fullest study of Earl, his life and career, says: "He was a sympathizer in the struggle of the colonies for independence, and was on that account debarred from preaching in his church at Edenton during the revolution.

"Several attempts were made by the British to capture him. Upon one occasion he was informed by a messenger that some scouts were coming to take him prisoner. He immediately buried his silver and treasures in his cellar, and dispatched a servant to his plowmen in the fields to tell them to flee to the woods, and secrete the horses, but his servant was too late, and four of his horses were captured, the

parson himself barely escaping." He remained at his post of duty during the better part of the Revolution, preaching at Edenton every three weeks at least as late as April 13, 1776. He received no compensation for his ministerial duties throughout the period of the Revolution until August 17, 1782, certainly, except such as he received from the S. P. G.

The charge that the Rev. Daniel Earl was a Tory arose primarily from the fact that he continued to receive his stipend regularly from the S. P. G. This society, it must be clearly understood, was a religious, and not a political organization. Earl refused to sever his connection with the Church of England.

He made no attempt to establish an independent American church, holding that the church was a unit, that it was a divine origin; that he was a simple priest of the Anglican Church and under the ecclesiastical headship of the Bishop of London.

Mr. Earl was an energetic farmer and a man of business, as well as a minister. "He made improvements," says Dr. Dillard, "in the cultivation of flax, and taught the people of this section the proper method of preparing it for the loom, and the manner of weaving toweling, tablecloths, etc., a household industry still pursued in our rural districts."

He was one of the early pioneers in the shad and herring fishery.

It was Richard Brownrigg, of Wingfield, on the Chowan river, an emigrant from Dublin county, Ireland, who was the first to fish with a seine for shad and herring on the Chowan river. This was as early as 1769, and perhaps earlier; and this

is well attested in McRee's "The Life and Correspondence of James Iredell."

"Parson Earl," as he was called, had many missionary duties to perform; and made his visitations in a stick-gig. "He was the much beloved parson of this section, baptizing all the children and ministering at all the death beds and marriages; and he thus became the welcome guest at every fireside. He was in striking contrast to some of our earlier ministers, who cared but little for their parishioners."

He was away from Edenton a great deal, chiefly on missionary and educational work; but these repeated absences were attributed by his critics to his participation in secular activities. The church building during the Revolution was neglected and became somewhat dilapidated; and the somewhat infrequent services, once every three weeks resulted in a decline in the number of worshippers.

One Sunday morning, when Parson Earl arrived at Edenton to preach to the faithful, he was surprised and shocked to find that a village wag had chalked the following quatrain upon the door of St. Paul's church:

A half built church,
And a broken down steeple,
And a herring-catching parson
And a damn set of people.

From this time forward, Parson Earl was universally styled "the Herring-catching Parson."

Parson Earl ceased to be record of St. Paul's church at some time prior to May 1, 1778. Unquestionably he materially prospered from his shad and herring fishing; for at the meeting of the S. P. G. on April 25 1783, it was resolved that the "Rev. Mr. Earl's salary be discon-

tinued; it having been made appear to the Society that he had already a very sufficient maintenance in North Carolina."

Parson Earl died in 1790, and was buried near Bandon. There is a tablet to his memory in St. Paul's church. After his death his wife and his daughter Nancy kept separate establishments, each having a number of slaves, as shown by the census of 1790. Miss Nancy Earl, who had assisted her father in teaching the school at Bandon, died July 12, 1796, and in October next thereafter her slaves were advertised for sale at her late residence, 15 miles above Edenton.

On March 27, 1770, Parson Earl wrote to the Secretary of the S. P. G. urging the Society to allow a stipend for a schoolmaster for Edenton, than, which, he said, no part of the continent stood in greater need. In this very same year the Assembly passed an act, reciting that the inhabitants of the town of Edenton had "by voluntary subscription purchased two lots, and erected a convenient school house, in an agreeable and healthy situation in the said town.

It was enacted, "for the rendering more useful and effectual so laudable an undertaking," that Joseph Blount, Joseph Hewes, Robert Hardy, Thomas Jones, George Blair Richard Brownrigg, and Samuel Johnston, Esqs., leading citizens of the town and parishioners of St. Paul's church, shall be trustees of the said school, and a "sort of close corporation for its management and government."

The master of the school, as in

the case of the school at New Bern, is required to be a member of the Anglican Church; and further he must be recommended by a majority of the trustees and licensed by the governor. The similarity between the schools at Edenton and New Bern is striking, except that the former received no support from the colony. There is no support for the allegation that the requirement that the master should be an Episcopalian, was in any way offensive to the patrons of the School. In fact the people of Edenton deliberately ignored this requirement!

Charles Pettigrew was of the Presbyterian faith when he was given charge of the Edenton Academy, his commission issued by Governor Josiah Martin bearing the date June 23, 1773. His successor, Dr. Jonathan Otis Freeman, was also a Presbyterian. This was in contravention of the requirement of the act of 1770. In 1774, Mr. Pettigrew embraced the Anglican faith, and in the winter of 1774-1775 went to England to take Holy Orders.

After a short service in Berkeley Parish, Perquimans, he became curate at St. Paul's and succeeded Parson Earl in late 1777 or early 1778. He retained his position as rector of St. Paul's church until 1784. He was, it is surmised, master of the Edenton Academy from 1773 until 1808. He resumed his duties as rector of St. Paul's in 1791 and continued until 1797. He was the great leader of the Episcopalians in North Carolina in his day.

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In great attempts it is glorious even to fail.—Longinus.

DICK REYNOLDS

By Robert Erwin in *The State Magazine*

The successful and comparatively brief political career of Mayor Richard J. Reynolds of Winston-Salem, Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, has come to overshadow his previous reputation as an aviator, sailor and world traveler.

In years, Dick Reynolds is quite young; only 34, but in experience and in the good, plain common sense that it develops, he is much older. The tobacco millions that he inherited from his late father, the late R. J. Reynolds who founded the tobacco company, made possible for him in his youth and his early manhood a life that few other men are able to enjoy. And yet, at 34, Dick Reynolds is decidedly settled, always busy, always driving with his apparently unlimited energy, and standing on the threshold of what promises to be a most useful life as a public servant.

Like everyone else who has gone places and done things, Reynolds likes to reminisce over the early days of American aviation in which he played quite a prominent part. Back in 1926 and 1927, as a youth of 19 and 20, he was the owner of Curtis Field, Long Island, now known as Roosevelt Field, and was manufacturing airplanes at the Ireland Amphibian plant at Mineola, Long Island. In those days, many pioneer aviators, whose names are permanently inscribed in American aviator history, based their operations at Curtis Field and hopped off from there on long transatlantic flights.

Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, then a naval commander and yet to make his mark, stored at Curtis the

plane in which he later flew the Atlantic. Charles A. Lindbergh used the airport, as did the Frenchman, Rene Fonck; Ed Musick, later chief pilot for Pan American Airways who was killed in the Pacific; Wilmer Stultz, who piloted Amelia Earhart in the plane "Friendship" on their crossing of the Atlantic; Lou Gordon, mechanic on the same flight, and many others. Musick was Dick Reynolds' chief pilot during the Curtis field days.

"Lou Gordon was a taxicab driver in Philadelphia when Wilmer Stultz and I picked him up," Reynolds recalls. "We had entered his cab and he was driving us to the Philadelphia Navy Yard, where we took delivery on a Fokker tri-motored plane. It so happened that he was a mechanic for the Yellow Cab Company when he was not driving a cab. We took a liking to him, and he helped us with the plane which had been laid up for a year. Gordon quit his taxicab job and became our mechanic. It was in this way that he won a place on the 'Friendship'."

In those days, Amelia Earhart was an aviation unknown, although later she became to be recognized as a first-rate pilot. It so happened that Dick Reynolds was in England when the "Friendship" landed there. Miss Earhart decided to sell the plane in England, and gave its pontoons to Dick. "I stored those pontoons in Southampton, England, in a warehouse adjacent to the shipyard," says the Mayor. "The pontoons were made of aluminum. I don't know what happened to them, but I had planned to give them

to a museum. They were large and unwieldy, and therefore it was better to store them."

As for the Earhart flight, he recalled that Stultz and Gordon had agreed that Miss Earhart was to get all of the publicity derived from its success. Wilmer Stultz, always known as an outspoken person, was guest of honor at a dinner tendered by the Royal Aero Club in London, and Reynolds also was one of the guests. The Englishman who introduced Stultz spoke in a most friendly manner and asked the American if he had accomplished the flight for technical reasons or to make a survey of weather conditions in the air over the Atlantic.

"Wilmer answered no," Dick Reynolds relates. "He told them that he did it for money, for \$25,000 in American money or 5,000 pounds in British money, and that any of us would have done it for that."

Aviators at Curtis field founded one of the oldest organizations for airmen in the world, a fraternity known as "Q. B." standing for Quiet Birdman. The Winston-Salem Mayor is a charter member, and the fraternity has grown to the point where it now has chapters in many of the larger cities in the United States.

In 1929, young Reynolds sold out Curtis Field and its name was changed to Roosevelt Field. Meanwhile, he had become a licensed pilot in the days before the United States passed a Federal licensing law in 1927, when President Calvin Coolidge named William McCracken as Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Air. Before that, most anybody who could get his hands on an airplane in the United States could fly one and the only licensing agency was the Federation

Aeronautique Internationalet, otherwise known as the FAI, an international agency that issued licenses to pilots.

Dick Reynolds and several friends purposely waited until the great Orville Wright, who made the first flight in a heavier-than-air craft with his brother Wilbur, was examining officer for the FAI for a term of one year. When Mr. Wright took office, they applied for licenses. He gave them their flight tests and then signed their licenses. Dick's license is such a prized possession today that he does not even keep it on exhibit, but instead keeps it locked up in a safe.

After selling Curtis Field, he yielded to his next greatest love, the sea, and bought the freighter "Harpoon," of which he acted as captain and sailed the North and South Atlantic and the Mediterranean Sea, carrying cargo between North and South America, Europe and Africa. "I was always trying to get to the Pacific," he relates, "but I was never able to get a cargo there."

For several years he enjoyed life on the Harpoon, making intermittent visits to his home in Winston-Salem where he finally fell in love with and married Miss Elizabeth Dillard.

"When did you quit the sea?" we asked him.

"When I got married," was the reply. "My wife said that a freighter was not a particularly good place for bringing up a family, so I sold the Harpoon and settled down."

The Reynolds' now have four sons, Richard J. Reynolds, III, who is 3 years old; John Dillard, 6; Zachary Taylor, 3, and William Neal Reynolds, 18 months old, named after his father's uncle, Will Reynolds.

The tobacco heir now divides his

time between his home city, of which he was elected mayor in June, and Washington, where he serves as Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. His appointment to the latter post was preceded by his service as director of finance for the Democratic National Committee in North Carolina for last year's campaign.

For some years, he has been a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina. As a youth, he had been a student at State College.

Dick Reynolds is just as interested

in aviation as he ever was, but he has not flown enough in recent years to keep his pilot's license. He still owns an airplane, however, and often flies about the country, riding with his pilot, L. S. McGinnis, a former mechanic with whom the Mayor learned to fly at Curtis Field.

These adventures, it might be added, are only a few that have befallen Dick Reynolds, and should he ever have the time and desire, he could write a book that would prove again the truth of that old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction."



If we sit down at set of sun
 And count the things that we have done,
 And counting, find
 One self-denying act, one word
 That eased the heart of him who heard—
 One glance most kind,
 That fell like sunshine where it went—
 Then we may count the day well spent.

But if through all the lifelong day
 We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
 If through it all
 We've nothing that we can trace
 Has brought the sunshine to a face—
 No act most small
 That helped any soul and nothing cost—
 Then count that day as worse than lost.

—Anonymous.

“OLD STONE HOUSE” RESTORATION TALKED AT BROWN-FISHER MEETING

(Concord Daily Tribune)

Members of the Brown-Fisher Families' association were called on at their annual meeting Tuesday to provide all possible information about the "Old Stone House" near Granite Quarry as an aid in the proposed restoration program.

Col. Joseph Hyde Pratt of Chapel Hill, president of the North Carolina society for the preservation of antiquities, who is greatly interested in the restoration and preservation of the "Old Stone House," told those assembled for the meeting that every picture of the house and every bit of information concerning it would be very useful in efforts to restore it accurately.

Arrangements for the restoration of the "Old Stone House," built by Michael Braun in 1766, have not been completed, but the Society for Preservation of Antiquities, the state historical commission and the Brown-Fisher Families' association are cooperating in efforts to have the project done. If the program can be financed, the "Old Stone House" property probably will be deeded to the state historical commission and restored.

Dr. C. C. Crittenden of Raleigh, executive secretary of the state historical commission, was at Tuesday's meeting. B. D. McCubbins, president of the Rowan Historical association, pledged the full cooperation of the local organization. T. T. Waterman, Washington architect who previously had made a study of the house, also was present.

Approximately 200 persons attend-

ed the meeting and picnic. A general business session was held at the Granite Quarry high school at 10:30 a. m., at which Dr. Oscar Fisher Blackwelder, prominent Washington minister and a member of the association, was the principal speaker. He was introduced by Dr. P. D. Brown, who presided at the meeting as president of the association.

In speaking on "The Power of a Great Tradition," Dr. Blackwelder said:

"The hope of a democratic society rests on people who give to society more than they take out of it."

He then declared that "our forebears built this country and we must keep it going."

Dr. Blackwelder asserted that the problem of today was mainly whether the things "we care for most are at the mercy of the things we care for least." He said that the people of this country should not merely glory in its great tradition, but should practice democracy.

"We need to recapture the faith of our founding fathers, he said, and continued to emphasize five characteristics of the people who founded this section.

As first of these characteristics he listed character and declared that although men of wealth and men of power were envied, only men of good character were trusted. Secondly, he said, there must be the capacity for friendship.

Courage was given as the third

characteristic and Dr. Blackwelder added that the greatest need is courage without hate.

"Something is wrong with the cause if you have to make a man hate in order to fight," he asserted.

He gave the other required characteristics as vision and service.

Democracy depends upon mutual confidence, willingness to cooperate and a decrease of human selfishness," he said.

Members of a nominating committee, the Rev. Carl Fisher, Mrs. Odell Lingle, Miss Edna Brown, Paul Lyerly and James L. Fisher nominated the following, who were unanimously elected:

Dr. P. D. Brown, president; H. A. Fisher of Raleigh, vice president; Miss Charlotte Fisher, secretary, and Mrs. Lena Brown Carpenter, treasurer.

The association voted to retain the present setup of its special committee on the "Old Stone House." Members

of the committee are: Dr. Brown, chairman, J. L. Fisher, J. E. Fisher, Robert M. Brown, David S. Smith, Miss Beulah Lyerly and Mrs. Cleo Smith.

The devotional service at the morning session was conducted by Dr. Luther A. Thomas of Lincolnton and benediction was offered by the Rev. Clifford Fisher of Landis.

Following the general session, there was a picnic lunch at Peeler's Lake, after which the Brown and Fisher family groups met.

The Fisher association reelected the following officers: J. E. Fisher, president; H. A. Fisher, vice president; and Miss Mary Patterson, secretary-treasurer.

The Brown association also reelected officers as follows: Robert M. Brown, president; Mrs. S. R. Fry, vice president; Mrs. Cleo Smith, secretary-treasurer, and Miss Beulah Lyerly, historian.

THE LITTLE THINGS

In the present day of rush and drive there is serious danger of giving way to the temptation that we have not time to devote to the little duties of being thoughtful and kind. Not everyone who needs a cup of cold water is calling out to the world. The little pauses we make by the way are not wasted time. A word of sympathy, some little act that shows friendly interest, may help the next hour to move more lightly and swiftly. And it is one of the most beautiful compensations in this life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.—Exchange.

COLUMNS RIGHT

By Berta Lee Grafton in *Industrial School Times*

Laurel Avery was a whirlwind of excitement as she dashed down the walk from her home and caught up with Bill Hathaway, who was striding briskly townward in the direction of the Glenwich Observer office and his day's work as a reporter.

"I've got it, Bill!" she exulted, flourishing a much-read letter. "Look!"

Bill grinned and slackened his rangy stride to accommodate her shorter steps. "Got what?" he laughed. "A million dollars or the missing word to last night's crossword puzzle?"

Laurel flashed him a reproachful glance. "The job, Bill," she reproved him. "On the City News. You know, the one Uncle Amos wrote me about. I had another letter from him this morning. Here, read it!"

Bill read. "Why that's great! But you already have a good job right here on the Glenwich Observer. Why all this furor about a job in the city?"

"Ambition, my lad. You don't suppose I want to report poky, little town affairs all my life, do you?"

"Are you asking me? Or telling me?"

"I'm telling you! Though I should think you could see it for yourself. What opportunity for advancement is there here? I'm sick of its smallness and its petty bickering, Bill. You know yourself how much discord there is. Look at the dissension that even Mac's harmless little Town Beautiful project has caused."

"I know." Bill thought of the fiery little editor under whom both worked, and his expression grew thoughtful.

"Mac's a grand person to work for,"

he mused. "A bit peppery, but square and sincere and public-spirited. Seems strange he's had so little co-operation from the town."

"You'd think folks would love to see the vacant lots and roadsides brightened up with flowers, wouldn't you?" Laurel demanded. "But no two groups will pull together. And wealthy S. Sergius Hardwick won't pull with anybody, least of all Mac."

"I've noticed that," Bill concurred meditatively. "There's something behind it all, something we don't understand. I'd like to know—"

"It's just the spirit of the whole town." Laurel interrupted with an impatient gesture. "A permanent chip-on-the-shoulder attitude. It's so—so thwarting, Bill. What I want is to get out where people are broader and there's more opportunity to accomplish things, really advance."

Bill's lean jaw hardened. "Sure it isn't retreat?" he challenged. Then he smiled, a little wistfully, "Well, happy reporting to you, Laurie."

At the office they found everything strangely chaotic. Merton MacGregor, affectionately known as "Mac" to his office force, sat at his desk, glowering, watch in hand. On the floor beside him was his battered traveling bag.

"It's about time you showed up, you two!" he growled. "Here I have to catch the eight o'clock train and you have to wait until seven-thirty to show up."

"Why, what happened?" Laurel gasped in genuine concern.

Mac snapped his watch shut and scowled at them from under fiercely-

beetling brows. "Jury service," he roared "That's what happened. And a fine time to be called. A fine time, I say." He shuffled irascibly through a pile of papers on his desk. "Everything in a muddle. The town beautiful project dangling and Pink Hutchinson here turning in rumors instead of news. Goodness only knows what the paper's coming to."

Laurel smiled. This was routine procedure. It worried no one. "We'll take care of things," she promised.

"Hm-m. Probably run me into bankruptcy before the session's over. That would please S. Sergius Hardwick and a few others around here and land you young cubs out of a job. Here, Bill—" he waved Bill preemptorily into the editor's chair—"you take charge of things till I get back, and don't lose more than half our subscriptions doing it!"

He seized his bag and bolted out into the hall, only to dart back again with a parting injunction. "You can let the Town Beautiful project slide. It's a failure, anyway. But get out the paper. And remember the rest of you, Bill's the boss and you're taking orders from him."

Bill was the first to speak. He came over to Laurel's desk. "Will you stick?" he asked in a low voice. "Just until Mac gets back?"

For a moment Laurel felt tense with resentment. After all her plans to have this happen! To be tied down to the Observer and its humdrum assignments for several weeks longer! It was unfair. Bill has no right to ask it.

A rebellious "No!" hovered on her lips. But something in Bill's look stopped her from uttering it. Something purposeful.

"Just until Mack gets back," she found herself conceding reluctantly, remembering the time that Bill had foregone a championship game just to help her with a difficult assignment. "But not one minute more, Bill. As soon as he returns, I'm off."

"Thanks," he said gratefully and grinned. There was a queer, inexplicable eagerness in that grin of his that puzzled Laurel.

"Assignments," he barked a moment later, turning back to Mac's desk. "Listen, all of you. Beginning today we're going to have a column in the paper called "Neighborly Notes." From now on," he said distinctly, "I want each one of you to bring in every day at least five items of good, clean, neighborly gossip. Nothing that could possibly hurt, you understand. I mean—well, look here." He picked up a copy of a city daily. Take a squint at the first page. Two wars, a murder, a robbery, a couple of holdups—" "But surely—"

He talked that down. "That emphasis is in the wrong place," he pointed out. "The papers tell you when a man steals a dollar from his friend, but how about the hundreds of others who lend a dollar and forget to ask for it back? They're never mentioned. Here's a story about two men who fought over a foot and a half of land between their two houses, but do you find any mention of the man who mowed his neighbor's lawn and fed his neighbor's cat while the neighbor was away on his vacation? Not one. You see what I mean. The press plays up the unusual and abnormal until the reading public is convinced that the world is getting worse every day. And it isn't."

He stopped, out of breath.

"I've always wanted," he went on, "to try printing the pleasant instead of the unpleasant—the kindly, wholesome, sincere things which are so commonplace now that nobody notices them. Maybe it sounds crazy but—will you try it?"

Ten minutes later with assignment in hand, Laurel stormed out of the room in a small fury of indignation. So this was what he asked her to sacrifice a real job for—to collect gossip! It was preposterous.

At two o'clock she marched back in again and with five items. Her bright head was haughtily high.

"Is that what you meant?" she inquired frostily.

Bill scanned the page. "All right for a starter," he conceded with a businesslike briskness. "Pink here got a few good ones, too. Not bad for a cub reporter."

He fished Pink's copy out of the pile and handed it over. Laurel read the items which he indicated:

Mr. Elliott Aiken, with all the vigor of seventy years is helping the Allen Emerson's clean up the vacant lot next to their home in preparation for a vegetable garden.

Master Chubby Chandler has offered to burn the tent caterpillars menacing the fruit trees of four families on his street. His price—a smile and "Thank You."

"Very good," Laurel murmured icily, and turned away. It rankled to think that Bill should consider the work of a cub reporter better than hers. Grimly she resolved that it should never happen again.

After that she worked harder on her "Neighborhood Notes" than she had ever worked on any thing before. She interviewed, she quizzed. She called on newcomers, renewed cooling

friends, played with dogs and babies, ran errands, talked with old workmen, found her way into the kitchens in the mill district where she had never been before.

She soon discovered that by carrying a choice bit of pleasant chatter she could usually exchange it for one or more items that were new. People were ready to spread commendation. It was fascinating.

And so the column grew. On Monday of the second week, Bill raised the quota to ten items each.

"People are reading it," he reported with a pleased grin, "going for it like hot cakes. I watched a dozen or more open their papers Saturday night, and every one of them turned to the 'Notes' first."

"They seemed to enjoy finding their own names there," Laurel agreed. "It's like making 'Who's Who.' there seems to be competition to see who can get mentioned the most times."

The whole staff caught the spirit of adventure and worked with tireless energy. Even Pink, who might have been expected to blunder because of his experience, made several contributions. It was he who rushed in one day with news that was destined to be epochmaking.

"I don't suppose it's fit for the paper," he apologized, "but I think I've got the straight of the trouble between Mac and S. Sergius Hardwick."

"You have?" It was a chorus.

"It all started over a stained-glass window in the church," Pink rushed on. "You remember when he first came here some four years ago? It seems he noticed that all the church windows but one were stained glass and he offered to give that one to the church, and the deacons refused. I

stumbled onto that much in the church records today."

"But why?" Laurel wanted to know, astounded. "Why turn down a generous offer like that?"

"The Men's Bible Class had counted on giving that window in memory of Mr. Potts. Only they had never carried out the idea."

"Oh! And they explained that to S. S.?"

"I guess they just told him no," Pink admitted. "It looks that way."

"So that's the mystery!" Bill ejaculated. "Mac was one of those deacons. Still is, in fact. Probably spokesman for the group and little tactless. No wonder S. S. feels hard toward him."

"And toward the whole town," Laurel added. "I knew there must be a reason for his retiring into a shell and acting resentful."

There was a thoughtful silence which Laurel broke with an eager exclamation. "Bill, if we could only get him into the column! I mean, he's never been mentioned. Perhaps if he could be made to feel that he's really accepted here and wanted—"

"Great! All we need is one little neighborly item to start the ball rolling and clear up this misunderstanding. But how are we going to get it? He never does anything for others, and nobody ever does anything for him."

It was indeed a problem. Much to Bill's surprise, Laurel scored first with a brief paragraph stating that Chubby Chandler had burned tent caterpillars for S. Sergius Hardwick. She did not mention who had persuaded Chubby to volunteer this service!

Pink promptly followed this with the astounding news that Mr. Hardwick had presented that ambitious

youngster with a bright, shiny, nickel spotlight, which Chubby had long been wanting for his bicycle.

Getting out the paper that day was something in the nature of a jubilee. Laurel did not realize until it was over that she and Bill had been singing gay and nonsensical duets all the time the press had been running.

The week's peak of excitement, however, came when Bill himself reported that S. Sergius had been among those present at the midweek social meeting of the Men's Bible Class.

"It's working!" Laurel cried jubilantly. "I only hope now that somebody explains to him about that stained-glass window."

Evidently someone did, for the following Wednesday he appeared at the office with a breath-taking offer. He would be glad to give the town five year's free use of his newly-purchased lot on Main Street for a little park, if the Town Beautiful project was still under consideration.

"I'm so glad," Laurel sighed happily. "After all, it is a beautiful town, isn't it? I mean, so quiet and friendly and happy."

Bill glanced down at her eager face. "You really think so?" he asked, and smiled.

In the midst of the excitement Mac came home. "What's this I hear?" he blustered, stamping into the office in midafternoon. "What tomfoolery's been going on here, anyway?"

He attempted his usual growl, but the effect was marred by a broad grin.

"Good work, son," he approved.

"You've caused a complete right-about-face here—almost a miracle. Blessed if I know how you did it.

I'll certainly be sorry to lose any of you people here now."

"But Laurel—" Bill stammered. "—she's leaving—" He glanced at her uncertainly.

"Is she?" Laurel's eyes met his merrily. "How strange I hadn't

heard about it. You should be more careful, Bill, how you report mere rumors. It isn't good journalism. Fact is, I've heard that she's found as big and important a job right on her home town paper!"



ENGLISH AS ITS "SPOKE"

We'll begin with box, and the plural is boxes.
 But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
 One fowl is a goose, but two are geese.
 But the plural of moose is never meese.
 And the plural of juice is juices, not jeese.
 You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
 But the plural of house is called houses, not hiee.
 If the plural of man is always men,
 Why shouldn't the plural of pan be pen?
 The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
 But if a bow, if repeated, is never bine,
 And the plural of vow is vows not vine.
 If I speak of a foot and you show me two feet.
 And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
 If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
 Why shouldn't the plural of booth be beeth?
 You have seen a lone child or a whole school of children,
 But the plural of wild is wilds, not wildren.
 We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,
 But, though we say mother, we never say mothren.
 If the singular's this, and the plural these.
 Should the plural of kiss be written keese?
 If the plural of that is always those,
 Why can't the plural of hat be hose?
 A pat, if repeated, is never called pose,
 And the plural of rat is rats, not rose.
 Then, the masculine pronouns are he, his, him,
 But imagine the feminine, she, shis, shim.
 So, the English, I think you will all agree,
 Is the funniest language you ever did see.

—Exchange.

YOUTH AT ITS BEST

By Rev. Bruce H. Price

Youth at its best is one of the most beautiful pictures. Youth at its worst is one of the most dismal.

In every generation the young people of the day have been discussed in the pulpit and in the pew as well as by those who have no connection with church life. Often the consensus of opinion has been that the young people are "going to the dogs" and that they are much worse than those of the previous generation.

It is true that young people as a group are not all that they should be, not all that we want them to be, not what they expect to be, and not what God would have them to be, but the morals of those in their teens and 20's will compare favorably with the morals of those in the 30's, 40's, and 50's.

Most of the wayward youths have been led astray by those who are older. The many questionable kinds of entertainment and shady places of amusement which destroy the best in youth are operated not by youth but by their elders.

The present unrest in the social order and the unstable social conditions affect youth but these are the product of those who are older. While to a great extent the young men of the nations are being used to fight the wars which are raging today no one would hold them responsible for these wars. Whether the war guilt rests on one man, a small group of men or on a larger group of people in several nations, young people do not bear the blame.

Adults throughout the world are unfair to youth. Sometime ago Dr. C. Oscar Johnson, pastor of the Third Baptist Church in St. Louis, said, "St.

Louis is unfair to youth. The city employs large numbers of workmen to fill up the crevices in the streets, but do nothing about the pitfalls in the alleys." When men and women condone conditions and patronize places which destroy the souls and bodies of youth they are being unfair.

It is not unusual to find mothers and fathers unfair to the children in their own homes. Parents may provide for them shelter, food, clothes, cars, schools, and medical attention but if they fail to install in their sons and daughters the fundamentals of good character such as honesty, purity, and good citizenship they have withheld from their children their due. The spiritual needs and development of children are the responsibility of mothers and fathers. Youth should be brought up in the church and should be led to a personal relationship with God through a personal faith in the Lord Jesus. To fail to give and provide the best of spiritual training for our youth is to be unfair to them.

Paul wrote to Timothy requesting that this young man "be an example to them that believe, in word, in manner of life, in love, in faith in purity." (I Tim. 4:12). We usually think of the aged being examples to the young. Paul would have this young man to be an example to both young and old. Christian history is filled with the names of men and women who have been worthy examples in the days of their youth but never have there been more young people who have been examples to them that believe than today. This is youth at its best.

THE BEST WAY

(The Orphan's Friend and Masonic Journal)

A wise old doctor once said that for every ill the human body suffers, Nature has a remedy all her own. It is the same thing as saying that there is a right way of doing everything that is done wrong. If this were not true, the old world could not maintain its status quo in the great scheme of the cosmos.

No one can with good sense doubt that somewhere, somehow, an answer can be found for every problem. Reactions to Hitler's blitzkrieg show that no matter how impossible a situation may seem, the answer to it exists in some form. The British solved the magnetic mine which at answerable. Solutions are being found first would seem to have been an unby the British and American genius for the problems of enemy bombing, and it has been announced that a new defense gadget is being perfected that will locate submarines when they come up for air at night and give them the finish that the magnetic mine met. In the medical world many destroying diseases have been conquered. New treatments for pneumonia and tuberculosis give promise that these common scourges will in turn be eradicated. In the case of pneumonia great results have already been brought about, though in tuberculosis the advance has not been so pronounced.

Years ago in the South hookworm used to apallingly sap the vigor of millions. Nowadays the noun "hookworm" has almost been forgotten. It is the history of mankind that once a new way of curing something,

or solving a particular problem, is gone at seriously and persistently, one or two things always happens: the researcher finds what he looks for, or in the failure to find that definite thing, he happens on something equally as valuable. Scientists often fail to get the exact results desired, but the persistent searching with its byproducts of accumulating experience unearths discoveries well worth the trouble. Edison did not try to invent the phonograph; he actually stumbled on the principle that led to its perfection.

In search for antidotes, curatives, new methods, and, so on, it is generally the case that Mother Nature forces the issue. Until matters become intolerably sad, the general tendency is to put up with existing conditions; to let the matter ride. Man's best friend, if he only realized the fact is the urge that kicks him in the pants when he declines voluntarily to act for his highest an best interests. Poverty and suffering are terrible things, not to be played with or experimentally applied, however. The man who tries to improve the condition of his fellow by making him poorer and inflicting dire ills on him, imposes ultimate loss on both sides. Every man intuitively knows that the purely human cannot lead to redemption by way of the cross. A sufferer never willingly forgives another who has brought him misery and lack. When Nature in her own might and wisdom chastises men realize that hatred and rebellion get them nowhere. In good time all are made to see that Nature,

or the Creator's way of doing things, always acts for ultimate good, and that her inflections are curative and educational.

Many people, even sensible ones in other respects, secretly hope to find a panacea for everything, but never will the time come in the life of any one when no more problems come, when there will be no more conditions to be remedied or corrected. It is not making good sense to long for a status in life when one does not have to do the things he does not want to do. People who pamper themselves or are pampered by others soon become as flacid as an over-fat, much-petted poodle with panting breath. The Nazi vision of a dominant herren-folk talking over and manipulating, for purposes of aggrandizement, serf classes, would be surely destructive to both if it could be implemented,

which it cannot.

No individual, race or national group can escape the experience of looking for right ways for substitutes for wrong ones. Permanent success will never attend any plan or program that tries to take over world thinking and world doing with the ulterior purpose of cashing the lion's share of the good things and the privileges of life.

A basic tenet of life is the teaching that every seeker of truth should ceaselessly try to learn and to improve himself. The personal element can never be stolen, transferred, or farmed out with impunity. It matters not how smart one may seem to be, when in the slightest manner he attempts to swerve evolutionary charge from its great purpose he will surely fail and suffer.

REFLECTIONS

I did pretty well with that trouble I had,
That trouble that frightened me so:
Now that it's all over I've a right to feel glad
That I didn't give in to the blow.

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 I had so much grit.

When trouble comes I shall stand up and fight,
And meet it the best I can:
I've reached the conclusion that trouble's all right,
It brings out the stuff in a man.

—Selected.

MAKING A BETTER WORLD

(Baptist Courier)

One very helpful sign in this present mad world in that everywhere great concern and thought in being giving to the problem of making a better world when the war ends. The most of the plans and proposals have to do with political and economic changes. To remedy these wrongs would be getting at the causes of war and all its ills. But there is a further problem. What are the cause of the political and economic injustices?

One who had intelligently observed the cause of events during his lifetime or thoughtfully read his history is likely to be pretty pessimistic about the promises of reforms and reformers. The world is seldom any better after the reformers have had their way. The reforms have been superficial. They haven't got at the root cause of the world's disease. And usually the reason is that the reforms have dealt with political and economic conditions.

There is profound wisdom in this sentence in Paul's address to the Jews in Antioch. "From all things from which you could not be justified by the law of Moses by This Man every one that believes is justified." There are some things which law, even Mosaic law, can not do. It is just where law fails that Christ succeeds, and that is in changing ultimate human nature. Legal reforms have failed because they left human nature the

same. Living conditions may be changed. But the evil left in the human heart will sooner or later bring confusion in the economic paradise. Good government and just law and fair economic condition are profoundly important and have much to do with the lives men lead. The importance of all that can not be over emphasized. But nonetheless these are not the most important forces for good. The great creative forces move in the other direction, from the inner character of men toward expression in political, economic and other social institutions. The tap rot of all social expressions or institutions is deep down in human nature, the moral character, good or bad of individual men, and women. The character of government is the reflection of the character of the people. Righteous lawmakers make righteous laws. Just judges interpret them and righteous officers enforce them and a righteous public opinion demands and supports them. The creation of that moral character is where Christianity functions. Christian people will give their support to every good law and social custom but they will wisely recognize that they have a more essential service to the deeper needs of men, to bring to them the moral and spiritual redeeming and regenerating power of the Gospel of Christ for in him everyone that believes is made righteous.

It is no consequence of what parents a man is born, so he be a man of merit.—Horace.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Alf Carriker are spending their vacation in the mountains of Western North Carolina.

—:—

Mr. H. H. Wyatt, the machinist, and his boys are kept busy doing repair work on lawn mowers, tractors and other tools used on the farm.

—:—

Mr. Leon Godown, who has charge of the printing class, and all work done in the print shop is enjoying his vacation at his old home in New Jersey.

—:—

The latest experiment of this institution is the salvaging of Johnson grass in the silos. It will be used to feed the fine herd of cattle that furnishes milk and butter for the School.

—:—

Mr. Hilery Hobby, manager of the dairy barn, after an illness of several weeks has been dismissed by his physician and is now on duty. Mr. Query had charge of the dairy barn during the absence of Mr. Hobby.

—:—

Mrs. Pearl M. Young, a matron at this institution for twenty years severed her connection with School on account of ill health, she will make her home with her daughter who resides in Washington D. C. Mrs. Young rendered fine service to the School and will be greatly missed.

James Brewer is now at North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia for treatment. James is one of the boys who serves in the print shop. We miss him and hope he will soon return home.

—:—

No gift to the Jackson Training School has given greater joy to the boys than the Cone Swimming Pool. During this intense heat this pool has proven a real joy and life saver to personnel of the School.

—:—

Seven boys are receiving attention at the Infirmary. These boys have minor ailments but the Superintendent feels that a stitch in time saves nine, therefore, boys are placed in due time in infirmary to prevent any future complication.

—:—

The Rev. L. C. Bumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, N. C. came out and delivered the message to the boys at the usual hour 3:00 P. M. August 17, 1941.

Rev. Bumgarner made a very fine heart searching talk on the subject: "Satisfied." In dealing with this heart-to-talk sermon, he based the facts upon a portion of the Psalm of David; taking his text from Psalm 17:15. "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness, I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness."

David was a man of great spirits, possessed with knowledge and much wealth. "David had great possessions."

tonia, for treatment.

James is one of the boys who serves in the print shop. We miss him and hope he will soon return home.

Keenly, the boys listened attentively to hear what contained a satisfied life.

Our good friend started out with some questions:

1. Was David satisfied with riches?

2. So we could say: Is attainment satisfying?

3. What will make you happy?

4. What do you have to accomplish in order to become satisfied?

All these things could not begin to make one be satisfied. It was something more to blend into a life. We use one word to make us happy, satisfied and successful—God. God is the main source and too, our ideas and desires can be only satisfaction through Him.

A West Pointer thought he found attainments as to be the soul purpose of happiness; quote: "When I will become a Lieutenant then I will be real happy." David was a great general was that satisfaction? No.

"It is not always satisfying to go through the battle of hardships in life. Yes, it would bring dissatisfac-

tion. If I had money and "great possessions," of David, and could I say that would satisfy? No, it took more than material things to satisfy; like homes, automobiles, knife, etc; Yes, they satisfy for a while, but soon they all go away. We should be careful to pattern our lives, upon God rather than the satisfaction of the things we possess."

"Our talents do not satisfy. David was a great musician and he longed to anchor his life in the keeping of God's love. We need to drink the thirst of life anew. We need to come to God and by coming close to Him brings satisfaction."

"Three things in life helps us to gain a satisfied personality:

1. The word of God.
2. Beauty of nature.
3. The man in his making.

God is back of all these things where ever you go. He fills us up with a satisfied life and we cannot find satisfaction only in Him. Build today upon the foundation of Christ, and then doubts and failures will be replenished by God's satisfaction .

Thus ended the talk by our beloved Brother. What a wonderful opportunity we have in hearing these inspiring messages from time to time.

Believe in yourself, believe in humanity, believe in the success of your undertakings. Fear nothing and no one. Love your work. Work, hope, trust. Keep in touch with today. Teach yourself to be practical and up to date and sensible. You cannot fail.

—Dr. Riley D. Moore.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 17, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
 Carl Barrier
 Arcemias Hefner
 Edward Moore
 Weaver F. Ruff
 William Shannon
 Fred Stuart
 Charles Wooton

COTTAGE NO. 1

N. A. Bennett
 William Cook
 Ralph Harris
 Kenneth Tipton

COTTAGE NO. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
 Grover Beaver
 Charles Beal
 Robert Coleman
 Kenneth Conklin
 Bruce Hawkins
 Jerry Jenkins
 Otis McCall
 Fonzer Pittman
 Robert Quick
 William T. Smith
 John Tolley
 Jerome Wiggins
 James Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 5

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
 Marvin Lipscomb
 Durwood Martin
 Volley McCall
 James Parker

Reitzel Southern
 Houston Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
 John H. Averitte
 Edward Batten
 Hurley Bell
 Laney Broom
 Henry B. Butler
 George Green
 Robert Hampton
 J. B. Hensley
 Carl Justice
 Ernest Overcash
 Durham Smith
 Ernest Turner

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley

COTTAGE NO. 9

James Davis
 Riley Denny
 R. L. Hall
 Edgar Hedgepeth
 Grady Kelly
 Daniel Kilpatrick
 Alfred Lamb
 Isaac Mahaffey
 Marvin Matheson
 Lloyd Mullis
 William Nelson
 Robert Tidwell
 Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

Roy Barnett
 Delma Grav
 Jack Harward
 Joseph Kinkaid
 John Lee
 Howard Noland
 Charles Phillips
 Torrence Ware
 Jack Warren

COTTAGE NO. 11

Robert Davis

Charles Frye
 Cecil Gray
 Robert Goldsmith
 Earl Hildreth
 Monroe Searcy
 James Watson

COTTAGE NO. 12

William Broadwell
 Treley Frankum
 Charles Simpson
 Robah Sink
 Jesse Smith
 Brice Thomas
 J. R. Whitman

COTTAGE NO. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 14

Raymond Andrews
 John Baker
 William Butler
 Edward Carter
 Mack Coggins
 Robert Deyton
 Audie Farthing
 Henry Glover
 John Hamm
 William Harding
 Marvin King
 Feldman Lane
 William Lane
 Roy Mumford
 Charles McCoyle

John Maples
 Glenn McCall
 Norvell Murphy
 John Reep
 James Roberson
 John Robbins
 Charles Steepleton
 J. C. Willis
 Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 15

William Barrier
 Robert Chamberlain
 Paul Deal
 James Deatherage
 John Gibson
 James Ledford
 Paul Morris
 Lawton McDowell
 Marvin Pennell
 Floyd Puckett
 Donald Sides
 Basil Weatherington
 Bennie Wilhelm
 Alton Williams
 David Williams
 William Whittington

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
 Cecir Jacobs
 James Johnson
 John T. Lowry
 Varcy Oxendine
 Louis Stafford



Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, and when I have been contemptuously criticized, and even when I have been over-praised, it has been my greatest comfort to say to myself, "I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this."—Darwin.

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CAROLINA ROOM

AUG 30 1941

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THE

UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., AUGUST 30, 1941

No. 35

THE BLESSING OF LABOR

The poor fisherman's words, in Scott's "Antiquary," said to the lady who came to comfort him on the death of his child: "You rich folk when ye're in trouble may sit wi' yer handkerchief tae yer een, but we puir bodies maun aff tae oor work again, e'en though oor hearts are thumpin' like a hammer." Aye, But the poor fellow at his honest work was far better off in his time of sorrow than had he been able to nurse his grief with his "handkerchief tae his een." Work is a healing ministry from God in heaven. When the heart is crushed beneath its heavy load, unable to lift itself up, with what gracious tact our work soothes and braces the wounded spirit.

—Author Unknown.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

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LABOR DAY

The history of labor in the United States has been mainly influenced by question of wages and hours of service, by immigration by the introduction of the trade union. As labor became more skillful the accumulation of wealth began and the desire for possession and conquest became more and more prominent in the minds of men. It soon became very apparent that certain individuals were better equipped to originate ideas and others were more able to carry out the designs of those better qualified.

As implements were improved and the wants of men increased the first division of labor started to take place, in which certain men or groups started to follow definite lines of endeavor. When the Knights of Labor hold their assembly in New York City as early as 1884, and reviewed a great parade organized by a labor union of that city, the first Monday of September was set aside as a legal holiday by the majority of the states including Alaska to consider the claims of labor and the interests of laboring men and designated as LABOR DAY.

That day in later years has become a day of celebration, rest and parades by members of various local unions in all large industrial centres. The unions have grown more and more powerful as time passes on and at the present the American Federation of Labor is one of the most powerful organizations in the world.—Selected.

LABOR DAY

“My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.” I wonder if you know who spoke those words. They sound as if they are to be found in the Bible. What is even more impressive is that they were spoken by Jesus. No one should be ashamed to labor, for labor is both honorable and divine. Our Lord has learned the trade of a carpenter. His hands were often hard from work. There was sweat on His brow many times. He must have been known as a laboring man. His was not a family of means. They had to live on what came in day by day.

There is no evidence that they had laid anything by for old age.

He must have helped to till the field and sow the grain and gather the harvest. He may have spent some of His spare time at other kinds of toil. The gospels gave us the impression that He was a laboring man, and that He felt it was very honorable and respectable. I know He never looked down on the man or the woman who had to work whether laboriously with hand or brain.

Labor Day, then, is not a day altogether set aside for a certain class of people. If it is, then it is for one of the most honorable and honest and dependable groups in our country. The Bible respects the person who toils. When God placed Adam and Eve in the garden He told them to work, and gave them to understand that their enjoyment depended on the amount and kind of work they did.

A new sense of the dignity of work must be gotten into the minds of some of us. The ambition to live without labor is not from God; and the thought that a bit of disgrace attaches to the person who works is in disagreement with the plan of God. The laborer can feel that what he does is part of the world's important business.

* * * * *

THE HALL OF FAME

This year a new name—the 73rd—has been added to the list of busts in America's Hall of Fame, that of the beloved composer—Stephen Collins Foster.

America's Hall of Fame is an open-air colonade, overlooking the Hudson River in New York City. Between its columns stand busts of the most outstanding of all the men and women who have helped to make America great.

The Hall of Fame was begun in 1894 and is the only one of its kind in all the world. The names placed there are done so by popular approval. Every five years the public is invited to nominate for a place in its corridor the American they deem worthiest to occupy this honored position. If three-fifths of the one hundred members who constitute the board of electors approve the nomination, the name of that man or woman is then inscribed in the Hall of Fame. Since no one can be elected until twenty-five years after his death, the Hall of Fame includes only those whose life or work has stood the test of time. Among its representatives are writers, statesmen,

philantropists, preachers, artists, soldiers, actors, inventors, educators, explorers, lawyers, reformers, engineers, sculptors, sailors, physicians, and its one musical representative—composer Stephen Collins Foster.—The Guitarist in Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * *

RELIGION IN EDUCATION

The growing recognition of religion's place in the field of education is a cheerful thing to contemplate. Time was when all it received was a blank stare, as though it had no status in the realm of ordered intelligence. True, Professor Dewey said long ago that the education of a citizen could not be complete without a knowledge of religion, and therefore the state should find some place for it in the public school's curriculum. Unfortunately, Dewey did not seem to follow up his thesis personally. Now comes R. C. Knox, Chaplain of Columbia, declaring in a special report to President Butler of the university, that "religion," source of the concepts of liberty and human rights, is the fundamental element of education, and the leaven of all branches of learning." Dr. Knox further states: "Knowledge and science, undirected by a moral belief, threaten to destroy civilization." Just think of taking all this time to find that out! However, we are thankful for this little peep into a fuller presentation of the subject, which is to be published in 1954, as a part of the bi-centennial history of Columbia.—Selected.

* * * * *

MARK TWAIN'S WEATHER

Every one this summer has commented about the weather, but true to the statement of the humorous writer, Mark Twain, "nothing was done about it." During the month of June the atmosphere was unusually chilly, sufficiently cool to necessitate the wearing of a light weight coat mornings and evenings; during July a continuous downpour of rain was the occasion of much discomfort on account of the humidity, and the month of August old Sol sent down upon Mother Earth for three or more weeks a heat that to the minds of older people has never been experienced previously. In this section of the country the weather has always been accepted as seasonable

and most delightful, but this summer has proven an exception to the rule for when it should have been cool, it was cold, and when it rained it poured at times for hours and when hot there was almost an unbearable heat for weeks. From a commentator in London over the Columbia Broadcasting System we heard comments as to the weather in England and they had very similar seasons to that experienced here. We concluded after listening in to the commentator that the weatherman was no respecter of persons The Divine Providence smiles upon the just and unjust alike. The only thing in life to do is to accept conditions just as they come and make the best of things by meeting changes cheerfully.

The quotation, "as a rule a man is a fool, when it's hot he wants it cool, and when it's cool he wants it hot, always wanting what he hasn't got", tells briefly of the restlessness and discontent of mankind. We learn much more by contact, especially in the way of forbearance than we are willing to admit.

Once upon a time when a farmer was complaining about the weather and the shortage of crop an old negro Mammy with the bearing of a lady and the faith of a christian said, "Why worry all this is the Lord's works." Having heard this remark, and observed the calmness with which she spoke, we were impressed. Moreover, ever since witnessing the supreme faith of the old Mammy of the "befo-de-war" days, we have bowed more easily and submissivly to the inevitable.

* * * * *

COMMON SENSE RULES GOOD ANY TIME

The petroleum industry, working for national defense, has some "do's" and "don'ts" for the motorist who wants to help in the national emergency but as a matter of fact these common sense rules for good driving are applicable any time.

Here they are:

DO

1. Have your carbuertor adjusted for the most economical mixture of gasoline and air.
2. Have ignition system and spark plugs checked regularly for most economical performance.

3. Keep transmission and differential properly lubricated, and lubricate chassis regularly. Use correct grade of lubricating oil in engine and change it regularly for maximum efficiency.

4. Keep the cooling system clean and filled to proper level.

5. Keep tires properly inflated. Keep brakes adjusted to eliminate "drag."

DON'T

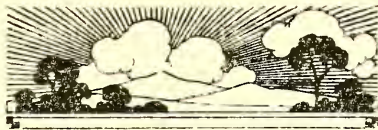
1. Don't speed. Driving at high speed greatly increases fuel consumption. Wind resistance increases by geometric proportion to speed. At 60 miles an hour it is four times greater than at 30. Drive at a reasonable, safe speed and save.

2. Don't make "jack-rabbit" starts. Driving in first and second gear multiplies the consumption of gasoline. Watch your starts at traffic lights—avoid sudden bursts of speed.

3. Don't let your car idle at the curb—don't race your motor when starting. This is hard on the motor and wastes gasoline.

4. Don't use your car unless you have to. Plan your driving. Group your errands.

5. Don't forget others. Share the transportation your car provides—double up with friends going the same way.—Concord Daily Tribune.



OLD SHIPS LIE BURIED BENEATH THE SANDS OF OCRACOKE ISLAND

(Beaufort News)

To the visitor going to Ocracoke for the first time, the island is a very strange place. It is a land of dead live oak, tame wild geese and fresh salt mullet. It is also a place where the finest people in the world make their homes. On the beach are the remnants of proud old ships which were lost in the graveyard of the Atlantic and came ashore in the backwash of tides swirling through Hatteras Bight. Ocracoke, like Hatteras Island, the "Cape Stormy" of the Atlantic Coast, is wind swept and storm swept, but so far there is no record of anyone ever losing their lives there during a hurricane, and no house has ever been blown down by the winds.

It is true that a few houses have been undermined and washed down during severe gales which brought sea tides across the village—but these cases have been very few indeed. The people of Ocracoke are proud of their ancestry. They know that they are descendants, perhaps, of shipwrecked mariners—but they are proud of this whether their ancestor was of Anglo Saxon or Arabian stock. Ocracoke probably had its founding as a result of a shipwreck, and this is a story about some of the ships.

A few days ago on Ocracoke Island I rode across the beach and went crabbing in the surf. If you have never tried crabbing in the surf you have something to look forward to, because you have to match your wits against a crustacean which ap-

parently has no sense at all, but can run sideways faster than you can run forward unless you are in the Olympic class. Leaving the crabbing up to Brantley who can out-run his pappy, I decided to go over and investigate the ribbing of a huge piece of wreckage recently exposed by a sea tide that washed over the beach.

My companion told me that this was what was left of the old four-masted schooner Victoria S., which foundered in the surf of the island about 15 years ago while enroute to some northern port from Georgetown, laden with pine lumber. The lumber was sold at a vendue and most of it was bought by a firm in Morehead City and transhipped, but some of the shipwrecked timber was used in the construction of new homes on Ocracoke.

Sand and time have greatly splintered up the remainder of the wreck. The decking, or part of it, is still intact and so are many pieces of the ribbing in the hull. The old wreckage is interesting thought and because it is near Ocracoke community, within easy walking distance for persons going to the surf, this disfigured corpse of a once proud sailing vessel is perhaps the most photographed ship wreck along the coast today. Unless you allow plenty for the extreme bright sunlight and the water and sand reflections plus the clear atmosphere existing on the island perhaps the photo you made was burned up (over exposed)—anyway that

is what happened to mine and I was using a k-2 filter at the time.

The old piece of wreckage is only one of many old ships whose bones now lay on Ocracoke Beach. Towards the inlet there are other wrecks but most of them are Down Below in the Hammock and Great Swash region. There are more wrecks on Ocracoke beach than at Hatteras and the stranger wonders why. The answer is that Ocracoke beach is a sort of backwash for ships getting in trouble off Diamond Shoals, that section of the ocean which has long been known by mariners as "the Graveyard of the Atlantic."

Coming northward the sailing is clear as long as the mariner keeps in the current of the Gulf Stream which moves up the coast at the rate of about six miles an hour until it reaches Hatteras and then curves to the northeastward. Ships in sailing days would leave the stream off Diamond Shoals and if conditions were favorably they continued northward in the waters of the North Atlantic which meet the warmer waters of the South Atlantic at Hatteras. If the weather was stormy—and that is not unusual because the region is the "Cape Stormy" of the Atlantic Coast vessels leaving the stream would get in the currents swirling through Hatteras Bight eventually—if unlucky, would boomerang back onto the beach at Ocracoke.

There are the bones of many famous old shipwrecks on Ocracoke Beach today. Sometimes they are covered with sand but when exposed, many of the most famous can be identified by the islander who may be accompanying you along the beach. One of the most famous is the old "ghost

ship." And that is a story for you!

The lookout on duty at the Hatteras Inlet Coast Guard station at dawn on January 21, 1921, saw a 5-masted schooner under full sail aground on the Outer Diamond of Diamond Shoals. No distress signals were flying. When the station surfboat reached the schooner, the crew found it utterly deserted—except for a cat. It was the Carroll A Deering, home port Bath, Maine, in ballast from Barbados to Portland. She had lost both anchors, and both lifeboats were missing; otherwise all was well. If the crew had abandoned ship they must have left in a hurry, for there was food standing in the pots on the galley range and on the plates laid on the mess table.

Only the previous afternoon the Deering had hailed the Lookout Light-house 60 miles southwestward, reporting that she had lost her anchors in a two-day storm asking that Norfolk be wirelessly to send a tug to tow her in. The lightship's wireless was out of order, but a steamer appearing southbound soon after, the lightship hailed her to stand by for a message.

Instead the steamer altered its course, heading off shore and the deck of the crew unfurled a tarpaulin and lowered it over the counter, hiding the steamer's name. The daughter of the Deering's master demanded that an investigation be made, which developed that the Deering master had spoken to the Cape Fear Lightship five days earlier. The storm appeared to account for the delay.

Nothing more was learned, although just about every investigating divi-

sion of the Government worked on the case for many months trying to solve the mystery. Nothing more was learned of the Deerings crew and after 20 years the crew is still missing and the possible connection of the steamer with the mystery is only surmise.

In the same period the steamer Hewitt, Texas to Boston, vanished without trace off Hatteras.

Few ships have ever grounded on Diamond Shoals and come off—that is, nothing came off except the wreckage which usually fetches up on Ocracoke Beach. The Maurice R. Thurlow was a notable exception. She struck in a storm on October 13, 1927. The lookout at Cape Hatteras Station, 10 miles northeast of Ocracoke Island, sighted her distress signal and motor lifeboats put out and saved the crew of nine.

When the morning of the fourteenth dawned, the Thurlow had vanished. It could not have been broken up in that time—although strange things happen in the Graveyard of the Atlantic—so the Coast Guard Cutter Mascoutin was dispatched from Norfolk to search for her. The cutter found no trace, but 13 days later a Dutch oil tanker sighted the vessel in the North Atlantic. More Coast Guard vessels put out to run down the Flying Dutchman, but she was never sighted again—a phantom ship.

Last vessel lost in Ocracoke waters was the Albatross, world's largest beam trawler. She put in to Morehead City during a storm on her first fishing voyage out of Hampton, Va., after being transformed into a trawler, sailed on one clear morning, went to Ocracoke Inlet and

promptly went aground—not so far from the shoal in the inlet where the Portugese "Vera Cruz" foundered back in 1904. That was in 1939—and the vessel was a complete loss despite the fact that owners had divers trying to recover the engines for several weeks.

This Vera Cruz which foundered in the Inlet was loaded to the gunnels with three or four hundred Cape Verde Island Negro immigrants who were cast ashore on Portsmouth beach, succored there for a few days and subsequently returned—except those with the proper entrance papers to the Cape Verde Island. The "evil" master of the vessel "Vera Cruz" escaped before the Revenue Cutter arrived from New Bern, and with him went the personal belongings of many of his passengers. It was later learned that he was trying to enter the immigrants into America without proper papers and that he finally left the country without being caught in a sperm oil barrel aboard a New Bedford whaler.

The first six-masted schooner ever built—the George W. Wells, and a British tramp, the Brewster, both foundered on the same day on Ocracoke Beach. The Brewster was finally able to be refloated, but the Wells was a total loss. That was back in 1913. A section of the beach at Ocracoke until this day is known by the natives as the Wells.

The fabled wreck of all goes back eighty-seven years when the Flying Cloud wrecked. For years I was under the impression that this Flying Cloud was the famous clipper. After Cape Stormy in the Post. Wesley Stout, its editor, was embarrassed because I had tied in a Flying Cloud

with my Ocracoke story. The clipper, as you probably do not know, did not end her career until in the 1870's. I listed a Flying Cloud wrecking on Ocracoke Beach in 1854.

Jamie Styron, a commercial fisherman and guide, had the figurehead, inherited from his father which reputedly came from the old Flying Cloud—and Jamie's brother Lige will still sing the chantey which was composed by an islander about the ship that begins like this:

Oh! I looked to the east'ard,
And I looked to the west'ard—
And I saw ole Flying Cloud a-
comin'

She was loaded with silks,
And the finest of satins,
But now she's gone across Jordan.

After Cape Stormy, the Post editor called this apparent error to my attention. A few days later from some small port on Long Island came a

letter to the Post which was forwarded to me from an old timer saying: "It could not have been the famous clipper "Flying Cloud" but perhaps it was a Barkentine by the name of Flying Cloud, built in 1853 and presumably lost on a South Atlantic Beach the following year. Of this I have no further information. The "Flying Cloud Figurehead" which Jamie Styron owned was eventually sold to a summer resident at Nags Head who uses it with other souvenirs of the sea to decorate the cottage.

Wrecks not only are fewer today but they are laden with no silks and satins. A vendue in the Flying Cloud's time must have been something to remember. Worst wreck in the number of lives lost was that of the side-wheel packet "Home" off Ocracoke in 1837, almost a hundred drown-
ing.

HOME

It is more than brick and mortar with a roof to shed the storm; it is more than walls and windows, with a hearth to keep us warm.

It is more than just a tavern where hungry mouths are fed; or, when the journey's ended, where we rest our weary head.

It isn't just a hangout when there's nothing else to do; or to which we wander slowly when the nightly "dates" are through.

It's a haven when we're battered by the temptest of the day; where there's peace and understanding that will chase our cares away.

It's the place our hearts return to, though our errant feet may roam; it's our earthly bit of Heaven; it's that paradise called Home.—Exchange.

WHY OLD VIRTUES ARE LACKING

(Concord Daily Tribune)

Because both the home and the school are coddling students, modern graduates have reached the point where they are unwilling to accept jobs that require hard work, a New York Board of Education report charges.

The report asserts that too often students have preferred government-made work and have "demanded" things rather than been willing to sacrifice. Parents shared the blame, in the report, along with the schools, which were called upon to halt a decaying discipline now being meted out in irresponsible homes.

There seems to be no question that parental guidance has softened up in late years. That, combined with what some educators prefer to call streamlined education, has just about twisted the present educational program beyond recall.

The attitude of so many modern parents has been to let the child take the easiest way out. "The parental attitude is often that their children should have a job, government-made if there is no other available," the report held, "even though they themselves have expended little effort and practically no discipline at home to inculcate in their children the desire

to get the best out of their education." Some parents seem to think now that they have raised their children, after a fashion, the world owes their children a living.

As for the time the student actually spends in school, there is equally as great a need to return the school program to the great virtues and simple fundamentals. Honestly, resourcefulness, and willingness to work are sometimes hard to find in either the home or the classroom.

The Board of Education report complained that school attendance had also fallen off throughout the year. Again, parents were charged with being unnecessarily soft hearted and willing to excuse their children's absences for trifling reasons.

It was agreed by members of the committee making the report that there is only one way in which to check this unfortunate trend in student and parent attitude. The school must take increasing responsibility to direct in the schoolroom the discipline so badly handled in the home. The school has been forced to combat this relaxed home discipline. The school's responsibility implies a return to the basic formulas and basic courses of another day.

—:—

Of all the sad surprises,
 There's nothing to compare
 With treading in the darkness
 On a step that wasn't there.

THE DULL ASSIGNMENT

William E. Channing in *Sunshine Magazine*

Tyler Brooks admirably concealed his distaste for the job his father had just assigned him. He had recently become a high school grad, and he had one all-absorbing ambition—to go to Hood College. But his father had said Hood College was an expensive institution, and the Brooks treasury simply would not stand the strain.

Instead the elder Brooks had said, "you can stay a month at the Lake Park and keep an eye on things. You know we shall be able to re-open the Park this year. I have contracted to sell it—in thirty days. It is a dull assignment, but it is our responsibility to keep it in order until then."

Tyler had protested, because he believed there would be some miracle come to pass that would yet enable him to go to Hood. "You must get that out of your head," his father had cautioned him. "When the debts are paid, there will be nothing left; there can be no Hood College for you this year—perhaps—next year."

Such were Tyler's unpleasant thoughts as he found himself Park bound. He alighted at the little Park station, and it seemed to him that this once gay amusement center was the dullest place on earth. He went at once to the bungalow assigned him, at the Park entrance. The beauty of the lake thrilled him. The anchored boat, only a few paces away, looked inviting. But Tyler had Hood College on his mind, and he spent the rest of the day, and the night, brooding.

Unable to sleep, he arose early and

jumped into the boat and rowed leisurely along the thickly wooded shore. "This isn't so bad," he said, almost aloud; "thirty days won't last forever." In the distance, far beyond the upper shore, Tyler could see the towers of Hood, studded like diamonds in the thicket of the sun-lined forest. Glorious Hood!

The string of pavilions hove in sight. What a motley array—dilapidated and dead! Why not some symmetry, at least in color, to emphasize nature's setting of beauty—and success? Suddenly Tyler had an inspiration. He swung his boat around and rowed rapidly back to the bungalow, where he loaded the boat with tools and paints. He set to work cleaning the pavilion premises, and painted the buildings with uniform gayety and brilliance.

"Wonder what Dad will say to that!" he exclaimed, as if talking to a chum. He found it a novel experience. He was king of all he surveyed, and it made him proud to stand in the midst of his new, revolutionized "kingdom." There was peace and beauty all around, and above all, there was the inspiring Hood ever in the dim distance.

The next day Tyler rowed to the upper end of the lake. Up on an elevation, receding from the shore a few hundred feet, stood a large, quaint building. It was evidently the Park club house, thought Tyler. He tied his boat to the landing and approached the building. It looked forsaken and neglected. It needed renovating and painting. What a charm-

ing place it would be if done in a combination of warm gray and moss green! He had done it for the pavilions, why not for the "club house"? He went to work with a new ambition. From early morning till late night he worked ardently, and the color effect proved most enchanting to his taste. As he stood admiring the effect of his handiwork, he said, "It ought to help Dad sell—sell—Sell."

Tyler jumped into his boat as if impelled by some impending disaster. "Why sell this charming haven? To whom? Yes, to ruin! A sacrilege!" Tyler almost shouted his thoughts. He forced the boat to undue speed so that he might catch the first conveyance home.

"Dad!" he exclaimed at sight of his father, "you—you can't sell the Park—it is too beautiful. You ought to see it after—"

"After what, son?"

"After I have fixed it—I mean, the pavilions—and the club house!"

"You fixed how—and what club house!"

"Why—everything looked so run-down—you ought to see them now! The pavilions, they are beautiful—and the club house, too—it's charming—at the upper end—you know, nearest to Hood!"

The father laughed. "Son, I don't know what you are talking about. You don't mean that you fixed up that house at the upper bend in the lake? Why, that doesn't even belong to us—that's the summer home of Dr. Radford, president of Hood College."

Tyler stood before his father grinning, nonplused. So he had meddled with Dr. Radford's property! That settled him, so far as Hood College

was concerned. "Well, Dad, I've pulled a boner, but I'll take the consequences—don't worry. But, Dad, please don't sell the Park. It would be ruined for—" Tyler hesitated.

"For what, son?"

"For Hood!" Then he quickly added, "You see, I think we ought to give the Park to Hood College. It's so beautiful, and Hood—"

"What! Give the Park away?"

"Yes, Dad, it really belongs to Hood, and besides—" Tyler stopped short.

The elder Brooks' attention was distracted by a large limousine pulling up in front. "There's Dr. Radford now!" he exclaimed under his breath. He's the man I'm selling the Park to."

"Dr. Radford buying the Park?" asked Tyler excitedly. "And I—I ruined his house!" He retreated to the rear door as if to make his getaway.

"Wait, son," said the father, as he admitted the visitor. "This, Dr. Radford, is my son, Tyler," pointing in the direction of the young man.

The eminent educator looked puzzled. "That—your son?" And with that he rushed forward and grasped Tyler's hand. "My boy," he exclaimed in trembling voice, "I hardly know what to say. I hope you will forgive me when I tell you that for the last two weeks I have been watching you work on my house—and how I have admired your skill. I did not know you—but felt certain you were laboring under some serious misapprehension as to the owner of the house. I did not stop you because I wanted you to finish the work, hoping to see you at the finish and pay you. I want to congratulate you on the charming ef-

fect you have created. Now, I want to pay you."

Tyler stared incredulously. He took a step or two farther back. The elder Brooks broke the dead silence. "I'm afraid, Dr. Radford, I shall have to ask you to let me out of our deal for the Park. You see, I have decided to give the Park to Hood College—in honor of Tyler."

Amazement spread over the educator's face. "No," he exclaimed, "no, Mr. Brooks, you must not. You see,

you are taking from me the credit of presenting it to the college, for that is what I was going to do."

"From now on," said the elder Brooks, "it is Hood College Park."

"From now on," responded the educator, "it is Tyler Brooks Park. And a full scholarship awaits Tyler Brooks at Hood."

There was an ominous silence. "From now on—Hood College!" It was the joyous breath of Tyler Brooks.



TRUE WORTH

It makes no difference who sang the song,
If only the song were sung,

It makes no difference who did the deed,
Be he old in years or young.

It matters not who won the race
So long as the race was run;

So why should the winner be proud of himself
Because it was he who won.

If the song was sweet and helped a soul,
What matters the singer's name?

The worth was in the song itself
And not in the world's acclaim.

The song, the race, the deed are one,
If each be done for love;

Love of the work—not love of self—
And the score is kept above.

—Exchange.

THE BLACK PONY

(Christian Herald)

The thing that Amy and Alice felt worst about leaving when they went home from the beach was the black pony. The black pony stood on the sands every day under a big striped umbrella. Beside him was a sign: "Pony Rides, 5c."

When Daddy gave Amy and Alice nickles to spend they always hurried to the place where the black pony stood. They gave the nickles to the old woman who kept him and then they rode along the edge of the ocean on the black pony.

The pony's name was Black Prince. Amy Ann and Alice thought he was the finest part of being at the beach. Riding him was more fun than building sand castles or hunting for shells or even wading.

The black pony was very gentle. He walked carefully along the beach. He never went to fast. He never ran away or threw off his riders. Even Billyboy, Amy Ann's and Alice's baby brother, could ride safely on Prince.

Every day while they were at the beach Amy Ann and Alice went to see Prince. They took him apples and carrots and lumps of sugar sometimes. The old woman who owned him and who sat under the striped umbrella all day was their friend, too.

It was hard to leave the black pony behind when Amy Ann and Alice left the beach and went home. Even starting to school, which was very exciting, did not make Amy Ann and Alice forget Prince. They often talked about him. They wondered if he stayed at the beach all winter when it stormed and was cold or if he went home to the city the way they did.

One sunny autumn day Amy Ann and Alice were going home from school. Just as they turned the corner into their own street somebody else turned the next corner. It was a young man—and he was leading a black pony. Amy Ann and Alice stared. Could it be Prince? They hurried to meet the man with the pony.

The black pony turned his head and looked at Amy Ann and Alice. He whinnied as if he were saying "Hello!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Alice cried, "It is Prince and he knows us!"

The young man smiled at Alice and Amy Ann. "His name is Prince and he seems to know you."

"We used to ride on Prince at the beach in the summer," Amy Ann cried. "He's such a good pony. We used to give him carrots and apples and lumps of sugar."

Black Prince nodded his head up and down as if to say, "Yes, you did. I remember." He edged toward Amy Ann and Alice and rubbed his nose against Amy Ann's shoulder.

"I see Prince doesn't forget friends who have been kind to him," the young man said. He patted the pony's neck. "Would you like to ride him now?" he asked.

Of course, Amy Ann and Alice were delighted. The young man helped them climb up on Prince's back and they rode all around the block. Then they rode back to their house.

"Do you think your mother would like me to take your picture on Prince's back?" the young man asked. "I take pictures of children on Prince

in the winter. That is how I earn my living and Prince's oats and hay. In the summer he gives children rides at the beach and my mother keeps him."

Amy Ann's and Alice's mother was very glad to have the young man take a picture of Amy Ann and Alice on the Prince's back. Billy-boy wanted to be in the picture, too, but there was no room on the black pony's back for another child, so Grandfather held Billyboy and stood by Prince's head. Then the young man let Billy-boy ride on Prince.

It was a beautiful picture when the young man brought it next day. Everybody had held still so it was fine and clear.

"Now we can look at Prince all winter," Amy Ann said happily.

"I will put it in a frame and you can hang it on the wall in your bedroom," her mother told her.

"Then next summer we will be at the beach again and Prince will be there, too, and we can ride him said Alice.

"FOR TRUTH AND HONESTY"

(Christian Advocate)

In our courts of justice there are just two things that are primary in the character of a witness. One is truth and the other is honesty. If a witness can qualify in this respect, other things are secondary. The court and the jury are ready to accept his testimony.

And this necessary qualification for a witness in a court of law is a necessary qualification in all relations of life. Just as the lawyers ask, "How is he for truth and honesty?" so may all men ask of every man "How is he for truth and honesty?"

We need a fresh emphasis on these old fashioned and fundamental virtues. Parents should teach them, both by example and precept, to their children. From entrance to the kindergarten till commencement day in col-

lege emphasis should be put by teachers upon these fundamentals of character. If the preachers would emphasize these as they ought there would be a different state of affairs in this country.

You have heard of the old preacher whose hobby was debt-paying. His presiding elder gave him a text so he would have to stay off his hobby. The text was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." The first words of this man's sermon were, "A man who believes on Jesus Christ will pay his debts." We are sorry this preacher "sleeps with his fathers." But he was true to his conscience while he lived. If a man must have a hobby there is none better than "truth and honesty."

Our acts make or mar us—we are the children of our deeds.

—Victor Hugo.

TEMPTED AND TRIED

(The Baptist Courier)

Everything is put through some kind of testing. Nothing escapes. Either life's laboratory or the exacting scientist tries it out. We demand that it should be so. We will not willingly risk our money or our lives very far on things or on people that have not first been proved. We ourselves must be proved before we are approved and trusted. That is all necessary because of the kind of world this is and the kind of people that inhabit it. There is so much that is not fit and both nature and intelligent men demand fitness

There is enough of trial and testing stood is the suffering, undeserved, understanding of some of the strange things of life

One such thing hard to be understood is the suffering undeserved, unjust suffering of good men—the children of God whose world this is. There is a hard contradiction between the world of experience and the Christian's faith in God. But suppose the earth to be a sort of experimental laboratory where personal character is developed, tested and proved for witness for places of service in God's universe, then this world, for that purpose, is seemingly the best of all

possible worlds.

Whether that is the purpose or not, it is the observable fact. It does require these hard experiences of suffering to create, to refine, to prove through trial, the good, the best in human nature. So Peter understood the "manifold temptations," the distresses of persecution, as a refiner's fire, not a destructive, devastating conflagration, but a controlled, purifying fire

He also saw the value and the purpose of these testing trials. This testing of faith, the results of the testing, is of great value. "More precious than gold"—worth more than any money you could make. The gold perishes—character is an eternal possession of eternal value. For there is an eternal purpose and end in view—a far larger use of this refined gold of pure Christian character—"which may be found for praise and glory and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ."

In view of this meaning and value of the experience of suffering Peter may well ask his Christian friends not to be distressed and broken by them but rather to find in them reasons for rejoicing.

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Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.—Macaulay.

STRENGTHENING OUR SPIRITUAL DEFENSES

By An Army Chaplain

Many people think that the Army is full of men with low ideals and low morals. Taking the Army as a whole, they are the highest type of men; they are the cream of our American homes.

These men come from the various states of our union. There is a curious blend of excited joy and a sense of responsibility in this great defense program. It is the spirit of youth, free to arrive at a life-decision, exultant in the power to make a choice and to play the game of life in a strategic place in the human team of the great Army life.

How seriously do these men take life when they are away from home? Men in the hospital have much time to think. Just a few days ago I was walking through the ward of a hospital and one of the patients called me to his bed-side and said, "Chaplain, I have been thinking about myself and my life." I listened to his story and he said "I have no home. Mother and Father are separated; I don't know where my mother is, and Dad is in Sidney, Australia. I am here in the hospital and I want to know the how and why of life." I took my Personal Workers' Book and read to him how to become a Christian. With tears rolling down his cheeks a new hope and a new vision of life dawned upon him.

Another young man came into my office a few days ago and said, "Chaplain, what is your conception of religion and Christ?" Before I had time to tell him he told me his story. He

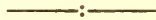
was the son of a minister and he had been going to a modernistic university. He became engulfed in the teachings and the personality of a professor who headed the philosophy and religion department of the school. The professor taught a philosophy that man can save himself by living a life of perfection, or as near perfection as possible. He believed all progress was a result of continuous growth, and that they was no such thing as so called "conversion." The professor made the statement one day in class, "I cannot take any stock in the idea that the blood of Jesus Christ has anything to do with the atonement of my sins." This boy began to discard his earlier teachings for this new philosophy, but his father and mother always wrote to him, "Son we are always praying for you." A few weeks ago the dad wrote to the son and said "Son, your professor whom you loved so dearly has committed suicide. Poor man, his philosophy sounded good in the class room, but it didn't support him in the time of trial." Turning to me he said, "Chaplain, I don't know what move to make. I am so confused, I don't know what to believe."

With tears filling his eyes I turned to my Personal Workers' Book and read him some Scripture. He is a music student and has a model solo voice. He has had three years of college work and is only twenty-one. I preached to one of the churches here in St. Louis and took this young man with me to sing a solo. Before he

sang he made an open confession to the church and rededicated his life to Christ as a gospel singer. He said, "My mother's prayers and my fathers prayers have gone with me. I never knew it would take the Army life and an Army Chaplain to bring me back to Christ. I now have much joy and happiness."

I am wondering, as a Army Chaplain, if our defense of the highest

ideals of Christian character has been firmly established as we also build for a better world order? In this turmoil, is there anywhere a **Master-word** that can guide humanity? Our men in the Army are finding that carrying Christ with them solves every human problem that men face. Our work has been very inspiring and we need your prayers.



THE GIVING HOBBY

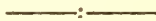
(Sunshine Magazine)

A writer in a popular magazine tells how he made a hobby of giving himself away. Like most people, he learned in earlier years to look upon life as a process of getting. But one night, while laying awake in his berth on a limited train, an idea for advertising the road occurred to him. The next morning he passed the idea on to the management of the company, adding, "There are no strings attached." Within a few months he found his idea in use in many hotels, railroad stations, and travel offices, both in the United States and Europe.

The man then began to experiment with giving away other things, and found it to be lots of fun. If an idea occurred to him for improving a window display, he would step into the store and make the suggestion to the proprietor. If he read a story which he thought a clergyman might use to advantage, he passed it to some

clergyman. The same with something the editor of his favorite paper, or a senator, or a social leader might employ in the work at hand. At times he bought books of merit and gave them to virtual strangers. "After all," he contended, "what is a couple of dollars to pay for a new friend?"

Opportunities to give one's self are as numerous as the thought to send flowers to friends. The thing is to give while the impulse is fresh. Authors, actors, editors, musicians—all are hungry for genuine expressions of approval. Manufactured publicity does not warm their hearts. They crave spontaneous, human appreciation from the people they are trying to serve. And he who will stop to do this will get his compensation out of the consciousness that he is part of the life of his times. If our hands are not outstretched for return favor, friends will multiply.



Don't imitate—an echo merely advertises the original sound.

—Martin Vanbee.

WHO IS WISE?

(The Baptist Courier)

The most unusual and surprising definition I have ever seen is James' definition of divine wisdom. "The wisdom from above," he says, "is first pure, then peaceable, gently easily entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without disputing and without hypocrisy." The casual reader is sure to say, "that is no definition at all"—and strictly speaking it is not. It is something better. In form it is a concrete portrayal of a good man. Instead of giving an abstract definition of wisdom, like the good artist which he is, he paints a picture of wisdom—the portrait of a wise man—wisdom in action. The surprising thing in this portrait is that there is not one suggestion of knowledge or intelligence or of intellectual capacities or qualities. He has left out those things which we usually think of as the essential qualities of wisdom. His portrait is simply that of a person as one would expect a disciple of Jesus to be and that is exactly the point. True wisdom is in the character and spirit of the man. True wisdom is essentially moral and spiritual. The essential thing is an understanding and appreciation of the total meaning and value of life and the right attitudes toward the relations and responsibilities of life. There is in this portrait of James, if you will examine it carefully, just those qualities and dispositions or attitudes that reveal and express that true understanding and valuation of human life and its divine and human relations.

Goodness is the essence of wisdom—goodness as Jesus creates it and defines it. Wisdom is first of all in be-

ing, and then in understanding and finally in doing. Act, conduct, behavior—the doing—is the expression, the manifestation of wisdom. Whatever his intelligence quotient or his intellectual qualities, capacities or attainments, no man is accounted wise whose conduct is foolish. In the large it is what man is that determines what he does. Conduct is the expression of character. "Who is wise and intelligent among you? Let him show it by his good conduct." Wisdom is visible in the doing but its unseen source is in the being—in the nature of the spirit of the man.

There is both intelligence and conduct divorced from character but you will notice that we never characterize that intelligence and conduct as wise. A professional man, lawyer or doctor, for instance, may be ever so proficient in his profession but by that alone he is not called a wise man. Neither the successful business man, nor the professionally learned scholar. What is it that they lack? This, I think, you will observe, that the wise man is he who understands human problems and relations and deals helpfully with them. The moral and spiritual can be divorced from specific fields but in the nature of the case they never can be from the larger realm of life and human relations. So you see that James after all was thinking of wisdom very much as men generally do only he has helped us to understand our own thoughts and has made clear to us the real nature and the source of all true wisdom.

WHAT OF DEMOCRACY?

By S. L. Freeman

Since the fall of France there have been frantic preparations to rearm America, with the sole purpose of preserving our democracy, or, as some Americans would say, our way of life. It is our aim to destroy the influence of dictatorial powers that are loose in the world today, and with this preparation we are saying they shall not step beyond the threshold of democracy.

In this particular state of affairs, we are very wise to prepare against this menace. But this is a two-sided affair, and we must listen to all arguments. Democracy's greatest enemy lies within our own gates in the form of indifference and self-indulgence. And, if this sort of thing does not cease, democracy will surely fail, even if Great Britain and America win the war.

I have done some traveling in the United States in the past few years. I see gross violations of the principles of democracy elsewhere. Recently, while walking down in the famous loop of Chicago, Illinois, I saw clothing stores, hardware and furniture stores, along with bowling alleys and pool parlors, open for business on Sunday. Theatres were open during church hours. As I was coming back to North Carolina, I saw automobile after automobile pass with signs such as "God Bless America," "America, We Love You," and "God Preserve Our Way of Living." While driving through some of the cities, I saw people standing in line at the theatres, lines half as long as a city block, while in the distance I could hear the church bells pleading for

them to come.

These are only a part of the many dressed-up, attractive enemies that are fast destroying our government. Another is whiskey and the ease with which our teen age boys and girls can obtain it. Have we ever stopped to think who brought about this evil? It is the average man and woman, fathers and mothers of these teen age boys and girls. And yet, they cry out for America to "Stop Hitler" with all-out aid to Great Britain, while we all should cry out to God for an all-out cleansing of sin from our souls and for a faith and courage to fight to a finish these deadly enemies, not only to democracy but to humanity itself. My father taught me never to apply salve to a boil until I had first treated it from the inside. We cannot fight a winning battle for democracy from the outside until first we remove the enemy from the inside.

Will God bless our way of life so long as we fling defiance in his face?

We fought to save democracy with the force of arms once. If that method is right, then why do we have to do it all over again? It would be wise for us to wake up and realize that we can never win that way. What the world needs today is a deep and abiding peace, and that cannot be brought about by men who know nothing about the divine love of the Almighty. So the winning of the battle rests squarely on the shoulders of God-fearing men and women. Let us put on the whole armor of God and be about our Fathers business. Then and only then shall we have peace, a peace "that passeth all understanding."

OF HUMAN STARLINGS

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

Have you ever awakened just before the dawn and listened to the birds?

It sounds quite poetic. Perhaps in some localities it is. Where I live your ears are assailed by a terrific din. The noise is no more beautiful than the treble shrieking of a crowd of school children. Indeed it is worse.

There is a robin who acts as a sort of cheerleader. He calls the tune, and instantly there is the response of a mixed chorus of robins and starlings. They scream as though their throats would split. When they pause for breath, their leader goads them on to greater efforts. This keeps on until at last the sun is up and they can rest content for they have brought another day into the world.

There may be other birds in the chorus but the starlings drown them out. They are as rude about that as they are about everything else. They simply shout the others down as crudely as they force them out of a garden pool.

They are the rudest birds I have ever seen. Throw a handful of bread where the birds are accustomed to feed and the starlings descend in a crowd. They grab and snap till every crumb is gone and there is nothing left for them to do but quarrel over who took the biggest bite. They are so different from the cardinal, who eats what he needs and retires to the top of the nearest high tree to sing his thanks. Their one idea seems to be to gobble everything in sight, as though they

might never get another scrap of food for a week.

And in a birdbath! Such pushing and shoving and calling of names! Their manners are atrocious! Each one occupies as much space as possible and keeps it until one of his stringer or more determined brothers knocks him out of the way. A thrush will watch disdainfully until they have finished, and only an extremely hot day will have him bathe in the water which they have muddied.

They seem to be decidedly the raff raff of the bird kingdom. And they seem to have such painfully exact counterparts in the human race. I have seen human beings act in exactly the same patterns. Haven't you?

Go into a cafeteria at the rush hour and watch the human starlings push and shove and call names over food. Or spend some time on a public bathing beach and see them act as though their admission fee gave them exclusive rights to the best of everything in the place. They shout gaily to their own swimming party spread their beach games over other people's belongings, and are noisily unaware of any but their own crowd. Even there, a great deal of their loud voiced conversation consists of joking insult.

Watching such a group of one's fellow men makes the person of renal in the midst of a flock of starlings. There seems to be little we have in common. Disdainful aloofness seems the only possible course of conduct.

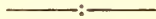
And yet, I heard a funny thing the other day. Perhaps there was meaning in it. Perhaps I only think so. But I heard a most unusual bird note. It held something of the triumphant happiness of the cardinal. It held a bit of the bell-like sweetness of the thrush. There was in it a trace of the everyday cheerfulness of the robin. Yet it had a quality that was all its own.

When I looked to find the singer, what should I see but a single star-

ling pouring out melody. His head was turned to the sky. His whole body swelled with the music.

Then I remembered that his family are quick to imitate other birds. He had mingled the songs of three of the best. In the mingling he had achieved something that was new and beautiful. As I listened, I felt there was a hope for the starlings of the future.

What of our human starlings? Is there hope there?



LIVING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF LIFE

(Associate Reformed Presbyterian)

Some biographer said of Theodore Roosevelt, "He laid hold on life with both hands." One instinctively feels that brief statement is really the secret of the colorful and interesting life of one of our most unique American characters.

But how many there are who never enter into the center of life at all, but spend their "three score years and ten" on the outskirts. They are the people who are content to dabble into a little knowledge, which "is a dangerous thing"; who are satisfied with as little morality as is necessary to "get by" respectably; who remain members of the church all their lives, but never take their religion too seriously; who pray perfunctorily,

but never dwell "in the secret place of the Most High"; who read the Bible casually, but never discover the storehouse of its wonderful revelations. They have eyes, but do not see; ears, but do not hear; minds but do not think; hearts, but do not feel; capacities, but do not accomplish. They live a drab, uneventful existence on the outskirts of life. They know no thrill of achievement, no zest of magnificent devotion, no pride of attainment, no joy of living gloriously.

All the while the purpose of the Master of life still stands, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." When will we learn to find in Him the secret of the abundant life?



Let no man presume to give advice to others who has not first given good counsel to himself.—Seneca.

"I AM GLAD I AM AN AMERICAN"

(Baptist Messenger)

The Commercial Appeal, Memphis, Tennessee, recently published a letter which President Roosevelt received from a Missouri foundry worker which manifests so clearly the spirit of Americanism that we are reproducing the letter.

"Dear President Roosevelt:

"I am a married man, 28 years old; a boy three, a girl one. Here's how I feel about being an American.

"My ancestors were Czechoslovakians, my wife's English; but we're Americans.

"I look at my refrigerator, my oil heater, and my radio. I'm glad I'm an American.

"My children get cod liver oil, nourishing food and doctor's watchful care. They'll be glad they'er American.

"This morning I went to church. Amongst my neighbors, unafraid and unmolested, I thanked God for giving us American.

"I went home to my wife and kiddies. My little boy, Douglas, came running and said, 'Hi pop. You gone-na take me to see the ribber?'

"And I said, 'Sure' Doug, I'll take you to see the river.'

" 'And we'll stand on the bridge and see the car's pop.'

" 'Sure Doug.'

" 'Pop, see the sun. Look see, pop. It shines in the car's windows.'

" 'Yes, Doug, the sun's shining on all America.'

"After our walk, we came home, and sat down to veal chop, baked potatoes, fresh green beans and corn on the cob. I said grace with tears in my eyes. I'm so happy I'm an American.

"This afternoon, we listened to a radio rebroadcast of British children here in America, talking to their parents in England, and I was proud to be an American.

"Tomorrow, I'll go to work. I work in an electrotype foundry, and I love my job. I made it in fact, from errand boy to production manager in 2 years. I had ideas and I told the boss about them. He's an American.

"Tonight, before going to bed, I told my wife 'Honey I'm going to buy a large American flage and hang it out the window Friday. The President wants everyone to pledge allegiance to a new and united American. And honey, I'm going do my part, because I'd rather be an American than anything else on earth.'

The songs that spring, on upward wing,
From hearts that sing because they must,
Shall soar and sing, unwearying,
When hearts are dust.

Curtis Hidden Page.

A TWELVE-POINT PROGRAM

(Selected)

The North Carolina Forestry Association has as its program and is working for:

A provision for State-wide forest fire protection supported by increased appropriation from the State.

The acquisition and development of a system of state forests as examples or demonstrations in the management and use of non-farm land. The acquisition and development of state parks as recreational centers.

The development of "community forests" by counties, towns and cities for their economic value in providing employment for idle local labor, a source of income for the community, protection of local watersheds, as well as the establishment of local recreational centers.

A program of forest research to develop: Better practices of forest management, improved methods of harvest and manufacture of forest products, and new uses for various types of forest products.

Adequate facilities for the teaching of forestry at the North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering and the School of Forestry at Duke University.

An enlarged program of "Farm Forestry" education and extension as an aid to farmers in developing their woodland as an economic unit of their farming enterprise.

A broadening of the public interest in forests through the public schools by: The use of forestry information and materials in teaching the basic curricula of English, Geography, History, Mathematics, and Science; and the placing of forestry books and other literature in the school libraries.

The cooperation of lumbermen, the pulp and paper industry, and other users of forest products in developing a system of timber harvest that will provide for a sustained timber yield and make for better land-use on a permanent basis.

The reforestation of all idle lands not suited or needed for agriculture. To meet the demand for planting stock the facilities of the State Forest Nursery should be increased.

The fullest cooperation of the forest owners, the sportsmen, forest and game management officials in developing a program of wild life protection and management on a basis of mutual benefit.

An equitable system of taxation which will promote and make possible the growing of timber as an industry on practical business basis.

The cooperation of the state Highway Commission, advertisers, landowners and the public in developing, and maintaining the beauty of our highways.

The shortest and surest way to prove a work possible is to strenuously set about it.—South.

FLAME THROWER CULTIVATE COTTON

(The Charlotte Observer)

Jets of 2,200-degree flames are replacing cotton hoers on his plantation, and crops farmed in this fashion apparently are faring better than those in companion fields cultivated in the traditional manner.

The machine kills the grass; seemingly doesn't injure the cotton.

Captain Price McLemore, who has been called from his farm to Gunter field as a reserve officer, estimates throwers he devised can be built for one-mule plows at \$10 each and figures this type of cultivation costs only 10 cents an acre. He built a model himself on an outlay of \$5.

Flame cultivation is as simple as it is cheap. In the pilot models, one mounted on a hand-plow and a two-row outfit on the front of a tractor, fuel oil and compressed air are used to provide the flame.

Spouting from jets on either side of the row the flames strike the ground a couple of inches or so from the cotton stalks and blanket the area between. At present, a sweep plow is mounted behind the tractor to cultivate the middle in the ordinary manner.

The tractor moves at regular cultivating speed, and McLemore estimated that both grass and the cotton are subjected to a one-fifteenth of a second treatment of 2,200-degree heat.

Except for the withering of tenderest grass, there's apparently no change immediately as the tractor moves along. But four hours later

the seemingly uninjured grass turns brown and dies to its roots.

The representative of an implement company who came to look over McLemore's gadget reported his analysis showed that cells of the grass blades were exploded by steam generated within them and that the plant died of something similar to suffocation.

The stalk of the crop, being exceedingly thick (in comparison to grass), is able to distribute the heat so rapidly that no portion of the plant will be subjected to serious heating, whereas the thin blades of grass absorb but cannot readily dissipate the heat.

It works on corn as well as cotton, McLemore said.

The Alabama extension service is working with McLemore in developing the new method. Rows in the same field are being cultivated by different means, and actually those getting flame baths appear to have more blooms and look healthier.

McLemore got the idea two years ago when there was an exceptionally wet spring, and grass outran crops all over Alabama. McLemore fought with hoe and plow, but didn't make much headway. Then came a Sunday, and he leisurely turned the pages of the Montgomery Advertiser until his eyes fell upon an Associated Press photo of an Italian flame-throwing tank in action.

"That ought to fix that grass," was his reaction, but he adds: "I burned up a lot of cotton before I got any result except being called crazy."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. Betty Lee is in a Charlotte hospital for treatment. She received a serious injury to her knee by a fall.

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Mrs. Maud Harris, matron at Infirmary, is enjoying a vacation in Harrisonburg, Va., visiting her son.

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The School sold nine cows for beef to Mr. Reese Cook. They will be replaced by a herd of younger milk cows.

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Little Betty Hobby has returned home after summering in the mountains. the guest of relatives at Sherwood.

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Mr. John Russell, the laundry man has gone to the mountains of Western North Carolina to spend his vacation.

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Mrs. John Carriker is busily engaged making grape juice. The crop of grapes this year is beautiful and unusually good.

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Mr. Arthur Crider who has been crippled on account of some infection in his leg is recovering nicely. Mr. Crider is instructor in the Shoe Shop.

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The dairy barn steam boiler that has been in use for nearly twenty years has been condemned by an insurance inspector, so will soon be replaced by a new one .

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The officers of the School assembled on the campus with the intent to engage in a song service. The singing was soon discontinued on account

of not being familiar with the words.

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The boys at this institution are looking forward to the foot ball season. The boys are trying hard to get good positions on the team. The prospects are good for a cracking good team.

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It is interesting to hear the boys tell about a movie, "The Return of Dr. X," a very exciting picture, that gave most of the boys the "jitters." The little fellows, some of them, were afraid to go to their respective dormitories.

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Dicky Parker has returned to the School after an absence of several months for treatment at the N. C. Orthopedic Hospital. Dicky injured his hand while working on the ball ground. His hand has healed nicely and goes about his work as usual.

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The boys are now enjoying apple cider. A cider mill was borrowed from a neighbor, and apples from the orchard was made into cider. This is an unusual treat for the boys and they are enjoying it to the fullest extent.

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David Whitaker and wife visited the School last Sunday. He was known when here as "Little David" and at all times was manly and faithful to every charge. He now has a farm of eight acres near Raleigh. He is a carpenter by trade and built for himself a nice home.

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Burman Holland, one of the old

boys of the Jackson Training School, after an absence of two years returned to the School last week. He is now in the army and is stationed at Fort Bragg. He has been down in Porto Rico for maneuvers. He was there sixty days. His experience in fighting mosquitoes was intense.

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A member of the staff recently received a letter from James Leonard Wood, formerly of No. 12 Cottage who is in the U. S. Army. He has been in the Army about eighteen months and is stationed in the Panama Canal Zone. Leonard stated that he liked the Army fine but the weather is very hot in the Canal Zone. Leonard carries the rank of P. F. C. Leonard came to the School in March, 1938, from the Alexandria Schools at Union Mills and when leaving June 20, 1939, he was placed in Wake County where he worked on a farm and made good. We are glad to hear from Leonard and we wish him well.

—:—

We had a very unusual guest speaker at the preaching hour last Sunday. Mr. Eugene Davis, a prominent business man from Charlotte, introduced the speaker for the enjoyable occa-

sion. In the case it happened to be a lady instead of a man, and, her name was Mrs. R. E. Ramson, connected with the Travelers' Aid located in the Charlotte Southern Depot.

Mrs. Ramson grasped the attention of the boys very quickly and held it thus until a few minutes past the hour. To our surprise Mrs. Ramson is quiet a story teller, and no one gets too big to hear stories. She carried our minds on many trips around the globe. And she said, "the things one loves to do, we do most. "Why not make enjoyment out of all honorable work?"

Mrs. Ramson used to be a school teacher and she watched her students grow into manhood and womanhood. She gave advice to boys while they were young and growing up they became just like they intended to be. Some men were sad because they didn't pay very much attention to her while a lad in school.

Our kind speaker ended-up quoting many verses in the Bible. Listen! Mrs. Ramson said next time she was invited to come out she would tell some stories about "Uncle Remus." We are certainly going to look forward when she can come back.

—————:—————

Worry, so common to all of us, is based upon an uncertainty of the future. We fear that our employment may not be sure, that an accident may happen while we are traveling, that our health will not continue, or that we shall be unable to solve a present problem. Apparently it does no good to remember that most of our former worries concerned things that did not happen at all; we continue to worry over what may take place in the future. This is hardly good intelligence.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 24, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
Clarence Bell
Arcemias Heffner
Edward Moore
William O'Brien
Weaver F. Ruff
William Shannon
Fred Stuart

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser
N. A. Bennett
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
Everett Case
William Cook
Ralph Harris
Doris Hill
Carl Hooker
Joseph Howard
A. B. Hoyle
Jack Sutherland
Kenneth Tipton

COTTAGE NO. 2

Henry Barnes
Raymond Brooks
Charles Chapman
Jack Cline
Bernice Hoke
Edward Johnson
Ralph Kistler

COTTAGE NO. 3

Robert Hare

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver
Luther H. Coe
Quenton Crittenton
Aubrey Fargis
Donald Hobbs
Morris Johnson
William C. Jordan
William Morgan
J. W. McRorie

Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Robert Dellinger
William Gentry
Eugene Kermon

COTTAGE NO. 6

Fred Bostian
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
Vollie McCall
Charles Pittman
Hubert Smith
Wesley Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

Hurley Bell
Henry B. Butler
Richard Harvell
J. B. Hensley
Carl Justice
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash
Edward Overby
Jack Reeves
Ernest Turner
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Cecil Bennett
Thomas Britt
Jesse Cunningham

COTTAGE NO. 9

David Cunningham
Robert Dunning
Eugene Dyson
James Hale
Edgar Hedgepeth
Grady Kelly
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis

William Nelson
Lewis B. Sawyer
Robert Tidwell

COTTAGE NO. 10

Roy Barnett
Amon Dryman
Jack Harward
John Lee
Charles Phillips
Jack Warren
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 12

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Bayard Aldridge
James Brewer
Charles Gaddy
James Lane
Jack Mathis
Charles Metcalf
Randall D. Peeler
Melvin Roland
Paul Roberts
Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
William Butler
Edward Carter
Mack Coggins
Robert Deyton
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
Henry Glover
John Hamm

William Harding
Marvin King
Feldman Lane
William Lane
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoy
John Maples
Glenn McCall
Norvell Murphy
John Reep
John Robbins
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 15

William Barrier
James Deatherage
Paul Deal
John Gibson
John Howard
James Ledford
Lawton McDowell
Paul Morris
Floyd Puckett
Marvin Pennell
Ventry Smith
William Whittington
David Williams
Alton Williams
Basil Weatherington
Bennie Wilhelm

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
Cecir Jacobs
James Johnson
Harvey Ledford
John T. Lowry
Leroy Lowry
Varcy Oxendine
Louis Stafford

Correction does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.



SEP 8 1941

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 6, 1941

No. 36

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A MINUTE

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—
But minutes of gold and hours sublime
If we'll use them once in a while
To make someone happy, to make someone
smile!

A minute may dry a little lad's tears;
An hour sweep aside the trouble of years.
Minutes of my time may bring to an end
Hopelessness, somewhere—and give me a
friend!

—Author Unknown.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

When John D. Rockefeller made his first million he wasn't surprised. He had simply been faithful to a deliberately thoughtful program. When he was sixty years old, he made up his mind he would live to be one hundred. So he made a set of rules, and followed them with the same faith. These rules have now become the "ten commandments of health":

1. Never lose interest in life and the world.
2. Eat sparingly at regular hours.
3. Take plenty of exercise, but not too much.
4. Get plenty of sleep.
5. Never allow yourself to become annoyed.
6. Set a daily schedule of life, and keep it.
7. Get a lot of sunshine.
8. Drink as much milk as will agree with you.
9. Obey your doctor, and consult him often.
10. Don't "overdo" anything.

—Sunshine Magazine.

BOYS' TOWN

The latest and most pleasing news item is that there is a movement to give the underprivileged boys of this part of country a chance to become useful citizens. Our own townsman and highly esteemed citizen, Dr. T. N. Spencer, has donated one hundred and forty-four acres of land for what is most familiarly known as Boys Town. The masses of the people are familiar with the activities of Father Flannigan's Boys Town and the value of such a humanitarian institution through the press and movie theaters.

From reports we have learned that a committee of active and interested citizens from Concord has been appointed to work out plans for the development of this noble project, so that the under-

privileged boy will be safe guarded against pit-falls and become an asset instead of a liability to any community.

Dr. Spencer's donation of one hundred and forty-four acres of land for Boy's Town is a fine nucleus for a work that will not alone start many boys out on the right foot with visions of a new life, but will enrich the souls of the instructors who inspire the guests to higher ideals.

This expression of interest, despite the fact Dr. Spencer is a very busy man, shows he takes time to think upon such subjects, as salvaging of human souls, from which greater dividends are realized than those measured by the yardstick of superior financing.

Then are times when people become weary of the mad whirl of today and conclude the future holds but little hope for the poor unfortunates, but the generous gifts of philanthropists give a fresh impetus to many lonely and cheerless homes where there are little ones to be given a chance. We commend Dr. Spencer, his ambition to render a service to the underprivileged is a noble one, and one that is worthy of emulation.

We bespeak for this new venture success, and now that the committee in charge will not leave a stone unturned so that the dream of the promoter will be realized and Boy's Town will stand as a glorious monument to all who contribute to the cause.

“There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.”—Alice Cary.

* * * * *

BOYS' TRICKS

Without the youth of the land, especially the cunning and mischievous boy, life would be dull. Don't ever get obsessed with the idea that a boy is not thinking, for he is. If he enters a sport or contest or accepts a challenge to contribute to a most worthy cause, he puts on his thinking-cap with the grim determination to win. He resorts to short cuts sometimes, though not intending to be dishonest or unfair, to meet any emergency.

When the call recently went out for old aluminum as a contribution toward national defense, the boys in every nook and corner of respective communities answered the call. The aluminum thus collected had to be delivered at some theatre, and the reward for this

service was a free pass to the movie. It goes without emphasizing that a boy has passions for a wild west show or something similar thereto. During the collection of aluminum we have heard of many rather humorous tricks local boys played on their parents and neighbors. In one instance a little fellow about ten years of age, with the face of a cherub, walked into the theatre with a bright, shiny aluminum coffee pot. The manager was a little suspicious, but let the handsome little fellow pass into the show, although he detected that the pot was warm and still contained coffee grounds. Not a word was said to the youngster, but the expected happened—the mother called and claimed her aluminum pot.

Another interesting story is to the effect that the manager of a theatre in Charlotte heard some dashing and throwing aluminum about in the room where it has been stored. Upon investigation he found a lady looking for her brand new, twelve-dollar aluminum boiler, and it was found. Another story comes from the city of Concord. A prominent business man's wife had gone out for the afternoon, and had admonished friend husband to water some flowers on the porch and in the yard. He did so, using a large aluminum kettle, almost new, to take the water from one flower-box to the other. Having finished his task, he sat down on the porch to rest. The weather was hot and the shady porch offered such relief that he soon fell asleep. His wife returned, and soon had occasion to use the aluminum vessel. Not being able to find it, she asked hubby if he had used it in watering the flowers, to which he replied that he had, but could not offer a satisfactory explanation as to its disappearance from the porch. It was learned that a boy in that community had called upon the ladies a few days previous asking them to put their discarded aluminum vessels out on the porches and they would be collected. Seeing the kettle on the porch, he thought it had been placed there by the good lady of the house, and not wishing to disturb the gentleman enjoying his siesta after his long strenuous labors, the youngster just added it to his collection. We later learned that on the following day the tired business man was seen frantically scrambling in a huge pile of pots and kettles, finally coming up smiling, grasping the lost utensil, and was soon on his way home to make peace with his enraged spouse.

The technique of a boy's caprices is difficult to understand. To

meet and satisfactorily adjust boys' problems one not only has to be tactful, but must also have an understanding heart. Once upon a time a local teacher asked a young student to give a definition of the word "wind," to which the youngster replied, "wind is air in a hurry." If permitted to paraphrase a little, we would say that a boy is a bundle of nerves in a hurry. A boy's motives, when thoroughly diagnosed, are usually good, but he frequently acts without thinking. The future career of any youngster reflects the environment and discipline of early home life. There is an old saying, "as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined", and the same holds true in childhood. One thing those who are permitted to train young children should recall is that they, too, were young once.

* * * * *

PLAYGROUNDS NEEDED

In this issue of The Uplift we carry an interesting article, "Playgrounds for Smithfield Children," taken from the editorial page of the Smithfield Herald. This article shows that Smithfield people fully understand the value of childhood. From an economic viewpoint it takes less money to make a place for development, morally and physically, of a crowd of children than would be required for keeping several delinquents for an unlimited period of time in a public correctional institution.

The city of Concord is sadly in need of public playgrounds for children who do not have any place to play but in the streets or in the back lots. The needs of the situation are acute, and we predict that in the near future the city fathers will arise and meet the demands. They have met other progressive movements for our city with grace and wisdom.

* * * * *

WARNING TO BICYCLE RIDERS

More bicycle riders were killed in North Carolina the first seven months of this year than were killed during the entire twelve months of last year, the Highway Safety Division reported recently.

Accident records show that 25 bicycle riders met with death on

the streets and highways of this state from January through July of this year, an 80 per cent increase over the 14 cyclists killed the first seven months of 1940 and a 25 per cent increase over the total of 20 cyclists killed all last year. A majority of the riders killed were boys, and most of them were killed because of violations of the rules of safe riding.

Warning that bicycles are classed as vehicles under the State law, and that cyclists must obey the same general traffic regulations that apply to motor vehicles, Ronald Hocutt, director of the Highway Safety Division, listed the following 12 rules for bicycling with complete safety:

1. Refrain from "clever" or "stunt" riding.
2. Dismount and walk across dangerous intersections.
3. Keep to the right and close to the edge of the roadway.
4. Learners should ride in a park or other safe places.
5. Ride without wobbling; avoid sharp turns.
6. Say "No" to anyone desiring to ride as a passenger.
7. Never hitch onto a moving vehicle.
8. At night, carry a light in front and either a light or reflector in the rear.
9. Stop for all stop signs.
10. If parcels are carried, strap them to the frame or place in a basket carrier.
11. Avoid crowded streets and heavily traveled highways.
12. Keep yourself and your bike in good condition.

"If bicycle riders will obey those simple rules this business of one bicycle fatality every week will be stopped in North Carolina," Hocutt said.

BATTLESHIP NORTH CAROLINA PASSES TEST CRUISE

By John A. Moroso in Richmond Times-Dispatch

(Lieutenant-Commander John T. Tuthill Jr., public relations officer of the Third Naval District, arranged for representatives of the press to make a trip aboard the battleship North Carolina. The Associated Press sent its ship news reporter, John A. Moroso 3rd., on this voyage, which was conducted so secretly that the quests did not know where they were going, what they would do and when they would return. They learned quickly enough that the battleship had put to sea to test her powerful armament. Battered from the pounding blasts of 16-inch rifles, Moroso wrote this story, which was subject to naval approval).

Standing on the windswept fore-castle of this mighty battleship, I saw and heard Uncle Sam's sailors fire the greatest salvo from one ship in naval history—a collective blast that sent more than 20,000 pounds of metal from the flame-belching muzzles of 19 glistening grey guns.

Marking a new era in the hitting power of fighting ships, this terrific salvo sent me reeling blindly across the slippery, spray-drenched deck while I clutched my cotton-padded ears and thought of hell and heaven.

The majestic bow of the 35,000-ton North Carolina—one of the Navy's two newest and largest battleships—quivered sharply to port and starboard, the ship gave a slight list and settled quickly as the shells screamed into the night air.

Crew members and guests sent up a mighty cheer when they learned that the North Carolina had passed her tests. No one had known how she would react because never had such a powerful salvo been fired from a single vessel.

It was touched off at 8:30 P. M. when Captain Olaf M. Hustvedt, stern-faced but calm, climbed onto the fore-top high above the main deck and took his place beside the trigger.

His stocky, strongly-built figure silhouetted against a brilliant background of stars, was a source of strength to the frightened newsmen crouching on the fore-castle.

Informed that his crew was at battle station, Captain Hustvedt, 55, stepped forward and gently squeezed the trigger that made naval history.

A huge flame of red, blue, green and purple burst from the nine 16-inch guns trained over the port side. Short, sharp flames darted from the 10 five-inch dual purpose guns and the crescendo of thunder seemed to carry beyond the horizon as the shells whistled away.

Most of us wilted after the "big noise" but we felt like better men and we were proud of our Navy.

We had been conditioning our guns and our bodies for three days with single, double and triple shots and we thought our numbed ear drums and powder-choked eyes had experienced the worst.

The terrible blast, we learned later, was much worse than any that would

be fired from the \$70,000,000 vessel if she were to engage in battle. Trial tests include every possible type of fire to prove the strength of structure and guns.

Lieutenant-Commander Thomas B. Hill, Cripple Creek, Col., the gunnery officer, gave this as his reaction.

"The news here is that we got them all fired without hurting any one."

This salvo cost \$23,750.

Its effect on some of the green sailors was magnificent. In a few moments, raw country boys from nearly every State in the Union became sailors, strutting and swaggering along the main deck and bragging on the feats of their individual turrets and batteries.

The result showed that the North Carolina was a real sea lady, strong, proud, brave and ready for the call to join the line.

The three-day firing did slight damage usual to new ships. A few light bulbs burst and some lightweight frame locker doors buckled under the pressure waves that swept the ship from stem to stern.

We boarded the North Carolina, sister ship of the Washington, after a thrilling dash on a new motor torpedo boat, one of the fleet of craft commonly known as mosquito boats and famed for their speed, rough ridding and well-trained crews.

The Navy treated us to a ringside view of the catapulting of three new, fast Navy scout planes as our ship and her escorting vessels put out to sea. The planes roared away, circled the ship and darted off to their land base.

The first night out fog enveloped the ghostly, blacked-out ship and the

fog-horn kept us awake, shivering, in our deck cots .

The next night was clear and the serene beauty of the northern lights lulled us to sleep as the mighty craft plowed through cold and calm seas.

Watching the gunfire in between tours of the ship and satisfying ravenous appetites in the wardroom took up most of our time.

Critiques with Commander Andrew G. Shepard, executive officer, gave us tastes of naval back-ground and technical knowledge at night.

The first night out an accompanying warship detected an underwater sound that might have come from a submarine, whale or blackfish. The usual investigation was made and everybody ho-hummed at the idea of a submarine penetrating American waters.

The cruise in this rolling blue ocean traversed 1,200 miles and was marked by a neat transfer of newsmen from the North Carolina to an escorting warship. Halfway across the pitching sea, the whale boat's rudder came loose and sturdy sailors effected repairs calmly and smoothly.

I came back with the sting of salt in my face, the lilted feel of the rolling deck in my legs and the firm conviction that Secretary of Navy Knox was right when he said we soon would have the most powerful Navy in the world. It was a comfort to know that six ships of the North Carolina type will be constructed.

The North Carolina is a powerful daughter of Mars, the morale of her men is fine—and they are ready for general quarters (battle stations) at any time.

A PLAYGROUND FOR SMITHFIELD CHILDREN

(Smithfield Herald)

The town board of commissioners has committed itself to a playground for Smithfield. An appeal went up to the members recently from the city recreation council on which are represented the churches, the civic and service clubs and the city administration itself. The city governing board heard with favor the appeal and on no less authority than the mayor himself it is stated that a substantial sum has been set aside by verbal agreement to provide the much needed playground.

What the recreation council has in mind is a playground centrally located and sufficiently large to provide a ball diamond for budding Babe Ruths, a cement skating rink, tennis courts, a wading pool for small children, sand piles, see saws and swings for the little tots.

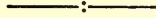
Under consideration has been the old fairgrounds site on Sixth street, which can be purchased at a reasonable price, but investigation revealed that the Pou-Parrish Post of the American Legion has a fifteen-year lease on this property, only five years of which has expired. However the fence and fairgrounds equipment has been removed from this lot during the summer, and negotiations with the Legion Post might secure a release of the lease. This site would be suitable for such a playground as has been outlined, though a desirable feature,—shade trees—is lacking. Time would remedy this, and the placing of trees where they would not interfere with

the sports suggested would be an advantage.

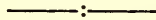
The playground movement might be considered a development of a growing sentiment over a period of years. Almost the first activity of the Woman's Club, organized more than 25 years ago, was the purchase of playground equipment which was placed on the school grounds in front of the only school building Smithfield had at that time. The late Mrs. H. L. Skinner was the leader in the movement; and for years the clank of the giant stride and the creak of the other play devices could be heard. The apparatus wore out and the school grew until there was no adequate space for such equipment. The Methodist church joined in the early movement and even now swings on the west side of the church which have survived hard usage are enjoyed by children. Other temporary playgrounds have arisen and fallen; tennis courts have been built and then moved. No permanency could be counted on when the property was owned by private citizens. Now it is recognized that the town needs a regular playground, owned by the city on which equipment may be placed without fear of it being moved.

The administration is showing alertness when it sets aside a sum to be invested in the play life of Smithfield's childhood. Dividends may not show up in dollars and cents but they will show up in sturdy

bodies and keen minds, in good sportsmanship and friendly neighborliness. The recreation council and the city administration should be accorded every cooperation as they work out their plans.



One man gets nothing but discord out of a piano; another gets harmony. No one claims the piano is at fault. Life is about the same. The discord is there, and the harmony is there. Study to play it correctly, and it will give forth the beauty; play it falsely, and it will give forth the ugliness. Life is not at fault.



GEN. TRIMBLE CREDITED WITH GREATEST FEAT OF CIVIL WAR

By Dr. Archibald Henderson

It is now more than three-quarters of a century since General Isaac Ridgeway Trimble, gallant Virginian, able engineer, and splendid soldier, commanded two brigades of Pender's Division at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 31, 1863. So far as I have been able to discover, no North Carolina writer or historian has made the slightest attempt to memorialize this distinguished Confederate leader who personally led his men at Gettysburg, was grievously wounded in the great charge, was captured by the enemy, and remained for almost two years a prisoner in Union hospitals and prisons.

No sketch or picture of General Trimble, so far as I can ascertain, has ever appeared in any North Carolina newspaper, magazine, pamphlet, or book. It is never too late to rectify **such reprehensible neglect**; and the splendid record of this great soldier clamors for deserved recognition, however, belated on the part of North Carolinians.

As the result of extended studies, in which I have been greatly aided by General Trimble's grandson, Dr. Isaac Ridgeway Trimble of Baltimore, the custodian of the family papers, I shall attempt to set down here, in necessarily restricted space, the main facts of General Trimble's life and, in particular, of his military career.

Isaac Ridgeway Trimble was born in Culpepper county, Virginia, May 15, 1802. He was graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1822. He then served for 10 years in the United States Army, resigning his commission in 1832. His tastes and aptitudes were for the engineering profession. For 29 years he practiced the progression of railroad engineering, in which he was highly proficient. This was an era of rapidly expanding railroad development; and Trimble was concerned in the location and building of a number of railroad systems.

In May, 1861, Trimble threw in his lot with the Confederate cause and

entered the service of his native state, receiving the rank of colonel of engineers. General Lee assigned to him the task of constructing a chain of forts and field works for the defense of Norfolk. Not long after the successful completion of these defenses, he was commissioned brigadier general by the Confederate Government and ordered to join General Joseph E. Johnston at Centreville, Virginia.

Under instructions from the Confederate War Department, General Johnston directed him to construct batteries at Evansport on the Potomac River, so as to close the river against the navigation of United States vessels. Without the knowledge of the enemy, these batteries were speedily erected; and they proved their value and efficiency by effectually blockading the river during the winter of 1861-1862.

In November General Trimble took command of the Seventh Brigade in General Ewell's Division. When Ewell was ordered to join "Stonewall" Jackson in the Valley of Virginia, in the spring of 1862, General Trimble entered upon severe military service in the field. He and his brigade took part in all the battles of the Valley, including Front Royal, May 22; Winchester, May 25; Cross Keys, June 8, and Fort Republic, June 9, 1862. The Seventh Brigade consisted of the Twenty-first North Carolina, Twenty-first Georgia, Fifteenth Alabama, and Courtney's Battery, commanded by Lieutenant, later, Captain Latimer.

At the battle of Cross Keys, the Seventh Brigade played a prominent part. Courtney's Battery, under the command of Captain Latimer, was the only one which kept up its fire until the close of the action. The infantry, with General Ewell's consent,

occupied an advanced position on the right, selected by General Trimble, who with his engineer's training, had a fine eye for ground. Here the brigade sustained a vigorous charge by a Federal division, and repulsed with heavy loss the enemy who were seeking to turn the Confederate right. After retreating in disorder, the Federal division was reformed on the opposite hill. Trimble's brigade now charged the enemy's position and drove them, with their batteries, entirely from the field, bringing the battle to a successful conclusion. The loss to the Federal division in killed and wounded exceeded the number in General Trimble's entire command.

After the Valley Campaign, General Jackson was ordered to join General Lee in the defense of Richmond. In the prolonged conflict of the "Seven Days around Richmond," when General McClellan's army was driven back to the James River, the Seventh Brigade bore a prominent part. At the battle of Cold Harbor, June 27, 1862, this brigade especially distinguished itself. After four hours of desperate fighting along the entire line, this brigade, led in person by Trimble, was the first to charge the enemy's position and drive it from its defenses. At the battle of Slaughter's Mountain, August 9, General Trimble led forward the Fifteenth Maryland, Twenty-first North Carolina, and Twenty-first Georgia and drove the enemy with their batteries from the field. By August 11, Pope had been driven two miles from his selected position, with considerable loss.

Previous to the second battle of Manassas, Jackson's army marched upon Pope's flank; and on the night of August 26 was in his rear at Bristoe Station. On the afternoon of that

day, General Trimble sent a note by his courier to General Jackson, conveying information that he had obtained regarding the force at Manassas, and offering to attempt the capture that night of this important depot, where large supplies of rations and material were stored. At 10 p. m., while the men were sleeping after a hard day's march, an aide-de-camp aroused General Trimble and delivered to him the following message: "General Jackson directs me to say to you that you can, if you choose, take Manassas Station tonight. He leaves it to your discretion."

Without delay, General Trimble with the remnants of two regiments, the Twenty-first Georgia, numbering no more than five hundred men, and with no batteries, set out upon this difficult and hazardous undertaking.

They marched for four miles in the darkness, the last half-mile being under heavy artillery fire; and by midnight they had taken the place, capturing more men than were in their own command, two batteries of light guns, and the immense quantity of stores concentrated there for the supply of Pope's army. At the time, Jackson's army was entirely without rations, and the large amount captured here for the relief of the half-famished soldiers, may have contributed as much as anything else to the successful engagements with Pope's army in the three days' fighting at Second Manassas which immediately ensued.

This brilliant feat, carried out by General Trimble with a small force, half of whom were North Carolinians, should be a source of pride to the people of North Carolina, although no mention of it is found in any North Carolina history.

"Stonewall" Jackson was greatly impressed by this brilliant midnight achievement, which effectively replenished his supply of rations. He expressed his warm appreciation to General Trimble in a note written two hours after the capture of Manassas:

"I congratulate you on the great success which God has given you. You deserve promotion to a major general."

The opinion in the last sentence was no idle commendation. For soon afterwards, General Jackson recommended Trimble for a major-generalcy. In his recommendation to the War department, after praising General Trimble's conduct in battle, General Jackson unequivocally wrote:

"I regard the capture of Manassas Station at night, after a march of 30 miles without food, as the most brilliant achievement that has come under my notice during the war."

I have had the privilege of holding in my hand General Trimble's diary, which is in a small, leather-bound book, four by five and three-quarter inches in size. Although much worn from rough usage in the campaigns, is in moderately good condition. Most of the notes are in pencil, evidently jotted down in great haste; and they are difficult to decipher. This diary, edited by William Starr Myers, graduate of the University of North Carolina, class of 1899, and professor of politics and government at Princeton, is found in the Maryland Historical Magazine, March, 1922. Some quotations from this diary, which covers the period from July 14, 1862, to April 22, 1864, will be made by me in the sequel. As an example of General Trimble's extreme modesty, note the

entry concerning the capture of Manassas Station.

Extracts From Diary

At the Second Battle of Manassas, on August 29th, General Trimble received a severe wound in the leg, which incapacitated him for five months. Follow below some extracts from the diary:

August 26 night. I with 2 Regts. captured Manassas Junction and 8 pieces artillery—vast stores, etc.

I was wounded on the 29th in the leg by an explosive ball which broke the bone and inflicted a bad wound—was carried to a Mr. Foote's and thence to Front Royal, where we passed a month most pleasantly in the family of Mrs. Cloud, a lady and her daughters of great dignity and loveliness of character.

15th Oct. left F. Royal with deep regret—cherishing a lasting regard for the Cloud family. Went to Staunton and was fortunate in gaining an admittance in to the family of Mr. Opie, a mile from town. (Here, within a month's time, he was joined by his wife Ann and son Sam.)

Nov. 16 . . . N. B.—On 22nd Sept. Gen. Jackson recommended me for promotion—stating that “the capture of Manassas by two small regiments after a march of 30 miles was the most brilliant exploit of the war.” Many prisoners, 100 horses and eight pieces of artillery were taken and retained.

Dec. 17th. Left Staunton for Ch'ville—paid Mr. Opie \$100 per month for self, wife, Frank and Alfred (last two presumably servants). Marched C'ville and went to Mrs. Carr's where we found every desired comfort.

January 10th. Reported for duty in consequence of a letter from Gen. Jackson, proposing for me to join the

army and occupy a room, taking command of his Div. until a march, when my place in the Div. could not be filled temporarily. My wound not well, but I can sit up all day and write, read and converse.

Jan. 25. Rec'd orders to join Gen-Jackson at F'burg.

Jan. 28. Left Charlottesville for the army—and reached Gen. Jackson's Hdqrs. same day—2 days with him.

Jan. 31. Order placing me in command of Jackson's old Div.

Feb. 1. Assumed command—and issued an address to the men.

Feb. 24th . . . Wrote to Gen Lee on subject of plan of campaign against Washington in the spring.

March 27th. Sent Gen. Lee yesterday a plan for crossing the river, attacking Hooker and marching to Alexa.

April 27th moved from Hdqrs. to Richmond—as the raid of the Yankee Calvary blocked the crossroad—and Frank fell into their hands and lost all our horses.

Monday, May 18th '63—Continued to improve rapidly (from a “fearful relapse” he suffered on April 13, followed by erysipelas, which, he noted in his diary, (“came near being fatal”), riding out daily—started at 6 a. m. for Chocco Springs, Warren Co. N. C. and reached Warrenton at 7—a long journey for an invalid and rather too much for me—however I felt refreshed by a sound night's sleep and started at 6 for the Springs by stage—arriving at breakfast, which was eaten with a good appetite . . .

Paid Highest Compliment

General Jackson paid General Trimble the highest compliment in his power by offering him the command of the famous “Stonewall Division,”

which was his own command. This was after Jackson's promotion to command of the first corps. By accepting the offer, General Trimble became the first commanding officer of the "Stone-wall Division," after Jackson's promotion.

In an article by General Trimble, which was published in volume 26 of the Southern Historical Society Papers, he continues the narrative from the point in the diary where we have just left off. The narrative begins as follows:

Trimble Publishes Article

May 18, 1863. Left Richmond for Shocco Springs, N. C., to hasten recovery from a wounded leg and a desperate attack of camp erysipelas.

June 18th. Feeling sufficiently recovered to return to duty, I wrote to General Lee with the freedom of an old acquaintance, requesting to be placed on service with him in the Army of Northern Virginia. In reply General Lee said: "I have other and more agreeable service for you. I wish you to take command in the Valley of Virginia and of all the troops now in it, your headquarters at Staunton, and that you should undertake what I have long desired, to brigade all the Marylanders and form them into one corps, and I will have issued what orders you desire to effect this object."

He jocosely concluded his letter by saying in his peculiar and pleasant way, which however regarded as mere bandinage by many, always contained some point by hinting at an object to be attained, or suggesting some effort which might be made to promote the success of a campaign: "You shall have full permission to capture Milroy and all his stores which we very

much need at this time."

June 19th. Received orders to take command of the Valley and repair to Staunton. On reaching that place the 22nd, on horseback, I found that all the forces in the valley had moved, or were under orders for Maryland. I continued down the Valley to overtake General Lee and report to him, which I did the afternoon of 24th June, near Berryville. As soon as the courtesies of meeting had passed, he said: "You are tired and hungry. If you will step down to the mess, you may find some remains of a fine mutton which some kind friends have sent us, and after eating come up and we will talk." (General Lee had dined, but finished before his staff, as was his custom).

On returning I found him alone by his tent and said: "Well, General, you have taken away all my troops. What am I to do." He kindly replied: "Yes, we had no time to wait for you, but you must go with us to help conquer Pennsylvania." He continued to speak, and said: "We have again out-manuevered the enemy, who even now don't know where we are or what are our designs. Our whole army will be in Pennsylvania the day after tomorrow, leaving the enemy far behind, and obliged to follow as by forced marches. I hope with these advantages to accomplish some signal result, and to end the war if Providence favors us."

The die was cast. The great Gettysburg Campaign, so ingeniously planned but eventually thwarted by so many mishaps, misfortunes, and mistakes, was under way. The fate of the Confederacy, the fate of the Nation, were at stake, in this mighty gamble with Fate.

THE WILL OF ANDREW JACKSON

By Doris Goerch

I've got a copy of Andrew Jackson's will up at my home in Warrenton and some books that are over a hundred years old," Mr. J. A. Dowtin calmly announced in our office last week. "I'd like to have you come up and see them some day."

Of course we were interested; so we went up to Warrenton about two days later and this is what we found.

Mr. Dowtin is eighty years old and has a house full of antiques. He's got an old desk in his bedroom for which he has been offered \$200, but he isn't particularly interested in selling it. Then, too, there's his collection of old books.

"I went to a sale of books when they closed an old school near here many years ago," Mr. Dowtin told us. "They were busy auctioning them off and I put in a bid of twenty-five cents. I didn't think any more about it because I was sure someone else had bid higher. As I was leaving the hall the auctioneer called me back and asked me for a quarter. I found out that I had been the highest bidder on that box of books and I had to cart those things home. My wife wasn't particularly thrilled with the idea of having a box of old books in the house, but when I sold one or two of them for forty or fifty dollars several years later, she thought better of my shopping ability."

In the collection of books, which he still has, is a copy of the acts of congress, published in 1790. The laws were signed by such notables as George Washington, John Adams and Nathaniel Macon.

The book that was the most interesting to us was published in 1840 and is entitled "Monument to the Memory of General Andrew Jackson." It contains twenty-five eulogies and sermons delivered when he died, and in the back is his proclamation, his farewell address and a certified copy of his last will. It was this last item that attracted our special attention.

Jackson left the larger part of his estate to his adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Jr., and the younger Jackson's wife, Sarah. Andrew Jackson, Jr., had gone into debt, according to the will, and most of the elder Jackson's estate was left to cover these debts.

The second section of the will reads: "That all my just debts to be paid out of my personal and real estate by my executor; for which purpose to meet the debt my good friends Gen'l J. B. Planchin & Co., of New Orleans, for the sum of six thousand dollars with the intrest accruing thereon, loaned to me to meet the debt due by A. Jackson, Jun. for purchase of the plantation from Hiram G. Runnels, lying on the east bank of the river Mississippi."

Also to young Andrew and his wife, Jackson left several Negro slaves. To his nephew, Andrew J. Donelson, he gave "the elegant sword presented to me by the state of Tennessee, with this injunction that he fail not to use when necessary in support and protection of our glorious union, and for the protection of the constitutional rights of our beloved country, should

they be assailed by foreign countries."

He bequeathed another "elegant sword" which was presented to him by the Rifle Company of New Orleans, commanded by Capt. Beal, to Andrew Jackson Coffee, his namesake. Still another sword from his collection was left to his grandson, Andrew Jackson, son of A. Jackson, Jun." This sword was the present of the citizens of Philadelphia.

"The pocket spyglass which was used by Gen'l Washington during the Revolutionary War, and presented to me by Mr. Curtis, having been burned with my dwelling-house, the Hermitage, with many other invaluable relics, I can make no disposition of them."

Jackson always thought that he was a native of South Carolina, as is shown by this sentence from his will: "The gold box presented to me by the corporation of the City of New York, the large silver vase presented to me by the ladies of Charleston, South Carolina, my native state, with the large picture representing the unfurling of the American banner, presented to me by the citizens of South Carolina when it was refused to be accepted by the United States Senate, I will leave in trust to my son A. Jackson, Jun., with directions that should our happy country not be blessed with peace, an event not always to be expected, he will at the close of the war or end of the conflict, present each of said articles of inestimable value, to that patriot residing in the city or state from which they were presented, who shall be adjudged by his countrymen or the ladies to have been the most valiant in defence of his country and our country's rights."

Following the copy of the will, is the correspondence between Commander J. D. Elliott of the United States Navy and Jackson in which Com. Elliott offers Jackson a sarcophagus, which he had got in Palestine. It was believed to have contained the remains of the Roman Emperor, Alexander Severus. Jackson answered the Commander's offer by saying, "The whole proceedings of the presentation call for my most grateful thanks, which are hereby tendered to you, and through you to the president and directors of the National Institute. But with the warmest sensations that can inspire a grateful heart, I must decline accepting the honour intended to be bestowed. I cannot consent that my mortal body shall be laid in a repository prepared for an emperor or a king, My republican feelings and principles forbid it; the simplicity of our system of government forbids it. I cannot permit my remains to be the first in these United States to be deposited in a sarcophagus made for an emperor or king. I have prepared a humble depository for my mortal body wherein lies my beloved wife, where without any pomp or parade, I have requested, when my God calls me to sleep with my fathers, to be laid."

The sarcophagus was presented to the National Institute in Washington.

When we were thanking Mr. Dowtin for the information concerning Jackson's will we invited him to come down to Raleigh some time. He again reminded us that he was eighty years old and didn't travel as much as he used to. "You know," he said. "I was born in 1860—that was a mighty long long time ago."

We agreed with him and asked if

he remembered anything about the Civil War.

"I was still a little boy when Sherman came through Warrenton and camped on the outskirts of town," Mr. Dowtin said. "I do remember wandering away from home one day, though and nearly frightening my mother to death. They searched for

me for quite some time and then sent my nurse up to Sherman's camp. There I sat quite cool and collected, enjoying my lunch which I was eating with Sherman and his men."

Mr. Dowtin may be eighty years old, but he's quite spry for his years, and he's always glad to see visitors when they come through Warrenton.

TAKE TIME TO LIVE

Take time to live;
 The world has much to give,
 Of faith and hope and love;
 Of faith that life is good,
 That human brotherhood
 Shall no illusion prove;
 Of hope that future years
 Shall bring the best in spite
 Of those whose darkened sight
 Would stir our doubts and fears;
 Of love that makes of life,
 With all of its griefs, a song;
 A friend of conquered wrong;
 A symphony of strife.
 Take time to live,
 Nor to vain mammon give
 Your fruitful years.

Take time to live;
 The world has so much to give
 Of sweet content; of joy
 At duty bravely done;
 Of hope, that every sun
 Shall bring more fair employ.
 Take time to live,
 For life has so much to give
 Despite the cynic's sneer
 That all's forever wrong;
 There's much that calls for song.
 To fate lend not your ear.
 Take time to live;
 The world has much to give.

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

By Winifred Heath

People have wondered how Bach managed to produce such magnificent music with such poor instruments. There was no concert grand in his time; only the tinkling clavichord, harpsichord, and spinet, all humble yet very necessary ancestors of the modern piano. There was, however, the organ, the ancient, honored instrument of the church which all manner of men, laymen, monks and lordly abbots, had worked to perfect. There were fine organs even in Bach's time and Germany was a most musical country. There was something deep and strong in the character of Bach which could only express itself fully in the voice of a great organ—in a mighty fugue, a noble chorale, or a solemn mass. That is no doubt why so much of his music was written for this king of instruments.

Like so many other great men Bach had a rather unhappy childhood for he lost his parents when he was ten and was sent to live with an elder brother. Christopher seems to have been a rather grumpy sort of individual and although himself an organist was little interested in his young brother's ambitions.

Johann had soon mastered the pieces his brother taught him and looked around for something harder. Often he had seen in a music cabinet a most fascinating book with many pieces which he longed to try. But Christopher would not hear of it and forbade him to go near the cabinet. However, the temptation proved too much for our little Johann and one moonlight night he crept downstairs on bare feet, got the precious volume and tiptoed

with it to his room. This went on for six months and at last it was all copied. Unhappily he left a few sheets on the table in the music room which his brother found and demanded all the rest. Poor little Johann must have been very unhappy but he loved music too much to give up in spite of Christopher.

At the age of fifteen he left his brother's house and went to Luneburg to a church school where he amazed his teachers by his clever playing of the harpsichord. He also sang in the choir but later his brother Michael came along with a much finer voice and Johann had to take a back seat. However, he stayed with his organ music right along and before long was a fine performer. One day he heard that a then famous organist was to play on the instrument in St. Katherine's Church at Hamburg. Immediately he decided that he must hear this great man play but just how was he going to get there? He had only enough money for simple lodgings and food, certainly not enough to take any kind of a vehicle and Hamburg was twenty-five miles away. Most boys would have given up but not young Bach who decided to walk there.

It proved so wonderful that he forgot how tired he was and made up his mind to do it again as soon as possible. On one trip he stayed over too long, unable to tear himself away from that wonderful organ music. This meant that all his funds were gone and he could neither have a roof over his head or anything to eat. It looked very dismal and his state of

mind was not helped by the delicious smells which came from an open door in an inn as he passed by. He stood there a minute when someone upstairs opened a window and threw out two herring heads. Young Bach decided that starved as he was even a herring head was better than nothing. But as he picked them up a gold coin fell out of each head, to the lad's amazement. A miracle surely! Anyway with that money he was not only able to get a hearty meal but he had some left with which to come back again. One wonders if it was a kindly soul who had noted young Johann's woebegone expression and chose this novel way of helping him out.

At the age of eighteen Johann's long dream became a reality and he was organist in a church at the small town of Arnstadt. The salary was small but he had ample time to study and compose. Even then he loved to extemporize, to turn into sound the musical thoughts that ran through his head all day long and sometimes in the night. Sometimes this gift of his got him into trouble for he forgot all about the congregation and even the choir, which were left stranded in the middle of some chorale while their leader played a lot of lovely

ærosm in ætthæ ton æism

Later he left Arnstadt and at the age of twenty-three went to Weimar as organist to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. In those days unless you had a royal patron of some kind nobody paid much attention to you, for musicians held very low rank and were treated often as the humblest of servants or valets.

He became the head Concert Master and during his annual holiday visited

the principal towns of Germany giving performances on the clavier and organ. At Dresden he met a French organist, a very conceited person who was sure he was much better than Bach. Bach's friends insisted that he give a concert to show this Frenchman just how good he was. A contest was arranged but on the day itself the Frenchman was nowhere to be found—he had in the meantime heard so much of this remarkable Bach that he fled the town.

Later Bach was appointed director of music or cantor of the music school at Leipzig where he had charge of the school and had to provide the churches with choristers. It was a very busy life but in spite of that he found time to produce the magnificent Passion Music of St. Matthew, the Mass in B minor and other great works. He also finished the last half of one of his best known works the "Wohltemperiertes Klavier"—the well-tempered piano. For although Bach was before all things an organist and composer of organ music, the greatest the world has ever seen, he is also the father of modern piano playing.

It was the glorious Passion Music of St. Matthew which Felix Mendelssohn, another great music maker born in 1809, unearthed after its long neglect. It hardly seems possible today that Bach had so little honor in his own country that such a magnificent work could be laid by and forgotten. We may be thankful to the generosity of young Mendelssohn and his reverential appreciation of "Father Bach," for otherwise his music might have been lost to us forever.

Bach made very little effort to get himself into the public eye. He was

too busy with his composition, playing, teaching, and his large and well-loved family. One of his sons played in the royal orchestra and Frederick the Great sent word by him that he would like to have Bach Senior come to see him. But Bach happened to be particularly busy just then and paid no heed. It took a royal decree to get him to the palace in the company of another musical son. The Emperor received him with open arms, and actually gave up a concert then in progress in which he was himself the solo flute player. He showed Bach all his fine pianos, suggesting themes from which Bach wove the most wonderful music. Soon they were the best of friends.

The many honors, the royal patronage, the admiration of so great a musician and composer as Handel who was born in the same year, never turned Bach's head. He was happiest surrounded by his family who were

all musicians and could give a very good account of themselves.

Just before he finished his last great work. The Art of Fuge, Bach became totally blind, due no doubt to the continuous use of his eyes in copying music, in spite of the fact that all his family helped him—printing being much too expensive in those days. Strange to say on the morning that he passed away Bach regained his sight and was able to look once more at his loved ones as they gathered around him.

Very quietly he went away from the world but his memory lives on in his magnificent music and in the memory of a man who was as great in character as in composition—a man pure of heart, kind, with a never-ending faith in the God who had guided his footsteps since those first difficult days of his childhood to his high position as the world's greatest organist and composer.

DEAR TEACHER

Dear teacher, patient with our childish ways,
 Teach us the common things of common days.
 While careless hands the dog-eared pages turn,
 Teach us the easy things, so hard to learn—
 The Truth—that needs no learning to declare:
 Pure, white-souled Truth, than noon-day sun more fair.
 And Faith—that 'midst all fears and woes,
 Sings on the children's lips: "Well Teacher knows!"
 And Love,, that hath ten million times been told;
 Love—that is older than the world is old;
 Love—that will live when all the worlds are dead,
 When these great little lessons have been said.
 Then heaven and earth in one great school will meet,
 Learning old lessons at the Teacher's feet.

—Robert J. Burdette.

TRAILER CAMP IS ON GOVERNMENT'S TROUBLED CARES

(Selected)

In preparing his stories called "Inside America" for the Christian Science Monitor, Richard L. Strout has been out in California and visited the new trailer-owned project of the government at San Diego. It was a lovely Southern California day, he says.

The stiff palm leaves clicked like porcupine quills.

Board walks could be seen stretching across the sand, which was dredged up from San Diego Bay.

A young woman on the porch beside me ironed industrially. Clothes were drying on the reels. The brand new trailers, all perched on two automobile wheels and a support in front, gleamed with silver paint.

A navy training plane cleft the blue sky every now and then, and a Santa Fe switching engine tooted a little too noisily at the grade crossing right by the trailer camp.

The woman took no notice of me.

On the porch beside me a notice read—

"WASHER SERVICE

"10c for 20 min.

"To operate coin meter: Plug cord in wall socket. Deposit dime. Turn knob until it stops. Motor will now start."

So all I had to do was to put in a dime. It was no temptation. I noticed however, a double set of cement wash-tubs, placed with the gorgeous panorama of sunshine, blue sky, palms, flying boats and trailer camp to watch while you worked.

They were set there for the conven-

ience of trailer-wives. Trailer-wives are not a new institution, but the defense emergency may make many communities more familiar with them. Take San Diego for instance .

San Diego has one of the country's biggest Naval depots, and other industries to match. But now it is experiencing an additional population boom like other defense towns in this year of 1941. Big new industries are coming in and Consolidated Aircraft is expanding enormously.

Rents in San Diego rose 21 per cent between October '39 and January '41, the Bureau of Labor Statistics estimated last June.

And that brings me to Mrs. Pauline Kensinger and Mrs. Elvira Eddy. The former has two boys and the latter two girls. Both boys and both girls, plus Mrs. Kensinger and Mrs. Eddy were all in one medium-sized trailer at once when I ceremoniously asked "May I come in?" They said I might.

For a while the trailer seemed rather completely full. Then, by a happy inspiration, I supplied a quarter for soda pop, which caused a rapid departure of children. All but the youngest Eddy girl, who came back shyly to ask if she could "save" her share.

Well, to get back to what I was saying, San Diego is pretty crowded and the United States Government, as an experiment, has opened the First Government-sponsored trailer community here with others to follow.

This is no ordinary trailer community. This is one where you get the 20-minute use of a washing machine for only a dime, and other things to match, and the view of all outdoors while you use them. Mrs. Elvira Eddy doesn't own this trailer, her husband rents it from the U. S. Farm Security Administration for \$7 a week (payable in advance, with electricity and water free.) It is a mobile defense housing project, and the Government buys standard two-wheel trailers and rents them to specified families whose bread-winner works in designated defense industries.

I explained my business to Mrs. Kensinger and Mrs. Eddy. They did not seem upset. So many odd things had happened to them since they set up living in a Government bus that the arrival of an out-of-town correspondent seemed trivial.

Did you ever live in a trailer?

This one was brand new, and spic and span, and every surface gleamed with porcelain or wax or polish. The linoleum and varnish weren't scratched. There were 146 of these gray and silver affairs on one side of the park. On the other side were comfortable "San Diego Defense Dormitories" for single men at \$5 per week, \$3.50, if two men shared a room together. I couldn't help contrasting this with the chaos at Childersburg, Ala., which I described in an earlier article where there was no government advance planning and border town conditions consequently resulted. What a lot of difference a little advance planning makes!

Outside, the trailer looked small. The funny thing was that when you get inside all your perspectives be-

gan to re-arrange themselves. It seemed to expand before my eyes.

My hostess and Mrs. Kensinger were young and merry. You could see she thought living in a government trailer a bit of a lark. Every once and awhile, she said, she would catch her husband's eye and they would laugh for no good reason.

Where did the children sleep? In the other room.

The other room? Why yes . . . those closet doors came out and snapped together dividing the diminutive compartment into two smaller sections. The kitchenette seats unfolded into a Pullman bed, and the children slept there. The sofa came out at the other end of the trailer into a bed, too, for the grown-ups. There was a gasoline cooker, a sink, a small kerosene heater for winter (I thought of my mountain of an oil burner, back in Washington!) and every spare inch of space turned into ingenious drawers and closets. It was like living in a doll house that had had \$1,000,000 worth of engineering put into it. You could see it would be fun, for awhile anyway. And outside was the glorious California sky which made all the outdoors your living room.

This was the first experience of Mrs. Eddy in a trailer, but Mrs. Kensinger was an old hand. She and her husband had traveled with a carnival. The boys, she said, would fall asleep on the merry-go-round every night. Then the big fellow would pick them up—Jerry was only three then—and she would come and pop them into bed at the back of her trailer and hurry back to her concession where she sold candied apples and peanuts and popcorn, to the noise of the sound-effect truck. Now her hus-

band was a carpenter at Consolidated. Buddy was seven, and Jerry would be six—tomorrow.

Mr. Eddy worked for Consolidated, too. They came from Colorado (western slope) where he was formerly a mine guard, and now he was a guard here for the aircraft company.

Both families owned their own cars. They didn't own trailers. A trailer like this, Mrs. Kensinger estimated, would cost \$1,000.

Both had a good deal to say about living costs. The pay at Consolidated was good, all right, but you should see store prices! My hostess had been here over a year and figured it now cost "\$30 a month more." Sprightly Mrs. Kensinger, of the Carnival, said that was why she didn't keep a budget, you could never balance it, anyhow. As to getting cheap rents they took issue with the San Diego chamber of commerce, which is doing a laudable service in placing thousands of new workers. With a couple of children, they said, they couldn't get the landlords to let you in on any event. Mrs. Eddy had a list of places she had called at the week before and she wanted me to look at the prices. Families were doubling up. She said the government only allows two children to a trailer. A trailer neighbor had sent her third child back to grandmother, she said, 300 miles away.

There was one disappointment in the trailer. There wasn't enough electricity to "pull" a waffle iron, though it would "pull" a toaster all right. What she liked most was that she

didn't have to carry any water. The maintenance men filled the tank. The washroom for the camp was in that building where I had seen the women ironing. Wives liked to iron together, she said.

Lively Mrs. Kensinger explained the finesse of the pay-washing machine. What you did was to fill it up and get the suds ready before paying a cent. That way you got the most for your money. She had seen newcomers spend their whole 20 minutes getting ready. She personally finished her own wash for two dimes, but had to work awfully fast.

Mail came once a day to the main office. Did the milk companies deliver here? There was a roar of laughter at that. They were "likely to crawl in the window" the first day, Mrs. Kensinger explained. So far there was no Fuller Brush man.

... So ... that is a sketchy glimpse of one government effort to solve the acute housing shortage. The trailers can be moved from place to place until permanent quarters go up. At San Diego a semi-permanent government project is being rushed. The trailer camp holds 146 families, and there are accommodations for 680 single men in the dormitories, Ray Gough, of the FSA, explained to me.

I looked back as the screen door slammed behind me. Elvira Eddy's rubber-tired residence sat under a palm tree, which rustled in the breeze like a big feather duster. Outside it looked ridiculously small . . . and yet, inside, it hadn't seemed so.

I couldn't figure it out.

"They can conquer who believe they can."

SUNKEN SHIPS REVEALED UNDER SEA OFF HATTERAS

(Dare County Times)

A number of great ships which for many years have been lying at the bottom of the ocean off Cape Hatteras, covered completely with sand, are once more being revealed to human gaze.

Defeated in their battles with the raging storms which visit the Hatteras area at frequent intervals, these vessels were either beaten to pieces or else were capsized by mountainous seas. In many cases all members of the crew were lost.

And there they have lain ever since. The slowly shifting sands gradually formed a heavy blanket over them. Those same sands are now drifting in other directions, leaving behind the bared, derelict hulls.

The discovery that these great ships have recently been uncovered was made during the past few years by guides who take sport fishermen out to Diamond Shoals, off Cape Hatteras.

In recent years it has been found that the waters about Diamond Shoals abound with dolphin, amberjack, marlin, sail-fish and other varieties of sea monsters. A number of parties have visited the shoals this past summer and have had spectacular success.

Fishing guides of Hatteras, have been amazed to discover, plainly visible in about sixty feet of water, a large ship nearly 500 feet long. And, lying crosswise on this craft, was another vessel, almost as long. Two ships, sunk in the same identical spot, possibly as the result of a col-

lision. At any rate—there they are. How long they have been submerged, what is the nature of their cargoes and to what countries they belong are questions which at present cannot be answered.

Some six or seven other wrecks were disclosed in the clearwaters of the Gulf Stream. They were plainly visible, although several guides who have seen them assert that on previous trips the ships could not be seen. It is presumed that they were covered with heavy layers of sand. A portion of Diamond Shoals has recently shifted its position to a point further south, and the supposition is that this has been responsible for the interesting revelations which have been made during the last few weeks.

Diamond Shoals always have been more or less a mystery. Dreaded by all mariners, they lie in wait to spell doom to the hapless vessel that may strike them. They are veritable mountains of hard sand, thrown up by the forces of strong tides that sweep up and down the coast. At this point off Hatteras—some twelve miles from land—they rear their treacherous head to within a few feet of the surface. At times when the tides are unusually low, the shoals are above water and dry. Boats have landed there to allow fishermen to walk about the shoals.

Contrary to popular belief, the shoals are not like quick sand. They are firm and hard, and when a ship strikes them, there is little chance

of its ever getting away. The strong tides, flowing over and about the shoals, cut loose the sand from around the sides and bottom of the vessel, making a pit into which the ship gradually sinks.

In the long maritime history of this country, hundreds of craft have come to grief on the shoals, many of them striking in the dead of night and all hands being swept away before morning. It is a known fact that several transports, laden with rich cargoes, have met their doom at this point.

The steady movement of the sand southward, while covering many ships still deeper that lie in that direction, has uncovered other vessels on the north side. The Diamond Shoals lightship is anchored in only 180 feet of water. The wrecks are inside this point, where the water is more shallow.

Once upon a time—some 35 years ago—the government appalled at the tremendous loss of life caused by the shoals, attempted to build a lighthouse on them. Contractors sank a heavy saisson, but the tides, sweeping about it, soon swept out the sand, and it settled out of sight. The details

of this venture form one of the few great stories ever featured in North Carolina newspapers.

Numerous ships have been lost on the shoals. They and their crews have disappeared completely. The rediscovery of some of these vessels makes one of the big stories of the day. Already there is talk of possible treasure-searching parties. There is no way of telling what great wealth may lie within the interior of those old hulls.

There aren't just one or two of these wrecks—the location of nearly a dozen of them is known to many guides of Hatteras, and to several others.

It is the opinion that a good diver could very easily get into the ships at their present position and find out what is really there. It is a rather thrilling thought to consider the immense treasures which have been hidden on the Diamonds throughout the decades, and it also is a depressing thought to think of the despairing souls swept down to the depths in the blackness of the storm, who would gladly have given all of those treasures for just another chance at life.

CHOICE BITS

“All time is lost which might better be employed.”

Don't wait until it begins to rain before layng in something for a rainy day.

Think big, talk little, love much; laugh easily, work hard, give freely, pay cash, be kind; it is enough.—Emerson.

Whoever acquires knowledge but does not practice it, is like one who plows a field but does not sow it.—Saadi.

No idea is worth a hoot until you do something with it. So far as my business is concerned, I would venture a chromo than a hundred better men than I had the same idea, but did nothing with it.—E. A. Strout.

NORTH CAROLINA'S LARGEST CITY RANKS 91ST IN THE NATION

By W. M. Sherrill, Concord Daily Tribune

It's interesting, in fact fascinating for me to play with Census figures.

I wonder, for instance, how many people can name in proper order the ten largest cities in the United States? And how many Tar Heels know the number of cities of 25,000 population or over in their State?

Most of you know that New York takes front rank—1940 population was 7,454,995—and Chicago is second; but do you know the next eight?

Well, here they are: Philadelphia third, 1,931,334; Detroit fourth, 1,623,452; Los Angeles fifth, 1,504,277; Cleveland sixth, 878,336; Baltimore seventh, 859,100; St. Louis eighth 816,048; Boston ninth, 770,816 and Pittsburgh tenth, 671,659. Chicago won second place with 3,396,808 residents.

Charlotte's 100,000 residents give

her top spot in the state and Winston-Salem gets second rating in the State, 114th in the Nation, with 79,815 inhabitants.

Other cities in the State with 25,000 or more residents are Durham 60,195; Greensboro 59,319; Asheville 51,310; Raleigh 46,897; High Point 38,495; Wilmington 33,407; Rocky Mount 25,568.

The South proper can't claim any of the "big ten" but it ranks well in the middle clas with: New Orleans 494,537; Houston 384,514; Atlanta 302,288; Dallas 294,734; Memphis 292,492; Birmingham 267,583; Richmond 193,024; Miami 172,172; Nashville 167,402; Norfolk 144,332; Knoxville 111,580; Tampa 108,391; Charleston 71,275; (largest in South Carolina); Roanoke 69,287; Augusta 65,919; Columbia 62,396.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are painting the boys' dormitory in Cottage No. 1, making a great improvement in its appearance.

After having been used for several years, the old beds in the boys' dormitory in Cottage No. 1, have been discarded and replaced by new ones.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Wood, cottage officer and matron at Cottage No. 4 for quite a number of years, left this

week. They went to Montgomery county where they both have positions as teachers in the public schools.

Mr. H. H. Wyatt, our machine shop instructor, is making repairs to the interior of the old house belonging to the School, formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Roy H. Ritchie, and we are informed that he is making a fine job of it. When these repairs are completed, Mrs. Wyatt, who is now in Virginia, will join him and

they will make their home in this house.

—:—

At present we are enjoying the finest apples raised at the School since its establishment in 1909. These apples are fine as to size and quality, and there seems to be an unusually large quantity of them. They have been distributed to the cottages most generously, and in strolling over the campus one may see the boys in all corners munching this fine fruit.

—:—

We recently met a member of the force in the plant of the "Kannapolis Independent," who told us that John Capps, a graduate of our printing department, who has been employed there for about two years, is continuing to do fine work on the linotype. Our informant said that Johnnie was well-liked by his employers and was one of the best workers in the shop. We are always glad to receive such reports from our old boys.

—:—

William Goodson, formerly of Cottage No. 1, who left the School, February 15, 1937, was a recent visitor here. While a boy here, William was employed in the library. Leaving the institution, he went to Maiden, where he attended high school, graduating in June, 1941. In addition to making a good record in his studies, he played on the school's baseball and basketball teams. He told us that he is planning to enter Lees-McRea College this month. William has developed into a fine-looking young fellow and his many friends at the School were glad to see him.

—:—

Rev. W. B. Heyward, pastor of the and said that he would build it prop-

Second Presbyterian Church, Kannapolis, N. C., conducted the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the Twenty-third Psalm.

At the beginning of his talk to the boys, the speaker took an old, dirty, ink-spattered rag from his pocket, saying that it was not worth anything; that it could be thrown upon the floor and nobody would care. From another pocket he took out a different piece of cloth, a small American flag, saying that we could not throw it on the floor as the rag had been thrown, even though the old rag were made of a far better piece of cloth than the flag. The reason for this, said he, is that the flag stands for something dear to the hearts of all Americans—the great United States of America. It stands for all that is right in our country. We not only have a right to respect it—it is the duty of every true American to love it dearly.

Our lives, continued Rev. Mr. Heyward, are just like that. They can be an old, worthless rag or they can stand for something really worthwhile. We should stand for the best that is in us at all times. He then told how the lad, David, with a small sling, killed the giant. If David had not learned to use the sling he would never have been able to accomplish such a feat. He practiced daily and did the best he could with such a crude weapon. If we are going to stand for something we must be true to the best that is in us.

The speaker then told how at one time some men built a bridge over a deep chasm, but they had a very poorly-constructed bridge when they had finished. A young man came along

erly. He did so and the bridge stood the test. It seemed that nothing could tear it down. A great banquet was planned in honor of the young fellow. Some one arose and told just how well this young man had performed his task, and there was much applause. The young man replied that while he appreciated the great honor a mistake had been made. He said that building the bridge was not the greatest thing he had ever done, and went on to tell that the greatest thing that had happened in all his life occurred when he was a lad in high school. Arithmetic was very hard for him. He soon realized that he was not studying as hard as he should, and made up his mind to work harder, thereby acquiring the habit of putting his best into everything he tried to do. When the test came, as it did when he was confronted by the bridge-building task, he was prepared to tackle the job and do it well.

Rev, Mr, Heyward then urged the boys to always do their best, saying they should stand for the best interests of the group they were in, whether it be on the team in an athletic contest, the studies of the school room or the work they were called upon to do daily, He said that they should be studying about this great country of ours, how its laws are made and for what purpose we are required to live up to them.

Then we should always be true to God, said the speaker, and to His Son, Jesus Christ. God wants us to do right. He wants us to try to live like Jesus; He wants us to be honest; to be kind to all with whom we come in contact; He wants us to go to church and worship Him and learn to do the things we should do. It is not easy to be honest or kind. but if we are honest and true we are standing for Jesus Christ. Sometimes we may find it hard to be kind to a person whom everyone else dislikes or picks on, be if we treat that person kindly, we are doing the will of the Master. If we can stand up and refuse to say the words we should not use even when those around us are using them, we are letting God direct our lives and are standing for what is right in His sight. It is not always easy for us to go to church on Sunday morning when we want to sleep but it is the proper thing for all Christians to do on that day.

In conclusion the speaker stated that when we stand for something worthwhile, people will not knock and throw us around like an old rag, but will look up to us and admire the stand we take, just as the flag of the United States is admired and looked up to by most of the nations of the world.

False happiness is like false money; it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.—Pope.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 31, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
Edward Moore
Weaver F. Ruff
William Shannon
Charles Wootton

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser
Charles Browning
William Cook
Ralph Harris
Curtis Moore
Kenneth Tipton

COTTAGE NO. 2

Paul Abernathy
Raymond Brooks
Jack Cline
Bernice Hoke
Edward Johnson
Richard Parker
James C. Stone
Peter Tuttle
Charles Tate
Newman Tate
Clarence Wright

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Charles Beal
Robert Coleman
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins
Jack Lemley
Wayne Sluder
John Tolley
James Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver
Quentin Crittenton
Leo Hamilton
Donald Hobbs
Morris Johnson
William C. Jordan
William Morgan
John Whitaker

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bomles
Robert Dellinger
William Gentry
Jack Grant
Eugene Kermon
Fred Tolbert

COTTAGE NO. 6

Edward Kinion
Marvin Lipscomb
Vollie McCall
Jesse Peavy
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

Hurley Bell
Henry Butler
George Green
Peter Harvell
J. B. Hensley
Carl Justice
Edward Overby
Ernest Overcash
Jack Reeves
Durham Smith
Ernest Turner
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9

David Cunningham
George Gaddy
James Hale
Edgar Hedgepeth
Grady Kelly
Daniel Kilpatrick
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
William Nelson
Lewis B. Sawyer
Robert Tidwell
Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

Amon Drymon
Delma Gray
John Lee

Charles Phillips
 Jack Warren
 Torrence Ware
 Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
 John Allison
 William Bennett
 Robert Davis
 Charles Frye
 Robert Goldsmith
 Earl Hildreth
 Fred Jones
 Samuel Stewart
 Henry Smith
 Monroe Searcy
 Canipe Shoe
 James Tyndall
 Charles Widener
 William Wilson
 Daniel Watson

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
 Jay Brannock
 Ernest Brewer
 Eugene Bright
 William Deaton
 Treley Frankum
 Harry Lewis
 James Mondie
 Daniel McPhail
 James Puckett
 Charles Simpson
 Robah Sink
 Jesse Smith
 George Tolson
 Carl Tyndall
 Eugene Watts
 J. R. Whitman
 Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

Otha Dennis

Thomas Fields
 Charles Gaddy
 Vincent Hawes
 James Johnson
 Fred Rhodes
 Melvin Roland
 Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
 William Butler
 Edward Carter
 Robert Deyton
 Audie Farthing
 Henry Glover
 William Harding
 Feldman Lane
 Marvin King
 Roy Mumford
 Charles McCoyle
 John Maples
 Glenn McCall
 Norvell Murphy
 John Robbins
 Charles Steepleton
 J. C. Willis
 Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 15

Lawton McDowell
 Floyd Puckett
 Ventry Smith
 Alton Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
 Cecir Jacobs
 James Johnson
 Harvey Ledford
 Leroy Lowry
 Leroy Lomry
 Varcie Oxendine
 Louis Stafford

Duty is a power that rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow that cleaves to us, go where we will.—Gladstone.

SEP 15 1941

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 13, 1941

No. 37

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THE LAND I LOVE

I thank thee, God, that I am free
To grow in grace and purity;
To do each day some kindly deed;
To wait upon some neighbor's need;
To go forward with eager joy,
Because I am an American boy.

I thank thee, God, that I am free
To follow, love, and worship thee;
To sleep at night without the fear
Of bombs that burst upon the ear;
To live in America that I love
I thank thee, Father God, above.

—Selected.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LONGER LIFE FOR AMERICANS

The Census Bureau has completed a new statistical study of the length of days of men and women in the continental United States. In 1939 the expectancy stood at 60.6 years for men and 64.5 for women. This was for whites, the average is slightly lower for the non-white population. The average in 1900 was 48.2 years, which shows a decided increase in the last four decades.

Among the things that has resulted in this increase of days has been the radical lowering of mortality among infants and those in the early years of life. Better living conditions and higher medical and health standards have wrought wonders among all ages that have enjoyed these advantages which are the result of more intelligent modes of living.

How much more can be added to the life average remains a question for the years ahead to answer. But it is a safe guess that we have not yet reached the limit. Who knows but the century mark is in the range of possibility in the distant years?—N. C. Christian Advocate.

MRS. SARAH DELANO ROOSEVELT

President Franklin D. Roosevelt's mother, Sarah Delano Roosevelt, passed over the bar last Sunday morning, just a little before the noon hour. From the news of the press and radio broadcasts we were informed that her sudden passing was attributed to the march of time that was measured by eighty-six years of fine service to her son, the thirty-second President of the United States, her church and her country. The President and his wife, soon after hearing of the failing health of their mother, made their way to Hyde Park, the ancestral home of the Roosevelts on the Hudson River, and were at her side when the end came.

It was in 1900 that Mrs. Roosevelt realized the loss of her husband. In the prime of life, the President's mother was a widow with a fifteen-year-old son, and as we look back into the high spots of

her life it is easy to see that she measured up to the demands of motherhood in rearing not only a statesman and a churchman, but a diplomat who has tried to meet and smoothe out affairs in this war-torn world with the hope of peace.

Death is no respecter of persons. The death angel touches the soul of the distinguished citizen with the same tenderness and love the mortal souls of the lowly class are plucked.

It has been conceded that Mrs. Roosevelt was a tower of great courage and radated a fine spirit to all who passed her way. Evidently this unflinching courage and sweet spirit of the mother has truly been the heritage of the son—Franklin D. Roosevelt—head of the greatest nation in the world.

* * * * *

SCHOOL DAYS

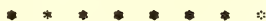
This date, September 8, is one of interest to every home in Concord wherein there are young people to enter one of the many public schools, either the elementary, grammar or high school. These public institutions, made possible by a revenue most wllingly contributed by property owners for the advancement of the youth of the state, is an expression of a true democracy in a land wherein all kinds and conditions of people have equal oportunities. While listening to the tramp of the feet of young people in all grades, marching toward the institutions of learning, we rejoiced, realizing that the constant echo of footsteps was that of our future generation seeking higher ideals of a Christian nation, and not the martial step of soldiers engaged in ruthless warfare.

The home and the school are companion institutions in molding manhood and womanhood. The responsibility of bringing about fine results in the life of a child is a weighty one, but if success crowns the efforts of parents and teachers, there follows an inexpressible joy throughout life.

The school doors are thrown open to all with equal privileges to use or abuse the oportunities offered therein. If the best results are to be realized in the school room, there must be a sympathetic **understanding** between teachers and parents. Psychologists, after studying the causes that lead to incorrigibility, have decided that the parent who coddles a child or has an alibi for every misdemeanor

committed by the son or daughter, is the worst enemy in the world to childhood. There would be fewer delinquents and fewer "repeaters" in the public institutions of today if parents would turn the searchlight in their homes, instead of the schools, in order to find the real causes of failures. If this were done, the machinery in these two institutions, the home and the school, corner-stones of our great democracy, things would run more smoothly and school life would be a joy and far more beneficial to all concerned.

The influence of the home and the school, let it be for either good or bad, make the background of every life. The opportunities offered in the public schools of the present era offer superior advantages to those of yesteryear, but the question remains to be answered—are we getting results, and if not, why not? The finest attributes of humanity are developed by acting orderly and obeying the laws of any and all institutions. We are living in the midst of ever changing conditions, but the supreme power of order and system has continued the same from the beginning of time. Our homes and our schools are the training-camps for the future citizenship of America, so let us be up and observing, lest we forget.



A PAGEANT OF PEACE

In the heart of Europe there is a tiny nation made up of twenty-two states, or cantons, which stands in sharp contrast to the one supreme state which the Nazis would hammer out. This is Switzerland, today an oasis in a desert of war—a little spot of freedom in a Europe that is in chains.

Those of us who listened on the radio on August 1 were put into direct contact with a ceremony of moving symbolism. On that day Switzerland celebrated the 650th anniversary of its existence as a nation. In 1291, two hundred years before Columbus discovered America, Switzerland was founded.

In a little glen near the shores of Lake Lucerne, three chieftains and their followers met and signed a compact. Three cantons united to form a nation. The place of meeting today is called the Rutli, and it is the most sacred place in the country.

Now the three cantons have become twenty-two. In the country the people speak four languages. There is no Swiss race. The people

are French, German and Italian blood. But there is no race problem in Switzerland. Their loyalty is to their own country and to the oath taken by the three cantons, Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden, in the beginning and repeated every year. The citizens swear to respect each others' liberty and never to permit an outside invader have dominion over them. The country is founded on individual liberty and local self-government. No canton can dominate any other canton. And this League of Nations has worked. It has maintained its existence longer than any other form of government in Europe.

Every year at the Rutli, surrounded by towering mountains, the Swiss light the sacred fire of liberty, and then picked runners light their torches at the fire and carry the flame to their own cantons.

Today through the magic of radio we could have the pageant described step by step, listen to the singing and the martial music, and get unforgettable word pictures of one of the significant celebrations of the world.—The Christian Leader.

* * * * *

DIVERSITY OF INDUSTRIES NEEDED

Morganton is fortunate in that it is not a one-industry town. We have furniture factories, hosiery mills, a tannery, cotton mills, weave mills, wood-working plants, not to consider in the industrial class the two State institutions located here. It usually happens that one line has tough pulling, as is the case just now with hosiery, the other plants have kept going and the local labor situation has never become as acute as in places that depend almost exclusively on any one manufactured product.

As we attempt to develop and attract other industries it will be decidedly worth while to keep in mind this principle of diversity. It is well, too, to make the type of available labor one of the first consideration.

Those who are taking the lead in promoting the proposed new shirt factory recognize the fact that it means an entirely new product, for which there will probably never be a shortage of material and always a rather dependable market. The hosiery mills, which employ mainly girl workers, can't begin to give work to the hundreds of young women in the Morganton trading area who would like to

have nice, clean work and their "own money". The shirt factory will help to fill the need of more jobs for women workers.

Incidentally the prospects for the establishment of the shirt factory seem very bright. It is believed that local business men will subscribe to the preferred stock offered in the amount of \$15,000, feeling that it will not only be a good paying investment but that it will pay even more indirectly by providing an extra payroll.—News Herald.

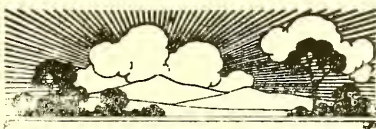
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ON GOING TOO SLOWLY

While the North Carolina Highway Safety Division constantly points out the dangers of speeding along our roads, here is an instance in which Director Ronald Hocutt warns motorists that should they acquire the habit of poking along the highways, they may run into difficulties, and quotes the law, as follows:

Sec. 102, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina:—" (h) No person shall drive a motor vehicle at such a slow speed as to impede or block the normal and reasonable movement of traffic except when reduced speed is necessary for safe operation or in compliance with law. Police officers are hereby authorized to enforce this provision by directions to drivers, and in the event of apparent willful disobedience to this provision and refusal to comply with direction of any officer in accordance herewith the continued slow operation by a driver shall be a misdemeanor."

In other words, don't poke along on the highway and hold up traffic, getting on the nerves of other drivers and provoking them to acts of recklessness. Drive slowly when safety demands or the law requires that you do so. Otherwise, drive at a normal and reasonable speed.



FORSYTH COUNTY

By Carl Goerch in The State

To give you some idea of the progress and advancement that Forsyth County has made—

In 1752 a stranger came to that section of the country. His name was Bishop Joseph Spangenberg and he came as a representative of the Unitas Fratrum, or Moravian Church, which was seeking to buy a tract of land from Lord Granville in order that they might set up a permanent settlement in North Carolina.

That was 189 years ago. Forsyth County was nothing but a wilderness. Indians continued to rove over the country, scalping an occasional white settler, burning a house here and there and otherwise keeping the whites on their guard.

In those days the clothing of the settlers was of a crude nature. Their garments were made of rough materials and were washed by hand-power. There were none of the fine and dainty things that we consider so commonplace now.

Today—well, today, everything is different. We were driving along Sixth Street in Winston-Salem last Tuesday. In front of a residence, a block or two west of the Robert E. Lee Hotel, we saw a brightly painted truck. On its sides was painted:

Dy-Dee Supply Company
Diaper Service
Phone 6438

If that isn't progress, we don't know what it is. We immediately stopped to take a picture of the truck and then went to the nearest telephone and called number 6438.

Mr. G. G. Wall answered. Mr. Wall is the manager and he told us that

he had started the Dy-Dee Supply Company just a couple of months ago.

"How's business?" we inquired.

"Pretty good," he said. "Of course a lot of babies are out of town at this time of the year so we're not as busy as we expect to be in a month or two. However, we've got no right to complain."

So if anybody wants to write a complete history of Forsyth County, from the time of the earliest settlers to the present year, we suggest that a good title would be: "From 'Spangenberg to Dy-Dee.'"

That would cover a wide span. Even so, it would be no wider than is the span of living which you find in Forsyth today.

In Winston-Salem you find huge mills and factories; 18- and 22-story buildings; modern conveniences of all kinds; a live, hustling and progressive city; various manufactured products, the annual valuation of which is in excess of \$300,000,000; beautiful residences and magnificent estates; a modern city in every sense of the word.

Six miles away is the little village of Bethabara, reminiscent of some of the old villages of Europe; its houses huddling close to the street—many of them more than 150 years old; a settlement that is as far apart from Winston-Salem as the north pole is from the south pole. Here it was that the first Moravian settlement was established in 1753. The name—Bethabara—means "House of passage." The old church was built in 1788 and has 2-foot-thick fieldstone walls, plastered over. It is in excel-

lent state of repair and is used regularly for religious services. At the corner of the church is a marker which indicates the site of the cabin in which the first settlers lived until they could build houses of their own. Atop a low hill behind the church is the oldest Moravian graveyard in North Carolina; there are stones there dated 1754. And the first Moravian Easter sunrise service held in North Carolina took place in 1758.

Some four or five miles from Bethabara is the village of Bethania—second oldest settlement in Forsyth and equally detached from the present-day bustle and hustle of Winston-Salem. It was established in 1759 by dissenters from Bethabara, who objected to communal government. Bethania Church, built in 1807 of large, hand-made bricks, with a hooded entrance and an open-roof cupola, is similar to the Home Church in Winston-Salem. The single manual pipe organ was built by hand in 1773 by Joseph Bullitschek, a cabinet-maker who also had built organs for Bethabara and Salem. And there's a large frame house where Cornwallis spent the night, February 9, 1781. It was the home of Lieutenant George Hauser, Patriot and Revolutionary soldier.

You would imagine that you'd have to travel hundreds of miles to find two communities so far removed from present-day activities as are these two towns of Bethabara and Bethania. There are others; Friedburg, in the southwestern corner of the county, for example.

Residents of Forsyth, when they discuss their ancestors, often make the statement: "You know, of course, that we are descendants of Adam." When they say that, however, they don't mean the Adam that pops into

your mind: they mean Adam Spach. In August, 1754, Adam Spach, a native of Phaffenheim, Alsace, settled about three miles south of the Wachovia line. He speedily made the acquaintance of the Moravians, taking refuge at Bethabara during the Indian War and afterwards urging the Brethren to come and hold services at his home. He built a rock house which evidently was intended to withstand Indian attacks. The house, built of uncut stones, laid without mortar, was only one story in height with a full basement and a small attic. A spring beneath provided water in case of siege and there was sufficient room in the basement for the cattle. Every room contained loopholes through which muskets could be fired when the shutters were barred.

We stopped by the Chamber of Commerce and, while there, they showed us a picture of the rock house. The picture showed all four walls of the structure to be standing and we decided that it was so interesting that we'd drive out there and get a picture of it ourself. We got on the wrong road once or twice but finally wound up at Couch's Filling Station. Mrs. Arthur Couch said that the walls had fallen in and that there was nothing left now but a pile of stones. "However," she said, "you've come this far, so you might as well keep on going."

We agreed with her and drove another three miles until we came to the rock house. It was as she had said.

Close by is Friedburg Church, built in 1823-27 and remodelled in 1904. Nothing of the original building is in evidence except part of the stone foundation. And across the road is a typical Moravian burial ground, with all the tombstones exactly alike.

Not only are the tombstones alike, but everything else has to be alike too. We observed a notice on the front gate:

"To Resod Graves, Please Get
Forms from Caretaker.
All Resoding Must
Conform to These Patterns."

It was an attractive graveyard, so we opened the gate and went inside to take a picture. It was necessary to gain a little elevation, so we looked around for something to stand on. The only thing we could find was a wired can, half-full of weeds and old grass. We moved that to a convenient position and then stood on top of it. Our first effort wasn't successful, so we tried again. This time we managed to hold a momentary position on top of the can. And then, just as we snapped our picture, the lid gave way and it was us, the garbage can and the camera all over the ground. No damage done except a skinned knee, a torn shirt and a slightly sprained ankle. We don't care so much about the other pictures, but we hope you appreciate this particular one. We certainly had a hard enough time getting it.

In the eastern part of the county is Kernersville, which was first settled about 1770. According to tradition, about 1756 Caleb Story bought the 400-acre town site outright at the rate of a gallon of rum for 100 acres. That's almost as good a deal as the Dutch made with the Indians when they bought New York for about \$25.00. It used to be known as Dobson's Crossroads and its outstanding attraction is Korner's Folly, a three-story 22-room brick residence built in 1880 by J. Gilmer Korner, artist and traveler. It has many unusual architectural characteristics

and is visited by many thousands of people every year. The third-floor music room was once used as a theatre, and it is said that the Little Theatre movement got its start here.

Kenersville has several mills, fine schools and churches and splendid community spirit. Their annual Fourth of July celebrations are the biggest affairs of their kind in the state.

Not far away is the town of Walkertown, with its attractive homes, many of which are occupied by industrial workers employed in Winston-Salem. And, a few miles from there is the village of Germantown, another neat-looking and well-kept settlement of considerable age.

In the northern part of the county is Rural Hall, a village of some 700 people, spread out along the highway and the railroad tracks: a number of good stores and located in the center of a fine agricultural section.

Here in North Carolina, everybody knows about the Moravians. In some other sections of the country they are not so well known. It is because of the efforts of these sturdy, deeply-religious, law-abiding, hard working citizens that Forsyth County has built upon such a solid and substantial foundation. And then there's another religious sect, peculiar to Forsyth, about which very little is known outside the borders of the county—the Dunkards.

They, too, came from Pennsylvania and built up a community some ten miles from Winston-Salem, where they have lived ever since. They are an off-shoot of the German Baptist Brethren, who were called "Dunkards" because of baptism by trine immersion. Which means that every time the name of one of the Trinity

was mentioned—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—a separate immersion, face-downward, took place.

The Dunkards live largely to themselves. The founder of the German Baptist Brethren was Alexander Mack, a miller, who started the sect in 1708. They abolished all religious rites and adhered solely to the teachings of the Bible, which they interpreted in a liberal sense. The church prescribed the kind of clothing that both men and women should wear. All worldly things were frowned upon. The use of liquor and tobacco was forbidden. Theatres were also banned. Of late years the Dunkards have eased up somewhat in their rules and regulations but they're still mighty strict about a lot of things.

A lady in Winston-Salem told us about a young man—a Dunkard—who was offered a job at the Wachovia Bank & Trust Company. Before he could get that job, however, he had to get a special dispensation from the church, permitting him to wear a neck-tie.

They're fine people. Thoroughly honest, thoroughly reliable and thoroughly fair in their dealings with their fellow-men. A Dunkard never fails to pay his bills, which is more than you can say about a lot of other Christians.

But the outstanding religious sect in Forsyth throughout the many years of its development has been the Moravians. From Lord Granville, the Moravians bought 98,985 acres of land and called the tract "der Wachau," for the Austrian estate belonging to ancestors of Count Zinzendorf, patron of the Moravian Church. The name became Wachovia when the English language was employed. The deed was made to James

Hutton, of London, "in trust for the *Unitas Fratrum*," as the Moravians were called. To finance their settlements they organized a land company in which each stockholder received 2,000 acres and bore his proportionate share of the expense of colonization.

On October 8, 1753, twelve settlers set out on foot from Bethlehem, Pa., with three guides who later returned. The little band arrived at the Wachovia tract on November 17, and stopped where there was an abandoned cabin and meadowland that could be cultivated for a quick yield of necessary food. For this shelter and their safety they "rejoiced heartily," holding their first Carolina Love Feast, or fellowship meeting.

They were welcome in a country that lacked ministers, doctors and skilled craftsmen. Where other scattered settlers were of different religious faiths, the Moravians held fast to their own church customs. On New Year's Eve they observed Watch Night by reading the Memorabilia, or annual record of community and world events. Love Feasts were occasions for rejoicing and the remembrance of friends. The Easter Sunrise Service proclaimed the Christian's triumph over the grave. Nor would they do without musical instruments, even in the crude surroundings of Bethabara. Soon after their arrival a wooden trumpet was made from a hollowed limb. Later they brought French horns, trombones, a violin and even an organ.

In spite of hardships, the Bethabara settlement enlarged by families from Pennsylvania and from Europe, grew and prospered. In 1758 Indian alarms drove the settlers of scattered farms into Bethabara for food and protection. Crowded conditions,

which led to an epidemic of typhus, and the desire of some to discard the communal system led to the founding of a new settlement, Bethania, which we have already mentioned.

When the Wachovia tract was bought, a town was planned at the center of it. Tradition says the name Salem, meaning "peace," was selected by Count Zinzendorf before he died in 1760. On a bitter cold January day in 1766, twelve men went to the new town site, on a hill above a creek, and began cutting logs for the first house, singing hymns as they worked. This cabin stood until 1907; its heavy door and stairsteps are on exhibition in the Wachovia Museum. And that was the way that Salem got its start.

When Forsyth County was formed in 1849, Salem lay near the center of it, and was the natural choice for a courthouse site. The congregation agreed to sell land just north of Salem for a county town on condition that the courthouse should be placed on the crest of a hill and that the streets of the new town should be continuous with the streets of Salem. For two years the county seat had no separate designation, but in 1851 the legislature named the new community for Major Joseph Winston, of Kings Mountain fame. During the building of the courthouse, the Forsyth courts were permitted to meet in the Salem Concert Hall on condition that no whipping posts be placed within the town limits.

Salem was incorporated by the assembly of 1856-57; Winston by the assembly of 1859. And then, in 1913, the two towns were welded into one corporation which took the name of Winston-Salem.

But even today, despite the fact

that politically they are one, Winston and Salem still are two different towns. In Winston are the modern office buildings, towering up into the sky; the Reynolds Tobacco Company, with its 15,000 employees; the Hanes Knitting Mills, giving employment to additional thousands; the Hanes Hosiery Mills, Taylor Brothers, Brown-Williamson Tobacco Company, Nissen Wagon Works and many other large manufacturing establishments. Altogether there are sixty of them. In Winston is the Wachovia Bank, largest banking institution in the state. In Winston, too, are your fine residential sections, your modern stores, your impressive city hall and other institutions. Cross the line into Salem and you are in another town altogether. Here are dozens of houses more than 150 years old. Here is famous Salem College, established as a day school in 1772. Here is the Wachovia Museum, the finest collection of local antiques to be found in any town or city in the United States. Here are the Belo House, Brothers House, Home Moravian Church, Winkler Bakery, and many other old buildings. Here, too, are Salem Tavern, where George Washington stopped, the Chimney House, built by Abraham Loesh in 1789, the Blum House, built by the man who started Blum's Almanac in 1828—and the Coffee Pot.

The Coffee Pot is one of the best known landmarks in North Carolina. It is located on the southwest corner of South Main and Belew streets and was erected in 1857 by Julius Mickey as a sign for his tinshop. The pot, with its support, is 16 feet high. Tradition relates that a Confederate soldier hid within the pot during the raid of Stoneman's Federal troops.

Salem College, of which Dr. Howard Rondthaler is president (he is the son of the late and beloved Bishop), is one of the best known educational institutions in the South, and has had a long and successful life. The style of architecture of its many buildings is in keeping with that of the rest of Salem.

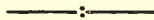
Forsyth County itself is a daughter of Stokes, a granddaughter of Surry, a great-grandmother of Rowan and a great-great-granddaughter of Anson. It was named for Colonel Benjamin Forsyth, who was killed in the War of 1812.

The county continues to move forward at a rapid pace. In recent years the big Reynolds Stadium has been completed. Reynolds Park is one of the finest municipal parks in the state. The new Baptist hospital is now in course of construction, and many other civic additions are in progress. Winston-Salem has a get-up-and-go spirit which is one of the outstanding characteristics of the place. Such things as a Community Fund Campaign are often a pain in the neck to those who have to take part in the drive, but not so in Winston—the task is always completed in one day's time. And it's the same way with other things of a

similar nature. If there ever was a town that cooperated 100 percent in all undertakings, Winston-Salem would come as close to doing it as any place we've ever heard of.

Four houses of prominence in Winston-Salem other than the Belo House are mentioned in the volume, "Old Homes and Gardens of North Carolina," and they are the Brothers House, the Mucke or Mickey House, the John Vogler House, and the Bahnson house and gardens.

The Brothers House was preceded by five or six small dwellings, yet it was the first large building erected in Salem. The frame section was begun in 1768 and was finished the next year; the brick section dates from 1786 and was one of the building projects which saved Salem from the almost universal financial collapse of other places at the close of the Revolutionary War. The house was built by and for the "Single Brethren" of Salem—that is, the unmarried men who were members of the Moravian Church. These men were fully organized, with officers to attend to their spiritual and material needs, and some thirty handicrafts were practiced within its walls and in neighboring workshops.



I caught a sunbeam one day
 A prismatic colored ray,
 And hid it in my heart
 Thinking it would never depart.
 Ah, me! It danced right out
 For everyone to see.

—Julia C. Messamore.

LOST COLONY CAN'T STOP

(Dare County Times)

The Lost Colony has just closed another successful season, the fifth, at which it is estimated 100,000 people attended in two months, making a total of 435,000 people who have seen it.

The Lost Colony is a great community enterprise, benefiting not only Roanoke Island and the Beaches, but the countries through which these hundreds of thousands of people have passed, on their way to see it. If 400,000 people have come to Roanoke Island to see it in five years, certainly those people have spent more than \$2,000,000 additional in the coming.

One rumor very detrimental to the show is that it may be sold to the movies. That was discounted last year by its sponsors. Another very bad piece of advertising gets in circulation every year, to the effect that the show may not be presented the next year. This is a terrible thing, because it leaves doubts in the minds of people of the success of the thing. "Nothing succeeds like success," is an old saying. And it deters possible investment that many people would make to improve facilities.

The best possible bet for creating boosters of the show, is to establish the stability of the thing, so as to encourage people to make investments to accommodate visitors. Once a vast number of people have investments staked upon it, they will be the most ardent boosters and trade builders, because they will urge their friends from far and wide to come to see it year after year.

Any person from Dare County, upon becoming known on his travels

throughout the State, is bombarded with the rumor that this is the last season of the show. And the answer to invariably make is that: "It is certainly not the last year of the show."

It has just closed its biggest season. A rough analysis of published reports on its attendance this year from day to day, and allowing a liberal discount of ten per cent for those who went in on passes should indicate the show had an income from tickets of \$60,000 or better. In four years over \$250,000. A staggering sum, and a creditable one to be built from an industry plucked out of the vaults of history, and of the blue sky and sun and sea about us.

The people of Roanoke Island have come to look upon Lost Colony as a permanent institution. They have invested their life earnings in improvements to mortgaged homes, so that tourists might be provided with accommodations; the people of the beaches have done likewise; hotels, rooming houses, cafes, filling stations, and other things have been established to adequately serve Lost Colony and other tourists who come to the beaches.

It has never occurred to any who have known its inside history from the beginning that Lost Colony would be abandoned so long as it was profitable to Roanoke Island and its surrounding country. Years before Lost Colony was ever produced, and when W. O. Saunders first advocated the thought, Dare County began spending money on the idea. From then until now, the taxpayers of Dare County

have invested hundreds of dollars, maybe thousands into what went into the ultimate building of the show. In a moral sense, the Dare County taxpayers are stockholders in the enterprise. And although the superb genius of Paul Green went into the writing of the play, and the skill of Sam Selden in directing it, shaped it up on the stage, Lost Colony could never have been a success without the co-operation that has been given it by hundreds of local residents, who have toiled and sacrificed in its behalf.

We don't worry about Lost Colony closing up before America does, provided it is run businesslike, without extravagance or discrimination. We don't believe anyone controlling it would have the poor judgment to thus play the traitor and jeopardize his own prestige and fortunes as either to sell out to the movies, or to stop running the show. Beside the ill-will at home that would result, it would make the people of Roanoke Island and Dare County hated by all their neighbors, and the laughing stock of the state and nation. It is ridiculous to imagine our people with so little spine and backbone as to permit such a thing to happen.

We don't have the least thought of Lost Colony stopping! We will give a quarter to anyone who seriously believes it will.

Lost Colony is a great institution, and from time to time we hope to devote more attention to it than in the past. We share with the whole community the hopes as well as the **apprehensions** that go with it, and we will try to keep our public better

informed about it. It will be interesting to read the stories about those who have made money from it, and inspiring to learn of other opportunities for making money, from Roanoke Island's increasing tourist business.

Lost Colony can't stop. We are proud of its magnificent success,—and grateful for its mighty benefits. We are grateful for the genius of Paul Green, so generously shared with us, without profit, and out of his love for his native people and his native history; we are appreciative of the efforts and the sacrifices of those Dare County people from those most praised to those least recognized who have done so much to assure its success. Let's once and for all, stop these foolish rumors every time they rear their head, for it can never be said of us that we lack gratitude and pride, or that we were so foolish or so ungrateful as to lose interest in this great show. Lost Colony is bigger and greater than any one or two, three or four people in it, and it has its share of the great and less great. It, no doubt has those who think like the old organ blower that his was all the credit for the music from the great organ and not the artist at the keyboard. That is true of everything under the sun. We will continue as a group of people, deserving of what we have, and worthy of greater things to come, appreciative, helpful, cooperative in all things for the public good and big enough to crush those things that threaten the security and progress of our achievements.



“It is wonderful how near conceit is to insanity!”—Jerrold.

MOTHER OF O. HENRY WOMAN OF TALENT

By Nellie Rowe Jones in Charlotte Observer

September 11 is a memorable day in the annals of North Carolina, for it was on that date 79 years ago that William Sydney Porter, son of Dr. Algernon and Mary Swaim Porter, was born in Greensboro.

It was a happy home into which the future O. Henry was born. At that time Dr. Porter was the town's most prominent and best beloved physician, while Mrs. Porter was a favorite with all who knew her. But the family circle was broken when the devoted mother died in 1865, at the age of 32, leaving three small boys, Shirley Worth, William Sydney, and David Weir, William Sydney being three years old at that time.

Despite the fact that so little has been written about Mary Swaim Porter, the little that we have enables us to know that she was endowed with those characteristics which later revealed themselves in her talented son.

Her parents, William Swaim and Abiah Shirley Swaim, gave their only child the name of Mary Jane Virginia when she was born on February 12, 1833. William Swaim was the editor of the Greensborough Patriot and well known throughout the state. Abiah Swaim was one of the Shirleys of Tidewater Virginia. When a small child Mary lived with her parents in the Sherwood home on West Gaston street. Her father died in 1835 when she was three years old and her mother remained a widow for seven years. In 1842 Mrs. Abiah Shirley Swaim married Lyndon Swaim.

From then on to the end of her life Mary Swaim received from her stepfather all the loving care that her own father would have given her. Lyndon Swaim gave his stepdaughter every educational advantage offered by the Greensboro schools; and then as now, no other town in North Carolina offered as many educational opportunities as did the schools of Greensboro. She attended Edgeworth Female Seminary, founded and owned by Governor Morehead, and graduated from Greensboro Female College in 1850, when Dr. Shipp was president of the college.

Mary Swaim entered Edgeworth Seminary at the age of 12 and during her one session there she studied Bullion's "English Grammar," Bolmar's "Physics," Lincoln's "Botany," besides receiving "instruction in the higher classes and in the French language." During her four years at the Greensboro Female college she studied rhetoric, algebra, geometry, logic, astronomy, White's Universal History, Butler's "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature," and Alexander's "Evidences of the Authenticity, Inspiration, and Canonical Authority of the Holy Scriptures." She specialized in French and later in painting and drawing. The flyleaves of her copy of Alexander's "Evidences"—and doubtless of Butler's "Analogy," if it could be found—are covered with selections from her favorite poets, while dainty sketches of gates, trees, houses and flowers, filling the inter-

spaces, show that she relieved the tedium of class room lectures exactly as her son was to do 30 years later.

We have evidence that Mary made a good record in college and that she was a popular student. Dr. Solomon Lea, the first president of Greensboro Female College, wrote to Lyndon Swaim on December 1, 1846, as follows: "Your daughter, Mary, ranks number one in her studies, has an excellent mind, and will no doubt make a fine scholar." And one of Mary's classmates said that quite a number of the members of the graduating class considered Mary such a good writer of English prose that they persuaded her to write their graduating essays for them.

One of the best descriptions of Mary Swaim as a girl was written by a friend of hers who lived in Milton, where she visited quite often as a girl and young lady. The home which she visited there was that of her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. B. Evans, two of the town's most prominent people when Milton was one of the social centers of large sections of North Carolina and Virginia. Mr. Evan's mother was the sister of Mary Swaim's mother, who was Abiah Shirley Swaim.

So little has been written about the mother of William Sydney and Shirley Worth Porter, the latter of whom is now living at Ayden, North Carolina, that the admirers of the great short story writer, O. Henry, would no doubt like to have the portrait of the mother more clearly drawn. For this purpose it can be said that while she was never considered a great beauty no one, on the other hand, ever spoke of her as homely. For, in conversation her face would be lighted by an inward animation that made her ra-

diant smile more charming than any mere regularity of features would have been. Added to this was her quickness of wit in repartee, her un-failing good humor and her unselfish consideration for the interests of others.

This was the attractive young woman who married Dr. Porter in 1858. Up until recently it has been accepted as a fact that Dr. and Mrs. Porter spent their entire married life in a residence on West Market street, where the Masonic Temple now stands. This, however, appears not to have been the case. In a recent conversation with Logan Swaim, son of Lyndon Swaim, who now lives at Bedford, Va., he stated that his father gave to the young couple, Dr. and Mrs. Porter, when they were married, a home on East Washington street, with the provision that they be responsible for the upkeep and taxes on the place. This residence stood on the location of what is now 219 East Washington street, having been so listed in the directory. It was later sold to Ben E. Sergeant.

A letter just received from Shirley Porter, brother of William Sydney, says that his parents may have lived at the above named location on Washington street, but that he can't vouch for it. Then he went on to say that he has been told that he himself was born on South Elm street, where the second Benbow hotel later stood, and that his parents at a later date moved into a house on a farm which took in a part of the land on which the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina is now located.

Mary Porter's married life lasted only seven short years, her death occurring September 26, 1865. She was

laid to rest in the old Presbyterian graveyard.

In regard to O. Henry's thought of his mother Dr. C. Alphonso Smith wrote: "Always his mother was to O. Henry 'a thing ensky'd and sainted.' There was always an aureole about her. The knowledge that she had written poems and painted pictures exercised a directive and lasting influence upon O. Henry." That a sense of the loss of his mother went with him through the life is clearly shown by "Bill Porter's Words to Lollie Cave Wilson," recorded in her charming book, "Hard to Forget," as follows:

"The sun was sinking behind the hills. The day was fast fading into evening, and there in the stillness of the twilight Bill told me of his life, his ambitions, his hopes and fears. (These were his words.): "First, I lost my mother when I was a baby. Can't remember her. They told me about her—how sweet she was, how ambitious. But I never knew of her love, and I have missed her all my life. There has always been a longing in my heart. I guess if I could remember one little kiss of her's things might be different. This has been my cross to bear. My folks were good to

me; they were fine people whom I dearly loved; they helped me in every way.

"Here I am among strangers in a far away land, with not a soul who is kin to me. You know it is a lonely feeling and sometimes it gets close to a fellow's heart.' Further along in his conversation he said: 'You see I always longed to go to college I wanted to be a writer. I suppose I inherit this desire or trait from my mother and other ancestors. I don't suppose I am actually unfit for commercial life; it's just that it doesn't appeal to me. To one of my temperament commerce and trade are like a wet blanket to a man with a chill. We just don't get along.' "

Though Mary Swaim Porter did not live to train the mind of her illustrious son, yet according to the laws of heredity, the divine spark that fired his literary and artistic talent was no doubt imparted to him by her, and as we celebrate his birthday on September the eleventh it is well that we remember and acknowledge the great debt which the world owes to her whose memory the son always cherished with a feeling of adoration.

FRIENDS

Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love. It is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man in the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve a friend, who is as an animal that is never caught or tamed but by kindness and pleasure. Excite them by your civilities, and show them that you desire nothing more than their satisfaction; oblige with all your soul that friend who has made you a present of his own friendship.—Socrates.

DIET AND NATIONAL DEFENSE

(The Sanatorium Sun)

Of a million men examined for selective service in this country approximately 400,000 have been found physically unfit for general military duty. These startling statistics were made public recently by Brigadier-General Lewis B. Hershey, Deputy Director, National Headquarters of the Selective Service System. Even more startling is the statement by General Hershey that of those found physically unable to serve in full military capacity probably one-third are suffering from disabilities directly or indirectly connected with nutrition.

General Hershey spoke at the National Nutrition Conference for Defense called by President Roosevelt late in May. More than 900 delegates from all parts of the country, representing the medical and scientific professions, the social service professions, agriculture, labor, industry, consumers and government agencies, met in Washington and drew up plans to strengthen our national defense through proper diet.

Affects National Security

Paul V. McNutt, Federal Security Administrator, presided over the general sessions of the conference and told the delegates that the challenge of nutrition was being discussed for two reasons. "First," he said, "new and startling facts about nutrition have become known, facts which are vital to the strength, health and security of America. Second, America faces today one of the greatest crisis in her history—a crisis of such broad significance that we cannot afford to

compromise our national strength in any way."

That nutrition should be a national problem in a land of bursting granaries seems almost a paradox. Yet a recent survey by the Department of Agriculture shows that only one-fourth of our families live on a diet that could be rated "good." The survey further reveals that a third of our families subsist on diets that might be considered "fair," and another third or more on diets that should be considered "poor"—with what results it may be ascertained from General Hershey's report on the physical status of that portion of our population who are the backbone of the nation's manpower.

Hunger, man's oldest enemy, attacks our nation by stealth. Malnutrition, as doctors call the slowly undermining form of starvation prevalent in America, has been described by a noted nutrition expert as "like an iceberg; its greatest mass and its greatest danger lie beneath the surface."

Most people know that faulty nutrition interferes with proper growth and development, causes such deficiency diseases as pellagra and lowers the bodily resistance to tuberculosis and many other infectious maladies. Other damaging effects of undernourishment are not so well known to the lay public. What the average person does not know is that an otherwise unexplained physical and mental fatigue—that "half-alive" feeling with a loss of zest for work or play—may be due to a lack of vital food elements. Unsteady nerves, fears, mood-

iness, the doctors also tell us, are often caused by an inadequate supply of vitamins in the diet.

Our government is impressed with the fact that these evils of malnutrition seriously impair with our defense program. For total defense the nation must have maximum efficiency of all our citizens—in our military forces, in our factories and in our homes.

The most obvious cause of starvation is poverty and want. In America, however, malnutrition is by no means entirely a problem of economics, nor is it a problem of production as in many war torn countries. Carelessness and indifference in forming food habits, lack of skill or knowledge in purchasing and preparing food—conditions which can be remedied by education—complicate the nutrition problem in a land of plenty.

Common Causes of Undernourishment

"Actual want is by no means the commonest cause of poor nourishment," declares Dr. F. C. Smith, Assistant Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, "although it must be reckoned with, especially in great cities, such as New York, where it is said many hundred school children go breakfastless to school. In the average American household too little time is given to the study of children's diet during the first decade of life. Even when food is properly prepared for them it often takes time and patience to induce a playful and capricious child to eat the proper things in sufficient quantities. Every attack of indigestion, every missed or partially consumed meal has its adverse effect on nutrition of any age of life. Many people are underfed who consider themselves well fed. The rich business

man who hastily consumes a scanty breakfast of toast and coffee and works hard all day in an office with only a hasty lunch at noon cannot consider himself well fed even though he consumes a full meal in the evening. His child who refuses wholesome articles of food, such as bread and butter, vegetables and meat may not be well fed. Candy and cookies taken between meals and frequently causing lack of appetite at the table are not good substitutes for proper food.

"Lack of knowledge of food values is very common, especially in cities where delicatessen products made to tempt the eye and palate, often take precedence over wholesome soups, roasts and stews from the home kitchen. The fatty articles of food, including butter, fat meats, cream and olive oil, are especially valuable in building up resistance to tuberculosis; but the diet must be suited to the age of the individual. Bread and butter, meat and abundant vegetables must not be slighted simply because milk and eggs are so commonly mentioned as ideal foods."

The government is doing much towards supplying food to the low income groups, the Food Stamp Plan being one of the most successful undertakings of this nature. Also being made available to the general public with the encouragement of the government are the new fortified foods, of which vitamin enriched flour and bread are the best known examples. Millers and processors of other important foods have indicated their desire to co-operate and are prepared to restore the missing minerals and vitamins to their products to the extent to which the consumer demands for these valuable protective elements justify changes in manufacture.

HIGH WATER

By Ruth Mathea Herberg

Ellen blew three blasts on the horn, three long blasts that echoed across the river. Then she replaced the horn in the branch of the sycamore, in the shade of which she had halted her wagon.

"I wonder how old that horn really is," she reflected. "Uncle Ed says it has been here ever since he can remember."

It had been there far longer than that, if Ellen only knew it, for one of her own ancestors, Bruce McCord, who had followed Daniel Boone into the mountain wilderness, had first placed it there.

Beside Ellen on the seat of the wagon was a patchwork quilt which she was bringing down to the little town of Litchman in response to an ad in the "Courier." The community knew Miss Gregory, sponsor of the ad, simply as the "outsider," who had built a house on Laurel Knob and spent each early spring and summer there. The neighbors had no idea that Miss Gregory's reputation as a portrait painter was nationwide.

Grandmother's Flower Garden and the Double Wedding Ring were traditional quilt patterns among Ellen's neighbors up on the Ridge, but her pattern was entirely her own, and represented many months work on the part of her clever mind as well as her nimble fingers. The background color was the lovely soft green of azalea leaves, and the semi-conventional design brought out all the exquisite tints of the azalea blossoms themselves. So faithfully had she reproduced the infinite varieties of colors that the completed quilt fairly

breathed the spirit of the mountain springtime.

She had high hopes of selling her quilt. In fact, she just had to sell it if her brother Jimmie were to have his chance at school next fall. Her scholarship would see her through another year, but Jimmie's chance depended on her. No help could be expected from home, for neither Aunt Winnie nor Uncle Ed, with whom Ellen and her brother had made their home since typhoid had robbed them of both father and mother, held any brief for "larnin'" other than that which could be gained from kitchen or corn patch.

At the sound of approaching wheels, Ellen picked up the reins, lest Amos forget his age and sobriety.

"Hello, Lulu! Hello Mrs. Flanders!" she greeted the newcomers.

Lulu, a girl about Ellen's own age, showed not so much as the flick of an eyelash that she had heard Ellen's greeting.

Ellen smiled inwardly, wondering if sometimes Lulu herself didn't think all that fuss about a line fence that supposedly had been moved, long before either girl had been born, wasn't pretty silly.

"Poor Lulu," her thoughts went on, "she'd be so nice looking with all that dark curly hair, if only she had a pretty dress! I wish her mother'd let her go down to school for just a year! She'd learn so much!"

Ellen's own blonde hair, like honey glistening in the sun, had never seemed of much importance to her, nor her direct blue eyes that turned violet under stress of emotion.

They turned violet now, for as

Sam warped his ferry inshore, Lulu calmly drove her horse in front of Ellen, clearly usurping the position that by all rights should have been the latter's, since she had been at the ferry landing first.

"I'll be right back for you, Ellen," promised Sam, unaware of the tense situation. "The river's so high I don't dare take more than one at a time!"

Bad enough to have been bested by such a trick, but Ellen could have cried with vexation when she saw in the back of the Flanders' wagon the little chest in which she knew they kept their quilts. So they were on their way to Miss Gregory's too!

Lulu's voice, in conversation with Sam, came back across the river.

"We're aimin' to go home by the bridge, so we won't be a-botherin' you none to bring us across again!" she drawled.

Ellen noticed the water was lapping over the edge of the planking. The river was high, certainly. Then Sam's voice came to her across the water.

"Hi! Ellen! Don't dare bring the ferry across again. Water's too high!"

Ellen raised her arm in token of having heard, and then blinked back tears of disappointment. Everything seemed to be going wrong today.

A voice hailed her from the porch of "Uncle Weston's" cottage that stood on a little rise above the ferry landing.

"Can't Sam take you across?" Uncle Weston asked.

"No, he says the river's too high!" Not for anything in the world would Ellen let Uncle Weston see her chagrin at the trick that had been played on her, although she guessed he had seen what had happened.

He glanced at the parcel that lay

on the seat beside her. Uncle Weston knew all about the quilt and about Ellen's ambitions. His cheerfulness and kindly tolerance had made him the confidant and friend of all the scattered families that lived up on the Ridge.

"You might go along the River Trail down to the bridge," he suggested, "only you'll have to ride, because the trail's not been used for a good many years! In fact, not since before the bridge was built! There used to be a ford down there, just above where the bridge is now, but that was before your day, Ellen."

With characteristic energy Ellen unhitched Amos.

"Got a saddle?" she asked.

At Uncle Weston's negative, she snatched up the washed sack that Aunt Minnie had put in the wagon to keep the egg crate from bumping, stuffed her precious quilt inside that, and threw it expertly across Amos' back for a saddle.

Uncle Weston's voice stopped her. "Did Lulu have her quilt with her?" "Yes!" answered Ellen shortly.

"Well, don't worry. Ellen! The race isn't always to the swift, you know, and he travels fastest who carries neither anger nor rancor!"

Ellen hesitated, then bent down and put her hand in Uncle Weston's outstretched one.

"I'll try!" she promised.

No one could deny that the river trail was overgrown. The briars and underbrush did their best to impede her progress. In one or two places the river had backed up so that Amos snorted and splashed through several inches of water. The three miles seemed like six to Ellen, but when she arrived at where trail and road and river met, she gasped in astonishment.

There was no bridge there! Only one of the caisson-like log piers remained in midstream, **the other pier and the whole superstructure** having been washed down stream.

She looked across to the other side. The bridge had been built high at that end to meet the level of the road, and now since the bridge was gone, there was a sheer drop of several feet. Anyone coming down that road expecting to cross by way of the bridge would be thrown headlong into the river.

Amos lifted his head as though listening. Sharper than human ears, his had caught the sound of wheels against gravel on the road across the river, where it descended by a series of sharp curves.

Ellen sat motionless. Undoubtedly someone was coming down that road. She could not see them, nor could they see her due to the curves, but she could hear them plainly now, and they were coming fast.

Then she remembered what Lulu had said! She and her mother were coming home by way of the bridge! The bridge that wasn't there.

She wheeled Amos sharply, her mind working in double quick time. The ford that Uncle Weston had mentioned couldn't be so far back. She remembered noticing a break in the underbrush that had looked as though it led down to the river.

There it was! She could even discern faint wagon tracks, filled with water now from the rising river.

Dismounting, she unstrapped her "saddle" and fastened it securely about her shoulders. Her next move was to break off a stout switch. "I may need it!" she thought grimly.

With the aid of a low stump she was on Amos' back again, her knees clamp-

ed tightly against his fat sides.

"Come on, Amos!" she urged. "It's not half so bad as it looks!" The animal's instinct made him wary of the water that slid by so ominously, and Ellen had to grit her teeth and give him a cut across his flanks as he had never received before.

"We've got to get across, Amos! Can't you hear them coming?"

Surprised, the horse plunged forward into the water that rose with each splashing step. Only once, fortunately, did he have to swim, and then Ellen clung tightly to his mane.

As soon as they reached the other bank, she threw the reins over his head, knowing that he would stand, and slid to the ground. Scrambling through the underbrush and up to the road better to be done alone. She stopped only long enough to fling her quilt into the crotch of a tree.

She reached the road barely in time, but instead of a horse and wagon, it was Miss Gregory's little roadster that skidded to a sudden stop before her.

"Why, Ellen!" gasped that little blue eyed lady. "What on earth is the matter?"

"The bridge!" Ellen pointed to where it should have been. "It's washed out!"

Miss Gregory walked over to the edge of the jump-off, then gave a good look at Ellen, and opened the door of her car. "You better get in here," she said quietly.

Only then did Ellen realize how wobbly her knees were. Her voice sounded odd even to her own ears, but Miss Gregory's gentle arm around her shoulders helped bring out the story of the long ride and the crossing of the river.

"I thought you were Lulu and her

mother," Ellen laughed shakily. "They said they were coming back this way."

"Yes, I know. I passed them just this side of Litchman. We'll have plenty of time to stop them." Then she continued, "I bought a quilt today from Lulu, but she said you had one that was still nicer than hers."

"Did Lulu say that?"

"Yes, she did, and I was on my way to your house to see it."

For answer Ellen opened the car door and ran over to the tree where she had left her quilt. Rumpled and creased it was now, but otherwise none the worse for its adventures.

Miss Gregory turned back one corner.

"Why, Ellen!" she said with spontaneous enthusiasm. "This is beautiful! This is a rare piece of work!"

Ellen's heart beat fast. Miss Gregory really liked her quilt!

"This is worth fifty dollars at least!" the latter remarked.

"Oh, but I never expected to ask half that much!" blurted out conscientious Ellen.

Miss Gregory's understanding eyes smiled. "But, my dear, this is just exactly what my house needs! It stands among your beautiful hills and needs their toil to make it complete!"

Ellen's mind filled with thoughts of what this would mean to Jimmie. Jimmie of the sensitive spirit, who spent every leisure minute working with his water colors.

"My brother Jimmie's going to be an artist!" Ellen stated.

"Good! but you know that means a lot of work!"

"I'm sure not!" smiled Miss Gregory, "but now don't you think you'd better come and stay all night with me

so we can talk things over? We can get word to your family somehow."

Ellen gazed at her with solemn eyes. Things were moving too fast.

"But I can't leave Amos!" she remembered suddenly.

"Well, then, ride him into Litchman, and I'll pick you up there," she suggested.

"Amos' back is awfully broad!"

Mrs. Gregory laughed and pulled out a thick rug, which was a great improvement over the former "saddle."

"See you in Litchman!" she called back gaily as her car vanished around the curve.

Jogging along the road, Ellen had plenty of time to realize what all this meant. She, Ellen McCord, mountain girl, had been invited to spend the night in Miss Gregory's beautiful house, and Miss Gregory had even sounded as though she would like to have her come. She thought with delight of the large cool living room with its pine paneled walls, its huge fireplace, and the comfortable chairs and couches.

At the outskirts of the town she met a truck going out to put up a barrier at the bridge. The truck driver hailed her.

"Are you the girl that swam the river to warn about the bridge?" Ellen nodded.

He turned to his companion. "If it hadn't been for her, not only Miss Gregory, but the two Flanders women from up on the Ridge would've been in the river by now!"

Amos and Ellen trudged onward. "I must not forget to tell Miss Gregory about Lulu's rugs," she thought. "Maybe she'll want to buy some of them, too. I don't think I can be angry at Lulu again. Just think what she did for me!"

THE GREAT PARCHMENT

(Sunshine Magazine)

We are members of one great body, planted by nature in a mutual love, and fitted for a social life. We must consider that we were born for the good of the whole.—Lucius Seneca, Roman philosopher (4 B.C.-A.D. 65).

In a far land long ago there lived a busy people in little settlements dotting the verdant, rolling country. But every decade through the years, great hordes of mounted herdsmen from the adjoining tribes would pour out of the hills like a raging flood and devastate the land. Sheperds driving their flocks to the woodlands of early morn, oxen pulling carts of produce to market, even the little settlements themselves would be overrun. Their stores, granaries, and treasure houses would be pillaged and burned. The spearmen showed no mercy. And for many months thereafter, desolation and want would stalk the land.

One warm, summer day, when the harvest was about to be garnered, clouds of dust from thundering hoofs warned the people of another onslaught. The men armed themselves, and the women and children ran to protecting shelters in the earth. But in one of these settlements the men on guard witnessed a very strange thing come to pass. The horsemen approaching the settlement divided into two sections, passing on both sides and leaving the village unharmed.

Great was the shouting of the people. "We are spared!" cried the men. "It is a miracle!" exclaimed the women. For behold, the advancing hordes had divided beyond the ripening fields, sparing the grain as well as the people. Beyond the settlement the horsemen reunited, leaving the

settlement as though it were an insurmountable rock in a vast sea. The people rejoiced and gave thanks.

Presently, one of the chieftians of the marauding bands rode peacefully into the village with a group of his cohorts, leaving their spears with the village guards as an assurance that they meant no harm.

"Dost Seram Naala abide within thy village, brave ones?" asked the chieftain of the villagers. Much afraid to answer, the villagers assured him that Seram lived among them.

"Lead me to him," commanded the chieftain.

"Trust him not," whispered the villagers, but the guardsmen replied, "Fear not, for have these men not left their spears in our possession?" So they escorted the chieftain and his cohorts to the village hall. And they sent a messenger to Seram Nalla, saying, "An imposing one of the enemy has summoned thee. Come hither, and be not afraid."

Now, Seram Naala was an old man, and he had difficulty getting about. His household implored him to have the chieftain come to him, but he would not have it so. He reached for his staff and plodded to the village hall. There he found the chieftain awaiting him.

"Seram Naala, my friend," said the chieftain, "dost thou not remember Abdul Obit?" Seram straightened himself before the chieftain and peered into his eyes. He wrinkled his

brow deeply, but he could not recall the chieftain's face.

"Oh, 'tis sad," exclaimed the chieftain. "But mayhap thou recallest the occasion when once before these hordes came. Do I refresh thy venerable memory? Sit thee down."

Seram and the villagers did remember.

"A score of years in the past," continued the chieftain, "I was just come into my growth. I was one of the flying horsemen, like those of today. But we did not pass thy village then. It was because of a rarest deed done in this village then, that these horsemen passed by this day."

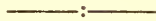
The villagers looked at Seram in bewilderment. "I remember," said Seram; "that was when thy tribesmen laid us waste. But you?"

"I was not a chieftain then, Seram Naala; I was one of the horsemen. My steed fell in thy garden. My leg was broken. Thou hurried out with thy household, and I thought my end had come. Instead, I was spared. Thy family carried me gently into thy dwelling, bound up my wounds, and gave me to eat and drink and rest. And

when the authorities learned of my presence, thou pleaded with them in the name of thy God. And when I was well, thou gavest me my steed and rations, and a Parchment. I went back to my people amidst a great joy, as one come back from the sepulcher."

A light shone in Seram's face, and his long beard moved as though he were uttering a prayer.

"Since that day, I have become chieftain among my people," continued the chieftain. "I do not yet have power to prevent battles. That will come in time. When the great one commands, we must act. Many do not wish to, but there is no choice. In time. I pray, all my tribesmen may have one of the Great Parchments thou gavest me on the dawn of the day I left thy house. Then, mayhap, all may live in peace. In that Great Parchment are these rarest of words, which are forever burned upon my heart: 'If thine enemy be ahungered, give him bread to eat; and if he be athirst, give him water to drink: for thou wilt heap coals of fire upon his head, and Jehovah will reward thee.' "



Here are some odd facts about food: Orange juice was once used to polish floors—in the West Indies.

Sugar was once so rare and expensive that it was kept in locked bowls, to prevent servants from stealing it.

Pineapples sold in London for \$20 each.

In the days of Henry VIII vegetables were considered unfit for humans, and were fed to pigs.

Lemons were once used by the Romans to keep away moths. They were wrapped in clothes.

Tomatoes were once considered poisonous.

Back in the 14th century, only the rich could afford to patronize grocery stores. The poor had to buy from traveling peddlers who carried their products in sacks on their back.—The Coffee Cup.

THE REMEDY IS DISTRIBUTION

(Alabama Baptist)

Some years ago six million dairy-cattle and two million sheep were destroyed in the United States. Millions of pigs were killed and thrown into grease vats. Twenty-six million bags of coffee were dumped into the ocean off the Brazilian coast.

Fruits were left to rot on the trees; hundreds of thousands of acres of cotton were plowed under; rubber growers bewail improved methods of increasing production; rubber pests hailed as angels from heaven.

It was strange doings everywhere! The common people could not understand it, especially when all this destruction was occurring side by side with human destitution and want, with hunger and rags.

But our economists are getting a bit wiser now. Today we wield a Restriction is the new remedy, Restriction is safer than destruction and it doesn't seem quite so preposterous.

Destruction calls forth anger.

Restriction lulls its dupes into false beliefs.

Destruction reveals the fact of an age of plenty. Restriction produces the delusion of an age of scarcity.

One is as bad as the other.

Neither is the remedy.

The remedy is distribution—proper distribution. For lack of it, human effort is either misdirected or paralyzed. Science would help us if we would let it. But science is now set mostly to harmful tasks. Science is wanted for warfare. Elsewhere it is advised to take a holiday. Under threat of too much wheat, or corn, or cotton, scientific invention is placed under a moratorium. The thing is done decently, of course, but it is done, nevertheless.

Meantime, the thing that suffers most in the long run is Christianity. For all this destruction, restriction, lack of proper distribution makes impossible the Christian demand for justice, freedom, a creative abundant life for the masses, and an ever-widening fellowship for each human soul.

SPEAK GENTLY

Speak gently! it is better far
 To rule by love than fear.
 Speak gently—let no harsh words mar
 The good we might do here.

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
 The vows that true hearts bind!
 And gently friendship's accents flow:
 Affection's voice is kind.

—Author Unknown.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show last Thursday night was "Meet the Missus," a Republic production.

—:—

Jack Pyatt, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who left the School March 15, 1939, was a visitor here yesterday. Jack is now eighteen years old and is a member of the United States Marine Corps. While he is now stationed at Paris Island, S. C., he expects to be transferred to another post before long.

—:—

The minister scheduled to conduct the service at the School last Sunday afternoon failed to make his appearance. The boys assembled in the auditorium at the usual time. After a few brief remarks by Superintendent Boger, they sang a number of their favorite hymns and returned to their cottages.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Barrier, former members of the School's staff of workers, called on us last Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Barrier is a first lieutenant in the United States Army and is stationed in Alabama. Mrs. Barrier, who has been living with her parents at Manassas, Va., will shortly join her husband at his present place of duty. Since leaving the School, about a year ago, a son was added to this particular branch of the Barrier family, and they were proudly exhibiting a hus-

ky-looking boy, eight months old, as they greeted old friends at the School.

—:—

The boys thoroughly enjoyed a watermelon feast last Sunday afternoon. Due to unfavorable weather conditions, this year's melon crop was much smaller than in other years. The watermelon feasts have always been bright spots in the lives of Training School boys, and we are very sorry they have not been able to enjoy as many as usual this year.

—:—

Cottage No. 4 has been closed temporarily for the purpose of making repairs to the building. The boys in this cottage home have been transferred to other cottages, where they will remain until this work is completed. At the present time Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are painting and making other necessary repairs to the interior of the cottage.

—:—

For the first time this season, a squad of youngsters repaired to the cotton field to begin picking cotton last Thursday morning. The School has only a small allotment, about fourteen acres, planted in cotton, which will yield enough cotton for use in our textile plant. Following a custom of several years' standing, announcement was made that certain prizes will be given those boys showing unusual skill in this kind of work.

A prize of one dollar will be given to boys picking one hundred pounds in a half-day; fifty cents for eighty-five pounds; twenty-five cents to those gathering seventy-five pounds; and ten cents to the lads who pick fifty pounds.

—:—

We are all of a disposition to fail to appreciate our many blessings until they are no longer available. During the summer months there was such

an abundance of fine grapes coming in from our vineyard that none of us fully appreciated this luxury. Today we are making the last gathering of grapes. Now that the supply will not be so plentiful, everyone is hoping that he or she will at least get a taste. The quality of the grapes is unusually fine. They seem to taste much better than when we could have all we wanted. It has ever been thus with human beings.—“We never miss the water until the well runs dry.”

—————:—————

EVENING THOUGHT

There is glad magic in the silent night
 When half the world lies sleeping underneath
 The quilt of kindly darkness. Starry light
 Speeds quietude the hours of night bequeath
 To weary hearts that leave their days of care
 So trustingly, so lovingly with God;
 Tired bodies, slumbering, unfettered, there,
 Eyes closed, 'til day dawns on the road.

There is glad magic in the silent hills
 That, leaning close against the starry sky,
 Speak to our hearts of steadfastness. It thrills
 The very soul of me. It lifts me high
 Above Earth's care and pain, above Earth's doubt,
 For care's not care when loveliness comes glad
 And trusting like a child. I want to shout,
 “This is the grandest day the world has had!”

—Marion B. Shoen.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 7, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
Edward Moore
Weaver F. Ruff
William Shannon
James Spear
Fred Stewart
Charles Wootton

COTTAGE NO. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Bruce Hawkins
Robert Hare
Sanders Ingram
Wayne Sluder
Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4

Plummer Boyd
Eugene Cline
Leo Hamilton
Donald Hobbs
Morris Johnson
William Morgan
B. J. Smith
George Speer
Thomas Yatees

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Robert Dellinger
Charles Hayes
Jesse Williams
Charles B. Ziegler

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Joseph Dew
Robert Hobbs
James Parker
Reitzel Southern
Wesley Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

John Averitte
Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
George Green
Robert Hampton
Richard Harvell
J. B. Hensley
Carl Justice
John M. Mazoo
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash
Ernest Turner

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Charles Crotts
E. L. Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 9

Marvin Ballew
David Cunningham
Edgar Hedgpeth
Grady Kelly
Daniel Kilpatrick
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
William Nelson
Leroy Pate
Lewis Sawyer
Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

Arcemias Hefner
Charles Phillips
Jack Warren

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
John Allison
Marvin Bradley
Robert Davis
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Everett Morris
Henry McGraw
Samuel Stewart
Henry Smith

Monroe Searcy
 Canipe Shoe
 James Tyndall
 Henry Wilkes
 Charles Widener
 William Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
 Ernest Brewer
 William Deaton
 Treley Frankum
 Eugene Hefner
 Tillman Lyles
 Daniel McPhail
 James Puckett
 Simon Quick
 Hercules Rose
 Charles Simpson
 Robah Sink
 George Tolson
 Eugene Watts
 J. R. Whitman
 Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

Charles Gaddy
 Vincent Hawes
 James Johnson
 James Lane
 Charles Metcalf
 Randall Peeler
 Fred Rhodes
 Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
 William Butler
 Edward Carter
 Mack Coggins
 Robert Deyton
 Audie Farthing
 William Harding
 Marvin King
 Feldman Lane
 William Lane
 John Maples
 Roy Mumford
 Norvell Murphy
 Glenn McCall
 Charles McCoyle
 James Roberson
 John Robbins
 Charles Steepleton

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Ledford
 Lawton McDowell
 Alton Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
 Cecir Jacobs
 James Johnson
 John T. Lowry
 Varcy Oxendine
 Louis Stafford

COURAGE

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves obscure men whom timidity prevented them from making a first effort: who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame.

The fact is, that to do anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold danger, but we must jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances . . . a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty years old, and that he has lost so much time in consulting relatives that he has had no time to follow their advice.—Sidney Smith.



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SEP 22 1941

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 20, 1941

No. 38

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SUNSHINE

The thing that really matters is' the
 "something else" you do,
 Besides the getting dollars all your whole
 life through.
 It's just the touch you're giving to others
 day by day,
 The sunshine that you scatter all along
 your way.
 The kindly deed you're doing when some-
 one needs a friend;
 The service that you render, the helping
 hand you lend.
 It brings a joy that's lasting, which mon-
 ey cannot do—
 To know that someone's gladness is just
 because of you.

—Sidney J. Burgone.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;

'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O thus be it ever when free men shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued band
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

—:—

BIRTH OF OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM

We are using as a leading editorial in this issue the words of our national anthem—"The Star-Spangled Banner," so as to emphasize

the 127th anniversary of the writing of these words, so dear to the hearts of all good Americans. It was on the night of September 13, 1814, during the War of 1812, at the time of the British bombardment of Fort McHenry, in Baltimore Harbor, that Francis Scott Key penned these immortal words. The issue involved in that war was practically the same as that of today—freedom of the high sea.

It is not our intention to give a full and complete history of the anthem and the conditions under which it was written, because there are two kinds of knowledge—the one we know and the other we know where to find. We are simply reminding our readers of this anniversary date in order that those so inclined, may look up many interesting articles published concerning the birth of our national anthem.

* * * * *

THE WOMEN WILL FIND A WAY

What will the women do when the hosiery mills are forced to curtail the manufacture of silk hose on account of conserving the silk for national defense? In reply we will say in due respect to the adaptability of womanhood that from observation, tradition and the reading of past history, they have never failed to meet emergencies with fine courage.

We have seen families accept misfortunes gracefully, and it was the woman of the home who put her pride in pocket and feet in the road and finally transformed chaos into order.

We have heard related many depressing stories of existing conditions that broke the spirit of old Confederate soldiers upon returning home after the War Between the States. Many a lady with "lily-white hands" in the Southland, who, prior to the freeing of the slaves, had never cooked a meal, soon learned the art of cooking, sewing and other duties of the home, and performed them with the grace of a queen. Women, as a rule, are very resourceful and adaptable. Just for the sake of emphasizing our argument relative to the morale of the weaker sex in the days of depression, we will cite a conversation between two fine business men who appreciated the versatility of women. This conversation was inspired by a man who was the father of seven happy youngsters: "There goes a man," remarked one, "a noble father who meets all obligations on a small

salary." In reply to this remark, the other stated, "Yes, that father of seven children does meet all demands of the home, but he has a wife who watches every detail of work. Besides, dad's old clothes are cut down for the small boys, and the dresses of the older girls are made over for the smaller sisters." A thrifty, resourceful woman is a most valuable acquisition to any home or community, while on the other hand, the one who sees nothing but gloom is to be avoided. These instances are given to prove that women never fail to rise to any occasion.

In conclusion we will add that if it becomes necessary to wear cotton hose so as to contribute to our national defense, women will wear cotton or any other kind of hose offered. Women have proved themselves to be good fighters in every emergency in all periods of history.

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THE BOOK INDUSTRY

The following clipped from an exchange, tells a future story. It goes without much comment that printers and publishers in London and elsewhere will be busy when the war is over, making for the world up-to-date literature. The reason for this assumption is that geographical boundary lines are changing almost daily, therefore, making it necessary to publish new geographies and histories. In addition to this, millions of volumes have been destroyed by incendiary bombs and will have to be replaced.

Book lovers will welcome John Hadfield's London letter reporting the current estate of the book industry in England. The cataclysmic bombing of London, December 29, 1940, when 6,000,000 books were suddenly and entirely destroyed, seemed to write the end for the future of publishers and readers alike. Yet, though more than 10,000,000 volumes have been destroyed by incendiary bombs, the book trade is flourishing in the face of incredible difficulties. Since January 1, 1941, Longmans' celebrated publishing house alone has reprinted 1,500,000 volumes, aside from new books being issued. The government has highly favored the trade, though it is but a small unit of Britain's commerce. That is natural, perhaps, because Britain's Prime Minister is himself a professional author; but the governing reason is that "the economic, political and cultural value of the book trade" is keenly appreciated for the life of

democracy. Books are exempted from the general purchase tax, and more liberal paper rations are allowed the trade. Though the continental sales have been destroyed, exports have actually increased, thanks to the enlarged American and colonial market. Here is a strange contradiction in terms: Though the sales in 1940 dropped more than 30 per cent as compared with 1939, last year's output was more than double that of 1917. Britons have liberty to read, and evidently they are reading.

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EVEN CRABS PLAY OUT

Out of Chrisfield in Maryland comes the news that they are actually going to plant crabs in the waters which were once famed as a center of the crab industry, and where fortunes were made 25 years ago from crabs. Permission has been obtained from Virginia, to take crabs from the waters of that State, and to carry to Maryland for replanting.

The same thing can happen to Virginia, and even North Carolina, despite all the fishermen to the contrary, who refuse to admit a species can be depleted. A few years ago, fishermen exasperated at crabs in their nets, would be heard to say they wished there wasn't a crab left in the world. But it would be a sad day indeed for many families who depend on the crab industry for bread, if all the crabs were gone.

Maryland people are having to make a public appeal for funds to transport the "sponge crabs" from Virginia. These are crabs that carry huge bundles of eggs, and are soon to hatch.—Dare County Times.

* * * * *

The International Church of the Four-Square Gospel, otherwise Aimee Semple McPherson, has just adopted (August 21) a by-law which forbids its ministers who have been divorced to remarry. It also provides that the ministers should be suspended from all ministerial functions during the period of their involvement in divorce litigation. This happens to be an illustration of the old comfortable advice: "Do as I say, not as I do," for "Sister" Aimee herself has been married three times and divorced twice. This action has not

been made effective without vigorous opposition, especially from Aimee's own son, Rolf K. McPherson, executive secretary of the church and managing editor of its magazine, "The Four-Square Crusader." Aimee divorced Rolf's father in order to marry her favorite choir singer, David Hutton. Hutton's divorce followed a few years later in a scandalous suit. Aimee's championship carried the by-law, after she had piously observed that "God blesses those who have taken a stand against divorce." It is a pity that, for Aimee's sake, her righteousness was doubly belated.—Selected.

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CITIZENSHIP TEST

The rule that applies to the highways could easily be applied to the city streets. There is too much throwing of paper bags, ice cream cups and other debris by passers-by as they wend their way down the streets.

Many tests of good citizenship are concerned with the simple, homely aspects of everyday living. One of these common problems is that of keeping our highways and roadsides clean.

A man who motors extensively through the Northeastern States says that each year the motoring public is growing more thoughtful. That is encouraging. Waste papers, litter, and debris can spoil the charm of a beautiful grove, inviting glade, or green field. Decent manners and true courtesy require us to be thoughtful of others.—Christian Science Monitor.

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COASTING

Director Ronald Hocutt, of the North Carolina Highway Safety Division, warns motorists of the dangers of coasting, as follows:

Sec. 127, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina:—"The driver of a motor vehicle when traveling upon a down grade upon any highway shall not coast with the gears of such vehicle in neutral."

This is self-explanatory. Drivers are forbidden to allow their vehicles to coast on the highways.

A DELIGHTFUL NORTHERN TRIP

By Leon Godown

PART I

Our party of five left Concord by auto at 6:45 on the morning of August 16th. Traveled via Greensboro, Reidsville, Danville, Va., Frederick, Md., and arrived at Gettysburg, Pa. at 8:30 p. m., having covered a distance of 533 miles.

We thoroughly enjoyed the fine, straight highway through Virginia. Did not stop at any places of special historic interest until we reached Frederick, Md. Here we looked for the famous "Barbara Fritchie House" (supposed to be right along the highway) but failed to locate it.

At Gettysburg, Pa. we spent the night at the Lee-Meade Hotel, named in honor of the leaders of the Union and Confederate forces which staged the famous three-day battle of the Civil War. This hotel stands right on part of the ground where actual fighting took place.

On the morning of August 17th, we visited many interesting spots on the Gettysburg Battlefield. Here we saw the Eternal Flame Monument, dedicated by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933. The flame, lighted by him, is produced by means of natural gas and burns constantly, day and night. The inscription on this beautiful monument reads something like this: "May the Flame of Eternal Peace Burn Forever in a United Nation." Standing on this ground, we thought that now, as never before, should this sentiment be indelibly impressed in the hearts and minds of all Americans.

Then followed a drive through the

National Cemetery and a visit to the National Museum. Here we saw the wonderful electric map of the Battle of Gettysburg (about 40 x 25 feet) containing thousands of small colored electric lights, operated by a switchboard upon which were more than 300 switches, as a recorded lecture concerning various movements of troops on that memorable occasion was given. Every person visiting the battlefield should see and hear this. The museum also contains thousands of relics, all properly tagged, that have been unearthed from time to time since that bitter struggle.

Being pressed for time, it was impossible for us to take in all of the battlefield sights, but we did stop long enough to see the Pennsylvania, the North Carolina and the Virginia Monuments, erected by citizens of those states. These are among the most prominent memorials at Gettysburg, and we are proud to say that the North Carolina Monument is by far the finest of the lot. Three of our party are natives of Pennsylvania, one hails from New Jersey, and the other is a dyed-in-the-wool North Carolinian, but all voted in favor of the Old North State Memorial, which is a fine example of the work of Gutzon Borglum, celebrated American sculptor.

A few odd road signs added a little touch of humor to the trip. For instance, in passing through York, Pa., we saw this one: "Strack & Strine Funeral Parlor."

Going through Lancaster, Pa., we

drove past the huge factory of the Hamilton Watch Company. We stopped in this city for dinner at the Y. M. C. A. Cafeteria, famous for its Dutch cooking. On the street nearby and in the restaurant we saw several members of the religious sects known as Amish, Mennonites and Dunkards, the women wearing those quaint dresses and very old-fashioned bonnets and prayer caps. The latter, a small lace affair, is worn under the large bonnet, and is always worn when the good lady is at church or at prayer. The reason for its being worn continuously is that the wearer is supposed to be ready for prayer at all times.

At Buckingham, Pa., we saw a sign on a good-sized building which read: "Flea Market." This aroused our curiosity, but it being Sunday, the place seemed to be closed, and we traveled on, still ignorant of the meaning of such an odd sign.

Driving out of Buckingham, we passed the General Greene Tavern, named in honor of General Nathaniel Green, second only to Washington in command of the American forces in the Revolutionary War. He was a devout Quaker but a real fighter in spite of the fact that he belonged to a peace-loving sect. In the campaign in North Carolina he was in charge of the American Army at the Battle of Guilford Court House, near Greensboro, where a beautiful memorial stands in his honor.

At New Hope, Pa., a large crowd was seen coming out of the famous Bucks County Summer Playhouse. This is one of the best known places of its kind in the country, and many stage and screen stars appear there during the summer months.

Our next stop was Flemington, N. J., where we spent several days calling on relatives and friends. While here we visited the Hunterdon County Court House, prominent in the columns of newspapers throughout the nation a few years ago because of the trial of Bruno Hauptmann for the kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh child. We sat in the witness chair in this old structure and visited the cell occupied by Bruno until his transfer to the State Prison at Trenton, where he was executed.

While strolling down the street one morning we met Colonel Arthur F. Foran, State Senator from that county, and father of Dick Foran, movie star. Dick comes naturally by his good singing voice, as his mother is a fine singer, and for many years was director of the choir at the Catholic Church. While chatting with Colonel Foran, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whiteman walked up and we were introduced. Paul, the famous orchestra leader, has a summer home about eight miles from Flemington. He was dressed in the usual garb of a farmer, blue jacket and overalls, and he seemed to be enjoying the simple life.

One evening we went to the Hunterdon Hills Summer Playhouse, and saw a good comedy. Juvenile star of the cast was Gordon Forbes, playing his second season at summer playhouses. The next best member of the cast was Lawrence Weber, nephew of Joe Weber, of the famous old theatrical team of Weber and Fields. This theatre is an old remodeled barn, owned and operated by Ione Hutaine, a former Broadway star.

The next morning an old cut glass factory in this town attracted our attention. Here we saw members of

this ancient craft grinding intricate designs in pieces of fine glassware.

We next visited the Flemington Auction Market, and were shown through the plant by the widow of the organizer of the association. Here we saw various egg-candling and testing processes, also the auction room where auctioneers chant similar to those in Southern tobacco markets. Although the population of the town is but 3,000, this market did a business amounting to more than two million dollars in the year 1940. It is a co-operative organization, owned by local farmers, and on three days each week buyers come from dozens of nearby large cities to purchase chickens, eggs and cattle.

On the morning of August 23, the other members of our party, who had been visiting in Pennsylvania, came along, and we started for Boston, Mass., at 8:50 a. m.

We crossed the Bear Mountain Bridge at Peekskill, N. Y. Continuing through New York State, we passed through Brewster, N. Y., where a sign: "D. B. Brandon Lumber Co." reminded us of our good friend, "Buck" Brandon, of Kannapolis.

Traveling through Connecticut via Danbury, Waterbury, Meriden, Middletown, Willimantic and Putnam, a rural section, we were impressed by the extremely neat appearance of the farm homes. Houses and "overshot" or "bank" barns were nicely painted; fences separating different fields were entirely free from any growth of grass or weeds; and the well-groomed lawns and beautiful flower beds were most pleasing to the eye.

We arrived at Rockland, Mass., that night, where we stayed at the farm

home belonging to a relative of one of the members of the party.

On Sunday, August 24, we went to Boston and attended the morning service at Trinity Episcopal Church, where the internationally famous Bishop Phillips Brooks served as rector for many years. The service was conducted by Rev. Robert Hatch, assistant rector, who preached a very good sermon. The choir was composed largely of volunteer members, serving during the summer months. A very "ritzy" congregation, it seemed. One man spoke to us very briefly—must have been another visitor.

After lunch, accompanied by a professional guide, we made a three and one-half hour tour of historic spots in Boston and Cambridge, which included the Paul Revere House, Old North Church (from which Paul started his memorable ride), Fanueil Hall (Cradle of American Liberty), Old South Church (where Benjamin Franklin was baptized), Old State House, and many other interesting places, recalling our studies in the elementary grades.

We visited Longfellow's home, in the rear of which was seen a large cleared space, reaching down to the Charles River. The guide said this had been kept clear during the building up of the Back Bay section of Boston because the beloved poet had always expressed a desire to be able to see the river from his study window, but this was not done until many years after his death. We went to the cemetery where Longfellow and his family are buried. In this same burying ground may be seen the beautiful memorial erected to the memory of

Mary Baker Eddy, founder of the Christian Science Church. In pointing out the names on various monuments and vaults, our guide remarked that one's blood had to be of the bluest variety in order to find a resting place here. Among those seen in passing were the Adams, Brewsters, Cabots, Lodges, all members of some of America's most celebrated families.

We drove through Boston's Chinese and Italian districts, which reminded us of New York City's Chinatown and foreign quarters, although not so large as those of the latter city.

Next in order on this delightful trip was a drive through the campus of Harvard University, the oldest institution for higher education in America, established in 1636. We also saw some of the buildings of Radcliffe College, a similar school for women, which has been officially connected with Harvard University since 1894. This drive took us past Harvard Stadium, with a seating capacity of 50,000.

The outstanding feature of this part of the trip was a view of the celebrated Ware Collection of Blaschka Glass Models of Plants, in the botanical museum. This collection represents the artistic and scientific efforts of two men—Leopold and Rudolph Blaschka—without the aid of a single assistant or apprentice, a most wonderful example of concentrated effort. Here may be seen the most beautiful flowers and plants known to man, made of glass, but looking as if they had come from the finest of conservatories. At the death of the Blaschkas, the formula was destroyed, making this a lost art.

We next stopped for a look at the Bunker Hill Monument, a granite

shaft 221 feet in height, which stands, as nearly as can be ascertained, on the spot where General Warren, American leader, fell. The monument stands on Breed's Hill, but is known as the Bunker Hill Monument. It was originally intended to fight the battle on Bunker Hill, but upon learning that the British were planning to fortify this spot in order to strengthen their hold on Boston, the Americans quietly occupied the adjoining height of Breed's Hill, which is now commonly known as Bunker Hill.

Our guide then took us to the combined Boston Subway and Elevated Station. Here you go downstairs to purchase tickets for elevated trains and go upstairs to buy subway tickets. In other words, you go up to go down, and go down to go up.

In Cambridge we saw many old houses with the tops of the chimneys painted black. Upon inquiry we learned they were so marked during Revolutionary days to indicate the homes of Tories, the name given British sympathizers living in America—the original fifth columnists in this country.

In Boston Harbor we saw two huge British warships undergoing repairs, and were told they would be ready for duty in a few days. Noticed a large hole in the front end of one vessel (about 6 feet square), but well above the water-line, which probably accounts for its safe arrival in a friendly port. We got a good view of Boston Navy Yard—at considerable distance. Saw many docks where fishing boats unload and the owners dispose of thousands of tons of fish by selling them to commission merchants.

Leaving Boston, we went to Cohasset, a popular beach resort. Had

supper at Kimball's Lobster House, famous for its sea-food dinners. Upon entering one comes face to face with several huge tanks filled with live lobsters. Here you may choose the one that seems most appealing to the taste and it will be killed and prepared according to your instructions. This was our only fling at a really high-priced, swanky meal on the trip.

On August 26, we started for Plymouth, stopping en route in Scituate, Mass., (pronounced sit-u-ate), to snap a picture of the Scituate Light-house.

Going into Plymouth, Mass., we noticed a sign on a garage which read: "L. Knife & Sons," but did not stop to ascertain whether or not it was a cut-rate place of business.

We next saw the famous Plymouth Rock, reposing under a beautiful portico overlooking the harbor. Listened briefly to a guide attired in Pilgrim garb, telling a group of sight-seers all about the landing of the good ship "Mayflower." (Decided this was a mighty small stone to have so much fuss made over it. If the Pilgrims landed upon that rock they certainly disembarked one by one.)

Nearby stands an impressive statue of Massasoit, chief of the Wampanoag Indian tribe, who was very friendly to the early settlers. He made a treaty with the Pilgrims soon after their landing in Plymouth, promising never to allow his people to harm the colonists as long as he lived, and for fifty years the treaty was faithfully kept.

Saw the famous Pilgrim Monument. Wondered why it was the only one we had ever seen equipped with a lightning-rod, but later information

revealed that the huge arm pointing sky-ward had once been amputated by lightning.

Just across from Plymouth Rock stands the old Pilgrim House where once lived the doctor who first used ether as an anesthetic, according to the words of the guide, but the people down in Georgia seem to think otherwise.

Driving through Plymouth, a traffic officer, seeing us about to make a wrong turn, placed his whistle to his mouth, hesitated, looked at our license plate and deliberately turned his back, allowing us to proceed on our willful way. Nice cop! He must have enjoyed some of our Southern hospitality some time.

In this village we saw the old Howland House, the only dwelling now standing in Plymouth that once heard the voices of the Pilgrims.

Continuing our journey, we crossed Sagamore Bridge, over the Cape Cod Canal, through which the boats from New York to Boston now pass, instead of going around the Cape, thus saving many miles and much time. The bridge is 1833 feet long and has a central span 135 feet above high water; the width of the arch is 500 feet, and the maximum height of the steel work is 270 feet above sea level. This bridge was built by and is owned by the United States Government.

Our next stop was Sandwich, Mass., the first town we visited on Cape Cod. Upon entering the village one immediately realizes he is in a far different place from any previously visited. It was not at all unusual to drive past quaint houses upon which were markers telling the world they had been built in 1688, 1700, 1710, 1749 or some such date. A house

built in the 1800's would seem comparatively new.

A picturesque old grist mill by a stream at the foot of a small hill presented a very nice scene.

We were much impressed by the old Congregational Church, organized in 1638. The present structure was erected in 1848. It has the finest specimen of Sir Christopher Wren towers to be found in the United States. As in all villages on the Cape, we saw many beautiful large elms in the churchyard and along either side of the streets, forming a graceful arch. Many of these trees attain a height of more than thirty feet before branching out.

At Sandwich we saw the old hotel where Daniel Webster stayed when on hunting trips in this section. In the room always occupied by him may be seen a panel in the wall, beside the bed, opening into the tap-room, which it is said he would open and in roaring tones direct the bar-keeper to send him a hot toddy.

Another story told here about Webster, goes something like this: The great statesman was very fond of hunting and the territory around Sandwich was one of his favorite spots. On one of these expeditions he became lost. It grew dark and he wandered until late at night, very cold and hungry, before coming to a farm house, shrouded in darkness, the good farmer and his family having retired for the night. Webster banged on the door, and presently an upstairs window was raised, and a voice inquired, "What do you want?" In his well-known stentorian tone, the great orator replied, "I want to stay here all night!" "All right. Stay there," said the voice as

the window slammed shut, and quietness again prevailed, except, perhaps, in the mind of Webster.

We drove through Barnstable, Mass., the county seat of all Cape Cod. It was settled in 1637. Here stands a beautiful old court house. Like all other Cape Cod towns, Barnstable has very wide streets, lined on either side by gigantic, stately elms. This is a real beauty spot.

In passing through Dennis, Mass., we saw the Cape Cod Playhouse, probably the best known summer theatre in the country. The playhouse is a venerable structure, having played many and varied roles, as church, school, barn, tin shop, slaughterhouse and garage. It is now completely remodeled into a most attractive theatre.

In this village hangs a sign in front of an antique shop which reads: "Yankee Notions." Did not stop to see what they were, as we had notions of our own concerning antique shops.

At Wellfleet, Mass., a little further down the coast, we met Mrs. D. D. Zuver, wife of Rev. D. D. Zuver, rector of an Episcopal Church some miles away. The Zuvers, friends of some of the members of our party, live in New York City in the winter and make their home on the Cape during the summer months. The rector's wife keeps an antique shop, as do hundreds of other people in that vicinity. She graciously closed the shop and showed us through her home, a typical Cape Cod house, a feature of the trip we thoroughly enjoyed.

At Truro, Mass., we saw the Highland Lighthouse, which was built on a clay cliff in 1797, just south of one of the most dangerous bars on the Atlantic Coast. The tower, 66 feet high,

contains a very powerful revolving light.

We spent the night at one of the cottages at Colonial Village, by the sea, where we enjoyed nice quarters with all modern improvements. We slept soundly, well guarded by a number of United States Naval vessels anchored just a few hundred yards out in the bay.

On the morning of August 26, on the way down to Provincetown, we were treated to a most thrilling sight. Rounding a curve, about 8 miles from the village, we sighted a group of Uncle Sam's naval vessels, consisting of 16 destroyers, 4 cruisers, one load-
ing transport, and 12 submarines, with a blimp flying overhead, circling the vessels. This was a thoroughly enjoyable parade to witness, and, just like a group of youngsters following a circus band, we trailed along with them to the point of the Cape, watching until they steamed out into deep water.

Reaching Provincetown, we saw the huge Pilgrim Memorial Monument on Town Hill. It stands 252 feet high, on the spot where the Pilgrims landed, November 11, 1620. Here they sent out a scouting party, and, discovering it was just a cape, the "Mayflower" again set sail and proceeded to the mainland at Plymouth, shortly thereafter.

Here we saw the oldest house in Provincetown, built more than 200 years ago. The quaint structures here evidently were built when there was no idea of making streets, for they are arranged in rather a helter-skelter fashion, and are very close together. A fire in this town would be most disastrous.

A trip to the fish piers was interesting. Saw an old fisherman busily mend-

ing his nets. We inquired as to his age, and he replied that he would be 84 years old "come next January." When asked if he had spent all of his life on the Cape, he laconically drawled, without the least shadow of a smile, "Nope. Not yit."

We drove around town quite a while, hoping to see the Town Crier, who makes his rounds regularly, announcing important coming events, but were disappointed. A loiterer near the post office told us that he was given to partaking of the cup that cheers occasionally, and was probably feeling somewhat under the weather that morning.

An artists' colony spends the summers here. We saw quite a number of freakish-looking people, wearing still more freakish-looking costumes, making their way about the narrow streets. It seemed that New York City's famed Greenwich Village entire personnel had taken up quarters on Cape Cod.

Provincetown is still a fishing village, and most of its people are fishermen and their families. Saw the fishing fleet at anchor in the harbor. These are mostly sailing vessels. It was raining slightly and the place smelled to high heaven. Old Bartholomew Gosnold, an old navigator of the early 1600's, certainly knew what he was doing when he named it Cape Cod.

Going down to the point of the Cape, through the town of Provincetown, are two one-way thoroughfares. We went down on one, called "Down-along" and came back up on the other, called "Upalong."

On the trip down the north side of the Cape, we passed hundreds of acres of cranberry bogs, a very thriving business here. All along the way, on

both sides of the road, were beach plums, growing wild, on bushes from three to five feet tall. The natives make delicious jelly from this fruit, and have it for sale at roadside stands all along the route. On this journey we were also impressed by the quaint houses, for which Cape Cod is noted. They are built with chimneys in the center, fireplaces opening into rooms on all sides. The gaily painted window shutters on the greater number of these houses also attract much attention. In their settings of giant spreading elms, walks lined with beds of hollyhocks, picket fences over which stream rambler roses, and lilac bushes in the yards, they present a most pleasing sight.

Coming back up the Cape, we stopped at Orleans, Mass., where we got a view of the rock harbor where, many years ago, the Packett, carrying passengers to and from New York, had its landing place.

Here may be seen excellent examples of the peculiar Cape Cod style of building—the old well with its long bucket-pole—a picture of charming simplicity.

On this side of the Cape, the south side, stand many beautiful homes amidst lovely surroundings. Here may be seen many large estates, one of which we shall mention particularly, being the home of Joseph C. Lincoln, at Chatham, Mass. Mr. Lincoln is a famous author of delightful novels telling of Cape Cod and its people.

Here we saw the Chatham Bars Lighthouse. It has a 24,000 candle-power lens, flashes four times every thirty seconds, and is visible for 15 miles. There are more lighthouses on Cape Cod than on all the rest of the Atlantic Coast put together.

At the town of Harwichport, Mass., founded in 1694, you will find one of the most popular and prettiest summer colonies on the Cape. One of its show places is Wychmere Harbor. This town is very old in tradition and history.

We next passed through Hyannis, Mass. In the pretty little harbor were seen dozens of fishing shacks, arranged in such a manner as to make this picturesque setting very attractive to the eye of an artist, many of whom were seen nearby, busily wielding brushes.

Here is a very fine airport, which, in recent years has become one of the busiest spots on the Cape—easily accessible from all Metropolitan centers.

From Hyannis, we went back through Barnstable, and, just a few miles beyond, once more crossed the Sagamore Bridge. We left Cape Cod reluctantly. The quaint villages; the towering willows and elms; the old homesteads with their peculiar architectural designs, picket fences and vines of brilliant ramblers—all speak of the peace and hushed beauty that is definitely the Cape's. It was one of the greatest pleasures we have ever experienced to visit this spot—where Cape Cod goes down to meet the sea with a last flourish of sandy beachland—a most unique land of sun and beauty, where time slips by unnoticed.

We next passed through Quincy, Mass., a thriving city of more than 75,000 residents. Here may be seen large granite quarries, paint factories, brass and iron works.

This city is the birthplace of John Adams and John Quincy Adams, father and son, second and sixth Presidents of the United States. The set-

tlement was once a part of Braintree, Mass., but in 1792 was incorporated and named in honor of John Quincy.

Quincy is also the birthplace of John Hancock, whose flourishing signature stands out so boldly on the Declaration of Independence. In signing the famous document, Hancock said that he wanted to write in so plainly that King George III, of England, might "be able to read it without using his spectacles." Since he was the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, the expression, "to place one's John Hancock on a paper," meaning, "to sign one's name," has become a part of current speech.

As we drove out of Quincy, a sign over a drug store attracted our at-

tention. It read: "Hoey's Pharmacy," and we wondered if our immediate ex-governor's ancestors originally came from this section of the country.

We then drove through Lynn, Mass. The section through which we passed was not particularly attractive from a standpoint of beauty, but we did notice a number of very large leather manufacturing plants.

Arriving at Salem, Mass., at 8:30 p. m., we spent the night at the Hawthorne Hotel. The clerk, a very courteous fellow, must have been a member of the local Chamber of Commerce, for he immediately began to tell us of many interesting places we should visit during our sojourn in that city.

(To be continued)

POLLEN COUNTS

We call it hay fever and the man who suffers from the inconvenience calls it many another name! There is too much blame placed on hay that is undeserved for hay doesn't produce the great number of cases that are attributed to it. No more than the mistaken idea of rose fever, for roses are pollinated by bees and it is those plants which are pollinated by the wind that cause the misery to sufferers of "Pollinosis." There are three seasons when pollens from various sources are at their worst. They laden the air with sneeze during March and April, for then tree pollens produce a sort of hay fever. In May and June there is the grass pollen to annoy the nose and after the middle of August and until frost, the rag weed season brings on the worst dose of pollen. Newspapers in a number of cities published a daily pollen for their readers who suffer from hay fever. This count tells the amount of popllen per cubic yard of air. Then you can watch out from there on. We repeat the oft mentioned fact, "what an age!"—Selected.

THE TUSCARORA WAR

(N. C. Public School Bulletin)

One of the severest struggles ever fought between the whites and the Indians in America was the Tuscarora War. The Tuscaroras lived on the western frontier from Virginia to the Neuse River, in North Carolina. Their warriors numbered about 1,200 and they occupied 15 towns.

The rapid spread of settlement toward the Pamlico and Neuse rivers alarmed the Indians, for fear they would not have any of their old hunting ground left. Lawson, the surveyor of the colony, proposed a road from the southern settlement to Virginia, which would pass through the region inhabited by the Indians. In the early fall of 1711 Lawson and Baron de Gaffenreid, a Swiss nobleman who had led in the founding of New Bern, took a trip up the Neuse River by boat to explore part of the route of the new road. On the second day of their journey, the Indians, thinking that the Baron was Governor Hyde, seized the two men, condemned Lawson to death, and informed the Baron that they were going to war with the English people on the Pamlico, the Neuse, and the Trent rivers, and on the Core Sound.

On the morning of September 11, 1711, 500 Indians fell upon the colonists and in two hours 130 persons were killed. The entire region south of the Albemarle was caught in the savage conflict. The few whites who escaped fled to Bath and other surrounding places, but there were two days of butchery before the Indians, laden with their booty and carrying eighty women and children as cap-

tives, returned to their fort on Cotechney Creek.

Governor Hyde and other dignitaries hurriedly sought safety, and Governor Spottswood of Virginia had some of the militia of his colony stationed at the Indian towns near the North Carolina line. Christopher Gale, the chief justice of North Carolina, sought aid in Charleston, S. C., and was given assistance and ammunition, but on his way home the French took him as a prisoner and kept him several months. During this time the governor of North Carolina, having received no information, again sent a boat to Charleston for help, and this time he was successful, for Colonel John Barnwell came to his rescue with a large group of South Carolina Indians.

On January 28, 1712, Barnwell's force, composed of about fifty whites and 800 friendly Indians, arrived in the Pamlico country. Here they killed 300 savages and took over 100 prisoners, but half of the men were so satisfied with their victory and booty that they deserted him, returned to South Carolina, and shipped their prisoners to the West Indies to be sold as slaves. Barnwell, however, continued fighting and pursuing the Indians until they retired to a bluff where he could not reach them. Thereupon he withdrew his men and won another victory over the Core Indians, who were located about thirty miles from New Bern.

On Barnwell's return 250 whites from the Albemarle joined him, and they attacked Hancock's fort on the Cotechney but were driven off. Finally

Barnwell, following the suggestion of Baron de Graffenried, who in the meantime had been released by the Indians, decided to have some cannon brought through the forest and placed at the stronghold. The Indians were terrified and frightened by the sound of these large guns, and Barnwell and his men made a truce whereby all white prisoners should go free and a lasting peace should follow.

All went well for a few weeks until the Indians of Barnwell's force dissatisfied with the peace terms which had been made, fell upon the eastern Indians, took many prisoners, and hurried back to South Carolina. Barnwell was now left with only his small white company, raised in the Albemarle, to face the remaining enemy. On July 5, 1712, Barnwell himself was wounded and returned to Charleston, and once again the hostile Indians became very active in the region south of Albemarle Sound. A tiny group of South Carolina Yamassees made one last stand near Bath, but in the Pamlico and Neuse settlements there was much devastation.

The North Carolina assembly, now

very much alarmed, drafted the entire fighting population of the colony to put down the Indians, and every able-bodied man who refused to fight had to pay five pounds. Two new forts were erected, one at Core Point and the other on the Tar River, at Reading's plantation. At this time, as if the existing emergency were not already sufficiently grave, yellow fever broke out in the colony, and Governor Hyde was one of the unfortunate victims.

Colonel Thomas Pollock now acted as president of the council and Governor Craven of South Carolina sent another force of friendly Indians and thirty-three whites to aid the North Carolinians. After all preparations had been made, on March 20, 1713, Colonel James Moore surrounded Fort Nohoroco, and after three days of fighting was victorious. The Tuscaroras lost around 800 in all, and this battle broke their power. Soon afterward the majority of the tribe retired up the Roanoke River and removed to New York to join the Five Nations of Indian tribes, which thereafter were known as the Six Nations.

DO YOU THINK?

At night, before I sleep, I lie
 And think and think, and wonder why.
 Why tables have legs, and cannot walk;
 Why pitchers have mouths, and cannot talk;
 Why needles have eyes, and cannot wink;
 Why pins have heads, and cannot think;
 Why houses have wings, and cannot fly;
 Why flowers have beds, and cannot lie;
 Why clocks have hands, and cannot write;
 Why combs have teeth, and cannot write;
 I think and think till I cannot sleep,
 And have to start in counting sheep!

—Author Unknown.

BABY RAY FOR ADULTS

By Doris Goerch

With adult illiterates comprising nearly 10 per cent of the population of North Carolina, the state will feel the loss of Mrs. Elizabeth C. Morriss, one of the pioneers of adult education, who retired recently.

Mrs. Morriss has done for the illiterates what Dorothea Dix did for the insane.

The movement to stamp out illiteracy among adults in North Carolina is generally considered a new movement, but actually it dates back to the "moonlight" schools of Dr. J. Y. Joyner, who was superintendent of Public Instruction in 1914 and 1915. These schools went by the name "moonlight" because the instructors were day-school teachers who devoted their time at night to the instruction of the adults who couldn't read nor write.

November, 1915 was even designated as "Moonlight School Month," and about a thousand classes were started. Ten thousand men and women went to these classes. Their one common goal was to remove the cross-mark of illiteracy from their signature. But even those who came for the entire month didn't have a chance to continue their education without the aid of a teacher.

With no funds to pay teachers, the enthusiasm for these night schools soon subsided, but in 1917 illiteracy again came to the attention of the state when an amazing number of soldiers, then being drafted, were not even able to sign their names. Woman suffrage revealed that a similar condition existed among the women.

So once again the state became interested in the education of illiterates and in 1917 the legislature provided an annual appropriation of \$25,000 for the biennium for teaching adult illiterates. Miss Elizabeth Kelly was appointed director of the work and community schools were organized in 30 counties. These classes were similar to the earlier moonlight schools in that they were usually held at night. But in the place of volunteer workers, teachers were paid for their services in carrying out the program as planned by the director.

During 1919-1920, these community schools for adult illiterates were made a part of the public school system. More than 15,000 students were enrolled in 66 counties of the state. Though such schools were considered successful, the legislature failed to make another appropriation and the state program was stopped in 1921.

Adult education would probably have been a forgotten movement had not Mrs. Elizabeth C. Morriss awakened the state with the Buncombe County-Asheville community schools. Beginning in 1919, Mrs. Morriss gave her full time for four years, as a volunteer worker, to teaching adult illiterates in her adopted county, to organizing county and city programs of adult education, to developing textbooks for adults, to making a film of community school activities and to helping in the preparation of bulletins for nation-wide use.

Most people would expect an adult reader and a child's reader to be almost the same. But reading about

Baby Ray and his ducks and dogs would be boring to the average adult, whether he had an education or not. So Mrs. Morriss went to work and put out several books, a good example being, "Adult Adventures in Reading." Instead of a sentence like "Baby Ray has two ducks, one dog, three chicks and one pig," the adult students read "A good citizen should know how to write his own letters"; "A good citizen should save money"; "A good citizen hopes to own his own home." In addition to teaching her pupils reading and writing, Mrs. Morriss is also getting across important teachings about thrift, the care of the home and children, ways of becoming a good citizen and many other lessons that every adult should know.

Steady and invaluable support, both moral and financial, was given by loyal individuals, far ahead of their times in their understanding of the significance of the movement. Notable among this group were Mrs. S. Westray Battle, Mrs. Howard G. Etheridge, Miss E. Grace Miller, all of Asheville; Mr. R. M. Grumman, as director of the extension division of the University of North Carolina, and both he and Mrs. Grumman as individuals gave unwavering and effective support to all of those pioneering activities.

The first state literacy commission was appointed by Governor A. W. McLean in April, 1928. The Buncombe-Asheville schools were leading the way for the opening of many more similar schools all over the state. During the depression, however, another lull came due to a lack of funds to carry on the work, but Mrs. Morriss didn't give up hope and again in 1933 adult education got another start.

The program has meant changed lives, changed homes, changed communities. Since Mrs. Morriss became director of the adult education program in 1936, the three phrases have become objectives, not idle catchwords. They are now definite accomplishments.

Superintendent of Public Instruction Clyde Erwin has described Mrs. Morriss as one of the pioneers in the field of adult education whose work has won national recognition. "She has done an excellent job," he stated. "and is considered to have produced the best adult education project of any state."

Mrs. Morriss will be the first state employee to resign under the provisions of the 1941 retirement act. J. E. Miller of Washington, N. C., will be her successor.



The army is a school where obedience is taught, an discipline is enforced; where bravery becomes a habit and morals too often are neglected; where chivalry is exalted, and religion undervalued; where virtue is rather understood in the classic sense of fortitude and courage, than in the modern and Christian sense of true moral excellence.—Ladd.

TWO YEARS OF WAR

The Salem (Mass.) Evening News

Germany invaded Poland on September 1, 1939, and war with Great Britain and France started immediately. The world has seen two terrible years, and the end is far from being in sight.

The first result is that the science of war has been revolutionized. A new style of fighting, commonly known as the blitzkrieg, has conquered many countries. It depends upon armored tanks which burst through enemy lines and operate far in the rear of opposing armies, and surround great bodies of troops. A great force of planes circle over defending forces and shoot and bomb the life out of them.

The great Maginot line, on which France chiefly depended, proved only a trifling factor in the war. New methods made old fortifications of relatively small value. The Maginot line might possibly have held, if the French had extended it to cover the Belgian frontier, which was left poorly defended.

The Nazi triumphs that have amazed the world do not prove that the Nazi mind understands war. To understand war, you have to understand the people you have to meet. Hitler developed fifth column activity to a most amazing extent, but he does not understand the average mentality of foreign peoples. He thought Britain and France would refuse to fight when he joined up with Russia. That was a mistake that will probably cost him the war. He thought America would take little part in the war. The stream of bombers flying to England has taught him differently. He thought the Russians would not fight. A million Nazi fighters left dead, wounded, or prisoners on the Russian front have shown he was wrong there.

Two years of war have proved that while Mr. Hitler is a master of blitzkriegs, he does not understand something equally important, the human mind.

All that the world needs for guidance of its life could be written on two pages of a child's copybook. A few strong instincts and a few plain rules would set the world singing on its way, instead of tying it up in periodical blunders. Learning may need large space, thousands of volumes, vast experience, and failure and progress; but, strange to say, wisdom carries very little such baggage.

—Selected.

FIRST HAND STORY OF THE HESS CAPTURE IN SCOTLAND

(Christian Advocate)

Two North Carolina boys, Fred Ross Burgess, Jr., and Colburn Burgess, 12 and 8 year old sons, respectively, of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burgess of Gatesville, wrote David McLean, the Scotch farmer who captured Rudolf Hess, for his autograph and in reply recieved the following complete story of what happend on that historic occasion:

"Dear Cilburn and Fred:

"I really don't know that there is much I can write and say but here goes. Well, I was in bed when I first heard the plane pass overhead and shortly afterwards it returned, and it was so low and the engines were cut off, so I rushed outside to see if the farm buildings were safe as I imagined that the plane must crash here, but to my surprise I saw a man descending in a parachute. So I told my mother she had better get up as at that time I did not know how many there might be beside the one I saw.

"On going into the park, I saw the man lying face downwards on the grass. In passing, I may say I had no pitchfork nor weapon of any kind.

When I got to the man (I had no idea at this time that he was as important a person as he turned out to be, for he gave us the name of Alfred Horne) I assisted him to his feet and thanking me, he inquired for the Duke of Hamilton and said he had important information for the R. A. F. He also assured me that he was alone and had no arms on his person nor in the plane

"He followed my mother around to our house while I got in touch with the authorities who came and took charge of him, and that is the story and I don't know that there was anything daring or exceptional in my action. The man was a good English talker and I may say the reporters who have since followed have been more nuisance and bother to us."

The reader will do well to file this Scotch farmer's letter among his interesting papers, for in a few years it will be a rare paper and consequently of great value because it is a "plain unvarnished tale" of truth that is stranger than fiction and with a strongly romantic setting.

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Man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart, and next to escape the censure of the world. If the last interfere with the first it should be entirely neglected. But if not, there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see its own approbation seconded by the applause of the public.—Addison.

I GO TO PROVE MY SOUL

(Selected)

Paracelsus, a physician of the sixteenth century, one day in Wurzburg, according to Robert Browning, said to his friend, Festus,

"I go to prove my soul."

He left home, profession and friends to wander through Europe in search of the secret of the world and true meaning of man's life and man's purposes.

At first he thought that man was intended by his Creator to know. Knowledge must be everything. So Paracelsus traveled and studied until he became the most learned man of his times. But with all his learning, he had not found his soul.

Then, he thought that man's true greatness must lie in his mastery over nature and over weaker men. Man to be free and great must use his knowledge more and more to subdue nature and to order his ignorant fellow to do his bidding. Thus the great man would discover the true greatness of the human spirit and light a path of opportunity for other men to find their souls in dominion of the earth.

Years passed. Paracelsus had not yet found his soul. Knowledge and power were not enough. When broken in health and nearing death, he learned that the human soul is love, only love. Knowledge and power are needed in the fashioning of the soul, but they are not enough.

"Love preceding power, and with much power, always much more love," murmurs the dying man.

"Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity;

These are its sign and note and

character.

Our days are as disturbing to us as was the 16th century to Paracelsus. Nations are drunk with knowledge and power. These do not make men great. These do not make men human. If the tens of thousands of years of human struggle toward civilization are not to end in darkness, we must begin to strengthen the spiritual meanings of our humanity. That part of our conscious life which chooses truth, prefers goodness, follows justice, practices kindness, trusts in God, should speak loudly and convincingly. This voice alone can save us from being blotted out.

A very great and solemn trust is imposed upon all who are rearing children. We must not let our children lose their soul. Those who have plunged Europe into darkness and compelled the rest of the world to put aside their dream of peace have lost their soul. To lose the vision of God as Father, all men as brothers, is to lose all. This is the light that keeps us human. This gives strength and beauty and joy to life.

We must protect our children. They must know the loss of faith and hope and love. Let us solemnly dedicate ourselves in these perilous and tragic days of keeping alive in our children their faith in goodness, truth, kindness, service, and love. We can build up their faith by making ours more vocal. We can teach the enduring values by enveloping each child with a constant evidence in daily attitudes that have proven our souls.

THE DANGER OF PROFESSIONAL RELIGION

(Alabama Baptist)

It is said that Count Tolstoy once asked a close friend point blank: "Do you believe in God?" "No," replied the friend. Let us paraphrase Tolstoy's reply. "You say you don't, and you believe you don't; in reality you do. Every word you write tells me so. It is not what a man says, but what a man is, that speaks the truth; your whole being tells me you believe in God."

This is about what Christ Himself once said: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven." Not what we say with lips or even what we think we believe, expresses our real belief. The orientation of our entire life is the thing that tells the truth, the whole truth, and

nothing but the truth. Our life prays more sincerely than our lips.

Is not a belief in God that which lifts us out of our self-centredness and frees us from our fears. Is it not the power to live as part of the whole of things? But unfortunately, many of us while calling ourselves religious and professing belief in God, lack any such real belief in God, or hold it half-heartedly and partially. We distrust the world and men, and prove our lack of confidence in the supreme power behind all, by hedging ourselves around in isolation and building up our own security. We lack real enthusiastic confidence in the possibilities of the world or man, or in the providence which orders both. That is always the danger of professional religion.

SOMEONE PASSING BY

It doesn't cost a blooming cent
To smile a bit and say,
"Good morning," to a fellow gent
Who's passin' by your way.

You cannot tell about the load
That's weighin' down his soul,
An' just your smile might be the goad
To make him reach his goal;

Or maybe you are blue the while
And tears are in your eye;
'Twill dry them jest to up and smile
At some one passin' by.

—Marguerite Stanley.

BANKER PONIES STILL ROAM CAROLINA COASTAL AREA

(Beaufort News)

A thousand small, wild horses, known as "banker ponies," still roam along the sand banks that skirt the coast of North Carolina.

Pony penning held two or three times a Summer attract numerous visitors. For, they form this State's chief representations of the more famous western rodeos.

Although the ponies run wild over the sand dunes, they all have owners, and it is the attempt to brand the young colts that occasions the periodic roundup. Sometimes, too, the animals are offered for sale, and bidders come from far and wide.

Once tamed, the horses are noted for their docility and endurance. But it is difficult at the outset to teach them to obey or to eat properly.

Stunted in growth, though larger than Shetland ponies, these wild horses graze on the coarse grasses of the sand banks, supporting themselves almost wholly on salt foods. Accordingly, it is hard to get them accustomed to dry hay or the mainland feeds.

So much grass and so many plants are consumed by these vandals and other coastal animals that they are held largely responsible for the alarming lack of vegetation on the banks, leading to erosion dangers on the narrow peninsulas between sounds and sea. But, when it was suggested that the ponies and cattle be killed, in order to save the beach grasses and shrubs being planted in brush panel fences to hold back the encroaching ocean and anchor the sand dunes,

stout defenders of the banker ponies raised so much opposition to the murder plot that it was abandoned.

There are said to be more ponies along the banks today than there were a decade or more ago, when another furore was caused by the State law requiring all ponies and cattle to be dipped in special dipping vats in the effort to rid the section of Texas fever ticks.

Rather than go to the trouble and expense of catching and dipping these elusive animals, many owners sold their ponies. In some areas vats were blown up as fiery protests against the legislation. After the controversial law went out of effect, when the tick danger was past, the ponies grew more numerous on the banks. But they still fall far short of the many thousands that were there years ago.

Where the banker ponies came from originally, how they got on the Carolina banks and what their pedigree may be constitute some of the great enigmas of the coastal regions.

Some persons assert that their ancestry may go back to the surviving horses of the drowned Egyptian hosts reclaimed from the Red Sea and taken on world migrations by the Israelites under Moses and Aaron. Another theory is that they might have been left in Florida by Ponce de Leon, making their way gradually northward. Other people believe they could have been brought to the New World by Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists. A more humorous conjecture is that the horses

“developed by evolution from the sand fiddler.” The most widely-accepted supposition is that they were descended from a shipload of horses on a craft wrecked off the dangerous coast, probably from an old Spanish vessel.

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What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster? To see rare effects, and no cause; a motion, without a mover; a circle, without a center; a time, without an eternity; a second, without a first: these things are so against philosophy and natural reason, that he must be a beast in understanding who can believe in them. The thing formed, says that nothing formed it; and that which is made, is, while that which made it is not. This folly is infinite.

—Jeremy Taylor.

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A MATTER OF FAMILY PRIDE

(Smithfield Herald)

The old woman was practically alone in the world. She had neither husband nor child, neither sister nor brother to care for her, but she had been given a place in the home of a more distant relative. The ravages of old age began to tell. She was no longer an asset in doing her share of the work. Added to old age were the ills of broken health.

The home where she lived was a humble one. It was often hard to make ends meet in providing even simple fare. After much consideration, it was decided that the old lady must go to the county home. There seemed nothing else to do. Arrangements were made and she was driven “over the hills to the poor house.”

After her departure there was an emptiness in that humble home in spite of enough occupants to fill its

tiny dimensions. The housewife spent a sleepless night, as she wondered how the old lady was being cared for. She was conscience-stricken because some of her blood kin had been taken to the county home. The next morning she appeared at the welfare office and told the workers there that she wanted to go after the old lady and take her home.

“I couldn’t sleep last night,” she said. “We’ll do the best we can for her even if her old age grant is not enough to pay the expense.”

That Johnston county woman exhibited an inborn independence of charity that is admirable. She shrinks from becoming a public charge or any of her family becoming a public charge, and she is willing to undergo hardships in order to hold up her family pride.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The new 15 horse-power boiler, recently purchased for our milk house, has been installed and is working nicely.

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The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night, was "You're Not So Tough." A short comedy, "Scrambled Eggs," was shown at the same time. Both are Universal productions.

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Reports continue to come to this office concerning the School's fine apple crop this year. More apples have already been picked and issued to the cottages than at any time in the history of the School, and the trees are still heavily laden with fine fruit. If there is any truth in the old saying that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away," we have gathered enough to eliminate the need of a physician's services for several years.

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Our farm manager reports that hay-making continues to be one of the chief farm activities, and that the end is not yet in sight. For several weeks we have noticed a steady parade of heavily-laden hay wagons passing the trades building on the way to the barns. The weather has been such as to permit this fine hay to be stored away in excellent condition. Our farmers are also taking advantage of this fine early fall weather and are cutting corn for our silos and sowing small grain.

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Edgar Harris, formerly of Cottage No. 1, who left the School, February

2, 1939, visited friends here last Wednesday and Thursday. Upon leaving the institution, Ed returned to his home, near Tabor City, where he helped his father with the farm work for several months. He then became an enrollee in a CCC camp and was stationed near Sacramento, California, for six months. Returning to North Carolina, he again became his father's assistant on the farm for a few months, after which he went back to CCC work, near White Lake.

About eight months ago, this young man, now twenty years old, enlisted in the United States Army, and is a member of the Sixth Field Artillery, stationed at Camp Davis. He tells us that he likes army life very much and is trying his best to be a good soldier. His present rating is that of first-class private, but he said his commanding officer told him recently that he would recommend his promotion next month.

Ed has developed into a very well-mannered young man, and his friends here were glad to see him and to learn that he has been getting along well since leaving the School.

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Rev. C. E. Baucom, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read parts of the 55th and 91st Psalms, and a few verses from the 40th chapter of Isaiah, and the subject of his most helpful and interesting message to the boys was "Life With Wings."

The speaker began by stating that the world in which we are now living

is making use of wings to a great degree. These wings are being used in various forms, such as the transportation of travelers, carrying mail, fighting forest fires, for defense purposes, and in some countries for the wholesale destruction of life and property. When a young man completes his course in an aviation school, they say he is "given his wings,"—a term signifying that he is fully capable of manning a plane and is ready to assume the responsibility that goes with this somewhat dangerous task.

Rev. Mr. Baucom then told the boys that we may have wings today, if we so desire, without flying a plane. David, the writer of the Psalms read just a few minutes before, was in much trouble. People were trying to destroy his plans for the kingdom of Israel. His enemies were even seeking to take his life. He was miserable, wishing that he could get away from it all when he said: "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for there would I fly away and be at rest."

This is quite true of many people of today, continued the speaker. Some of them have so many troubles. Their home life is unhappy, they are heavily in debt; some are suffering serious physical ailments; while others have sunk deep into a life of crime, and many of them have a desire to get away from their troubles. The world is experiencing a lot of trouble today. Men are at war with each other. Bombs are raining death and misery on defenceless people in several countries. No doubt there are hundreds of thousands who, like David, wish they could fly away from it all.

He then told the boys that perhaps there were some within hearing of his voice who had the idea they would

like to get away from the School. This is a mistake, said he, for here the boys live amidst pleasant surroundings. They have good, comfortable buildings in which to live; plenty of good food and good clothing, here also are good men and women giving the best part of their lives in an effort to help them. Under such circumstances, a boy should not want to leave, but should be eager to stay here and take advantage of the many opportunities offered whereby he might improve himself, mentally, morally and physically, and become a good, upright citizen of a great state.

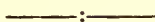
The speaker then told his audience how futile it is for people to attempt to run away from trouble. He cited the case of a man and wife getting a divorce because of family troubles. Getting a legal decree of separation in a divorce court doesn't end their troubles—they are still conscious that their married life was a failure. Some people take to drink as a cure for trouble. This, too, is foolish. For a short time their reason leaves them and they apparently forget which has been worrying them, but shortly they sober up, and, in addition to thinking of that which they tried to flee from, they must suffer the unpleasantness caused by the drunken period. Even the great apostle Paul became discouraged and prayed that God might remove his troubles, but God's answer was for him to carry on, saying, "My grace is sufficient." While God does not give us wings to fly away from our troubles. He will give us faith and courage to endure the things that are oppressing us. We must keep applying ourselves until, by God's help, we can change many things. There is no substitute for what God can put on

the inside of a man's soul. The life of John Bunyan, for instance, proves this theory. He was in jail, severely punished, yet there he lived a better life than he would have lived outside. God gave him the power to write "Pilgrims Progress," a book that has been translated into more languages than any other book known to man, with the single exception of the Bible.

They that serve the Lord, said the speaker, shall mount upward as on wings of an eagle. This great bird is

able to soar high above the range of the hunter's gun. The same is true in life—the higher we are able to go, the safer we are. If we live in the high realm of God's love, we won't have to worry about the troubles of earth.

In conclusion Rev. Mr. Baucom told the boys that men who live with their noses in the mud and their hearts in the gutter, shall never know the glories of heaven. We can live a life that has wings, no matter where we are, by always seeking to do God's will.



KNOW YOUR PART AND DO IT

You cannot greatly prosper,
If you fail to honor thrift;
You cannot strengthen others
If a weakness is your gift;
You cannot mend conditions
When you tarnish your foe's crown;
You cannot better wages,
When you drag the payers down.

You cannot flee from owing
By exceeding income's pay;
You cannot be a brother
If hatred rules your day.
You cannot found your status
On a base of crumbling sand,
And cannot merit favor
If you smite the helping hand.

You cannot help your fellows
If they do not merit aid
And they do naught by grumbling
While expecting to be paid.
The virtues known as Justice.
And its twin, well known as Right—
Bids you know their friendship
And court favor with their might.

—William M. Sapp.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 14, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
Edward Moore
William O'Brien
Weaver F. Ruff

COTTAGE NO. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 2

Raymond Brooks
Jack Cline
Virgil Lane
Charles Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

Grover Beaver
John Bailey
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins
Wayne Sluder
Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver
Plummer Boyd
Aubrey Fargis
Morris Johnson
William Morgan
J. W. McRorie
George Speer
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Robert Dellinger
Hoyle Pittman
Jesse Williams
Charles B. Ziegler

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Robert Hobbs
Vollie McCall
Reitzel Southern
Wesley Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
John H. Averitte

Edward Batten
Hurley Bell
Henry Butler
George Green
J. B. Hensley
Carl Justice
Edward Overby
Ernest Overcash
Jack Reeves
Ernest Turner

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley

COTTAGE NO. 9

David Cunningham
James Hale
Edgar Hedgepeth
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Lloyd Mullis
William Nelson
Hubert Smith

COTTAGE NO. 10

Roy Barnett
Amon Drymon
Marvin Gautier
Arcemias Hefner
John Lee
Charles Phillips
Robert Stephens
Torrence Ware
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

Robert Davis
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Henry McGraw
Samuel Stewart
Henry Smith
Monroe Searcy
James Tyndall

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
Jay Brannock
Ernest Brewer
Ernest Bright

William Deaton
 Treley Frankum
 Eugene Hefner
 Tillman Lyles
 James Puckett
 Charles Simpson
 Robah Sink
 Jesse Smith
 Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
 William Butler
 Edward Carter
 Mack Coggins
 Robert Deyton
 Henry Ennis

Audie Farthing
 Henry Glover
 John Hamm
 Marvin King
 Feldman Lane
 Charles McCoyle
 John Maples
 Glenn McCall
 John Reep
 James Roberson
 Charles Steepleton
 J. C. Willis
 Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

SEEING THROUGH

Idle words and idle minds,
 Cover up like window blinds
 What the soul might have said,
 Leaving hungry thoughts instead.

Good words and good deeds,
 Grow like thirsty garden weeds.
 Plant them here and plant them there,
 Growing, growing, we know not where.

Happy thoughts and happy acts,
 Leaving joy in our contacts;
 Leaving smiles where e'er we go,
 Ever doing the best we know.

Kind words like kind minds,
 Throw open wide the window blinds;
 Let the light of God shine thru,
 Making all life bloom anew.

—Selected.

SEP 29 1941

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 27, 1941

No. 39

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FRIENDSHIP

True friendship is ever fine and beautiful, but it is not accomplished with handshaking. There must be an exchange of something rich and sweet, something that will enliven the heart with happiness, no matter how small, that will endure.

Knowing many people does not necessarily determine many friends. True friendship is not based upon how many people we can call by their first names, but upon what we have done, willingly, for each other. Maybe in a lapse of a week or a month we meet many people and then meet them years later and recognize their faces and not know their hearts. Then that is not friendship but mere acquaintance, for there can be no real friendship where the heart is not involved or revealed.

—Beverly Coleman.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

OBSTACLES

The pilgrimage toward happiness differs from most pilgrimages in that its obstacles come from within the individual rather than from outer circumstances. When we fail to arrive at our destination, it is not because of the trails we have encountered but the way we have met them.

As long as we are dependent upon circumstances we are liable to disappointment and failure. We furnish constant excuses for ourselves: If only we had money . . . or health . . . or fame . . . things would have been different.

There is no denying that health and security afford blessings which illness and poverty can never know. But, on the other hand, riches and idleness bring temptations of selfishness, sloth, and intolerance that prove even greater hindrances to growth.

The man who is most aware of his blessings is not the man who is satiated with pleasure, who has never known sickness or poverty, humiliation or disgrace.

A single wild flower may give more joy to a botanist than a hothouse full of orchids to one indifferent to the beauty of nature. The most magnificent library in the world is lost on the man who does not like to read. If you have not the capacity to appreciate a blessing, you might as well be without it.

We are apt to consider environment as purely physical, but there is a mental and spiritual atmosphere that is far more important. No material things can block our progress so completely as egotism, fear, intolerance, hatred.

But there are obstacles that may prove blessings in disguise. Even sickness may be a means of development, affording time for serious thinking, for new evaluations. Whatever removes us temporarily from the fret and fever of the world, that makes us pierce beyond the surface of life and see things and people in their true perspective, is certainly worth while, and it is well always to remember that God's delays are not necessarily God's denials."—Alice Hagan Rice.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

From experience and observation we feel that the universal language, music, has the most refining influence upon people than any other subject taught. No gathering of any kind is complete with-

out a program of music to give color to the spirit of the occasion. One cannot conceive impressive worship on the Sabbath, or any week-day, without appropriate music. Every picture of life, including weddings, funerals, mirthful gatherings, are symbolized by a special tempo that tells the story. Music is classed as one of the finer arts, and decades ago in every home, if finances were available, public sentiment was molded in favor of giving the fairer sex the opportunity to study some musical instrument or take vocal lessons. But this line of thought has been perverted, for the goal of the masses of women today is to specialize so as to meet the demands of commercial life.

The piano of the home of yesteryear held central place where the youth assembled for pleasant pastime in song. It is now silent and is prized only for its material worth as a piece of furniture. The radio holds first place by broadcasting programs of the classics, keeping one tuned to an appreciation of the finest of arts that enriches the soul and leads one on to higher ideals of living. The home without music is materialistic, and in the course of time the God-given talents of our young people will be absorbed by the desire to be a financial success. We feel that when the sweet voices of young girls are unappreciated and untrained, there will continue to be a shortage among the fairer sex of accomplished and finished musicians. The homes are losing a basic fundamental for the molding of stronger and finer manhood and womanhood by eliminating music.

There remains one hope of reclaiming the lost interest in pursuing the study of music and that is through the public schools wherein there is a director of music. Right at this point it is opportune to make known the fact that the public schools of Concord have a musical director, Professor Curtis, who has done a marvelous work in his special line. If there is rhythm in one's soul, many discords in life are eliminated. The city schools are to be congratulated for taking this forward step.

* * * * *

MORE PRACTICAL EDUCATION NEEDED

Editor Carl Goerch, of "The State," is rendering a fine service to citizens of the Old North State by giving in fine style incidents that hook up the past with present activities, and the accomplishments

of fine statesmen worth recording. The stream-lined stories in this most worthwhile periodical are read with interest and profit, not alone by those who contribute to the publication of *The Uplift*; the boys of the printing class; but by many other lads at Jackson Training School.

In the following short editorial, taken from "The State," we heartily agree with Editor Goerch. There is a crying need, especially at this era of history, for a diversified program of training in our public schools. There is nothing objectionable about high culture for those so adapted and who can make the grade, but manual training should be emphasized. Editor Goerch certainly hit the key-note in his editorial that should be emphasized by all far-visioned people:

The public schools of North Carolina have, for the most part, opened up for their fall terms and have settled down to routine work.

The same old courses that have been taught for the last hundred years or more will again be dished out. If ever we needed a more practical type of education, we need it now.

The Government, through the NYA and other agencies, is spending millions of dollars in training young men and young women in various trades. A goodly portion of those trades ought to be taught in our public schools, so that when pupils graduate they would be able to go out and make a living in some definite sphere of work.

Vocational education was started in our public schools a number of years ago and has grown steadily. It has accomplished splendid results, but there is still room for further expansion, and we would like to see that expansion take place this year.

* * * * *

UNATTENDED VEHICLES

Director Ronald Hocutt, of the North Carolina Highway Safety Division, calls the attention of motorists to the danger of leaving their vehicles unattended. This is one of the most careless habits acquired by drivers, and often causes serious trouble. The motor vehicle law covering this thoughtless practice is as follows:

Section 125, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina:—"No person having control or charge of a motor vehicle shall allow such vehicle to stand on any highway unattended without first

setting the brakes thereon and stopping the motor of said vehicle and when standing upon any grade without turning the front wheels of such vehicle to the curb or side of the highway.”

In other words, before leaving a vehicle parked with no one in it, be sure that the motor is cut off and that the emergency or hand brake is on, and if parked on a grade, see that the front wheels are cut toward the curb or side of the roadway. At night, be sure to leave your parking lights on.

* * * * *

LETTERS FROM THE FAR WEST

The following letters show the majesty of little things. The Uplift has never attempted to startle the world by doing big stunts, but has tried to put forth thoughts that make for cleaner and better living. Our messages have reached out further than we realized, as is shown in the following letters.

6560 Hollywood Boulevard,
Hollywood, California.
September 5, 1941.

Mr. Charles E. Boger,
Editor The Uplift,
Concord, N. C.

Dear Sir:

For a long time I have been receiving your Uplift magazine and it has furnished me with much inspiration in my radio work. First, during the four years of “Help Thy Neighbor” over the Pacific Coast Mutual Don Lee Network, and more latterly in “Count Your Blessings” now heard over the Pacific Coast Blue Network of N. B. C.

From time to time I have referred to something in The Uplift and since I will probably want to do so again sometime in the future, I should like to inquire if this will meet with your approval.

Your publication is deserving of wide circulation and I wish you much success in your inspirational endeavors.

Cordially yours

Hal Styles.

That some of the reference to articles in The Uplift, used on Mr. Styles's radio program, reached a listening ear in a neighboring state, is evidenced by the receipt of the following letter:

Museum of Memories,
Virginia City, Nevada.
September 10, 1941.

Friends:

Please send me a copy of your magazine. I heard mention of The Uplift on a radio program about a week ago.

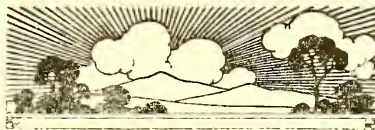
Sincerely,

Paul Smith.

* * * * *

THE POTTER

Choice articles of pottery are molded from clay that is placed upon a turning wheel where it is shaped by hand, just as was done 4,000 years ago. The molding of human character also follows the same pattern as in former ages. God is the Potter; we are the clay. The hand of destiny turns the wheel, and our lives are molded in accordance with the Divine Will. The vessel formed is then placed in the fire of trial, or the furnace of affliction, and the heat is turned on. That which comes forth has been tempered with fire, and it will stand service after it has been polished by the Master's Hand. If God is permitted to shape our lives, He will make them beautiful, useful and good.—Wayne O. Kantner.



A DELIGHTFUL NORTHERN TRIP

By Leon Godown

PART II

Just as soon as we finished breakfast on the morning of August 27, we secured the services of a bright 17-year-old high school boy to guide us to Salem's many historic places, and we might add here that the lad did well—don't believe a professional, more mature, could have done better.

Our first stop was at the well-known House of Seven Gables. Here we saw the bedroom, desk and chair used by Nathaniel Hawthorne when visiting his aunts, who lived in this house. We had the pleasure of going through the room in which he did much of his writing.

The lower floor of this house was heated by two fireplaces, on opposite sides of a huge chimney, more than ten feet thick. Each of these fireplaces opened into a large room.

Then followed one of the greatest thrills of our entire trip—that of walking up the famous Secret Stairway, the secret entrance to which is located in the rear of a huge wood-box built in the chimney, to the left of the fireplace. This was used as a hiding-place for those for whom officers were searching—they having been accused of possessing the powers of witchcraft during a period of about one year, known in history as the "Salem Witchcraft," during which time twelve women were convicted and hanged. An ugly page in the early history of America!

A beautiful Tea Garden is in the rear of the House of Seven Gables, where meals are served and souvenirs

are sold, the proceeds going to a worthy charitable cause. Here we saw a very large chair, carved out of a stump, which must have measured about three feet in diameter. It was rather crude in appearance, but looked as if it might be very comfortable. A small swarm of yellow-jackets hovering close by caused us to change our minds about giving this rustic seat a try-out.

Our guide then led us back through another section of the house, where we saw a portrait of Hawthorne, painted when he was 35 years old. Up in the attic were old spinning-wheels, a cradle, dishes, and many other interesting articles of that period.

The plaster on the walls and ceilings of some of the rooms is made of powdered clam shells and hog bristles, and is still in a very fine state of preservation. The paper decorating the walls in some parts of the house is an exact reproduction of that used in Hawthorne's time.

The next point of interest was the Pioneer Village, in which we saw reproductions of the crude huts built by the early settlers. Here were the sod-roofed dugouts of palisaded logs and bark-covered wigwams, types of shelters first built while the slow work of hewing timber for more permanent construction went on. Later log buildings were erected. These were chinked with mud, with an outside covering of bark, and had thatched roofs of grass or reeds. The logs used in the first buildings were placed

vertically. It was not until the coming of the Quakers some years later that houses were constructed of notched logs which were placed horizontally. The furnishings for these homes in the wilderness consisted of crudely hewn tables and stools in the kitchens, while in the same room (until larger houses were built later), large sleeping bags, filled with feathers, were placed upon the bare ground.

A reproduction of Governor Bradstreet's "mansion" is a little taller than the others and is the only building with board floors. In addition to bedrooms, furnished the same as those in the other buildings, is a loft over the kitchen, used as sleeping quarters for the servants, entrance to which is gained by means of a small ladder.

In the village we saw a corn-mill—a large bowl or mortar with a pestil going down into it, from which extended a long wooden beam, about four feet from the ground, which was pushed round and round by six men. Rather a slow process, it seemed to us, but much faster than the old method of cracking corn by hand.

Here also was a two-man saw-mill. There is a huge framework erected over a pit dug into the ground, on which the log is securely fastened. A two-man saw was used to saw out planks, one man standing down in the pit, the other on the framework above. Near the saw mill stands a log blacksmith shop.

Not far from the governor's house were the pillory and stocks, where prisoners were placed, hands and feet or hands and neck securely locked in holes in a three-inch plank, possibly for no other offense than going to sleep in church, kissing his wife on

Sunday, or some other infraction of the laws which seem very foolish to folks of this day and time.

At the entrance to Pioneer Village is moored a model of Governor Winthrop's flagship, the "Arbella," on which Lady Arbella came over from England in early colonial days. The original vessel was lost at sea, and the model used in its place is an old sailing vessel of the same type, more than 125 years old.

On this ship model we saw a fireplace; the cabin occupied by Lady Arbella, furnished with two rough wooden bunks on one side, a three-legged stool and a small table, and a sleeping bag; the prisoners' and slave quarters down in the hold; crude wooden steering device; old wine and water casks; and many other interesting articles. Our reaction to all this was to arrive at the conclusion that it certainly must have required a lot of nerve for one to cross the ocean in such a tub.

Our youthful guide then took us to Fort Lee, on Salem Harbor. This was the first American fort to fire on a British man-of-war in the struggle for American Independence.

We then drove past the Pequot Sheet Factory. This is a very large plant, one weave room being a quarter of a mile long.

We visited the Salem Coast Guard Station. Several of the coast guard sea planes roared overhead from time to time. They seemed to be highly interesting to our boy guide.

Then came a drive through Chestnut Street, where we saw many beautiful specimens of early nineteenth century homes. These houses are nationally known for their magnificent doorways of Ionic and Corinthian ar-

chitecture. Many of them are adorned by wonderful specimens of hand-carved woodwork of that period.

We passed Town House Square, central point of the city. This was the site of the Town House where the first Provincial Congress met; the spot where John Endecott cut the cross from the English flag, and where Hawthorne's old Town Pump stood.

The City Hall contains the Indian deed to the town, and is noted for its dignified furnishings and portraits.

In this city is Hawthorne's birth-place, he having been born there in 1804. Not far distant is the Charles Street Burying Ground, in which are tombs of Governor Bradstreet, Richard More, a "Mayflower" passenger, and many other famous Salem people.

We next saw the Witch Jail and Dungeon, built in 1684. This house contains the frame and timbers of the jail where those accused of witchcraft were imprisoned in 1692. The old Witch House, a little further down the street, was once the home of Jonathan Corwin, one of the judges of the Witchcraft Court.

As we drove past Gallows Hill our guide pointed out the three trees on which people convicted of witchcraft were hanged in 1692. This gruesome period lasted just a little more than one year.

We then noticed the huge statue of Roger Conant, the base upon which it stands being a great boulder. Conant was the leader of the first settlement of Salem, in 1626. From here we went past the State Teachers College, one of the oldest institutions of its kind in America.

Leaving Salem, we passed the old Pickering Mansion, built in 1651, and

occupied successively since that time by nine generations of the Pickering family. One prominent member of this family was Colonel Timothy Pickering, Secretary of War in Washington's cabinet.

Going into Gloucester, Mass., we drove along a beautiful large bay and a nice park nearby. A statue of an old-time helmsman at the wheel of a fishing schooner, which stands in the park, seemed most appropriate, as the city of Gloucester's sole industry is fishing.

At Newburyport, Mass., we crossed over a large bridge spanning the Merrimac River. This is a very pretty stream.

Shortly after leaving Newburyport, we drove within a few miles of Amesbury, Mass., the home of John Greenleaf Whittier, beloved Quaker poet, in the latter years of his life. Looking at the sign at a side road, directing travelers to the place, we thought of the familiar lines of "Barefoot Boy," "Snow-Bound," and other childhood favorites.

We crossed the bridge over the Great Works River as we entered the city of Portsmouth, N. H. Did not see much of the city—just went through the outlying suburbs. It had been our intention to visit the Navy Yard there, but learned that a pass was necessary to gain entrance, due to present war conditions.

Entering the State of Maine, we followed the coast for about twenty miles, our first stop being at Kennebunkport, Maine. On this part of the trip we thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful rocky seacoast of this rugged state. In following the irregular shore line, we saw many small fishing ports. At these places we also

observed a number of homes of captains of fishing schooners. On many of them a small flat space on top of the house, surrounded by a railing, caught our eye, and, upon inquiring, learned that they were called "widows' walks." Here the good captain's wife would go daily and look out to the open sea, for the familiar sight of her husband's boat. A fisherman's life, in the early days, was one of many hardships and dangers, and the women were always worried concerning the safety of their men, bravely fighting the elements in an effort to earn an honest living.

On many of the farms a little way inland, as well as in some sections of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, we noted that the houses and barn buildings were joined together. There is a two and one-half story frame house, next is the wood-shed, to which is joined a wagon house and work shop, then a huge barn at the other end of the group, all under one roof. Thus the farmer is able to care for his horses, cows, sheep, hogs and chickens without going out of doors. He, his family and his livestock contentedly sleep under the same roof, regardless of how low the thermometer drops during the long New England winter.

On one of the house-barn combinations we saw a large clock, about the size of the average small town clock, on the barn, and the widows' walk on the house, causing us to assume that perhaps this farmer tried his luck on a fishing schooner during part of the summer months.

Our party arrived at Saco, Maine, about 8 o'clock that evening, and spent the night at Cascade Lodge, where there is a fine hotel and nicely

furnished cabins. We stayed in the hotel, had an excellent supper, and enjoyed fine sleeping quarters. Although it was August, we slept under two double blankets—and liked it.

On August 28, we left Saco and drove through Portland, Maine, a seaport on Casco Bay. Built on a peninsula less than half a mile in width and rising to a height of 175 feet above sea level, Portland overlooks the bay with its two hundred green islands. In one of the city's suburbs we noticed a large white house with purple shutters.

Leaving the Maine Coast, we traveled inland, driving along a small part of Sebago Lake, taking Route No. 302. This is a famous ski resort, where enthusiasts of this popular winter sport are pulled up the mountain on a tram-way—a small steel car running on cables. A little further on, at Long Lake we could not refrain from stopping for some snapshots, it being such a beautiful sight.

From Naples, Maine to Conway, N. H., we saw many very pretty lakes. We were right in the heart of the White Mountains, nearly all covered with a dense growth of white birch and beech trees, which explains why these mountains were thus named.

Our next stop was at Crawford Notch, the name given to an awe-inspiring mountain defile, fifteen miles in length. Beginning at Bartlett the flanking mountains rise on either side, gradually drawing nearer and higher as one ascends the 15-mile defile, until at the upper gateway of the notch, at its narrowest point it is but 25 feet wide. This is a veritable paradise for the camera enthusiast. Crawford Notch was probably known

to the Indians, but seldom used by them because of their superstitious fear of mountains. Its discovery by white man is credited to Thomas Nash in 1771.

Near here is the site of the Willey House, where we learned the story of the Willey Slide, which we will dwell upon very briefly. The slide occurred in the summer of 1826. Following a severe drought the mountain region seemed crisped to a powder, and the soil was prepared to be acted upon in a peculiar manner in case of heavy rains. Later in the summer the rains came, causing the avalanche that destroyed the Willey family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Willey, Jr., their five children, and two hired men, all living in the house at the time of the disaster. It is supposed that hearing the frightful noise that accompanied the slide, they fled from the house, seeking refuge elsewhere, but were caught in the avalanche of thousands of tons of rock and soil, and all were killed, the bodies of three of the children having never been found. Considering the great amount of debris that buried them, it is remarkable that any of the bodies were recovered. By a queer quirk of fate, the slide, in its downward rush, divided itself about 60 yards back of the house, and flowed by on either side of the little mountain home which seemed directly in its pathway, but it did carry away the stable above the house, coming together again in front of it and covering meadows and fields with the frightful debris in places to a depth of more than thirty feet. Had the members of this unfortunate family remained in the house, their lives would have been spared. This great slide was most disastrous, taking the

lives of many humans, killing hundreds of horses and cattle, and destroying many homes.

Another beautiful drive through the White Mountains took us from Crawford Notch, through the Breton Woods, to Franconia Notch. Here we saw the section of mountains known as the Presidential Range—Mount Washington, whose summit is 6,293 feet above the sea, is the tallest; Adams, Jefferson, Monroe and Madison, all rise more than 5,000 feet.

Traveling west of the Presidential Range, we came in view of the Franconia Range, driving past Echo Lake, serenely beautiful at the foot of Mount Lafayette, which towers skyward to a height of 5,269 feet.

Then came one of the most inspiring sights of the entire trip. Driving down to the edge of Profile Lake, we got a view of the perpendicular cliffs of Profile Mountain, in the edge of which Nature has carved a magnificent human profile, about eighty feet in length, known as "The Old Man of the Mountain," immortalized by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his beautiful allegory, "The Great Stone Face," the study of which so forcibly impressed us in grammar school days. Daniel Webster had this to say about the great profile: "Men hang out their signs indicative of their respective trades; shoe-makers hang out a gigantic shoe; jewelers a monster watch; a dentist hangs out a large gold tooth; but up in the mountains of New Hampshire, God Almighty has hung out a sign to show that in New England, He makes men."

Taking leave of "The Old Man of the Mountain" as he looks down over the recently named Daniel Webster Highway, we thought of the question

asked by the late Mrs. Laura S. Gray, in this verse:

"Is he waiting for the morning
When these hills shall pass away?
Is he waiting for the dawning
Of the Grand Eternal Day?"

Leaving Franconia Notch we drove through the mountain and lake country of New Hampshire for a distance of more than thirty-five miles. This drive took us for many miles along the shores of the great Lake Winnepesaukee, second largest of New England's lakes, the largest being Moosehead Lake, in Maine.

Driving through Franklin, N. H., we saw the birthplace of Daniel Webster, famous American statesman and one of the best orators this country has ever known. A statue has been erected in the yard in his memory. It was getting dark, making it too late to stop for picture taking or visiting this fine old home.

Arriving at Henniker, N. H., we spent the night at Henniker Inn, just across the street from the bridge spanning the Contoocook River. We took a stroll about town before turning in. A native told us that the town's population was 1,338 at the time of the 1940 census, and seemed quite proud of the fact. In passing one of those small town general stores with attractively dressed windows, we read this sign: "Now That You've Peeked In—Come In!"

After a delicious breakfast of country ham and eggs on the morning of August 29, we left Henniker at 8:15. Near Keene, N. H., we paused to take a picture of another of those combination house and barn buildings.

Most of this morning's drive took

us through the Green Mountains of Vermont, so called because of their dense covering of hemlock, fir, spruce, pine, and other evergreens. Some of the very best building stone in the United States is found in these hills. Erosion and weathering have worn down the peaks, until in some places they are huge rounded hills. One of the outstanding sights in these mountains was the growth of beautiful fir trees. We passed many camp sites used by the thousands of workers who annually spend a month or more cutting Christmas trees to be shipped to large cities in many states. The view from Skyline, on top of Hog Back Mountain (alt. 2,234 feet), near Wilmington, Vermont was the prettiest seen on this part of the trip. Here we purchased some of that delicious Vermont maple sugar syrup.

We passed within forty miles of Plymouth, Vermont, birthplace of the late Calvin Coolidge, where, by the light of an old kerosene lamp, early in the morning, in the family sitting-room, his aged father, a local magistrate, administered the oath of office of President of the United States, shortly after word was received of the sudden death of President Harding.

During a brief stop in Brattleboro, Vermont, we learned that this town was once the home of Rudyard Kipling. In 1892, this famous English short-story writer, novelist, and poet, married the daughter of H. Walcott Balestier, of New York, and for a few years thereafter made his home in Brattleboro.

Arriving at Bennington, Vermont, we stopped for a brief glimpse of the battleground and to take a "shot" of the Bennington Battle Monument.

Here, during the Revolutionary War, on August 16, 1777, the American troops defeated the British forces under Burgoyne, who had won several successive victories, and the tide of the war was turned. This is the world's tallest battle monument, the granite shaft rising 301 feet, and was dedicated in 1891, on the centennial anniversary of the admission of Vermont into the Union. The anniversary of the Battle of Bennington is a state holiday and is celebrated each year with much pomp and ceremony.

All through Vermont, as well as in New Hampshire, Maine and parts of Massachusetts, we noticed many large colonial churches with towering spires, many of them representing the Congregational denomination. Like all country churches, each has its own burying ground, most of them being right along the highway. Asking a native about this, we learned they were so placed as to be easily accessible during the winter months, as at that time of the year back roads lie under ten or fifteen feet of snow, while the state highway department keeps the main highways clear. Another strange thing about these cemeteries are the stone vaults seen in each of them. These vaults, about twelve or fifteen feet high and eighteen feet square, contain shelves on the inside. Should a member of one of these rural communities die in winter, the casket is placed in the vault, where it remains until the coming of spring, when the snow has disappeared and the frost leaves the ground, and the care-taker of the cemetery and his helpers can more readily dig the grave. At first this impressed us as being a rather odd

method of procedure, but upon pausing to consider the severity of New England winters, we decided it was the best solution of a difficult problem.

A few miles out of Bennington we left Vermont, crossing into New York State near Hoosic, N. Y. We crossed the Hudson River at Troy, N. Y., and continued down the west shore drive.

Driving through Albany, N. Y., at a busy time of day, we encountered very heavy traffic. It was here that we experienced something most unusual—hearing a policeman admit that he was wrong. Getting into a terrific traffic jam right in the heart of the city, an officer waved us onward, and we soon found ourselves caught in a pocket, entirely surrounded by trucks, street cars, and every other kind of conveyance. "The 'cop' finally got things untangled and once more waved us on. Passing him, we heard a chuckle and this remark in a typical Irish brogue: "Sure an' I fooled mesilf that time."

Traveling along the Hudson River on the new Storm King Highway, we got a view of some of the buildings at the United States Military Academy, at West Point, N. Y.

Some distance on down the river we saw Hyde Park on the opposite side of the stream. We saw what we thought was President Roosevelt's country estate, basing our judgment on various newspaper photographs. Since there was no American flag flying over any of the buildings, we were not sure it was the right place.

The view of the Catskill Mountains was a most delightful picture. Saw a sign directing travelers to the place where old Rip Van Winkle took that extended nap, but we were now be-

coming eager to get back to North Carolina, and hurried on.

Just a few miles south of Suffern, N. Y., we crossed the state line into New Jersey. Driving through Pomton Lakes, we noticed road signs directing boxing fans to the training camps used by Joe Louis and other champion boxers for many years. Our next stop was at Morristown, N. J. This is a most historic section of New Jersey, but we were running a little behind schedule, and stopped only long enough for supper. Reaching Trenton, N. J., well past midnight, we checked in at the Hildebrecht Hotel.

Shortly after breakfast on August 30, we left Trenton, going to Fallsington, Pa., and picking up another member of the party who had stayed there to visit relatives and friends while we took in the sights of New England. Stopped here long enough to take pictures of some lovely flower gardens and one of the oldest Quaker Meeting Houses in the country.

Coming down through Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, we traversed the same route taken on the northward journey two weeks previous, until reaching Culpepper, Va., where we took another road which led us to Charlottesville, Va. Here we tarried for the night.

On August 31 we visited Monticello, home of Thomas Jefferson. Our guide told us that Jefferson was his own architect and is known as the "Father of American Architecture." The bricks were made on the place, the timbers hewn there, and the nails and hardware made in America's first "nailery," which he built. The Honey-moon Lodge stands nearby, where Jefferson and his bride lived while the mansion was under construction.

We were impressed by the weather-vane on top of the house, which, as it moves with the wind, operates a dial on the under side of the porch roof. All one has to do is go to the window of Jefferson's study and see in which direction the wind is blowing without putting a foot out-of-doors. This was his own design. The seven-day clock in the Entrance Hall, high over the door, is run by weights. One set of weights extends to the left-hand corner of the room. As they slowly descend toward the floor they control the striking mechanism. The set which operates the rest of the works of the clock extend to the other corner. There on the wall are seven black marks, each one representing a day of the week. Every 24 hours the weights drop from one stripe to the one below. By the time they reach the mark designating Saturday, the weights on the lower section of the string have dropped through an opening in the floor to the basement below. This time-piece was also designed by the owner of Monticello.

We saw the bed with its two original pillows which were under the head of this great American when he died, July 4, 1826. Working by weights, the bed may be drawn up out of sight when not in use.

Many other inventions by Jefferson were pointed out to us, among them were: a large silver coffee-urn; dining-room table with revolving top; a razor with changeable blades, one for each day of the week; beautifully carved mantels built according to his drawings; window draperies (original drawings of which hang nearby); the folding ladder used to reach the seven-day clock, and crank-key used in winding same.

Among other relics that once belonged to Jefferson, called to our attention by the guide were: the portable desk upon which was written the Declaration of Independence; his violin and music rack; the seat of the gig in which he rode from Monticello to Philadelphia in 1776, when his immortal document was adopted by the Continental Congress; chairs used by the Jefferson family; busts of John Paul Jones, Benjamin Franklin, and others, presented to Jefferson.

One statement made by the guide which amazed us was that this spacious mansion and its contents were valued at only \$5,000.00, this estimate having been found among Jefferson's private papers.

Standing on the lawn in front of Monticello, we marvelled at the greatness of this man. From early school days we knew that he was a great statesman; a wonderful scholar and thinker; but upon viewing the many things planned by him; the close personal touch he gave to everything in this house and on the vast estate, all this in addition to his duties as President and leader in the building of our great nation; we could but say: "Truly, there was a master man."

Leaving Monticello we drove through part of the campus of the

University of Virginia, its beautiful original structures having been designed by Jefferson, and were most favorably impressed by the appearance of this fine old institution of learning. Driving out of the grounds, the famous Serpentine Wall attracted the attention of all the members of the party. Jefferson directed the construction of some of the college buildings, keeping in touch with the work by means of a telescope from a comfortable seat in his yard.

Our next stop was Danville, Va., where we had dinner at the Hotel Danville. This was an excellent meal, served amid all the comforts of a large air-conditioned dining-room—just what the doctor ordered for a group of weary travelers.

We arrived in Concord about 6:20 p. m. Our travels had taken us over slightly more than 3,000 miles, and through parts of twelve states. Many beautiful scenes had come within the range of our vision. Hundreds of historic shrines had been visited, but this particular part of the Old North State certainly looked good to us. While the trip had been one of the happiest events in our lives, we were very tired, and very little time elapsed before we became completely lost in the tender embrace of Morpheus.



An agnostic is a man who doesn't know whether there is a God or not, doesn't know whether he has a soul or not, doesn't know whether there is a future life or not, doesn't believe that any one knows any more about these matters than he does, and thinks it a waste of time to try to find out.—Dana.

HOW FAR AWAY IS YOUR HORIZON?

By Thomas J. Watson

The critical situation of our world today is in need of men in all countries whose horizon extends way out into the future, way beyond the horizon of the people who apparently are not sufficiently interested in helping to correct the evils of the world—men whose horizons go beyond the hatred, bitterness and selfishness of the spirit created by war—men whose horizons carry them beyond all of the things of a temporary nature, who are willing to combine their efforts and give the best they have toward planning a road to permanent peace, after hostilities have ceased.

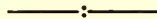
The horizon of peace must not be blurred by the close up horizon of the present world situation. All roads leading toward the horizon of war have always been paved with fear, greed, jealousy, superstition, personal ambition, hatred and lack of consideration of others. The road leading toward the horizon of peace must be paved with tolerance, fairness and justice to all, regardless of race, creed or color; justice to the minority countries and to the minorities within countries; it must make accessible the natural resources, food and clothing of the world to all nations, small and large, on the same fair basis.

After the war we must be as liberal in spending the necessary money to maintain peace by correcting the economic inequalities, as we are willing to spend money to prosecute the war.

The keystone of the arch which we must pass through on the road leading to the horizon of peace must be the golden rule: "Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

The horizon of which I am speaking is one which the younger men and women of the world are seeking, because their vision causes them to realize the great equity that they have in the world, represented by all the years in front of them that the older people have behind them. They need the guidance and advice of all who can extend their horizons far enough to think and work for the realization of the ideal in which all human beings are entitled to participate.

The world needs a group of young and old who have the same far-sighted, uplifting horizon and who are willing to stand out in front, regardless of precedent, and say to the world these things can be done.



Admiration is a very short-lived passion that decays on growing familiar with its object unless it still be fed with fresh discoveries and kept alive by perpetual miracles rising up to its view.—Addison.

NEIGHBORS

(The Zebulon Record)

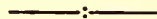
As I leisurely walked down to the shop a few mornings ago. I glanced across the street at neighbor Merrit Massey's home. Back a little distance was neighbor Bridger's and on the other side was neighbor Antone's. And on the same side of the street on which we live is neighbor Whitley's home. Next comes the Mann's, Hawthorne, Bunns and so on down town. I thought, "We have lived in this section of Zebulon a long time as years go. We have always had good neighbors."

That led to thinking, what makes good neighbors. We seldom if ever really visit. But we meet in the drive, on the lawn, or talk across lots. When one grows more vegetables than he needs he sends the surplus around to some neighbor who has less or none. It is the same way about fruit and even milk. When we "visit" we never dress up nor do we choose the time of the day. We loan anything from a cup of salt or sugar to a hoe or a wheelbarrow. And are just as free to borrow. We recall when a neighbor's cow slipped the chain and ate our collards. She was so sorry and wanted to pay for the damage. But we recalled how often she had sent us cucumbers and whole

shoulders of mutton, and would we take pay? Certainly not.

And there are times when some one in our neighborhood gets sick. Everybody is concerned. You see we are just a big family with mutual interest, troubles and other varied experiences of living. Take our neighbors away and replace them with strangers and how different life would be! We recall years ago when living in the city we asked a friend who lived next door to her, and she said she did not know. Yet those two families had been living next door to each other for years. What they had missed by not being neighbors!"

Just about the best thing in life to us is our neighbors. And we would not forget the children must be included. They add a lot to the neighborhood spirit and life. We like our neighbors. And they must like us. When we think of hate and hurt among the peoples of the earth today and of the happy lot in which we are cast we cannot help but breathe a sort of real thankfulness to him who answered the question, "Who is my neighbor?" We think we could truthfully and happily answer that question from our own experience.



Do not judge from mere appearances; for the light laughter that bubbles on the lip often mantles over the depths of sadness, and the serious look may be the sober veil that covers a divine peace and joy. The bosom can ache beneath diamond brooches; and many a blithe heart dances under coarse wool.—Chaplain.

FUNDAMENTAL INFIDELITY

(Baptist Standard)

Not to believe in a present, living all-wise and just God is something from which we all shrink. We shudder whenever we hear any man or woman state such unbelief. Very few will openly declare such an attitude of mind or heart.

But is not indifference to the laws of God real, fundamental infidelity? They say by their actions: "It is vain to serve God, and what profit is it that we have kept His ordinance, and that we have walked mournfully before the Lord of hosts" (Mal. 3:14). Or they say, "How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the Most High?" (Ps. 73:11).

There are people all around us every day whose attitude toward the Almighty is accurately expressed in those words. They are fundamentally infidel at heart and need a most radical and thorough change.

Does a man believe that God has a government for human beings? Then why does he utterly ignore God's laws? He does not believe it. He is either a bold pretender or is self-de-

ceived. A man who believes that the sheriff is looking on will not transgress the law if he has any confidence in the sheriff's sincerity. It is the same with transgression of God's laws. They do not believe He is present, or else they think He joins them in ignoring His laws. They cannot believe the latter. They are fundamentally atheists and if they were sincere they would say so.

We do not need flowery eloquence in the pulpits as much as we need convicting truth. The people ought to be brought face to face with the living God that they will know that He sees them every hour, day or night, at home or elsewhere. Anything else is fundamentally infidel.

How real belief ought to be? Real enough to control actions. Pretense is poor business. All individuals should be sincere regardless of church membership. Does a man believe he has a soul to be saved? He should hunt a Christian up and find out how to be saved without delay. Actions should be in harmony with professed belief.

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That the truths of the Bible have the power of awakening an intense moral feeling in every human being; that they make bad men good, and send a pulse of healthful feeling through all the domestic, civil, and social relations; that they teach men to love right, and hate wrong, and seek each other's welfare as children of a common parent; that they control the baleful passions of the heart, and thus make men proficient in self-government; and finally that they teach man to aspire after conformity to a being of infinite holiness, and fill him with hopes more purifying, exalted and suited to his nature than any other book the world has ever known. These are facts as incontrovertible as the laws of philosophy, or the demonstrations of mathematics.

FORCED LANDING

By John V. Hicks

The little silver plane rose off the river with a determined roar. Kay Kitson, watching the muddy water fall away beneath them, decided that pilot Tommy Hedlund was about the grumpiest young man she had ever met. He was making her feel as thoroughly at home as a cat in a dog show.

Just for a moment, as they were being introduced in the office of Northern Airways, Tommy had looked pleasant and flashed a class A smile. But they had no sooner told him her name and where she was going than he froze. Now, when he spoke, his voice had a half-sullen note. It seemed an effort for him to be polite.

Right now his attention was fixed on the steel traffic bridge that loomed ahead. He grunted, yanked hard on the stick. The roar of the engine increased.

"No lift," he growled. "What's that?" Kay asked.

He flashed a glance at her, and his clear blue eyes had an anxious look.

"Air's muggy," he explained. The bridge was rushing to meet them. "Oh we'll make it all right, but—"

A sudden lurch and then they were falling with a sickening sensation. Kay clutched the seat with both hands convulsively.

Hedlund worked frantically at the controls. The ship banked dangerously, and the end of the steel bridge flashed under them with what seemed liked inches to spare. Kay could see the thin line the pilot's lips made, and how his jaw was clamped hard like a vise.

"Down draft," he snapped. "Just my luck—I would have to have a woman with me!" They were zooming over electric light wires, and people in the street below began to scatter.

He needn't have been so rude about it, Kay thought wildly. She hadn't come all the way into the northern wilderness to be smashed to pieces in a bit of a box kite like this—even if she did happen to be traveling on a company pass. She had a home a thousand miles away, in Minneapolis, which she would very much like to see again.

"Say," Tommy asked without looking round, "can you take it?"

"Have I fainted yet?" So he thought she had a handle-with-care label on her!

"We're on the spot. I can't pull up to any height, and we'll never get back to the base. We've got to land."

His eyes stabbed the ground. There was nothing below but backyards and fences. Some children were gathered on a tiny vacant lot staring incredulously.

"There?" Kay queried, breathing hard.

"Not a chance," Hedlund replied. "For them anyway."

He nosed the ship into a back lane, a mere ribbon between fences, and cut the engine. A treetop swished at them viciously. It was seconds to go now, and Kay felt the blood pounding in her ears like thunder. There was a rending sound, and a wrench that nearly took her out of her seat.

"Undercarriage," Tommy rapped. "Now we're in for it. Hold on for your life. I'll set her down flat if I can."

He kicked furiously at the rudder.

A telephone pole sheared off one wing and the other crumpled against a brick wall. The body of the plane hit in a cloud of white dust, nosed up, and settled back with a shudder. Kay felt herself thrown, and then strong arms were about her.

The little cabin was filling with smoke, and flames began to lick through under the dashboard. Tommy wrenched open a door, dragged Kay out bodily.

"My luggage!" she exclaimed.

"Wave good-by to it." He picked her up in his arms as though she were a doll, and ran. There was a roar behind them, red flames leaped skyward. The wail of a fire siren sounded somewhere near.

Looking at the blazing wreck from a safe distance, Kay realized how near a thing it had been. She realized, too, that the pilot had performed something of a miracle in bringing them both to earth without injury. By no mere chance had he nosed the ship into that narrow back lane, shearing off the wings to break speed and bringing them down right side up.

Kay's first concern was to contact her father. Eighty miles north at Lac Dupont he would be waiting the arrival of the Northern Airways plane from Prince Arthur.

Richard Kitson, wealthy president of Continental Airlines Incorporated, had his eccentricities, and one of them was to see things first hand. So when the deal was completed that absorbed the struggling Northern Airways into Continental's powerful organization, he set out on an inspection of his newly acquired property.

Kay had wanted ever so much to

go with her father, but Richard Kitson on business was a force to be reckoned with. It was not until the network of northern lakes and pine-woods had begun to work their spell on him that he relented. He wired Kay from Prince Arthur to come and meet him there, and they would go back home together. But from Prince Arthur he had gone on up the feeder line to Lac Dupont, leaving word for her to follow.

"Total loss," Tommy mourned, watching the blaze. The fire department was busy with chemicals, and a crowd had gathered. "Any valuables in that suitcase of yours?"

"Nothing to speak of." Kay pushed a soft brown curl back into place under her hat. "There was the odd bit of fine raiment, but I'm lucky enough to be intact myself. And look," she said earnestly, "I'm ever so grateful to you. You did save my life—"

"Stow it—it's all in the day's work, with us. You have to be ready for whatever happens in this business." Tommy sniffed and fell silent.

Kay was at a loss to understand his sullen manner. Could it be that he resented the fact that the company had sold out, and he was taking it out on her because her father was president of Continental Airlines?

After he had hailed a taxi, and they were on their way back to the airport, Kay decided she had to find out. She leaned towards him and went at it with disarming directness.

"You don't like me, do you?"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"About you," Kay replied. "I believe you only pulled me out of that plane for ethical reasons. Do you cold-shoulder all of your passengers? Or are

you a confirmed woman-hater? Or maybe I'm just plain poisonous to look at?"

As though weighing the latter possibility he surveyed her for a moment without answering, but the whimsical light in his eyes suggested that the possibility was remote.

"Oh, I guess I could be a bit more pleasant," he said at last. "It isn't your fault. Makes a fellow disgruntled, though, after he has built up some ambitions, some dreams of a future—"

"I thought as much," exclaimed Kay. "You resent your company selling out to Continental. You ought to be grateful to my father for injecting some life into it. Instead, you've taken a dislike to him."

"Dislike—that's good!" Tommy exploded. "You may think this is just a back-wash place, but I could have built things up by myself. There's a future in this country. All that's wanted is good management. I get a few thousand raked together all ready to put into business, and along come you big-time money grabbers and overbid me. Swallow up everything in sight until you own half the country, and then—"

"You're wrong there, Tommy Hedlund. Dad has ideas of his own about good management, and he's out to develop aviation in the north." Kay seethed with indignation, but she determined to add no more fuel to the fire. Tommy, she felt sure, was a first-rate pilot, and it would be more to the point if she could do something towards a reconciliation.

The taxi pulled up at Northern Airways office, a little squat building set on the bank of the river. The office staff was in a state of excitement,

having just received the first report of the crash.

Kay assured them she was unhurt, that she had suffered no more damage than could be repaired in front of a mirror. They were concerned over Tommy too, clapping him on the back and congratulating him on the landing he'd just accomplished. But Tommy only grinned and mumbled "a fellow has to be lucky."

"I guess this makes Miss Kitson a guest of the company," he told the chief clerk. "We've burned up her luggage. We'll have to entertain her as best we can, and fly her north tomorrow afternoon—if she still wants to go."

"I most certainly do," Kay put in emphatically. "I went into a tail-spin once on a pair of skis, and as soon as I could stand they took me back to the top and shoved me off—so I wouldn't lose my nerve. Can't we get another plane and go now?"

Tommy looked at her approvingly.

"Not another machine available until tomorrow, I'm afraid," he told her. "You'd better let me take you to a hotel and get you a room. Then you can have a rest—we've thrown you around a bit in the last half hour. We can radio Lac Dupont and tell your father not to expect you today."

Tommy seemed willing to call a truce. He went further and invited Kay to have supper with him. He was a genial host, and talked enthusiastically about aviation and the north country. Only on the matter of Continental Airlines he remained sullen.

"I have another flying job in sight," he told her, when the inevitable subject came up. "It's out west—not a big affair, but there are prospects of

advancement, and I want to be my own boss."

"I don't think you should go rushing away in a hurry, if it's any of my business," Kay suggested. "I think Continental needs you. They told me in the office, before we took off, that you're one of the best pilots in this part of the country."

"They would." Tommy ran his fingers through his curly black hair and sighed. "I guess I demonstrated the fact quite nicely this afternoon."

"That crackup wasn't your fault, and you know it. Look here—I haven't got gray hair, but I'm going to give you a nice motherly talk. You made a real job of one forced landing today why not try and do the same with the other one?"

"What other one?"

"The merger, I mean. It didn't go the way you wanted, and it's given you a forced down feeling. Well, your chances with Continental might be every bit as good—you never know."

It sounded like a good idea to Kay, and she went to bed that night feeling sunbeamish, but in the morning she wasn't so sure.

It was the room telephone that wakened her. She had slept like a log and it was late.

"Well—hello there!" exclaimed a familiar voice, after the operator had given her the connection.

"Daddy! When did you get in?" Kay was wide awake now. "I was going to fly up there this afternoon. Did you hear—"

"I heard." Richard Kitson's voice was suddenly grim. "I flew back down this morning, before they had a chance to try and kill you in another crash. But we won't bother about that now. Let's eat—I'm famished. Shall

I pick you up in half an hour?"

The president of Continental Airlines proved to be far from tolerant concerning crackups—particularly when his own daughter was made to

"I've been raising a rumpus over at the airport," he confided to Kay when they met. "A fine way to celebrate their merger with Continental. Continental doesn't take chances with its passengers."

"But Daddy," Kay began, alarmed at what the consequences might be, "the pilot—"

"Huh! I met him before. Spiteful sort of fellow—I think I'm going to fire him."

"Oh, Daddy! You can't—"

"Sa-a-a-ay!" Fragments of a barely spent storm still flashed in his eyes. "I can do what I jolly well please with this outfit. They'll find out what it means to be a branch of Continental. But don't you bother about that, skipper—it's good to see you safe and sound."

It did bother Kay a great deal, however. Any way she looked at it, the situation spelled disaster. Tommy Hedlund and her father hadn't met today, evidently, but when they did there would be feathers flying. Feathers, and the hope she had built up of keeping a first-rate man in Continental's service.

The big idea came to her just before lunch. A reporter from Prince Arthur's local paper, the "Daily Herald," came to the hotel to interview the president of Continental Airlines, and to get first-hand information on the merger. Kay made for a big easy chair in a far corner of the rotunda, and the more she turned the idea over in her mind the better she liked it.

Tommy Hedlund was well known in the district, and highly respected as a pilot. The "Herald" would be certain to report the plane crash of the previous afternoon. And Tommy was on the verge of a split with her father's company. It all added up like a charm.

Kay slipped away from the hotel by a side entrance, sought out the offices of the Prince Arthur "Daily Herald," and knocked on the editor's door. Editors, she sincerely hoped, were human.

"Just look here!" Richard Kitson's eyes were wide. "Is this what you crawled out of yesterday?"

Kay looked over her father's shoulder at the afternoon paper spread out on his knee. There was a half page spread picturing the wrecked plane, and accounts of the crash by eye witnesses, but Mr. Kitson was studying the picture intently.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "Did the fellow really set that crate down in there?"

"He was marvelous, Daddy. Look—that's what they think of him up here."

Kay pointed to an editorial that the editor had rushed through before going to press. It was all about one man, pilot Tommy Hedlund, a man, it said, who could fly the north country blindfold—who knew his job and loved it; one in whose spirit all the fine traditions of aviation burned unquenchably.

"H-m-m-m!" Mr. Kitson appeared to be pondering something in his

mind. "Might be an idea there, at that," he muttered.

"Daddy," Kay added, "if you knew just what a clever fellow Tommy Hedlund is, and how ambitious, you wouldn't want to lose him, I'm sure."

"I do believe," her father declared, eyes twinkling merrily, "that you're stuck on the guy. Well that proves he's a superman!"

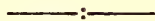
Superman or not, it was a different Tommy Hedlund who stood on the wharf that evening bidding them good-by. A big red monoplane was purring contentedly, all set to take off.

"As newly appointed managing director of this branch," Tommy said to Kay, "I'm inviting you to come back and pay us an official visit sometime."

"I'll just do that," she returned gaily. "As a matter of fact I want to learn to fly. If I can persuade daddy to ship me up here next spring, will you take me as a pupil?"

"Just try me," Tommy offered enthusiastically. "I owe you a lesson already in return for the one you gave me—about making forced landings."

He stood on the wharf watching the big ship rise and circle and make off into the southern sky, until it was less than a speck above the darkening rim of the pine forest: until its deep-throated drone was lost in the small night noises of the river; until one of the mechanics came and tapped him on the shoulder and asked him how he'd like eggs for breakfast.



Unselfish and noble actions are the most radiant pages in the biography of souls.—Thomas.

PIONEER WHEELING

By Lucia Bosley

If only the riders of the first bicycles of the early eighteen hundreds could come back to our country, they would be amazed at the sight of the modern bicycle with its easy qualities and its possibilities of high speed.

These very first bicycles in our country were not called bicycles, but "swift walkers." This name was quite descriptive of those early contrivances. Accelerator was another equally descriptive title. These machines were constructed with two wheels of the same size which were set in a frame or standard that held them firmly at the proper distance apart, one behind the other. On the front standard were some handle bars to use in steering and between the front and rear wheels, securely attached to the standard, front and back, "was a strong bar of wood." On this bar was firmly "fastened a seat, saddle, or perch" (all three names were used- on which the man sat astride.) When seated he could barely touch the ground with the tips of his toes on both sides at the same time.

The rider made his conveyance move by pushing on the ground first with the toes of one foot and then with the other. He could make pretty good speed, too, much faster that he could run. The saddle supported practically all of his weight. It is believed that no record of the top speed made by anyone in those early days has been preserved. In those times speed was not so essential a quality in people's lives as now. Riders, however, could enjoy real speed when going down grades and hills.

These two-wheeled contraptions were called by several names; among them were "swift walker, dandy horse, hobby horse, accelerator and velocipede." These swift walkers became a very popular means of traveling about in the early United States, especially if you owned no saddle horse. The original cost was slight, about thirty dollars, and there was almost no upkeep. They became so great a fad that every young dandy, whether he could afford a saddle horse or not, felt that he must have one or be out of the limelight entirely. It soon became a social custom and one of the joys of the people to watch these young fellows speeding along the roads and paths. They dressed in the height of fashion; their pantaloons fitted quite close to their well-shaped legs; their pointed-toed shoes alternately pushed against the ground as they gained speed. To check their careers a braking movement of their feet stirred up a splurge of dust, as they brought their well-handled mounts to a stop that they might greet some lady whom they wished to honor. They lifted their top hats with a flourish as they made a deep bow the young lady acknowledged this gallantry with coy pleasure as she dropped a low courtesy. She gracefully tilted with one hand her beflounced, wide hoop skirt, and with the other, she tipped her head with a sort of halo effect. These clothes were most becoming to her short, mincing steps and gliding walk. Strange as it may seem, the young ladies had excellent excuses to take them near the places where the young

men rode their dandy horses in the midafternoons.

The title "Father of the Bicycle" has generally been given to a German, Karl Van Drain, who in 1816 invented a velocipede of the type of the "swift walker" just described, and explained. "The rotary crank driven velocipede was not invented," however, until 1869. To France goes this honor. England won the credit about 1689 of "producing the first steel-rimmed solid rubber-tired contraption, now definitely termed a bicycle." This quickly superseded the old wooden frame and iron-tired "boneshakers" of the earlier types.

In the earliest bicycles the pedals were operated directly on the wheel. To gain speed the makers made the front wheels very large; whereas the back wheel was quite small and soon became simply a "steering wheel." "In the early eighteen-eighties the front wheel had a diameter of sixty inches and some were even sixty-four inches high." They were difficult to mount and dangerous when an inexperienced rider took a tumble. Another style, called the star bicycle, had a little wheel in front. This was introduced in 1880.

More inventions made possible the bicycle of today with its easy-riding pneumatic tires, the low safety frame, wheels of equal size and "a sprocket and chain drive to transmit power from the pedals to the rear wheel." Ballbearings, spring saddles, coaster brakes, and the free-wheeling principle increased bicycle safety and comfort, since the rider could rest without removing his feet from the pedals

as in going down hill; and a back movement of the feet would act as a brake to check the speed.

The year 1895 tops the popularity of the bicycle era as a recreation. Bicycle paths and parkways had been built by many cities and towns. Races had been popular for several years, but were dropped about that date except as commercial ventures. These races, however, are said to have done a real service in bringing about a definite desire for improved highways and roads in general.

The bicycle was introduced in America from Europe about the same time that Fulton's steamboat, "The Clermont," was attracting much favorable attention (1816 or thereabouts). Baltimore became the great center in the United States for its manufacture. Machines, made of wrought iron hardened, cost about thirty dollars. Bicycles were used for business and pleasure in the largest numbers from about 1889 for nearly ten years. In 1899, according to actual figures, there were 311 bicycle manufactories and a total output of 1,112,880 machines.

During the recent depression and still continuing there has been noted a great increase in the use of the bicycle for both business and pleasure. In a good many towns and cities the young people of high school and college age are forming clubs and staging all-day rides for picnics and long trips. Each rider brings his own lunch. Bicycle paths are again gay with merry-makers, those who own bicycles, but do not have cars or money for bus fares.

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

THE VALUE OF A GOOD NAME

(Penn Weekly)

A man who was prominent in the activities of the church, and more than locally prominent in business, told the following story of himself several days ago to illustrate what it means to young people to be true to the principles of honesty, industry and sobriety.

He was a member of a good-sized family which was Christian to the core. The children were taught to be true and self-respecting, and to look upon honest labor as being honorable. The father was always in delicate health, and was a prominent school teacher in the community. It was a struggle for the parents to rear the family, but they made a good job of it and all of the children graduated from college, and are now in places of honor and respect in the communities in which they reside.

The man who told this story began to earn some of his living when he was yet in his teens. During his high school term he fired boilers in a large greenhouse at night and attended school during the day. In order to get funds to go to college he took a job as a section hand on the railroad under a boss who was a drinking man. One day a keg of beer was brought out to the gang, and all of the men except the subject of this sketch began drinking. He had been taught differently and never touched strong drink. The result was that the entire

crew became drunk. Just before a fast train was due on the single-track railroad the drunken boss ordered the hand car on the track for the crew to go home after the day's work. The young man did his best to persuade the boss to wait until the train had passed, but he was stubborn. The result was the train overtook them, and while all leaped to safety, the hand car was wrecked and the locomotive disabled.

Of course, an investigation was made and the report was just about being sent in that the entire gang was drunk. The operator protested, however, that that young man of our sketch was not drunk, because he never touched strong drink. Further investigation proved this to be true. The next morning our young friend was summoned to a train that did not usually stop at that station. But on this morning it did stop, and he was handed his commission as the boss of that section. Further promotion was coming to him, but his desire to go to college ended his railroad experience.

This story from actual life shows how profitable it is to be true, temperate, willing to work and faithful to every known duty. It is given our readers so that they too may live so that when men would talk evil of them, there would be those who would stand up for them, because of the purity of their past lives.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances in life, he will soon find himself left alone. One should keep his friendships in constant repair.—Johnson.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"The Flying Fishman," an R-K-O production, was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night.

—:—

Our farm manager reported the first gathering of fall string beans last Wednesday, at which time several hundred pounds were picked and issued to the cottages. Since then a larger quantity has been gathered and the cannery force is now busily engaged canning these beans for winter use.

—:—

Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Lonnie Sloan, who is now in the United States Army, and is stationed as Camp Lee, Virginia. Lonnie left the School four years ago, and shortly thereafter became an enrollee in a CCC camp, where he stayed for quite some time.

While here, this lad was a member of the Cottage No. 12 group and was employed on the barn force. He says he is delighted with army life and is getting along well.

—:—

Mrs. E. E. Peele, of Charlotte, brought about fifty books to the School last week to be placed in our library. It was largely due to Mrs. Peele's efforts that this library for the use of the Training School boys was started more than eight years ago. Since that time she has been a tire-

less worker in behalf of this project, until it has grown into a library with approximately 5,000 volumes on its shelves. We are deeply grateful for this good lady's interest in providing good reading material for our boys.

—:—

On a recent visit to the School, Mr. Charles C. McNeill, superintendent of public welfare, in Wilkes county, was telling us about the records some of our boys have made since leaving the institution, and especially mentioned James Howard Griffin, formerly of Cottage No. 8, who left here May 30, 1940. Since that time, Superintendent Boger received a letter from Howard, stating that he is now a member of the United States Marine Corps, and is stationed as Parris Island, S. C. He writes that he likes the marines and is getting along fine. His enlistment is for four years, and he says that he thinks he will re-enlist when that time is up. Howard was very complimentary as he expressed his appreciation of the training received while here and asked to be remembered to friends on our staff of employees.

—:—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrew's Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. As the text for the subject of his interesting message to the boys, he selected, Psalm 37:5—"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he

shall bring it to pass.”

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner began this three-fold message by stating that David, whose words he had just quoted, was well acquainted with the essential element of God's wisdom. God spoke to David in mysterious ways, which inspired him to write such words of praise as are found in the Psalms.

The very essence of God's love, said the speaker, lies in the fact that His wisdom is positive and concrete. It is the way of life. Life begins with God and ends with God. Rain-drops come according to His will; the beauty of nature is His glorified, dynamic power; so is the ebb and flow of the life-stream. Our lives are flowing daily, on down toward the end of our allotted span of life. Whether for good or evil, something is taking place in our lives each day.

In much the same manner in which chemicals are formed and reactions follow, life reacts, takes root and springs to the surface of God's love. We have been advised to “get wisdom, and in the getting, to get understanding.” A clear understanding of God's will is all we need to make life really worthwhile.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then told his listeners that a true Christian believes in the omnipotence of God's wisdom and power. His infinite love shines through the dark clouds of trials and troubles. Fully trusting in His guidance we need have no fear concerning the life beyond the grave. This was so beautifully expressed by Tennyson, when he wrote: “I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crossed the bar.”

The speaker then said that since God created us, He certainly knows what is best for us. He has plans for every life. We have the opportunity to learn what these plans are by a careful study of the Bible. The experiences gained by following these rules of life will enable us to journey safely through this wonderful age in which we are living.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner urged the boys to remember the three chief points of his message: (1) “Commit thy way unto the Lord; (2) trust also in the Lord; (3) and he shall bring it to pass.” This, said he, is a challenge to every boy, adding that by so doing they would then be true children of a loving Heavenly Father.



outcome of their most serious convictions.

There is faith enough, belief enough, and creeds are plentiful. But the tragedy is that they are so frequently founded on falsehoods, derived from delusions, and perverted to serve evil purposes.

When the Master said, “I am the way, the truth and the life,” and urged men to believe on him if they would be saved, he incarnated the ultimate creed.

Do you really believe him? Dare we trust his truth? Can we accept his way?

This is the creed we need.—Henry H. Crane, in Michigan Advocate.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 21, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
Wade Aycoth
William O'Brien
Weaver F. Ruff

COTTAGE No. 1

Charles Browning
William Cook
Ralph Harris
Doris Hill
Carl Hooker
James Pitman
Kenneth Tipton
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE No. 2

Paul Abernathy
Henry Barnes
Raymond Brooks
Jack Cline
Virgil Lane
James McGlammery
Charles Tate
Newman Tate
Peter Tuttle
William Williams

COTTAGE No. 3

Grover Beaver
Junior Blake
Robert Coleman
Jack Crotts
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins
William Payne
Wayne Sluder
William T. Smith
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE No. 4

Homer Bass
Wesley Beaver
Plummer Boyd
Luther H. Coe
Aubrey Fargis
Leo Hamilton
Donald Hobbs
Morris Johnson

J. W. McRorie
William Morgan
George Speer
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE No. 5

Theodore Bowles
Robert Dellinger
Charles B. Ziegler

COTTAGE No. 6

Vollie McCall

COTTAGE No. 7

John H. Averitte
Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
George Green
J. B. Hensley
Carl Justice
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash
Durham Smith
Ernest Turner

COTTAGE No. 8

Cecil Ashley
Thomas Britt
Jack Crawford
Charles Crotts
Martin Crump
Earl Godley
Sidney Hackney
Jack Hamilton
Samuel Kirksey
Spencer Lane
James Quick
Grover Revels
E. L. Taylor
Ronald Washam
Walker Warr
Eugene White
Frank Workman

COTTAGE No. 9

Marvin Ballew
David Cunningham
James Hale
Edgar Hedgepeth
Grady Kelly

Daniel Kilpatrick
 Marvin Matheson
 Lloyd Mullis
 William Nelson
 Lewis Sawyer
 Hubert Smith
 Horace Williams

COTTAGE No. 10

Marvin Gautier
 Arcemias Hefner
 Charles Phillips
 Robert Stephens
 Torrence Ware
 Jack Warren
 Joseph Willis

COTTAGE No. 11

John Allison
 Robert Goldsmith
 Earl Hildreth
 Henry McGraw
 Samuel Stewart

COTTAGE No. 12

Odell Almond
 Jay Brannock
 Eugene Bright
 Ernest Brewer
 William Deaton
 Treley Frankum
 Eugene Hefner
 Tillman Lyles
 Daniel McPhail
 James Puckett
 Hercules Rose
 Charles Simpson
 Robah Sink
 Jesse Smith
 Erice Thomas

Eugene Watts
 J. R. Whitman
 Roy Womack

COTTAGE No. 13

Charles Gaddy
 Vincent Hawes
 James Lane
 Paul Roberts
 Rav Smith
 Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE No. 14

John Baker
 Edward Carter
 Mack Coggins
 Robert Deyton
 Henry Ennis
 Henry Glover
 John Hamm
 William Harding
 Marvin King
 Feldman Lane
 Charles McCoy
 John Maples
 Glenn McCall
 Jack West

COTTAGE No. 15

James Ledford
 Lawton McDowell
 Alton Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
 Cecir Jacobs
 John T. Lowry
 Leroy Lowry
 Louis Stafford.

FAITH

Faith makes all evil good to us, and all good better; unbelief makes all good evil, and all evil worse. Faith laughs at the shaking of a spear; unbelief trembles at the shaking of a leaf; unbelief starves the soul, while faith finds food in famine, and a table in the wilderness. In the greatest danger, faith says, "I have a great God." When outward strength is broken, faith rests on the promises of the Heavenly Father. In the midst of sorrow, faith draws the sting out of every trouble, and takes out the bitterness from every affliction.—Cecil.

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OCTO

CAROLINA RO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 4, 1941

No. 40

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INFLUENCE

A young minister was leaving an English town, and was bidding an old lady good-bye. "Well, sir," she said, "you'll be packing up your things, I expect."

"Yes," he replied, "I have almost finished."

"There's one thing you won't be able to pack up, sir," said the old lady; "you'll have to leave that behind."

"I didn't know—whatever is that?" questioned the minister.

"You can't pack your influences, sir," she answered quietly.—Doris V. Coutts.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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 Dec. 4, 1920, at the Post Office at Concord, N. C., under Act of March 3, 1897. Acceptance for mailing at Special Rate.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

PAN

October is the month of colorful woods and fields—the month when Pan, god of the forest, wanders about, patron of the hunter and the fisherman.

One beautiful day in ancient times, Syrinx, a nymph, much beloved by the satyrs and woods spirits, passed where Pan was frolicking. He sought to woo her ardently, likening her to Diana of the chase. But Syrinx would not listen, and flitted away.

On the bank of a magic river he overtook her, but she called to her the water sprites, who rushed forward just as Pan threw forward his arms to hold her. Instead, his arms encircled a stand of reeds. Pan breathed a sigh, and as his breath passed through the weeds, a sweet and plaintive chord was sounded. The exquisite, soft music charmed him, and he plucked the reeds. Twining them together, Pan created for himself a musical instrument, which he named for Syrinx, the lovely nymph. It was the world's first flute, and Pan carries it to this day in his mythical seasonal ventures upon the earth.

Each return of the October season hunters and fishermen listen for the low, sweet music of the whispering reeds, and then they know that Pan is near, protecting them, and waiting at the water's edge for the lovely Syrinx.

—Sunshine Magazine.

YOUNG LIFE

Many lessons are learned from observation. Such studies gained by observing young boys and girls make impressions that strike deep down in the heart of one interested in the welfare of childhood. We recently had a close contact with a youngster who was branded as bad, and furthermore was doomed as a criminal. The question as to the safest and best procedure to meet conditions in this particular case was a confusing one. There was nothing to do but sit steady in the boat and observe the home environments. It was as plain as the nose on one's face that something was wrong in the home. By grape-vine communication we learned that this particular youngster never had any motherly attention before leaving for school in the morning. In that home there was not that sweet con-

tact around the breakfast table, for mother was resting, and later ate her morning meal in bed. As a natural consequence of such indifference upon the part of the parent it is easy to visualize that the young heir of this home went to school with tousled head, dirty face and hands, wearing clothes that should have been sent to the cleaner. Yes, this youngster was classed as an incorrigible or problem child by his teachers. For this poor neglected child life was hard. He was truly the victim of dire neglect in his home—the real source of delinquency.

We watched this particular instance of ruthless vandalism with tolerance, despite the fact that at times "patience ceased to be a virtue." A little later this boy was given better clothes and finally he was placed in a boys' camp. There was a perceptible change in the youngster's demeanor. He looked neat and continued to walk and act more orderly. The last report was to the effect, that this lad was doing much better in school because his morale had been lifted by having better clothing to wear.

This human interest story tells of prevailing neglect in homes throughout the nation, and plainly points out the causes leading to the incorrigibility of youths and how they respond to kind treatment. An orderly home influence, well-balanced diet, clean wearing apparel lifts the morale of the most degraded classes of people. Many years ago we heard a plain old lady, unused to the luxuries or finer things of life, say, "the world is dying for love." This venerable person was a prophetess who spoke more truly than she realized. If we were obsessed with more love and consideration for the forgotten youths of the land, there would be fewer delinquents for state institutions to train.

The birthright of every child is an orderly home, presided over by parents who are living models of sobriety, and who stress sanitation and all things that are conducive to strong manhood or womanhood. The greatest sermons as well as the most impressive, are those preached in the daily walks of life.

* * * * *

PUZZLES

There are all kinds of puzzles that appeal to the masses—from childhood to the adult period. We recall with pleasure the hours

spent with youngsters of the neighborhood trying to piece correctly many parts of a jig-saw puzzle. To make a finished picture of the jumbled parts, concentration was the one element of humanity required. All students realize that the power to concentrate while working on any undertaking assures success. Even in the game of assembling the different parts of a jig-saw puzzle, a lapse of mind is detrimental to the symmetry and smoothness of the picture in process of development. While these puzzles with a jumble of many pieces, visible to the eye, are hard to master, they are easy when compared to the puzzles presented in the life of a human being. People with the complex nature of a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde are puzzles that cannot be solved. Moreover, the silent, mysterious worker or schemer is a constant study in all pictures of life, who will eventually collapse as a victim of his own designing. The jig-saw or other puzzles, if not satisfactorily solved, may be dismissed without regret, but the many elements that make a life have to be used properly if pleasant memories are to be cherished by friends in the distant future. The life of a person presents the most complicated study, and such a study most frequently leaves one in a deeper dilemma.

A person with bull-dog tenacity will finally arrange perfectly the parts of a jig-saw puzzle, but the elements of finer manhood and womanhood are felt and not seen. The misplaced elements of a human life will continue to be a problem for the finest minds to decipher, on to the end of time, but the majority of them will remain unsolved. These personal puzzles can only be solved by each individual. One must possess an understanding mind in order to observe the Golden Rule.

* * * * *

POLICE AND FIRE VEHICLES

The urgent necessity of a positive right-of-way for police and fire vehicles on the streets and highways is being stressed by the North Carolina Highway Safety Division. Now that military maneuvers are getting underway in some sections of the state, we think it would be well for motorists to give army vehicles engaged in this work the same consideration as the law plainly says must be accorded those of the fire and police departments, without having to be

put in their proper places by MP's along the line of march. Director Ronald Hocutt calls attention to the law governing motorists when in the path of fire engine or police car, as follows:

Sec. 119, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina—"(a) Upon the approach of any police or fire department vehicle giving audible signal by bell, siren or exhaust whistle, the driver of every other vehicle shall immediately drive the same to a position near the curb, clear of any intersection of highways, and shall stop and remain in such position unless otherwise directed by a police or traffic officer until the police or fire department vehicle shall have passed.

"(b) It shall be unlawful for the driver of any vehicle other than one on official business to follow any fire apparatus traveling in response to a fire alarm closer than one block or to drive into or park such vehicle within one block where fire apparatus has stopped in answer to a fire alarm."

In other words, when a police car or fire truck approaches you with its bell or siren sounding, pull over to the right as far as you can and stop and wait for it to pass. If you are following a fire truck, stay at least a block behind it and park your vehicle at least a block away from where the fire apparatus stops.

* * * * *

ANTI-GRAY-HAIR VITAMIN

The Good Housekeeping Magazine, of recent date, contains an article which should prove encouraging to men and women who have an aversion to gray hair. The consensus of opinion of the masses is that gray hair tells the story of many years, used either profitably or otherwise.

From the article referred to, captioned "Anti-Gray-Hair Vitamins," one infers that scientists are endeavoring to find the right vitamin to prevent the hair from turning gray, or when taken, will restore the coloring to normalcy.

There are many kinds of preparations for dyeing the hair, and all classes of people have indulged, but that process is neither effective nor satisfactory. Scientists have already experimented by putting "pantothetic" acid in food and feeding it to rats of different coloring. These tests so far have been encouraging, but up to date this experiment has not been tried out on human beings. We

can easily see the handwriting on the wall if the experiment, when tried on human life, brings results—trade will be brisk and some one will make a fortune.

The masses do not accept old age with grace, and would be delighted to at least look as if they were rejuvenated. However, we cannot refrain from reflecting that there was never found a cure for the bald-head, but do not imply that there is not a hope for the success of the “anti-gray-hair vitamin.”

* * * * *

By continuing to work reasonable hours, and to produce more in each working hour, we achieve a net social gain which is shared by every person in the country. If we are satisfied with living standards as they are today, we might decree an end to progress, and adjust ourselves to the division of the present production.

But aren't you glad that your great-grandfather decided to continue working when the locomotive put the stagecoach out of business? If he had insisted on turning the gain into leisure, it is unlikely that we would now have free public education, free libraries, free parks, or any of the other great services.—William Feather.

* * * * *

North Carolina is off to a prosperous fall. Millions of dollars are being turned loose daily on the tobacco markets and prices for the weed continue high. With cotton also selling well, the farmers of the state ought to make more money out of these two cash crops than they have done in many a year. They have had hard sledding for some time, but it now looks as though things have definitely turned in their favor.—The State.

A COLLEGE BUILT ON FAITH

By Mary McLeod Bethune in *Who Magazine*

This article is re-printed by special permission of the Gerard Publishing Company, New York City. Because of the fact that Mrs. Bethune was once a student of Scotia Seminary, (now Barber-Scotia Seminary) which is located in Concord, it occurred to us that many of our local readers might be interested in her career. We wrote the publishers, asking permission to use the article, and shortly thereafter received a letter from Mr. Lawrence Conant, Editor of *Who Magazine*, graciously granting our request.

In Mary McLeod Bethune the Negro race has found its most respected educator since Booker T. Washington. Ida Tarbell put her high on a list of the 50 greatest living women. She is not only president of Bethune-Cookman College, which she started in a Florida shack in 1904, but she is head of the Negro division of the National Youth Administration—the highest governmental post ever held by a Negro woman.

I was first stirred to serious thinking as a child by the custom of holding family prayers every morning and evening. In the corner, by our huge clay fireplace, sat my old grandmother, Sophia, a red bandanna around her head, nodding and smoking a long-stemmed pipe. All day she talked to God as if He were a person actually present: "Dear God, I am so happy to be living in this loving family circle, where I can get hot biscuits and butter, and coffee with cream, sitting at my own fireside." Mother, more restrained, would thank God for her freedom, shelter, and the privilege of having her children with her.

On Sundays, Mother always took us to church and Sunday school. The minister used to visit us on occasion, his pockets full of books. He would read and preach to us, and we would all sing hymns and spirituals.

I was born in Maysville, South Carolina, a country town in the midst of rice and cotton fields. My mother, father, and older brothers and sisters had been slaves until the Emancipation Proclamation. My mother, Patsy McIntosh, belonged to the McIntosh family of South Carolina; my father, Samuel McLeod, to the McLeods. Like all the slaves of that period, they took the family names of their masters. After mother was freed she continued in the McIntosh employ until she had earned enough to buy five acres of her own from her former master. Then my parents built our cabin, cutting and burning the logs with their own hands. I was the last of seventeen children, ten girls and seven boys. When I was born, the first free child in their own home, my mother exulted. "Thank God, Mary came under our own vine and fig tree."

Mother was of royal African blood, of a tribe ruled by matriarchs. She had dark, soft skin, thin lips, a delicately molded nose, and very bright eyes. Throughout all her bitter years of slavery she had managed to preserve a queenlike dignity. She supervised all the business of the family. Over the course of years, by the combined work and thrift of the family, and Mother's foresight, Father was

able to enlarge our home site to thirty-five acres.

Most of my brothers and sisters had married and left home when I was growing up—there were only seven or eight children still around. Mother worked in the fields at Father's side, cutting rice and cotton, and chopping fodder. Each of us children had tasks to perform, according to our aptitudes. Some milked the cows, others helped with the washing, ironing, cooking, and house-cleaning. I was my father's champion cotton picker. When I was only nine, I could pick 250 pounds of cotton a day.

But my great joy was in those moments of spontaneous prayer and song which relieved our days of ceaseless toil. Young as I was, I would gather a crowd around me, and like a little evangelist, I would preach, teach, or lead the singing.

Both Grandmother and Mother had taught me Bible stories. I would sit at their feet, picturing myself as the hero or the heroine of every tale. Then, as we were sitting around the fireplace one evening, it flashed through my mind with the intensity of flame that if my favorite, Queen Esther, had been willing to risk her life and plead with the king for her people, I could and would risk mine to do the same for my people.

"Whosoever Believeth"

But my mind dwelt on earthly, as well as on heavenly, subjects. On market days, when my father let me walk to town with him, I noticed the contrast between the lives of the masters and their servants. I looked at the white people around me who were living in homes with real glass windows. Their little girls wore white silk dresses and soft shoes, and rode in carriages, with piles of books on

the seats beside them. I glanced down at my own brogue shoes, with brass tips, and my neat but tattered clothes. I had no books. I could not even read!

Dimly it began to permeate my mind that these things came with education. I saw my people still in darkness; unable, in spite of their being free, in spite of all their heart-breaking toil, to experience the good things of life.

But how was I going to help them? I could not even help myself. For it was almost impossible for a Negro child, especially in the South, to get education. There were hundreds of square miles, sometimes entire states, without a single Negro school, and colored children were not allowed in public schools with white children. Mr. Lincoln had told our race we were free, but mentally we were still enslaved.

A knock on our door changed my life overnight. There stood a young woman, a colored missionary sent by the Northern Presbyterian Church to start a school near by. She asked my parents to send me. Every morning I picked up a little pail of milk and bread, and walked five miles to school; and afternoon, five miles home. But I walked always on winged feet.

The whole world opened to me when I learned to read. As soon as I understood something, I rushed back and taught it to the others at home. My teacher had a box of Bibles and texts, and gave me one of each for my very own. That same day the teacher opened the Bible to John 3:16, and read: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

With these words the scales fell

from my eyes and the light came flooding in. My sense of inferiority, my fear of handicaps, dropped away. "Whosoever," it said. No Jew nor Gentile, no Catholic nor Protestant, no black nor white. just "whosoever." It meant that I, a humble Negro girl, had just as much chance as anybody in the sight and love of God. These words stored up a battery of faith and confidence and determination in my heart, which has not failed to this day.

I could scarcely wait to run home and tell my mother. For the first time, I gathered the family in a circle around me and read aloud to them from the Good Book. "Praise the Lord," cried my mother. "Halleluiah." That night I drove the first nail of my life work.

By the time I was fifteen I had taken every subject taught at our little school and could go no farther. Dissatisfied, because this taste of learning had aroused my appetite, I was forced to stay at home. Father's mule died—a major calamity—and he had to mortgage the farm to buy another. In those days, when a Negro mortgaged his property they never let him get out of debt.

I used to kneel in the cotton fields and pray that the door of opportunity should be opened to me once more, so that I might give to others what I might attain.

The Way Opens

My prayers were answered. A white dress-maker, way off in Denver, Colorado, had become interested in the work of our little neighborhood school and had offered to pay for the higher education of some worthy girl. My teacher selected me, and I was sent to Scotia Seminary in Con-

cord, North Carolina. There I studied English, Latin, higher mathematics, and science, and after classes I worked in the Scotia laundry and kitchen to earn as much extra money as I could.

Scotia broadened my horizon and gave me my first intellectual contacts with white people, for the school had a mixed faculty. The white teachers taught that the color of a person's skin has nothing to do with his brains. and that color, caste, or class distinctions are an evil thing.

When I was graduated I offered myself eagerly for missionary service in Africa, but the church authorities felt I was not sufficiently mature. Instead, they gave me another scholarship, and I spent two years at the Moody Bible School, in Chicago. Again I offered myself for missionary service, and again I was refused. Cruelly disappointed, I got a position at Haines Institute, in Augusta, Georgia, presided over by dynamic Lucy C. Laly, a pioneer Negro educator. From her I got a new vision: my life work lay, not in Africa but in my own country. And with the first money I earned I began to save in order to pay off Father's mortgage, which had hung over his head for ten years!

During my early teaching days I met my future husband. He too was then a teacher, but to him teaching was only a job. Following our marriage, he entered upon a business career. When our baby son was born, I gave up my work temporarily, so that I could be all mother for one precious year. After that I got restless again to be back at my beloved work, for having a child made me more than ever determined to build better lives for my people.

Like Jacob, who served seven years for Rachel, I was to serve seven years, going as an instructor from one small mission school to another, before I could locate a hearthstone to call my own. Whenever I accumulated a bit of money I was off on an exploring trip, seeking a location where a new school would do the greatest good for the greatest number. I would leave my son with relatives or with his father, who was not altogether sympathetic. He would chide me: "You are foolish to make sacrifices and build for nothing. Why not stop chasing around and stay put in a good job?" Common sense whispered he was right. But I was inspired by the noble life and work of Booker T. Washington, whose writings had become a second bible to me and now urged me on.

In 1904 I heard rumors which sent me off on another of my many pilgrimages. Henry Flagler was building the Florida East Coast Railroad, and hundreds of Negroes had gathered in Florida for construction work. I found there dense ignorance and meager educational facilities, racial prejudice of the most violent type—crime and violence.

Creating a College

Finally I arrived at Daytona Beach, a beautiful little village, shaded by great oaks and giant pines. A wondrous light filled my mind—this seemed the place and time to plant my seed!

Next morning I combed the town, hunting for a location. I found a shabby four-room cottage, for which the owner wanted a rental of eleven dollars a month. My total capital was a dollar and a half, but I talked him into trusting me until the end of the

month for the rest. This was in September. A friend let me stay at her home, and I plunged into the job of creating something from nothing.

I spoke at churches, and the ministers let me take up collections. I buttonholed every woman who would listen to me, told people I was going to open a new type of school, to give more than mere reading or book learning. I told them I proposed to teach the essentials of homemaking, the arts, the skilled trades—and good citizenship.

On October 3, 1904, I opened the doors of my school, with the enrollment of five little girls, aged from eight to twelve, whose parents paid me fifty cents' weekly tuition. My own child was the only boy in the school. Though I hadn't a penny left, I considered cash money as the smallest part of my resources. I had faith in a loving God, faith in myself, and a desire to serve. Although I saw my work would have to be done on a day-to-day basis, I built a fence of trust around each day.

We burned logs and used the charred splinters as pencils, and mashed elderberries for ink. I begged strangers for a broom, a lamp, a bit of cretonne to put around the packing case which served as my desk. I haunted the city dump and the trash piles behind hotels, retrieving discarded linen and kitchenware, cracked dishes, broken chairs, pieces of old lumber. Everything was scoured and mended. This was part of the training to salvage, to reconstruct, to make bricks without straw. As parents began gradually to leave their children overnight, I had to provide sleeping accommodations. I took corn sacks for mattresses. Then I picked Spanish

moss from trees, dried and cured it, and used it as a substitute for mattress hair.

The school expanded fast. In less than two years I had 250 pupils. In desperation I hired a large hall next to my original little cottage, and used it as a combined dormitory and classroom. I concentrated more and more on girls, as I felt that they especially were hampered by lack of educational opportunities. And besides, they are the mothers of the race, the homemakers and spiritual guides.

I had many volunteer workers and a few regular teachers, who paid from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a month and board. I was supposed to keep the balance of the funds for my own pocket, but there was never any balance—only a yawning hole. I wore old clothes sent me by mission boards, recut and redesigned for me in our dress-making classes. At last I saw that our only solution was to stop renting space, and to buy and build our own college.

Five Dollars Down

Near by was a field, popularly called Hell's Hole, which was used as a dumping ground. I approached the owner, determined to buy it. The price was \$250. In a daze, he finally agreed to take five dollars down, and the balance in two years. I promised to be back in a few days with the initial payment. He never knew it, but I didn't have five dollars. I raised this sum selling ice cream and sweet-potato pies to the workmen on construction jobs, and I took the owner his money in small change wrapped in my handkerchief.

That's how the Bethune-Cookman college campus started.

We at once discovered the need of

an artesian well. The estimate was two hundred dollars. Here again we started with an insignificant payment, the balance remaining on trust. But what use was a plot without a building? I hung on to contractors' coat-tails, begging for loads of sand and secondhand bricks. I went to all the carpenters, mechanics, and plasterers in town, pleading with them to contribute a few hours' work in the evening in exchange for sandwiches and tuition for their children and themselves.

Slowly the building rose from its foundations. The name over the entrance still reads Faith Hall.

I had learned already that one of my most important jobs was to be a good beggar! I rang doorbells and tackled cold prospects without a lead. I wrote articles for whoever would print them, distributed leaflets, rode interminable miles of dusty roads on my old bicycle, invaded churches, clubs, lodges, chambers of commerce. If a prospect refused to make a contribution I would say, "Thank you for your time." No matter how deep my hurt, I always smiled. I refused to be discouraged, for neither God nor man can use a discouraged person.

Strongly interracial in my ideas, I looked forward to an advisory board of trustees composed of both white and colored people. I did my best missionary work among the prominent winter visitors to Florida. I would pick out names of "newly arrived guests." from the newspapers, and write letters asking whether I could call.

One of these letters went to James N. Gamble of Proctor & Gamble. He invited me to call at noon the next

day. I borrowed a watch from a friend, jumped on my trusty old bicycle, and arrived early. I hid behind some bushes until the clock hands pointed to exactly twelve. Then I pressed the bell.

Mr. Gamble himself opened the door, and when I gave my name he looked at me in astonishment. "Are you the woman trying to build a school here? Why, I thought you were a white woman."

I laughed. "Well, you see how white I am." Then I told my story. "I'd like you to visit my school and, if it pleases you, to stand behind what I have in my mind," I finished.

He consented. I scurried around town and persuaded the mayor and the leading real estate dealer to act as a reception committee. When Mr. Gamble arrived the next day, everything had been scrubbed with soap and water until it glistened—including the pupils. He made a careful tour of inspection, agreed to be a trustee, and gave me a check for \$150—although I hadn't mentioned money. For many years he was one of our most generous friends.

Another experience with an unexpected ending was my first meeting with J. S. Peabody, of Columbia City, Indiana. After I had made an eloquent appeal for funds he gave me exactly twenty-five cents. I swallowed hard, thanked him smilingly, and later entered the contribution in my account book.

A White Lie

Two years later he reappeared. "Do you remember me?" he asked. "I'm one of your contributors." I greeted him cordially. He went on: "I wonder if you recall how much I gave you when I was here last."

Not wishing to embarrass him, I told a white lie: "I'll have to look it up in my account book." Then after finding the entry, I said. "Oh, yes, Mr. Peabody, you gave us twenty-five cents."

Instead of being insulted, he was delighted that we kept account of such minute gifts. He immediately handed me a check for a hundred dollars and made arrangements to furnish the building. When he died, a few years later, he left the school \$10,000.

Experiences like these taught me that an apparent disappointment may be the prelude of glorious success. One evening I arranged a meeting at an exclusive hotel, expecting to talk to a large audience of wealthy people. But so many social functions were taking place that same night that I was greeted by an audience of exactly six. I was sick at heart—but I threw all my enthusiasm into my talk. At the end a gentleman dropped a twenty-dollar bill in the hat.

The next day he unexpectedly appeared at the school. He said his name was Thomas H. White, but it meant nothing to me. He looked around, asked where the shabby but immaculate straw matting on the floor came from. I said, "The city dump." He saw a large box of corn meal, and inquired what else there was to eat. I replied, "That's all we have at the moment." Then he walked about the grounds and saw an unfinished building, on which construction work had been temporarily abandoned for lack of funds. That was nothing new—there were always unfinished buildings cluttering up the landscape of our school. But I think the crowning touch was when he saw our dress-

making class working with a broken-down Singer sewing machine.

He turned to me, saying, "I believe you are on the right track. This is the most promising thing I've seen in Florida." He pressed a check in my hand, and left. The check was for \$250. The following day he returned again, with a new sewing machine. Only then did I learn that Mr. White was the Singer people's principal competitor.

Mr. White brought plasterers, carpenters, and materials to finish our new building. Week after week he reappeared, with blankets for the children, shoes and a coat for me, everything we had dreamed of getting. When I thanked him, with tears in my eyes, for his generosity, he waved me aside.

"I've never invested a dollar that has brought greater returns than the dollars I have given you," he told me. And when this great soul died, he left a trust of \$67,000, the interest to be paid us "as long as there is a school."

Do you wonder I have faith?

I never stop to plan. I take things step by step. For thirty-five years we have never had to close our doors for lack of food or fuel, although often we had to live from day to day.

Once, in our early days of struggle, we had no dishes. I knew a cook at a near-by hotel, whose husband was a traveling salesman. Since she never ate at home, I borrowed her china. On Christmas Eve she called on me.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said. "But my husband just telegraphed me that he's coming home tomorrow and wants to give a dinner for his Lodge. I'll have to ask you for my dishes."

As I started to gather them together, one of my little girls piped

up, "But Mrs. Bethune, what are we going to do for dishes?"

"I don't know," I answered with a strange confidence, "but the Lord will provide. Let's hurry and pack these dishes nicely—"

Just then someone rang the bell. It was the chauffeur of Mrs. Lawrence Thompson, a dear friend of mine, with a huge basket, and a note which read: "Since my son has just given me a beautiful new set of china for Christmas, I want you to have my old set of dishes for your school."

The Lord Provides

On another occasion one of our buildings had to have a new roof. I tried to raise funds without success. I waited and waited. Then I acted. Calling together a few carpenters and roofers, who knew my true financial state, I instructed them, "We have enough old lumber lying around. Put up the scaffolds!"

"But Mrs. Bethune," they protested. "what's the use? You can't buy rafters or shingles."

"Go ahead and build the scaffold, anyhow," I commanded. "When the time comes to put on the roof the money will be there." Grumblingly they went to work. A few hours later, as the scaffolding was in process of construction, the postman arrived. I slit open the letters—bills, bills bills. The last envelope, however, held a cheering message from a friend in Tarrytown, New York—and a check for \$1,000.

As the school expanded, whenever I saw a need for some training or service we did not supply, I schemed to add it to our curriculum. Sometimes that took years. When I came to Florida, there were no hospitals where a Negro could go. A student became critically ill with appendicitis, so I

went to a local hospital and begged a white physician to take her in and operate. My pleas were so desperate he finally agreed. A few days after the operation, I visited my pupil.

When I appeared at the front door of the hospital, the nurse ordered me around to the back way. I thrust her aside—and found my little girl segregated in a corner of the porch behind the kitchen. Even my toes clenched with rage.

That decided me. I called on three of my faithful friends, asking them to buy a little cottage behind our school as a hospital. They agreed, and we started with two beds.

From this humble start grew a fully equipped twenty-bed hospital—our college infirmary and a refuge for the needy throughout the state. It was staffed by white and black physicians and by our own student nurses. We ran this hospital for twenty years as part of our contribution to community life; but a short time ago, to ease our financial burden, the city took it over.

Gradually, as educational facilities expanded and there were other places where small children could go, we put the emphasis on high-school and junior-college training. In 1922, Cookman College, a men's school, the first in the state for the higher education of Negroes, amalgamated with us. The combined coeducational college, now run under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is called Bethune-Cookman College. We have fourteen modern buildings, a beautiful campus of thirty-two acres,

an enrollment in regular and summer sessions of 600 students, a faculty and staff of thirty-two, and 1,800 graduates. The college property, now valued at more than \$800,000, is entirely unencumbered.

When I walk through the campus, with its stately palms and well-kept lawns, and think back to the dumpheap foundation, I rub my eyes and pinch myself. And I remember my childish visions in the cotton fields.

But values cannot be calculated in ledger figures and property. More than all else the college has fulfilled my ideas of distinctive training and service. Extending far beyond the immediate sphere of its graduates and students, it has already enriched the lives of 100,000 Negroes.

In 1934, President Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed me director of the division of Negro affairs of the National Youth Administration. My main task now is to supervise the training provided for 600,000 Negro children, and I have to run the college by remote control. Every few weeks, however, I snatch a day or so and return to my beloved home.

This is a strenuous program. The doctor shakes his head and says, "Mrs. Bethune, slow down a little. Relax! Take it just a little easier." I promise to reform, but in an hour the promise is forgotten.

For I am my mother's daughter, and the drums of Africa still beat in my heart. They will not let me rest while there is a single Negro boy or girl without a chance to prove his worth.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.—Pope.

GIFTS TO AMERICA

By Franklin K. Lane

America is a land of but one people, gathered from many countries. Some came for love of money and some for love of freedom. Whatever the lure that brought us, each has his gift. Irish lad and Scot, Englishman and Dutch, Italian, Greek and French, Spaniard, Slav, Teuton, Norse, Negro—all have come bearing gifts and have laid them on the altar of America.

All brought their music. . . . All brought music and their instruments for the making of music, those many children of the harp and lute.

All brought their poetry, winged tales of man's many passions, ballads of heroes and tunes of the sea, lilting scraps caught from sky and field, or mighty dramas that tell of primal struggles of the profoundest meaning. All brought poetry.

All brought art, fancies of the mind, woven in wood and wool, silk, stone or metal—rugs and baskets, gates of fine design and modeled gardens, houses and walls, pillars, roofs, windows, statues and paintings—all brought their art and hand craft.

Then, too, each brought some home-

ly thing, some touch of the familiar home field or forest, kitchen or dress—a favorite tree or fruit, an accustomed flower, a style in crockery or in costume—each brought some homelike, familiar thing.

And all brought hands with which to work.

And all brought minds that could conceive.

And all brought hearts filled with home—stout hearts.

To drive live minds, live minds to direct willing hands.

These were the gifts they brought.

Hatred of old-time neighbors, national prejudices and ambitions, traditional fears, set standards of living, graceless intolerance, class rights and the demand of class—these were barred at the gates.

At the altar of America we have sworn ourselves to a simple loyalty. We have bound ourselves to sacrifice and struggle, to plan and to work for this one land. We have given that we may gain, we have surrendered that we may have victory.



To do an evil act is base. To do a good one without incurring danger, is common enough. But it is the part of a good man to do great and noble deeds though he risks everything in doing them.—Plutarch.

AGED NEGRO PREACHER

By Hoover Adams

Being the father of 31 living children, including three sets of triplets, a set of twins, and five ministers, is just one of the accomplishments of the Rev. R. H. Ferrell, aged Negro Baptist preacher.

His ability to turn a fancy and graceful handspring at his young age of 83 is another.

But those are just some of the minor things in the colorful career of "Uncle Reuben," a Spanish American war veteran, who lives a few miles from Dunn in Johnson county.

It was "Uncle Reuben" who carried the American flag for Col. Theodore Roosevelt up San Juan Hill in Cuba after two other flagmen had been shot down, and later he stood guard at the funeral of President William McKinley in Cleveland, Ohio.

There's no more interesting character anywhere in North Carolina than Preacher Ferrell, who was born in Wake county, just across the line from Johnston, and has been preaching since he was 12 years old. Five of his churches came together recently to celebrate his birthday.

He all but had his head shot off in the Spanish American conflict. He's wearing a silver plate in the place where his skull used to be, one finger and two teeth are gone—hit by a bullet—and he can count the scars of 31 bullet holes from his waist to his head.

He knows the hell of war; he's seen human blood flowing like so much water; he has seen bodies stretched out for miles; he saw a Yankee soldier beat out the brains of his cousin

against a brick wall during the Civil war; he knows the sting of a bullet and the pain of a bayonet stuck through his ribs.

He experienced all that during the 26 years he spent in the army. But he's ready to fight again when his country calls him to the colors.

"Right this minute," said the Negro preacher, and he clicked his heels in salute. He only wishes that Colonel Teddy Roosevelt were living to lead him in battle.

"If Mr. Teddy were here to give them signals, they couldn't hold me back," he said. Preacher Ferrell believes Colonel Roosevelt was one man who would have put an end to Hitler pretty quick.

Historians sometimes attempt to confuse the veteran on the dates, but the memory of those hectic, historic and hair raising days are still too vivid in his mind. He can relate the battles, the dates and even minor occurrences more vividly than the history books tell the story.

"I can just see Mister Teddy right now going jump-like over them hills, with his little red flag, and waving his hand right and left to give us the signals," he recalled.

He remembers all these events and also remembers when all the Negroes were released from the army.

His service at the funeral of President McKinley in Cleveland was just a coincidence. Orders were sent out for a detachment of soldiers, and his company was the one selected.

Preacher Ferrell—"Uncle Reuben" he prefers to be called because that's

what all his white friends call him—is a medium-sized person, with a shiny bald head, well built and strong despite his age.

A graduate of Shaw University at Raleigh and the Greensboro College for Negroes, he's well mannered and fairly well polished, with a fine flow of English.

"Uncle Reuben" is the humble sort of Negro and always takes off his hat and bows to the white folks. He proudly states that his place is "at the bottom, and that's where I stay."

His marital and parental record is one seldom, if ever, equalled, and it's true because birth certificates bear him out.

He has been married three times, the first time to a Negro girl from Summit, S. C., the second time to a full-blooded Oklahoma Indian, and the last time to a Pampico, S. C., Negro, his present wife. The other two died.

Preacher Ferrell himself is half Indian, his mother being a full-blooded Oklahoma Indian. He's proud of his Indian blood and attributes his longevity to his Indian heritage.

It was his first wife who bore him three sets of triplets, something almost unheard of at that time. She also gave birth to one set of twins and a total of 14 children. The nine triplets were born in three consecutive years.

His Indian wife presented him with 16 children, including two sets of twins, and he has had one child by his present wife.

The preacher is proud that all of his children are still living and healthy, the youngest being 12 years old and the oldest 61. But he's prouder still of the five sons who followed

in his footsteps and are now ordained Baptist ministers, serving in the northern states.

No, he can't call the names of them offhand and reports it was quite a job finding names for all of them.

The health record of his family is also something to marvel at. He figures his family hasn't had a doctor more than 12 times at the most. A midwife always assisted the stork.

Preacher Ferrell started preaching at the age of 12, led by his mother, but quit later because he didn't think he was worthy of the ministry and joined the army.

He was in the army for 26 years, serving as a soldier for three years, as cook for three years and as steward for 20 years. But he kept on preaching in the army all this time. He's been preaching now for 71 years and hopes to keep on for still a few more years.

Although he preaches on Sundays, Preacher Ferrell gives farming as his occupation and works in the fields six days a week except on the days when funerals or other pastoral duties take him from his work.

"My gospel is without money and without price," he boasts, and adds, "I work for my living." He abhors some of the modern-day ministers whom he believes put too much faith in the power of the dollar and the size of their church and congregation instead of the power of Jesus Christ as they should.

"I take my troubles to the Master," he said, giving his silver skull a thump which could be heard audibly. "He hasn't ever failed me—he never will."

"I don't get money for preaching; I work for mine," he relates, but ex-

plains that he always accepts money when it is offered voluntarily and with the spirit. He regards preaching as his duty, not his occupation.

He doesn't draw a cent of pension for his services in the war, and neither does he draw old age pensions. And he doesn't ask for it, either, "because I'm still able to work, thank you," he usually replies.

He doesn't approve of wars, but justifies them with the Scriptures, and holds no brief for the slackers. He thinks to fail his country in time of need would be a sin

Preacher Ferrell renders service among five churches, Sampson church, Little Field, Mt. Zion, Little Mission, and Small's Chapel and holds meetings at scores of others.

Members of the five churches held a joint session at Mt. Zion a few Sundays ago on his 83rd birthday, and it was an event he'll never forget.

He said before hand that he was going to preach "like I never preached before," and that's just what he did.

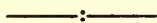
The crowd was the largest ever to attend a service at the church. There were at least five birthday cakes on the table at lunch.

He's also well known and highly respected by the white folks. Whenever he walks down the street, greetings are heard from every side from both races, and the Negroes take off their hats to him.

Preacher Ferrell is proud of the esteem in which he is held and "the life which I have lived. It's a witness for God and it's all I've got to offer," asserts the minister.

"Uncle Reuben" still enjoys good health and feels fit because he has taken care of himself. When he wants to pull a surprise on a group of strangers, he takes off his watch and does a couple of handsprings.

He's lived a full life already, but "Uncle Reuben" is looking forward to many more years service in delivering the gospel. He intends to continue until the Master calls.



EVEN TODAY

What if the bridge men built goes down,
 What if the torrent sweeps the town,
 The hills are safe, the hills remain,
 And hills are happy in the rain;
 If I can climb the hills and find
 A small square cottage to my mind,
 A lonely and a cleanly house
 With shelves too bare to tempt a mouse,
 Whatever years remain to me
 I shall live out in dignity.

—George Henry Jessop.

SIDNEY LANIER CANDIDATE FOR HALL OF FAME

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough

For the past ten years the United Daughters of the Confederacy have earnestly endeavored to have a marble bust of Sidney Lanier placed in the Hall of Fame at New York University along with the company of immortals who occupy this exalted position.

The recommendation that efforts be made to secure such recognition of this gifted man was presented by the retiring president general, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Alabama, at the general convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy which was held at Jacksonville, Fla., in 1931. It was enthusiastically adopted and each year has found the daughters more ardent in their desire to have this honor accorded to one who so fully deserves it.

That he was not chosen by the electors of the Hall of Fame at either election since his name was presented, in no way daunts their enthusiasm. There are many things to be taken into consideration in awarding this honor which only occurs every five years.

In 1935 a number of the electors favored Sidney Lanier but he did not receive the necessary number of votes.

Stephen C. Foster was elected in 1940, Lanier losing by five votes only. Not less than six of the 1940 electors who had declared themselves in his favor passed on before the time for

election, also many others that favored him in 1935.

With redoubled activity, the Daughters of the Confederacy will continue their efforts to advance the name of Sidney for the Hall of Fame by giving to the American people a wider knowledge of this poet and musician who belongs to the entire nation. Celebrations on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth on February 3, 1942, and throughout this centennial year will focus attention upon this man who in his brief life gave to humanity noble thoughts, a wide appreciation of beauty and a sense of the all embracing love of God.

It is truly remarkable how the Daughters have familiarized his name to thousands in innumerable ways, from the smallest to the mightiest efforts.

The most outstanding achievement is the publication by Duke University of a scholar's edition of Lanier material hitherto untouched by publicity, which was furnished by the Lanier family. While this may not be directly attributable to the Daughters, this voluntary request doubtless came from Dr. W. P. Few, president of Duke, as a direct result of the efforts of Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, former president-general, to persuade the publishers who owned the copyrights to issue an edition at a reasonable price that would provide greater opportunity to know and appreciate Lanier.

They replied that with the steady

demand and sale which they were meeting it was very unlikely a cheaper edition would be justified.

Mrs. Lamar consulted with the Lanier family in regard to Dr. Few's proposition and they agreed to aid by allowing Duke to use five hundred letters and other papers never before accessible to students of Lanier. They also arranged for the essential cooperation of the former publishers who agreed on most liberal terms, to pass on their interests and holdings in Lanier's works to Duke university.

With the passing of Dr. Few in a few months the great undertaking initiated by him was taken over by Dr. R. L. Flowers, acting president of the university, who wired Mrs. Lamar at the 1940 convention to announce to the Daughters publication of a complete edition of the works of Sidney Lanier by the Duke University Press. She was further authorized to say the editorship would be under direction of the Duke faculty, headed by an editor-in-chief and competent scholars in American literature selected from the middle west, southwest and on the Pacific coast, thereby making the project national in its scope.

The press, schools, literature and the radio have shown great co-operation to promote the name of Sidney Lanier for his own particular niche in the Hall of Fame.

The best newspapers and magazines have carried hundreds of articles about him and many of his poems.

Dr. James Francis Cooke, editor of the *Etude*, which has the largest circulation of any musical periodical in the world, accepted and published an article on Lanier which was writ-

ten by Miss Margaret Blanche Rouquie, of Georgetown, S. C. general chairman of the work. The *Southern Magazine* published two of her articles, also one by John Hobeika of Dillon, S. C.

John Temple Graves, A. H. Starke, Irvin S. Cobb, George Creel, Walter Damrosch, Edgar Lee Masters, Professor Knight Dunlap, for 30 years at Johns Hopkins, Lanier's old university, and numerous others have written of Lanier's value to life and art. Mrs. Lamar compiled an interesting booklet on Things to Know About Lanier, which has had wide circulation. She has addressed many audiences on Lanier, the Musician.

Thousands of essays on Lanier have been written in competitive contests in schools and colleges; Sidney Lanier scholarship funds established; Lanier bookshelves placed in schools; pageants illustrating his poetry presented; thousands of his pictures presented to schools; birthday programs given, postcards made of his birthplace at Macon, Ga, and of the Lanier Oak at Brunswick, Ga.

U. D. C. chapters bear his name from the Atlantic to the Pacific; cups and other trophies have been awarded in his honor; music, poetry and book clubs are named for him. The Dixie chapter, of Montgomery, Ala, placed a tablet in the First Presbyterian church where he was once organist; Sophie Bibb chapter marked the Exchange hotel where he served as clerk while living in Montgomery and the Mobile chapter marked the house at Point Clear where he spent a winter with his uncle. Through Mrs. Lamar's influence, Ted Malone included in his *Pilgrimage of Poetry* a broadcast from the little gable cctt-

age in which Lanier was born at Macon, Ga.

Sidney Lanier was said to be the first American of note in the last century to discern the merits of women as potential orchestral players and to urge them to enter the orchestral field of music. His far-sighted attitude was commemorated recently by a Sidney Lanier Memorial concert, given in Carnegie Hall by a well known woman's orchestra. It was described as one of the best of the season and one critic said, "The soul of the musician-poet must have inspired them that evening."

In creating interest in Lanier the Daughters of the Confederacy have made it plain that their claim of his worth of a place in the Hall of Fame is based purely on his merit and the fact that he was a Confederate soldier enters little into it. They feel he belongs to America just as does any other writer and musician.

Sidney Lanier's English and French ancestors held important positions as composers in royal courts and it was only natural that that the passion for music and poetry was in his blood. The combination of ancestral forces, Huguenot, Methodist and Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, accounts for his love of the aesthetic and his deeply religious ideas. Coming to manhood in the crucial years of the War Between the States and dying of tuberculosis a few years later, drew out of his life of hardship only beauty and melody, because beauty and melody were all he sought.

Studiosness, sweetness of temperament and magnetic charm made him a favorite with his schoolmates and created bonds of enduring friend-

ships. Entering Oglethorpe college at 18, he dreamed of even wider fields of study but his dreams were rudely shattered by the guns of Fort Sumner.

Soon after graduation the call to arms came and, joining the Macon Volunteers, he marched to Virginia. Transferred to the signal service, he was captured and spent the rigorous winter of 1864 in prison at Point Lookout. Exposure and privation implanted the seeds of consumption and after the war his life was a constant struggle against disease.

Bravely he faced the task of how to live, teaching schools, clerking in a hotel, all the while studying and writing.

In 1867, his novel, *Tiger Lilies*, was published and soon afterward he married Mary Day, the inspiration of his exquisite poem, *My Springs*.

In 1870 he joined his father in the practice of law at Macon but while his ability promised a successful career, he was not to remain a lawyer. The search for health carried him to Texas and after a beneficial winter there he went to Baltimore where he secured a position as first flutist in the famous Peabody Orchestra. This gave him a means of support and in the intellectual and artistic atmosphere of Baltimore he produced the best work of his career.

All the world recognizes the undisputed worth of a *Ballad of the Trees* and the *Master*; *The Song of the Chattahouche*, and *The Revenge of Hamish*. The exquisite grace and moving appeals of the first two and the gripping power of the last have placed them with the very best of their kind. Filled with the tremulous beauty of dawn is his last poem, *Sun-*

rise, which from his sick bed he threw into the face of death.

In 1879 he received the appointment of lecturer on English literature in the recently established John Hopkins university. He gave two courses of lectures, the last one being delivered when he was so weak from the ravages of disease he had to remain seated, finishing only by sheer will power.

In the summer of 1881 he sought the healing air of the North Carolina mountains, but in vain. On the seventh of September, near Tryon, the long, heroic struggle came to an end and one of the finest spirits in Southern letters went out.

In considering the handicaps of Lanier's life, the call to arms, the struggle for a livelihood and the constant battle against illness, the quantity of his literary achievements are truly marvelous. His radiant nature and simple faith in God make him one of the greatest characters of the ages.

From a memorial address on General Robert E. Lee, delivered by Lanier, found among his papers and published 50 years after his death came the thought of converting the birthplace of the great chieftain into a memorial shrine and in the restoration of Stratford Hall, there is the voice of Sidney Lanier, yet speaking.

That which we acquire with most difficulty we retain the longest; as those who have earned a fortune are commonly more careful of it than those by whom it may have been inherited.

—Colton.

THE SPORT OF KINGS

By Vincent Edwards

When you boys go out to caddy at your community golf course, are you aware that you are participating in a sport that is over four hundred years old? Long before the day of Chick Evans and Bobby Jones, King James the First of England was swinging what passed for the niblick of his day on the royal course. Golf became so popular a pastime with these early rulers that it came to be known as "the sport of kings."

One of the game's most famous enthusiasts was unluckily Charles the First who was deposed by the Parlia-

ment of Cromwell and finally lost his head on the scaffold. He was deep in a game in Scotland in 1641 when word came that a rebellion had broken out in Ireland, and in his dismay he threw aside his club and retired to Holyrood House. During his imprisonment at Newcastle, his gaoler was kind enough to let him exercise him on the golf links in the presence of the royal retinue.

Today women have taken up the game with almost as much enthusiasm as the men, but they are only following in the footsteps of that celebrated ru-

ler, Mary Queen of Scots. More than once she sought relaxation from her tempestuous career as monarch on the links at Seaton.

That Mary should have become a devotee of the sport in not surprising in a way, for Scotland, more than any other country, has come to be recognized as the original home of golf. Modern enthusiasm certainly runs high at time, but it could not have been any less in the kingdom where one of the early kings had to forbid the importation of golf-balls from Holland on the grounds that it took away "na small quantitie of gold and silver out of the kingdome of Scotland."

In these remote times England also went so far as to ban "golfe and futeball and other unprofitable games" because archery, the sport upon which the defense of the country rested, was being neglected in their favor. The golf balls of that period were different from the white gutta-percha ones of our day: they were made of leather and stuffed with feathers until they were as hard as stone.

Of all the famous golf courses in the world, St. Andrews in Scotland is easily the most celebrated. To those who have been there, the very name brings up memories of the fine, Scotch weather, the breeze sweeping in from the sea and the broad reaches of sandy dunes alongside which the links extend.

It was here that the name "bunker" came to be applied, first to sand-pits

and later to hazards of any sort. Players who went around the course also dubbed some of the pits by such facetious names as "the scholar's bunker," "Tam's coo," "Walkinshaw's grave," "the saucer," "the feather-bed hole" and "the crater."

The St. Andrews course is about four miles long, and when an important match is in progress, interest infects every one, from the servants in the hotel all the way to the professors in the university. It seems curious that, while St. Andrews University has a great name of its own, the town's golfing fame even overshadows this. Students had a reputation of the becoming so fond of the sport, to the neglect of their studies, that a song sprang up—

"And so while years are moving,
He is steadily improving;
Through he's never any nearer
his degree,
There is this consideration:
He has made his reputation
As a Golfer in the City by the
Sea."

The day has passed when Scotch golfers used to wear a bright red uniform as a kind of danger signal to passersby. But the very short pants in which boy golfers appeared whenever they had a chance to go to the St. Andrews course with their short clubs have been adopted by Boy Scouts and youngsters the world over. Today we call them "shorts."

Accuracy of statement is one of the first elements of truth; inaccuracy is a near kin to falsehood.—Tryon Edwards.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys thoroughly enjoyed another good motion picture show last Thursday night, the attraction being "The Little Adventuress." This is a Columbia production.

—:—

Plasterers from Concord are making repairs to the walls and ceilings of the Cannon Memorial Administration Building and Cottage No. 1. This work has been going on more than a week and will soon be completed.

—:—

A new metal silo, thirty feet high and twelve feet in diameter, is being erected near the dairy barn. This work is being done by our own boys, under the supervision of Mr. Alf Carriker and Mr. Wyatt, officers in charge of the carpenter and machine shops, respectively.

—:—

We are glad to report that James Brewer, who was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia for treatment about two months ago, has returned to the School. His condition is greatly improved and he has assumed his regular place on the printing office force.

—:—

The boys on the garden forces are now picking great quantities of extra fine string beans and from the reports coming to this office it would seem that the supply will last until old Jack Frost visits this neighborhood. Because of the dry weather during the early part of the season, our crop of string beans was far below normal, but this late crop will be more than make up for the shortage at that time. Our cannery force is working at top speed, putting these beans in gallon

containers, to be stored away for use during the winter months.

—:—

Electric lights have been installed in the grandstand down on the athletic field. Receptacles have also been placed there in order that radios may be plugged in, thus enabling the boys to hear the broadcasts of world's series baseball games and the big football contests on Saturday afternoons. Right now all the lads and many of the "old timers" among the staff of employees are very much interested in the current world's series. While the Yankees seem to have the most supporters, many of our folks are pulling hard for "Dem Bums" of Brooklyn to come through. At this writing the series stands at one game each, neither team apparently having the advantage over the other.

—:—

Superintendent Boger recently received another letter from Giles E. Grene, one of our old boys, who has been a member of the United States Army for more than two years. He wrote from Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, saying that he still thoroughly enjoyed army life and was getting along nicely. Giles inquired as to how things were going at the School and signified his interest in local affairs by asking the subscription rates of The Uplift, in order that he might keep in touch with the School's activities regularly. He asked to be remembered to friends among the staff of officers and matrons, and stated that he expected to be in Honolulu about ten more months, after which he hoped to return to the States and pay us a visit.

Lemuel Murphy, a former member of the Cottage No. 2 group, was a visitor here last Saturday and Sunday. This young man, now about twenty years old, left the School, February 8, 1937, returning to his home in Smithfield, where he was employed in a restaurant a little more than eight months. He then secured employment in the Duke of Windsor Hotel, at Windsor, N. C. He worked there and at other hotels under the same management until September 16, 1940, when he enlisted in the United States Army. Lemuel is now a member of Headquarters Battery, 1st Battalion, 113th Field Artillery, and is stationed at Fort Jackson, S. C. He is one of the cooks for his battery, and tells us that he expects to receive a promotion in the very near future. He had been visiting his parents in Smithfield and was on his way to Chester, S. C., to join his battery which is now taking part in the maneuvers in that section.

Lemuel is a well-mannered young fellow and has the appearance of one who is trying to make good. He expressed his appreciation for the training received here and seemed delighted to renew old friends among members of the School's staff of workers.

—:—

We were delighted to receive a letter from another old boy the other day, one from whom we had not heard in many years. This young man's name is Robert Ward, who entered the School, August 15, 1922 and was permitted to leave, February 1, 1926. While here he was a member of the Cottage No. 2 group. Robert has been in the United States Army since 1928, and has attained the rank of first sergeant in the 176th Infantry Band, A. P. O. No.

29, 29th Division, and is stationed at Fort Bragg. At the present time he is temporarily located on the U. S. Military Reservation, Morven, N. C., where he will take part in the extensive maneuvers being staged in the two Carolinas. His letter is as follows:

Dear Sir:

I am writing to you gentlemen in regard to the date that I, Robert Ward, entered that school, the reason for doing so is due to the fact that I am trying to establish a date relative to my birth. I was a boy in that school during Mr. C. E. Boger's administration as superintendent, arriving there before the old administration building burned, but cannot recall the exact year of that incident. At that time Mr. Fisher was the assistant to Mr. Boger, and Mr. Greer was parole officer. Miss Greenlee was my first teacher and Mr. Crooks was the last one under whom I studied, though I do not remember the correct dates. I am reasonably sure that I entered the school in 1923, and I would be very grateful if you could and would write me a letter, stating the date that I entered Stonewall Jackson School and my age at that time.

Many times I have wished that I might have an opportunity to visit the school and the boys, but it seems that in all these years I haven't been able to acquire the time necessary, as for the last twelve years I have been a resident of Tacoma, Washington, and of course, it would have taken some time to make the trip. However, I often think of the school and the boys, and the splendid corps of officers and matrons. I also remember the little booklet called "THE UPLIFT,"

and wonder if it is still in existence, if so I would more than appreciate it if you would kindly forward me a copy.

I am now in the Army and have been a member since October, 1928, and am a musician. Have advanced to the rank of Assistant Leader, and owe it all to the interest that was instilled in me as a little boy at Stonewall Jackson School, where I was allowed the privilege of entering the group to study music under Mr. George Lawrence, who I think is now connected with Chapel Hill, although I am not sure.

It is a pretty sure thing that I shall be in this vicinity for the next two months, and I'm making you a promise that I will visit the school during that time. If you will send me the names of the staff of officers and matrons now at the school, I shall appreciate it, as I may be fortunate enough to know some of them. Thanking you for any help toward establishing the date of my enrollment at the school and my age at the time, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

Robert Ward.

Some of us pleasantly recall Robert as a little fellow at the School many years ago, and are delighted to learn that he has been doing so well since leaving us. Should he be able to call on us while maneuvering in this state, we can assure him that old friends here will extend a most hearty welcome.

—:—

The regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday was in charge of Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte. He brought with him, as speaker of

the afternoon, Rev. Herbert Spaugh, pastor of Hawthorne Lane Moravian Church, in that city, who never fails to bring our boys a most helpful and interesting message. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 15th chapter of Luke.

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Spaugh complimented the boys very highly on their singing, saying that the spirited manner in which they always enter into this part of the program, made his visits to the School very delightful occasions.

The speaker then told his listeners that the most worthwhile things of life are frequently attained the hard way. If one bumps into a brick wall, a bruise is the inevitable result; if you kick at folks, they will surely kick back; if you speak harshly to them, harsh words come right back to your ears. In other words, life will give you just what you give life.

Rev. Mr. Spaugh then told the following story, which he called "The Three Jewels": In the Far East there lived a shiek, a very wealthy man, who had three sons. These sons grew up into manhood and left home. The first one married and moved to a distant city. The second was about to get married in another city, while the third was making plans to get married and leave home. The sheik was getting old. Calling his secretary, he dictated a letter to each of his three boys. They were exactly alike and read: "If you will follow directions attached to this letter, you will learn how to find three most valuable jewels." The letters were sent to the boys by special messengers.

The first messenger reached the home of the oldest son, but found that he was away, but later located

him elsewhere in the midst of an important business deal. Without asking how his father was getting along, he hastily put the letter away, thinking he would read it later.

The messenger going to the second son's home, learned that he was at a nearby village, and was about to be married. He took the message from his aged father, hurriedly glanced at it, and made preparations to proceed with the wedding ceremony.

The third son was more easily located than the others. He read the letter and seemed glad to hear from his father. Especially interesting was the map directing him how to find the jewels, even though it meant a journey of many days and great hardships. The instructions said that at the end of the trip would be found a large wooden cross on top of a high mountain, marking the place where the treasure would be found.

The third son bought saddle and pack horses, provisions, tools, and secured a companion for the trip. It was a very hard journey. As they traveled, the way became more and more difficult and the food supply low. His companion gave up and left him, and he continued alone. His pack horse died and he lost the saddle horse in an attempt to ford a swiftly-flowing river. As he kept going on foot, he became almost exhausted. There was very little food left. His clothing was tattered, shoes worn out, and his feet were sore. Looking up, he saw the large white cross and decided that he could not give up now that the goal was in sight. Managing to pull himself up, bush by bush, he reached the cross.

As his tools had been lost, he began to look around for something with

which to dig for the treasure. Finding an old pick, he went to work, and soon dug up a wooden box. Inside this box was one made of metal, containing a jewel case. In the latter were three gorgeous jewels—an emerald, a ruby, and a pearl. An inscription on the case read: "Guard these jewels carefully. The emerald will give you wisdom; the ruby will wash away your sins; the pearl will give you purity. These are the three jewels of happiness."

As he gazed at the gems, a well-dressed stranger appeared and said to the young man, "Very beautiful jewels, but I have one more lovely," and from his own jewel case he took a brilliant diamond. He added, "How about a trade? This diamond of mine will give you great wisdom, and you will then have wealth and power and can easily obtain forgiveness." Without thinking it over very seriously, the young man traded, and suddenly the stranger and both boxes of jewels disappeared. The young man, weakened by his journey, fainted and fell into the bushes.

The second son, right after his marriage, showed his father's letter to his bride, and they decided to take as their wedding trip a search for the jewels. Traveling toward the same mountain, they reached the cross at the top. Following directions, they dug, and soon came upon the wooden box and the same jewels that had been found by the younger brother.

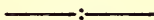
Presently a beautiful young woman came upon the scene, and, like the stranger met by the other, suggested a trade. As the conversation was going on, the chap down in the bushes began to groan, causing his brother to discover him. He saw the woman

and said, "Don't trade. Tell her to go away." The elder brother did so and she disappeared. They were then so happy that they began to dig again and found the jewels of happiness.

Rev. Mr. Spaugh then told the boys not to let anybody fool them as they traveled the road of life. He urged them not to sacrifice their purity and honor for anything. In other words he said, "Don't let anyone take away

your jewels." Purity, said he, means clean living and honest dealings with all with whom we come in contact. God wants us to live that we might have the pearl of purity.

In conclusion, the speaker urged his young hearers to remember that Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in heart," and to place their hands in his for guidance through life.



REWARD

Life's true reward is in the things we give,
 Not in the things we get, the Master taught;
 If we in his redeeming love would live
 Unselfish deeds of kindness must be wrought.

Let us be channels for his living word
 Each day in this distracted, needy world,
 Receptive to his voice, like those who heard
 When truth's redemptive banner he unfurled.

Like them, the cleansing flames of Pentecost
 We too many feel descending to illumine
 Our contrite hearts if we, when tempest tossed,
 In faith, wait for him in love's upper room.

In paths of service we must humbly tread,
 Our minds of fear and pride and hate divest,
 And wholly trust him who to all once said,
 "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

—Clyde Edwin Tuck.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 28, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
Edward Moore
William O'Brien
Weaver F. Ruff
James Speer
Fred Stewart
Charles Wooton

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser
N. A. Bennett
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
Ralph Harris
Doris Hill
Carl Hooker
Curtis Moore
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 3

Jack Crotts
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins
William T. Smith
Wayne Sluder
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins
James Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Plummer Boyd
Aubrey Fargis
Leo Hamilton
Donald Hobbs
Morris Johnson
William Morgan
J. W. McRorie
George Speer
John Whitaker
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Robert Dellinger
Allen Morris

Roy Pruitt

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Frank Fargis
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Marvin Lipscomb
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
James Parker
Jesse Peavy
Reitzel Southern
Emerson Sawyer
William Wilkinson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
John H. Averitte
Hurley Bell
Henry Butler
George Green
Carl Justice
Edward Overby
Durham Smith
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Reid Beheler
Cecil Bennett
Charles Crotts
Jesse Cunningham
Earl Godley
Jack Hamilton
Grover Revels
E. L. Taylor
Walker Warr
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9

David Cunningham
Riley Denny
Edgar Hedgepeth
Daniel Kilpatrick
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
William Nelson
Leroy Pate
Hubert Smith
Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

Marvin Gautier
 Delma Gray
 Jack Harward
 Arcemias Hefner
 John Lee
 Charles Phillips
 Robert Stephenson
 Torrence Ware
 Jack Warren
 Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

John Allison
 Robert Davis
 Velda Denning
 Charles Frye
 Robert Goldsmith
 Earl Hildreth
 Henry McGraw
 Samuel Stuart
 Henry Smith
 Monroe Searcy

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
 Ernest Brewer
 Eugene Bright
 William Deaton
 Treley Frankum
 Tillman Lyles
 James Mondie
 Hercules Rose
 Charles Simpson
 Jesse Smith
 George Tolson
 Carl Tyndall

Eugene Watts
 J. R. Whitman
 Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
 Vincent Hawes
 James Johnson
 James Lane
 Rufus Nunn
 Paul Roberts
 Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
 William Butler
 Robert Deyton
 Henry Ennis
 John Hamm
 William Harding
 Marvin King
 Feldman Lane
 Glenn McCall
 John Maples
 J. C. Willis

COTTAGE NO. 15

Ventry Smith

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
 George Gaddy
 James Johnson
 John T. Lowry
 Leroy Lowry
 Varcie Oxendine
 Louis Stafford

By a reference to Young's Concordance which claims to have every word of the Authorized Version arranged in alphabetical order we learn that the word bridge does not occur in the Bible. That is rather surprising. While Palastine had only one river and the people presumably forded that, as we hear quite a bit about the "fords of the Jordan," yet Paul who wrote about one-third of the New Testament traveled throughout a large part of the Roman empire where roads and bridges were the order of the day.

Paul showed a familiarity with the athletics of his day. He talked about soldiers. But he seems to have overlooked bridges. Will some specialist in the unusual things of the Bible explain why no inspired writer even referred to a bridge if such be in accord with the facts?



THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 11, 1941

No. 41

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THINK WELL BEFORE YOU SPEAK

Ill-considered speech is responsible for many misunderstandings and enmities. There is nothing so inimical to friendship as the habit of impulsive and imprudent speaking. There are indiscreet talkers who never take time to estimate the possible damage of what they say, but turn blithely from one subject to another seemingly unconscious of having given personal offense. There is no more dangerous weapon than an unruly tongue, and it has well been called the great divider.

Set, therefore, a seal on your lips, put a bridle on your tongue, and think well before you speak, but it is well always to remember that you proclaim yourself to the world through silence as well as through speech.

—Selected.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

COLUMBUS DAY

Columbus was a wise man
Who thought the earth was round;
He planned to sail across the sea
Where trading could be found.

Though kings did not believe in him,
And men thought he would fail,
He found one friend, the Spanish queen,
Who gave him ships to sail.

The crew rebelled, the sea was rough
In 1492;
Still this brave man kept sailing on
In spite of sea or crew.

But when they spied America,
They landed with a cheer—
And that is why we celebrate
Columbus Day each year.

—By Gertrude M. Robinson.

A CHILD'S BILL OF RIGHTS

Dr. M. B. Bethel, Cabarrus County Health Officer, when speaking to the Parent-Teacher Association last week, gave an illuminating address relative to the care of children. He stressed the importance of a good diet. This is what he gave as an example:

A pint of milk daily for adults, a quart for children. A generous serving of butter. One serving of a whole grain cereal. An egg in some form every day. At least one serving of meat, and this must not be bacon or fat back. One or more servings of green or yellow

vegetables. One or more servings of fruit, especially citrus.

"After these," he said, "and whatever is wanted to satisfy the appetite, using the cheaper foods liberally, such as breads, potatoes, and beans."

He also told his audience that the child has certain rights, that he would call "The Bill of Rights." The child has a right to be well born. To be well reared. To be guarded at all points possible against killing, crippling diseases. To be afforded opportunity for moral and mental development. To be fit to enter the world of tomorrow an asset instead of a burden.

He further emphasized the care of children by stating that parents should have them vaccinated when asked to do so. He also urged that children should be examined to make sure they are healthy. Correct the crippling deformities; put the child's eyes in shape if he needs it. Do what is necessary to keep him healthy.

"It is important." Dr. Bethel said, "to counsel the older children in matters of sex and venereal disease, but first be sure that your counsel is based on facts and not on wives' tales or superstition.

To the parents and teachers the speaker further stated: "More in this age than ever before, the keepers of the home must have assistance and counsel from other sources. The church, the school, medicine, denistry, government agencies and welfare groups all have sound advice and scientific opinions that are of value if heeded."

Contact is valuable for no one is self-sufficient. We learn daily how to care for young people by reading and listening to such valuable addresses as the one delivered by Dr. Bethel.

* * * * *

NATIONAL NEWSPAPER WEEK

From October 1st to the 8th was observed throughout the nation as National Newspaper Week. We failed to call attention to the fact last week, but it is never too late to make amends for an error. The influence of the newspapers is world-wide, therefore, the power of the press when used to broadcast information or articles that will lift people to higher ideals of living, can never be measured. The remark is often heard that the reading public demands sensational articles, or words to that effect. We do not feed to people poisonous

food that will cripple or warp their bodies, so it is our opinion that much can be done through the columns of the press to inspire a taste for wholesome literature by stressing high lights of good acts and suppressing news concerning the ugly side of life.

The editor of a local paper wields an immeasurable weight if he carries the banner high for the betterment of his community in every phase of life. The influence of such an editor never dies.

* * * * *

USE OF HAND SIGNALS

The intelligent use of hand signals is one of the most essential lessons to be learned by drivers of motor vehicles. The way some drivers carelessly fail to observe this rule would indicate that they are of the opinion that the driver directly behind them is a mind reader, and that everything will be all right, regardless of whether or not they try to give him some idea of what they are going to do. Director Ronald Hocutt, of the North Carolina Highway Safety Division, calls attention to the law governing the use of the hand signals, as follows:

Sec. 116, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina:—“(a) The driver of any vehicle upon a highway before starting, stopping or turning from a direct line shall first see that such movement can be made in safety and if any pedestrian may be affected by such movement shall give a clearly audible signal by sounding the horn, and whenever the operation of any other vehicle may be affected by such movement shall give a signal as required in this section plainly visible to the driver of such other vehicle of the intention to make such movement.

“(b) The signal herein required shall be given by means of the hand and arm in the manner herein specified, or by any approved mechanical or electrical signal device except that when a vehicle is loaded as to prevent the hand and arm signal from being visible both to the front and rear the signal shall be given by a device of a type which has been approved by the State. Whenever the signal is given the driver shall indicate his intention to start, stop or turn by extending the hand and arm from and beyond the left side of the vehicle as hereinafter set forth. Left turn—hand and arm horizontal, forefinger pointing. Right turn—hand and arm pointed upward. Stop—hand and arm pointed downward. All signals to be given from left side of the vehicle during last fifty feet traveled.”

This is one of the most important of all the laws and regulations covering the operation of motor vehicles. Before starting, stopping or turning from a direct line, give a signal—the correct signal—and give it in plenty of time.

* * * * *

THE FIRST WHITE BOY IN AMERICA

If you had seen a boy or girl of Palos, you would have known that Christoforo Colombo would set sail for unknown shores on August 3, 1492, with the three small ships, Pinta, Nina, and Santa Maria. And perhaps you, too, would have been thrilled to go on this voyage, as was one boy of Palos, who sailed as a cabin boy with his hero, the great navigator, Colombo. Perhaps he served Admiral Colombo himself during the long voyage! What unspeakable joy he, with his mighty hero must have had when land was first seen!

The boy spent his Christmas Day of that year, 1492, on the shores of Haiti. But it was a very sad day for him. He had to stand the blame for the loss of the Santa Maria during the night.

It was a beautiful night, according to Columbus' account, and his flagship was riding along through a sea as smooth as glass. So well were things going that the Admiral decided at midnight to get some sleep. He ordered the ship's master to keep a careful watch.

"Ay, ay, sir, I will," he said to his commander.

But, no sooner was Columbus asleep than the master, too, decided to rest, and he put a sailor at the ship's tiller. Then, wasn't that sailor also mean enough to go and rouse out this boy of Palos in the early morning hours to steer the ship's course! Of course, he thought the sea was so calm that nothing could happen.

But the ship ran into a treacherous current which the boy was too inexperienced to recognize from its motion. Even the deserting helmsman might not have known what was wrong. This current drove the vessel on an unseen shoal, and the force of the blow caused it to shiver and careen sharply. The jar woke all the crew, and the boy's cries of alarm brought them running to the deck. But nothing could be done to save the craft. It would soon fall apart.

The crew got to the near-by shore in boats, and that Christmas morning the natives in their big canoes helped to carry in its wreckage.

The timbers were used to make a fort, and it was named in honor of the Savior's birthday, The Nativity. (In Spanish, La Navidad.)

It is not definitely known what happened to the boy of Palos after this. If he stayed with the forty men who were left in Haiti to wait for Columbus' return the following year, he disappeared with them. None were there when Columbus returned to that shore. And the fort, too, so securely built by them, had disappeared.

But the boy of Palos had the incomparable thrill of helping to discover America, and of being the first white boy in all the Americas.—Norman C. Schlichter in *The Young Crusader*.

* * * * *

In the production of each million automobiles it is estimated that the agricultural products from a half-million acres are used. Here is a list of some products of the land consumed in making one million automobiles, and the purposes to which they are applied:

Sixty-nine million pounds of cotton—tires, batting, cloth, and brake linings.

Five hundred thousand bushels of corn—butyl alcohol and starch.

Two million five hundred thousand gallons molasses (from sugar cane)—solvents, anti-freeze, shock absorber fluids.

Three million two hundred thousand pounds of wool—upholstery, floor coverings, lubricants, and anti-rust preparations.

Three hundred fifty thousand pounds of goat hair—mohair upholstery.

Two million pounds turpentine—solvents, paints, adhesives.

Sixty-nine million pounds rubber—several hundred parts on the motor car.

One hundred twelve million feet of lumber—for packing, and other purposes.—*Automobile Facts*.

LINVILLE CAVERNS

By Majel Ivey Seay

Since the opening of Linville Caverns in 1939, Carolinians are fast discovering that they have a subterranean wonderland of their own and that it is not necessary to journey to Virginia, Kentucky or some distant state to enjoy the magic of an underground fairyland.

Tourists from every state in the Union are flocking to see this age-old awe-inspiring natural phenomenon of vari-hued and peculiarly-formed stalactites, stalagmites and other weird looking rock formations built up or worn down by the erosive action of water seeping through the rocks deep under Humpback Mountain. So extensive are the caverns that their farthest recesses have never been reached.

Linville Caverns are located 19 miles north of Marion, between Marion and Linville, just off the beautiful new scenic highway U. S. 221, in one of the beautiful mountain sections of the state. Nearby are some of the most famous scenic spots in eastern America—famous Linville Falls and Linville Gorge, Little Switzerland, Grandfather Mountain, Table Rock, Blowing Rock, etc.

The mountaineers of the Linville Country have known of and visited the caverns for generations but it was not until they were developed and formally opened to the public three seasons ago that their beauty and uniqueness were fully realized and appreciated.

Deserters from the Confederate cause used the cave as a hide-out during the Civil War. In the caverns may be seen the old cobbler's bench

crumbling with age, which they used in mending the shoes which the mountaineers brought them, along with food to eat.

It is said that Sevier's army stopped by to visit the caverns on the way through this section on the way to the Battle of Kings Mountain. Negro slaves used to congregate in the caverns and sing spirituals, a weird and beautiful sound heard from the outside.

The first scientist of prominence to visit Linville Caverns was probably W. E. Hidden, discoverer of the Hiddenite, one of the rarest and most beautiful of North Carolina jewels. Mr. Hidden and some friends visited the caverns in 1884 and carved their initials in the limestone at the end of one of the passages, where they are clearly discernible today.

Several years ago, the late J. Q. Gilkie, a prominent business man of Marion and one of the most enthusiastic boosters Western North Carolina has ever had, saw the possibilities in the caverns and assisted by a number of Marion business men, organized a stock company known as Linville Caverns Company, Inc.

In the spring of 1939, they were formally opened to the public. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Collins, former managers of the "Rock" at Blowing Rock, have leased the property and plan to keep it open to the public the year around.

An electrically-lighted walkway, beside which flows a crystal-clear and icy-cold subterranean stream of unknown origin, leads half a mile into the Caverns. Courteous and expe-

rienced guides accompany each party into the Caverns to answer questions and point out the outstanding shapes and formations, which are lighted by an elaborate system of flood lights. Here and there, all along the main corridor, are narrow channels connecting with large "rooms." One narrow channel leads to a pool, the bottom of which has never been sounded, though weights have been dropped as far down as 100 feet.

In the far recesses of the cave, so low that it is necessary to get down on hands and knees and crawl, is another bottomless pit.

The stalagmite and stalactite formations in Linville Caverns are most unusual and most interesting. Many of the stalactites suspended from the ceiling are as much as eight to ten feet long, forming all sorts of weird looking and interesting objects and shapes. I considered the "frozen" waterfalls of natural limestone the most beautiful and most spectacular.

Other picturesque formations are those resembling Chimney Rock, Blowing Rock, the Natural Bridge of Virginia, etc.; a scene resembling a Franciscan monk in his monastic robe; the bust of Abraham Lincoln; the profile of George Washington; Shepherds tending their sheep and others too numerous to mention. The variety of shapes and objects one may see is limited only by the imagination of the spectator.

The dome-shaped stalagmites found near the base of the walls are most beautiful. Some of them are practically flat, a most unusual form of stalagmite not ordinarily found in other caverns. They are almost circular in form, dark brown on the outer rim, with an inner layer of limestone and a center of crystalline water.

The floor of the cave is formed of quartzite, which is practically insoluble and thus undissolved by the erosive effect of the dripping water which formed the picturesque limestone formations.

One unusual feature of the caverns is that they are practically level all the way through and it is not necessary to climb up and down as it is in most caverns or to go down a steep incline to enter them.

Another interesting feature about Linville Caverns is the mystery concerning the origin of the subterranean stream, which, incidentally, has been stocked with mountain and rainbow trout. Its source has never been found though hardy explorers have followed it for many hundreds of feet through large passages and underground corridors. Apples have been known to come down the stream at times, supporting the theory that it is of outside origin, probably originating in a mountain stream back of Humpback.

The caverns are air-conditioned by nature, maintaining a temperature of 52 fahrenheit the year round which makes them cool in summer and warm in winter. The recent Sunday afternoon when we visited the caverns was one of the hottest days this summer but I fairly shivered with the cold. Icy water drips down continually from overhead and a cool breeze blows up constantly from what is thought to be another opening below. In spite of the chill atmosphere of the caverns, it was a refreshing change from the sweltering heat outside. And wouldn't the constant 52 temperature be grand this winter when the mercury starts hitting down close to freezing?

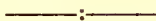
Mr. and Mrs. Collins have made many improvements in the Linville

Caverns' entrance grounds this summer. There is a picturesque rustic entrance lodge and refreshment building to accommodate the throngs which visit the caverns daily, especially on Sunday. There is parking space for approximately 100 cars.

Nearby is a tumbling mountain stream, along which have been developed picnic grounds with rustic tables, benches and stone fireplaces.

About one hundred yards north of the entrance is a magnificent waterfall where the water cascades fifty feet down to a deep pool.

Followers of Isaak Walton find the north fork of the nearby Catawba River and the pools near the caverns a fisherman's paradise, for Mr. Collins has stocked them with thousands of rainbow and speckled trout.



SOME PLACE FOR YOU

There is a place for you to fill,
 Some work for you to do,
 That none can or ever will
 Do quite so well as you.
 It may be close along your way,
 Some little homely duty,
 That only waits your touch, your sway,
 To blossom into beauty.

Or it may be that daily tasks,
 Cheerfully seen and done,
 Will lead to greater work that asks
 For you, and you alone.
 Be brave, whatever it may be,
 The little or the great,
 To meet, and do it perfectly,
 And you have conquered fate.

—Selected.

FISHING WITH SPEAR OFFERS NEW THRILLS

By John Wilds

Put on your bathing suit and come along with George Roberts for a hand-to-hand battle with the fish you pick out for dinner.

It's easy, insists George—Miami Beach lifeguard and leader of a growing gang of goggle fishermen in these waters.

"Anybody who isn't afraid to hold his breath and who can swim under water can go goggling," he'll tell you as he lays out the paraphernalia.

He shows you an underwater mask—somewhat on the idea of a pair of goggles except that it has one large pane of glass instead of two eye-pieces, and fits over both the eyes and nose. Held in place by a strap around the head, the mask is watertight.

Your weapon is a six-foot steel spear, with a razor-sharp point and a barb which opens up once flesh is penetrated. An eight-inch tube fitted with a strong rubber band is used to propel the spear, slingshot fashion. A six-foot line connects the spear and the tube, giving you a hold on the missile after it is shot.

A boat has taken you to a likely spot—where the water is crystal clear and there are rocks or ledges around which fish lurk. Listen now to George's instructions:

"You swim slowly around on the surface, peering under water through the glass. There's a big fellow down there you'd like to catch.

"You don't want to frighten him, so take a deep breath and go under

feet first. There's less splashing that way. Now straighten out and swim down toward him, slowly.

"He may hear you coming and get a little skittish, but you try to get within good range, about four or five feet from him. I like to maneuver so that I am above and slightly behind the fish.

"Pull back your spear as you would an arrow, take aim, and let him have it! If you're shooting downward you may be able to strike the backbone and knock him out first thing.

"Otherwise, you've got a fight on your hands. A big fish can pull you around under water, and I've speared some that twisted my three-eighths inch steel rod into all sorts of shapes. If you get your weapon into a fleshy part, the fish may fight so much he'll tear out a hunk of meat and get away."

Get your bronzed, white-toothed guide to tell you about the biggest haul he and Clifford Root, his companion on a thousand sea bottom raids, ever made.

"We were fishing one morning in the channel at the entrance to Miami harbor. The 35-foot channel is cut into rocks, and about 30 feet down there's an overhanging ledge which seems to be a favorite haunt for jewfish.

"Well, that morning I got a 45-pound jewfish, the biggest fish of any kind I ever came up with. When we got back we had two other jewfish, one of 35 pounds and the other of 30;

four good-sized snooks; five snappers; an amberjack; a blackfin margot and two spearhead."

What's that? You're afraid of those vicious-looking barracuda swimming around down there? Listen to George:

"The barracuda in these waters won't attack you so far as I know. I've run into a lot of them. They are curious and come up for a look at anything strange. But they investigate for a moment and then leave. I speared a number of them.

"Right now we're all after Gram-pa Snazzy. He's an 85-pounder that we've all seen around the jetties at the beach here. He looks at you with a sort of sneering grin. I'm working on a new kind of barbed spear to use on him."

Sharks? They're different.

"They haven't bothered me yet," Roberts explained. But they've really given me the shivers a couple of times. Once, down in the Keys, a 14-foot thrasher shark swam right by me, I was almost paralyzed, but he paid me no attention."

The octopus in Florida waters does not grow large, and is not the menace to goggle fishermen that is the species in the Mediterranean.

Although Roberts never has timed

himself, he estimates he can stay under water above three minutes—perhaps a little longer if he gets hooked up in a fight.

If you're still a little dubious about invading fish-land, George won't hold you in scorn.

"The strange surroundings scare some people," he admits, "and I know one excellent swimmer who'll never try it again. He got seasick, believe it or not."

Even if you come up empty-handed, George thinks a dive is well worth your while.

"You can enjoy just wearing goggles," he'll say. "You've never seen colors until you've seen underwater colors. There's every shade in the rainbow, yet all blend right in."

The glass magnifies objects to add to the illusion.

Most of the Miami Beach lifesaving corps and a number of other adults have taken up the sport in the past three years, and Roberts estimates there are about 200 kids who try their hand in less exposed places along the beach. He knows an eight-year-old lad who has made some notable catches.

The reefs, wrecks and rocks in the Florida keys offer unexcelled hunting grounds.

A maiden at college, Miss Breeze,
Weighed down by B.A.'s and Lit.D.'s,
Collapsed from the strain.
Said her doctor, "It's plain
You are killing yourself—by degrees!"

OUR SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

(Winston-Salem Journal)

The opening of the Bowman Gray School of Medicine of Wake Forest College yesterday was a historic event in the life of Winston-Salem. Our city is proud, indeed, to welcome this great institution into its community life.

It brings with it the finest traditions of Wake Forest College, which for more than 100 years has been a powerful cultural and spiritual force in the life of North Carolina, the South and the country as a whole. It also brings to Winston-Salem a school of medicine that long ago attained in its special field a rare distinction both in the State and in the Nation.

Our people are happy to welcome this school because they recognize its inestimable value to the community.

In addition to enhancing property values, adding to pay rolls and bringing many new residents of the highest qualities of technical skill and good citizenship, it will improve the efficiency not only of the Baptist Hospital, but also the efficiency of all the hospitals in the city and county.

It will give local physicians an opportunity for wider service, improve their skills and help them to extend their research work, and will make Winston-Salem one of the great medical as well as industrial centers of the South.

It will enable Salem College and other educational institutions in the vicinity to provide practical instruction for students in nursing and public health work.

It will make possible the improvement and expansion of mental hygiene

and child guidance clinic work in the community.

It will enable the Baptist Hospital to develop its professional side more fully and advance its clinical teaching program, and will also co-operate with all other hospitals in the city and country.

It will give young men in this city and section an opportunity to obtain the highest type of training at much lower cost than otherwise would be the case.

These are some of the things this school of medicine will mean to Winston-Salem.

But it will not only mean much to Winston-Salem and vicinity. It will also be of untold value to the State as a whole.

North Carolina has long been weak in the training of physicians. In consequence, it ranks forth from the last among the states of the Union in the ratio of population to physicians.

No one questions the need of more doctors in North Carolina. An official of our State Health Department recently made the statement that 85 per cent .of all the school children in the State have oral defects. Undoubtedly many of these also have other physical defects. The maternal and infant death rate in North Carolina is far above the national average. Diseases that could be cured with proper medical treatment affect a large part of our population.

The scarcity of physicians in many sections of the State, especially in rural districts, has contributed materially to these conditions. And

this scarcity of physicians has been due largely to the fact that up to now there has been but one four-year school of medicine in North Carolina, and that it has been in operation only a few years.

The value of the school to the whole State is greatly enhanced by the fact that it is closely linked with the Baptist Hospital, a large and modern institution, maintained by the Baptist State Convention, which represents more than 500,000 Baptists in North Carolina. This hospital ministers to people of every section of the Commonwealth without respect to religious denominations.

In operating practically as a unit, the school of medicine and hospital will, on the one hand, open the doors of opportunity to many a Tar Heel youth who desires to serve his kind by practicing medicine, and on the other hand bring health and healing directly to the lives of thousands in the coming years. As they move along together the windows of medical research will be flung the wider, for medicine has never been afraid to venture and to pioneer.

Robert Louis Stevenson, who ought to have known physicians well, referred to the doctor as "the flower of our civilization."

Certainly the doctor enables our civilization to reach its finest flowering, and in this new school which has arisen on the hill of Winston-Salem to give us more doctors we have an invaluable asset. In the years ahead, it is destined to help fulfill the dream of all those forward-looking men and women who long to see the day when the people of every community in North Carolina will have good medical care.

In this institution which has emerged from the labors of a man who rose to affluence by his own efforts under the opportunities afforded him by the American way, we see a life extended into future decades and the dim outlines of a truly new order in which mankind shall be liberated, both from the tyranny and follies of the Hitlers and from the insidious grip of dread crime that comes from disease.

It is to that vision that we should dedicate ourselves as we work in close harmony with Dr. C. C. Carpenter, able dean of the Bowman Gray School of Medicine of Wake Forest College, and other distinguished members of its faculty in an effort to build a healthier and happier community and State.

What we need to make our social dreams come true is not more laws, not more dogma, not less liberty, but better men, cleaner minded, more faithful, with loftier ideals and more heroic integrity; men who love the right, honor the truth, worship purity, and prize liberty; upright men who meet all horizontals as a perfect angle, assuring the virtue and stability of the social order.—Joseph Fort Newton.

WAR DEMANDS REVIVE INTEREST IN NORTH CAROLINA'S MINERAL RESOURCES

By Melbourne Smith

As in the first World War, the insatiable demand for metals and minerals for defense use has again strained every resource of the country's mining and metallurgical industries and has also been reflected in constantly widening activities in the established mining areas of North Carolina.

At the same time there has been a great revival of interest in the possibilities of successful development of a considerable number of North Carolina mineral resources, which up to the present have been in the marginal class—that is they have been regarded as too limited in extent for commercial exploitation, or of too low grade to permit profitable operation.

There is also rapidly developing in the country's metal supplies a situation in which it may be found to be expedient, and eventually imperative, to reopen throughout the nation a large number of idle mines, which at one time were operated commercially but were gradually forced out of business by richer or larger fields. In this category North Carolina has a large number of copper, lead-zinc and iron properties which could contribute in considerable measure to the country's metal needs.

Indeed, the conviction has persisted in the minds of a long line of geologists of distinction—Emmons, Shepard, Raymond, Kerr, Genth, Pratt, Lewis and others—of North Carolina

minerals, that a mining era, more substantial than any such period in the past, will materialize in this State whenever its mineral resources come to be systematically explored and developed.

There are scarcely half a dozen minerals of commercial importance which have not, at one time or another, been produced in North Carolina, though so often only on a sample basis. But there have been made at various times serious efforts to produce such metals as silver, nickel, tin, manganese, copper, lead and zinc, and during periods when market conditions were favorable, profitable operations were carried on for the recovery of iron, zirconium and monazite.

Perhaps too many mining efforts in North Carolina have been afflicted by the bonanza complex—too great expectations of big, quick profits, too little preparatory work, and in almost all instances, too little capital.

There has come about, however, in recent years a very realistic approach on the part of mining executives to the recovery of certain North Carolina minerals and to their proper refinement and preparation for the market, and today we have prosperous operations in mica, kaolin, feldspar, talc, pyrophyllite and kyanite. In such areas as those around Spruce Pine, Burnsville, Sylva, Franklin, Murphy and Hewitt in the western part of the State, and at Hemp, Glendon and Sta-

ley in the south central area, the mining of one or several of these minerals is today big business.

In view of all these circumstances it becomes at once apparent that the program of exploration, just now about to be undertaken in North Carolina by State and Federal mineralogists, holds tremendous promise for the mineral resources of the State, in that it is expected to demonstrate the mineral potentialities of North Carolina to a more conclusive degree than has ever been done before.

At the same time several research projects into the possibilities of certain minerals which occur in large tonnages in North Carolina, and which by their character and occurrence give evidence that exploitation might be profitable, are being conducted at North Carolina State college in Raleigh, at Georgia School of Technology in Atlanta, at the TVA Ceramics Laboratory in Norris, Tenn., at the U. S. Bureau of Mines Electrotechnical Laboratory in Norris, at the same Bureau's Southern Experiment Station in Tuscaloosa, Ala., and in the research laboratories of mining companies now operating in the State.

An effort to procure a specific State appropriation for a sustained research program in North Carolina minerals, made during the session of the 1941 Legislature, was not successful, though the originators of the program believe that States support eventually will be obtained.

In the opinion of geologists generally, any such research program, while highly desirable in its proper sequence, should follow the basic field surveys, rather than coincide with or precede them.

These basic field surveys—a very

important and fundamental exploratory work—have been under way for the past three months in the pegmatic dike areas of the State, principally in Mitchell county. They are a joint undertaking of the United States Geological Survey and of the Division of Mineral Resources of the North Carolina Department of Conservation and Development.

Dr. Jasper L. Stuckey, State Geologist, as head of the Division of Mineral Resources, has as his associate in this work Assistant State Geologist T. C. Murdock, who has come to the Raleigh office after a wide experience in South American mining fields.

An adequate field force has been delegated by the U. S. Geological Survey to co-operate with Dr. Stuckey and Mr. Murdock. The expense of this exploratory work will be borne jointly by the State and Federal geological departments.

The actual field work was begun in the Spruce Pine area on July 1, and when it is finished all of the important pegmatite areas of the State will have been examined. Two years will be required for such a thorough survey as is contemplated.

When a geologist speaks of pegmatite dikes he is referring to so-called "graphic granites," in which the crystals of quartz are so arranged that the face of a section of it resembles a tablet covered with Oriental inscriptions.

A pegmatite dike consists usually of quartz and feldspars in crystalline growth. The pegmatite dikes in North Carolina are coarsely crystalline veins rich in quartz, feldspar and muscovite (mica). These dikes penetrate and ramify in great num-

bers through the surrounding country rocks.

Pegmatite dikes are known in more than 20 counties in the State, confined principally to the mountain district and the western portions of the Piedmont. The pegmatite belt in North Carolina is almost 100 miles wide and runs in a northeast-southwest direction, eastward of and paralleling the Blue Ridge Mountains.

"In mineral composition pegmatites vary greatly," says a State geological bulletin, "but those of present commercial importance belong generally to two types: (1) the granite pegmatites, or 'giant granites,' composed essentially of feldspar, quartz and mica; and, (2) the soda pegmatites which consist mainly of soda feldspar (albite) and small quantities of hornblende."

It is from these two types of North Carolina pegmatites that the large quantities of mica, kaolin, feldspar and kyanite are now being successfully mined.

The known deposits of other North Carolina minerals, many of which have been worked in the past but are now inactive, seem destined, before the defense program has developed much farther, to enjoy the consideration of the Federal agencies charged with the procurement of essential metals.

In fact, the United States Geological Survey and the Bureau of Mines have just recently made examinations of the State's tin belt in Lincoln, Gaston and Cleveland counties, and of the chromite resources of Buncombe, Yancey and Jackson counties.

There have also been surveys of the nickel deposits of Macon, Jackson, Buncombe and Yancey counties, and of the copper reserves of Swain, Jackson and Haywood counties.

It is not at all improbable that the production of pig iron from the magnetite iron deposits of North Carolina, especially from such properties as the Cranberry mine in Avery county, will be encouraged, because, even with the greatly increased tonnages from the immense Lake Superior iron ranges, there still does not seem to be enough iron for steel making and for other uses in the defense program.

Relatively, such marginal mines as Cranberry are able to produce only in small quantities, but if all such mines throughout the country were placed in operation they would in the aggregate turn out a great quantity of pig iron that would go far toward taking care of civilian needs.

The feasibility of such operations is being demonstrated at the present time by the new LeTourneau plant, which builds great road-building machinery, at Toccoa, Ga. Having anticipated difficulty in procuring steel for its own use, this company is now producing steel for gear castings in an electric furnace at Toccoa from North Georgia limonite ores, which are identical in quality with the iron ores of Cherokee county, North Carolina.

The Federal agencies responsible for the country's metal supply can scarcely hope to obtain production from most of these marginal mines unless there is a readjustment in metal prices, which under the Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply have been held to maximum figures that cannot return a profit to the high cost mines.

Thus the appeal was long ago made for subsidies to be paid to operators of marginal mines without disturbing the prevailing basis prices which obtain on the bulk of the country's cur-

rent production of various metals.

Copper operators in Michigan, most of them idle because mining costs are high compared with big tonnage areas in the West, months ago asked the Office of Production Management in Washington to recommend subsidies or price bonuses for these high cost mines, with each company receiving a price in the ratio of operating costs. Accordingly, a survey of copper mining costs was made by the Tariff Commission in the larger producing areas.

Finally, a month ago, the Office of Price Administration issued an order fixing the copper price ceiling at 12 cents per pound, but recognizing price differentials for small quantities. Under this ruling marginal producers may contract with Metals Reserve Co., the Federal government buying agency, at substantially higher prices than the 12-cent ceiling. This metal will later be distributed at the OPA price level for use in government contracts.

Such a contract arrangement is undoubtedly applicable to North Carolina copper mines like Cullowhee in Jackson county and Ore Knob near West Jefferson in Ashe county, together with many of the other recognized copper properties in the State, in all about 65 mines which have produced copper. Operation of only a small number of the better of these mines could add, at a most conservative estimate, around 5,000 tons of refined copper annually to the U. S. stocks of this vital metal.

Public opinion generally in North Carolina has not attributed much value to the State's copper deposits, but TVA regarded these copper reserves to be so important that a special survey was made by the mineralogists of that agency to make sure that the

impounded waters of projected dams on the Little Tennessee river, such as the much discussed Fontana dam, would not flood these properties. It was found that these dams could be so located that the copper mines and ore reserves would not be flooded, but would remain accessible for mining operations.

The TVA has no doubt of the importance of these reserves which are identical with the copper ores of the Ducktown-Copper Hill area in Tennessee, which have been worked so successfully over a long period of years.

The uncommon metal titanium has come to be in recent years so important in the manufacture of ferro-alloys and of paints that the National Lead company is just now taking over the old Tahawus iron mines in New York State, in the depths of the Adirondack wilderness. This mine has not been in operation since 1845, largely because of its inaccessibility. The Tahawus magnetite ores are high in titanium content, running to a maximum of 26 per cent.

But there are titaniferous areas in North Carolina, particularly in Caldwell county, near Lenoir, that run as high as 41.21 per cent in titanium. The Cranberry iron mine in Avery county has large bodies of titaniferous ores, and the general opinion of mineralogists is that considerable quantities of titanium, or ilmenite as its ore is called, are commercially recoverable from North Carolina ores. The Department of Conservation in Raleigh has been active in bringing the ilmenite deposits of the State to the attention of possible users.

Minerals of the metal lithium, which is assuming importance in ceramics,

in aluminum alloys, in metallurgical practices and in alloys for machinery bearings, are present in large tonnages in Lincoln, Gaston and Cleveland counties, as has recently been confirmed by the U. S. Bureau of Mines.

Very little publicity has as yet been given to the opinion of metallurgists and mineralogists, familiar with the State's minerals, that North Carolina could take a top position in the manufacture of a wide and important range of refractories. And refractories are just as necessary to the metallurgy of the country's metal supply as are the ores of the metals themselves.

Most important results have been obtained in current research on pyrophyllite, olivine and kyanite as components of various types of refractories, and of these particular minerals there is a great abundance in North Carolina. This research work is still going forward.

Perhaps more sensational in its implications than anything that has yet occurred in the application of North Carolina minerals to commercial use is the intensive research now under way at the Georgia School of Technology into the commercial production of the strategic and critical metal magnesium, of which the United States today has a wholly inadequate supply.

The basis of this research is North Carolina olivine, a magnesium and ferrous orthosilicate of which there is estimated to be 250,000,000 tons available in the Southeast, most of it in North Carolina.

The metallic content of this olivine runs from 20 to 30 per cent magnesium and recovery of the metal has been shown to be feasible. All sources of information as to the immediate

commercial development of this process are under a strict injunction of secrecy imposed by the Office of Production Management.

It is said that the importance of this possible new source of magnesium is too great to permit public discussion of the matter until O. P. M., T. V. A., and the U. S. Bureau of Mines have come to a decision as to when, where and by whom the process is to be put into commercial operation.

Since the process is unquestionably electrolytic, or at least electrothermal, the employment of considerable quantities of electrical energy is necessary. With every kilowatt-hour of hydro and steam power now available in the Southeast applied to the manufacture of aluminum, the development of any additional electrolytic processes in this area must await either a further diversion of power from civilian consumers or the building of new hydro plants.

The same situation delays commercial development of the new and equally sensational process for recovering aluminum from common domestic clays. This process has been perfected very recently in the TVA laboratory at Muscle Shoals, Ala., where a pilot plant is producing a ton of aluminum a day. This is known as the Walthall process.

Virtually every product of American industry and ingenuity has an important function in the successful implementing of our defense program, which today seems certain of a long duration and of continuous expansion.

At the very heart of these gigantic enterprises are the metals and minerals, the actual sinews of war. Many of these metals and minerals are natives of North Carolina.

Some of them are already hold-

ing an irreplaceable part in national defense. Others undoubtedly are available, and it would seem that no more helpful or advantageous time could exist for their exploitation than during this emergency period.

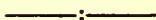
"This war is a continuation of the age-old struggle between those who have adequate mineral resources and those who have not." This is the language of R. C. Allen, eminent Cleveland mining engineer, who until a few days ago was at the head of the divisions of iron ore and alloys and of manganese in the Office of Production Management.

This is, indeed, a war between the strategic minerals and metals of the totalitarian states and those of the

democracies. The United States has within its borders supplies of most of these strategic minerals and metals no less than Germany.

North Carolina has many of them. It deserves to take a larger place as one of the important supply bases for the nation's defense effort. It needs to be more conscious of its possible estate as an integral part of defense, and it needs also to look to the future when its mineral products should take their larger place in the arts of peace.

Because of the vital need that its production be speedily increased, the metal magnesium and its North Carolina minerals will be considered in a succeeding article.



LIFE'S PRESCRIPTION

A little more real kindness
 A little less of creed
 A little more of giving
 A little less of greed
 A little more smile
 A little less frown
 A little less kicking
 A man when he's down
 A little more "We"
 A little less "I"
 A little more laugh
 A little less cry

A few more flowers strewn on the pathways of life
 And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

—Selected.

BEST OF INTENTIONS

By Nan Gilbert

Naomi Peters flung her suitcase on her bed, and hurled things at it with more zeal than aim.

"Here comes the bride, da, da, da-dum," she hummed, sailing a slipper neatly over the pillow. "Dum, dum, da-dum—"

The bedroom door crashed open, leaving the last "dum" hanging in mid-air. Molly, Naomi's young sister, stood in the hallway, her face a picture of woe, her hands tightly clutched around a sewing-kit.

"Naomi," Molly wailed. "I can't do it! you'll have to help me!"

Naomi sighed briefly. The world, to Molly, was always upon the point of ending over some tragedy or other. "Help you with what?" she asked.

"This apron!" Molly hurled it forlornly to a chair. "It's for the domestic science exhibit tomorrow. There's going to be prizes and everything, and I'll be disgraced—absolutely disgraced! You know I can't do anything fancy in sewing!"

Naomi took a quick glance at her watch. Still two hours before train-time. "All right, chicken," she said resignedly. "I'll fix it up."

"Oh, I knew you would!" A rainbow glow replaced Molly's tears. "Thanks heaps, Naomi. It doesn't have to be extra good; I don't expect to win a prize."

Naomi repressed the comment that seethed inside her, and reluctantly picked up the yellow organdy apron. It reminded her of some unfinished needlework of her own, a lovely crepe nightie that she'd planned to wear this very night.

"Glory, I've got to get that done," Naomi frowned. "Janice's things are always so beautiful, and maybe this is the last night I'll ever spend with her."

For Janice was being married at ten tomorrow morning. Naomi had trembled between thrills and heart-ache ever since her invitation came. Janice, for all that she was three years older, had been Naomi's best friend all her growing-up days.

To remind herself of the nightie, Naomi unearthed her own sewing kit and tossed it on the bed. Thank goodness, she had nothing else to delay her. By staying up half the night, she had done her school work in advance.

"Naomi!" her mother called from down-stairs. Telephone!"

Naomi skipped down the steps. "Hello." "Oh, hello, Naomi," Ellen Rolph's worried voice came over the wires. "Naomi, the prof's gone and sprung one of those who-done-it quizzes on us for Civics tomorrow, and you know—"

Naomi knew what that introduction meant. "Ellen," she began desperately, "I'm leaving town tonight. I can't—"

"Oh, yes, for Janice's wedding," Ellen interrupted. "But your train doesn't go till six, does it? And outlining that section would brush up your own reviewing for the quiz."

Naomi forbore to mention that she didn't need any brushing up in Civics. She'd tutored Ellen too strenuously all quarter to be able to forget a word of it. "Ellen," she tried

again, "I don't see how, she sighed sharply; after all, it was too bad to let Ellen down. Ellen never felt she could pass a quiz with Naomi's outlines to review. "All right, Ellen," Naomi finished weakly, "I'll bring it over on my way to the train."

She hung up on Ellen's voluble flood of gratitude. Four-fifteen, the big clock in the hall said.

"Finish packing, finish the nightie, finish the apron, outline Civics," Naomi mumbled, racing back to her room. "Let's see, I can be looking over the Civics while I sew." but maybe I'd better pack first, just in case. Where's that silly jack-in-the-box for Janice's brother?"

She found the wrapped box in her drawer, a raucous-voiced toy that popped up with a Bronx cheer when the catch was released. Janice's kid brother would love it.

"Naomi!" her mother called again. "Telephone!"

"Naomi, darling," Cousin Susan's sweet, quavery old voice greeted her, "I've got just the tiniest favor to ask of you."

"Yes, Cousin Susan?"

"Well, you know I just can't pick out gifts for people; I just haven't the knack, not like you, dear child. And suddenly I remembered that tomorrow is your uncle William's birthday, and it would never do to forget him, he's so touchy and sensitive, you know. But I'd never dare try to find something he'd like myself."

Naomi's agonized eyes fled to the clock. Four-thirty. "Of course, Cousin Susan," she interrupted hastily. wilderment, then her fingers were again racing over row upon row of fine stitches.

Tick, tick, tick, tick, the little clock

"I'll get something I'll leave it at house about suppertime. Good-by."

Agreement was easier than arguing, and one couldn't turn down Cousin Susan anyway. It would be like scolding a baby.

But how to wedge a trip to town into her crowded schedule? "I'll think about it while I'm sewing," Naomi decided desperately. "Let's see what would Uncle Will like?"

Her head was beginning to pound with the fretting need to hurry. Uncle Will's preferences were getting tangled in her mind with the city-manager type of government and the quickest way of making an organdy frill.

"Naomi, wouldn't you like some supper before train-time?" Naomi's mother stood in her doorway.

Naomi looked at her blindly, the pressure of her duties and the spinning of the clock making it hard even to focus her eyes clearly. Suddenly, her hurrying needle jabbed into her thumb. Stormy tears rushed down her cheeks, and, to her horror, she began to sob like a child.

"Poor youngster!" Her mother's gentle hand touched her shoulder; her eyes swiftly took in the disordered packing, the sewing, the scribbled notes for the Civics outline. "Do you think, Naomi, that you're really doing people a favor by letting them impose on you?"

Naomi's tears stopped from sheer surprise, "But it would be selfish to turn them down!" she gasped.

"Sometimes I wonder," her mother answered. "But there! Your intentions are so good—" she left the sentence unfinished as the door closed softly behind her.

Naomi frowned after her in be-

on her dresser hurried along. Naomi glanced automatically at it for the hundredth time. Like magic, it had spun around to five-thirty. And Cousin Susan's present still to buy—

A car braked to a stop in front. Naomi's brother Jack coming home from work. "Jack!" Naomi shouted from the window. "Jack, wait a minutes!"

She fled down the steps, and out to the car. "Give me a ride downtown like a darling, will you?" she begged. "Glory, I'm glad you came along right now."

"I was looking for you, too," Jack told her, putting the car into motion again. Naomi's heart sank.

"Oh, Jack, not another—" she said.

"Yep, I've got to get one mailed out tonight to reach her by Sunday. You know I write her once a week."

"You mean I do," Naomi muttered to herself. Sometimes she wished to goodness Jack didn't have such an inferiority complex when it came to writing letters. He was so positive his own phrasing wouldn't give him a chance with the out-of-town girl he'd been courting these last six months.

"If only she'd say yess." Naomi sighed now. Jack echoed the sigh.

"Write me a good one and maybe she will," he begged.

"Jack, my train's leaving at six!"

"Shucks, it doesn't take you any time to turn out a masterpiece," he teased her, "and I'll have the old bus waiting to scoot you to the station on the dot."

Naomi rolled her eyes to the high heavens, and silently began framing sentences designed to sweep a girl she'd never met off her feet. Jack drew up in front of a store, and Naomi, with a prayerful "eenie, mee-

nie, minie, moe," bought Uncle Will a desk calendar as severely dignified as he was himself.

Five-forty. Naomi, home again, flew to her room. The apron was finished except for pressing; Naomi rolled it into the sewing-kit. The Civics outline was practically completed, "if she can read it," Naomi murmured, dashing off the last few lines.

The nightie—"Shucks, I didn't even have a chance to get it out of my kit," Naomi mourned. But why not finish it on the train? It needed only the final frivolous hand-sewn touches. Naomi perked up, and, snatching some paper from her notebook, began scribbling the fine phrases she had mentally strung together for the benefit of Jack's lady-love.

Five-fifty. "Ready?" Jack called. Naomi, her head going around as fast as her flying feet, flung her sewing-kit and the present for Janice's brother into her suitcase, snapped it shut, caught up the letter and sailed it onto Jack's desk in the next-door bed-room, showed the outline and gift for Uncle Will into her pocket, and ran for the stairs, tossing Molly's sewing-kit through her door onto the bed as she passed her sister's room.

Jack swung the car away from the curb. "Stop at Ellen's and Cousin Susan's," Naomi told him, "Just for a second."

The train whistled in as Naomi ran down Ellen's walk. And whistled out five minutes later just as Jack rushed her across the station platform and hoisted her and her bag onto the moving steps.

Naomi sank onto the first vacant seat too exhausted by the last wild dash even to think.

But as she got her second wind, she remembered the nightie. The train trip was short; if she was to get that bit of sewing finished, she'd have to hurry.

"Hurry, hurry," she grumbled, opening her suitcase. "I'm getting so tired of that word!"

An instant later, she was staring aghast at the yellow organdy apron rolled in the kit. Molly's apron for the exhibit tomorrow! Then what she'd tossed onto Molly's bed had been her own unfinished nightie!

"Godness!" Naomi groaned. "How could I? And no way to get this back in time! Oh, her world really will come to an end now. She'll be sunk!"

Janice was waiting for her at the station. "Here's the car," she beamed, hugging her hard. "The family's looking forward so much to seeing you again."

"I've a present for one of them," Naomi remembered, sinking into the seat, and opening her suitcase. "For that rowdy brother of yours. But you'll enjoy it almost as much,"

She stripped the paper from the square package.

"How—how nice," commented Janice feebly.

Naomi opened her mouth and shut it again. She balanced the desk calendar in one hand, gingerly as though it might bite. "Uucle Will," she mummured weakly, "the sensitive type, getting a jack-in-the-box tomorrow that goes ph-u-u-u-i!"

Janice was a dream of loveliness the next morning as she walked across the living room to meet her Bob before the altar of flowers. But Naomi was a mite haggard.

All she could think of was the

fatal hour when her train would get her back home this evening. The zero hour. The picture of Molly's woebegone face haunted her even more after the train wheels began to drum beneath her. And the thought of having eventually to meet Cousin Susan.

Naomi could hear that "ph-u-u-u-u-i" more clearly every mile.

Jack met her at the home station. "Oh, Jack, wasn't it terrible, my mixing things like that?" Naomi wailed.

"I was thrown for a terrible loss," Jack admitted, "when I saw that batch of school-work you'd left on my desk, and then couldn't find the letter any place in your room."

"Wait a minute!" Naomi cried. "I didn't leave you the letter? Great grief, then it was the Civics outline I gave you, and Ellen got the letter—" Naomi sank back in the car, too horrified to think farther.

"Oh, was that it?" Jack seemed unconcerned. "Anyway, I thought why bother with a letter? So I sent a wire and asked the lady to wire back yes or no." He grinned from ear to ear. "She said yes," he finished modestly.

Naomi came out of her daze long enough to realize congratulations were in order. "Jack, I'm so happy for you," she said automatically. But to her list of misdeeds she was miserably adding the flunk that Ellen had surely received that morning in Civics.

"I'll call her up right away," Naomi mourned. "I'll practically grovel with apologies."

"Hello!" her family greeted her. "Have a good time?" Naomi's eyes sought out her sister's.

"Molly," she began abjectly. "I

feel terribly about—" she stopped short, realizing that Molly wore anything but an end-of-the-world expression.

"You mean about that apron business?" Molly asked nonchalantly. "Oh, that's all right. Of course, I was pretty upset having only an evening to finish it in. but—"

"Finish what in?" Naomi interrupted dazedly.

"That nightie. But the teacher says I have a natural knack for style, so I suppose that's why I got first prize even if I didn't have more time. There was a picture of a nightie in a magazine, and I copied all the thingamajigs, ruffles and such."

"First prize," echoed Naomi feebly. "First prize." She tottered down the hall to the phone, but before she could give Ellen's number, an incoming call tinkled.

"Yes?" Naomi answered it. "Oh, it's you, Cousin Susan. I was planning to call you right away."

"Well, are you back already?" Cousin Susan trilled. "Did Janice have a nice wedding? Now, I don't want to hurt your feelings, Naomi, but I must confess I didn't give your Uncle William that present you selected for him. I don't doubt it's very clever; don't think I'm criticizing your taste, my dear. But when I happened to open your selection this morning before taking it to your Uncle William, I just thought it wouldn't quite do, so I went downtown myself and picked out quite a handsome desk calendar, and, my dear, he was so pleased. Now mind you, I'm not criticizing you in the least, but I do think age gives me a little advantage in tact, perhaps, so in the future."

Nacmi gently replaced the receiver. Vast relief flooded her. She could sleep tonight without that fatal "ph-u-u-u-i" waking her like a nightmare.

"Ellen?" she asked humbly, putting her own call through. "Ellen, I'm completely miserable about giving you the wrong papers last night."

"Whom was the love-letter to?" Ellen asked in an unexpectedly cheerful voice. "I've been dying of curiosity all day. Are you just getting in practice or what?"

"Why . . . why," Naomi stammered, taken aback. "Why, I'll explain all first time I see you. But that Civics outline . . ."

"Oh, I outlined it myself." Ellen told her airily. "Got a peach of a grade, too; I knew the stuff backwards and forwards. You know, Naomi, outlining for me all quarter was mighty sweet of you, and I know you had the best of intentions about helping me, but frankly, Naomi, I think you were wrong. Just look how much more I learned last night, doing it myself!"

Naomi's lips were still parted wordlessly when Ellen hung up. She was remembering those two crowded hours yesterday, and the hours and hours before them. Writing Jack's letters, doing Molly's sewing, tutoring Ellen through Civics, filling Cousin Susan's endless gift list . . .

She pressed her whirling head against the cool telephone, and suddenly she smiled.

"The best of intentions," she repeated ruefully. "That's me. But it took a whole hurricane of misdirected intentions to show me the best results come from letting people stand on their own feet!"

LIFE'S BEST VALUES

(Alabama Baptist)

It is not what we have and keep but what we give away that counts. In other words, sharing with others is life's best value. He who would be greatest among you shall be servant of all, or, to state the same truth differently, shall be a sharer with all. For service and sharing are practically one and the same thing.

Whether we know it or not, there are but a few things in life, whether spiritual or material, but we simply must share with the rest of mankind. What is more, those values we do share are not only the best values of life but possibly the only ultimate and honest values.

It is perfectly obvious that good comes to both giver and receiver when we share the good values in life in the right spirit. The truth is, nothing can be truly and permanently good that isn't shared gladly and freely with others.

It has been said by somebody that "no man is an island, entire by itself. Every man is a piece of a continent, a part of the main." This means that

all life is linked with other life. It also means, among many things, that even death is snared—diminishes us—because we are involved in mankind. Either we share death or we don't possess life.

Nature is always teaching us the truth we have in mind. It is plain enough that Nature bestows her fundamental gifts upon all; majority and minority. Her sunshine is of the same quality for the peasant as for the prince. Why shouldn't we try to be like Nature, since she is but one form of Divine manifestation?

We remember reading a statement made by one of America's merchant princes: "They call me rich, but I can only eat one meal at a time, sleep in one bed, live one day at a time and only so many years in this strange and limited life. I must obey the general rules common to all." One of the general rules is to share. He who does not both receive and give is missing the purpose for which he was created.



Rubenstein, the great musician, once said, "If I omit practice one day, I notice it; if two days, my friends notice it; if three days, the public notices it." It is the same old doctrine—practice makes perfect. Suppose along any line of art, one should cease practicing; we know what the result would be. We must use the same quality of common sense in every phase of life. The motto of David Livingstone was: "I determined never to stop until I had come to the end, and achieved my purpose."

—The eAmbassador.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys in all school rooms have been pressed into service this week, helping those on the outside forces with the task of picking cotton.

—:—

That our farm forces are making ready for another season of good crops was evidenced the other day, as we noticed three delivery trucks down at the barn being relieved of their loads of fertilizer.

—:—

For several days there has been quite a bit of sadness among the boys on the barn force because of the death of "Jerry," one of our best work horses. Boys are great animal lovers and become very fond of the ones they work or care for, and the loss of one seems like the passing of a friend.

—:—

Lonnie Roberts, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who left the School, July 11, 1940, recently wrote us from his home at Fort Caswell N. C. He stated that he completed his eight grade studies last school term and was now in the ninth grade, and was getting along fine.

—:—

Superintendent Boger recently received a message from Harry Peake, a former member of the Cottage No. 10 group, who left the School, May 14, 1941. This lad writes from the NYA Health Center, Durham, saying that he is getting along very nicely.

—:—

Although the weather is unusually warm for October, we know that the coming of old Jack Frost cannot be very far away, and we are beginning to visualize the appearance of sausage, spare-ribs, and other delicacies of the

hog-killing season, on our daily menus. There is also considerable talk among the boys concerning the fun they expect to have at the annual Hallowe'en party.

—:—

The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show last Thursday night was "Drums Along the Mohawk," and the comedy on the same program was entitled "Over the Seas." Both are Twentieth Century-Fox productions.

—:—

We recently received a card from Baxter Foster, one of our old boys, who left the school several years ago. Most of the time since leaving us, Baxter has been an invalid. He is now a patient at the Memorial Hospital. In spite of his suffering, this lad sends a cheerful message and his many friends here are hoping he will soon be able to leave the hospital.

—:—

James E. Jordan, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who left the institution, February 12, 1938, spent a couple of days with us this week. James enlisted in the United States Army, October 6, 1938, and was first stationed at Fort Bragg, where he stayed six months; he was then transferred to Fort Benning, Georgia; and is now stationed at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. As his outfit is now taking part in the maneuvers in the Carolinas, he decided to visit us.

While a young boy here, James was known by the name of "Fat," and how well that name suited him, for he certainly was decidedly overweight. It will now be necessary for us to find some other nickname for this young

fellow, for the army life has caused him to lose all excess weight, and he is now a well-developed young man, nineteen years old, standing a little over six feet.

James tells us that he is well pleased with army life and at the end of this period of enlistment, expects to re-enlist for foreign service, and try to get an assignment that will take him to the Hawaiian Islands. He is the same old good-natured boy, and seemed glad to come back and renew acquaintance with friends at the School.

—:—

Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. Following the singing of the opening hymn he led the boys in reading responsively, Selection No. 549, in the back of the hymnal, consisting of part of the sixth chapter of Galatians, after which he read part of the 94th Psalm for the Scripture Lesson.

The subject of Rev. Mr. Herbert's message to the boys was "Three Good Rules for Living a Happy Christian Life," which he explained as follows: (1) We must keep our bodies healthy, wholesome, strong and pure. The body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, and it must be kept clean. In order that the body may be healthy, plenty of exercise, the proper amount of sleep, and good food are necessary. There are some bad things, harmful to the body, which must be avoided. A man should never drink alcoholic beverages, and a growing boy should not use tobacco.

The speaker then told a story to illustrate this point in his message: This is a story of a foolish red bird.

This bird loved worms and said **that** there was nothing he would not **give** to get a worm. One day, while **hop-**ping around in the woods he **saw** a man pushing a small cart, **yelling**, "Worms for sale." The red bird **was at** once interested and asked the **price**, and was told that he could buy **one** large worm for two tail feathers, **to** which the foolish bird agreed. The next day this same bird, accompanied by his father, was flying very **high**. He saw the man and cart and **was** terribly disappointed because he could not fly down and buy another **worm**. The following day, however, he was again out in the woods alone, and, meeting the man, was told that he could buy five worms for two wing feathers, and once more he made a trade. Every day for several days this foolish little red bird repeated this act until he discovered that he could not fly so well, and decided that he had sold too many feathers. He **then** thought he would get them back **by** trading, so he got busy and scratched out some very large worms, took **them** to the man and tried to trade **them** back for the lost feathers, but the trader refused. A few days later the foolish red bird, together with **many** others, were flying around together. A cat appeared upon the scene **and** all were able to fly away safely except the one whose feathers had **been** traded, and he was killed by the **cat**.

The point of the story is that **when** we harm our bodies in an effort to get something we want, we are **selling** our red bird feathers, thus **great-**ly weakening the good bodies **God** has given us, said the speaker.

(2) We should keep our minds **pure** by thinking good thoughts. **Sometimes** evil thoughts may gain entrance, **but**

we do not have to let them stay there, said Rev. Mr. Herbert, as he called attention to this story: In Siberia there is a little animal called the ermine. Its fur is perfectly white, except the tail, which has a black tip. This little animal is so proud of its white fur that it will do anything to keep it clean. Because of the value of ermine, fur hunters are eager to catch them. When hunters find a hole where ermines make their home, they will daub dirt all around it and then send dogs out to find the animals and chase them back to their holes. Hearing the dogs on their trail, the little white animals will then run for the home nest, but when they see the dirt placed there by the hunters, they will turn and face the dogs, willing to sacrifice their lives in order to keep clean. We can get a valuable lesson from this little animal, said the speaker. We should make this decision—to die rather than have a dirty, filthy mind.

(3) We should give our hearts to Jesus Christ. He loved us, and came into the world and died that we might be saved. If we give ourselves to him, he can make us the finest and best men possible, continued Rev. Mr. Herbert, as he related this story: One day Fritz Kreisler, the great violinist, heard about a certain man having a very fine old violin. He made up his mind to buy it, called on the old man and told him of his mission, but was told that the violin positively was not for sale, not even for as much as ten

thousand dollars. The man told Kreisler that he was old, did not have very much money, but that one of the joys of his life was collecting old violins. Kreisler saw at once that he was to be disappointed, but understood just how the old man felt about his treasure.

The great violinist then asked if he might play the instrument and the owner agreed to let him do so. Kreisler began to play as he had never played before. As the old man listened he realized that he had never heard such beautiful music, and tears came to his eyes. Kreisler put the violin back into its case and thanked his host for letting him play it. The old man was so touched by his visitor's ability to play that he could not speak for a while. Presently, with tears streaming down his face, he said, "That was the most beautiful music I have ever heard. I told you that I will not sell the violin, and I won't, but I will gladly make you a present of it. I cannot withhold the violin from a master hand that can get such music from it.

Rev. Mr. Herbert concluded by saying that each one of us is the most wonderful instrument that God has made. He can take our lives and make them good and useful if we will only trust Him. Our lives will be as the sweetest music provided we do not stray from the path which God has pointed out to us. Should we fail to let ourselves be guided by God, discord will enter our lives and we shall be most unhappy.

We must have better family relations in the home before we can have good peace in the world.—Mrs. Harper Sibley.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 5, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
Paul Matthews
Edward Moore
William O'Brien
Weaver F. Ruff
James Speer
Edgar Simmons
Fred Stewart
Charles Wootton

COTTAGE NO. 1

N. A. Bennett
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
Everett Case
William Cook
Ralph Harris
Doris Hill
Carl Hooker
Leonard Robinson
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

Henry Barnes
Clarence Bell
Jack Cline
John D. Davis
Bernice Hoke
James McGlammery
Richard Parker
Joseph Smith
Charles Tate
Newman Tate
Clarence Wright

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Grover Beaver
Robert Coleman
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins
Otis McCall
William Painter
Elbert Russ
Charles Rhodes
William T. Smith
Wayne Sluder
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins

Jack Lemley

COTTAGE NO. 4

Homer Bass
Wesley Beaver
Plummer Boyd
Aubrey Fargis
Leo Hamilton
Donald Hobbs
William Morgan
J. W. McRorie
George Speer
John Whitaker
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Robert Dellinger
Jack Grant
J. B. Howell
John Lipscomb
Rufus Morris
Fred Tolbert
Charles B. Ziegler

COTTAGE NO. 6

Fred Bostian
Frank Fargis
William Harding
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Vollie McCall
James Parker
Jesse Peavy
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7

Henry Butler
Laney Broome
Hurley Bell
George Green
Peter Harvell
Carl Justice
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash
Wilbur Russ
Durham Smith

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
 Cecil Bennett
 Thomas Britt
 Jack Crawford
 Martin Crump
 Jack Hamilton
 James Quick

COTTAGE NO. 9

David Cunningham
 James Hale
 Edgar Hedgepeth
 Winley Jones
 Daniel Kilpatrick
 Isaac Mahaffey
 Marvin Matheson
 William Nelson
 Lewis Sawyer
 Hubert Smith
 Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

Amon Drymon
 Marvin Gautier
 Arcemias Hefner
 Jack Harward
 John Lec
 Charles Mills
 Charles Phillips
 Robert Stephens
 Torrence Ware
 Jack Warren
 Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

John Allison
 Robert Davis
 Charles Frye
 Robert Goldsmith
 Earl Hildreth
 Henry McGraw
 Monroe Searcy
 James Tyndall

COTTAGE NO. 12

Odell Almond
 Jay Brannock
 Ernest Brewer
 Treley Frankum

Eugene Hefner
 James Mondie
 Daniel McPhail
 Hercules Rose
 Jesse Smith
 Brice Thomas
 Eugene Watts
 J. R. Whitman
 Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

Bayard Aldridge
 James Brewer
 Thomas Fields
 Charles Gaddy
 Vincent Hawes
 James Johnson
 Rufus Nunn
 Randall Peeler
 Fred Rhodes
 Paul Roberts
 Charles Sloan
 Alex Shropshire
 Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
 William Butler
 Robert Deyton
 Henry Ennis
 Audie Farthing
 John Hamm
 William Harding
 Marvin King
 Feldman Lane
 William Lane
 Glenn McCall
 John Maples
 Charles Steepleton

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Ledford
 Ennis Miller

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
 Cecir Jacobs
 Leroy Lowry
 Varcy Oxendine
 Louis Stafford

Work is our best friend. Every morning when you get up, give thanks for the necessity for working, and for the chance to work.—Exchange.

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007 10

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., OCTOBER 18, 1941

No. 42

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THIS IS THE DAY

Tomorrow is a promised land,
Upon whose shores you'll never stand.
Time, master of the years will die
Before tomorrow's reached, so try
Your utmost now—this is the day!
Do what you can, while yet you may.
Decide your course, and, then proceed;
Postponement is the weakling's creed.
Delay will not reduce the debt
You owe yourself, it must be met;
Else other men will seize your share,
And destiny will put you where
The spendthrifts of the clock belong.
Your daily chance dies with the gong!

—Author Unknown.

THE JOURNAL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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.

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When Thoreau, the nature lover, saw the woodman's axe destroying the forest, he exclaimed, "Thank God, they cannot cut down the clouds!"

There are some eternal things that the destructive powers of men in all their fury cannot destroy. To think of these things is to achieve an inward quiet and peace, even in a war-torn world. The stars still shine. The sun still rises and sets. The mountains are not moved. Birds sing. Little streams dance merrily on their way. Flowers bloom and give off their perfume. The world goes right on being an everlasting beautiful place.

There are the indestructible qualities of the human spirit, too. Mother-love is immortal, and though crushed to earth, will rise again. Courage and sacrifice glow with a new light in the midst of the blackouts of hope. Faith gallantly rides the whirlwind.

You cannot cut down the clouds! The spirit of man cannot be destroyed. The finest things of life are immortal—they will survive.—The Wright Way.

SOLDIERS IN CONCORD

The city of Concord for the past two week-ends has been crowded with Uncle Sam's soldier boys. The people have received them with gracious hospitality by leaving the latch-strings on the outside and providing beds and meals when at all possible.

From every source the report is to the effect that the soldiers have been most orderly and accepted the many courtesies extended them with the grace and poise of young men "to the manner born."

Individually and collectively the citizenship of this textile city has risen to the occasion in this particular instance of entertainment by making the soldiers feel that they pitched their tents in the midst of friends.

These young men are not here of their own volition, but have answered the call of their country, therefore, it behooves the peo-

ple at large to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of those who are standing as symbols of National Defense for America. We have heard many echoes of sacrifice made by young men to answer the call of service for our country that extends over an indefinite period of time. In return for the fine spirit displayed we give but little when we receive them in the same manner as if they were our own sons or brothers.

From many sources come expressions from the soldiers, such as: "We have read and heard of Southern hospitality, but now we have had the joy of the realization that it does exist."

* * * * *

THE SABBATH PROPERLY OBSERVED

There have been all kinds of suggestions made relative to delightful and profitable pastime for soldier boys while sojourning in our midst. We feel sure that in every city of the Old North State in which soldiers spend the week-ends they will be most hospitably received and royally entertained. To know what to do for these men on the Sabbath has proved difficult in some instances, but just as a suggestion for those who have been confused as to the right kind of Sunday programs, we call attention to the lovely and most appropriate ones planned by the churches of Albemarle, the capital of Stanly county.

This kind of entertainment has a two-fold significance. The singing of the fine old hymns gives this galaxy of young men the privilege of making the event a success by uniting their voices in song with the local citizenship, in the spirit of thanksgiving for the gift of a home in the land of the free and the brave. These excerpts from the Stanly News and Press reveal a fine understanding as to the observance of the Sabbath:

A "Soldiers' Sing," an informal musical program of songs and piano music, will be given for the entertainment of visiting soldiers on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock on the front lawn of Central Methodist church. Mrs. Margie Mauney and Dr. R. Dwight Ware will be in charge of the program.

This event, planned for the soldiers, will mark the first of a series of such programs sponsored by the various churches of the community. In the feeling that the visitors would like an op-

portunity to sing and to mingle in fellowship with each other and with people of the town, the churches, in addition to other efforts to serve the soldiers, will undertake on an experimental basis the "sing" exercises of Saturday evening. If in the crowd of visitors there are vocalists or instrumentalists, they will be invited to take part.

The people of the city are likewise invited to be on hand. If the weather is unfavorable the plans will have to be cancelled.

A musical program, sponsored by several ministers of local churches, will be held in the Albemarle high school auditorium Sunday afternoon, from 3 to 4 o'clock, for the benefit of soldiers who will be here over the week-end.

The program will consist of singing by representatives from the religious groups, and efforts are also being made to have a military band here for the program. The singing will include solos, duets, trios, quartets and congregational singing. Although this program is designed primarily for the soldiers, the general public is invited to attend.

* * * * *

SUNDAY MOVIES

The city fathers of many cities of the state yielded to the request that theatres be thrown open so as to add to the entertainment of soldiers while in the respective cities. During the regular meeting of the Board of Aldermen of Concord, despite the arguments for and against the question of Sunday movies, the matter was tabled, and that simply means a long lapse of time before the question will again be considered.

Despite the fact that Sunday observance is not emphasized as it once was, the board of city fathers gave evidence of the fact that they held dear to their hearts the early training of youth, the commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

All of us know that a good movie will harm no one, but we do know that habits are easily formed, and, before one realizes the change of mind and temperament, the theatre will become more attractive and better attended than the church. It is not at all difficult to conform to the customs of the masses and follow the crowd, but the man or woman who refuses to yield to the first impulse to break a fraction of the law, let it be a law of God or law of the country, is a tower of strength and one worthy of the confidence of the people.

No expression is truer that "it takes a strong man to keep a law, and a weak one to break it."

To have Sunday movies or no Sunday movies was the question for the Concord Board of Aldermen to decide, and without a dissenting voice they tabled the question, showing a strong conviction for the observance of the Sabbath. These men doubtless realized if they once yielded to the popular demand for Sunday movies, if only for a short period of time, it would prove quite difficult to bring conditions back to normalcy. The election of officials for public service is an expression of confidence by the people at large, and their duties are to serve their constituents with the hope of measuring up to the confidence bestowed.

* * * * *

CHARACTER COUNTS

Everybody loves a human interest story, especially if it reflects the inner life of mankind. It has not been a month since the passing of a neighbor who walked humbly, reflecting the spirit of good will and the courage to meet every obligation that came his way, despite his handicap of deafness. It was but natural at the expected passing of a familiar figure that the interest of friends was expressed as to the future welfare of the dear ones of his home. Reports from this source did not reveal a large saving of any kind, but his house was found in order when the last call came.

The account books of his small shop showed that he owed no man, and he was often heard to remark, "I bear no ill will toward anyone." In a remote corner of his little shop was found a note book that carried his meager savings after meeting the demands of his home, specifically set aside to meet the funeral expenses.

In this instance there is no big bank account left to revel in, but memories of a splendid husband and father, who walked circumspectly and dealt honestly with his fellow men. Characters of this type are the ones who have contributed largely to the building of the foundations of our great democracy. The influence of a fine, courageous, honest character continues to live, but a large bank account can dwindle in the twinkling of an eye. All of us, as we tread the highway of life, leave footprints upon the sands of time, and it

behooves us to look back and see if the impressions are straight or distorted.

* * * * *

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

The date, October 5-11, inclusive, was designated as Fire Prevention Week. It is quite timely that people become "fire conscious" early in the Fall. When the weather suddenly turns cold the first impulse is to start a fire without giving a thought as to the condition of flue, stove or furnace. Besides there are other things in and around the homes such as piles of dead leaves and other debris that are easily ignited by a spark from a chimney or the stub of a cigarette carelessly thrown down by the smoker. Another possible as well as easy way to start a fire is to pile cloths away soaked in oils used during Fall house cleaning. Such articles, after having been used, should be placed in closed containers so there will be no possible way for the air to reach them and cause spontaneous combustion.

Of course, there are many ways, too numerous to mention, such as defective wiring or placing combustibles near a furnace or other heat producing plants, that will cause fires and result in the loss of life and property. Every open fireplace should be carefully screened, especially if there are small children in the home.

Instead of "Fire Prevention Week" the slogan should be "Fire Prevention Day" for one should be on guard against fires daily. We are reliably informed that during the year just past, it is estimated that fire claimed the lives of more than 10,000 people and destroyed property in excess of three hundred million dollars. By far the larger majority of fires are the result of carelessness on the part of some one, and could have been prevented by exercising greater precaution in our daily routine of living.

SPECIALIST OPERATES COLLEGE-LIKE PRISON

By S. J. Woolf in Charlotte Observer

A few miles outside of Boston stands a group of red brick buildings surrounded by farm lands and barns. Passing it, on the road which leads out of the town of Framingham, one might mistake the place for a college.

The architecture resembles Wellesley, and the smooth lawns are not unlike a campus. No high walls or fences surround it. No sentries stand at the entrances to the driveways. Nowhere is there any sign, any hint that here are confined the women prisoners of the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

This apparent lack of restrictions is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the State reformatory. The absence of uniforms on those in charge and the lack of uniformity in the clothes of the inmates make it difficult at times to distinguish between the keepers, if they may be called that, and the prisoners.

The main building up to some sixty-odd years ago served as a factory. Today, although its unplastered painted brick walls within are not conducive to cheerfulness, the absence of bars on many of the windows removes that shut-in feeling which pervades most institutions of correction.

To the left of the entrance hall is a large room. On a long reading table are files of magazines. On another table are specimens of carved wood, in one open bookcase are dolls and children's clothes, all made by the prisoners.

The open window looks out on a peaceful landscape and one senses

that an effort has been made to catch some of the spirit of the outdoors and bring it into this room.

Here inmates may see their friends and here, up to nine years ago, sad old steel engravings and iron-grilled windows added a note of gloom. At that time they were removed by a small, frail woman who came to the institution.

When Dr. Miriam Van Waters assumed charge, she had definite ideas how a prison should be run. Born in Greensburg, Pa., a graduate of the University of Oregon, she had studied anthropology at Clark university in Worcester, Mass., where she obtained her Ph.D.

That was in 1913 and she immediately took charge of the juvenile court detention home in Los Angeles. For 29 years her work took her from one institution to another, all concerned with juvenile delinquency.

The more Miriam Van Waters studied—and she approaches all her work primarily as a student—the more convinced she became that in prisons we segregate a fairly representative cross-section of humanity which for one reason or another has been unable properly to adjust itself. It was with this approach that she undertook her new job.

The other day I made a sketch of her in the reception room which she had transformed, but before she posed, she took me through the institution and showed me the results of her work.

With a small bunch of keys in her

hand—which were used only to open unoccupied rooms—she led me from one wing of the large building to another.

In cheerful, light surroundings girls and women were making stockings, shirts and flags. Nowhere was there any sign of supervision and it was difficult to believe that this was a prison and not a factory—a factory run on modern sanitary lines.

Some of the old lofts had been turned into dining rooms and although most prison riots start at meal time, here a couple of frail young dieticians were sufficient to keep order.

As we went from one room to another, Dr. Van Waters led me to a large window and through it pointed to two new buildings on a distant hill. In these young offenders and mothers with their babies are housed.

However, the most significant places in the institution are two large auditoriums, one used as a theatre and gymnasium, and another for meetings and services. Adjoining the former is a tier of cell-blocks which had been turned into a green room where costumes and props for plays are stored, and cubicles which once housed unfortunates are now filled with gay theatrical accessories. On the walls of the other large room are decorations which reflect activities that go on outside the prison.

"In Framingham," said Dr. Van Waters, as we were walking through the bare corridors, "art, poetry, drama, music and fine handicraft are not only taught but also produced as a part of our system of education. The great works of art are offered here as spiritual food, and don't for one moment think that the prisoners do

not appreciate the essence of masterpieces."

When Dr. Van Waters settled herself in her chair and began to pose, she explained more fully her ideas on the care and education of offenders against the law.

She says that prisons and schools are two organized agencies for education, and, holding this theory, she has converted the reformatory from a place of punishment into one in which horizons are broadened.

Her head was cocked to one side with an inquiring turn as she spoke. Her dark eyes and eyebrows seemed darker in comparison with her silvery hair and her full, round lips often parted in a smile. There is an understanding quality about her and it is not difficult to believe that those under her charge find in her a sympathetic listener.

She is kindly without being motherly or soft-hearted and although by nature a scientist, she refuses to catalogue criminals or lose sight of the individual in pursuit of a theory.

"Framingham," she said, "is a venture in mid-nineteenth century liberalism and was fought for by intrepid social reformers at that time. All women serving terms in jail, from one year to life, were removed from other prisons and quartered under its roof.

"Today we have women from 17 to 70—about four or five hundred—and there are usually 50 or 60 babies in the nursery. About four-fifths of the women, I should say have been found guilty or what you might call personal or domestic maladjustment—drink, drugs, vagrancy and social vices. The rest are here because of theft, arson, forgery and all the rest

of the crimes up or down to murder.

"Among our population we have school teachers, nurses and doctors as well as those poor girls who never had a chance in life and for whom we are now trying to provide one. Except for the very young first offenders and the mothers, we make no attempt to divide the inmates according to seriousness of their crimes nor do we take into account the number of times they have been convicted. As a matter of fact, many of those who have been sent here most often have been guilty of minor offenses, while many convicted of more serious crimes leave here never to return. They go straight.

"All of them work, for work gives meaning to time and identifies the individual with responsibility."

She stopped talking for a few minutes and her dark eyes took on a far away look.

"I was thinking," she said, "how little we really know about the treatment of delinquency. The most that can be said is that a change in attitude accompanies a change in conduct.

"We have found that this change in attitude can best be brought about by stressing the importance of new ideas and turning them into an adventure. We must furnish our students with vital concepts so that they will realize that if they assume the proper responsibility, a place in the outer world awaits them.

"That is the marvelous part of a job such as mine—taking beaten, crushed people and opening for them a new vision of order, harmony, form, truth, beauty and intensity.

"Here we have different groupings who carry on different projects for the common good—theatrical perfor-

mances, meetings at which prominent persons address us or perhaps re-decorating a dining room. These activities, of course, are apart from their required work. And I should add that as a result of this required work, this institution supplies most of the clothing and linen as well as a considerable part of the food for most other State institutions.

"In work, the girls began to realize their own limitations. This under the proper guidance acts as a spur. We do not try to reform our scholars, but rather to give them a new slant. As one old philosopher said, 'virtue is nothing else but action in accordance with the laws of one's own nature.

"Our job is to reassure those in our care of their personal worth, no matter what their defects may be. They must be made to feel that there is some place in the strange complex pattern outside which they can fit, and at the same time they must be taught the significance of the tasks they undertake.

"New images and concepts of self, new relationships to contemporary life are always possible. No case is hopeless. There are only hopeless social workers.

"Incentive and penalty are forces in education. In both school and prison, ideas are the primary incentives and nothing is so needed today in education as clear ideas to serve as incentives to youth. These ideas must not be fixed; they should be altered and enlarged by contributions, interpretations, challenges and denials of other human beings.

"The teacher must serve these ideas. In school or in prison there is no teaching without demonstration."

“BANTY”

(Selected)

Nature had not been kind to Wallace Paine when it gave him a puny body, for his desires assumed heroic proportions at times. He thrilled when he read tales of daring, and his ambitions knew no bounds at thoughts of adventure and success. His looks deceived his age and ability, for he looked the part of a stripling when he presented himself in the imposing office of the manager of Frame & Son one day after business hours.

Wallace was employed by the firm as an “extra,” and his ambition would not permit him to feel content until he had at least become a “regular.” The man at the great desk just laughed. “Sorry, banty,” he said, “but we need men here.”

Banty! Of all insults! Wallace looked at the man and there was a peculiar tenseness in his face. “Napoleon was a banty, too!” he almost shouted in defiance, and the whole office force was attracted. Wallace walked stridently away, leaving the manager staring in silence. But he did not laugh this time. The audacious young fellow had displayed surprising poise, and perhaps did not deserve the appellation he had given him.

“I’m sorry—buddy,” he called after Wallace, and there was a changed tone in the man’s voice as he said the word, “buddy.” But Wallace pretended not to hear. After all, there was some reason for calling him “banty,” and it did seem a bit nervy to presume he could fill a man’s place.

So Wallace felt somewhat more composed as he walked down the street after his ill-conceived quest for a bet-

ter position. His respect for the man behind the great desk had jumped to par for calling him “buddy.” That was the sign of equality, at least—a real compliment!

Not long afterwards Wallace chanced to meet Bill King and Burney Kent, two of his associates at Frame’s. They were earnestly discussing matters of apparently grave importance. Wallace sought to pass on, but Bill exclaimed, “Say, Wally, have you heard it?”

“Heard what?” replied Wallace.

“Frame’s are about to close their local branch. What will happen to us if they do?”

“They’re losing money every day,” added Burney.

“No, I hadn’t heard it,” answered Wallace. “But you can’t expect a concern to lose money and go on forever, can you? They have to make the money before they can pay us, don’t they?”

“Sure,” agreed Bill, “but, don’t you see, we’ll be let out of a job?”

“There’ll be a way,” replied Wallace, and left the two young men stewing about the prospects. He went directly to his room, and pondered long and earnestly.

The next morning the man behind the great desk received a note. He smiled broadly, then passed the note over his shoulder to his assistant. A few confidential remarks, and the note was filed carefully away.

When Wallace opened his pay envelope at the close of the week, he found the usual amount. He frowned, but an attached note drew his attention. It merely read, “Thank you—

buddy." There was no signature, but Wallace had his suspicions—and he was not to be outdone.

The following day the man behind the great desk received an important looking communication. He slashed open the envelope. A look of amazement came over his face. He hurried into a private room and called a conference of the officials. He laid before them the contents of the large envelope. The message was brief, but imperative. It read: "Sir, when I proposed that my salary be cut in two, I meant it. I am returning one-half of the amount. If you cannot accept it, I prefer to resign my small position. (Signed) Wallace Paine."

There was no explanation of the young man's determination, but the officials were deeply impressed. There was little they could do, so the matter was dismissed.

Some months later the good news was posted that the local branch of Frame & Son contemplated enlarging its scope, and invited the loyalty and co-operation of every employee. Appended was the notice that James McVey, the assistant manager, would be transferred to another field. While the announcement dispelled the fears of the employees, the friends and associates of McVey were saddened at his leaving. They immediately planned a farewell in his honor, to which the office employees were invited. It was an informal affair. There were extemporaneous speeches, lauding the good work of the departing assistant manager. When McVey gave his response, he remarked, laconically, "And there sits in our midst a young man whom I would like to see in my place here. While he is young and inexperienced, he has the inherent qualities

of success. I predict, with his assistance, this branch will mount to undreamed heights."

Admired the applause, the air was charged with mystery, since no rumors had been current as to the assistant's successor. The manager arose from his central seat. Wallace could not suppress a sense of admiration that bordered almost unto envy. The man spoke in a clear, impressive voice, as he began: "My fellow associates, I desire to announce that Mac's wish shall be granted—and quickly." There was tenseness and profound silence among the guests. The deep mystery of the sudden turn of events was about to be revealed. "The young man to whom he referred has been chosen by Frame & Son to take his place. It gives me the greatest pleasure to announce that from this date on, the assistant manager will be—'Banty!'"

Wallace was dazed. His friends surrounded him, and pelted him with congratulations and queries. "We all know that you wouldn't accept but half of your pay exclaimed the spokesman, "because—well, because you thought the company needed your help—is that right? Or, why was it?"

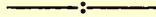
"Wait a minute, boys, I'll tell you," he demanded. "You see, it was all selfish. I felt I could not be identified with a concern that was not successful, for, after all, it's the employees of any concern that make or break it. And so I just had to do my bit."

And there stood "Banty," the manager's "buddy," in the midst of the tumultuous applause. They lifted him high upon their shoulders and carried him over to the manager's office, and placed him behind the great desk. For they realized that by "Banty's" mite the officials of the great com-

pany had been inspired to continue the branch, and saved for them their positions.

And Wallace had always envied the heroes of whom he had read. He had

always wished he could stand with them. But he was such a poor, puny sort—he could not even thank his friends properly!



THE STUFF FREEDOM IS MADE OF

This is the time we bring out the old words and dust them off. Words like Liberty, Democracy, Freedom, Independence—battle-cry words that served us through the darkness of other wars.

This is the time, too, that we take stock of the stuff these words are made of. Words, even the greatest, wear thin with use. We need new inventories of the things they mean.

It isn't definitions we want. They are for dictionaries and professors. You can't define freedom for a man, but you can point it out to him.

Freedom is a man at a lathe or a desk, doing the job he likes and speaking up for himself.

It is a man in a pulpit or on a street corner preaching the word of his God.

It is a man puttering in his garden in the evening, smoking his pipe and swapping talk with his neighbor over the fence.

It is the unafraid faces of men and women and children at the beach on Sunday or looking out of car windows speeding along a four-lane highway.

It is a man saying, "Howdy, stranger," without looking cautiously over his shoulder.

It is Lindbergh telling the country how to sit tight. It is the country making up its own mind anyway.

It is a soprano singing the Star-Spangled Banner off key and meaning every word of it.

Freedom is the air you breathe and the sweat you sweat.

It is all the things you might have done and all the things you will do if the breaks are right.

Freedom is you and 130,000,000 people like you with your chins up daring anybody with a funny haircut to take it away from you.—Selected.

FAITH IN DEMOCRACY

By Henry M. Wriston in Pathfinder

There is no question that the public is concerned about the future of democracy. My thesis is that its fate depends upon an abiding faith in ourselves, a sane approach to life and its realities, a renewed determination to make our form of government more effective.

Representing as it does, and as by its very nature it must, an ideal rather than a status, any description of the current position of democracy is always disheartening. The practices of democracy are never fully in accord with its professions, because as practices improve, the ideal leaps yet further ahead. The eyes of democracy must always be fixed forward on some distant goal.

You can go back and find men wringing their hands over the end of democracy as early as the days of Thomas Jefferson, and you can find them wringing their hands ever since. A reasonable knowledge of history and a modicum of humor will remind us that, acute as the crisis is today, there have been many others, if not of equal intensity, nonetheless of great intensity. Critics of democracy have proceeded upon the fallacious assumption that specific failures were due to inherent weaknesses in the democratic process, rather ineffective instrumentalities or leadership. They have measured the achievements of democracy against utopian perfection instead of standards applicable to a real world.

Any idea such as defense, which implies a fixed position or a static program, is always wholly inapplic-

able to democracy. Consequently, attempts to defend democracy are certain to fail. Defensive thought about democracy, translated into action, takes forms which limit freedom and supplant justice with safety as an ideal. Once set safety rather than freedom as the goal, then democracy itself is destroyed; the foundations are gone. In short, once democracy is put upon the defensive it is lost; only when it emphasizes its positive aspects, such as freedom and justice, can it possibly live.

Democracy will not be strengthened by mouthing slogans about it, but only by doing those things which make democracy credible and real. Men say we must make democracy work. That is an absurdity. Democracy is an idea. The word is but an abstract term which stands as the symbol of an idea. A word, a symbol cannot work. Only men can work. If we would support democracy, we must lay aside arguments and fears and learn to outwork the totalitarians. We must make sacrifices or be sacrificed, and the rewards of voluntary sacrifice are great. We must justify freedom by the use we make of it.

We can work effectively only when our labor represents a great affirmation of the reality and the significance of the ideas and the ideals which activate us. It is high time to cease carping about the weakness and the shortcomings and the failures of democracy, and with penitent hearts recognize that they stem from our own lack of faith and courage and industry and devotion to a superb ideal. If demo-

crazy is to regain the triumphant note characteristic of the American tradition, that victory will be the reflection of acts of faith on the part

of people who still believe in the individual, in his infinite worth, in the infinite riches that come from his self expression.

That man lives twice who lives the first life well.—Herrick.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

By Eloise Lowmsbery

When I was a child I learned that "culture is to know the best that has been said or done in the world"; yes, as I learned later, said or written, painted or acted or chiseled or builded or wrought. Just as we treasured through our ears masterpieces of Beethoven or Wagner or Brahms, so through our eyes we made our own treasury of our favorite Raphael or Botticelli or Rembrandt; usually through colored prints, since few of us could visit the picture galleries of Europe.

Now many of the masterpieces of Europe have come to us, given by gift to the people of America. The largest marble building in the world has been built to house these paintings and sculpture of Italy, France, England, Spain and Holland, Germany and the United States.

It is a building on a heroic scale, fitten perhaps for giants or legendary heroes than for us little men. It began as a dream in the mind of one man, but was caught up to be made a reality with the help of hundreds and hundreds of men and of thirty-five thousand separate pieces of marble and stone.

Built on the site of a swamp at the foot of Capitol Hill, with no rock foundation, hundreds of concrete piles had to be driven deep into the earth, six thousand, eight hundred of them, to hold the weight of massive stone to come.

Next, a search must be made for marble. Where in America was a mountain of untouched marble? Men found it in Tennessee, a new deposit thirty five miles long, lying waiting for no one knows exactly how many thousands of years.

Men worked in seven quarries to cut from this marble mountain the huge blocks for eight hundred carloads to journey by rail to Washington.

From Alabama came beautiful white stone; from forests of hardwoods came the wood for floors; from the mines and factories all the metals, the steel, the lead, the tin, the aluminum, the cork, and the glass; together forming a National Gallery of Art. It is so wide-spreading that it covers as much ground as the Capitol on top of the hill. Its doorways and the columns of the facade are so massive that looking up, one feels

dwarfed, as in the ancient temple of Egypt.

From a distance, shining in the sun, the building looks pure white against the green landscape. But see it in the rain, and it turns a soft rose pink. In fact, that is what it is, a darker pink at the base, rising in perfectly matched gradations of seven main shades and twenty-six half shades to a pale shell-pink at the top.

Surmounting the central portion is a marble dome made from exact measurements of the famed Pantheon in Rome. It was this same great Roman Pantheon that Brunelleschi measured in the early fifteenth century, the same dome that formed the model for his great dome of the Florence Cathedral. Just as Brunelleschi went to Rome for inspiration, so also did the Frenchman, L'Enfant, Washington's friend, who laid out the plans for our National Capitol.

Since all the public buildings of Washington have reflected the classical style of architecture, developed from Greece and Rome, Mr. Mellon and his chief architect, John Russell Pope, designed the new National Gallery to conform to this original plan of L'Enfant.

However, the building is extremely modern. On the outside, in that apt word borrowed from aviation, we call it "streamlined,"—no superfluous ornamentation; broad unbroken surfaces; a perfect balance between the horizontal and the vertical.

Inside, it is a very marvel of modern engineering, for though it has no windows, it invites sunlight to pour down upon its acres and acres of glass roof. This captured sunshine is then

diffused into each room so cleverly that one is not aware how or whence it comes; so that there is no glare on the paintings hanging on the four walls of any of its ninety odd rooms.

When one is weary of walking, perhaps unable longer to bear so much beauty, there are cool garden courts, with their dripping fountains, green palms and masses of flowers. There were yellow mimosa for the opening, from low pots to tall trees, all dripping with golden fragrant bloom. These were followed by masses of cineraria in all shades of violet to purples; then hundreds of Easter lilies, and pots of daffodils and tulips.

Out in the great central court or rotunda, one looks up and up to the "eye" in the dome, which is supported by twenty-four massive columns of green marble from a mountain in Italy. Quarried out in huge drums, they were skidded down the mountain, to be hauled by patient oxen to a railroad and thence by ship across the sea. If a child were three feet six inches tall, it would take ten of her, standing one upon the shoulders of the next to reach the Greek Ionic capitols on their crowns.

Yet however the great gallery itself, it is but the outer garment for the inner spirit shining from the faces of the lovely young Madonnas in their brilliant blue and rose gowns, from the smiling angels wearing their wings of rainbow hues. Even as the human body is the temple of the inner spirit of a man or of a child, so is this gallery the temple for beauty painted and chisled by the world's masters of art.

HOSPITALS FOR MENTAL DISEASE

(News-Letter)

The United States Department of Commerce has just issued a volume entitled *Patients in Mental Institutions, 1938*, which give comprehensive data on patients in all mental institutions, public and private, by states.

The public and private institutions for mental disease in North Carolina reported 8,490 patients carried on their books as of January 1, 1938. However, only 6,644 were actually inmates in institutions—all except 211 being in the three state institutions of North Carolina. There were 6,170 inmates in all institutions in the state on January 1, 1937.

It is interesting to note the low rank of North Carolina in patients in institutions for mental disease per 100,000 population. Our rate was 190.3 and only two states ranked below us in this respect. The rates run from 544.8 per 100,000 population in New York to 179.1 in New Mexico. The United States average rate is 344.3 per 100,000 population, or nearly twice the rate for North Carolina. The three state institutions reported 6,433 inmates. The rate for inmates in the state institutions is 184.2 per 100,000 population, and North Carolina ranks forty-fourth in this particular. However, our low rate of inmates in hospitals for mental disease does not necessarily mean that we rank so favorably in the percent of our population affected by mental disease. The census report has the following to say on this point: "The true prevalence and incidence of mental diseases in the population can be gauged but incompletely by number of hospital-

ized patients or of admission to hospitals during the year. Commonly there are higher hospitalization rates when facilities are available in greater abundance, are easy of access, and when the type of treatment that a hospital provides has the confidence of the community. Even in a state with superior hospitalization facilities there are many persons with mental disorders who prefer to receive treatment from private psychiatrists, visit out-patient clinics, or are able to achieve the minimum degree of adjustment to their everyday environment necessary to obviate psychiatric treatment. These patients do not enter into the present study. Obviously a patient whose condition is acute will find hospitalization unavoidable." The chances are that the actual rate of mental disease is lower in North Carolina than in the United States as a whole. It is interesting to note, however, in this connection that Virginia whose population structure is very close to that of North Carolina has a rate of 348.2 per 100,000 population as compared with North Carolina's rate of 190.3. It is difficult to believe that mental disease is twice as prevalent in Virginia as in North Carolina. The high rate in Virginia is not due to the presence of private hospitals. The rate of inmates in state hospitals for mental disease in Virginia is 319.3 as compared with 184.2 per 100,000 population in North Carolina. One has to conclude that Virginia makes better provisions for her mentally diseased than does North Carolina.

Another interesting point is that North Carolina reports a large num-

ber of patients on books but absent from hospitals. The absent patients numbered 1,846, with an absentee rate twice as high as the national average. There was an increase of 536 patients on the state books but absent from hospitals from 1937 to 1938.

The report states that the average daily resident population in North Carolina state hospitals in 1938 was 6,500, while the capacity of the three state institutions was 6,835. Thus it appears that there is an excess of capacity over actual inmates of 335. However, it is false to conclude that North Carolina has provided an excess of capacity. The fact is that a great deal of the capacity is for mild types of cases in buildings and wards where it would be impossible to accommodate those who are definitely disturbed. North Carolina is actually short on wards, buildings and personnel to care for the definitely disturbed cases, according to a communication from the Superintendent of the State institution at Raleigh.

The above point is borne out by the fact that North Carolina has one employee in the state institutions for every 9.2 inmates, while the United States averages one employee for

every 5.7 inmates. In other words, the average employee in the three North Carolina institutions has to care for nearly twice as many patients as the average for all state institutions in the nation. North Carolina ranks forty-third in the number of patients per employee, or, to put it another way, there are only five states where the average employee cares for more patients.

The total expenditure for the maintenance of the three state institutions in North Carolina in 1938 was \$1,152,467, or \$177.30 per inmate. North Carolina ranks forty-second among the states in expenditure per inmate for maintenance purposes. The average for all the states was \$297.13. It is interesting to note that the average for South Carolina was \$267.65 and that only two South Atlantic states, Virginia and West Virginia, spent less per inmate for maintenance purposes.

Anyone interested in further details about patients in mental institutions can secure a copy of this 1938 report of the United States Department of Commerce, from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. The price is 25 cents.

If we ne'er had known sweet laughter,
 We never would realize pain;
 And unless the sun drew water,
 The heavens could never give us rain.

—Lawrence.

NORTH CAROLINA IN THE BUILDING OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

(N. C. Historical Commission)

It is an interesting fact that the State of North Carolina, though possessing no first-class seaport and though not a maritime province, has played a vital part in the history of the United States Navy. Joseph Hewes, the merchant prince of Edenton, N. C., had much to do with the founding of the navy. In 1775 the Continental Congress appointed a committee of three members for such a purpose, called the Committee of Marine, with Hewes as chairman. The committee was soon increased to include one member from each colony, but Hewes remained its head and began at once to establish a naval force. As chairman of this committee he was virtually the first Secretary of the Navy, for he had charge of constructing, equipping, and arming vessels, as well as of selecting and appointing their officers.

In making a selection of officers for the naval service, Hewes gave an appointment to John Paul Jones, who, because of this origin of his naval career, has been called "the North Carolina captain." Tradition has it that John Paul, having killed the ring-leader of a mutiny on his ship in 1773, fled to America and adopted the surname "Jones" to honor his friends Willie and Allen Jones, of North Carolina. John Paul Jones commanded the first armed vessel to fly the American flag; his heroic contribution to the winning of America's independence is too well known to need repeating here.

One of the most noted commanders of the United States Navy during the second war with Great Britain was Captain Johnston Blakely of Wilmington, North Carolina. As commander of the "Wasp" he captured the "Reindeer" and a large number of other British vessels, and caused the British ship "Avon" to surrender after a bloody battle. His exploits created great enthusiasm in America.

The State of North Carolina has rarely been represented in the cabinet of any President, but when she has, it has been in the Navy Department. The State has had five Secretaries of the Navy: John Branch, who was appointed by President Jackson and who served from March 9, 1829, until May 12, 1831; George E. Badger, appointed in the cabinet of President William H. Harrison, March 5, 1841, reappointed by President John Tyler, and served until September 11, 1841; William A. Graham, in the cabinet of President Fillmore from July 20, 1850, to March 7, 1853; James C. Dobbin, in the cabinet of President Pierce from March 7, 1853, to March 6, 1857; and Joseph Daniels, in the cabinet of President Wilson, from March 5, 1913, until March 6, 1921. The contributions of Graham and Daniels are particularly notable. It was Graham who in 1852 sent Commodore Matthew C. Perry on the famous voyage which resulted in the opening of Japan to the outside world; and it was Daniels who was Secretary of the Navy during the critical period of the World War. Un-

der Daniels, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, served none other than Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Four United States' battleships have been named "North Carolina." The first was a ship of the line of 2,633 tons and was in service from 1820 until 1867. The second was the armored cruiser "North Carolina," with 14,500 tons displacement, which was commissioned in 1908, served through World War, and was decommissioned in 1930. Its name, however, had been changed to the Charlotte, so that the name of the State might be given to another battleship which was under construction. This latter ship was authorized under an act passed by Congress in 1916, on the recommendation of Secretary Daniels, which called for the largest navy in the world. Under the terms of the Washington Treaty (1921), however, the vessel was scrapped when only partly complete.

The fourth "North Carolina" was launched on June 13, 1940, and al-

though the details of its construction are a guarded secret, there are important structural changes, based on lessons learned during the present war, such as improvements in armor plate and the elimination of obsolete anti-aircraft batteries and propelling machinery. The ship is of 35,000 tons displacement, and is more than 700 feet long. Carrying nine sixteen-inch guns and many smaller guns, and having unusually thick armor, the vessel represents the very best and latest in naval construction.

At the present time voluntary enlistments in North Carolina for the Navy are very large in comparison with those of other states. At the Raleigh recruiting station during the fiscal year 1939, 762 men enlisted; in 1940, 2,565; and in 1941, no less than 3,215. Raleigh is the naval recruiting station for both North and South Carolina, but sixty-five per cent of the enlistments are from North Carolina.

JUST PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE

My judgment in life has often been wrong
 Especially my judgment in men.
 In sizing them up I've made some mistakes,
 And I'm likely to do it again.
 When you're judging a man, just give him a chance
 Don't drag his good name in the dirt;
 For if you make a mistake and find that you're wrong
 Those are the things that will hurt.
 Now here's a good rule that we should adopt
 Don't act with anger and haste—
 Remember my friend, when you're judging a man
 Just put yourself in his place.

—Selected.

THE GREATEST BOOK IN THE WORLD

(Selected)

The English-speaking world is, during the months of October to December, celebrating an event of great significance—the 400th anniversary of the translation of the Bible into the English language.

When on October 4th of the year 1535, Miles Coverdale, bishop of Exeter, completed and published an English translation of the Bible, English-speaking people were for the first time provided with a complete Bible in the English language.

To fully understand and appreciate the significance of this event, and the difficulties that confronted the early producers of Bible texts, it must be known that up to the time of the printing of the Coverdale Bible, it was a matter of heresy for anyone on his own authority to translate any text of the Holy Scripture into English. Also, there was a period when the reading of any portion of the Bible, by the common people was forbidden, this privilege being reserved for royalty, princes, and the clergy. Printing was in its infancy, books were scarce and extremely costly, and it was still many years after this time that the Bible, or any other printed book had any great circulation, or was found in the homes of the people.

It is, of course, not the whole truth, to say that there was no English Bible previous to 1535, as John Wycliffe and his associates had in 1382 produced an English Bible translated from the Latin vulgate, but as this was before the time of printing, only scattered portions were known outside the church, and the mass of

people lived in ignorance of its existence.

The Coverdale Bible though receiving sanction, was not printed in England, but somewhere on the continent, probably at Zurich, Switzerland. England was later than most continental countries in having a Bible of its own. While Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Bohemia, and Holland possessed Bibles in the vernacular previous to 1500, yet no part of the Bible in English was printed before 1525, and none in England before 1538.

Although it was Miles Coverdale who gave to the world the first complete printed Bible in English, it was William Tyndale who living in exile abroad, and undaunted by persecution, had persisted in his attempts to make the Bible an accessible book, and was the first to have printed an edition of the New Testament, in the year 1525. From that time through 1535, thousands of copies of his translation of the New Testament were printed in English, abroad, and smuggled into England secretly, where they were eagerly sought for, but most of them were seized by authorities and burned or otherwise disposed of, only small portions of them reaching the people for whom they were intended. Finally, in the year 1536, the year following the printing of the Coverdale Bible, William Tyndale like many other zealous and godly men of his time, suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Reformation, and on August 6th of that year was publicly strangled and burned at the stake. He had, however, accomplished at least a part of his great aim, and to him is justly awarded the

title "Father of the English Bible."

The century following the publication of the Coverdale Bible in 1535 was of the greatest importance in the matter of Bible production. Printing had become more common, and the ban having been removed from printing the Bible, there followed during the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth century, a series of translations, including the famous Matthews Bible (1537), the Great Bible (1539), the Geneva Bible (1560), the Bishop's Bible (1568), and the Reims-Douai Bible (1582-1610). Of these editions, the Geneva Bible produced by a body of English scholars residing in Geneva, became the Bible of the fireside, and its popularity continued some decades after the production of the King James version. The Geneva Bible was the Bible of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Bunyon, and of Cromwell, and the Puritans brought it with them to America.

When in 1611 the King James or authorized version of the Bible was published, the older versions came gradually into disuse, and the King James revision became the Bible of the English-speaking nations, and has remained so to the present time.

Of the King James version of the Bible in its successive editions, more copies have been printed and sold than any book in any language.

The story of the production of this Bible is an interesting one. Briefly, the project sponsored by King James, had its beginning in 1604, when plans were formulated for a revision that would be approved and sanctioned by the whole church, high and low, using the Bishop's Bible as a base. The revision was assigned to a body of forty-seven workers, selected with great

care from the learned scholars of the two great Universities, Oxford and Cambridge, forming a remarkably competent group of workers. Small groups or companies worked upon assigned sections of the two Testaments, conferring together until an agreement was reached. An elaborate set of rules was set up for guidance and followed uniformly by the workers. As each book was finished it was sent to the other groups or companies for consideration, so that in the end the whole work had the approval of the entire body of workers. For final approval the entire work was reviewed by the Bishops and leading men of the church, by the Privy Council, and finally ratified by royal authority.

So in 1611 when the King James version of the Bible was completed and published, the English-speaking world at last had a Bible that met with universal approval, and it stands today, after more than 300 years, the most acceptable version of the Bible that has ever been produced.

Revisions of the King James version, to some appreciable extent, have been made from time to time, in both form and matter, and more especially in the matter of spelling. The most elaborate attempt at revision being completed in 1881, when the revisers after ten years of labor said of the King James version:

The longer we have been engaged upon it the more we have learned to admire its simplicity, its dignity, its power, its happy turns of expression, its general accuracy, and we must not fail to add, the music of its cadences, the felicities of its rythm.

Coverdale's influence upon the 1611 Bible was great, and many of the beautiful and sympathetic expressions

such as "tender mercy" and "loving kindness" which have become a part of our language, we owe it to him. Likewise the martyred Tyndale still lives in the New Testament, and these two pioneers in the production of the

English Bible, are today brought to memory, as the English-speaking nations of the world join in celebrating the 400th anniversary of the English Bible.

THE OLD OFFICE TOWEL

Some of those who read this—the older ones—will remember when Robert J. Burdette flourished as one of the foremost humorous writers and lecturers of his day. He passed on a quarter of a century ago, but in most newspaper offices will be found men who recall one of his better-known compositions.

When I think of the towel, the old-fashioned towel,
That used to hang up by the printing-house door,
I think that nobody, in these days of shoddy,
Can hammer out iron to wear as it wore.

The tramp who abused it, the devil who used it,
The comb who got at it when these two were gone,
The make-up, the foreman, the editor, poor man,
Each rubbed some grime off while they put a heap on.

In, over, and under, 'twas blacker than thunder;
Harder than poverty, rougher than sin:
From the roller suspended, it never was bended,
But flapped on the wall like a banner of tin.

It grew thicker and rougher, and harder and tougher,
And daily put on a more inkier hue;
'Til one windy morning, without any warning,
It fell to the floor and was broken in two.

—The State.

THE BLIND BOY AND THE BEES

By Alice De Beughem in *Our Dumb Animals*

What a pity to love bees and gardens and to be blind! But what a triumph to overcome this fearful handicap and give to the world exact facts regarding bees, facts which up to that time were entirely unknown!

This is what Francois Huber did, a Swiss naturalist. He became blind when a boy of seventeen. Francois belonged to a family that made its mark in the literary and scientific world. His great-aunt Marie Huber was known as a voluminous writer on religious subjects. His father, Jean Huber was a prominent member of a group of people who surrounded the great Voltaire, and wrote a valuable series of observations on the flights of birds. He had a rare skill by which he could reproduce the likeness of Voltaire or others by clipping paper.

From an early age Francois displayed a great love of study. He was only fifteen when overstudy caused him to suffer from an affection of the eyes, which gradually resulted in total blindness when he was seventeen.

Happily, however, for him, he had won the love and devotion of Mademoiselle Marie Lullin. Marie waited until she was legally of age, then she married him and devoted her life to care for him until her death. It was only when he lost her, Francois said, that he really felt blind.

For many years too, he was assisted in his work by Francois Burnens, a

servant, whom Huber inspired with his own love of nature.

With the use of a glass hive, so skilfully did the blind man carry on his experiments, and so carefully did his wife and his servant record their observations, that his book "New Observations on Bees," published in 1792, laid the foundation of all our present scientific knowledge about bees.

Until the publication of his book there were many fables about bees. People had always been interested in them, but knew nothing about their origin or life work. One group thought that bees came from the body of a dead ox that had been buried in manure. Others thought they came from the decayed belly of a dead lion. Others thought these beautiful winged creatures sprang full-grown from the blossoms of flowers.

It was this blind student of Mother Nature who revealed to us the mysterious secrets of the hive. Among his important discoveries are aerial impregnation of the queen, killing of the males by the workers, rivalry of the queens, the use of their antennae, origin of propolis and the ventilation of the hives by the bees in fanning with their wings which supplies fresh oxygen to the interior of their homes.

Francois died at the age of eighty-one in 1831.

It is expedient to have acquaintance with those who have looked into the world, who know men, understand business, and can give you good intelligence and good advice when they are wanted.—Bishop Horne.

THE KING OF TONGA AND THE LATE ARTHUR HIND

By Harry M. Konwiser

Tonga, is a group of islands in the South Pacific ocean, south of Samoa, also known as the Friendly Islands, and became a British protectorate in 1900 under the Anglo-German agreement of 1899.

The late Arthur Hind, one of America's famous collectors, had an interesting experience at Tonga, according to his philatelic secretary, William C. Kennett, now engaged in the stamp business at Tampa, Florida, as part of Kennett & Wakerman.

Messrs. Hind and Kennett were making a trip around the world, and while on a small steamer, en route from New Zealand to Fiji, decided to stop at Tonga, and if possible, to have an audience with the King of the Tonga Islands.

As their boat docked at the port of entry, the travelers went ashore and the native officials, as well as the natives, began to salute William Kennett in a manner that appeared to be more than customary politeness.

"Our first stop," says Kennett, "was the one English bar, near the dock, where we found a pleasant English bartender on the job. After exchanging salutations, I remarked that the local officials seemed unusually polite to me and hardly noticed my friend Arthur Hind."

The bartender explained that from time immemorable the natives rated the biggest man, physically, their king, and as Bill Kennett is not sylph-like in form, due to his weight, which was

then over 350 pounds, the natives rated him a "prince" at least.

While the travelers were talking to the bartender, an emissary of the king approached and apprised them of the fact the king of Tonga would be pleased to have them visit the palace. As this was the desire of the travelers, they readily agreed. Making inquiries as to the proper procedure at the palace court, the bartender said: "'Ell, take 'im a flagon of 'aig" and so both Hind and Kennett entered the palace with a bottle of Haig and Haig under each arm.

"The king was found to be a pleasant-spoken man, a graduate of Oxford, and he made us feel entirely at home with his staff, consisting of the prime minister, a couple of generals, and other officials. It wasn't long before our four bottles were empty and the king produced additional sustenance from his private stock.

"A very pleasant afternoon was spent by all of us, and in the course of conversation the fact came forth that Arthur Hind, the American plush manufacturer, was a stamp collector, and that he bought stamps at the local postoffices, expecting to do this at Tonga, too. 'But,' he said, 'I am told there are no stamps available with the illustration of your father.'

"The king replied, "We must look into this, and sent for an official who assured him the older stamps were not available.

"The plates from which these had

been printed, however, were in the archives and the king directed these should be brought to him, and he presented them to us.

"We left the palace towards dusk in high glee, retired in due time, to a restful sleep with the thought that when we awakened we would be on the high seas, in possession of plates of philatelic importance. Our peaceful slumbers were disturbed, however, around five o'clock in the morning.

"'What ho!' Arthur Hind was heard to say. There appeared to be an insistent knocking at his door, his state-room adjoined mine, and as he opened his door I arose and saw standing there a man in uniform who said: 'Pardon me, Mr. Hind, I am the English resident in charge here and I am under the painful duty of informing you that you must return the postage stamp plates which you have in your possession.'

"'Why,' replied Hind, 'I had these from the king, as a present.'

"'Yes, I know that, I am sorry,' was the reply, 'but these plates are not the property of the king. They belong to the nation.'

"After some additional argument, with the captain of the ship joining in the discussion, the resident refused to issue clearance papers for the vessel until the plates were given to him, and so Arthur Hind decided to return the plates as we went back to bed."

Mr. Hind, who died about five years ago, was one of the world's most famous collectors. Following his death, his stamps, as sold at auction, at New York and London, brought almost \$750,000. The rare British Guiana stamp of 1856 which was recently sold to a collector for a sum "close to \$40,000," was in the Hind collection at the time of his death, but became the property of Mrs. Hind.

Youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips, and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigour of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there may be in every man's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unflinching childlike appetite for what next, and the joy and game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.—Exchange

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. Maude Cull, of New Bern, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. S. Crider, resident nurse at the School.

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The boys on the barn forces are now busily engaged husking corn. We had a pretty fair crop this year, despite much unfavorable weather, and this job will continue for quite some time.

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The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night was "The Dead End Kids On Parade." A comedy, "Ghost Wanted," was shown at the same time. Both are Warner Brothers productions.

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A group of a hundred or more of our boys are taking typhoid vaccine, two treatments having been administered, with the last one scheduled for next week. Dr. M. B. Bethel, Cabarrus County Health Officer, assisted by members of his staff, are administering this preventative.

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Daniel Rhyne, one of our old boys, who left the School in 1936, visited us the other day. He is now employed by the Pet Dairy Products Company, of Charlotte, as driver of a delivery truck. While a boy here, Dan was one of the Receiving Cottage house boys,

where he became quite proficient in the art of cooking and baking. He still seemed quite proud of the fact that he once made some candy and baked some pies which were listed among the prize winners at the Cabarrus District Fair during his stay at the School.

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We have just learned that the contract has been awarded for accoustical treatment and the installation of a ventilating system in our school auditorium. This will be a much-needed improvement, one that we have eagerly anticipated for years. Another bit of highly pleasing news comes to this office concerning the installation of an ice cream making unit in our dairy during the spring of 1942. This will be welcomed by the boys, and we have yet to hear any of the grown-ups voicing a protest, for ice cream is something relished by both old and young during the hot summer months.

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Rev. C. E. Baucom, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, was in charge of the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. After the singing of the opening hymn, Rev. Mr. Baucom and the boys read responsively, Selection No. 544, in the back of the hymnal, consisting of the first fourteen verses of John, at the conclusion of which he made a prayer.

Rev. Mr. Baucom then presented George Daniel, a native of Assyria,

whose home is near the city of Nineveh. Mr. Daniel is a student at Wake Forest College, where he is preparing to enter the Christian ministry.

The speaker told the boys that he wanted to speak to them about the part of the world where he had spent the greater part of his life. He was born in the United States, but his parents returned to Assyria when he was about two years old.

Mr. Daniel told his listeners that he had been living in a section of the world where people were not so fortunate as those in this great country of America. He stated that his people were mostly Christians, although some of them believed in the Mohammedan religion.

Christian people in Assyria, said he, are compelled to live a life of suffering and hardship because of their religious belief. They are constantly being persecuted by Turks, Arabs and other races of infidels. At the age of eleven years he witnessed his first wholesale killing of Christians by these people, seeing many members of his immediate family put to death because they would not forsake Christianity.

As a boy, he walked many miles with his mother and other relatives trying to escape death. Some of them reached places of safety, but the bloodthirsty Moslems killed many members of the party. He experienced the horror of stepping over the dead bodies of his own people in an effort to escape. As they rushed along the road, the enemies of Christianity would come from all directions, firing their guns, and no matter in which direction he would look, he would see his people falling, fatally wounded.

In this mad rush, he saw his first cousin along the roadside, dying. A little further along the way, he saw another cousin and her nine-months-old baby, shot to death. As there was nothing they could do for those so seriously wounded, the people who were able, kept on walking to save themselves. Of 120,000 Assyrians who were attacked so savagely, only 55,000 reached the British army camp in safety.

Mr. Daniel then told the boys that the reason why those Christian people were so cruelly oppressed was because they were true Christians; they loved Jesus Christ, and would not give him up to become Mohammedans, or followers of any other anti-Christian leader. People in America, said he, should be thankful that they belong to a religion, through which is the only way they shall see God.

The speaker then told the boys that a Mohammedan is taught to kill all people who will not accept his religion. He is taught from early boyhood that anyone who will kill as many as five Christians will surely go to heaven. This is a religion of hatred. What a contrast to the Christian religion, which is founded entirely upon love.

Assyrians, said Mr. Daniels, are very ancient people and have been Christians ever since the coming of Christ. Twenty-five years ago theirs was a race of more than a half million, but there are only forty thousand alive today. They have dwindled down to less than one-tenth of their former strength, simply because they chose death rather than forsake Jesus Christ.

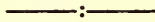
The speaker then dwelt briefly on

the history of his family. His father had been killed by the Moslems, as were his grand-parents and several brothers. The population of his home town was 5,000 and of this number only 360 were able to escape.

He then told the boys that he related these stories only to show how good God had been to America, saying if they could have gone to Assyria and seen what had happened there during his boyhood, they would certainly come back and be more thankful for God's goodness to them than they had in the past. He urged the boys to stop and think of these things. Here in America we are free to worship as we wish, without having any fear concerning the possibility of

someone taking our lives because we decide to be Christians. Mr. Daniel said when he considered these things, there came to him the realization that he had spent the happiest moments of his life here under the protection of the United States flag.

In conclusion the speaker asked the boys to be like the people of his country—willing to die rather than give up Jesus. We know that the Christian life is the only way of life. Jesus Christ has pointed out to us the only path to eternal happiness, and a real Christian will follow that path regardless of the cost. Christ gave his life for us, and we should stand ready to do anything in our power for him.



THE NEED OF A CREED

What do you believe? Can you state it even with relative clarity? Is it significant and meaningful enough to control your conduct? Would you willingly die, if need be, for your faith?

Of course you have a creed of some sort. The very fact that you do any real thinking at all implies a belief that is true or false, good or bad.

If you declare you have no creed, that you do not believe in creeds—well, that is your creed; no believing in creeds.

The real issue, therefore, is not "creed versus no creed"; but an intelligent, inspiring, vitally effective creed versus an irrational, cynical, futile creed.

And no creed that is merely handed down from one generation to another, like some family heirloom, can ever be creative and compelling as it should be if it is to elicit great loyalty and to develop triumphant living; it must be thought through, struggled with, and actually re-won by each person and by each generation.

Human history is evidence that souls and civilizations are fashioned and fortified or enervated and emasculated by the quality of their faith.

The character-life of an individual or of a community is the

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

NOTE: The figure following a boy's name indicates the total number of times he has been on Cottage Honor Roll since June 1, 1941.

Week Ending October 12, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen 17
Wade Aycoth 17
Carl Barrier 17
Paul Matthews 2
Edward Moore 20
Edgar Simmons 2
Fred Stuart 13
Weaver F. Ruff 17
Charles Wooton 11

COTTAGE NO. 1

N. A. Bennett 8
Charles Browning 14
Lloyd Callahan 13
Everett Case 7
William Cook 13
Ralph Harris 16
Doris Hill 9
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson 3
Kenneth Tipton 13
Luther Vaughn 4

COTTAGE NO. 2

James McGlammery 3
Richard Parker 4
Charles Tate 8
Newman Tate 7
Clarence Wright 3

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey 15
Grover Beaver 12
Robert Coleman 13
Robert Hare 14
Jerry Jenkins 18
Robert Quick 9
Wayne Sluder 15
William T. Smith 12
John Tolley 16
Jerome Wiggins 18

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver 15
Plummer Boyd 6
Aubrey Fargis 12
Leo Hamilton 11
Donald Hobbs 11

Morris Johnson 11
Robert Jones 3
William Morgan 14
J. W. McRorie 11
George Speer 10
Woodrow Wilson 10
Thomas Yates 11

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles 18
Glenn Drum
John Lipscomb 4
Ivey Lunsford 3
Allen Morris 5
Fred Tolbert 8
Jesse Williamson 3

COTTAGE NO. 6

Earl Hoyle 2
Robert Hobbs 11
William Harding 2
Gerald Kerman 5
Edward Kinion 6
Marvin Lipscomb 10
Durwood Martin 4
Vollie McCall 13
James Parker 8
Reitzel Southern 8
Emerson Sawyer 4
Houston Turner 6
Wesley Turner 4
William Wilkerson 2

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood 7
Hurley Bell 14
Henry Butler 19
Laney Broome 14
Paul Childers
Robert Hampton 4
Edward Overby 9
Ernest Overcash 16
Jack Reeves 9
Wilbur Russ 2
Durham Smith 6

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley 17
Cecil Bennett 8

James Quick 3

COTTAGE NO. 9

Riley Denny 7
 R. L. Hall 4
 James Hale 14
 Edgar Hedgepeth 18
 Grady Kelly 15
 Daniel Kilpatrick 16
 Alfred Lamb 10
 Isaac Mahaffey 16
 Marvin Matheson 14
 Lloyd Mullis 13
 William Nelson 19
 Leroy Pate 6
 Lewis Sawyer 13
 Horace Williams 13

COTTAGE NO. 10

Roy Barnett 5
 Jack Evans 2
 Marvin Gautier 7
 Delma Gray 10
 Arcemias Hefner 18
 Jack Harward 14
 Charles Phillips 10
 Robert Stephens 8
 Torrence Ware 9
 Jack Warren 13
 Joseph Willis 7

COTTAGE NO. 11

John Allison 8
 Robert Davis 10
 Charles Frye 15
 Robert Goldsmith 19
 Earl Hildreth 19
 Henry McGraw 9
 Monroe Searcy 14
 Canipe Shoe 13
 Henry Smith 5
 Samuel Stewart 11
 James Tyndall 8
 William Wilson 12

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock 13
 Jack Bright 13
 Ernest Brewer 11
 Leroy Childers
 William Deaton 15
 Treley Frankum 17

Eugene Hefner 12
 Tillman Lyles 10
 Harry Lewis 4
 James Mondie 11
 Daniel McPhail 11
 Simon Quick 6
 Hercules Rose 14
 Charles Simpson 17
 Jesse Smith 16
 George Tolson 12
 Eugene Watts 13
 J. R. Whitman 14
 Roy Womack 13

COTTAGE NO. 13

Rufus Nunn 4
 Randall D. Peeler 9
 Alex Shropshire 5
 Earl Wolfe 16

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker 19
 William Butler 14
 Robert Deyton 19
 Henry Ennis 11
 Audie Farthing 16
 Henry Glover 11
 John Hamm 15
 Marvin King 11
 Feldman Lane 19
 Roy Mumford 15
 Glenn McCall 17
 John Maples 17
 John Reep 7
 James Roberson 14
 Charles Steepleton 16
 J. C. Willis 15
 Jack West 13

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 10
 Frank Chavis 15
 Cecir Jacobs 15
 James Johnson 12
 John T. Lowry 13
 Leroy Lowry 14
 Varcie Oxendine 11
 Louis Stafford 10

“Civility costs nothing and buys everything.”



THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., OCTOBER 25, 1941

No. 43

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WORK

Work is the most important thing in our lives. It is not the gaining of things so much as the working for them that counts. Many people who have piled up their wealth and stepped from the harnessed ranks would give anything they possess for the genuine thrill the honest workman gets every day out of his work. They lost the spirit far back on the pathway and don't know where to find it again. Don't pity yourself just because your job seems arduous.—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

HALLOWE'EN

Hurrah for merry Hallowe'en,
The night when playful smiles are seen,
When grinning jack-o'-lanterns glow
And shadows into giants grow!
Then ghosts behind the corn-stacks hide,
And witches on their broomsticks ride,
And screech owls hoot from moaning trees,
If graveyards fearful forms release!
As gates break loose from creaky hinge
Black cats on top of fences cringe,
And boys blow beans at window-pane
While girls their lovers entertain.
And merriment, the sweetest boon,
Steps lively to a jolly tune.

—Selected.

WILL O' THE WISP

The jack-o'-lantern, so popular with young people at Hallowe'en, has its origin in a strange and interesting superstition. In early days, people believed that, at night, different parts of the land had guardians to keep unwelcome visitors from intruding, after the sun had set.

The guardian of the marsh was known as Will of the Wisp. Nobody ever saw this guardian, although his lantern could be plainly seen, bobbing here and there, as he made his rounds through the marshes, to see that everything was all right. He seemed to be jumping from tussock to tussock in his marsh. Those grassy

mounds were known as "wisps." "Will" was an old word of English dialect, meaning a person who wanders about as if lost, as a stranger might do.

At Hallowe'en, when all of the witches and spirits had the freedom of the earth, Will o' the Wisp joined them and went to the fields where the golden pumpkins lay ripening. It is said that the witches caused the pumpkins to rise and dance in the moonlight, and that Will o' the Wisp waved his lantern back and forth, as he kept time with the dancing.

One might think that we ought to call the Hallowe'en pumpkin a will-o'-lantern, instead of a jack-o'-lantern. However, in many places the guardian of the marsh was known as jack of the lantern.

The word, "jack," was also used in old English dialect and meant to represent a person who served others faithfully.

The explanation of those strange lights in the marshes is surprisingly simple. In such marshes there is a great deal of decaying vegetable matter. Slow combustion takes place, and gases are released in bubbles, which rise to a height of about two feet above the surface of the marsh. The action of the atmosphere causes each bubble to glow with a strange pale-blue light that exists for only a moment, then fades away. When another light appears a few feet away, it gives the impression of the light jumping from place to place.—Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * *

ACRES OF DIAMONDS

For a long time we have read Editor Carl Goerch's articles in "The State," concerning various counties in North Carolina, with a great deal of interest. The manner in which he mixes historical data with human interest stories is most pleasing, informative and interesting. In a recent issue of this fine magazine Mr. Goerch carried an editorial, urging the citizens of this great state to take more interest in local happenings, both past and present, and we are passing it on to our readers, as follows:

You know about Dr. Russell Conwell's famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds," which he delivered thousands of times all over this country. In brief, it is the story of a man who sought oppor-

tunities and riches in distant places only to meet with failure every time. He finally returned to his home and there—in his own backyard—found the “acres of diamonds” for which he had been searching.

It seems to us that the book clubs of North Carolina are pursuing the same tactics. We have been looking over some of the programs which various clubs are studying this year. They have to do with India, Persia, Italian art, British statesmen and many other widely diversified subjects.

Of course there's no harm in studying these subjects. As a matter of fact they're probably beneficial to some degree. But we can't see to save our life why people look so far afield for things to study when there are so many more interesting things in our own backyard.

And in this connection we would like to offer a suggestion to the book clubs in North Carolina. It is this:

Why not devote a year's program to the study of your own individual county?

Your first reaction to that might be: “But there aren't enough interesting things in our county to justify ten or twelve papers.”

That's just where you are wrong. Woefully wrong, as we know from personal experience.

During the last year or so we have been featuring in The State a series of articles dealing with our counties. Judging from comments we have heard, our readers as a whole appear to be enjoying these write-ups. We have endeavored to give some of the historical highlights and also to mention places and people of special or specific interest. Before we stop, we hope to visit every county in the state in preparation of these articles.

There are interesting things in each of our hundred counties; things which the average citizen doesn't know about. Merely as a suggestion, here are some subjects that could be dealt with:

1. Early settlers in the county.
2. Progress in our schools.
3. Old churches.
4. Leading citizens in the practice of medicine, law and other professions.
5. How different communities in the counties got their names.
6. History of our courthouses.
7. Outstanding events, such as political campaigns, fires, floods, etc.
8. The history of fraternal organizations and civic clubs.
9. Oldest business concerns in the county.

10. Women who have been outstanding in the service of their county.

There are many other subjects that would provide material for interesting papers, and we hope that at least a few of our book clubs will carry out this suggestion. To do a little clumsy paraphrasing: What profiteth it a woman to find out everything there is to know about Persia and India when she doesn't know the first thing about her own county?

* * * * *

TURNING AT INTERSECTIONS

The North Carolina Highway Safety Division reminds drivers of motor vehicles to use great care at intersections of streets and highways, as follows:

Sec. 115, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina:—"Except as otherwise provided in this section, the driver of a vehicle intending to turn to the right at an intersection shall approach such intersection in the lane for traffic nearest to the right-hand side of the highway, and in turning shall keep as closely as practicable to the right-hand curb or edge of the highway, and when intending to turn to the left shall approach such intersection in the lane for the traffic to the right of and nearest to the center of the highway and in turning shall pass beyond the center of the intersection passing as closely as practicable to the right thereof before turning such vehicle to the left."

In other words, when you want to make a right turn, get in the extreme right-hand lane of traffic; when you want to make a left turn, get in the traffic lane immediately to the right of the center of the street. And don't cut too short on a left turn.

In connection with the section of the motor vehicle laws, local authorities in their respective jurisdiction may modify the method of turning at intersections by clearly indicating by buttons, markers or other direction signs within an intersection the course to be followed by vehicles turning there.

* * * * *

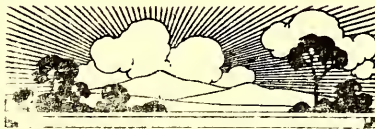
REACTION TO CRUEL WAR

From the press, radio and all other sources of news broadcasts we are kept well-informed as to the reaction of human beings to the

ghastly effects of war. The mental picture, from a distance, is terrible, horrible, but if placed in the midst of the ruthless warfare the reaction would incite some to meet the aggressors in the fury of gorilla warfare, and the effect upon many would be to flee to safety with family and possessions in silent prayer. What to do and how to suppress the fury of mad men—the leaders of the invading forces—is a hard nut to crack. There is but one thing for us to do—far removed from the scene—and that is to follow the leadership of our own great democracy.

From the press we gather that not only is the reaction of people to bombing and destruction of life, varied, but that the animals in the zoos are not unconscious to all of the disorder and confusion carried on in the air. From a most reliable source we select this short article that pictures how the different species of animals of the zoo react when surrounded by such horrible cruelty:

Word from Moscow brings news of interest to children, and even to those of larger growth. The Soviet's childrens newspaper, "Pioneer Pravda," carried an account (September 13) of the reaction of Moscow's Zoo to the bombardments visited upon the city recently. Ostriches, bison, raccoons, deer and kindred animals, we are told, were terribly frightened. The monkeys were particularly allergic to the frequent blackouts over the city. Lions, tigers and bears, however, were indifferent to the noise and confusion; but the animal heroes were the elephants. Says "Pioneer Pravda:" "The elephants were wonderful! They proved good assistants to the firemen. When some incendiary bombs fell nearby the elephants rushed to their pond, filled their trunks with water, and squirted the bombs till they went out."



EXPERT OFFERS HINTS ON FOOD

(Concord Daily Tribune)

In order that farm families under the supervision of the farm Security Administration may eat the right kind of food every day in sufficient quantity and variety for adequate nutrition, Mrs. Virginia C. Miller who was recently sent to Concord to become full time home management supervisor, has prepared a sheet of instructions on such matters.

Mrs. Miller's suggestions are outlined below:

Every farm family wants to do its share in the National Defense Program.

Health of all the people is a very important part of defense.

The kind of food we eat every day has much to do with our health. We need milk, egg, fruit, and vegetables every day in the year—not just a few months in the summer.

Every farm family can have the right kind of food because they can grow it. They do not have to depend upon cash to buy the foods that are necessary for health.

You have made a food plan for this year which shows how much milk you are going to produce, how many vegetables, how much fruit, how much meat, and how much you are going to can and store.

In terms of three meals every day, your food plan should provide your family with the following:

Every Meal: 1 cup of milk for

everyone, especially children. Bread and butter for everyone, (whole wheat bread whenever possible).

Every Day: Cereal, such as cracked wheat, cornmeal mush, whole wheat mush, oatmeals.

Potatoes, once or twice. Tomatoes or tomato juice.

Two other vegetables—one of green or yellow color, and one raw.

An egg for each person.

Lean meat, fish or poultry (every other day if supplies are limited). Do not count salt pork, fatback or bacon as lean meat.

Fruit at least once—fresh, cooked, or canned.

Sorghum, a sweet spread, or some sweet food.

Milk for cooking. Water.

Three to five times a week: Cheese, dried beans, peas, or peanut butter in place of meat.

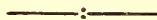
To make meals appetizing and satisfying have at least one of the following each meal:

Foods that have some bulk, such as green vegetables, whole grain cereal or fruit.

One fat meat, such as bacon or salt pork. A sweet food.

One food of decided flavor, such as onions, tomatoes.

Help your family, your community and your nation by eating the right kinds of food each day in the year.



If there be a crime of deeper dye than all the guilty train of human vices it is ingratitude.—Brooke.

HALLOWE'EN

(Selected)

Every boy loves Hallowe'en. It could hardly be otherwise, considering the fun to be had upon this occasion. There are always numerous parties that carry out the autumn idea in the color scheme, the games played and the refreshments. Such parties are heaps of fun, and furnish amusement for old and young alike.

Yet, Hallowe'en is not always celebrated in this manner. Sometimes great destruction is wrought, and not infrequently serious accidents occur. Whenever someone is made to suffer because of Hallowe'en pranks, the frolic has gone too far, for joking at the expense of another person is not in reality joking.

Fortunately, Hallowe'en is not so boisterous a time as it was once, but still there is room for marked improvement. Gangs of boys, traveling through alleys at night, often do untold damage in tipping over buildings, carrying off anything that is loose and performing other acts of vandalism.

Clotheslines are often cut with wire-nippers, gates are burned to the ground and wheels taken off of wagons. I have known persons who have suffered keenly from so-called Hallowe'en pranks, and to such persons Hallowe'en is the most dreaded time of the year.

This condition should not exist and is most deplorable. Hallowe'en should be a time of rejoicing. All should be happy that the crisp days of

autumn, with their numerous joys, are at hand.

In some sections of the country the police have been forced to take a hand in curbing the work of youthful gangs, much as they hated to do so. The loss or theft of a certain article, taken innocently by boys, may be a serious matter to many individuals, and can cause nothing but ill-feeling.

Hallowe'en offers a sufficient program of fun without resorting to things of a questionable nature. Nowadays, most youngsters are satisfied with parties and entertainments with a minimum of outdoor stunts mixed in.

The smaller children enjoy putting lighted jack-o'-lanterns against the window pane, in an effort to frighten those within the room. This is lots of fun and of the innocent kind, the kind that injures nobody. Some boys and girls dress up as witches and goblins and go around the neighborhood silently, waiting for some person to come along. Then they jump out from behind a tree, shouting "Boo!" or some other expression intended to surprise the pedestrian.

No one wants to see Hallowe'en done away with, but the pranks incident to the occasion should be kept within bounds, in order that people will not dread its coming.

Long live Hallowe'en, but let us keep it an occasion of which no one need be ashamed.

VANCE AND AYCOCK

By Robert W. Winston

(Editor's Note: At the request of President Frank P. Graham of the University of North Carolina, Judge Robert W. Winston of Chapel Hill consented to accept the joint tablet memorializing Zebulon B. Vance and Charles B. Aycock, former Governors of North Carolina, Saturday, October 11. Judge Winston, 81 years of age, knew both Vance and Aycock well. Herewith is published his acceptance address.)

In the darkest hour of American history an incident occurred highly characteristic of the American spirit. A Confederate army, under Jubal Early, having invaded the nation's capital was threatening its very life, and yet at that critical moment the Congress took time off to provide a Hall of Fame in which to house statues of the worthy dead.

Pursuant to the resolution of Congress each state proceeded to select its two representatives, only three of whom, Washington, Jackson, and Garfield, it is worthy of note, had been Presidents of the United States. Undoubtedly the gage of greatness was service and not office-holding. The unanimous choice of North Carolina was Zebulon B. Vance and Charles B. Aycock in whose honor, and in this well-beloved hall, we have met together to unveil a joint commemorative tablet.

It is altogether fitting that the memorial should be joint and not individual, so closely linked together were the labors of these tribunes of the people.

Vance and Aycock, how parallel were their lives! Each a shirt-tail country boy, to quote Vance, born and

bred in a simple unpretentious farm house remote from town or city, at an early age trudging the barefoot-road to a small one-teacher log school-house, afterwards entering this university, then plunging into public life, indifferent to wealth or luxury, unselfish, wholly devoted to the common good, and at last dying ere their time, dying with harness on and worn out in service to the people.

Together they toiled in the same vineyard, together they labored with a common purpose. They had the same objective, they accomplished the same end, and are inseparably bound together in the hearts of a grateful people.

The cornerstone of Governor Vance's philosophy was universal education. Aycock took up Vance's work and became our great educational Governor. Vance early conceived the idea that a good teacher was an essential and soon became the acknowledged founder of normal and summer schools and of the modern teacher training college. Aycock made the public education-minded. He increased salaries, lengthened the school term, consolidated the schools, provided for special tax districts, and built a schoolhouse every day he was Governor.

In the Senate Vance was the champion of the under-dog. He advocated the Blair bill which would have given national aid, in inverse proportion to literacy, to the schools of the land. He opposed the use of gold as the standard of value and maintained that the demonitization of silver was little short of a crime;

he stood flat-footed on the liberal platforms of his party though he thereby estranged many old friends. in a word, he placed the man above the dollar and anticipated by half a century the clash between rich and poor and sought with pen and tongue to avoid the deplorable calamity.

Though Governor Aycock was fair to property and to property rights, he insisted that industry should bear its full share of the tax burden and the good things of life should be more equally distributed as between rich and poor.

Both men were liberals in the best sense of that much abused word.

When they were Governors they safe-guarded the legitimate rights of the humble Negro and at the same time kept inviolate the heritage of the white race. Of Vance it must be said that he was a people's idol, of Aycock that he was a people's genius. The one wisely and safely piloted the ship of state through the stormy seas of war and reconstruction, the other seized opportunity by the forelock and rebuilt an ancient commonwealth.

Both were lovers of their fellowmen. They were leaders of the people and not followers. They looked so far ahead and planned to attain their objective. Neither would have flattered Neptune for his trident nor Jupiter for his power to thunder.

Early in life both Vance and Aycock concluded that the taxing power of the government had been so manipulated as to make industry rich and exhaust agriculture. They therefore abhorred excise taxes, high taxes, high tariff laws, and unjust pensions which they maintained

were bleeding the farmer white and enriching the blood-flow of the manufacturer. With wit and wisdom they assailed the McKinley and the Dingley tariff measures and insisted that such legislation was not only iniquitous but, when rightly interpreted, unconstitutional.

By what right should the farmer be taxed to enrich the manufacturer, taxed on the shoes he wore, taxed on his clothing, his plow, and his trace chains, taxed on the cradle in which his babe was rocked and on the coffin in which his dead were buried? By what right were the products of the soil bringing less than the cost of production, whereas manufactured goods were selling so high as to create millionaires thick as blackberries in July

How iniquitous the excise law enforced by red-legged grasshoppers, as Vance dubbed the revenue agents? So laborious was Vance in his study of these difficult questions, and in opposing them in the Senate that he lost the sight of one eye and impaired his health. Aycock's last message to his people was a trumpet denunciation of unjust and unequal tariff legislation.

Had the broad liberal principles of Vance and Aycock been adopted, might there not have been fewer swollen fortunes, fewer predatory trusts, and a less unequal distribution of wealth? Had the farmer and the laborer been accorded the same treatment as the manufacturer, the country might have been spared the recurring panics which have shaken the republic, and labor and capital might have worked harmoniously together. Nor would the tillers of the

soil and those who work in factories be knocking today at the Federal treasury and demanding their share of the public swag. Wrong begets wrong, and this Vance and Aycock realized.

Themselves sprung from the ranks, in early life inured to manual labor, they knew the plight of the poor and inequalities of many of our laws.

But though they advocated remedial legislation and espoused the principle of income and inheritance taxes and the election of senators by the people, they were fair and just to the rich and bowed to the mandates of the constitution.

The question is sometimes asked, Why has North Carolina of late surpassed her sister states? The answer is wise leadership. Vance, Aycock, and their fellows, many of whom were trained in the atmosphere of this liberal, cosmopolitan, yet ancient seat of learning, advocated universal public education, wise internal improvements, the encouragement of industry and scientific, diversified agriculture and sowed the seed whose harvest we this day reap.

It was my privilege to know these two great-hearted, whole-souled, common-sense Carolinians and to know them well. Companionable men they were, portly, well proportioned, and red-blooded. Convivial but never overstepping the bounds, handsome, strikingly handsome, but not foppish, dignified but not exclusive, religious but never parading their religion, generous to opponents, therefore, beloved by them, and universally popular, but not stuck-up.

Charlie Aycock and I were school-boys together on this campus. We

drank the life-giving waters of the dear old well out there, we heeded the sweet tones of the college bell calling us to duty, we challenged each other in fierce debates, and at 50-odd years when he joined the immortals we were law partners, sitting side by side enjoying sweet communion.

Senator Vance I knew but not so intimately. One day in early June, 1876, when he was nominated for Governor, I, a callow youth of 16, a sophisticated rising sophomore in the university, was present, an interested spectator of the scene. Governor Vance often spoke to us here in Chapel Hill.

In 1884 and again in 1890 he ran for the United States Senate and each time I was on the ticket with him. During the ensuing campaigns I, a junior lieutenant in the ranks, often reported progress to my great chieftan. In the early 1890's we spent a delightful week together at Wrightsville Beach.

I may therefore claim to speak with some degree of certitude when I add that Vance and Aycock were the best beloved leaders and the most effective speakers this state has ever brought forth.

Their style of speaking had points of similarity and of dissimilarity. Though the two men had the same objectives, they had a different approach. On the stump Aycock was sometimes fierce and impetuous and his speech turbulent, sweeping away all opposition. Vance was more deliberate and less personal. His speech flashed with lightning-like rapidity and convinced by its sincerity and its apt illustrations. Both speakers employed the paradox with telling ef-

fect and neither one wandered from the subject or went in chase of the rabbit.

Both were original, both dramatic and interesting. Each had the tone, the accent, the modulated voice and the action of the true orator. They never faltered, they employed no stage tricks. They did not project themselves between their message and the audience. They would have made indifferent radio speakers. Never could they have imitated the over-trained school boy and accented every third word for mere effect. They had deep convictions and their heart was in every word they spoke.

If Vance was witty, Aycock was humorous. Vance was spectacular and full of surprises, Aycock constructive, analytical, often droll and sarcastic. Vance was with the people, Aycock was the people. Vance's sentences were generally short and pungent and each one of them was punctured with loud hurrahs for Vance! Aycock's sentences were longer, more closely knit together and evoked greater applause, but at wider intervals.

Merely to get a look at Vance, his droll, imperturbable, quizzical, leonine face and his scrubby mustache, as he gazed down on the crowd from the stump, was to break out into laughter and applause—applause which he did not covet. Vance indeed was the only public man I ever knew who strove how not to shine.

In familiar intercourse the two men were quite different. In such gatherings Vance would be the central fig-

ure. When he was present no one wished to speak a word, all were delighted to sit and listen for "another from Vance." Not so with Aycock, he was community-minded, he encouraged talk.

Vance amused and edified the boys, Aycock was one of the boys. Vance was individualistic, he had no boon companions. Aycock could not have lived for 24 hours without a dozen or more good fellows around, telling quaint, homely stories, indulging in badinage and horse-play.

Governor Craig once asked me which told the better story, Vance or Tom Heflin. "Locke," said I, "which is greater, a lion or a mouse?" The point being that Heflin told funny stories to amuse the crowd, while Vance's stories drove home the point and carried the day.

Of the young man Aycock, Vance was very fond. He seemed to feel that his mantle would some day fall on the shoulders of this youthful Elisha. And truly it did. Vance rounded out a century filled with strife and struggle, Aycock ushered in a new century of hope and opportunity.

President Graham, Dean House, members of the faculty, fellow students, ladies and gentlemen, the test of merit is popular approval, the voice of the people is the voice of God. There is no other criterion. On this level the brightest jewel in the diadem of our dear university is Vance and Aycock, whose joint memorial tablet we now accept and place in its appropriate niche.

In idleness there is perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

TIN FOIL SAVER

By John G. Thomas

Over in Wilson these days an 83-year-old man works between 12 and 16 hours each day helping Great Britain and the United States win the war against Adolf Hitler's legions—by collecting tin foil.

LaFayette Bryant, well known native of the world's largest tobacco town, has no illusions about the amount of good he can do to help beat Hitler by himself but he's doing his bit and citizens of the town like to think that perhaps "Fate" Bryant is Winston Churchill's oldest helper in North Carolina.

Too young to enter the War Between the States Mr. Bryant was born in this section in 1858 and has lived here all of his 83 years.

Last March Mr. Bryant started hunting around for something to do to help the democracies. Finally "Uncle" Fate discovered that the United States Government, and Great Britain too, needed such things as tin foil and the like to make those bullets that Hitler is beginning to worry about.

So "Uncle" Fate got busy and set up his little work shop in his house and in the back yard of his home on Tarboro Street.

Making a stick with a barbed end "Uncle" Fate then proceeded to roam the streets and roads in and around Wilson to collect the much-needed tin foil for Uncle Sam and for England.

It takes some 200 packs of cigarette wrappings to make a pound of tin foil. "Uncle" Fate has collected some 1,400 packages in his wandering about this section together with

other pieces of tin foil he has been given and he has found,

So far he has collected around 600 pounds of the tin foil for the democracies and is going to keep on as long as Uncle Sam and John Bull need it.

With the help of Mrs. Mary P. Churchwell, well known head of a jewelry firm here, who acts as a clearing house for Wilson of all tin foil collected by anyone in this section, "Uncle" Fate has sent off large wads of the tin foil and is planning to send more and more.

There are several things that annoy "Uncle" Fate in connection with his saving of tin foil. One is when he finds a piece of tin foil that is attached to gummed paper so tightly that he can't peel it off. When this happens the elderly Wilsonian has to wet the piece and place it in the sun to peel off by itself.

Then there are the people who occasionally give him some tin foil that is all screwed up in a ball. He has to unwind that kind of a ball because the places the tin foil is sent to insist that it be sent flat because the heating presses that turn it into lead have a harder time melting a solid ball than they do when it is loose.

So "Uncle" Fate works away some 12 to 16 hours a day—and is going to keep on at it.

"We've got to beat that fellow Hitler" he comments "and I want to help even in a very very small way."

TWO WOMEN ENROLL IN TEXTILE SCHOOL

(Selected)

Preparing themselves for a profession offering attractive opportunities to women, two girls are enrolled in the North Carolina State college textile school for a course in weaving and designing.

They are Miss Betty Ruth Thompson and Miss Rebecca Shelden, both of Raleigh and alumnae of Peace Junior college. Miss Shelden entered this term as a junior, while Miss Thompson, with a year of textile training at State behind her, is scheduled to graduate next June. Both girls are ambitious for careers in designing fabrics.

Miss Thompson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott Thompson of Raleigh. Her father is a retired contractor. Miss Shelden's father is Major Howard W. Shelden of Camp Forrest, Tenn., formerly an engineer for the North Carolina State Highway and Public Works commission.

Before this year, the State college Textile school, which has trained hundreds of men for the industry, had enrolled only four women students in weaving and designing, including Miss Thompson. Two other women worked in the Textile school for advanced degrees.

Preceding Miss Thompson were Miss Eleanor Green, class of 1936, native of Raleigh and now a designer for Marshall Field and Company at Spray; Mrs. Virginia Reinheimer Bloch of Greensboro, class of 1936, who was with Marshall Field and

Company for a while and then accepted a position with the Virginia Mills at Swepscville; and Miss June Dickson of Raleigh, class of 1941, who is now in the designing department of the Burlington Mills at Burlington.

Mrs. Bloch is the wife of Bertram H. Bloch, an official of the Burlington Mills company, who graduated from the Textile school in the class with Miss Reinheimer.

Upon graduation last June, Miss Dickson had three definite job offers. Two were from large mills in this State and the other was from a leading commission house in New York.

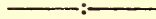
All of the women entering weaving and designing at State college first studied art at Peace college, with the exception of Miss Green, who entered State college as a freshman after finishing Needham Broughton High school here.

Mrs. Ivan D. Jones, graduate of the University of Wisconsin, transferred to State college from the graduate school of the University of Minnesota and earned an M. S. degree in textiles in 1932. Miss Anna Henderson, graduate of William and Mary college and head of art instruction in the Wilmington schools spends her summers working on an M. S. degree in the textile school, specializing in weaving and designing.

At various times, a number of home economics teachers take special work in the textile school in or-

der to supplement their knowledge of fabrics. Teachers from Iiwa State, Ohio State and other schools are included in the list as well as a number of high school teachers.

Textile executives have assured Dean Thomas Nelson, veteran head of the textile school at State college, that fabric-designing is a wide-open field for women.



A BOY

Nobody knows what a boy is worth,
 A boy at work or play.
 A boy who whistles around the place,
 Or laughs in an artless way.

Nobody knows what a boy is worth,
 And the world must wait to see,
 For every man in an honored place,
 Is a boy that used to be.

Nobody knows what a boy is worth,
 A boy with his face aglow,
 For hid in his heart there are secrets deep
 Not even the wisest know.

Nobody knows what a boy is worth,
 A boy with his bare, white feet;
 So have a smile and kindly word,
 For every boy you meet.

—Margaret Isabel.

ABERNETHY: VIOLIN MAKER

By Paul Ader, in The State

Unusual hobbies have always fascinated us, but it was not until quite recently that we ran across a native of North Carolina who makes beautiful and excellently toned violins in his few spare hours. Instead of spending idle hours fishing or hunting, this man carves away carefully on pieces of Alpine spruce or Dalmatian maple and in the course of weeks shapes a beautiful musical instrument.

His name is J. H. Abernethy, and he was born in Stanley, North Carolina in 1886. He went to old Rutherford (now Weaverville) College and later to N. C. State College in Raleigh. Abernethy went into newspaper work on "The Danville Bee" back in 1917, with the AP, and from there to other fields of work. Only two years before, while he was a telegraph operator, he got started on his remarkable hobby.

Abernethy had a son, J. H., Jr., who had one ambition, namely, to play a violin in Main Street Methodist Church, Danville. And so poppa Abernethy decided that rather than buy an expensive instrument for his son to play on, he would make one. But he didn't know what he was getting himself into! He began reading up on the subject. He speaks of Stradivarius as "old Strad," like as though they were old friends. And he says with conviction that it was "the Cremona school which brought the art of violin making to what it really could be."

He discovered very soon that it was an intricately complicated and in-

tensely interesting field, this violin making. "In America," he told us, "people don't have the patience to sit down and make violins by hand. They turn them out by machines; and there's absolutely no comparison between the hand-made and the machine-made violin. The hand-made instrument is a hundred times finer. Machines don't know the tone value of a wood!"

In a year or two Abernethy had picked up the rudiments of his hobby-art. Meantime, J. H., Jr., wanted to be a policeman or something tough and didn't think violins would make good blackjacks. Today, J. H. Abernethy, Jr., is an engineer, while his father has turned to the ministry and still makes violins. He has eighteen to his credit now, with enough wood on hand to keep him going for a couple of years.

Abernethy showed us the rare Alpine spruce and the Dalmatian maple, imported, which form the back and front of the violin. He pointed out the curl in the maple; he tapped the spruce with his fingers and we listened to the ring. The wood was honey-colored and sounded sweet and clear. "You have to be mighty careful," he said, "cutting on these woods. A slip might ruin a \$30 piece, and it's not so easy to get nowadays, with the war going on."

While we were visiting the violin maker, he brought out a chart, copied from a translation from the German in the Library of Congress, of the exact markings and measure-

ments of Stradivarius. The great master put these figures down in 1720, and it is from them that Abernethy now works, in 1941. The picture reveals the finished product, completely varnished; but only seeing the woods as they take shape reveals the delicate and gradual thinning of the wood as work proceeds from the center outward.

Abernethy admitted that he could not play the violin very well; but he knows a great deal about the tone values of wood. "North Carolina wood," he said, "is not seasoned enough. I've been thinking of going into your mountains for some white pine to test it out. I need the hardest variety available, with a fine distinct grain."

Abernethy amusingly remarked that he had got rid of sixteen of his eight-teen fiddles in various and sundry ways. "I swap 'em off for books, furniture, false teeth, anything valuable," he laughed. "Some I sell outright, but I'm not in the business for money. I make violins for the fun and the relaxation I get out of the work.

"On a rainy day, say a Monday, when preaching is over for awhile, 'I sit down and carve out a scroll.'"

"What instruments do you use!"

"Oh, a chisel, a plane, a scraper, and pieces of fine sandpaper. Anything to cut the wood with. I don't have a big workshop, just a side table, but I keep the beautiful pieces of wood locked in my bookcase." The scroll, of imported maple, is difficult to get exact on both sides, which makes its carving a fine piece of artistry in itself.

Abernethy's violins have been seen in Baltimore, in Portsmouth, in Bowl-

ing Green. This one, number 15, is owned by a Dr. Webb there. On the inside of the case Abernethy writes his name, as do all makers of violins. One violin is in Edgerton, one in Lovington, Va., two in Danville.

Abernethy related numerous instances of people bringing violins to him for repair. Oftentimes, he said, these violins which their owners regarded as priceless were really worth about three dollars! Machine-made instruments. Occasionally, however, a man will drop in, slap a violin on the table and ask him what it was worth. Maybe it would be a \$700 or \$800 violin. The point is, Abernethy indicated, most people can't tell a good one when they see it. Naturally, there is a great deal of fake advertising and spurious claims made.

But a good violin, if you examine it and know something of woods and of construction, is unmistakable, Abernethy concluded. "And if you're really interested in this art of making violins, there's nothing more intriguing. Once you get the 'bug,' you're a goner!"

Abernethy is a person vitally concerned with the work of the Church, and he has been pastor of Sledd Memorial Church in Danville since October, 1940. He relegates the art of violin making to idle hours, and uses his so-called "whittling" as a tonic for a tired mind or body. But he is not a person who likes publicity; he does not make violins on a commercial basis. He summed the whole thing up when he said:

"My violins may not be of any value to anybody else, but I like them myself."

The quality of the instrument made

by Abernethy has been proven by several dissriminating musicians. There, again, his hobby is not found wanting. You may fish all day and not

come back with anything but a big tale, but this man Abernethy gets beautiful and satisfying results making violins!

“We first make our habits, and then our habits make us.”

THE PIG THAT RANG THE BELL

By Ernestine B. Briggs, in *The Training School Echo*

One spring day in the middle of the seventeenth century, two horsemen were riding into Quebec. They were following a narrow path that paralleled the north bank of the St. Lawrence River. Suddenly one of them pulled up and said in a low tone to his companion, “Brother Chouart, aren’t those Iroquois canoes?”

The other horseman stopped, also, and followed his friend’s gesture. Around a bend in the river three canoes were approaching, loaded with Indian braves. Both men, who had been laughing and joking as they rode slowly along, looked suddenly grave.

Pierre Radisson continued to watch the approaching canoes. His brother-in-law, Medard Chouart, said, “I believe they’re Onondagas. But what in the world are they doing in Québec? None of the Iroquois have ever been friendly enough to come to Quebec on anything but war before.”

“Let’s find out. The governor will soon know what brought them here, and if it has anything to do with the fur trade, we’ll know, too,” and Rad-

isson smiled grimly. He and Chouart were thoroughly familiar with the woods, from which came the wealth on which New France was being slowly and painfully built, and both men had reason to know the treachery of the Iroquois. Radisson had been captured a few years before, when, as a youth of seventeen, he had ventured into the wilderness in pursuit of a deer. He had been tortured by the Mohawks, and had only escaped death when an old couple, who had lost their only son claimed him in that youth’s place. Twice he had tried to escape, and once he had been tortured a second time and condemned to death, from which he had been rescued by his forgiving foster parents. Chouart had lain concealed in the woods and watched the Iroquois put to death the Hurons and the Jesuit missionaries they had captured when they had devastated the land of that more peaceful tribe. He had been a servant of the Jesuits, and had returned to his home in Three Rivers with sickening tales of the ferocity of the Iroquois warriors.

Hence it was with unfriendly eyes that the two wood rangers watched the Indian canoes approach the shore and saw the warriors come on land. Radisson shook his head. "I hope the governor sends them on their way," he said. "I know those snakes. Whatever they have come for, the answer had better be, 'No'."

Radisson was correct in his surmise that he and Chouart would soon know the mission of the Indians. It was not three hours before both men were summoned to the office of the governor of New France. They found him greatly excited, and tremendously pleased.

"Come in, men, come in!" he shouted. "Good news!"

Chouart looked at his friend out of the corner of his eye. "Whenever did an Iroquois bear good news?" that look seemed to say. The governor was too exuberant to notice it.

Radisson looked at the three warriors standing by the table at which the governor sat. That was a chief—the tall one—Radisson had seen him once before, at Fort Orange, where the Dutch traded with the Iroquois for furs. The other two were relatives, no doubt, or at least influential men in the village from which this delegation had come.

"These—our friends—" continued the governor, smiling and extending a hand toward the impassive Indians, "have come the long journey from their village south of Lake Ontario to trade with us."

"Did they bring peltry, governor?" asked Chouart, skeptically.

"No, that is not their plan. They have a better one," and the governor

rubbed his hands together. "Let us talk with them, Jean," he summoned a Huron who had been baptized with the French name at a mission, and had as a lad been captured by the Iroquois and learned their language, and had later been rescued by the French and had been made an interpreter. "Come and tell our friends to repeat for these gentlemen the plan they have just laid before me."

While the chief repeated his long speech, and Jean listened gravely, the governor sat smiling at his woods rangers, and these two, in turn, watched the faces of the visitors.

"The great chief says," and Jean turned to Chouart and Radisson, "that they come from a village far away—too far from the white men at Fort Orange to carry furs there—and that they prefer, anyway, their French white brothers at Quebec. They are very friendly, he says, and want to live in peace with the French. Also, they need the goods of the French, and want to exchange for them the skins and furs they take in the woods. For those two reasons, to trade and to become good friends, they want the French to build a trading fort at their village south of Lake Ontario. There the western Iroquois can come to trade."

Again Chouart and Radisson exchanged that strange glance. This time the governor caught it, and the smile which had remained on his face throughout the interview suddenly faded.

"Well?"

Chouart looked at Radisson to answer, for the latter was the more experienced in Indian ways, and was no doubt the man whom the

governor would send to build that fort, should he decide to grant the request of the Onondagas.

"Your excellency," began Radisson, still looking at the Indians, "since when have the Onondagas been our friends? And for what reason have they suddenly decided to seek our friendship? When did they become so feeble and such old men that the journey to their friends at Fort Orange grew too long?"

The governor sprang to his feet. The Indians remained impassive, although Radisson's tone had been scornful enough to show them the drift of this answer.

"Pierre Radisson, I respect your knowledge of the woods, yes, even of the Indians, but New France needs these furs, it needs to regain the trade which for thirty years Fort Orange has been slowly and steadily draining from us. We need friends among all the tribes, and I believe these Onondages come in friendship. What could they hope to gain from us, unless it is the opportunity to exchange furs, of which they have too many, for knives and axes, beads and cloth and paint, all the things they want so badly and cannot make for themselves? If we build a strong fort and treat them well, there can be no danger."

"Do you know these Iroquois—Mohawks, Onondagas, Oneidas, Senecas, Cayugas—any of the five nations, excellency? Have you run the gauntlet while they clubbed you, as I have, lived with them prisoner until you hated the very sight and smell of a redskin, lain in the woods and heard the cries of the tortured as Medard has? There is no faith in

them, no friendship in their hearts. My answer—if you are asking for an answer—is 'No.'"

Radisson looked suddenly very tired. The governor tried to hide his anger, but failed. Radisson thought he detected a faint amusement in the faces of the visitors.

Chouart leaned across the table, his hands flat on the surface. His eyes were fixed on the governor, who had sat down again.

"Excellency, will you let me tell you a story? I heard it long ago, when I first came to New France. It seems to me a story it might be well to remember now."

Chouart walked over to the window, and stood looking down at the houses below, and far away at the river.

"Quebec isn't so old that we have forgotten who founded it—nor have our friends here—" and he whirled and looked savagely at the chief. "In 1608 Champlain—" and he smiled grimly at the change that flashed across the copper face—"came to New France with only a handful of men—stout, brave, adventurers—and built this town. He built it to trade with the Algonquins. But before he could trade with them, he had to take a little journey into the wilderness. And I think our Iroquois friends remember that journey even better than we do.

"These Onondagas and their brothers of the Iroquois confederation have always been murderers, thieves, savages—" the governor lifted a warning hand, but if the Indians understood the words, they gave no sign. "All those things, they were forty years ago, and are today. They raided the lands of the peaceful Hurons, destroy-

ed them, they came every summer up the St. Lawrence and killed the Algonquins, at last asked Champlain to help defend their villages, but Champlain, who had perhaps breathed too deeply of the bracing air of New France, matched that request with a plan to invade the lands of the brave Iroquois. He took them gunfire, which they had never seen, and killed or took prisoner the hundreds who came to fight him. It was a gay adventure for Champlain, but the Iroquois still remember. And now that they have plenty of guns from the Dutch, perhaps they think it time that their ancestors, who died in that fight, rest in peace."

The governor looked sternly at Chouart, and then turned to Radisson who stood silently beside him.

"New France had paid for forty years for Champlain's little escape," he said, heavily. "The only good that came out of it was the friendship of the Algonquins, but the enmity of the Iroquois was a heavy price. But if it takes half the men in Quebec, we will build that trading post. Radisson, you will choose twenty men to take with you, men who can fight, who know the woods and know furs, and twenty laborers to help build the fort, and to return in the fall. Make a list of the provisions, ammunition, trade goods, and other things you need—an ample list, for we are counting on great things from this post. Jean, tell our friends their request will be granted. That I am sending men at once to build a fort, and that when cold weather comes and the furs are good, there will be a post ready where they can trade. Tell them we

will choose our own location, and that we will see our friends again soon. Also go to the storehouse where they will be given many gifts to take back to their people."

Jean repeated the statements, elaborating them for the gratification of the visitors, and interpreted the answer of the chief.

"He says thanks to the white chief, and that he goes now to his village to make great preparations for welcoming the servants of the great chief of New France." But Radisson and Chouart paid no attention to the gibe in the words of the Indian chief. Their hearts were heavy as they left the governor and made their way along the narrow streets to the home of Chouart, who had married Radisson's sister, Marguerite, and was his sworn "brother." Radisson made his list in silence, while Chouart and Marguerite watched him. The command of the expedition to build the fort seemed to them almost a death sentence, for even an experienced ranger like Radisson, who knew the woods, and the savages, as well as any man, could scarcely hope to outwit the great number of men the Iroquois could summon to fight. They felt there was more than a desire for a trading post behind this visit.

By June the expedition was ready and had sailed up the St. Lawrence in many canoes, carrying arms, food, tools, trading goods, and other necessities. The journey was a quiet one, although Radisson insisted on careful guard both day and night. Late in the month they reached the village of the Onondagas, where they were warmly welcomed and feasted. The fort was built under the interested

but apparently merely curious scrutiny of the Indian braves. Since it was summer the women were too busy growing food and caring for their idle men and their children to spend much time watching the white workers. It no doubt seemed queer to them to see men so industrious, but they did not express these thoughts to their husbands.

When September came, and the first frosts, the fort was ready. It had been well constructed, for Radisson had seen to that. It was built not only to accommodate comfortably the men who lived in it and the Indians who came to trade, but could also, in case of necessity, be used as an almost impregnable fort to fight from. The watchful Indians no doubt realized this, as Radisson reflected when he saw them sitting on the ground in a ring entirely around the building, while the white men hastily erected the strong outer wall.

At first only a few furs were brought in, but as the cold weather closed in, and hunting became better the Indians brought great loads to the French trading post. Radisson thought that perhaps the governor had been right, after all. It was hard to think of all this wealth going to the Dutch at New Amsterdam, who had been so successful in weaning away the fur trade of the Indians from the French. All went well until early in the spring, when the first warm breezes began to fan the flag of New France that flew from the little wilderness fort. One day Radisson saw an Indian brave take a handful of beads from the keg in the storeroom without offering to pay

for them. Another day he saw another brave succeed in taking a knife from the storeroom. On both occasions he thought it best to remain silent, but he put more men on duty in the storeroom when it was open for trading. But the little incidents made him vaguely uneasy. Things had gone too well. It was not like the Iroquois to be so friendly with their traditional enemies. Surely something was brewing—something was yet in store for the French.

Radisson was never sure whether it was an old enmity or whether it was merely a feeling of the foolish-exchange for goods that could be taken so easily, that prompted the attack that was finally made on the post. He was awakened one night by the guard, that, in spite of apparent peace, he had always insisted on posting. The Indians, it seemed, were surrounding the fort. All the braves were there, and possibly even others from neighboring villages. There had been no attempt to enter the fort. The Indians had simply taken up their posts in the woods that encircled the fort and were waiting. There were only a handful of white men in the fort, but each of them was an able fighter. There was in the heart of every one of them, however, an almost certain knowledge of the futility of hoping to escape.

One day went by, two, three, four, and the Indians made no attempt to enter the fort. Radisson remembered how carefully they had watched it go up, and knew why they resisted the temptation to attack it. On the fifth day, three of the traders appeared on the wall, and asked what it was their red brothers wanted?

Was it more goods for their furs? But they had been paid as much, or more, than they would have received from the Dutch. Was it an opportunity to trade? Then let them come into the fort, three or four at a time, with their furs, and their white brothers would gladly trade.

But the Indians were not to be trapped. Neither were they to be ridiculed, as they soon showed, for, without any verbal answer, they fired at the traders with guns which the Dutch had given them for furs. Radisson and three others quickly carried the wounded men down into the fort and cared for them. The attack had been so unexpected that there had been no opportunity to escape the bullets. But wounded men made the outcome even more certain. Strong, able, woodsmen might have eluded the Indians and escaped at night, but to attempt to take wounded ones along meant certain capture for all. The others refused even to listen to the demand of the wounded traders that they be left in the fort, while their companions escaped, should the opportunity offer.

Radisson watched the Indians through a loophole.

"The black-hearted savages!" he raged. "As sure of us as that, are you! Save your own hides, because you know we can't live forever on what food and water we have. Just waiting for us to come out or die here, and either way you'll have your furs back, and our goods, and a good strong stockade, as well." He could not quite resist an admiration for his enemies, however. The Iroquois, whatever one could say about their methods, were great fighters.

The traders had been held prisoners in their fort for more than a week when a fierce spring storm swept the lake. The Indians left guards and retired to their village, from which they would return when the heavy rains and winds were over. Radisson watched them withdraw before darkness settled completely over the woods. A good chance to escape, if it had not been for the wounded men, but even without them, they could not go far before morning would come, and the Indians would discover their flight. Then, only a matter of hours and they would all be enduring the torture their captors delighted in. It seemed hopeless to expect rescue, but Radisson had lived too long by his wits, and among savages, not to be able to hope for the impossible.

"How are the supplies holding out, Robert?" he asked the trader who had charge of provisions. Robert grinned.

"We're almost down to Nicolette," he answered, ruefully.

Nicolette was a pig, who had been held in reserve for the time when all other food should be gone. She had become quite a pet with the men, who had taught her to follow them about. Radisson often said that he did not think the men could bring themselves to eat Nicolette.

He smiled. Nicolette would make a savory feast, but perhaps it was not yet time to think of that. With such a sumptuous dish available, one could tighten one's belt for many days.

Etienne passed to ring the bell for evening devotions. While the fort had no priest, it had been promised one any day, and Radisson had maintained strict observance of the routine followed in the missions. The bell tolled

mournfully, rocked by the heavy wind, and Radisson sat listening to its echoes fade away. Suddenly he sprang up.

"Etienne!" he called.

Etienne appeared in the doorway of the little chapel.

"Call Robert and some of the other men at once," went on Radisson, excitedly.

Etienne stared, but complied. Robert came running.

"What is it, m'sieur?"

Radisson had caught Nicolette, and called, "Get me a long rope, Robert—quickly!"

Robert said hastily, "Yes, yes, m'sieur."

He brought the rope, and Radisson tied it around Nicolette's neck, then made it fast to the bell rope in the chapel. As Nicolette walked, grunting in indignant protest, the bell tolled. Etienne and Robert still stood staring at Radisson as if they feared the days and nights of worry had somehow affected his reasoning.

Chouart entered the chapel. Unlike the two men watching Radisson, he understood almost at once.

"Pierre, might have known we could trust you not to let those Indians outwit us. Yet—" and his face fell—"They will soon see there are no soldiers in the fort, even if the bell tolls."

Radisson was deep in thought. Then his face crinkled in laughter.

"That, too, I have thought of. But now I have a plan. Look in the little room at the left of the chapel. There are large pieces of wood there—just right for the big fireplace in the storeroom. Take some of the coats and hats from the storeroom and

dress up those sticks of wood. Then station them at the loopholes—not too many, mind. Just four or five, and put them where we are accustomed to stand guard the most."

The men hurried off to follow his directions, and Radisson chuckled. He would not allow himself to think of the danger ahead or the problems yet unsolved. It was enough that he had, temporarily, at least, outwitted the Indians—those inhumanly patient savages who had squatted outside the walls for so long waiting for their delayed revenge.

Quickly the wooden dummies were dressed and placed around the outer wall. While Robert and Etienne worked at this, and Nicolette found that protest was of no avail, and settled down to sleep, the canoes were loaded and the door which opened toward the lake was carefully and quietly unfastened and opened. There were no guards on this side, for the rain was still coming down in torrents and the Indians, thinking their prisoners safe enough had huddled under the trees to keep from being wholly drenched. Very carefully the canoes were placed in the water, the wounded men were carried out and made as comfortable as possible in them, and the little cavalcade drifted away, having first closed and fastened the door to leave no sign of their flight.

When the canoes were far down the river, the wind, still blowing hard but with less of its original fury, brought the clear note of the chapel bell in the fort.

Someone sighed. "I hate to think of those Indians feasting on Nicolette," he said.

Radisson laughed.

"Poor Nicolette!" he answered. "But think, men, what a tale to tell around winter campfires in the years to come!"

It was a week before the Indians grew conscious of the fact that the chapel bell, which had been so regular in sounding the hours for devotions in the months since the fort had been built, was now ringing at queer intervals. Too, the sentries they

could glimpse through the loopholes were strangely motionless! When they became suspicious that their prisoners had fled, and broke into the fort, they found only a few knives and kettles, and a half keg of beads, for the food had been eaten, and the wily Frenchmen had carried with them both arms and pelts. Only Nicolette and the wooden dummies remained to welcome them.

—:—

"Life is a flower of which love is the honey."

—:—

THE PEACE OF TASHAR

(Selected)

Sandharim was the prince, heir to the throne, whose father, the king, had died at the head of his army. Upon the mother, Tashar, fell the task of training the new prince for the troubled land.

Tashar was a wise woman, and as kind as she was good. One day Sandharim was playing with his brothers in the courtyard beneath the window where Tashar was weaving a beautiful golden rug. The rug was the most beautiful that the hands of mankind had ever woven, and they called it, "The rug of the noble life," so peaceful was its design, so full of harmony in color, so soft the fullness of its deep wool.

As Tashar was weaving, she listened to her sons at play. When their play was gentle and full of kindness, her heart was full of joy, and her weaving was nigh unto miraculous. But when bitterness came to her on

the wings of angry words, then darkness overshadowed her heart, and slowed her fingers, and dimmed the colors of the wool she wove.

One evening Tashar's sons came running gleefully to her side to see the golden rug. The colors ran gayly on like meadows of beautiful flowers. It was a picture of peace and joy, and Sandharim and his brothers clapped their hands and danced together, singing the peace song of their people:

O lovely are the words of peace,
Gay wings of butterflies,
Gay song of bird.

O lovely are the words of peace,
Wherever they are heard.

On another day, Sandharim and his brothers came slowly to see the golden rug. There was ugliness in their hearts, for they had quarreled bitterly, and had fought over so small a

thing as a handful of beads. Tashar received them in silence, and with heavy heart, for she had heard all, and her fingers trembled at her weaving.

Sandharim stood close by his mother's right hand, and as he looked upon the golden rug his eyes darkened, and he leaned forward to see closer. The day's work was so terribly ugly that he cried in dismay. "The rug is ruined!" he exclaimed. "Yesterday it was so beautiful, so full of joy, and today it is rags—full of broken things!"

"Aye," replied Tashar, "today is full of broken things. Can a butterfly be torn apart, my son, and still be a messenger for the flowers? Does not an arrow forever still the lovely song of a bird? Yesterday was beautiful, and will forever remain so; today is ugly, and its ugliness can never be changed."

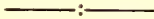
"Never?" cried Sandharim. "You have but to unravel these yarns, my mother, and do your work once more to make today's work as beautiful!"

Tashar lifted her eyes and smiled sadly. "How little you know, my son," she said. "Even if I unraveled these yarns, and drew into their places the most beautiful thoughts in the whole world, would not the ugliness that once existed remain in your heart and

mine? Here in this golden rug is the ugliness of the quarrel in the courtyard below—the hateful words, the poisoned glances, the tight fingers, the heavy blows—all these are woven into the work of today, and must remain so forever."

At these words Sandharim rose to his true greatness. "Let it be so," he said. "Today is today, but tomorrow is another day, with another task and another beauty of its own. My brothers," he said, turning to the scowling boys beside him, "I was wrong! And because I am older, I should have led you in gentleness and peace. I was cruel, but I shall be kind. Forgive me! Tomorrow you shall have the golden beads, and more." And with the grace of one winning a great victory, Sandharim kissed the cheeks of his brothers, and his mother's forehead.

When the sons had gone, Tashar wept with joy. There was a song on her lips as she drew forth yarns of the most lovely colors for the morrow's work. The ugly spot on the golden rug she buried deeply with the yarns of beautiful colors in the glories of the days that followed. And though to this day you will have to search to find the ugly spot, it is there to give counsel in the hour of the angry word.



Life is a magic vase filled to the brim; so made that you cannot dip or draw from it, but it overflows into the hand that drops treasures into it. Drop in malice and it overflows hate; drop in charity and it overflows love.—John Ruskin.

THE UPLIFT

INSTITUTION NOTES

"A Chump at Oxford," a United Artists production, was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show at the School last Thursday night.

—:—

The contractors are working at the auditorium, reconstructing accoustical conditions and installing a ventilation system. This will be a great improvement, and will add much to the pleasure of those attending Sunday services, motion picture shows and all other programs presented there.

—:—

The boys on some of the outside forces have been helping thresh lespepedeza seed. This hay was gathered from a field that had yielded a fine crop of oats. The combine used in this work belonged to a Concord operator. Our farm manager reports that the job is completed and that 30,000 pounds of fine, clean seed was realized.

—:—

Some of the outside forces are now gathering sweet potatoes. The crop is much larger than was anticipated. During the time when these potatoes should have been cultivated, adverse weather conditions made it impossible for the workers to get on the fields, and a fine crop of grass and weeds resulted, which had to be cleared away before the digging started. Much to our surprise these potatoes, like Topsy, in Uncle Tom's Cabin, "just growed," and a fairly good crop is being gathered. As we looked over the fields after extremely dry periods, and again following long rainy

"spells," we sadly said good-bye to all ideas of sweet potato pies, candied yams, etc., but now we have hopes of enjoying those delicacies in the near future.

—:—

If any of our readers should hear of a lot of stiff necks at the School, they can just blame it on Uncle Sam, for during most of the week, bombers, fighters and most all other types of airplanes were seen going over the School, and when the roaring motors were heard, groups of boys—and we might add—several of the grown-ups, could be seen eagerly gazing skyward, watching with much interest the courses of the flyers. Another feature attraction to these "rubber-neckers" was the passing of hundreds of army trucks along the highway. All this unusual amount of traffic by air and by land is due to the fact that several hundred thousand members of the United States Army and Air Corps are engaged in war maneuvers in nearby sections of North and South Carolina, the greatest in the history of the country.

—:—

We were very glad to hear from Doy Hagwood, formerly a member of the printing class, who left the School, December 29, 1925, returning to his home in Henderson, where he entered the public school and continued his studies until graduating from high school. He is now thirty-two years old, is married, and has been living in New York for several years, where he operates a drug store.

Our source of information was none

other than this young man's mother, who was visiting friends in Concord the first of the week. Mrs. Hagwood said that she just had to come out and tell us that Doy had certainly made good since leaving us. She further stated that if the Jackson Training School had never done anything else, the fact that it had made such a fine young man of her boy, would more than justify its continued existence. While she only had time for a brief visit, she said she could not drive past the place without stopping to let us know how proud she was of her son and express her gratitude to those of the staff members who had any part in the training he received here.

--:--

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Hebrews 12:1-20. He began his message to the boys by saying that the Hebrews, to whom the words just read were written, were familiar with the scenes described. Of course we realize that they could appreciate a cloud of witnesses, such as the apostle Paul referred to in the opening verse of the chapter just read, as he exhorted them to "run with patience the race that is set before us." We of today can imagine what he meant should we be at a great football stadium where as many as 50,000 pairs of eyes are fixed on one scene. Surely this could be called a cloud of witnesses.

In this great race of life our struggles for victory will put us on the winning side only if we know how to approach and deal with the problems of life. Many people are greatly handicapped by worldly things. We know that a great number of them are taking things in the race of life in a way that God never intended for them to be taken. The Greeks of olden times were great athletes and their object was to take as little into their campaigns as possible, that they might not be unnecessarily hampered in the struggle. We, too, must run with patience the race that is set before us. We must lay aside all unnecessary things if we are going to truly serve God and be true worshippers of Him. We must cast aside all sinful desires. The only way we can win in the great race of life is to look to Jesus, the author and founder of all things, for guidance. As we today press forward to greater goals and greater heights we must not lose sight of Jesus.

If it pleases God to make the cup of salvation bitter, we should not complain. We should not be eager to avoid the hardships of life, for it was through hardships that Jesus was made perfect. It is our Christian duty to prepare ourselves for the trials and temptations of life. We cannot expect to enjoy the good things unless we are willing to undergo hardships. If we, like the Grecian athletes, are willing to make sacrifices, we are bound to win many great victories.

"Hope of ill gain is the beginning of loss."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

NOTE: The figure following a boy's name indicates the total number of mes he has been on Cottage Honor Roll since June 1, 1941.

Week Ending October 19, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen 18
 Wade Aycoth 18
 Carl Barrier 18
 John Hogsed
 Edward Moore 11
 William O'Brien 16
 Weaver F. Ruff 18
 Fred Stewart 14
 Charles Wootton 12

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser 4
 N. A. Bennett 9
 Lloyd Callahan 14
 Everett Case 8
 William Cook 14
 Doris Hill 10
 Leonard Robinson 4
 Kenneth Tipton 14

COTTAGE NO. 2

Herbert Branch
 Bernice Hoke 6
 Melvin Stines
 Peter Tuttle 3
 Clarence Wright 4

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey 16
 Robert Coleman 14
 Kenneth Conklin 7
 Jack Crofts 8
 Robert Hare 15
 Jerry Jenkins 19
 Jack Lemley 7
 William T. Smith 13
 Wayne Sluder 16
 John Tolley 17
 Jerome Wiggins 19
 James Williams 13

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver 16
 Plummer Boyd 7
 Aubrey Fargis 13
 Donald Hobbs 12
 William Morgan 15

J. W. McRorie 12
 George Speer 11
 John Whitaker 5
 Woodrow Wilson 11
 Thomas Yates 12

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles 19
 Allen Morris 6
 Roy Pruitt 6
 Fred Tolbert 9

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood 11
 Frank Fargis 4
 Earl Hoyle 3
 Robert Hobbs 12
 Gerald Kermon 6
 Durwood Martin 5
 James Parker 9
 Reitzel Southern 9
 Emerson Sawyer 5
 Houston Turner 7
 William Wilkerson 3

COTTAGE NO. 7

Arnold McHone 12

COTTAGE NO. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9

Leonard Church
 David Cunningham 16
 Riley Denny 8
 James Hale 15
 Edgar Hedgepeth 19
 Grady Kelly 16
 Marvin Matheson 15
 Lloyd Mullis 14
 William Nelson 20
 Lewis B. Sawyer 14
 Horace Williams 14

COTTAGE NO. 10

Roy Barnett 6
 Amon Dryman 6
 Jack Evans 3
 Marvin Gautier 8

Robert Hamm
 Arcemias Hefner 19
 Jack Harward 15
 Charles Phillips 11
 Robert Stevens 9
 James Speer 4
 Jack Warren 14
 Joseph Willis 8

COTTAGE NO. 11

Charles Frye 16
 Earl Hildreth 20
 Henry Smith 6
 Canipe Shoe 14
 William Wilson 13

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock 14
 Ernest Brewer 12
 Jack Bright 14
 Leroy Childers 2
 William Deaton 16
 Treley Frankum 18
 Eugene Hefner 13
 Marvin Howard
 Tillman Lyles 11
 Daniel McPhail 12
 James Mondie 12
 Simon Quick 7
 Charles Simpson 18
 Jesse Smith 17
 George Tolson 13
 Carl Tindall 8
 J. R. Whitman 15
 Eugene Watts 14
 Roy Womack 14

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer 16
 Thomas Fields 4
 Vincent Hawes 14
 James Johnson 7

James Lane 9
 Rufus Nunn 5
 Randall Peeler 16
 Fred Rhodes 9
 Alex Shropshire 6
 Charles Sloan 3
 Ray Smith 4

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker 20
 William Butler 15
 Robert Deyton 20
 Henry Ennis 12
 Audie Farthing 17
 Henry Glover 12
 John Hamm 16
 William Harding 14
 Marvin King 18
 Feldman Lane 20
 William Lane 14
 Roy Mumford 16
 Glenn McCall 18
 John Maples 18
 Charles McCoy 17
 John Robbins 14
 Charles Steepleton 17
 J. C. Willis 16

COTTAGE NO. 15

Horace Deese
 Marvin Pennell 7

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 11
 Frank Chavis 16
 Cecir Jacobs 16
 James Johnson 13
 John T. Lowry 14
 Leroy Lowry 15
 Varcy Oxendine 12
 Louis Stafford 11

Many discoveries have been accidents—the result of stumbling on one thing while searching for another. But no one ever stumbled while standing still. So we feel that unintelligent motion is more to be desired than intelligent standing still.—Ketterly.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD N. C., NOVEMBER 1, 1941

No. 44

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THANATOPSIS

So live that when thy summons comes to
join

The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall
take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—William Cullen Bryant.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last rays of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue,
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seekest thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou art gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—William Cullen Bryant.

NAVY DAY

One hundred and sixty-six years ago this month, the American Navy was founded by act of a half-scared, half-bold Continental Congress. The colonies won freedom—but not on the seas. Their ships were stopped and crewmen impressed.

“I think nature wiser than all the courts,” wrote exasperated John Adams in 1783, “therefore, I wish all her seas and rivers upon the whole globe free.”

Later, President Adams built up the Navy, defied both powers and pirates. The matchless tradition of the Navy’s first captain, John Paul Jones, lived again in heroes like Perry, Preble, Decatur and Hull. The Naval Academy was founded (1845) in that tradition. American gunnery, seamanship and ship design won world respect. Steam power changed the rules of naval warfare, and the World War brought problems of contraband and blockade. But President Wilson demanded: “absolute freedom of navigation—alike in peace and war.”

Another war—another President, a few weeks ago said: “No nation has the right to make the broad oceans unsafe for the commerce of others.”—Charlotte Observer.

* * * * *

DANIEL BOONE

Daniel Boone, noted American hunter and pioneer, was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, November 2, 1735. When he was eighteen years old his family moved to North Carolina, and from here he made many hunting trips into the heart of the wilderness; and in 1769, with five others, he set out to explore the border regions of Kentucky. Halting for several months on the Red River, a branch of the Kentucky River, Boone and a companion named Stewart were captured by the Indians, but soon escaped. They were re-captured, and this time Stewart was killed, but Boone managed to get away. His brother who had been traveling with him, went back to North Carolina and Daniel was left alone with no support or defense except his rifle. Some years later, he attempted to lead a band of settlers into Kentucky, they having been cut off by the Indians.

He finally erected a fort on the Kentucky River, which he called Boonesborough. After many other adventures, he was captured by

the Indians and taken to Detroit. He soon gained favor with his captors, and was adopted into one of their families. Learning of a proposed attack upon Boonesborough, he escaped. Reaching the fort within five days, he was able to repel his former captors. In 1792, Kentucky was admitted into the Union, and, having no proper title to his property, he gave it up and retired into the forests of Missouri, where he became commandant of the Femme Osage district, not far from St. Louis. Because of his many public services, a tract of land was given him by Congress, in 1812. He died at Charrette, Missouri, September 21, 1820, and now lies buried at Frankfort, Kentucky.

* * * * *

EDUCATED HANDS

Governor J. Melville Broughton congratulated the orphanages of the state at the recent meeting of North Carolina Orphanage Workers on the fact that they were educating the hands of the boys and girls. He noted the fact that provision was made in the North Carolina school curricula for vocational training and pledges his administration to carry forward that type of work. During the past ten years and more we have cried aloud against a school system that was arranged for a very small percent of the boys and girls of the state. The school people at long last are beginning to recognize the fact that there are other types of mind than the one for whom all of the school system is arranged. We are glad to see this recognition. We have long contended that there was as much real culture to be had from a live plant root as from the root of a dead word. We have never advocated discarding the classical studies. We think an opportunity for a classical education should be continued but after all those classical scholars have to eat and some one must furnish bread and meat. We are glad that Governor Broughton is throwing his great influence on the side of the practical and that we are to recognize the ability to do things with the hands. We visited the Boone Forge in Spruce Pine recently. Mr. Wade Boone, fifth generation from Daniel Boone, is proprietor of the Forge. He spent one year in college. That was all but he spent that year as a professor and not as a pupil. He is making all of the hardware for Williamsburg, Virginia. He has educated hands. Daniel Boone in Burnsville,

brother of Wade Boone, is another expert who could go to a college as a professor in the fine art of making things of wrought iron.

—Charity & Children.

* * * * *

A MAN OF VISION

The quotation, "where there is no vision, the people perish," is as old as the Holy Writ, therefore, familiar to all and universally quoted. There is quite a difference between a visionary person and one who has a vision and works to the end to develop the same. There are times when it takes constant thinking, day and night, along with an output of money and energy before the goal is reached. Nothing is realized from the efforts of the visionary individual but the familiar "air castles," while a person of vision thinks straight through a project and eventually the dream of a lifetime is realized.

By means of a grape-vine communication we have caught echoes of a movement to raise funds with which to build a gymnasium at the Hartsell High School, for the benefit of the young people who attend that institution. The principal and the Parent-Teacher Association are working constantly to get the entire citizenship of that textile unit, on the highway leading from Concord to Charlotte, interested in this project, and we predict that when the mill officials understand just what physical education means to the young people of their community, the vision of a modern gymnasium will be realized.

The report from the government as to the large percentage of our soldiers being debarred from service on account of physical defects, is sufficient reason for the public to look after the welfare of our young people. There is less waste of time in the class-rooms if children are physically fit, and we commend the principal of the Hartsell School and the members of the P-T-A, for the vision they hold, and predict that defeat will not follow if they keep hammering away until the goal is reached, or their philanthropic dream is realized. Keep in mind, teachers of this fine school in the midst of a splendid textile unit, that "where there is no vision, the people perish." Failure never follows on the trail of those who work for so worthy a cause—the salvaging of the frail bodies of youths who do not have half the chance of their stronger contemporaries. The pow-

er of little things to give happiness in life should be deeply stressed. A happy, healthy child usually makes a fine citizen.

* * * * *

CONCORD ENTERTAINS ROYALLY

The city of Concord has had her share of visiting soldiers for several past week-ends, and she has risen to the emergency most satisfactorily. The young men in khaki uniforms have been given beds and meals and in every way possible made to feel they had fallen into the hands of friends.

There was an unexpected crowd of soldiers one week-end, thirteen hundred, three hundred more than were expected, but local men and women phoned to homes of the city for sleeping quarters, and the response was cheerful and generous. It is a known fact that as late as midnight many homes were opened to welcome these young men in our midst. They came from all states of the Union and were received and given the best rooms in these homes. The citizens of Concord were royal in their entertainment and their hospitality was graciously received. The general expression from the soldiers was to the effect that never before had they been given such courteous treatment. Furthermore, they expressed themselves as firmly believing that "Southern hospitality really existed.

There have been not less than three thousand soldiers to visit Concord during the past month and they received many courtesies. They came to us, we hope not to prepare for the battlefields of Europe, but wherever they go they will carry pleasant memories of their stay in Concord. All of them were strangers within our gates and we received them gladly. One always feels better to have done the nice thing. The churches, the schools, and the civic organizations have united with one purpose in view, which is to keep up the morale of our soldiers who stand ready to answer the call to action in defense of democracy. Realizing that the soldiers drafted for service come from every walk of life, Concord as a unit rose to the occasion in a manner that made the young men most comfortable and happy.

BIRTHDAY OF THE NAVY OCTOBER 27

(Selected)

One hundred and sixty-six years ago a committee of three men, John Adams, Silas Dean and John Langdon purchased the merchant ship *Black Prince* of Philadelphia. Renamed the *Alfred*, this vessel had the distinction of being the first ship in the United States Navy. These men were appointed by Congress, through the efforts of George Washington, as a Naval Committee responsible for the purchase of two vessels. An original appropriation of \$100,000 was increased several days later, making possible the purchase of four ships in all—the latter three named the *Columbus*, *Cabot* and *Andrew Doria*.

The date October 27, on which Congress in 1775 acted to establish our Navy, is celebrated annually as Navy Day. The purposes of Navy Day are to pay a deserved tribute to the splendid service the men of the Navy have rendered in making and keeping us a nation and to better inform the American people of what our Navy is and does for them. When originally chosen, October 27 marked not only one of the most important dates in U. S. Naval history, but also the birth date of Theodore Roosevelt whose life was devoted to furthering a sound naval policy for the United States.

In its earlier days the history of our Navy was a turbulent one. During the revolutionary period 73 vessels of all descriptions were used, but through sale, capture and destruction only one was left in 1785 and during that year

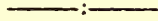
Congress abolished the Navy, leaving the burden of the protection of our country in the hands of an army of only 80 men. In 1794 our Navy was revived by a Congressional Act authorizing the construction of several frigates to deal with the Algerine pirates and the first U. S. Navy Department was established four years later. One of these new frigates purchased as a result of this act of 1794 was the *Constitution*—with the *Constellation*, United States, President, Congress and Chesapeake making up a Navy which, through successful encounters with French cruisers and privateers, established an enviable reputation for itself. In 1801 a series of engagements with the Barbary states and the ensuing treaties rendered commerce in the Mediterranean safe from attack and ended the payment of tribute by Americans.

The outstanding performances of our Navy and privateers during the War of 1812 insured freedom of the seas for our commerce and further increased our national prestige abroad.

The effective work of the Navy during the World War is still fresh in the minds of most of us. The astonishing fact that no American soldier escorted by the U. S. Navy lost his life in transit across the Atlantic amazed even those in the highest positions of authority.

All American foreign relations, all American participation in the life of

the community of nations must find its expression through traffic on the seas. Ships, both commercial and naval, are the means of giving effective outlet to America's right to participate in international trade and politics.



WHAT IS MAN?

Man's estimate of man is revealed by the epithets applied to him. He may be one or more of fifty things, as follows:

We call a man a beast when he appears to lay aside ordinary intelligence.

A brute when he seems to divorce himself from all moral qualities.

Beef when his avoirdupois is more prominent than his mental faculties.

Pork when he tries to get everything for himself to the detriment of others.

A skunk when guilty of shameful and malicious treatment of others.

A snake (in the grass) when lying in wait to do harm.

A rattlesnake when quick to injure without cause.

A viper when taking an unfair and mortal advantage.

A mule when showing particular stubbornness.

A jackass when acting as though entirely devoid of common sense.

A horse when especially strong in body.

An elephant or a whale when exceptionally large in body.

—Religious Telescope.

THE MAN WHO MADE PROTESTANTISM AND LUTHERANISM

By Dr. Basil W. Miller

The age was vibrant with great things. A new continent had been discovered. The world had just been encircled. The printing press had been in operation for a short while. A young man, clad in the clothes of a monk, from the dreary regions of Germany, on his knees is ascending the steps of a cathedral. Rome is the city, and St. Peter's is the cathedral, which through centuries had been the heart of Catholicism. Every faithful Catholic dreamed of the day when he should so visit this cathedral. While the monk was thus climbing the stairs, a voice which was destined to be heard through the ages rang in his heart. "The just shall live by faith." The year 1511 became the pivot of the Christian centuries.

The young monk was Martin Luther, born in Eisleben, Germany, November 10, 1483. His father was a miner, a hardworking, God-fearing man. The father intended that Martin should be a lawyer, but God aimed that he should be the father of Protestantism in general, and the founder of the Lutheran Church. In school the young man was successful, and graduated from the University of Erfurt as a "Master of Arts" in 1505. The same year he entered the Augustinian monastery in Erfurt. His soul longed for rest and through a diligent study of the Bible he became convinced that this peace would come not through outward works, but from God. In 1511 the voice of God sounded

the message of faith. In 1512 he became a Doctor of Theology.

Again, the sound of a tack hammer is heard, as the young man nails ninety-five "theses" to the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg. These theses propose a discussion of the sale of indulgences, whereby one might buy the privileges of sin and forgiveness. The pounding of the little hammer on October 31, 1517, reverberates throughout all the nations. It shakes the throne of the Pope in Rome, destroys the foundation of Catholicism, and calls forth Protestantism.

The battle was on. The pope tried to stop his mouth with gold, but the word was sent back that "the babler does not know the value of gold." The Diet of Worms was called to destroy Luther's books—for the young monk had been active in writing, especially the book "The Babylonish Captivity of the Church," an indictment of the papal system and to bring him to judgment. A short while before the calling of the diet, the pope had issued an order, or bull, condemning Luther. The brave father of Protestantism publicly burned it.

Luther became the hero of the hour. His friends urged him not to attend the diet, but he answered, "I am determined to enter Worms, although as many devils set on me as there are tiles on the housetops." Needless to say he went, and his defense stands as a classic.

Late on a spring afternoon—April 18, 1521—Luther arose before the assembly which held the power of life and death over him. The hour was electric. Would he retract his writings? Would he seek the refuge of the Church and live? He cried out, "Unless I am convinced by Scripture and reason, I neither can, nor dare retract anything; for my conscience is a captive to the Word of God, and it is neither safe nor right to go against conscience. There I take my stand. I cannot do otherwise. So help me God. Amen." It was too late to turn back.

All the venom of the pope, and the hatred of his cohorts were centered against Luther. In the castle of Wartburg he hid for safety. Here he translated the Bible into German, which today remains the standard German edition. Here he met the devil, and even today one is shown the room in the castle where he stained the walls with ink, from the ink-well thrown at his satanic majesty.

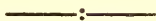
Events transpired with racing rapidity. Churches were founded. National sections took up the new doctrines. The Creed of Augsburg, with the aid

of a friend, Melancthon, was written. In 1530 it was presented to the Emperor. In 1555 the Lutherans were recognized as religious bodies with equal liberties and rights with Roman Catholics.

In the midst of these stirring turmoils Luther found time to pray several hours each day. He wrote numerous books, liturgies, creeds, hymns and letters. It was through the reading of Luther's "Preface to Romans" that Wesley was converted.

The monument which has been raised up to honor the memory of Luther is the entire body of Protestantism. He is its father. Most directly Martin Luther will be remembered as the man who made Lutheranism. In our one group of Christendom alone there are over eighty million Christians. The doctrine of Luther we hold, "justification by faith." We recite his creed, the Augsburg Confession. We teach his "Shorter Catechism" to our children.

Luther, "the man who made Protestantism," is greater than any sect of the Church. He belongs to the world, and his name will be sounded through the ages.



There is nothing more beautiful than a rainbow, but it takes both rain and sunshine to make a rainbow. If life is to be rounded and many-colored like the rainbow, both joy and sorrow must come to it. Those who have never known anything but prosperity and pleasure become hard and shallow, but those whose prosperity has been mixed with adversity become kind and generous.—Exchange.

50,000 PARADE FOR SPIRITUAL DEFENSE

(Selected)

Thousands of men, women and children marched through the centre of Philadelphia recently in a two-hour "Spiritual Defense Parade" dramatizing the need for religious strength in a distraught world.

An unregimented army, the members of more than 1,000 Protestant congregations gave a spontaneous impressive display of their loyalty to the Christian teachings.

Bands, Boy Scout troops and veterans' organizations by the dozens paced the march—but more typical were the thousands of civilian clad men, knee-trousered boys and mothers pushing baby coaches.

It was a people's parade, and the martial anthem heard most often as it moved down Broad st. from Girard ave, and thence out the Parkway was the old, familiar "Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

The number of marchers was estimated at 50,000 drawn from the congregations of Philadelphia, Montgomery and Delaware counties and Camden.

At the Washington Memorial on the Parkway, the assembled thousands heard Rev. Dr. Abdel Ross Wentz, president of Gettysburg Seminary, predict a tremendous revival of religion in America.

"Soon there will be the tread of many feet all over Philadelphia and, I trust, all over the nation," Dr. Wentz declared. "It will be the army of the

Lord on the march, mobilizing for the spiritual defense of our Nation."

He cited President Roosevelt's intention of "salvaging" the one-half of America's military selectees who have been found physically unfit, and then asked:

"Is it not high time that in the interest of the national defense we take measures also to rehabilitate those of our citizens who are spiritually flabby and religiously unfit for service—those who have a heart condition that is more serious than any physical ailment?"

Mounted policemen and a troop of Boy Scouts led the parade as it headed down Broad St. Musical organizations included the Salvation Army Staff Band from New York City, a 150-piece Patriotic Order Sons of America band from Hanover, Pa., the Lu Lu Temple concert band, the DeMolay band and scores of others.

But the sight of the day was the outpouring of just plain citizens—marching with no goose-step, no military precision but with a great abundance of enthusiasm.

Children of every size and age paraded. Those too small to walk rode in coaches. Young men and women in their teens marched proudly, vigorously.

Many delegations had floats to convey their messages. They ranged from make-shift, crepe-decorated trucks to the most elaborate displays.

One was a truck carrying a fenced-

in yard. There was a gate marked "Salvation," and a youngster repeatedly opened the gate beckoningly.

The float of the Philadelphia Federation of Churches bore Christians of varied national origins in their native costumes. There were Latins, Indians, negroes and others on the float.

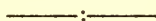
Its sign said: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men."

A float of the Italian Evangelical Union carried the message of Italian-Americans to their homeland: "Oh, Italy—Nothing Can Save You But God."

Threatening skies diminished the size of the onlooking crowd at the start of the parade, but as it moved toward the middle of town the sidewalks were lined with thousands of spectators.

Chief marshal of the parade was Rev. Dr. Ross H. Stover, pastor of Messiah Lutheran Church. His assistant was William B. Forney, Jr., a layman.

Bishop Ernest G. Richardson, of the Methodist Church, presided at the exercises on the Parkway.



A PRAYER

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower.
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown
Like a poppy looking down.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent;
Let me, also, clear a spot—
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

—Edwin Markham.

N. C. GUARD'S ONLY WOMAN GENERAL IS OFFICIAL U. N. C. PHOTOGRAPHER

By Bill Rhodes Weaver in Charlotte Observer

Few people who know or have heard of Bayard Wootten of Chapel Hill are aware that she is a bona fide army general in the national guard of North Carolina. And even fewer realize what she has contributed to the establishment of the state as a nationally known area for the training of thousands of soldiers.

The story of Bayard Wootten's association with the army and the national guard runs back to 1906, when she began taking snapshots of the young North Carolina national guardsmen encamped at Camp Glenn near Morehead City. She would take her week's films to her home in New Bern, develop them, and return with the finished proofs on Monday mornings.

The bulletin board on the outside of her photo hut began to attract attention of the officers as well as the buck privates. National guard authorities were receiving good news from the pictures taken by Bayard Wootten which the boys sent home. Enlistments poured in, and Camp Glenn was one of the most popular on the eastern coast.

Wearing clothes similar to those of other women soon made Mrs. Wootten conscious that she was being held down. She couldn't get around the camp so well. So, after her laboratory had been burned out, and she found that she must be in the camp with the men or not at all, the camp officers suggested that she wear a uniform.

The commanding officer gave her a requisition for an olive drab outfit.

In New Bern she was measured by a tailor who sent the measurements to the national guard outfitter in Philadelphia. When the finished dress was received, there was a note attached: "Madame. We are sorry that you required the gold buttons. You will never be allowed to wear the eagle buttons. Only those connected with the army are permitted to wear them." What the Philadelphia tailor did not know was that Bayard Wootten was in the army. She had been given the title of chief of publicity of the national guard of North Carolina.

Because she worked chiefly on foot she presumed that she should wear an infantryman's blue cord on her hat. Later she found she had made a mistake.

"Mrs. Wootten," a cordial young officer said as he walked up to the photographer, "may I ask where you got that blue cord?"

"Why, yes. Yes, of course. I got it from the supply officer. He said he didn't think anyone would mind if I wore it."

First looking somewhat gravely, he said, "He did, did he? Well, he just didn't know his own business. Here, this is the cord you're supposed to be wearing," and he took his black and gold cord from his campaign hat and exchanged cords with "Lieutenant" Wootten.

Lieutenant Wootten went about her

work seriously. She arose at 5 o'clock in the morning and followed various maneuvering groups over rough and uncleared terrain. When day ended, she prepared her films in the hut and posted them next morning.

General Lawrence Young, who was inspecting Camp Glenn one day, chanced to meet Lieutenant Wootten in the field. Immediately he spied the gold and black cord on her hat.

"Young woman," the general called, "don't you know you shouldn't be wearing that black and gold cord?" She took his remark as a reprimand and stuttered an apology.

"No. No. You misunderstand me. I mean that we are proud of you. We are grateful for the good work you have been doing for us." In a few moments the general had assembled a large company of guardsmen in dress uniform.

His voice clear and loud and his manner ceremoniously dignified and solemn, he called to Lieutenant Wootten. She was directed to the front rows of soldiers standing at attention. The air was quiet and awful.

Out of the excitement, the young picture snapper heard the general ". . . and on behalf of the national guard of the State of North Carolina I bestow upon you the rank and privileges of adjutant general."

Removing the two-color cord from the hat, he placed his own gold cord upon it. Her heart swelled. Her mouth was as dry as a fired cannon, and her eyes wanted to cry. But, she remembered "these men think of me as a capable soldier, not as a woman." Then she heard herself talking and saying the appropriate words of gratitude she had heard from officers on

other occasions. Her eyes kept dry, and she knew she had acquitted herself well, to the surprise and satisfaction of her admirers.

Later on General A. J. Bowley, commander of Camp Bragg, reviewed Camp Glenn. He was unwell and remained at the camp a week, long enough to hear about "General" Wootten's excellent photography and management of the men.

Camp Bragg at that time was almost falling in ruin. The fast-built wooden structures, used for training quarters during the World war were rotting. The camp presented a sad sight to the commander. Then he hit upon an idea. Why not get Bayard Wootten to take pictures at Camp Bragg? She did.

With the pictures in hand, General Bowley discussed appropriations with army officials close to congressional influence in Washington. And it was through his efforts, largely, that the funds were obtained to erect the first brick structures at the sand and pine covered area now known as Fort Bragg.

It was while General Wootten was at Fort Bragg that she had the most exciting times. General Bowley had ordered that she be allowed to go where she pleased throughout the reservation. Unconsciously, she managed to get in some tight spots.

While working behind a group firing heavy artillery one afternoon, she was told to move quickly with the men. Firing from the rear over that position would begin within five minutes. Shouldering her old-fashioned view camera, she gathered up other equipment and followed the gunners. Their

route was through tall brush and close-growing briars and vines.

When the crew had set up its position, a gunner looked around amazed, "Look, who's here." General Wootten was not only there: She was there with her camera set up.

"Let's shoot 'er, boys," she called. The soldiers shot. Bayard Wootten shot, and her respect among the soldiers rose above the camp like the gun smoke.

On another occasion, she was ordered to take a new position. Firing was to begin shortly in her area. She was told to proceed to a certain tall pine, turn left for one-half mile, then right and she would be behind the battery where she could get the desired pictures. She reached the pine, proceeded a few hundred yards. Real shrapnel was falling around her, and she was confused. A motorcycle sped past. Not knowing where it came from or where it was going, she followed the tracks. For what seemed like hours, she trudged through the dust and smoke. At last, she arrived at the battery. She had turned wrong at the

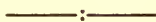
pine and had placed herself directly in the middle of the firing range.

Another time, she was taking a circuit picture, composed of several shots in succession, of a regiment in review. To get a better vantage point, she mounted a box car, set up the camera and began taking the pictures. Just as she finished the last section of the circuit, there was a jerk. The photographer and all rolled merrily past the regiment. The box car had been hooked up.

After General Bowley gave up the command at Fort Bragg, things did not run so smoothly for General Wootten. She moved to Chapel Hill and became official yearbook photographer for the University of North Carolina.

Now that defense training is active again, General Wootten has returned to Fort Bragg, where she has set up a studio right outside the reservation. She divides her time between the fort and Chapel Hill, which she says is a "job, physical and artistic."

"I don't know which I love more, the students or the soldiers."



THE CHART

Earth, sea and sky expand the air;
 Peace draws an infinite chart,
 Serenity is everywhere,
 Except within man's heart.

Still hate and all its wars increase,
 Though all about us lie
 The perfect patterns in a piece
 Of earth and sea and sky.

—Michael Lewis.

OUR DRUID BARD

By Elmer Schulz Gerhard

Many of our poets have been variously designated, according to their interests and inherent qualities. Whittier has been called the Hebrew Prophet; Holmes the Poet Laureate of New England; Longfellow, the poet of the affections of Hearth and Home; Emerson, the Delphic Oracle; and others in similar terms. In like manner may one think of Bryant as our Druid Poet.

The Druids were an order of priests among the ancient Celts of Gaul and of Britian. It is said that the oak tree was especially sacred among them, for it represented to them the one supreme God, and the mistletoe, when entwining itself around it, man's dependence upon Him. Oak groves were their places of worship, their temples. The word "druid" is supposed to come from a Welsh word meaning an oak.

Very appropriately may Bryant be called the Druid Bard, for his poetry simply overflows with the natural religion of the woods. He transports one into the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of a lonely lake, to the banks of a wild stream, or to the brow of a rocky upland rising like a promontory towering above a wild ocean of foliage. With snow-white head and flowing white beard, tall, hale and erect, and strong to the last, a dignified, venerable and almost majestic figure, he seems to stand amid these scenes like one of the "Druids of eld," like an ancient prophet; and never since the days of the apostles has a truer disciple professed alle-

giance to the divine Master.

The opening lines of his "Forest Hymn" show his feelings and longings for the forest—

"The grooves were God's first
temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the
architrave,
And spread the roof above them
—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll
back
The sound of anthems;.....
.....he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest,
solemn thanks
And supplication....."

The inspiring poem, "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," was composed in a noble forest opposite his father's house in Cummington. Bryant was especially happy in the composition of these and other forest hymns, for they brought him face to face with nature. They stirred within him all the finer sensibilities and feelings of his soul and enabled him to worship God directly without the intervention of priest or ritual. He virtually believed that "the groves were God's first temples." The old homestead in Cummington is situated in the grand hills of western Massachusetts overlooking the beautiful Housatonic Valley. From these hills, "rockribbed and ancient as the sun," and woods and streams, Bryant drank in that deep and pure love for nature

which pervades all his noblest lines.

Amid these scenes springs up, beneath the nut-brown skirts of fall, the fringed gentain, that

".....blossom bright with autumn
dew,
And colored with the heaven's
blue."

A cluster of this uncommon flower has been framed and can be seen hanging in the poet's library in the old homestead in Cummington. The road leading to the house is virtually an avenue of maples, stately, gnarled monarchs, some eighty of them, set out by the poet's own hand.

The most delightful hours of his childhood were spent in rambling, "under the open sky," listening to "Nature's teaching," holding "communication with her visible forms," and interpreting her "various language." When he returned from the clash and din of worldly strife, he went into the wooded hills where angels administered to him. Everything around him seemed eloquent of hope, faith and love. The new moon

".....brings
Thoughts of all fair and youth-
ful things—
The hopes of early years."

The fringed gentian preaches to him of Hope and Immortality—

"Thou waitest late, and com'st
alone,
When woods are bare and birds
are flown,
.....

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the
sky,

.....
I would that thus, when I shall
see
The hour of death draw near to
me,
Hope, blossoming within my
heart,
May I look to heaven as I depart."

The charms of nature ever touched the sweetest chords of his lyre. Everything that draws life from the soil was to him a divine expression of profound and fascinating mysteries, which he ever desired to penetrate. Thus he kept on going deeper and deeper into the forest. He ever sang the beauty and joy of holiness. His thought dwells habitually upon the sublimity of nature and its relation to the transitory life of man.

Most of Bryant's themes are drawn in some way from nature. Of 171 original poems, more than one hundred treat of some natural object, scene, or phenomenon—"The Fringed Gentian," "A Forest Hymn," "The Death of the Flowers," "The Rivulet," "The Ode to a Waterfowl," "Green River," etc. In many others the charms of nature constitute the setting.

If Bryant had written nothing more than "Thanatopsis" and the "Ode to a Waterfowl" his name would still be immortal. Nearly every theme he touched was to him subjective. Probably none of his poems shows this more clearly than the two just mentioned. The inception of the former took place "while he was wandering in the primeval forests, where lay

the gigantic trunks of fallen trees, mouldering for years and years, suggesting an antiquity indefinitely remote, where silent rivulets crept through the dead leaves or the thick beds of pine-needles, the spoils of the ages." The scene kindled his imagination, which went forth over the inhabitants of the globe and sought to bring under a comprehensive view the destinies of the human race in the present life and the everlasting rising and passing of generation after generation. He had a profound interest in the destiny of man; the still, sad music of humanity was ever resounding in his ears, moaning and sighing like the wind in the pine forest. To him humanity was an endless procession, moving along the earth in sunshine and shadow, changing like the seasons.

He had just passed his bar examination and was looking for a place to practice law. In despair he started out on foot, forlorn and disconsolate, for he did not know what was to become of him in the big world, which grew bigger and bigger as he ascended the hill to Plainfield, seven miles from his home. The sun had set and was casting a brilliant afterglow over the hills; the dark was coming on with a mighty stride. Just then a solitary waterfowl (wild duck) winged its way along the illuminated horizon. He watched the lone wanderer until it was lost in the distance. That night he wrote this ode, as imperishable as the language in which it is cast. The scene spoke not only to his eye but also to his soul. This poem gives a grand expression of his faith and hope in a divine guidance.

"There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that path-
less coast,
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

.....
"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky
thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread
alone
Will lead my steps upright."

Bryant was profoundly religious by nature; he had a disposition to brood upon death, intensified by some untoward circumstances. As a child he was brought into close contact with death. Just across from his birthplace was a rural burial-ground; the funeral of one of his schoolmates made a deep and lasting impression on him, as did also the passing of his maternal grandparents under whose roof he had grown up. Since he was of an unusually serious and sensitive disposition these early circumstances helped to shape his mind, and to contribute to that noble melancholy so conspicuous in many of his poems, especially in "Thanatopsis," a Greek word meaning a "view of death." But there is never a trace of gloom or a note of despair. We are confronted with the inevitable, and must submit without questioning. Instead of treating death as a penal institution only to be dreaded, he treats it as ministry of life, a change as natural as inevitable, and as beneficent as the change of seasons.

Besides writing a volume of poems, Bryant also wrote about thirty hymns. Virtually none of his poems as such have been set to music, which is not

the case with Whittier's poems. There is a difference between a hymn and a poem, but this topic is not germane to our discussion. In 1820 a compiler of a hymnbook urged him to contribute some hymns; so he contributed five. Then in 1826 he wrote the one beginning

"Thou, whose unmeasured temple
stands,
Built over land and sea."

This is one of his best known hymns, and has been a favorite in England and in America. It was written for the dedication of the Second Unitarian Church, New York. The hymn beginning,

"Look from the sphere of endless
day,
God of mercy and of might,"

was written for a home mission society; it was received with great enthusiasm and has held a merited place ever since. And by the way, this is his only hymn found in the Lutheran

Church hymnal. When the church of the Messiah, Boston, celebrated its semi-centennial in 1875, Bryant contributed, by urgent request, one of the sweetest hymns he ever wrote—"The Star of Bethlem."

Most of his hymns, like his poems, have a stately thoughtfulness. He wrote nothing which has attained to first rank in world hymnology; he has nevertheless written several hymns which have gained a wide circulation. As a poet he stands somewhat alone and isolated. There is a certain classic formality about most of his work, a characteristic which invites admiration rather than love.

At his funeral one of the five hymns, referred to above, "Blessed are they that mourn," was sung by the church choir with marked effect. He, too, now in his eighty-sixth year, approached his grave

"Like the one who wraps the
drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to
pleasant dreams.

FAULTS OF OTHERS

What are others' faults to me?
I've not a vulture's bill
To peck at every flaw I see
And make it wider still.

It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own;
And on my heart the care bestow
And let my friends alone.

—Author Unknown.

AMERICA'S PIONEER POET NATURALIST

(Selected)

The first poet to sing of natural beauty as it is found in America was William Cullen Bryant, who was born in Cumington, Massachusetts on November 3, 1794. His father was a country doctor and state legislator; his mother was a descendant of John Alden and his wife Priscilla. Young Bryant was of extremely delicate constitution. From early childhood he was compelled to conform to strict regulation in his habits and to deny himself many of the pleasures enjoyed by others. Extensive reading in his father's excellent library and private tutors gave Bryant a firm foundation of primary education. At the age of sixteen he was accepted in the sophomore class at Williams College. Finally finances made it impossible for him to continue college after one year and to his lasting regret, he was denied a complete college course. From 1812 to 1815 he studied law and for ten years following, though he had a strong dislike for it, he faithfully practiced law in western Massachusetts.

Bryant's ambition, conceived in childhood, was to write enduring poetry. He began writing while a child and at the age of nine had written a rhymed version of the Book of Job. At eighteen, he wrote "Thanatopsis", which with its moral and natural lessons is one of the greatest of American literary works. In those early, pioneering days of America, it was virtually impossible for a poet, even

of such exceptional caliber, to earn a living by his pen, so when Bryant did turn to writing as a means of subsistence, he entered the field of journalism and became editor of The New York Review. The Review failed, but before it did Bryant had become an editorial writer on The Evening Post. He acquired one-eighth ownership of the Post and in 1829, upon the death of the editor in chief, was enabled to increase his holdings to one-half. During the last half of his long life Bryant had a substantial income from this and other properties he had been enabled to acquire.

Bryant's place in the history of American literature is that of a pioneer. Until he came, the writers of the newly settled continent had either failed to notice the natural beauties with which they were surrounded, or they were viewing them through British spectacles. Because of his ardent love of nature and the close communion he kept with Nature, wandering in the woods and seeing in every bush, tree, flower, or bird, some life lesson he would like to pass on to others, it was perfectly logical for him to use those natural beauties in his themes. "The Yellow Violet" is the first poem ever dedicated to a distinctly American flower. Other authors and poets immediately followed his example and, as one writer has aptly put it, "The nightingale became as silent in Ameri-

can poetry as it had always been in American woods". "To The Fringed Gentian", a poem devoted to another American flower and in its last stanza containing Bryant's ever present moral lesson, follows this article.

Though not abundant, Bryant's poetry was of the first order. His range was narrow, but in it he was a master. However, little warmth can be found in Bryant's works. The subject of death seems to have been a favorite one with him and the restrictive life he was forced to lead extended itself even into his writing. Although he chose the simplest expressions and wrote in a free natural style, the reader looks in vain for a playful stroke of humor. Bryant's blank verse is the greatest in American literature, which, with the fact that he was America's pioneer poet naturalist, has established him firmly

as one of the greatest men of American literature.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest, when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—Blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan;
Trudging down a dusty lane
With no thought of future pain;
You're our one and only bet
To absorb the national debt.

Little man with cares so few,
We've a lot of faith in you
Guard each merry whistled tune.
For you're apt to need it soon.
Have your fun now while you can
You may be a barefoot man.

—Selected.

HARMONY—NATURE'S UNIVERSAL LAW

By Elmer Schultz Gerhard

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead."

Thus wrote John Dryden (1631-1700), poet laureate of England, in 1676; and he never wrote anything more beautiful than this "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day." St. Cecilia was, according to the legend, a Roman virgin of rank who had embraced Christianity. Her devoutness obtained for the honor of visits from an angel. She was canonized as the guardian Saint of Music, the inventor of the organ and of the "vocal frame." This majestic ode is really a tribute to the power of music, which, so we are told, "has charms to soothe the savage breast."

In this ode the poet carries out to a high and inspiring completion a fine "poetic conceit": the beginning of all things. All this is to come to pass to the accompaniment of music, which is nothing less than a concord, a harmony, of sweet sounds.

It was to the accompaniment of music, to the rhythmic beat, or pulse, of the Great All that the Prime Mover, or First Cause, "in the beginning" wound up this universe, whose infiniteness no finite mind can comprehend. It has been rotating and moving with clock-wise precision ever since. In consequence of this accuracy, the ancient Greeks conceived of "the

music of the spheres." which is a beautiful fancy that the rotation of the heavenly bodies produces a music imperceptible to human ears, and that each body gives out a note higher than the one next to it. These motions are supposed to conform to certain fixed laws which can be expressed in numbers corresponding to the numbers which give the harmony of sound. The seven planets are supposed to produce severally the seven notes of the musical scale.

The word "planet" is a Greek term meaning the "wanderer," a beautiful "poetic conceit." Stop and think how these heavenly bodies wander off into space, illimitable and boundless, and occasionally pay us a visit. Here one might quote appropriately a stanza from Bryant's "Ode to a Water-fowl"—

"There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless
coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost."

They always appear on time. The stars are not tramps; they are not disorderly vagrants whose whereabouts for any length of time cannot be determined. They are bound up together in systems over which law reigns. Thus their orderly procession in their orbits enables seamen to plot their course across the waste of waters. The heavens are mathematically built. Stand steady, and you will be able to perceive that the swing

of the universe goes around on time, with the angels in the sentry boxes. Note that the tides and the planets falter not in their course; they faint not; they move to their sentry posts and arrive in the predictable fraction of time.

No, planets do not "run lawless through the sky." The famous eclipse of the Sun by Venus, some ten years ago, was only thirty seconds late! Astronomers immediately calculated the time to a fraction of a minute when the same phenomenon will appear again a hundred or more years hence. The interval between two consecutive returns of a planet to the same meridian has demonstrably not changed by one hundredth of a second for two thousand years. When one stops to think of it, the expanse included within the orbit of the humblest planet is awe-inspiring. And again, when one thinks of the heavenly bodies wheeling through trackless and benighted spaces, as if pursued by Omnipotence, and yet doing it as accurately and as safely as if they were running on steel tramways "down the roaring grooves of time," one has the feeling that one is standing in the midst of the sublimity of the Almighty!

Harmony is nature's universal law: it is universal throughout all creation. If it were not, there would be nothing but chaos; and order was brought out of chaos to the accompaniment of music. It is through this rhythmic beat throughout the universe and all that is in it, that order is maintained. And order, we are told, is heaven's first law. Where there is no order, there is not much of anything else.

sweet or otherwise—for there is order even in apparent disorder—exists in all things, animate and inanimate. It manifests itself in the simplest operations. There is a rhythm in the pattering of the rain on the roof; a rhythmic swing in a field of waving grain, or in the beating of the breakers on the shore—ceaseless, endless. There is even rhythm in the movements of a half-dozen mowers swinging their scythes in unison across a meadow. We were of late in a place where damaged fenders of automobiles are repaired. The filing down and rubbing and polishing of the damaged parts involves a great deal of tedious labor. A loud radio was blaring away. We asked the foreman "Why so?" He replied that the men engaged in this work kept time unconsciously with the radio, and to that extent had their immediate attention diverted from the tedious labor and forgot to feel tired!

All the numberless forms of animals and of plants found on the surface of the whole globe are perfectly fitted to the particular spheres. The configuration of the earth above or below the waters, and the physical laws that govern the waters and the atmosphere are in entire harmony with the wants of organic life. And all the while the Sun and other heavenly bodies, fully attuned to the wants of organic life on the globe, keep on swinging through boundless space. Nature, rationally considered, is a unity in diversity of phenomena; a harmony, a blending together of all created things, however dissimilar in forms and attributes; one great whole animated with the breath of life. A

Harmony, this concord of sounds, couplet from Alexander Pope, an admirer of Dryden, is appropriate—

“All are parts of one stupendous whole;
Whose body Nature is, and God the
soul.”

As it is now, so has it always been; for the annals of the globe written into its very rocks bear witness through all the changes of the primeval world to the harmony which has constantly reigned between the physical conditions of the earth and its inhabitants at each successive epoch in the eon of ages. If there is any disorder or discord, it is only harmony not understood.

Microcosms though we are yet a part of the universe. Quite unconsciously, we virtually carry its rhythm within all the time. But we become conscious of this fact only when we fall ill. How perturbed we are apt to become if our temperature varies only a few degrees, or if our pulse beats a little irregularly. The same rhythmic throb which pulsates throughout all Nature also beats and throbs in our physical make-up. Woe unto him in whom it misses its regular beat!

Man, as far as is known, is the sole auditor of this, tremendous concert. But this universal harmony is meaningless, is as nothing to him, unless he apprehends it by reference to some corresponding harmony within himself. Many people have childish memories or recollections which they can never repeat, for they represent mo-

ments when life was in utter harmony, and sense and spirit perfectly attuned. But in addition to this corresponding physical rhythm, man has a native emotional impulse to merge himself in the greater harmony and to be one with it. There is a spirit, a yearning and an honest endeavor in his heart, to conduct his life in harmony with Nature; for Nature is the symbol of all harmony and beauty that is known to man.

Every so often someone feels alarmed and begins to speculate on the possibility of a great catastrophic collision between the heavenly bodies. In which event all things would be reduced to chaos. But in all the time that the sky has been more or less scientifically observed—over two thousand years—no heavenly body has been known to collide with another. Astronomers have proved that all such alarms are groundless; for even the perturbations, or disturbances, of these bodies are subject to eternal laws.

But finally a catastrophe shall come, for such is the “sure Word of Prophecy.” The heavens, on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt away, and all things shall be burnt up. “Heaven and earth shall pass away.” Dryden has expressed this final tragic phenomenon in a grand poetical conception:

“When the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.”

No legacy is so rich as honesty.—Shakespeare.

THE UPLIFT THE WALKER GIRLS

By J. B. Hicklin, in The State

While Hitler's Germany is attempting to erase individualism among the peoples of Europe through his projected New Order, Uncle Sam is leaving no stone unturned to preserve the "rugged individualism" of the mountaineers who still inhabit the Great Smoky Mountains National Park in North Carolina and Tennessee.

"To many, they (mountaineers) express rugged individualism at its best; the democracy of the American frontier that was Lincoln's background;" explained the order of the National Park Service.

Typical, but more interesting than some others, are the Walker girls, five maiden sisters ranging in ages from 58 to 70, whom time passed by while they eked out a living in an eternal valley of the Smokies. In the western shadow of Clingman's Dome, these girls have spent their entire lives in the century-old cabin built by their grandfather, Wiley King, a free-spirited Virginian. Originally, there were seven sisters, but death has taken one and Jim Shelton, a neighbor, stole another for his bride many years ago.

Although they — Polly, Louisa, Hettie, Margaret and Martha — admit that they now hire a neighbor to do the preparatory spring plowing, they are otherwise self-sufficient. They plow and hoe the crops, shear their sheep, weave their wool, make their clothing, gather their crops, and do all of the hundreds of odd jobs that upkeep of the home and 123 acre farm requires.

The home, constructed of large logs,

chinked with clay, is snug, and offers a large "sittin' room," a cook room and a big porch cluttered with many objects a century or more old. In the "sittin' room" are five beds, all identical four-posters, flanked by a six-foot wide fireplace. From the rafters hang a bewildering medley of skeins of yarn ready for the looms, finished woolen fabrics, dried vegetables and a hundred and one knick-knacks. Near the doorway hangs a rifle, a shotgun and a pistol. Polly is the best shot, but all can and will shoot. Perhaps it is little exaggeration to say that anyone caught trying to take their picture would be in more danger than a marauder. They decline to give reasons for camera-shyness, but enforce the rule to the letter.

Outside is a springhouse, a tool shed and a barn. The land is rocky and steep, but the girls have made it bear fruit and live quite comfortably, thank you. Small produce is swapped at a mountain store for salt, coffee, sugar and the like. They even raise their own cotton, which they find desirable to mix with wool to make tufted quilts, and procure their dyes from vegetable juices.

Large, firmly molded women, they are set apart with their homespun woolen dresses, with full skirts that sweep the floors. Heaven knows how many petticoats are arranged underneath. And all wear identical poke bonnets, similar to those made distinctive by the Quakers.

In late years they get a newspaper, and, yes, they now have a radio. Since tourists discovered them, a road has been beaten to their doorway. Un-

able to avoid the spotlight, they have learned to benefit by it, for now they are making small novelties that they try to sell to the visitors. The best in handicraft they have thus far been able to offer, however, are brushes made of hickory with fine shavings to serve as bristles. But Lousia has gone in for writing poetry, and Hettie illustrates the poems with crayon drawings. Copies of these literary efforts on lined tablet paper in penciled long-hand they press upon visitors at 60 cents each.

Needless to say, the sisters know and care little about the outside world. Some will tell you that they have never left the farm, but Polly insists that they have all made visits at one time or another to nearby towns. Little is known about their early lives, and they decline to enlighten a stranger. If they ever had loves or adventure, these are all in the past and not for a nosy newspaper man to know.

Their "pet peeve" is the park commission. Although Uncle Sam placed \$4,750 to their bank credit when their 123-acres was condemned for park purposes and they were given permission to remain on their land for the balance of their days, they consider the intrusion and resulting influx of visitors annoying. Since getting use of their money, they are human enough to become appeased, of course, but keep up the hostile front for the park commission nonetheless. Perhaps they will become more satisfied if the park's nomenclature committee names the Little Greenbriar section at the foot of Cove Mountain "The Five Sisters Cove," as is being considered.

"Here (the mountains) necessity made every man a competent jack-of-all-trades," points out the Park Service announcement that the native characteristics of the highlanders are to be preserved, if possible. "Every family was compelled to adopt a thrift and an ingenuity that wasted nothing, and found a dozen uses for every scrap of material.

"The lack of roads and adequate transportation causing isolation from the world of factories and 'boughten' merchandise, bred in these staunch pioneers self-sufficiency amazing to the city dweller.

"Communities still survive in the Smoky Mountains coves with this individualistic mode of existence, apparently finding in their freedom and independence ample compensation for the lack of modern conveniences and mechanical devices.

"To many, they express rugged individualism at its best; the democracy of the American frontier that was Lincoln's background."

The latest movement for preservation of the ways and manners of these mountain people, the Park Service added, is a study of the dialects. Joseph S. Hall, a graduate in linguistics and history of Columbia University, is undertaking this study.

Not only forms of speech, undiluted by modern slang, have been found in the Smokies, but also what is believed to be the direct descendant of the Elizabethan English of Shakespeare's day as well. The dialect studies are being checked on this theory and means of recording it in dialogue, ballads and folk songs sought.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys on the barn force have been hauling coal for the past few days from the railroad siding on the School grounds to the various buildings on the campus.

—:—

The recent rain, following an extended dry period, improved the condition of the soil to such an extent that our farm forces have been able to proceed with the work of sowing small grain, and the fields have been scenes of greatly increased activity during the past few days.

—:—

Part of our outside forces have been gathering peanuts this week. Because of adverse weather conditions, this crop is not as good as usual, but enough peanuts have been gathered to furnish our large family of boys a few treats during the winter months.

—:—

Superintendent Boger recently received a card from Nick Rochester, a former member of the printing class, who left the School, October 28, 1940. For some time after leaving us, he was enrolled in a CCC camp. Nick writes that he enlisted in the United States Navy in September, and is now stationed at the Naval Training School, Norfolk, Va.

—:—

The other day we received a card from the publishers of Boys' Life Magazine, stating that the infirmary at Jackson Training School had been placed on their mailing list for one year's subscription to that splendid publication, as a gift from Mrs. R. M.

King, of Concord. This is one of the very best boys' magazines published, and we are deeply grateful to Mrs. King for her kindly interest in the boys of the school.

—:—

Ivan Morrozoff, a former member of our printing class, is now working on a weekly newspaper at Mt. Gilead, as linotype operator. Due to the fact that the machine used in that plant was out of service because of a breakdown, Ivan spent last Tuesday night in our shop, setting up material for the Mt. Gilead paper. He seemed glad to be back among old friends, also to have an opportunity to run our "Blue Streak" again.

—:—

Due to the fact that workmen were making repairs to our auditorium, the motion picture show scheduled for Thursday night of last week, and last Sunday's sessions of Sunday school and church service, were called off, and we have learned that the same procedure will be repeated this week. It is hoped that the necessary repairs will soon be made and all scheduled programs for the auditorium will be resumed.

—:—

Upon entering any of the cottage homes during a recreational period, one may see a group of boys busily engaged cutting out and putting together model airplanes. There is much good-natured rivalry in this, each youngster trying to build a plane that will fly better than those made by his competitors. Some of the models clearly show that many of

the boys have considerable talent along this line. Many of them read all the books on aviation available, while others cut pictures of various types of planes from papers and magazines, studying them carefully before trying to make a model flying craft. Judging from the interest shown in this most pleasant pastime, it would not be difficult to assume that there may be some future pilots in the groups of youngsters engaged in this practice.

—:—

We have just learned that Harold Donaldson and Roy Butner, two of our old boys, are now members of the United States Marine Corps. Donaldson, who was in Cottage No. 5, left the School, January 6, 1941. Since becoming a member of the marines last June, he has been stationed at Parris Island, South Carolina. Butner, formerly of Cottage No. 9, was allowed to return to his home in Winston-Salem, July 12, 1940, where he entered the public school, keeping up his attendance until June, 1941. He enlisted in the marines in July, and was stationed at Parris Island for a time. We have not learned his present location, but have been informed that he is getting along well in that branch of service.

—:—

A recent issue of "The Charlotte News" carried a list of boys who had been accepted for service in the United States Army at the Charlotte re-

cruiting station, and we noticed that the following former Training School boys had been accepted for enlistment: Paul R. Lewallen, High Point; Robert W. Strickland, Belmont; and Harvey L. Ledford, Rutherfordton.

During his stay at the School, Paul Lewallen was a member of the Cottage No. 5 group. He left here May 9, 1940, returning to his home in High Point. In January, 1941, he became an enrollee in a CCC camp and was sent to the state of Oregon, where he remained for some time. Having made a good record since leaving the institution, Paul was given an honorable discharge from further parole supervision this year.

Robert Strickland was a house boy in Cottage No. 10 during the greater part of the time he spent at the School, and was allowed to return to his home, January 18, 1936. We received several progress reports on this boy, all of them showing that he had been making satisfactory adjustment, and on November 10, 1937, he was granted an honorable discharge.

Harvey Ledford, who was a house boy at the Indian Cottage, left the School September 4, 1941 returning to his home in Rutherfordton, where he has been getting along nicely since that time.

Our very best wishes for continued success go with these boys as they take their places in Uncle Sam's armed forces.

—————:—————

Flints may be melted—we see it daily—but an ungrateful heart cannot be; not by the strongest and noblest flame.

—South.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

NOTE: The figure following a boy's name indicates the total number of times he has been on Cottage Honor Roll since June 1, 1941.

Week Ending October 26, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen 19
Wade Aycoth 19
Carl Barrier 2
John Hogsed 2
Paul Matthews 3
William O'Brien 17
Weaver F. Ruff 19

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
Charles Browning 15
Lloyd Callahan 15
William Cook 15
Ralph Harris 17
Doris Hill 11
Carl Hooker 9
Joseph Howard 4
Curtis Moore 13
Leonard Robinson 5
Luther Vaughn 5

COTTAGE NO. 2

Henry Barnes 9
Virgil Lane 5
Charles Tate 9
Newman Tate 8
Clarence Wright 5

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey 17
Charles Beal 7
Grover Beaver 13
James Blake 2
Robert Coleman 15
Jack Crotts 9
Robert Hare 16
Sanders Ingram 2
Jerry Jenkins 20
Otis McCall 10
Wayne Sluder 17
William T. Smith 14
John Tolley 18
Jerome Wiggins 20
James Williams 14

COTTAGE NO. 4

Plummer Boyd 8
Aubrey Fargis 14

Donald Hobbs 13
John Whitaker 6
Woodrow Wilson 12
Thomas Yates 13

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles 20
Robert Dellinger 12
Sidney Knighting 9
Ivey Lunsford 4
Fred Tolbert 10

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood 12
Frank Fargis 5
William Harding 3
Robert Hobbs 13
Gerald Kermon 7
John Linville 4
Durwood Martin 6
James Parker 10
Reitzel Southern 10
William Ussery 3
William Wilkerson 4

COTTAGE NO. 7

Hurley Bell 15
Paul Childers 2
Robert Hampton 5
Peter Harvell 7
Carl Justice 15
Arnold McHone 13
Wilbur Russ 3
Durham Smith 7

COTTAGE NO. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9

David Cunningham 17
Edgar Hedgepeth 20
Grady Kelly 17
Daniel Kilpatrick 17
Alfred Lamb 11
Isaac Mahaffey 17
Marvin Matheson 16
Lloyd Mullis 15
William Nelson 21
Horace Williams 15

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

John Allison 9
 Charles Frye 17
 Robert Goldsmith 20
 Earl Hildreth 21
 Monroe Searcy 15
 Canipe Shoe 15
 William Wilson 14

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock 15
 Ernest Brewer 13
 Jack Bright 15
 William Deaton 17
 Treley Frankum 19
 Tillman Lyles 12
 Harry Lewis 5
 James Mondie 13
 Daniel McPhail 13
 Simon Quick 8
 Jesse Smith 18
 George Tolson 14
 Carl Tyndall 9
 Eugene Watts 15
 J. R. Whitman 16
 Roy Womack 15

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer 11
 Otha Dennis 3
 Thomas Fields 5
 James Johnson 8
 James Lane 10
 Jack Mathis 8
 Charles Metcalf 5

Rufus Nunn 6
 Fred Rhodes 10
 Melvin Roland 7
 Paul Roberts 5
 Alex Shropshire 7
 Ray Smith 5

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker 21
 William Butler 16
 Robert Deyton 21
 Henry Ennis 13
 Audie Farthing 18
 William Harding 15
 Marvin King 19
 Feldman Lane 21
 William Lane 15
 Roy Mumford 17
 Glenn McCall 19
 John Maples 9
 Charles McCoy 18
 John Robbins 15
 James Roberson 15
 Charles Steepleton 18
 J. C. Willis 17
 Jack West 14

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 12
 Frank Chavis 17
 James Johnson 14
 John T. Lowry 15
 Leroy Lowry 16
 Varcie Oxendine 13
 Louis Stafford 12

CONTENTMENT

The world has never known a happy man to be idle nor, conversely, an idle man to be happy. But happiness is more than merely to be occupied; it is being absorbed in creative busyness.

If we are to be really contented, we must have examined ourselves and been proud of our findings; we must have researched in our job and found it all satisfying; we must have scutinized our way of living and discovered it uncompromisingly honorable. We must have resolved that, when we get the worst of it, we will unhesitatingly make the best of it.—Selected.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 8, 1941

No. 45

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THE WAY THAT PAYS

One step won't take you very far;
You've got to keep on walking.
One word won't tell folks who you are;
You've got to keep on talking.

One inch won't make you very tall;
You've got to keep on growing.
One little good deed won't do at all;
You've got to keep on going.

—Herrmann.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

WE THE PEOPLE

There two dead youths lay side by side
Upon the field where they had died.
The shot and shell screamed overhead,
Nor noticed that two lads lay dead.

One lad had been with me all day
As we marched gaily on our way.
The other was the enemy,
The war itself—a blasphemy.

These lads cared not for war at all,
Each simply answered Country's call;
Each was told that his cause was right,
For Country's cause that he should fight.

Though far apart, their mothers grieve;
Their sweethearts simply can't believe
They're dead—But there the two lads lay
Who left their homes and marched away.

I am for Honor, but I pray
That God will speed the coming day,
That those who bring a war about
By their own kind will be cast out!

—The Trestle Board.

ANNUAL RED CROSS ROLL CALL

The officials of the local Red Cross chapter are arranging to put on an intensive campaign for members, beginning with Armistice Day, November 11th, and continuing to Thanksgiving Day. The local chapter received its charter in 1917, and since that time it has grown in interest and power, covering as far as possible every emer-

gency wherein people are suffering from misfortunes of all kinds. Like the mothers of the homes who guard tenderly and carefully their loved ones, the American Red Cross answers calls in the most remote sections of the country where relief is needed, regardless of color or creed.

We are proud to announce that the Concord Chapter of the American Red Cross has a wonderful reputation for service, standing second in the state for fine work accomplished. The response during the campaigns for membership has always been most generous, therefore, there is sufficient reason to feel the response to the call this year will exceed that of any previous year. There is not an association that carries a finer appeal than the Red Cross, and the privilege to become a member of the local chapter should be accepted as an opportunity to help suffering humanity. This splendid local organization, under the supervision of the executive secretary, Mrs. S. J. Ervin, meets every demand satisfactorily.

* * * * *

NATIONAL BOOK WEEK

The dates, November 6th to 8th, inclusive, suggest National Book Week. These annual dates are reminders of duties that contribute to the welfare of every community. The purpose of National Book Week is to take stock of our community libraries and give to them some contributions of books or the equivalent—money. The need of the future careers of our young people depends greatly upon the environment of the home and the standard of morale of respective communities.

The finer ideals of living conditions are greatly enhanced by good books. Take note of the fact in the course of a life and one will observe that the person who reads extensively is usually able to converse intelligently upon subjects that are helpful and uplifting. The line of thought of every person suggests the topic of conversation.

From the personnel of the local city library and the bookmobiles now operating in Cabarrus county we learn that the reading public continues to increase daily. These reports are most encouraging. When people read it is a sure sign they are thinking about worthwhile things. Therefore, we see the need of keeping the shelves of our libraries replenished with the best literature of all kinds.

ARMISTICE DAY

It would be a more pleasant subject to write about, the coming observance of Armistice Day, November 11th, were it not for the fact that the world at this moment is torn asunder by war—the most devastating war the world has ever known. Four-fifths of the population of the earth are aligned against each other either directly or indirectly, but the preponderance of this human mass is pro-ally.

It is with sadness we mention the present conflict while writing about the observance of Armistice Day. However, there must be another Armistice Day some time in the future, although we have no idea when that will be.

Those of us who remember Armistice DDay, November 11, 1918, with its hopes, aims and ambitions, will never forget the celebration that followed. Such celebrations carry with them mingled hopes of the future for some and blasted hopes for others. When an armistice is signed, there must be a victor as well a vanquished people. There are heartaches and sadness in the camps of both contestants. Who wins a war? If you win, you lose. What can take the place of the lives sacrificed on the field of battle or the hearts broken of those at home? Of the suffering and the misery of the wounded? What compensation can there be for the property destroyed, art treasures and cities blasted into destruction? The culture and civilization of nations rudely arrested?

The repercussions of war are never fully compensated for, even in centuries to come. The scars of hatred will never be entirely obliterated, and future wars avoided until the brotherhood of man is moved by love to forever put war behind them.

We as patriots will stand back of our flag, ask God to guide us, and will defend our nation to the last man, but in observance of this Armistice Day let us be mindful of those less fortunate than we, and let a prayer fall from our hearts that the future hold a brighter outlook for this war-torn world of ours.—Terminal Island Topics.

* * * * *

OVERTAKING A VEHICLE

The abuse of the privilege of passing other vehicles on the highway is one of the greatest sources of danger to motorists. One needs

to drive but a few miles before some reckless driver rushes past without a thought as to the safety of others, and apparently not caring how soon his wild ride will come to an end at the morgue or hospital. Director Ronald Hocutt of the North Carolina Safety Division, who is bending every effort to wipe out this menace to life and property, calls attention to the law concerning this practice, as follows:

Sec. 111, Motor Vehicle Law of North Carolina:—“(a) The driver of any vehicle overtaking another vehicle proceeding in the same direction shall pass at least two feet to the left thereof, and shall not again drive to the right side of the highway until safely clear of such overtaken vehicle.

“(b) The driver of an overtaking motor vehicle not within a business or residence district as herein defined shall give audible warning with his horn or other warning device before passing or attempting to pass a vehicle proceeding in the same direction.”

In other words, give the car you are passing at least two feet of clearance, and sound your horn before passing a car on the open highway.

The law also imposes certain limitations on this privilege of overtaking and passing, one of these being to forbid passing unless the “left side is clearly visible and is free of oncoming traffic for a sufficient distance ahead to permit such overtaking and passing to be made in safety.” Other limitations forbid passing another vehicle upon the crest of a grade or upon a curve in the highway where the driver’s view along the highway is obstructed within a distance of five hundred feet, and forbid passing at any highway intersection or railway crossing unless permitted by a traffic or police officer.

* * * * *

AMERICA’S MUSICAL MENTOR

Dr. Walter Damrosch, now 80 years old, has long been a beneficent influence on American music. Today’s music-lovers perhaps think of this distinguished conductor and composer first for his tireless service in bringing children and good music together. Millions of school children have learned the joy of listening to great music through the genial efforts of Dr. Damrosch. He has conducted

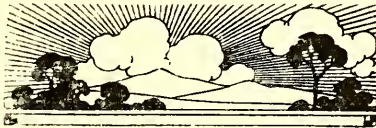
a radio music appreciation hour series for 13 years and will conduct the 14th season if current difficulties between broadcasters and union musicians are settled soon enough.

The Damrosch radio hours have consisted of both music and talks. Through the latter he has taught beginners what to listen for, introduced them to composers, and made them familiar with the different instruments and musicians of a great orchestra.

The United States has been growing in musical stature through the years, helped greatly in its progress by Dr. Damrosch and others. Thus, when the present war curbed musical activity abroad and sent many leading musicians from Europe to America, we were prepared to welcome them and to make the most of the fresh impetus they could give to our musical life. —Gloucester (Mass.) Times.

* * * * *

Air, water and sunshine are three of the most common blessings of life and the least appreciated until they begin to fail us. Then the situation soon becomes desperate. The recent rain in North Carolina was hailed with joy because of the parched earth, the failing wells and the serious need of rain on the farms and unplowed fields. Water, air and sunshine are treated among the commonplaces of life until they begin to fail us. Truly the best blessings of our Heavenly Father are the most abundant and the most essential.—N. C. Christian Advocate.



GREAT SIMPLICITY

By Alfred Grant Walton

Simplicity is a virtue of supreme excellence. Like grace of conversation or refinement of manners it marks an inner elegance and is a sign of all true culture. A true gentleman is never loud or boisterous, never bombastic and pompous, but natural, sincere, restrained. Certain individuals, like Henry David Thoreau and Leo Tolstoi, won their fame by devotion to simplicity. These men sought deliverance from the confusion and complexity of life by a return to nature and by a disregard of temporal necessities in the seclusion of quiet homes in the country where physical requirements were reduced to the lowest possible degree and the spirit could be free.

Of course, it is possible for simplicity to sink to the levels of simplicity. Take the case of Simple Simon, who met the pie-man going to the fair. No one would say that the hero of this nursery doggerel was a dominant, aggressive individual who would ever make an important contribution to human society. He was rather a naive country hoyden laboring under the delusion that he could get something for nothing. The Bible warns against the simplicity that is synonymous with gullibility. In the Book of Proverbs: we read: "The simple believeth every word: but the prudent man forseeeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished." Credulous simplicity has very little to commend it.

While we respect simplicity in manner, in dress, in conversation, it is

strange that we often conclude that if something is simple it is not likely to be important. Some individuals will read a treatise veiled in the language of scientific and philosophical erudition and will think that the vague terms and the impressive vocabulary make the discussion profound, yet filigreed rhetoric is often simply a disguise for muddled thinking. How foolish it is to conclude that a nebulous poem written without regard for rhythm or meter is a masterpiece and that it is great even if it cannot be understood. No idea has value unless it registers in other minds.

Some clergymen seem to have overlooked completely the values of simple and concise expression. They have a positive genius for obscurity. They revel in ambiguity and obfuscation. What they say may sound well, but it does not reach far because it is not understood by the clerk in the office the man in the street, or any of the common people whom Jesus loved. Is it any wonder that it happens, as Milton puts it, that "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed"?

Christianity has also been complicated by elaborate theological systems and creedal statements. A creed is an expression of the beliefs of those who wrote it, and, while it may have been their experience, it does not follow that it will meet the needs of people living hundreds of years thereafter. Some of the great creeds are rich and beautiful in their meaning, but in some instances they were written primarily to oppose current here-

sies and consequently have omitted many important beliefs that should have been emphasized. Creeds should change as human experience is enlarged and knowledge of God is increased. Under any circumstance, if they are not understood, they might as well be ignored altogether.

Whenever religion becomes too complicated, men need to be brought back to its great simplicities. There are two striking passages in the Old Testament where the prophets sought to do this very thing. One is in the book of Amos. Amos saw the people of his time entangled in complicated systems of temple ritual and ceremonial sacrifices, obeying many rules following many forms. While fulfilling these obligations with meticulous care, their hearts were far away from God. Their social and business life was corrupt. They lived in riotous luxury. They ate the choicest lambs and garnished their tables with the finest wines. They opposed the destitute and needy and, to use the language of the prophet, were so grasping that they panted "after the dust of the earth on the head of the poor."

The prophet inveighed against this heavily-cumbered, involved, mechanical conception of religion, speaking for God as he said: "I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies. Though ye offer me burnt offering and your meat offerings, I will not accept them: neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols. But let judgment roll down as waters, and

righteousness as a mighty stream."

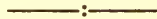
So the prophet Micah called for simplicity in religion when he said: "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Both of these great seers brought to their contemporaries an idea of religion based on a deep inner righteousness something far more fundamental than all the formalities in the world.

Jesus is renowned for the clarity and simplicity of his message. He was not a great political leader nor a recluse in an ivory tower; he was one of the people. He lived plainly. He loved the fields and the open sea. His heart was full of sympathy for the poor, the sick, and the distressed. As he blessed little children, he said "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." He told his followers that God would care for them as he cared for the lilies of the field and the birds of the air. He taught that God's love was like that of a father for a wayward son. He said that the kingdom of heaven was like a valuable pearl, so highly treasured that a pearl merchant sold all he had to secure it. And as he preached he gave his disciples one simple command, "Follow me." Could any-

one be plainer? The humblest fisherman, the poorest housewife, the lowliest trader in the market place could understand him. No elaborate instructions! No hair-splitting interpretations. Just a forthright, matter-of-fact religion linked with the affairs of their common life.

I wish that everyone confused with doubt and intellectual uncertainty might realize that to be a Christian is not a complicated thing. The Christian life should not be obscured by ceremonies and forms, nor burdened with difficult theological formulations. It is something plain, practical and vital, something that is related to today and tomorrow and to

every other day of our lives. Do not be disturbed if you do not understand all the implications of Christian faith. Even the most learned theologians have not answered all the questions. Despite our ignorance, there are some things we do know, and they are easily understood. Be good, be honest, be sympathetic, and brotherly. Have a heart of good will for every other man. In a word, follow Christ in your everyday life. The essence of Christianity is found in a few great and sublime truths for which Jesus stood. It is for us to receive them and live by them every day. Why not accept them now?



THE COFFEE HEMISPHERE

It is a matter both of conjecture and dispute as to whether coffee originated in Ethiopia or Arabia. However, the Arabs back in the 6th century were the first to cultivate it seriously, and to this day wherever you find Arabs and water, there you will find the stimulating beverage being brewed.

But like so many other things, coffee supremacy has shifted to the new world. Americans—North, South and Central—grow more coffee and drink more of it than any other people on earth. Latin America in recent years has been responsible for almost 85 per cent of the coffee supply in the whole world. One-half the coffee in the world is consumed by the people of the United States. Taking the western hemisphere as a whole, coffee consumption there is 60 per cent of the world's total.

"Gimme another cup of cawfee" seems to be the constant demand in English, Spanish and Portuguese on this side of the ocean.—Selected.

MECKLENBURG RECORDS PROVE BALCH DIED IN 1776

By Luther T. Hartsell, Jr.

There appeared in The Charlotte Observer of Sunday, September 21, 1941, an article by Dr. Archibald Henderson, wherein the life of the Reverend Hezekiah James Balch has been extended from 1776 to 1821, and his remains disinterred from their resting place in the graveyard of Poplar Tent Presbyterian church in Cabarrus county, North Carolina and removed by hearsay evidence to the Presbyterian cemetery near Graysville, Tennessee.

Dr. Henderson seems to have based his article on information obtained from the late Morrison Caldwell, Esquire, of Concord, and on statements contained in a book published in the year 1890 at Indianapolis, entitled: "Biographical Sketches of Rev. James Balch, William White, and Their Descendants, including Genealogical Records of their Families and those Related to Them, Brought Down to 1890," by Rev. Albert Franklin White, D.D. In his article Dr. Henderson asks the questions, "Did the Rev. Hezekiah James Balch really die in 1776? Or did he live 45 years longer? How could the mistake have arisen? Was the tombstone in Poplar Tent churchyard erected soon after, or 71 years after, the death, or alleged death, of the Rev. Hezekiah James Balch?"

The writer being trained in the law, will undertake to answer each of the questions by evidence which would be admissible in any court of record in the land. Those of us who live in Meck-

lenburg and Cabarrus counties take pride in the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, and resent the removal of the remains of one of the committee of three who prepared the Declaration from our own soil to that of another state.

Contention of Three

Did the Rev. Hezekiah James Balch really die in 1776? Or did he live 45 years longer? Only three persons, to the knowledge of the writer, have contended that Hezekiah James Balch did not die in 1776. They are Dr. Albert Franklin White, Mr. Morrison Caldwell, and Dr. Henderson.

Dr. White published his book referred to above in the year 1890—more than 100 years after the death of Hezekiah James Balch—wherein he stated that he was the grandson of James Balch who died on January 12, 1821, and was buried in the Presbyterian graveyard at Russelville, Logan county, Kentucky; and that almost 60 years after the death of James Balch the Vincinnes presbytery removed his remains from Russelville to the Presbyterian cemetery about three miles north of Graysville. Dr. White says that Hezekiah James Balch lived in the neighborhood of his brother, Hezekiah, in what is now the state of Tennessee, and owing to the nuisance caused by the confusion he dropped his first name and was always known thereafter as the Rev. James Balch.

Dr. White further states that Heze-

kiah James Balch was born in or near Georgetown, District of Columbia, on December 25, 1750; was graduated from the College of New Jersey in 1766; was ordained as a minister prior to 1770; and was married to Susannah Lavinia Garrison, who was born February 13, 1758, and died in 1834.

Mr. Morrison Caldwell, late of Concord and now deceased, published in the year 1913 a pamphlet entitled: "A Historical Sketch of Rocky River Church from 1775 to 1875, by Rev. Jos. B. Mack, D.D.," to which he appended a foreword and an afterword written by himself. Apparently without making any investigation whatsoever, Mr. Caldwell said on page 37 of his pamphlet:

Caldwell's Contention

"There is a mistake in local history that must be corrected. A monument has been erected in the center of the graveyard at Poplar Tent which sets forth that Rev. Hezekiah J. Balch died in 1776 and was buried there. Strange as it may seem, this is an error. Rev. Hezekiah J. Balch, instead of dying in 1776, simply moved to Tennessee in that year.

"Nine children were born to him after he left Rocky River and he died January 12, 1821, in Sullivan county, Indiana, and was buried in Hopewell church graveyard in that state. It is Rev. James Balch, the father of Rev. Hezekiah J. Balch, who is buried in Poplar Tent graveyard. My authority for this is Dr. Mack's discovery in a Cincinnati library of a book written by Rev. A. F. White, LL.D., who was a grandson of Rev. Hezekiah J. Balch. This book gives names of all the children born after he left North Carolina. Foote declares that his widow

had two children and married a McWhorter. His information was incorrect. An old record in Concord shows that McWhorter married Martha Balch between 1777 and 1787.

"Certainly this was not the wife of Rev. Hezekiah J. Balch nor the wife of Rev. James Balch, but it is probable that she was his daughter, a sister of Rev. Hezekiah, because Dr. White's book says Rev. Jas. Balch had four sons and four daughters, and the records show that Rev. James Balch located here. Dr. White gives the names of three of the daughters and my theory is that the other was Martha, who married McWhorter.

"In those days removal to Tennessee meant removal from the world and it easily explains the tradition as to the death of Rev. Hezekiah J. Balch. It is not improbable that he found it prudent to go into the wilderness of the West, when the war came, in view of the part he had taken in shielding the 'Black Boys' of his congregation and in bringing about the declaration at Charlotte."

It can be readily seen that Mr. Caldwell based his theory purely upon the book of Dr. White. Dr. Henderson, in his article, for proof of his contention refers only to Mr. Caldwell and Dr. White. It is obvious that the contentions of all three can be nothing more than mere conjecture and of less ef-

From Mecklenburg Records

Therefore, let us prove by official records made at the time and now extant, that the wife of Hezekiah James Balch was not Susannah Lavinia Garrison, and that he actually died in 1776.

In the office of the register of deeds for Mecklenburg county there is re-

corded in Harris Book No. 11, page 35 (Re-numbered Book 4, page 485), a deed of conveyance from William Ross and wife, Elizabeth Ross, to Hezekiah James Balch, dated March 30, 1769, conveying 88 acres of land lying on the ridges between English Buffalo and Coddle Creeks in Mecklenburg county. This deed was made prior to the formation or erection of Cabarrus county in 1792, and the land is situated in what is now Cabarrus county near the present site of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School, and about four miles from the present city of Concord.

In the minute book of the court of pleas and quarter sessions for Mecklenburg county, 1774-1785, at page 29, we find that at the January sessions, 1775, "A deed of sale from James Ashmore and wife to Hezekiah James Balch for 56 acres of land, dated September 28th, 1771, was proved in open court in order to be registered."

On January 23, 1776, Hezekiah James Balch and wife Martha, conveyed the identical lands to James Walker, the 88 acre tract being conveyed by deed recorded in Mecklenburg county in Harris Book 34, page 24 (Re-numbered Book 10, page 221), and on the same day Hezekiah James Balch and wife, Martha conveyed 56 acres lying on the ridges between English Buffalo and Coddle Creeks, "adjoining the tract on which said Hezekiah James Balch now lives," to the same James Walker, by deed recorded in Harris Book 34, page 26 (Re-numbered Book 10, page 223).

These last two deeds are proof positive that the wife of Hezekiah James Balch was named Martha and not

Susannah Lavinia Garrison. But there is further record proof.

Proof Death Date

In the courthouse at Charlotte is another record which removes all doubt that Hezekiah James Balch died in 1776. The original minute docket of the court of pleas and quarter sessions, 1774-1785, on page 81, shows this entry made on the third Wednesday in January, 1777:

"Ordered by the court that letters of administration issue to Martha Balch, wife and Relict of the Revd. Hezekiah James Balch, deceased, administratrix, and James and William Balch, administrators, who came into court and produced for their securities James Bradshaw and Samuel Perkins (Pickens) being approved of were bound in the sum of 200. The said administrators came into court and took the oaths by law appointed in such case."

And again in the office of the register of deeds we find in Harris Book 23, page 36 (Re-numbered Book, page 310) this deed:

"This indenture made the 22d day of August in the second year of our Independence and in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven between William Wallace and Sarah his wife, planters of the county of Mecklenburg and State of North Carolina, of the one part, and Martha Balch, Relick of the Reverend Hezekiah James Balch, deceased, of Mecklenburg county and state aforesaid, of the other part, etc."

This deed conveyed 162 acres of land on the south side of Coddle Creek, adjoining Zacheus Wilson and James Wallace, and was proven and

ordered to be registered at the October sessions, 1777, of the court of pleas and quarter sessions, the probate being as follows:

"North Carolina

October Sessions 1777

The within deed was proven in open court by the oath of David Reese subscribing witness thereto. Ordered to be registered.

Test. Sam Martin CMC."

Court Composed of Signers.

The court of pleas and quarter sessions, which ordered the administration of the estate of Hezekiah James Balch, was composed of Robert Harris, Hezekiah Alexander, Abraham Alexander, Robert Irwin, David Reese and Ephraim Brevard, justices, all of whom were signers of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, were friends and compatriots of Hezekiah James Balch, and two of whom were elders in his congregation. It is further singular that the will of John Pfifer, another signer, was proven on the same day. Can there be any doubt as to the time of the death of Hezekiah James Balch?

It is a bold statement to say that Dr. Albert Franklin White was mistaken in the identity of his own grandfather and grandmother, but such is the case. His grandfather was James Balch (who never changed his name) and not Hezekiah James Balch, and his grandmother was Susannah Lavinia Garrison, wife of James Balch, and not Martha Scannel, wife of Hezekiah James Balch. The Balch who died in 1776 could not have been the father of Hezekiah James Balch for all authorities agree that the mother of Hezekiah James was either Anne Goodwin or Anne Bloomer.

Dr White says she was Anne Bloomer, and Dr. Lyman Draper, late of the Wisconsin Historical society, correctly says in his notes that she was Anne Goodwin. The record of administration and the deed of August 22, 1777, leave no room for doubt as to the widow of Hezekiah James Balch being named Martha, and it was she who subsequently married a McWhorter and removed to Tennessee.

Why the Mistake?

How could the mistake have arisen? The only mistake has been the accepting of statements contained in Dr. White's erroneous publication when positive proof was and is now at hand in the official records of Mecklenburg county.

Dr White begins his book with this romantic and purely traditional account:

"About the beginning of the eighteenth century a boy four or five years of age, by the name of James Balch, and a little girl some months younger, whose name was Ann Bloomer, and whose parents were from Wales, were enticed by the offer of red apples on board of a ship in the act of sailing from London to the colony of the Potomac. When the ship arrived at its destination a small sum was paid for the passage of these children and they were taken to homes in Maryland, not far from the present site of Georetown."

Such a thing might happen in the wildest dream, but it is difficult to understand what Welsh children less than six years of age could be doing on a dock in London, and why any sane person would increase his or her responsibility on a trans-Atlantic voyage with the care of two children.

When he had grown up, and settled on Deer creek in Hartford county, Maryland, and subsequently removed to Charlotte, N. C., while their children were yet young. He also says that Rev. James Balch and Anne Bloomer Balch had nine children, five sons, and four daughters. The sons were Hezekiah James, Hezekiah, Stephen, Bloomer, William and George; the daughters Rhoda, Jane, Anne and Martha.

The foregoing statements of Dr. White are likewise erroneous. Actually the first Balch to come to America was John Balch, the great grandfather of Hezekiah James Balch. John came from Somerset, Wales, to Baltimore, Maryland, in 1658. He was granted land in that year consisting of 36 acres in Baltimore county on the north side of Deer creek, and the tract was called "Balch Abode." This entry is recorded in Liber 6, Folio 89, in the Maryland Land Office at Annapolis.

John Balch married Catherine McClelland, and they had three children.

Dr. White goes on to say that James Balch married Anne Bloomer James.

Hezekiah, the second son of John Balch, married Martha Bloomer. They had one son who was born in St. George Parish in 1714, and was named James. This James married Anne Goodwin in 1737. They settled in Hartford county, Maryland, and were the parents of 11 children, all of whom were born there. Anne Goodwin Balch died in 1760 following the birth of the youngest child, John. In 1769 James Balch and most of his children came to Mecklenburg county, North Carolina.

Their Children Listed

The children of James Balch and Anne Goodwin Balch were: (1) Mary, born 1738, and who married Rev. Mr. Rankin; (2) Elizabeth, born 1740, and married James Ashmore, one of the "Cabarrus Black Boys"; (3) Margaret, who married Alexander Kelso; (4) Rhoda, who never married; (5) Hezekiah James, born 1746, and who married Martha Sconnell, and is the subject of this sketch; (6) Stephen Bloomer, born April 5, 1747, died September 15, 1837, and married Elizabeth Beall in 1782; (7) James, born December 25, 1850, died January 12, 1821, and married Susannah Lavinia Garrison; (8) William Goodwin, born 1751, died 1822, who married Elizabeth Rogers, daughter of John Rogers, and who died in 1837; (9) Rachel, who married John Houston on July 27, 1783, in Green county in what is now the state of Tennessee; (10) Amos, born 1758, who married Ann Patton; and (11) John, born 1760, and who married Barbara Patton.

The two administrators of the estate of Hezekiah James Balch who were appointed with Martha, his widow, were obviously his brothers, since it was impossible for Hezekiah James to have had children of mature age at the time of his death in 1776. It is possible, however, that the James mentioned could have been the father of Hezekiah James, since the father did not die until 1779, but neither is that probable.

A volume from the archives of the Presbyterian church, at Montreat, entitled, "Records of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. Embracing the Minutes of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, From A.

D. 1700 to 1716; Minutes of the Synod of Philadelphia, from A. D. 1717 to 1758; Minutes of the Synod of New York, from A. D. 1745 to 1758; Minutes of the Synod of Philadelphia and New York, from A. D. 1758 to 1788," published in Philadelphia in the year 1841 by Presbyterian Board of Publication, gives some interesting information concerning four of the Balch ministers.

Concerning Balch Ministers

Donegal Presbytery licensed Hezekiah James Balch to preach the gospel, May 18, 1768 (page 378.) New Castle Presbytery reported that they had licensed Mr. Hezekiah Balch to preach, May 17, 1769 (page 390.) Mr. Hezekiah James Balch, a licensed candidate under the care of Donegal Presbytery, was appointed to fill vacancies in Virginia and North Carolina, May 25, 1769 (page 399). Presbytery of Donegal reported that they had ordained Hezekiah James Balch (page 401.)

Hanover Presbytery reported that they had ordained Hezekiah Balch, May 17, 1770 (page 401.)

Hezekiah James Balch, Hezekiah Balch, and others, were erected into a Presbytery to be known as the Presbytery of Orange in North Carolina, May 20, 1770 (page 409.) On May 18, 1774, there was present from Orange Presbytery, Hezekiah Balch; absent, Hezekiah James Balch (page 450.) On May 17, 1775, Hezekiah Balch was absent from Donegal Presbytery (page 461.) Donegal Presbytery reported that they had received Rev. Hezekiah Balch from Orange Presbytery (page 462.)

On May 17, 1787, the Presbytery of Abingdon reported that they had

licensed Mr. James Balch to preach the gospel (page 531.) Hezekiah Balch was absent from Donegal Presbytery on May 16, 1781 (page 489.) Stephen Balch was licensed to preach the gospel by Donegal Presbytery, May 17, 1781 (page 411.) Hezekiah Balch was dismissed to join Hanover Presbytery May 16, 1782 (page 493)

Presbyterian ministers

From the above it is clear that Hezekiah Balch, Hezekiah James Balch, James Balch and Stephen Balch were all Presbyterian ministers. Hezekiah James, James and Stephen were brothers, and Hezekiah was their cousin. As late as 1787, both Hezekiah and James were members of Orange Presbytery, which was twelve years after the death of Hezekiah and James became members of Abingdon Presbytery and were trustees of Greenville College in what is now the State of Tennessee.

It is true that the monument erected to Hezekiah James Balch at Poplar Tent was not placed there until 71 years after his death. Whether it marks the exact spot of his grave is of no particular concern. The further fact that Abijah Alexander pointed out the grave in 1847 when funds were raised for the erection of the monument does not guarantee the exact location, but a man then in his eighty-second year, having been born on January 27, 1765, and being a life-long resident of the Poplar Tent community, should have had sufficient intelligence in his twelfth year to know where the pastor of his church was buried.

The contention that Hezekiah James Balch moved to Tennessee in 1776 and

lived there until 1821 is supported by what? The book of Dr. White published in 1890—one hundred and fourteen years after the death of Balch. The statement of Morrison Caldwell, Esq., based solely on Dr. White's book. The article by Dr. Henderson based

entirely on White's book and Caldwell's statement.

The fact that Balch died in 1776 is supported and proven by official county records made at the time and now in existence. There is but one choice. *Verbum sapienti sat.*

IN PAWN FOR LIFE

A man wronged can manage still to be serene in heart, the captain of his own soul. But when he wrongs another willfully, and keeps on keeping on at that, he puts his peace of mind in pawn for life—for ever unless he repents. His injustice haunts him, never completely forgotten, riding his conscience to his last day.

This is true of nations as it is of men, for nations are only collections of men. The nation that does a wrong may take pride in it and profit from it, yet cannot forever lull the conscience of its people. The mass frenzy that may make the wrong seem justifiable to them wears out in time. The biggest lie, the most cherished self-delusion loses its power to deceive. The vain glory of iniquitous triumph is ashes and sawdust to souls not utterly beastly. Parades, flags, medals and the flattery of orators and historians cannot anesthetize remorse, unless the laws of human nature have lately changed, which no one can very well believe.

Observers say that the mass of the German people today are mentally ill. Why should they not be ill? There will be memories to stalk the Reich; ghosts that cannot be appeased; memories of slaughtered women and children, of soldiers dead by the million, of word of honor broken, of cruelty unspeakable—memories to sicken the toughest mind.

Sane or not, win or lose, the Germans seem fated to be the unhappiest people on earth for years after the war ends. The world will have to reckon with that, and so will Germany. God save America from doing anything now she may live to regret some day in the future! And may God save individuals from doing the same thing!—Alabama Baptist.

FLORIDA DOCTOR FIRST MADE ICE FOR HIS PATIENTS

(Selected)

Artificial ice, followed by air conditioning, was first made by a Florida doctor seeking a way to reduce the fevers of his patients. Dr. John W. Gorrie, ninety years ago, made the discovery, and the next edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica will make the acknowledgement and give the history of the discovery. The story is given in the Atlanta Journal:

During his lifetime and the years that followed, Dr. Gorrie received little recognition for his efforts in behalf of humanity. This fact was brought to the attention of the Florida legislature at its meeting last spring, and a resolution was adopted by the legislators asking the Encyclopedia Britannica to print the facts of Dr. Gorrie's career.

Never before in the 173 years of its publication has this Encyclopedia received a similar request from a state legislature. The editors were quick to recognize the justice of the petition and arranged to publish Dr. Gorrie's biography in their next issue.

In many respects, the Florida scientist's life paralleled that of Dr. Crawford W. Long. At the same time Dr. Long was experimenting with anaesthesia, Dr. Gorrie was making artificial ice.

Like Dr. Long, Dr. Gorrie was a physician and a great one. His ice machine was built, not to make cock-tails taste better, but to aid humanity by alleviating the suffering of malaria fever patients.

His primary aim was air-conditioning and he made ice merely as a cooling agent.

Dr. Gorrie was born in the West Indies in 1802, the son of a Scots soldier of fortune. A year later the youngster and his mother were left at Charleston while his father went off to serve in the Spanish army, where he was killed.

Young Gorrie's mother died about the time John finished school in Charleston. The boy already showed such promise as a student that he was given scholarship funds which paid a part of his expenses at the Fairfield Medical College in New York. He worked for the rest.

After completing his medical course—from 1825 to 1827—he spent the next six years practicing medicine in Abbeville, S. C., where he specialized with considerable success in the treatment of malaria.

At that time yellow fever and malaria were ravaging the Florida coasts. In 1833 Dr. Gorrie moved to Apalachicola, where he could work in the midst of the fevers which interested him so much.

Apalachicola was then the third largest cotton port on the Gulf. Dr. Gorrie served as resident physician at the Marine hospital, at the small city hospital, and in addition answered private calls, particularly when he was needed on fever cases. He also took an interest in politics, and served at various times as councilman, chairman of council, city treasurer, postmaster and mayor.

Dr. Gorrie had several advanced ideas about fevers. Although it was not suspected that both yellow jack and malaria were spread by mosquitoes, he noticed that a great many of his patients had been sleeping without mosquito netting. He also noticed that fevers were worst near the swamps. He prevailed upon the city to drain the swamps, and he had netting placed over all the hospital beds.

The young physician realized that the semi-tropical heat of summer was one factor contributing to the high death-rate from malaria and yellow jack. Nobody ever had done anything about the weather, but he tried, and how well he succeeded was not realized until his principle of air-conditioning finally was perfected in the last few years.

Dr. Gorrie's first experiments were simple. He made a vent in the ceiling of the sickroom and hung a block of ice beneath the opening. Air coming through the vent was cooled by the ice, and sank into the room, flowing out through an opening near the floor. Thus a constantly fresh supply of cool air was always coming into the room.

The greatest difficulty was in obtaining ice. The only ice available at Apalachicola was that cut from northern lakes and rivers, stored in ice houses and in the summer shipped in sail boats around Key West. By the time the boats reached West Florida a large part of the cargo had melted. The rest brought high prices, sometimes as much as 50 cents to a dollar a pound—too expensive for any except the wealthy, and often there was no ice in town at any price.

Dr. Gorrie decided to do without ice, and cool the room by machinery. He understood physics, and knew that a certain volume of air contains a certain amount of heat. If you compress the air you also condense the heat, raising the temperature considerably.

Dr. Gorrie rigged up a system of pumps and pipes by which he could compress the air into a chamber, and pour water over the chamber to remove the excess heat. Then, when the air was released in order that it could expand it would be icy cold.

At first he was not ambitious enough to attempt the manufacture of ice. He merely cooled water pipes, which carried the cold to the ceiling vent of his air-conditioning system.

One extremely hot night in 1844, when Dr. Gorrie was busy with four patients, he forgot to tell the colored servant who was working the machine to stop pumping. When the doctor got around to checking up he found the pipes clogged—with ice!

Realizing that an ice machine would mean more to humanity than his medical practice possibly could, Dr. Gorrie began to spend more and more time in his tool shop. The following year he completed a small working model, which produced ice for the annual ice cream festival given, by the Ladies' Guild of the Trinity Episcopal church.

However, the time invention was not announced publicly until five years later, on June 14, 1850, and then the news was released in a most dramatic manner. It was Bastille Day, and the French consul was

giving a dinner for several friends. But the whole town was without ice, northwest winds having delayed the boats. Guests were expecting to drink toasts in warm wine. Then a cotton broker friend of Dr. Gorrie promised ice, whether the boats arrived or not, and when other guests wanted to bet, the broker covered all the money offered.

After the guests were seated the host offered the first toast, "My friends, we drink to France in warm red wine."

Dr. Alvan Wentworth Chapman, the famous botanist, gave the next toast, "We will now drink to our own country and to an American, the world's greatest scientist, who gives us artificial ice to chill our champagne!"

Waiters appeared with chilled bottles nestling in clean cracked ice. France and Bastille Day were forgotten, while the gathering marveled at the new invention.

Dr. Gorrie received the patent, No. 8080, the following year. And then, like many other inventors, he found that he was ahead of his time—

even though his invention offered the world ice made to order.

Considerable capital was needed to build a factory for turning out ice plants. There was little ready money in the South. The inventor went North, looking for aid and there he ran into an unexpected barrier. He found that quite a few financiers had money invested in ice storage plants, and in boats for hauling ice. Gorrie's machine would put the entire ice industry, as then operated, out of business.

A smear campaign was even started against him. He was called a southern crank. As in case of Dr. Long's operations performed under ether, it was said that Gorrie was stepping out of his sphere when he claimed that he would make ice as well as God made it.

Finally a wealthy man in Boston agreed to finance the factory for a half-interest in the patent, but he died before the work could be started.

Baffled and disillusioned, Dr. Gorrie died in 1855, without seeing his machine put to commercial use.

THESE TRUTHS

These truths I know—
 That all men are enlinked with jeweled thread;
 That every smile is like a seed on fertile ground,
 And flowers bloom when gentle words are said.
 While every gracious deed and knowing touch
 Are to the soul unfailing bread.

—Bessie F. Collins.

CARL SANDBURG—AMERICA'S POET OF THE PEOPLE

By Leonard B. Gray

I recall hearing Prof. David Lambuth of Dartmouth College describe an experience he had one day in 1915 while riding on a train back to Hanover from New York. He was reading "North of Boston" by Robert Frost, and suddenly he realized that a new voice had appeared in American literature.

Something like this, although a bit more exciting, was the experience of many people early in 1914 when "Poetry" issued a group of poems by a stranger named Carl Sandburg. It was suddenly evident that a new poet with a vigorous personality and an original technique had appeared. His unconventional style and brutal realism created a sensation. Such poems as "Chicago" jarred the sensibilities of the polite literary world, and incited not a few to exclaim, "What right has any man to be so brutal in print!" Anyway, before the end of the year the new sensation was awarded the Haire Levinson prize of two hundred dollars for "the best poem written by a citizen of the United States during the year," and Sandburg at the age of 36 had arrived.

Carl Sandburg was born of Swedish immigrant parents at Galesburg, Ill., in 1878. At 13 he left school to work on a milk wagon. During the next few years he worked as porter in a hotel, scene shifter in a theater, truck driver at a limekiln, member of a railroad construction gang, dishwasher in hotels in Denver and Omaha, and

hay pitcher in the wheat fields of Kansas.

This adventurer experienced active service in the Spanish-American War, and at its end he was mustered out of the army with one hundred dollars in his pocket. With this money he went back to Galesburg to enter Lombard College. At Lombard he paid his way by ringing the college bell, acting as janitor, and tutoring, and started his literary career by editing the college paper.

Leaving college he roamed the West as newspaper man, salesman, and advertisement writer. He worked at such varied jobs as organizer for the Social-Democratic Party of Wisconsin, secretary to Major Seidel of Milwaukee, labor editor on the Milwaukee Journal, associate editor of The World, and member of the staff of The Day Book in Chicago. All the time the young man was reading, seeing many sides of the great industrial and agricultural Middle West, and improving the power of expressing the natural poetry of his mystical nature. During these formative years Whitman showed him the way, although the free verse he finally adopted is quite different from Whitman's. From Emily Dickinson he learned the effectiveness of the unusual image. And he got hints from Stephen Crane. But chiefly he listened to the people. Their speech and song cadences, their picturesque turning of phrases, and their

homely language and slang become the stuff of his poetry.

Since startling the literary world with "Chicago Poems" Sandburg has published "Cornhuskers," "Smoke and Steel," "Slabs of the Sunburnt West," "Good Morning America," and "The People, Yes." Besides these six volumes of poetry he has compiled "The American Song Bag," a collection of songs he gathered on many travels, and written six volumes of prose on "Abraham Lincoln, the Prairie Years," and "Abraham Lincoln, the War Years," the latter winning the Pulitzer Prize.

The poet started the four-volume work on the war years of Lincoln at the age of fifty. He thought Lincoln night and day, and saturated himself with the spirit of his hero. He talked with people who knew Lincoln and with people who knew the great President. He gathered source material from libraries, private collections and family archives. He sorted and classified material into three hundred odd pouches. Often he worked ten hours steadily, and now and then he said, "This son-of-a-gun Lincoln grows on you." And at the age of sixty-one he had completed the most monumental piece of historical research and biographical writing ever done by one American about another, and had won for himself the reputation of being one of the great biographers in American literary history. In this biography Lincoln is alive. "Time is pushed back for me," said one reader, "I am not reading a biography, but seeing an actual person, hearing his voice, seeing him move and act," while the biographer himself finished his amazing task with the claim that

he had learned humility and patience from Lincoln.

And what sort of man is this great poet-biographer? Those who know him best say that he is intensely alive and human, modest, lovable, a delightful companion who loves to sit with his friends until dawn, spinning yarns, singing, roaring with laughter. At other times he will scoff at those who strut and preen themselves, or go white with anger over injustice to the helpless. Like Lincoln he has about him a homespun, earthly quality, an air of the prairie rather than that of the library. He has a childish love of childish things, and has the uncanny directness and simplicity which children possess. He is humble and reverent, and has written reverentially of prayer, industry, and obedience. His hair is steel gray. His granite eyes glow. His face is gnarled and furrowed, brooding, beautiful as the faces of strong men are beautiful, with a cleft chin and mouth that loops itself into smiles. His conversation is direct and simple, his voice a singing drawl.

Sandburg lives with his wife and three daughters at Harbert, Mich., on the shores of the blue lake. His hobby is resurrecting American songs and singing them to his own guitar accompaniment. His typical program at clubs and colleges, at which he averages 30 appearances a year, and where he is exceptionally well received, is half poetry reading and half folk song recital.

And what shall we say of the poetry of this man who loves Lincoln and Lincoln's West, and the great wheat fields and factories and cities of the modern Midwest? It is poetry of the

common life, full of folk-idiom, simple and homely things, free from book language, vibrating with the strong strings of life and with the great singing heart of America, distinctively American poetry expressed in a distinctively American speech with hard and powerful words. It is poetry written out of the stuff of everyday life, out of what the poet himself said poetry should be written, namely, "tumults and paradoxes, terrible reckless struggles and glorious lazy loafing, out of blood, work, and war, and out of baseball, babies and potato blossoms." It is poetry that is even closer to the people than Whitman's that loves and pities and exalts the people, that endeavors to carry on Whitman's and Lincoln's crusades for democracy, that cries out belief in the future of democracy in such works as these:

Ai! Ai! the people sleep
 Yet the sleepers toss in sleep,
 And an end comes to sleep,
 And the sleepers wake;
 Ai! Ai! the sleepers wake.

It is poetry full of passionate hatred for shams and injustice, that sympathizes with the tortured slaves of industry, that voices the poets dissatisfaction with the drabness and sordidness of Midwest industrialism, that

more often celebrates the vigor, usefulness and supremacy of American commerce in such words as these:

Omaha, the roughneck, feeds
 armies,
 Eats and swears from a dirty
 face;
 Omaha works to get the world a
 breakfast.

It is poetry that bawls and roars at times and is infinitely tender and exquisitely sweet at other times, that is full of the rough energies of life and of athletic beauty, that probably combines brutality and gentleness as no other American poetry combines them, that calls Chicago the "city of the big shoulders" and "hog butcher of the world" and contains that beautiful little six-liner "Fog," which whispers along as stealthily as the fog itself and which was recently pronounced by Alexander Woolcott the most widely-read poem of our generation. It is poetry full of the tragedy and adventure and romance of the poet's West, of the inarticulate idealism of the masses of belief in the worth of man, of virile and wholesome outlook, of courageous optimism and hope. It is poetry of a great poet and a great man, of America's poet of the people.

WORK

There is no truer and more abiding happiness than the knowledge that one is to go on doing, day by day, the best work one can do, in the kind one likes best, and that this work is absorbed by a steady market and thus supports one's own life. Perfect freedom is reserved for the man who lives by his own work and in that work does what he wants to do.—R. G. Collingwood.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our Hallowe'en Party

Following a custom of several years' standing, a half-holiday was declared at the Training School on Friday, October 31st, most of the afternoon being given over to the annual Hallowe'en celebration. While this is always a red-letter day in the lives of the boys at the School, this year's celebration was made more of gala affair by the appearance on the schedule of the 180th Field Artillery Band, of Boston, Massachusetts, which is taking part in the army maneuvers now going on in North Carolina.

Promptly at three o'clock, one staff car and three army trucks rolled through the School grounds, men and instruments unloaded and assigned to a shady spot near the school building, and in a very few minutes the Hallowe'en celebration was on in earnest. This fine military musical organization, under the leadership of Warrant Officer Chester E. Whiting, who is chief bandmaster of the Twenty-sixth Division, was first organized in 1922, as a cavalry unit, and some years later was transferred to the field artillery. We had been told by members of other army departments that it was rated the third best band in the entire United States Army, but judging from the program so excellently rendered here on this occasion, we are going to reserve our opinion until we have an opportunity to hear the other two. While we are not making any claims of being an authority on music, it is extremely difficult to understand just how any musical organization could be better

than the one heard here on the 31st. At least until we hear the other two bands, we are voting top honors to Mr. Whiting and his boys. The program opened with a spirited march, the name of which we failed to get, and continued with selections in the following order:

Overture.....	"Oberon".....	Weber
Overture.....	"Southern Stars".....	Ascher-Mabel
Overture.....	"Snow White".....	Churchill
Intermezzo.....	(A Love Story).....	Provost
Fox Trot.....	"There'll Be Some Changes Made".....	Overstreet
Intermezzo.....	"In a Persian Market".....	Ketelbey
March.....	"American Eagle".....	Boehme
March.....	"The Ambassador".....	Laurendeau
Rhapsody.....	"Southern Airs".....	Hosmer
March.....	"Georgia Tech".....	
Novelty.....	"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?".....	Churchill
March.....	"College Medley".....	
March.....	"Colonel Agnew".....	Whiting
	"The Star-Spangled Banner"	

A booth had been erected near the bakery and trimmed in Hallowe'en style and nearby were several smaller booths and cornstalk wigwams, from which the boys were served the old American torrid canines, more commonly known as "hot dogs" with some fine slaw and all the trimmin's. They then passed on to the other booths where they received ice cold bottles of Coca-Cola and Doctor Pepper, and a little further down the line they received generous servings of pop-corn, peanuts and candy. It was quite interesting to watch these youngsters hustle down to the various booths, get both hands filled with

good things to eat, and then hurry back to their places near the band, in order not to miss any of the fine music that was played for their entertainment.

About midway on the band program, an intermission was announced, and the members of the band were invited to partake of the refreshments. As the boys in khaki lined up and visited the several places where "eats" were being handed out, it was hard to determine who was enjoying the occasion most—the Training School youngsters or the soldiers who had come to entertain them. Having finished their lunch, the musicians again took their places and the concert proceeded. The manner in which they rendered stirring marches, difficult overtures and novelty numbers was most pleasing, and when they arose and played the "Star-Spangled Banner" for a closing number, both the boys and officials of the School realized they had heard a wonderful program rendered by one of the best musical organizations in the country, and they demonstrated their appreciation by indulging in round after round of hearty applause.

One needs but to meet Warrant Officer Whiting to learn that he is a gentleman of the finest type. As a bandmaster and composer he ranks with the best, and we are deeply indebted to he and the splendid fellows in his organization for a most enjoyable afternoon. This band, thirty-five in number, is made up of men from Boston and vicinity. They have made several appearances in Cabarrus county during their stay in the South, and have become popular with citizens in all walks of life. Mr. Whiting

and a number of his boys expressed a desire to make a return visit to the School if possible, and we wish to take this opportunity to assure them that if they find it convenient to do so, the latch-string at the Training School hangs on the outside, and that the slightest pull on same will gain immediate admission.

Whenever there has been a special occasion of any kind at the Training School, interested friends of the boys have never failed to come to their assistance, contributing most generously that said occasion might be a success, and they certainly did much toward making this an enjoyable Hallowe'en celebration. The Doctor Pepper Bottling Company, of Charlotte, kindly donated 450 bottles of their product; the Coca-Cola Bottling Company, of Concord, gave a like number of bottles of Coca-Cola; and the Ritz Variety Store, of Concord, furnished and prepared about 500 bags of pop corn, and we might add right here that we were glad Charlie Ritz, proprietor of the last named firm, who has been seriously ill for more than a year, was able to come out and see the boys enjoy the party. To these kind friends and to any others who in any way helped to make this a day of happiness for the lads entrusted to our care, we herewith tender our deepest appreciation.

—:—

Among the new boys admitted to the School this week was an Indian boy from Robeson county. He was assigned to the Indian Cottage.

—:—

Since recent rains have put the soil in better condition for working, the farm forces are rushing to get

the land recently added to our farm sown in small grain.

—:—

During a high wind last Thursday night, the large smokestack on the boiler room at the school building was blown down. We are glad to report that no damage was done except to the stack. Repairs are being made and the heating system in this building will soon be in working order.

—:—

Due to the fact that our auditorium is closed awaiting further repairs, it is still necessary to discontinue Sunday school and church services, also the regular weekly showing of motion pictures. Until repairs to the auditorium are completed, the boys will have regular Sunday school lesson periods in their respective cottages.

—:—

From the windows of our "sanctum sanctorum" we noticed the local butchers on their way to the hog-pens, armed with implements necessary to hog-killing activities. We learned that they were on their way to slaughter several fat porkers, which causes our mind to dwell upon the appearance of spare-ribs, sausage and other delicacies of the season on our daily menus at a very early date.

—:—

The winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending September 30, 1941, have been announced as follows:

First Grade—Leonard Franklin, most improvement; Second Grade—Cecil Bennett, greatest general improvement; Third Grade—James Mondie, highest average; Fourth Grade—Charles Sloan and Robert Goldsmith,

greatest improvement in reading; Fifth Grade—Glenn Drum and John Tolley, highest general average; Seventh Grade—William O'Brien and Charles Metcalf, best in arithmetic.

—:—

Mr. Wade Cashion, director of the division of institutions and correction, State Board of Charity and Public Welfare, and Miss Eloise Banning, of Albemarle, a field representative for the same department, called on us last Tuesday afternoon. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, they visited the vocational departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building and other places of interest at the institution.

—:—

There is now an abundance of extra fine pansy plants in our plant beds. They were raised from a new variety of seed and are the finest we have ever seen. Mr. Walker and his group of boys have been transplanting them in large beds in different sections of the campus during the past few days. Should weather conditions prove favorable during the winter months, there should be more pansy blooms at the School next spring that have ever been seen here before.

—:—

We recently learned that Clyde Adams, better known in these parts as "Jack Dempsey," is now a sailor in the United States Navy. Clyde, a former member of the Cottage No. 10 group and of the bakery force, left the School several years ago, returning to his home in Kannapolis. He has been attending school regularly, and his work there has been quite satisfactory, according to reports we have received from time to

time. He is now stationed at the Naval Training School, Norfolk, Va., and is getting along very nicely.

—:—

Burl Allen, a former member of the Cottage No. 12 group, who left the School about eighteen months ago, visited us last Monday. For some time after leaving the institution, he was employed in a cotton mill, but about nine months ago he enlisted in the United States Navy, and is now taking a period of training at Naval Training Station, Norfolk, Va. Burl said that he liked the life of a sailor very much and was getting along fine.

—:—

Our football team journeyed to Barium Springs Orphanage on November 3rd, and came out on the losing end of a 14 to 0 score. The boys showed marked improvement over their early games with Concord and Albemarle by holding a strong Barium Spring team to fourteen points. There was no score made by either side at the end of the half, but coming into the second half with a fresh team, Barium proved too strong for the visitors, scoring on a pass in the third period. In the closing seconds of the game, a fumble by Brewer was responsible for the other score. The Barium boys made both conversions good. The record for the season now stands at two defeats and one win for the Training School lads.

—:—

Francis Glynn, Tim Donahue and Harold Silverstein, members of the 51st Field Artillery, Brigade Headquarters; and Murray Koblenzer, Battery B, 180th Field Artillery, were visitors at the school last Saturday.

These young men, from Boston, Mass., and vicinity, are now engaged in war maneuvers in North Carolina. They were spending the week-end in Concord and came out to look over the institution, and seemed interested in the manner of work being carried on here, especially young Koblenzer, a graduate of Bucknell College, who had majored in sociology and criminology. These fellows from Massachusetts stayed for lunch and enjoyed a dip in the swimming pool in the afternoon. Since the soldiers have been spending week-end leaves in Concord we have met several hundred who hail from Massachusetts and other New England States, and have found them to be splendid young fellows.

—:—

Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. McGarry, of the 104th Infantry, 26th Division, and Captain M. F. Shaughnessy, VI A. C., stationed at Fort Bragg during army maneuvers in the two Carolinas, were visitors at the School last Saturday afternoon. They said they were just driving along the highway, noticed the institution, and decided to stop and see if they might obtain permission to look it over. Accompanied by Assistant Superintendent Fisher, they visited practically every department at the School, and at the end of their brief tour of inspection, both officers spoke of the work being carried on here in a most commendable manner. Captain Shaughnessy, who was once superintendent of a somewhat similar school in Ohio, stated that this was one of the very best schools of its kind he had ever seen.

We were delighted to have these

gentlemen with us and trust they may find it convenient to visit the School again while they are in this section of the country.

—:—

One of the members of the School's staff of workers recently received a card from Joe Farlow, who was allowed to return to his home in Randleman, a few months ago. While here he worked as house boy in Cottage No. 2 and spent some time in the printing office. Joe stated that he was attending high school and was making good grades in everything except mathematics. His report on that subject last month was not so good, but he said he was doing much better this month. We learned from this lad's card that he was attending church and Sunday school regularly, also that he had won a prize of one dollar for selecting the name for his Sunday school class, which is now called "The Everready Class." Just to show that he had not forgotten some of the lessons learned while working as house boy, he said that he had been helping his mother with the cooking and had baked a cake for her. Joe is also spending a few hours each week in a printing office, and hopes to have steady employment there when school closes. He says that he does not receive any pay for the little bit of work he does there now, but is glad of the opportunity to learn more about the trade.

—:—

Irving McBride, formerly a house boy at Cottage No. 10, who left the School, September 2, 1933, called on us last Tuesday. Upon returning to his home in Leaksville, after having made a very good record at the

School, Irving entered the public school in that city, continuing his studies until he had completed the tenth grade work. He then worked in a cotton mill for some time. On January 17, 1936, he enlisted in the United States Army, was assigned to the 18th Infantry, and was stationed at Fort Jay, N.Y., where he remained until his term of enlistment expired. After leaving the service he worked at various jobs for a while, but did not seem satisfied with civilian life, and on February 8, 1940, he re-enlisted, and is now a member of the 446th Ordinance Company, Aviation Bombardment Corps, and is stationed at Langley Field, Virginia.

Irving has developed into a fine-looking young fellow of twenty-four years, with very nice manners and a most pleasing personality. He told us that he was proud of the training received here, and that it had been of great benefit to him in army life. He further stated this was his first visit to the School since leaving us, and that it was just like a visit back home.

—:—

Various state and county agencies report to us regularly concerning the activities of our boys after leaving the School, and from some recently received we learn that James Nicholson and William Brothers have been getting along very nicely since leaving us.

James is attending school regularly in Roanoke Rapids, is in the tenth grade and expects to complete high school. His teacher reports, "James makes good grades and gets on the citizenship honor roll every month."

He works for a cafe as curb boy after school hours and on Saturdays, making \$10.00 a week, as well as earning most of his meals at the cafe.

James came to the School May 1, 1937, and remained here until August 26, 1939. While here he was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group and worked in the bakery and library. He was in the seventh grade at the time he left the institution.

The report concerning Billy Brothers informs us that he is attending

school in Elizabeth City and is in the tenth grade. During the past summer months he helped his father on an ice truck. His conduct since returning to his home, July 14, 1939, has been quite satisfactory. Billy was admitted to the School May 1, 1936 and during his stay here was a member of the Cottage No. 5 group. He worked in our library, printing department and on the farm, and at the time he was allowed to return to his home, was in the seventh grade.

WILL

"Very busy people are less apt to fall ill than persons of leisure," once wrote a doctor, and added that "the same strength of will that carries them through their difficult daily tasks shields them against disease." Will-power is the greatest single factor of human existence. Its influence is without limit.

If the body were master of the mind, the world would have lost many of its famous names. Nelson as a sailor was seasick; Milton ignored blindness; Hood, Henly, and Robert Louis Stevenson carried on in spite of bodily suffering. Washington's teeth worried him continually. Grant suffered the agonies of cancer, and history multiplies examples up to the present day of the triumph of the will to do.

An active mind would seem to insure a certain immunity from ill-health, just as it is equally certain that those who have time to dwell on ailments, real or fancied, soon fall victims to their own imagination.

How often is it a noticable fact that the man who has led a busy life and decides to "retire," retires not only from work but also simultaneously from the world.

The effect of the will to work is cumulative. A body of enthusiastic workers is a great stimulus to all within the sphere of their influence.

There is a latent power within us, a reserve strength, which can be called upon to help us in times of emergency. Sometimes we surprise ourselves with the things that we can accomplish when we really try— or, in other words, when we will to do a thing.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

NOTE: The figure following a boy's name indicates the total number of times he has been on Cottage Honor Roll since June 1, 1941.

Week Ending November 2, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth 20
 Carl Barrier 20
 John Hogsed 3
 Richard Kye
 Edward Moore 12
 William O'Brien 18
 Weaver F. Ruff 20
 Edgar Simmons 3
 Fred Stewart 15
 Charles Wootten 13

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser 5
 Charles Browning 16
 Lloyd Callahan 16
 Everett Case 9
 William Cook 16
 Ralph Harris 18
 Doris Hill 12
 Curtis Moore 14
 Leonard Robinson 6
 Kenneth Tipton 15

COTTAGE NO. 2

Bernice Hoke 7
 Richard Parker 5
 Charles Tate 10
 Newman Pate 9

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey 18
 Charles Beal 8
 Robert Coleman 16
 Kenneth Conklin 8
 Jack Crotts 16
 Robert Hare 17
 Jerry Jenkins 21
 Otis McCall 11
 Charles Rhodes 2
 Elbert Russ 2
 Wayne Sluder 18
 William T. Smith 15
 John Tolley 19
 Jerome Wiggins 21
 James Williams 15

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver 17

Plummer Boyd 9
 Aubrey Fargis 15
 J. W. McRorie 13
 George Speer 12
 Woodrow Wilson 13
 Thomas Yates 14

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles 21
 Robert Dellinger 13
 Jack Grant 3
 Eugene Kermon 5
 Sidney Knighting 16
 Ivey Lunsford 5
 Allen Morris 7
 Fred Tolbert 11

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood 13
 James Burr
 Frank Fargis 6
 Robert Hobbs 14
 William Harding 4
 Gerald Kermon 8
 Edward Kinion 7
 John Linville 5
 Durwood Martin 7
 Reitzel Southern 11
 Houston Turner 8
 William Wilkerson 5

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood 8
 Henry Butler 20
 Arnold McHone 14
 Edward Overby 10
 Wilbur Russ 4
 Durham Smith 8
 Ernest Turner 14

COTTAGE NO. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9

David Cunningham 18
 Robert Dunning 4
 James Hale 16
 Marvin Matheson 17
 Leroy Pate 7

Horace Williams 16

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

John Allison 10
 J. C. Allen 5
 Marvin Bradley 5
 Robert Davis 11
 Ralph Fisher 3
 Robert Goldsmith 21
 Earl Hildreth 22
 Everett Morris 2
 Henry Smith 7
 James Tyndall 9
 Charles Widener 9
 Henry Wilkes 2

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock 16
 Ernest Brewer 14
 Jack Bright 16
 Leroy Childers 3
 William Deaton 18
 Treley Frankum 20
 Eugene Hefner 14
 Tillman Lyles 13
 Harry Lewis 6
 James Mondie 14
 Daniel McPhail 14
 Jesse Smith 19
 Charles Simpson 19
 Carl Tyndall 10
 Eugene Watts 16
 J. R. Whitman 17
 Roy Womack 16

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer 12
 Bayard Aldridge 6
 Thomas Fields 6
 Charles Gaddy 15

Vincent Hawes 15
 James Johnson 9
 James Lane 11
 Burley Mayberry
 Charles Metcalf 6
 Rufus Nunn 7
 Randall Peeler 11
 Melvin Roland 8
 Fred Rhodes 11
 Paul Roberts 6
 Alex Shropshire 8
 Earl Wolfe 17

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker 22
 William Butler 17
 Robert Deyton 22
 Audie Farthing 19
 Henry Glover 13
 John Hamm 17
 William Harding 16
 Marvin King 20
 Feldman Lane 22
 Roy Mumford 18
 Glenn McCall 20
 John Maples 20
 Charles McCoyle 19
 James Roberson 16
 Charles Steepleton 19
 J. C. Willis 18
 Jack West 15

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 13
 Frank Chavis 18
 George Gaddy 5
 Edward Hall
 Cecir Jacobs 17
 John T. Lowry 16
 Lester Lockbar

An Englishman was filling out an application for life insurance. His father had been hanged, but he did not like to admit that fact. So when he came to that line "Cause of father's death," he wrote the following: "Met his death while taking part in a public function, during which the platform on which he was standing gave way beneath him."—Selected.

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NOV 17 1941

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER

NO. 46

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SOME FAITH AT ANY COST

No vision and you perish,
No ideal and you're lost;
Your heart must ever cherish
Some faith at any cost.

Some hope, some dream to cling to,
Some rainbow in the sky,
Some melody to sing to,
Some services that is high.

—Harriet du Autermont.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE BETTER WAY

Is there no better way . . .
To right the wrongs of this uneven world,
Than tanks and planes and guns and ships of battle?
Than poison gas, and bombs of fire hurled,
And all the terrors of war's roar and battle?

Is there no better way . . .
Of planting peace, than planning man's destruction
In camp and court and legislative hall?
Of war's mad maelstrom, down beyond recall?
Must all the world be downdrawn in the suction

Is there no better way . . .
Of life on earth than to be ruled by hate?
Must man, by lying, robbing, burning, killing,
Still earn the fickle favors of the state,
And be an outcast, if he prove unwilling?

There is a better way . . .
A way marked by the signs of a fair road,
Where man can walk by other's love, not gory.
Though reddened by the sweat of one's own load,
The way of good, which is the way of glory.

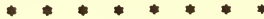
—Selected.

WORTHWHILE TRAINING

Whenever there is seen a group of young boys with heads close together, it is safe to assume that something of interest is in the process of development. This was the picture presented a few days ago in one of the cottage homes at the School. After the midday meal the boys either go outdoors for recreation or to the assembly rooms of the cottages. On this particular day the boys of the cottage we visited found their places in the assembly room. It was not long

before a crowd was grouped around the large center table, heads close together as if studying out a puzzle, or something else equally interesting.

We were really consumed with curiosity, therefore, asked the cottage mother the occasion of the seeming interest. The reply was, "They are making belts with beads." She furthermore added that they spent nearly all of their spare change for beads. Naturally, we walked over to the table to observe the character of the work, and were surprised to see belts made up in coloring and designs the equal of any to be found in art shops. "Will you sell the belt you are making?" we asked a large boy, and soon learned that he was unwilling to part with it. Sensing that he wanted to send it to his mother or sister, we did not insist. Without an instructor this boy was doing a piece of creative art work, and then and there we visualized the possibilities to be accomplished if schools of all kinds taught handicraft. Talents remain dormant unless they are developed. We are thoroughly convinced that all young people should be taught or trained according to adaptability. If there is an aversion to high culture or mental training, the hands should be put to work. Unless more manual training is employed to develop childhood, there will be found in the future a vast amount of human waste. The consensus of opinion is that 75 per cent of the youths in school today do not measure up to the higher intellectual attainments, but if the proper equipment were provided, the same young people would find places in some useful trade.



THE CONCORD LIBRARY

When we hark back to the establishment of the city library many familiar faces, no longer in our midst, are recalled who played a conspicuous part in contributing furnishings and books that can well be classed as the nucleus of the present library—no longer an experiment—but an institution that serves the public. Few of the citizens of Concord recall that rooms for the library were in the third story of the old city hall. One had to climb two flights of winding stairs to get the benefits of the library. The first librarian was Miss Mayfield Cole, and we recall quite clearly that she received the small stipend of \$8.00 per month.

The sledding was hard for this new venture, and in the course of time many changes in location of the library, as well as on the board of directors have been made. Some years after the establishment of the library in 1902, an interested body of women raised money to purchase a building on South Union Street, that for many years thereafter measured up to the demands very nicely and acceptably. In fact the rental from the original library property is a nice contribution toward defraying overhead expenses of the present institution found in the handsome community building. From many sources we learn that the present directors, Hon. L. T. Hartsell, chairman; Messrs. A. G. Odell, J. Eris Cassell, Rev. R. S. Arrowood and E. Ray King, have the spirit and vision to make the city library comparable to any in the state in every way. It is obvious that in due time the goal will be reached.

Since 1918, Mrs. Richmond Reed, with her able assistant, Mrs. Gladys Swink Rowe, carried on as librarians through lean years as well as times when conditions were more prosperous. Miss Olivia Burwell is now librarian. She received her training for this special work at the University of North Carolina, and meets the public in a way that shows she is qualified for this type of work.

We have learned from Miss Burwell and Mrs. Reed that one of the greatest needs of the library is a reading room for children. If the interest of small children is awakened and held there has to be an environment that appeals. If the call for the welfare of childhood is brought to the attention of the directors of the library, we believe a room appropriately furnished and supplied with children's books will be forthcoming very soon.

Looking back to 1902, when the library movement was launched, and then observe its growth in all ways, one cannot do otherwise than believe in "the majesty of little things. We have been informed that on the shelves at this time there are valuable reference books and other volumes of literature by the best authors of poetry and fiction, that were donated when the library first opened. The following quarterly report as given by the librarian to the press reveals the fact that the city library is serving a fine purpose—developing readers:

According to a quarterly report recently made to the Public Library Board by the librarian, a total of 8,297 books were bor-

rowed during the quarter by subscribers. Of these 6,300 were borrowed by adult readers and 1,996 by children.

Two hundred and seven new books were purchased. During the quarter, 228 new subscribers were added bringing the total to 2,046 registrations.

This splendid institution is no longer an experiment—it is a necessity.

* * * * *

THE WAY TO SUCCESS

The person who always tries to say the nice things and is co-operative, provided the question involved is beneficial to all concerned, is an asset to any community and fits nicely in all social settings. An agreeable person is a real joy, but the one who always opposes every suggestion is a pain, so to speak, and eventually travels the road of life alone. Self-complacency leads to stagnation, and stagnation leads to death. To keep spiritually, morally and physically prepared to meet the ever changing conditions, it is necessary to have a broad contact with the finest and highest ideals, so as to keep from running in grooves. Life, like a pool of water, requires a fresh inflow of pure, crystal water, if it is to be usable for any purpose. Even so small a thing as a change of scenes gives a fresh impetus to life. A closed mind is a stumbling-block to progress, and such an obsession deadens the possibility of a vision of "making two blades of grass grow where one grew before."

Results are realized in all works according to the manner in which we use our possessions of material wealth or talents. A co-operative spirit and not a zig-zag one, is the keynote of harmony in every undertaking. Let us not forget that from every source valuable lessons may be learned. One of the finest graces of humanity is to be a good mixer, and "read as we run."

* * * * *

Cleveland's eminent surgeon, Dr. Crile, suggests a provoking conundrum. Why is a spirited race horse like a gangster? Dr. Crile says it is because both have abnormal glands. In the case of both these glands produce excessive energy. But there the likeness seems

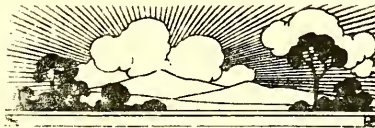
to end. In the race horse this energy wins races, and the horse becomes a hero, a favorite and a money-getter; but the gangster becomes a criminal and a killer. Yet there may be no difference, after all. The race horse is guided and trained to use his abnormal power in a way that achieves acceptable results; while the gangster has in some way missed the directive influence of home, school, church and the law. Just why?—The Lutheran.

* * * * *

Ronald Hocutt, Director of the North Carolina Highway Safety Division points out that there are certain exemptions to speed laws with reference to drivers of certain motor vehicles, yet it is positively unlawful for them to drive recklessly. The law covering the operation of such conveyances is as follows:

Section 107, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina:—"The speed limitations set forth in this act shall not apply to vehicles when operated with due regard for safety under the direction of the police in the chase or apprehension of violators of the law or of persons charged with or suspected of any such violation, nor to fire department or fire patrol vehicles when traveling in response to a fire alarm, nor to public or private ambulances when traveling in emergencies. This exemption shall not, however, protect the driver of any such vehicle from the consequence of a reckless disregard of the safety of others."

In other words, drivers of police cars, fire trucks and ambulances are not required to obey speed laws, but they are required to drive with due regard for the safety of others.



NORTH CAROLINA HAS GREAT STORES OF MINERALS

By Melbourne Smith

The new age of featherweight metals—aluminum, magnesium, beryllium, calcium, and, the lightest of all, lithium—which the war has nurtured suddenly into full stature, finds in North Carolina today a supply base for several of its essential minerals, with huge plant facilities, for aluminum recovery and refinement, and a source of much of the electrical power necessary to its phenomenal growth and development.

Even now additional aluminum plants and new hydro-electric plants are projected by the Federal government and the utilization of more of the State's water power sites is assured. North Carolina begins to take a larger place in the nation's defense program, which promises still further to awaken American industry to the value of North Carolina water power and mineral resources.

Aluminum first and now magnesium have confounded the experts in metals by the wholly unexpected demands that have arisen from defense activities.

Economic history affords no parallel to the speed with which these two metals have swept into dominating positions in the fabrication of the engines of modern warfare. After assuring us no longer than six months ago that supplies of these two metals would be ample for all contingencies, the technicians, who have literally been run over by this lightweight metallic avalanche, are now praying that American metallurgists may find some miraculous way to give them enough

aluminum and enough magnesium to do the job, which they now see is many times larger than they first thought it to be.

Of magnesium, United States production today probably is scarcely a tenth of what will be sorely needed for proper defense; and it is but an infinitesimal part of what the future requirements of this magic metal will be.

North Carolina has magnesium-bearing minerals in almost limitless amounts. It is believed in metallurgical circles that a satisfactory process of recovery of magnesium from these North Carolina minerals has been perfected under the sponsorship of the TVA and the U. S. Bureau of Mines by a research program worked out at the Georgia School of Technology in Atlanta. Officially, no information is available as to this process or its application, because "public discussion now might have undue influence upon commercial exploitation of the process."

There are a quarter of a billion tons of this magnesium mineral—olivine—in the Southeast, and the major part of it is in the mountain areas of North Carolina. The magnesium content of North Carolina olivine is 20 to 30 per cent, the official TVA estimate.

An average 25 per cent metallic content would yield from the available supplies of olivine 62,500,000 tons of magnesium. The 1940 U. S. production of magnesium was slightly over 6,000 tons. Today defense officials are em-

ploying every device to arise United States production, some time during 1942, to the rate of 50,000 tons yearly.

The world magnesium situation at the beginning of 1941 was a red light to the democracies—a warning of great danger. The year 1941 should be taken as the index year, as it was not until then that American and British technicians began to understand the dire needs of either aluminum or magnesium in great quantity. In magnesium, particularly, the democracies were woefully short, and still are short.

Germany had pioneered ever since the last war in the manufacture of pure magnesium on a large scale and held most of the world patents. During 1938, Germany made 12,000 metric tons of magnesium; in 1939, German production has been estimated at a minimum of 18,000 tons. United States production in 1938 was 2,400 short tons, and in 1940 it reached 6,500 tons. What Germany was making in 1940 is not known, but for several years Germany had been producing more than twice all the rest of the world put together. It was going into airplanes and incendiary bombs, and some of it undoubtedly into reserve stocks.

It was the lesson taught over London and other English cities by the German incendiary bomb that brought Great Britain and the United States literally to their feet yelling for magnesium. The United States in recent months has sent every last pound of magnesium it could spare to Britain for incendiary use, curtailing the quantity of magnesium available for planes, and actually curtailing plane production.

Magnesium makes a hotter and a meaner fire-bomb than any other material, and it also makes a lighter pursuit or bomber plane. Because of its manifold uses, there is literally no reespectable limit to the amount of magnesium alloys that the United States could use in making instruments of defense, if only we had the magnesium.

Magnesium is the magician among metals, with more tricks than Houdini. It has been called, too, the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of the metals. With aluminum and other metals, it is a beneficent and wonder-working alloy, providing much the lightest of all structural metals. Under other conditions, it springs instantaneously into a raging, unquenchable conflagration—the ideal material for incendiary bombs. Burning with a brilliant white light, rich in violet and ultraviolet rays, it is invaluable for battle flares and for wartime night photography. It has thus become the sine qua non of modern war-making.

For all of its comparative scarcity today, it is one of the most plentiful metals in the world, ranked by mineralogists as the third most abundant engineering metals, though it is never found in the metallic state.

It was first recognized by the Germans during the first World War because of its performance in the alloy duralumin, from which were made the sheaths of the Zeppelin airships which first bombed London. The addition of 1½ per cent of magnesium to aluminum, together with 4 per cent of copper and 2 per cent of nickel, which was the composition of the original duralumin, literally created a new metal, very strong at high temperatures and superb for engine cy-

linders. This formula holds good today for the major part of aluminum going into airplane and automobile construction.

But fully as important as its contribution to aluminum alloys are the alloys in which magnesium is the chief component. An addition of 6 per cent of aluminum, 3 per cent of zinc, and a fraction of 1 per cent of manganese produces the principal magnesium alloy, which is so widely used in manufacture for motor castings, instrument housings, landing wheels, and all sorts of structural supports. For the manifold engineering uses to which magnesium is put there are a score or more of specialized alloys.

Confronted with this really impossible job of filling British and American demands for magnesium from a wholly inadequate supply, American officials have, however, made a good start toward increasing production. Late it is, indeed, but a start has been made.

As in the case of aluminum, which was and is still actually obtainable from but one American producer, the Aluminum Company of America (Alcoa), they had also in the case of magnesium to look to one producer, Dow Chemical company. Dow has been making magnesium for several years at Midland, Mich., from the brine of salt wells by electrolysis of the magnesium chloride in the brine. The output at Midland constituted the whole of the country's total of 6,500 tons in 1940.

The Dow company's successful North Carolina experience at Kure Beach, south of Wilmington, in recovering elemental bromine from sea water, caused it to turn to sea water as a source of magnesium.

Last year Dow began erection of a plant at Freeport, Texas, where magnesium chloride will be extracted from the sea water and the same electrolytic process for the recovery of the metal magnesium will be used as at the Michigan plant.

The Freeport plant was designed to produce 6,500 tons annually, but at the solicitation of the Office of Production Management is now increasing the prospective output to about double the original estimate. This plant is expected to be in production very shortly.

Knowing that this added magnesium production by Dow will not come within thousands of tons of meeting the demand, OPM has been negotiating with six or eight other prospective producers, and to date has closed contracts with two of them. The first arrangement was made with Henry Kaiser, the West Coast industrialist; the second with Basic Refractories Corp., a Cleveland, Ohio corporation.

Henry Kaiser was on the job eight months ago before Washington defense authorities were fully awake to the need of prodigious quantities of magnesium. He literally high-pressured a loan of \$9,000,000 from Jesse Jones of RFC, and at once began to build a plant near Palo Alto, California.

Technologists laughed at Kaiser's assertion that he would be producing magnesium soon after August 1, but the news came out of Washington just the other day that the first Kaiser unit of his Permanente corporation had begun to turn out magnesium early in September.

The contract with Basic Magnesium is more ambitious and involves

a loan of \$63,000,000 by the government Defense Plant Corp. to be used in building a huge magnesium plant in Nevada, near Las Vegas. The expected output is 122,000,000 pounds of magnesium annually, or about one-fourth of the estimated requirements.

Though this project has been liberally backed by the government and its sources of ore and its metallurgical process doubtless approved by the U. S. Bureau of Mines, it faces unusual difficulties.

The ores which it proposes to reduce come from the remote Mammoth district in Northwest Nye county, Nevada, and must be trucked 32 miles to the nearest rail point, Luning, Nevada. From this point to Las Vegas is 1,000 miles by railroad, either by the way of Ogden, Utah, or through central California. The one advantageous feature of this project is that the reduction plant will have ample supplies of electrical current from Boulder dam.

Both Permanente corporation and Basic Magnesium will derive their ore supplies from the Nevada deposits, which are said to be high grade brucite and magnesite, two magnesium minerals used extensively for refractories in high temperature steel furnaces. Whether the Nevada ore reserves are sufficient to supply both these plants is a question that has been raised by mineralogists, entirely aside from the problem of transportation.

American metallurgists have expressed doubts as to the value of the process used by Permanente. It is known as the Hansging process, developed by Dr. F. J. Hansging, an Austrian scientist who fled from his native country when the Nazis moved

in. He is now directing the Permanente technology, which involves a sudden reduction of temperature from 4,000 degree Fahrenheit to 380 degrees, by the use of blasts of cold natural gas. One Hansging plant in Japan blew up under this catastrophic treatment.

The proposed Basic Magnesium process is along recognized lines, worked out by the U. S. Bureau of Mines, and similar to the electrolysis method used by Dow Chemical in reducing sea water, though it is necessary first to convert the magnesium ores into chlorides. North Carolina olivine may be reduced by very similar methods, and would be the most easily available source of magnesium if the necessary electric power could be obtained.

The OPM present objective is a domestic production of 400,000,000 pounds of magnesium a year, but it is difficult to see how more than 100,000,000 pounds can be produced in 1942. Every indication is that by the end of 1942, or before, the actual requirements of magnesium for planes and incendiaries will be nearer the 5,000,000 pounds per year mark. And this bottleneck in magnesium, like that in aluminum, is but one of many that are threatening in metal supplies.

Neither government authorities nor American metallurgists have any precise knowledge as to what the German production of magnesium is today. We do know that Germany has the technicians and the plant and the necessary electrical power.

Germany's 1939 production, the last reported, is given as 18,000 tons, actually 19,845 in comparable American tonnage, since German figures

are in metric tons. To this Germany can add the production of three new Italian plants, one at Bolzano with a production of 2,646 tons annually, one at Aosta with the same production, and a plant at Cogne near Rome, using a sea water process to yield 1,300 tons per year. These figures, which do not allow for any increase in production within Germany, nor for some added French and Dutch production, show that current German magnesium production, is twice that of the United States.

American airplane technicians have drawn some wishful conclusions that Germany is short of magnesium from an autopsy on a captured Messerschmitt, sent by the British to this country. This showed that the Germans are using only 100 to 200 pounds of magnesium to each of these famous fighters, whereas the same type of American plane requires from 400 to 500 pounds.

It is quite likely that Germany has been using less magnesium in airplane construction because of the heavy demand for magnesium for incendiary bombs. The prolonged blitz campaign to burn out the British required hundreds of thousands of incendiary bombs, the smallest of which

used two pounds of pure magnesium. How many millions of pounds went into these bombs, only the Germans know, but the total quantity was very large.

It is in the building of large bombers, the type this country has been sending to the British by the hundreds and is planning to build by the thousands, that magnesium is an imperative structural material, running at least 1,000 pounds of that metal to each plane.

There are 33,000 planes being built or planned for early building for the army and navy, for which the required supplies of magnesium alloys do not exist, nor will expansion plans thus far made public provide the necessary supplies.

Therefore, it is to be expected that within a short time the Office of Production Management will announce, as it has done for aluminum, plans for a greatly increased production of magnesium.

New plant facilities will have to be built and new minerals used as the raw material, and in this program the mineral and water power resources of North Carolina would seem to be due for further development.



GIVE OR ELSE!

“In conclusion, brethren,” said the preacher, “dis money sure gotta be raised, and dat if dey ain’t no five dollar bills in dat collection box dis mawnin’ a certain genman’s wife will know what lady he was seed with las’ Friday night.”

There were fourteen five dollar bills in the plate.—Selected.

AN OPEN LETTER TO YOUNG AMERICA

By Frank Colby

Dear Young America:

Have you ever thought of yourself as a broadcasting station? No?

Well, you are exactly that—Station Y-O-U. And whenever you open your mouth and begin to speak, you are on the air!

The success of any station depends on the excellence of its programs. If it creates a wide and admiring audience, it not only becomes financially successful, but, and more important, it performs a valued public service in enriching the lives of its listeners, bringing them music and entertainment, informing them on matters of national and international importance, stimulating and promoting cultural and educational advancement.

On the other hand, if the broadcasts are in poor taste, made up of trivial nonsense, or performed carelessly and awkwardly, the station can hope to appeal only to those few listeners who are able to appreciate nothing better.

The point I wish to make is this: Station Y-O-U is being judged every hour of every day by the quality, or lack of quality, of its broadcasts . . . its manner of speaking. Shakespeare put it thus: "Mend your speech a little, lest you may mar your fortunes."

Far too many young Americans regard correct speech as "sissy."

Ungrammatical slipshoddiness, cheap slang, and erroneous pronunciations often are accepted as the badge of a he-man and a she-woman.

This, of course, is but adolescent, awkward . . . age thinking. One out-

grows it. But the danger is that habits of slovenly speech, like all bad habits, are difficult, sometimes impossible, to break; hence Station Y-O-U may forever be handicapped by the low quality of what it puts on the air.

Correct speech is not "sissy," you can take my word for that.

Think of the most successful man and the most outstanding woman that you know. Do they speak "campus-chatter"? No. The ripest plums have ever fallen into the laps of the eloquent and forceful speakers.

Let me tell you the true story of a boy who began life as an unfortunate weakling, and who became the greatest man of his time through his love of correct speech.

He was born in Athens, Greece. He was orphaned at the age of 7, and his dishonest guardian cheated him of most of his inheritance.

It would be hard to find a more ill-favored lad. Because of his frail body, his weazened face and his quavering voice, he was made sport of by his playfellows. And, to make matters worse, the unhappy boy spoke with a pronounced and girlish lisp. I do not know the Greek word for "sissy," but we can be sure that he was familiar with the term—yes, heartbreakingly so.

But there burned within his breast the fierce flame of an ambition. He was determined that some day he would become a noted orator. And he set about to accomplish the seemingly impossible.

For many years his life was one of Spartan self-denial.

Lest he be tempted away from his studies by the normal pursuits of youth, he made himself ludicrous by shaving one side of his head. As time went on, he grew tall and rugged. Through endless hours of practice, his voice became as deep and sonorous as the diapason of an organ.

His lisp? Well, he cured that by filling his mouth with pebbles and declaiming against the roar of the waves, or by going into the country and delivering long speeches as he literally ran up the hills!

Upon reaching manhood, he devoted himself to the welfare of his beloved Greece. By the passionate zeal of his statesmanship he performed heroic service for his country, and, be-

fore his betrayal and death, he had risen to a position of power second to that of no other man in the land. And by the nobility of his bearing, the beauty of his voice, and the matchless perfection of his eloquence, he became the greatest orator the world has ever known.

This is the story of Demosthenes; and today, 2,263 years after his death, the light of his genius burns as brightly and steadily as ever.

I urge you, Young America, to read more about the great Athenian patriot than can be told in this modest space. I feel certain that the story of his life and accomplishments will remove any thought that may be in your mind that correct speech is something to be ashamed of.

—————:—————

The mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are answered.—Webster.

—————:—————

THE RENOVATING POWER OF PRAYER

By Frederick A. Shippey

Some men refuse to pray. They refuse because they do not have the courage to give it a fair trial. Before prayer has even begun to become fixed as a habit, they do as a boyhood chum did with the beans he had planted in his garden. He dug up the seeds to see if they were growing. Men do a great deal of this. They pull themselves up by the roots to see how they are growing. That is why prayer never gets a start.

Some men refuse to pray because they do not have the facts. They do not know how important prayer is in religion and in life. The English Bible, a book that has no rival among the world's great classics, makes frequent reference to prayer. Five hundred twenty-three different verses describe some aspect of prayer. The Encyclopedia Britannica devotes no less than six pages of fine print to the matter of prayer. A seminary library con-

tains more than a hundred books on the subject. The great men of history believed in prayer: William James, Sabatier, Loyola, St. Francis, Augustine, Deissmann, Fechner, Chrysostom, Coleridge, Luther, Calvin, Rauschenbusch, Voltaire, Lincoln. And the list stretches on. Daniel prayed three times a day. Luther prayed three hours a day. Ignatius Loyola prayed seven times daily. And on many an occasion Jesus and St. Francis prayed all night long. Luther says, "There is no other way to God except through prayer." Sabatier says, "The history of prayer is the history of religion." Certainly no thoughtful person would say prayer has no value.

Some men do not know how to pray. They bend their knees, carefully shut their eyes, and then pull the trigger on some stereotyped prayer. They "spin" it off as a Buddhist in a hurry spins his prayer wheel, thus saying all his prayers at once. Here is a woman of my acquaintance whose son was critically ill. The doctor had abandoned hope of the boy's restoration to health. So the mother, turning aside from her superficial life of cocktail parties and bridge, looked to God in prayer. "God," she said, "if you will spare Jimmie, and make him well again, I will give up playing cards . . . during Lent!" Often prayers are well-meant but very poor. Compare this masterpiece with the Gethsemane prayer Jesus prayed twice over. Note the difference in depth, in honesty, in the dignity of its conception of what God is like. Often prayers are well-meant but poor. The troubled mother mentioned above is more to be pitied than ridiculed. She, like many other people, has only the vaguest idea of

the renovating power of prayer.

Some men pray to be made wise, to be made connoisseurs of art, music, machinery, philosophy, without even the proverbial "ten easy lessons." They wish to acquire skills without effort, and to be counted among the world's great without enduring the pain of undeliberate greatness. Here is a student who prays to pass his examination. Perhaps he needs to study more than he needs to spend the evening in communion with the Deity. The man with a broken leg needs a doctor who knows that his surgical skill is invested with the Spirit of God. The spiritual masters of the centuries did not find prayer a short cut to the attainment of skill in living. They did not get to the point of confusion where they invoked divine sanction upon either personal laziness or devilish activity. They learned that prayer intelligently conceived and regularly used had a renovating power over life.

We do pray under the impact of great emergencies, all of us. Lincoln did when crushed by political dilemma. This is a valid and edifying use of prayer. But its renovating power for most of us lies in another direction. Prayer as a daily habit has cumulative power, and it gives life a thrust and a momentum. It lays up dividends through the years and marks our strivings with spiritual dignity. Here is where the common man feels and appropriates the renovating power of prayer. The habit is the thing.

Habitual prayer reminds one of God. No other habit has such persistently high value here. In the atmosphere of trouble such as the world now knows, we need to grip tightly all

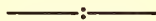
things that remind us of God. A mountain woman whose life had been marked by the normal round of hardships and heartaches was questioned about a sprig of rhododendron blossom on her mantelpiece. "It 'minds me of God," she said simply. We need to help the practice of communing with the Divine to get a deeper rootage in our individual lives. We need to protect its small beginning, and to nourish its growth with the facts of religion. We need constantly to refine its expression and edify its form. Thus we may feel its renovating power.

Habitual prayer cleanses the life. It is the occasion for searching the soul periodically. We evaluate the events of the day, the frustration and small successes, and discern what meaning they have for our serving of God. In a few moments of quiet, we win back the inner strength and poise of dignity that we have lost piecemeal during the day. God goes through the inner channels of our minds and hearts, cleansing the dross and refreshing our lives. Willa Cather depicts this process in describing Venice: "The many little sandbars that lie between Venice and the mainland are made fresh and habitable only because each night a foot and a half of

tide winds its fresh brine all up and down the network of shining waterways." Habitual prayer carries out this process in human life.

Habitual prayer builds the life. Prayer requires a background of life against which it can energize. Spurgeon meant this when he said, "Pray to God, but keep the hammer going." Every sentence uttered in the secret chambers of one's rendezvous with God must be backed up by significant living. Upon our shoulders is placed an enlarging concern to promote the emergence of finer social and individual meanings for life. To this responsibility, we must habitually address our efforts and intelligence. We are responsible not only for our prayers but also for providing the background against which prayer can fruitfully energize. Daily life is that background. Prayer sends us from our knees out to meet the world's needs.

If ever there was a time that needed to appropriate the renovating resources of religion, it is fiercely ours. The history of our prayer life is the history of a real and irrefutable sense of our personal religion. Let us get the most out of life by getting the best out of life! "Pray without ceasing," for "prayer changes things."



IN THE GARDEN

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
 The song of the birds for mirth,
 You're nearer God's heart in a garden
 Than anywhere else on earth.

TUNNEL NUMBER NINE

By Francis M. Bock

About halfway up the steep wall of a vast naked canyon ran a narrow ledge hewn out of the rock for the roadbed of a railway. Up the gorge from the direction of the desert roared and raged a tremendous arid wind, licking up every vestige of moisture from the spare, starveling vegetation and sweeping along clouds and eddies of stinging rock dust that it met on its way.

Leaning against this robust gale, his whole body at an angle of almost forty-five degrees, struggled a lone pedestrian, doggedly walking the railroad ties. Now and then he braved the dust long enough to lift a ruddy, weather-beaten, middle-aged face and peer squintingly ahead toward a protruding point that offered shelter from the blast. As he came nearer to this haven his keen blue eyes suddenly lighted up and sparkled with interest. He was watching a human figure that dangled perilously on a rope end some thirty feet above the roadbed against a perpendicular face of rock. The figure made animated gestures with legs and arms and finally came to rest clinging against the rock wall like some huge insect.

"Looks sorter like a lynchin' party," mused the pedestrian, as he watched a second figure drop jerkily over the same sheer descent, stopping just above the first. Both men now hung suspended a little above a great, squared hole in the mountain side black as the mouth of the Pit.

The man leaning into the wind showed no alarm, however. He was

accustomed to seeing engineering parties perform similar athletic feats as a routine part of their day's work. Also he knew that the black hole did not descend to Avernus, but merely pierced an ear of the mountain, leading back to the light after a little over a thousand feet of darkness. For the stout-hearted wayfarer was "Old Bill" Boardman, tunnel inspector, going his daily rounds, and this was Tunnel No. 9—just at present the pride and grief of Old Bill's existence—which he cherished as his wayward child. Also, the boys of this engineering party were Old Bill's particular pals, and so enlivened his few leisure hours as to keep his mind off his workaday troubles.

He shared his cozy tent with one of them, the one whose hobnailed boots were at the moment planted firmly on two small ledges of rock just above the tunnel, while their owner squinted through a hand-level at a rod held down by his companion from above.

Old Bill halted near the mouth of the tunnel and regarded his tent mate with fatherly interest. Phil Russel was a tall, upstanding youngster still a year or so under twenty, distinguished by especially clear, alert eyes, a good chin and a fine, long head thatched with blond hair—sun-browned like his face. He had come to the construction camp the previous spring, straight from the State university where he was just beginning the course in engineering.

He was out for practical experience,

but he also sorely needed the pay he was earning, if he decided to go on with his education. For he had entered the engineering college against the wishes of his step-father, a prosperous merchant, who had offered Phil a share in his business, and it was demanding all that the boy possessed of courage and determination to stand by his chosen profession. It had been also the profession of his own father, who had died in Central America when Phil was ten years old, so Phil had felt that he was yielding to his deepest, inherited instincts when he had chosen to follow his father's calling.

Phil knew if he persisted in his choice he risked an open break with his stepfather. His mother would stand by him, he knew, but the situation would undoubtedly cause her unhappiness. Had he the makings of a real engineer in him? Was the game worth the candle? Long winters of hard, grilling study, waiting tables probably, tending furnaces—for he could not expect, or even desire any assistance from his stepfather with things as they now stood. Summers at such work as this. That would be better, but jobs were precarious and not easily found, before you were a full-fledged engineer.

Was it worth it? He thought so. Every inch of him thrilled to work like this. But he must be sure it was the real thing. He couldn't subject his mother to the sorrow and anxiety that must surely come with his decision unless he knew. This summer was a sort of probationary period, from which the prodigal might still return if the work did not appeal to him so strongly as he had anticipated. Phil's

loyalty to his mother, as well as a naturally reticent disposition, had kept him from confiding the real nature of his problem to Old Bill, but the man's intuitions, sharpened by a growing affection for the boy, had divined much.

"Hey, Phil!" he admonished. "Got a good knot on yer rope?"

"Sure thing!" the boy assured him, grinning down under one arm. "Hi, Andy! Let the rod down another foot! Righto!"

Boardman took his stand beside the resident engineer, who stood, notebook in hand, taking down a series of numbers which were shouted down at intervals by the amateur acrobats overhead. These somewhat unintelligible figures would later be translated into the complete cubic measurements of the cut in which they were standing.

"That's all, Russel," the resident engineer said presently, pocketing the notebook. "Take the boys to the other end of the tunnel and help Boardman set the foot blocks for those new timbers. Afterward you'd better go up the hill and take a look at things."

Old Bill waited while Phil and Andy swarmed nimbly up their respective ropes, and until all four lithe youngsters had slid and scrambled and clattered down from their perilous positions.

"Bill, you heartless old slave-driver!" grumbled Phil Russel, slapping him affectionately on the back. "Lead on to your old timbers, and let's make it snappy! I want to get some time to run up the hill above the tunnel before supper!"

"Plenty of time yet, if you come my pronto," announced Old Bill,

consulting his watch. "I'll go along with you, Phil."

"Good old sport! I was hoping you would. Come on, fellows, get you some candles!" called Phil, stepping over to a tiny forge at the mouth of the tunnel, where a good-natured blacksmith handed out candleholders made of steel spikes and sharpened for sticking into the walls of the tunnel. Candles were lighted, instruments shouldered, and the little procession strode briskly into the tunnel, led by Old Bill with his flash light and followed joyfully by Beans, the camp dog, who was as much at home in a tunnel as any one.

Old Bill played his light here and there on the arching walls, drilled and blasted and hewn out of solid bedrock.

"This ends as pretty a job as ever I see!" he exclaimed with pride. "Pity she couldn't be like this all the way."

"Having any more grief at the far end, Bill?" queried Andy Morris, the rodman.

"Plenty," answered Bill, dryly; "half a dozen timbers cracked like tooth-picks last night. The muckers have been busy all day clearing out the dirt. We gotta work a night shift, putting in new timbers."

"Ain't that soft stuff ever gonna quit settling?" grumbled the lanky young stake-puncher, wearily stubbing his long boots on the ties.

"They'll always have trouble there—cain't help it," mourned Bill, "count of that fool spring melting down the rock. And every train jolts a couple of bowlders loose. Lucky we don't have to blast any more."

"Why couldn't the contrary old spring have come out farther down

the hill?" complained Andy. "Right back of our tent would be a swell place for it! Then we wouldn't have to pipe the water from up the gorge."

"Too bad you weren't here to tell the builder how to make this canyon!" chaffed one of the boys.

"He never made any of this country!" announced Andy, with conviction; "it's just one big dump of the odds and ends left from building the Sierras!"

"That's not a bad guess, Andy," said Old Bill soberly. "The stuff at the bad end of the tunnel is a dump, anyway—an old landslide, the chief says—bowlders all shapes and sizes packed into the dirt together."

"Doesn't sound like a safe proposition to me," said the stake-puncher, the newest member of the party.

"Safe enough in this dry country," countered Old Bill, "especially when we set the timbers so close together. But we hadn't figgered on that spring."

"What beats me," droned the stake-puncher, "is why men like you, Bill—and the chief, too—can stand this kind of dog's life! Away out in a forsaken wilderness with one kind of grief or another all the time! If the ground ain't too hard it's too soft! And nothin' to take your mind off your troubles; nothin' to look at but rocks and cactus; not a show within fifty miles! Bo! The first paycheck I get, it's back to the bright lights for me! I'll get me a job at a soda fountain."

"Oh, cheer up, kid!" said the chainman. "The first month is the worst! You'll get used to it! You may even get so you like it!"

"Not me!"

"Well, look at Bill, here! I bet you

couldn't pry him loose from his job if the sky fell!"

"If the sky fell we'd just have to set a few more redwood timbers—hey, Bill?" chaffed Phil. "Have they got those foot blocks ready?"

"Ought to be O. K. by this time," answered Bill, laconically, not deigning to join in the argument.

A little farther on an Irish foreman and six Mexicans worked in the glare of carbide lights, which revealed a wall set closely with huge, upright redwood timbers.

"Here's the last of our solid rock," said Old Bill, flashing his light on the dark gray wall just outside the timbered portion. The stake-puncher jabbed it with the sharp point of his candlestick. It was dark gray, flecked with fine, parallel silvery lines.

"Feels hard enough to me," he announced.

"Wait till you see what the water does to it," said Old Bill grimly.

Coming to the place where the men were working, they found a wide gap in the timbers through which appeared a badly scarred, gray rock wall, oozing slow drops of moisture. Phil easily cut off fragments of this wet wall, crumbling them in his fingers like cheese.

"You don't mean to say that's the same as the hard rock I just jabbed with my candlestick?" marveled the stake-puncher.

"Identically the same stuff, only now it's wet. And this is still wetter!" said Phil. He thrust a boot into a mass of slippery black clay just below the dripping scar.

"Well, wouldn't that make the heathen weep?" exclaimed the stake-puncher.

"Say, isn't that granite, same as the rest of the tunnel?" asked the chainman.

"No," said Phil, "it's schist. It's this pesky stuff that's giving Bill most of his troubles. When did it start getting so wet, Bill?"

"Just after the hard rains last winter; there wasn't enough water in it to bother about before that. It ought to dry up in a month or so, now," explained Boardman, hopefully, to his companion.

"Set up your tripod, Phil," he went on, "and let's get down to business.

Half an hour later the party emerged through the timbered arches of the tunnel and Phil Russel and Old Bill stood for a moment watching the others as they took a steep trail winding downward toward the camp, just out of sight behind a shoulder of the hill. The trail followed the upper rim of a deep, narrow arroyo which the railroad crossed by a small trestle a short distance from the mouth of the tunnel. A little below the trestle the dry stream-bed dropped rapidly to a depth of one hundred and fifty feet, its steep sides a chaotic jumble of loose boulders. Phil looked down at the dried boulders which had formed the bed of a sparkling cascade the previous springtime.

"I found a ledge of that same gray schist away down there in the arroyo," he told the older man. "The whole layer of it runs through the hill at an angle of forty-five degrees. The tunnel cuts through it about midway between that long outcrop on the hill back there and the bottom of the arroyo. There's a little spring down there, too—almost dry now."

Old Bill grunted. "Must've been

high water last winter that uncovered that ledge."

"The chief isn't particularly easy in his mind about the way things have been going lately," said Phil. "There's something queer about the way those timbers went out last night. The chief and I looked them over this morning, and I could see he was puzzled. He's gone back to camp now to report to headquarters, I'm pretty sure."

Boardman removed his hat with a sigh and mopped his brow wearily.

"Been low in my mind about it all day, Phil," he admitted. "I cain't seem to figger it out. I woke up along in the night, like I do sometimes, when it was all still; and pretty quick my cot starts shaking, like some one was trying to wake me up. I sat up and grabbed my flash, but no one was there. And I says to myself, 'It's just another of them little earthquake shocks like we had about a year ago.' I looked at my watch and saw it was nearly four o'clock. I couldn't sleep no more, wonderin' what it might've done to Tunnel No. 9. No one else noticed the shock, but, sure enough, soon's I got up to the tunnel I found them timbers cracked. I told the chief about it, later."

"No wonder the chief was uneasy!" exclaimed Phil. "I never felt an earthquake. So that's what started the slide in the tunnel and smashed the timbers in! Hope we don't get any more like it!"

Phil looked again after the vanishing forms on the trail, and laughed a little bitterly.

"Too bad I couldn't trade places with that stake-puncher! Here he wants to go back to town and clerk

in a store—think of it! I've clerked in my stepfather's store ever since I was a kid—all my time out of school. And I hate it! Hate it all the worse since I've been out here doing a real man's job. I'm like you, Bill—and like my own father—I'd rather be out here, among the rocks and cactus, doing my bit on a really big job like this than to run the finest store on earth!"

Old Bill patted his arm understandingly.

"But of course my stepfather just can't see why I don't jump at the chance of a partnership in the store—in the little old home town. It would be like a prison now, after all this!"

The boy choked, and turning abruptly led the way up the other end of the arroyo.

Old Bill sighed and tried to think of something helpful to say, but needed all his breath to keep up with his companion's fierce pace.

After a few moments Phil spoke again, pausing to turn round and look back over the impressive panorama below.

"Bill," he said, "I've half a mind to stay here in camp till the job's done. I hate the thought of leaving."

"Goodness knows I'd like to have you stay, son. I know how you feel. Look at that, will you."

He pointed to right and left below them, where the grade looped in and out of tunnels, over dizzy hillside trestles, hugging the mountain side above a gulf that was already blue and mysterious with shadow.

Phil drew a deep breath of sheer rapture, inspired partly by these "high, far-seeing places," but also by pride in this titanic work, upon which the very roots of his spirit seemed

already to have fast hold. He was brought back from this high communion by Old Bill's voice going on anxiously.

"You know there's nothing I'd like better than to have you stay, Phil, but wouldn't you be missing a powerful lot of college work? I'd like to see you a graduate engineer, myself. It's the best way to go into it."

Phil laughed bitterly.

"And lose years of this, grinding away in a stuffy college town. If I should cut loose now, be my own boss—" He stopped abruptly and started uphill again on a hard scramble of over a hundred feet up steep, bowlder-strewn slopes that forced his companion to sit down on a rock, panting audibly and mopping a moist forehead. Phil paused, conscience-stricken, and realized with a pang that Bill's nickname was all too true, although it had been given him affectionately in recognition of a spirit that was eternally youthful. In spite of Phil's protests, the old man rose presently and climbed on with grim determination until Phil, almost at the top, stopped suddenly with a cry of dismay.

Extending horizontally along the slope for almost a thousand feet was a broad, bare exposure of the same gray schist that formed part of the tunnel walls. Phil had been watching this ledge for months, measuring its size and slope, and speculating as to its connection with the tunnel. A course in geology, which he had completed at the university the previous year, had so roused his interest in all land features as to keep him busy exploring this new and interesting country during most of his spare time. When Mr. Churchill, the resident en-

gineer, discovered his habits of observation he had asked Phil to report to him any significant discoveries.

What stopped the young man now, and almost paralyzed him for the moment, was an entirely new feature of the familiar landscape. Along practically the entire length of the gray rock surface extended a large crack, fully a foot wide in some places! Old Bill regarded it with undisguised horror, muttering strange and picturesque remarks in these languages.

Phil shook him by the arm.

"Save your breath, Bill, and beat it away from here! This whole blamed hill is going to slide! The quake must have started it last night but it hung up somewhere—for a few hours, maybe! No wonder the tunnel timbers cracked! There'll be a lot more of them cracking—goodness knows how soon!"

Even as he spoke, there came a mighty crunching sound, an ominous rumble from underground; the earth jarred beneath their feet and the crack widened before their eyes. Phil instinctively pulled his companion over the crack to the slope above, where they watched and listened a moment as small rocks began to roll and bounce down the steep descent up which they had just climbed. Then Old Bill suddenly waved his arms in excitement.

"The gang in the tunnel—they're working overtime! We've gotta get 'em out! Quick!"

The old man started gamely, but Phil pulled him back.

"Look here, Bill," he said quietly, "that's my job. This slide may hang up again for quite a while, but one can't tell. You go down the other side of the hill; it's safe that way. Go by the solid end of the tunnel, then down

to camp to tell the chief! Quick! I can make it through the tunnel in time, all right! Go on, old chap!" Then, as Bill protested: "For goodness sake—get over that hill, man! This is my job—I tell you! So long!"

Phil was off on the wildest race he had ever run. He leaped and scrambled and slid downhill, among rocks that bounced and slid in ever increasing numbers. He had been a miler his freshman year, he had entered the dashes in high school; but this was no race track—this nightmare jumble of huge rocks forever in the way! He was thankful, too, for his Scout training, for the long hikes and the rough going to which he had hardened himself.

Slide, scramble, jump! If only he could do it without breaking a leg! Bigger rocks sliding now! Small masses of dirt, too, startling the stillness, for the wind had died away.

"My job!" he had said to Old Bill, and his job he knew it to be, by laws that go deeper than reason. From the late, rosy sunlight of the high hill he plunged down into the purple shadow that now filled the whole vast gorge to the brim. He wondered if he would ever see another sunset—and the shadow in the gorge suddenly chilled him like icy waters. He set his teeth against fear.

Hurrah! Here was the railroad grade! How long would it stay there? wondered Phil. He reached it, just before a big boulder rolled into the middle of the track. Without a backward look he dashed into the tunnel. He was conscious of a dull rumble—a timber shrieked and began to crack slowly, the sound echoing weirdly in the narrow place. He fumbled thank-

fully for the flashlight Bill had thrust into his pocket at the moment of parting, found the broken timber—it was behind him now! He stumbled over the ties and pushed onward, keeping the light on his path—not daring to look when other timbers cracked. What if they began cracking in front of him, what if the wall caved in and cut him off?

"My job! my job!" the blood beat in his temples. It was all a part of his job—this ill-starred tunnel going to pieces under the weight of a whole mountain side: lives to save—all in the day's work! A man's job, and it was making a man of Phil, who had come to this place an untried boy, uncertain of purpose. Now at every crash that purpose was crystallizing within him.

"My job!" shouted every cracking timber, and all the days and nights of his life Phil was never to forget the deafening clamor and the message it thundered into his soul.

What was that other noise ahead? Only a dog barking? Thank goodness, there at last were the lights—the men, staring stupidly, and dropping their tools—Beans leaping at his knee.

"Run!" he cried. "No! no! back! to the solid rock!" as the men started toward him, instinctively making for the nearest opening. He fought with one of them, turned him around, pushed him ahead just in time! Behind them the walls caved, timbers crashed. Above the uproar of destruction they could hear Beans howling in terror.

"On! Go on!" he urged them, as they stopped, panic-stricken, when the lights behind them were quenched in a shower of earth, cascading with a roar through the broken arches of the

roof. They needed no more urging. Led by the dim light of the flash they stumbled after Phil, panting, sobbing, praying Latin prayers, gasping Mexican curses. Beans pressed closely against Phil's knees for comfort, trembling and whining. Once past the treacherous stratum of schist, in the safer granite, Phil found himself breathing normally again.

"It's all right now, boys!" he assured the frightened men as they paused to catch their breath, to laugh shakily, and then to shudder as they listened to the terrific swan song of the timbered end of Tunnel No. 9. They had no wish to remain for the end of the show; their whole idea was to get out into the open air. They had developed a sudden complex about tunnels, and did not share Phil's confidence in the granite walls. Neither did they share his scientific interest in watching—or rather, listening to—the results of this tremendous, clamorous catastrophe. So they, in their turn, urged him forward, nor paused again until they emerged into the welcome dusk of the open railroad cut.

The Irish foreman grasped Phil's hand gratefully.

"Begorry, but we just got out of there in time! If you hadn't come when you did there'd sure been a few of these crazy Mexicans back there in the ruins! Sure, I don't know whether I'd have had the sense to run the right direction myself—I was that scared!"

"Gracias! muchas gracias, Senor," chorused the Mexicans.

A hail startled them, and Old Bill limped toward them, up the track. Phil ran to him.

"Are you hurt, Bill?" he cried, grasping the old man's hand.

"Just turned my ankle a little! Great snakes, boy! I was afraid you'd never come out of there alive!" He shook Phil by the shoulders, slapped his back joyfully, then turned toward the tunnel and listened ruefully to the sounds that still echoed down the long stone corridor. He lifted both arms toward it, then dropped them in a gesture of resignation.

"All them good redwood timbers gone to smash!" he mourned. "Six months of hard labor all wasted in a night! Poor old Number Nine!"

"And lucky thing everybody got out alive!" said the foreman, fervently, patting the rapturous Beans, who had been running in circles, leaping up to lick faces and venting his feelings in staccato barks.

"Do you think the camp's gone?" went on the foreman to Phil, as the Mexicans gathered round with anxious faces.

"No!" announced Phil with conviction, to every one's relief. "You see, that layer of rotten work sloped toward the arroyo and away from camp. When it got water-soaked it made one big, slippery tobaggan slide and the whole hill slid down into the arroyo! I'll bet there isn't a single shack injured in camp!"

So it proved. As they hastened down the trail they were met by an excited line of men bearing lanterns, picks and shovels—a rescue party headed by the resident engineer, with the forlorn intention of searching the ruins for possible survivors. Although all had been greatly alarmed by the noise and jarring of the slide, no one had any idea of the tragic extent of the disaster, as not a single boulder had disturbed the camp. All turned back to

a belated supper, except the chief and a few men who pushed on to investigate the damage done to the tunnel.

Back once more in their own tent late that night, Old Bill talked seriously to Phil Russel about his future.

"Go back to college this fall, Phil," he urged, "if you have to borrow the money. You've got the brains and the backbone to make a first-class engineer; you proved that today! Don't worry about your mother, lad. You deserve the best education this State can give you—and then some. Don't break off and take a job—even a good one—just because you're short on backing. Look at me! I never even had the sense to try for an education. Just drifted from one railroad job to another, and I'll never be anything better than I am now. But I like this wandering, outdoor life, and I hate cities—couldn't live long in one if I had to—don't know anything else to do but this. Not enough education, that's the trouble! But you—I know the signs. Haven't I watched many a good engineer grow up? You'll be among the best of them all if you give yourself the chance! Don't let anything cheat you out of it, boy!"

"Thanks, Bill," said the young man, looking very square in the jaw. "An experience of this kind does one thing to a man that nothing else can do—

it make him see clearly, focuses his attention on the real issue. It's made me know my mind. I'm going to college and work like a galley slave and I'm going to be an engineer and a good one if it takes ten years. It's my job, Bill, and I'm going to stick."

When daylight came every one was awe-struck at the extent of the calamity. Between five and six acres of hillsides had slid down, filling the upper end of the arroyo and covering the track to a depth of over a hundred feet. The whole timbered end of the tunnel had been wrenched clean off and carried downhill many feet below its original location, where some of Bill's many "good redwood timbers" could be seen sticking up in a sorrowful tangle from the disordered mud-dle of what had once been the mountain side. Trestle and track and ties were everywhere mingled with the rest of the debris.

No one even took time to mourn over the appalling setback to their almost completed work. Brobdingnagian steam shovels were soon voraciously eating their way into the slide, and eventually Tunnel No. 9 made its way steadily through its mountain, a monument to every man who had had a part in its planning and building.



Imagination, where it is truly creative, is a faculty, not a quality; its seat is in the higher reason, and it is efficient only as the servant of the will. Imagination, as too often understood, is mere fantasy—the image-making power, common to all who have the gift of dreams.—James Russell Lowell.

THE UPLIFT INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. Elizabeth Baldwin, of Albe-
marle, formerly resident nurse at the
School, called on friends here one day
last week.

—:—

Our farm forces have just about
completed the task of sowing small
grain, about three hundred acres hav-
ing been seeded.

—:—

Mr. W. W. Johnson, our school prin-
cipal, who had the misfortune to fall
and break an ankle several weeks ago,
is still hobbling about on crutches,
the injured member having been
placed in a cast. He reports that his
doctors say the injured ankle will not
be entirely healed before January 1st.

—:—

We received a letter the other day
from Ivan (Tiny) Morrozoff, a for-
mer member of our printing class,
who is now operating a linotype on
the Mooresville Tribune. Tiny tells
us that he just received a raise in
salary, which gives us reason to be-
lieve that he is getting along all right
as a member of the Tribune staff.

—:—

John T. Capps, one of our old boys,
who has been a linotype peprator on
the Kannapolis Independent for more
than two years, called at The Uplift
office last Monday afternoon. John
is still sticking to the first job he se-

cured since leaving the School, and
according to reports coming from his
employers from time to time, is doing
very satisfactory work.

—:—

As a precautionary measure, four
of our boys were recently taken to
the T. B. clinic held in Concord, to
be given a full floroscopic examina-
tion. We are glad to say that all of
these lads returned with a report
stating they were in good health, and
that no evidence of tuberculosis had
been found in their systems. This
clinic is an extension of the work
being carried on through the North
Carolina Sanitorium.

—:—

During the last few frosty morn-
ings, the first of the season, we no-
ticed smoke pouring out of chimneys
at various buildings on the campus,
as the several heating units were
being fired up. The chill of the at-
mosphere and a glance at the calen-
dar causes us to think of the ap-
proaching holiday season, Thanksgiv-
ing and Christmas. Wherever we see
boys grouped together as we go about
the campus, this is usually the topic
of conversation.

—:—

We are very much concerned as to
the continued delay in making neces-
sary repairs to our auditorium, which
greatly disrupts the weekly schedule
at the School. We are not able to

hold the regular sessions of Sunday school; church services have been discontinued; and it is impossible to carry out the regular weekly motion picture program. It is the ardent wish of the entire personnel of the School that these repairs may be made and all schedules resumed as soon as possible.

—:—

Mr. Wyatt, instructor in charge of our machine shop, assisted by his youthful "grease monkeys," has been busy for the past few days overhauling the old farm truck. This ancient vehicle had been relegated to the scrap-heap several years ago, but always seemed to stop just a little short of the junk-yard. From the appearance of this job on a recent visit to the machine shop, we are of the opinion that the old truck will ramble along for many more miles when the work of re-conditioning is completed.

—:—

Louis Crawford, formerly of Cottage No. 11, who left the School, January 13, 1936, was a visitor here a few days ago. Upon leaving the institution, Louis returned to his home in Jackson county, but soon thereafter went to Gaffney, S. C., where he obtained employment in a cotton mill. While in Gaffney he became enrolled in the South Carolina National Guard unit in that city, and is now a member of the United States Army, and is stationed at Fort Jackson, S. C. While taking part in the maneuvers carried on in a

neighboring county, he said he just could not pass up an opportunity to call on old friends at the School. Louis is twenty-two years old, and tells us he had been married about five years.

—:—

Charles Rothrock, one of our old boys, called at The Uplift office last Tuesday afternoon. This young man, now thirty-four years old, was once a house boy in Cottage No. 2. He left the School, September 6, 1921, returning to his home in Winston-Salem. In December of that year he enlisted in the United States Navy, where he served one year. Since that time, Charles said he had worked at various jobs. He was employed in a shoe shop for several years; his next venture was that of operating a small grocery store; and for the past eight years he has been working at plumbing. He stated that he liked the latter occupation very much and had been doing very well at it until the national defense program made it quite difficult to obtain necessary supplies. Charles also informed us that he had been married about four and one-half years, and resides at 700 Arcadia Avenue, Winston-Salem. He seemed quite surprised at the amazing growth of the School since he was a boy here, and said that he intended to visit us again when he had more time to look over the many changes and additions made here since 1921.

—:—

Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from the mother of a

boy who left the School more than fifteen years ago. This young man has made a fine record since leaving us and now holds a responsible position in one of our large cities. Following is an excerpt from the letter:

"I have had many people ask me about the Jackson Training School and its influence upon the lives of its boys, and I've always said every good word I could for it. One thing I know, is that I had a problem which I could not manage, but with your teaching and aid, I now have a boy of whom any mother would be proud. He is not only an honest boy, but one of the most affectionate sons a mother could have."

A letter such as this, coming from an appreciative mother, is most encouraging to those of us who are engaged in the kind of work the School is trying to accomplish. To learn that boys once entrusted to our care make such satisfactory adjustment upon resuming their places in society, is an incentive to greater effort on our part to make this institution of greater help to the lads who need its care and direction.

—:—

We recently received a letter from Murray Koblenzer, of Battery B. 180th Field Artillery. U. S. A., who, with three of his buddies spent some time at the School a few weeks ago. He three of his buddies, spent some time writes in part as follows:

"I want you to know that I thoroughly enjoyed every moment that I was in your company on our recent week-end trip to Concord. The swim in that fine swimming pool, the de-

lightful meal served, and the privilege of seeing your school, were pleasures that I shall speak of for some time to come.

"Suppose you have heard from 'Happy' and the other boys. I doubt if I will get to see them much before going back to Camp Edwards, Cape Cod, Mass.

"Please, sir, if you get up our way again, do let us show you around. We may never be able to repay you for all you have done for us, but please let us try."

Since receiving Murray's letter, we have seen the other young men who were with him, and they were most enthusiastic in stating that their brief visit to the Training School was decidedly one of the high lights of their experiences in the South during the army maneuvers. They were fine young fellows, and we hope to be able to see them again some time in the future.

—:—

Ramsey Glasgow, a former member of our printing class, who left the School, July 25, 1928, called at The Uplift office last Thursday morning. A few months after returning to his home in Winston-Salem, he enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. He was a member of the China Expeditionary Force from December 14, 1929 to March 22, 1932, taking part in the defense of the International Settlement in Shanghai during the Sino-Japanese controversy. Ramsey received an honorable discharge at the expiration of his term of enlistment, January 3, 1933.

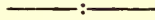
Shortly after returning to the

United States he again made his home in Winston-Salem, where he secured a position as driver of an armored express truck, following this occupation for several years. He was married in 1934, and in 1938 he and his wife took over the management of a service station near Lexington. A year or so later he became traveling representative for a sanding machine company.

Although getting along very well at the last-named occupation, the call of the old army life appealed strongly to this young retired "devil dog," and on January 2, 1941, he enlisted in the United States Army Air Corps. After attending a bombardier school in Denver, Colorado, for a time, he was assigned to duty at MacDill Field, near Tampa, Florida. Ramsey now wears a corporal's insignia on his sleeve, and seemed quite

proud as he told us that he is now in charge of the armament squad on one of the Army's large bombers, known as B-17.

Ramsey is now thirty-one years old, and is a well-mannered young man of pleasing appearance. In all the years that have passed since he left the School, he has always kept in touch with friends on the staff of workers here, never failing to call on them whenever he was in this section, and they, in turn, are delighted to know that he has been making such a fine record since leaving the institution. He stated that he had but a three-days' leave and had to cut his visit very short as he wanted to spend as much time as possible with relatives in Winston-Salem, but promised to stop and see us on his way back to Florida.



THERE ARE HOMES

So long as there are homes to which men turn
 At the close of day;
 So long as there are homes where children are,
 Where women stay—
 If love and loyalty and faith be found
 Across those sills—
 A stricken nation can recover from
 Its gravest ills.

So long as there are homes where fires burn
 And there is bread;
 So long as there are homes where lamps are lit
 And prayers are said;
 Although as people falter through the dark—
 And nations grope—
 With God Himself back of these little homes
 We have sure hope.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

NOTE: The figure following a boy's name indicates the total number of times he has been on Cottage Honor Roll since June 1, 1941.

Week Ending November 9, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen 20
Wade Aycoth 21
Carl Barrier 21
John Hogsed 4
William O'Brien 19
J. H. Peek
Weaver Ruff 21
Edgar Simmons 4

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser 6
Charles Browning 17
Lloyd Callahan 17
William Cook 17
Ralph Harris 19
Doris Hill 13
Curtis Moore 15
Leonard Robinson 7
Kenneth Tipton 16

COTTAGE NO. 2

Charles Tate 11
Newman Tate 10
John Crumpler

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey 19
Grover Beaver 14
Charles Beal 9
Kenneth Conklin 9
Robert Coleman 17
Jack Crotts 11
Robert Hare 18
Sanders Ingram 3
Jerry Jenkins 22
Otis McCall 12
Robert Quick 10
Elbert Russ 3
William T. Smith 16
Wayne Sluder 19
John Tolley 20
James Williams 16

COTTAGE NO. 4

Plummer Boyd 10
Donald Hobbs 14
Robert Jones 4
William Morgan 16

Eugene Puckett 3
George Speer 13
Woodrow Wilson 14
Thomas Yates 15

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles 22
Robert Dellinger 14
John Gardner
Sidney Knighting 11
Allen Morris 8

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood 14
James Burr 2
Frank Fargis 7
William Harding 5
Robert Jarvis 2
Gerald Kermon 9
Edward Kinion 8
Marvin Lipscomb 11
Durwood Martin 8
Vollie McCall 14
Reitzel Southern 12
Emerson Sawyer 6
Houston Turner 9
William Ussery 4
William Wilkerson 6
James C. Wiggins 3

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood 9
Lancy Broome 15
Henry Butler 21
Robert Hampton 6
John M. Mazoo 2
Arnold McHone 15
Edward Overby 11
Ernest Overcash 17
Wilbur Russ 5
Ernest Turner 15
Ervin Wolfe 10

COTTAGE NO. 8

Jesse Cunningham 5
Samuel Kirksey 2

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos

David Cunningham 19
 Robert Dunning 5
 James Hale 17
 Edgar Hedgepeth 21
 Grady Kelly 18
 Daniel Kilpatrick 18
 Marvin Matheson 18
 William Nelson 22
 Lewis B. Sawyer 15
 Horace Williams 17

COTTAGE NO. 10

Arcemias Hefner 20
 Jack Harward 16
 Charles Mills 11
 Howard Noland 4
 Charles Phillips 12
 Jack Warren 15
 Joseph Willis 9

COTTAGE NO. 11

John Allison 11
 J. C. Allen 6
 Robert Davis 12
 Ralph Fisher 4
 Robert Goldsmith 22
 Everett Morris 3
 Henry McGraw 10
 Henry Smith 8
 Samuel Stewart 12
 James Tyndall 10
 Charles Widener 10
 William Wilson 15

COTTAGE NO. 12

Ernest Brewer 15
 Jack Bright 17
 William Deaton 19
 Treley Frankum 21
 Eugene Hefner 15
 Marvin Howard 2
 Tillman Lyles 14
 Harry Lewis 7
 James Mondie 15
 Daniel McPhail 15
 Simon Quick 9
 Jesse Smith 20
 Charles Simpson 20
 George Tolson 15
 Carl Tyndall 11
 Eugene Watts 17
 J. R. Whitman 18

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer 13
 Otha Dennis 4
 Thomas Fields 7
 Vincent Hawes 16
 James Johnson 10
 James Lane 12
 Charles Metcalf 7
 Rufus Nunn 8
 Randall D. Peeler 12
 Fred Rhodes 12
 Paul Roberts 7
 Alex Shropshire 9
 Charles Sloan 4
 Ray Smith 6
 Earl Wolfe 18

COTTAGE NO. 14

William Butler 18
 Robert Deyton 23
 Audie Farthing 20
 Henry Glover 14
 John Hamm 18
 Feldman Lane 23
 William Lane 16
 Roy Mumford 19
 John Maples 21
 Charles McCoy 20
 Glenn McCall 21
 James Roberson 17
 John Robbins 16
 Charles Steepleton 20
 J. C. Willis 19
 Jack West 16

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Deatherage 4
 Horace Deese 2
 James Ledford 12

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks 14
 Frank Chavis 19
 James E. Hall 2
 Cecir Jacobs 18
 James Johnson 15
 John T. Lowry 17
 Leroy Lowry 17
 Lester Lochlear 2
 Varcy Oxendine 14

An impure man is every good man's enemy.—Beecher

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WE THANK THEE, LORD

We thank Thee, Lord, on this recurring day,
For liberty to worship as we will;
We thank Thee for the hero souls of old
Who dared wild seas their mission to fulfill.

O, gird our hearts with stalwart faith in good,
Give us new trust in Thy providing hand,
And may a spirit born of brotherhood
Inspire our hearts and bless our native land.

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THANKSGIVING

Three hundred and twenty years ago a thin band of figures made footprints in the crisp, white northeast snow, wending their way to a small and simple place of worship where they might offer a prayer of thanksgiving for the first harvest in the new world to which they came as pioneers. Too often we think of them as adventuresome men and women crossing choppy seas in a too small craft, landing at Plymouth Rock, cutting down the forests and building a community where there had been nothing but wasteland and roaming bands of the only Americans who preceded them—the Indians.

All this is true. Yet they were more than adventurers or seekers of commercial routes, or gold. They were men to whom life bereft of freedom was more to be dreaded than the loss of life itself. Their women, too, found strength to courageously face privation and suffering so that the children they bore might enjoy a heritage of liberty in thought and action. A most precious heritage even though there must be times when shoes would be worn thin, tears would be shed over the gnawing hurts of hunger, and lives would be lost through hardship, disease and combat. These were the pilgrim pioneers who, three hundred and twenty years ago, knelt in prayer, and so blessed the first American Thanksgiving in the year 1621.—The New Leaf.

THANKSGIVING

Something more than an abundant harvest must have inspired the Pilgrims to observe America's first Thanksgiving. On the contrary, they faced the probability of extreme hardship in their search for spiritual freedom and inward peace.

It is beautiful to think of in these trying times—that festival of gratitude for freedom and friendship earned, and for the signs of divine support in righteous endeavor. We can sense, as we think of the circumstances that led to the first Thanksgiving, what it is that impels mankind to such expression of gratitude. It is not so much

the harvest in fields as in character. It is not visible bounty but rather the substance of things hoped for—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

From the experience of the Pilgrims many valuable lessons have been learned. The first privilege for which they fought was that man might worship God in his own way; the next, the right to build a home and rear a family, having a close contact with those we love; and last but not least, to live under a government wherein the voice of the people might be heard. We are truly thankful that we are Americans, a sturdy race descending from courageous pioneers, who laid the foundation for this great republic.

* * * * *

THE RED CROSS CONTINUES TO SERVE

Through its 3,730 chapters, the Red Cross is watching over the welfare of families with men in the military service. As family problems arise, Red Cross Home Service workers see that they are met, and that the families do not suffer want.

The work of the Red Cross has been greatly expanded. More than a million volunteers are at work behind the lines, while at military camps and naval bases, at Army and Navy hospitals, trained representatives are stationed to help men in uniform solve any of the many non-military problems which may confront them.

All Red Cross activities at home are financed from annual membership dues. An increased enrollment is needed to carry on the work. The annual roll call is November 11 to 30. Join now!

—Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * *

BECOMING CULTURED

There is a general understanding that culture consists in studying the fine arts, in becoming proficient in society, and in doing things for one's self more satisfactorily.

The young woman who entertains well, or plays the piano skillfully, to the pleasure of her guests, while her mother bends over the ironing-board is not cultured. We do not cultivate plants in order that they may be useless. Neither should people be cultivated to

the point that they are neglectful of their duties.

A farmer's boy, just graduated from the district school, was helping his father hoe the corn. Suddenly he leaned upon his hoe, and gazed off into the distance. His father looked at him and said, "Son, what are you thinking about?"

"Of school," the boy answered. "Dad, I'm going to school and become cultured."

And the boy entered the academy. He struggled with his cultural studies for years. One day he came back. His father was leaning upon his hoe. "Well, my boy," he said, "now that you are cultured, what does your culture tell you to do?"

"To hoe," replied the young man.

This young man had indeed become cultured. It had taught him to do ordinary things extraordinarily well, and had given him a nobler view of life. Whatever adds enjoyment and beauty to life; whatever gives us the ability to meet each circumstance with tact; to see our nearest duty, to speak and act our best; whatever aids us to lift the load of others; that is culture.—Selected

* * * * *

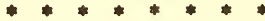
CRITICISM

There is nothing that comes quite so easy as criticism. If it be constructive, it is accepted and appreciated, if destructive it only reflects the inner life of the one who would like to lead, but who neither has the ability nor initiative for leadership. Criticism is indulged in by those who think more of themselves than others think of them. People who study straight through a project never indulge in destructive criticism, but on the other hand, hope for something good in the activities of all kinds and conditions of mankind.

The critic who never approves, but disapproves every idea advanced, belongs to the class whose mind constantly dwells upon the idea, "thank God I am not like other people." It is too bad that men and women of this Pharisaical type cannot realize that every knock given means a boost for the other fellow and a boomerange for the one who goes out of his way to find someone or something to criticise.

It is just as easy to form the habit of saying nice things as it is to find fault. In the words of Papa David, popular radio character,

“life can be beautiful,” if we endeavor to say the nice things at all times and on all occasions. The knocker or critic usually has dry bones in his own closet, therefore, endeavors to loom big by the use of destructive criticism. Critics of such calibre have few real admirers or close friends. The practical lesson for the critic to learn is to keep his own affairs in order, and by so doing there will be no time for cleaning around his neighbor’s door.



THE VALUE OF THRIFT

Much of the discontent and suffering of the world could be reduced through wide cultivation of the habits of thrift, of laying by money, however small the amounts, or of gaining possession of useful things. For thrift, it should be noted, is not the mere saving of money; it consists as well in the judicious investment of funds.

In the United States there are comparatively few persons who may be unable to command a fair wage, for whom it may be impossible to save or invest at least some part of their earnings. Much depends upon the will to do this thing, more in fact than upon an imagined inability to do so.

That Americans, despite their traditional inclination to waste, have in recent years been learning thrift, has been confirmed repeatedly in increased savings accounts in banks, by an extended ownership of sound securities, and by growing investment in homes and other serviceable possessions.—Selected.



GIRL SCOUTS

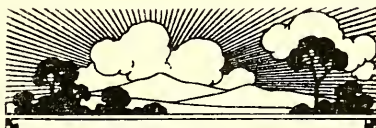
As a civilization depends upon what its boys and girls are today and what they are learning and ascribing to, we might feel a little more relieved about present civilization in studying the scouting laws of the Boy and Girl Scout organization. Rely on these young ones who “try to do their duty to God and their country, to help other people at all times.” The Girl Scouts celebrate a birthday this month and are congratulating their members from the farms and cities from Newfoundland, Argentina and Puerto Rico. They are all united under the banner of trust, loyalty, usefulness, friendship for

man and beast, obedience, cheerfulness, thriftiness and morality. A tall order to live by and to wholly succeed in following. We all might try to live by the Girl Scout code and not be harmed by it. Our congratulations and praise to the hundreds of thousands of girls who are learning to be better citizens and better homemakers.—Mooresville Enterprise.

* * * * *

DUNKING

Maybe you didn't know there is a national organization of dunkers formed "to spread good cheer and good fellowship through dunking." Not only is dunking the novel theme of the club but the fact that it costs nothing to belong is in itself unique. As in most everything else there is dissension among the membership and a complete lack of harmony due to the different opinions of doughnuts and crullers. A dunker wouldn't consider using a lady finger, cruller or piece of coffee cake for a "dunk." He who does so becomes an outlaw dunker. The hole in the doughnut is what makes it a clean job and anything else would lead to sloppy dunking. A rule book officially illustrates the proper technique and shows where many of us fall short of perfection. There is a right and wrong way to do everything, and through complete ignorance on the subject we may have been doing it the wrong way all these years.—Mooresville Enterprise.



OUR AMERICAN THANKSGIVING DAYS

By Josephine Toal

When my grandma was a girl in New England, she never hung up her stocking for Santa Claus, never saw a Christmas tree, never tasted a Christmas pudding. In her home and the home of her neighbors, Christmas just wasn't. All birthday celebrations were frowned upon, even that of the manger Christ child. It all savored too much of original pagan holidays for the New England conscience to approve.

But Thanksgiving Day! Now, that was a day; a day to be observed, religiously first, socially second. In village, town and city, the family wended its decorous way to church.

After service, children and grandchildren gathered round the long table in grandpa's house, to feast on grandma's roast turkey, Indian pudding and pumpkin pie, the traditional dishes for such an occasion. Those pumpkin pies, baked long hours in the old brick oven, had a delectable flavor not otherwise to be attained. While the turkey still maintains its eminence, Indian pudding has been slipping. Perhaps grandmother's descendants have never acquired her culinary art in creating that excellent dessert.

As time went on, American housewives added more dishes to the traditional menu, until Thanksgiving meant a season when for days women baked and boiled, roasted and fried, in preparation for the great day. Overladen tables became of more importance than the morning service. Gradually the ranks of the churchgoers thinned. Feasting, sports and

social programs claimed more of the day.

In recent years however, Thanksgiving Day congregations have noticeably increased. On the other hand sports are more and more commercializing a day once set apart primarily for praise and thanksgiving.

The idea entertained by many that the last Thursday in November was an immovable holiday received a jolt when last year the President of the United States named an earlier date for it, and in consequence some states observed one date and some another. The fact is that while custom has decreed the President shall set the date by proclamation, that cannot make it a legal holiday otherwise than where state statutes so provide.

Days of thanksgiving are old as Nehemiah's calendar, or older, and have been observed irregularly down the centuries in many countries. We Americans regard Governor Bradford's proclamation of a special Thanksgiving Day in Massachusetts, December 13, 1621, as the origin of our so-called "national" holiday. And that is, perhaps, the most appropriate occasion to stem from, since the entire day then was proclaimed a holiday for both religious and social enjoyment. But the Bradford Thanksgiving Day was not made a fixed annual date. Sometimes the Puritan festival was set for August, or some other month, depending on the special event that called for public expression of gratitude. Not until 1684 did the Massachusetts colony decree even that Thanksgiving Day should

be an annual affair. The happy custom of a yearly holiday when man should pause to count blessings and render thanks therefor soon became popular with sister colonies, although each chose its own festival day. Following the great event of union of the sometimes bickering thirteen, President Washington proclaimed November 26, 1789, a day of national thanksgiving for the divine blessings bestowed on the new ship of state.

In succeeding years Thanksgiving Day was not universally celebrated in November. State governors chose their own date or made no proclamation at all. In 1863 President Lincoln called the nation to observe the last Thursday in November as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. Since that time the last Thursday in November has been the usual day named in the president's proclamation.

That early Thanksgiving Day when good Governor Bradford called his little flock to a special religious service has peculiar interest for us Americans. We can picture the time of rejoicing when at last there was corn enough in the cabins to tide the remnant of the settlement over the cold winter ahead, and game was again plentiful in the woods. Desperate days were in the background and faith was strong again. Their stout hearts swelled with gratitude to a kind Providence as, in company with their beloved Elder Brewster, they marched up to the little log church.

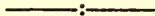
In imagination we see the company returning from church to gather about the outdoor tables laden with

wild turkey, coarse bread, vegetables from the stumpy clearings, fish from the bay, perhaps stewed cranberries or other wild fruit.

It must have been some strain upon the few women of the colony to provide dinner for the fifty-five home folks, but when some hundred hungry Indians arrived to swell the number, it should have been enough to stagger the poise of even those resourceful Puritan wives. Yet we see them extending hospitality to King Massasoit and his braves for three days. To be sure the redskins came not empty-handed, but to cook the slain deer they brought in must have entailed a bit of extra labor.

America, as a God-fearing country, owes much to that little band of faithful souls who, on that long-ago Thanksgiving Day, under the cold canopy of a December sky, with the wind-swept pine forests about them, and the thunder of ocean waves down in the bay, reverently bowed their heads above their roughhewn board and with Elder Brewster, gave humble thanks to the Giver of all Good. Sincere gratitude made the simple fare a feast to those brave souls who wrote home to England of their "plentie" in the new world.

If America's plenty such as it was in 1621 in that forlorn settlement, could call forth real thanksgiving from those sorely tried pioneers, how much more cause have we, in this our day of more than plenty, to voice our gratitude for God's goodness and to preserve in particular the religious significance of Thanksgiving Day.



The wavering mind is but a base possession.—Euripides

THE TURKEY BIRD

By William E. Jackson

When that great Spaniard, Don Hernando Cortes, marched his little army up to the mountain heights of central Mexico to conquer the Aztec empire 400 years ago, he noted in his journals that one of the few domesticated creatures known to the Aztecs was a big bird which he called a "rooster-peacock." In the homes of the Indians Cortes was treated to a stew made of the meat of this bird combined with many spices. He recorded that the dish made most excellent eating. The Indians raised thousands of the birds and they wove the feathers into capes. Even the bones were saved to be whittled into ornaments and toys for the children.

When Cortes sent back to Spain a boatload of loot from the Aztec empire he included a few specimens of this bird he called the "rooster-peacock." It became a popular barnyard fowl in Spain and within a few years every farmer had a few. It was called the fowl of the Indies because, you see, the Spaniards were still laboring under the delusion that the land Cortes had conquered was somehow connected with the mysterious Indies.

The fowl of the Indies was taken from Spain to Turkey, where it became a favorite food of the Sultan, and it was from Turkey that the bird got the name we know it by today. In that early time Turkey, or the Ottoman Empire, claimed a vast portion of the world, including parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe. Morocco, the land just across the Strait of Gibraltar from Spain, was then under

Turkish domination. It was across the strait that the first fowl of the Indies was introduced to Turkish territory. Turkey also controlled much of the region through which the Danube River flows in southeastern Europe and soon the fowl of the Indies became a common barnyard resident along the valley of the Danube. It was from this region that the bird traveled up the Danube valley into the Germanic countries.

The thrifty Germans were not long discovering that this new domestic fowl was a good source of food and, had come to them from the land of the Sultan, they called it the Turkey bird. This name stuck, and it was as the Turkey bird that the bird was introduced to England from Germany. From England the Turkey bird found its way to New England, where it became simply the turkey. It is the very same bird that thousands of Americans eat when they sit down to their Thanksgiving feast each year. To reach us it traveled across the Atlantic Ocean, along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea to the Black Sea, up the Danube River valley, to England, and thence back across the ocean to New England.

Of course, we know that the Pilgrim Fathers had turkey for their first Thanksgiving feast. Those were wild turkeys, and although they are similar to the domestic turkeys we know today, the two are of separate and distinct species. The turkey we eat on Thanksgiving Day is a traveler who came to us by a very round-about route from Mexico.

In the forests of some parts of the

United States there are still wild turkeys such as those the Pilgrim Fathers shot or bought from the Indians. In New Mexico and a few other states wild turkeys are so plentiful that there is an annual season when they may be hunted.

The turkey that Cortes mentioned in his travel diaries is still common in Mexico. The turkey stew the Aztecs gave Cortes is still a favorite Mexican dish, known as mole. Because of the mild climate of Mexico turkeys are easily raised there and the Mexicans eat great quantities of turkey meat prepared in various ways. Turkeys are seldom seen in butcher shops in Mexico, for they are usually herded to the buyer alive. The sight of a countryman driving a large flock of turkeys through the street is not uncommon. The cook or housewife picks her turkey from the flock and kills it

herself. More often than not she keeps the bird in a back courtyard for several weeks to fatten it up on corn before it goes into the mole.

The first complete description of the domestic turkey that we know is that which was written by a German, Conrad Gesner, about twenty-five years after Columbus discovered America. Gesner, a naturalist of renown, must have seen the turkey in Spain, for the bird was not known elsewhere in Europe at that time. The description is found in Gesner's six-volume set of natural history books and is illustrated with a rather crude drawing of a turkey.

The turkey is not the only source of food that was a gift to Europe from the New World, for it was from the Americas that Europe got such products as the potato, sweet potato, tomato, and corn.

THE CIRCUIT OF GIVING

It has been said that what we impart to another returns to us richer and finer than when we gave it. The bread cast upon the waters may not come back at once, but it will come back in due course—the Book says “after many days.” Sometimes it comes sooner than we think.

In the old days when nearly every ambitious youth taught school for a while, we used to hear it said that a person never really mastered a subject until he taught it to others. It is a true saying. No doubt that is why a dull teacher knows more—or seems to—than a brilliant pupil.

We once knew a preacher, none too scholarly, who preached for a goodly number of university professors. Once he was asked if he was not embarrassed to preach before such profound scholars. “Not a bit, said the preacher. “They may know more than I do about many things, but I know more than they do about the particular subject I discussed before them.” He had learned the subject by teaching it.

If one were lost in a dark room with those whom he loves at his side, and a lamp came into his possession, his first care would be to see the lamp to guide his loved ones out of the darkness. However, having led them outside the ruins,

It is one of God's gracious laws that this endless circuit of giving and receiving shall encompass all the ways of life. It is also when men give and share with others that they receive, for it is what they give that abides, while what they keep they eventually lose. In spite of the paradox that is just as true as the gospel and no mortal may evade the inflexible law.—Alabama Baptist. he would then find that he himself was also free.

OUR FAMOUS ROCK

By Emma Florence Bush

In these days when all things pertaining to the past history of our country are being scrutinized and questioned, there is one historic relic whose authenticity is unquestioned—Plymouth Rock.

In the first place we have the Pilgrims' own statement that the company landed on a flat rock at the water's edge, and this rock has always been referred to as the one mentioned.

However, to save all possible doubt in the years to come we have the statement from the lips of one who in his boyhood knew some of the Pilgrims, who often showed him the rock and told the story of their landing upon it, and of the first winter when so many of the members of the colony sickened and died and were buried not very far away from where it stood.

It was 1738 when the people of Plymouth proposed to build a wharf along the shore, the wharf being placed so it would cover the famous rock. At that time there lived in Plymouth an old man, over ninety years of age, Thomas Faunce. He could well remember as a lad all the stories told him by the Pilgrims who were still living at that time. It is said

he grieved so over the rock being covered that the then Plymouth fathers moved the location of the wharf enough so that the rock would be still exposed.

After the Revolution, when the United States became a nation and began to take a little interest in her past history, attention was turned to the rock, and it was found it was completely hidden by sand. The sand was cleared away, and an attempt was made to move the rock farther up the shore. It split in two, and the upper half was then taken to the village and placed in the town square, the lower half being allowed to remain where it was. In 1834 this upper half was removed from the town square to a position in front of Pilgrim Hall and enclosed in an iron railing. Here it remained until 1880.

In September 1880 after much discussion for several months, the upper half of the stone was taken back to the shore and riveted to the lower portion which had remained where the rock was when the Pilgrims landed. A handsome archway was then built over it and here it has rested ever since, and we trust will rest as long as our nation endures.

Music, of all the liberal arts, has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement.—Napoleon.

THANKSGIVING WISHES

By Florence Evelyn Mixer

Where is Cousin Josephine, Mother?" Charles Warren called as he and his sister Alice burst in from school the afternoon before Thanksgiving. "Haven't she and Aunt Mary come yet?"

"No, Charles," his mother answered. "Josephine called up from Boston this morning and said her mother isn't able to make the trip, so it looks as though we'll be without any Thanksgiving guests this year."

"That's too bad!" Alice said, sounding very near to tears.

"Might as well be on a desert island," Charles began, and then stopped. Of course his mother was disappointed, too.

At thirteen, he was old enough to realize better than Alice how much their mother had given up in moving from a city near Boston to an old New England farm for a year on account of their father's health.

The month they had been there seemed like a year to Charles and Alice, who hardly knew what to do with themselves without city amusements. How they wished for some friends and some excitement, something to do!

Josephine Warren who was a children's librarian, was their favorite cousin; they had been counting the days until Thanksgiving, when she would visit them. Now Thanksgiving would be just like any other day, except the dinner.

"We'll have to try to have a good time by ourselves," Mrs. Warren was saying. "By the way," she changed

the subject, "why didn't you come home on the school bus? I saw you walking up the hill."

"Oh, Jack Morgan wasn't at school today, and Miss Crandall asked us to bring some favors from our party in school to him and Betty Beecher. We all had chocolate turkeys and fancy napkins to bring home," Charles answered.

"I don't believe they'll have much of a Thanksgiving," Alice said. "Grammie' Beecher was mending Jack's coat, and there didn't seem to be any cooking around—just a pumpkin pie on the shelf." Alice had picked up the name which all the children called the little black-eyed old lady who made a home for her crippled granddaughter with the help of Jack Mogran, an orphan boy who did the chores.

"Alice asked Betty if they're going to have turkey or chicken for dinner tomorrow," Charles said, "and before Betty could answer, Jack growled, 'Neither.' I don't think grammie heard."

"I didn't think," said Alice, who was three years younger than Charles. "I wanted to say something, and I thought everybody had either chicken or turkey. Say, mother, why couldn't we ask them up here for dinner tomorrow?"

"That's a good idea," Mrs. Warren smiled. "Do you think Betty will be able to come?"

"Oh, yes," Alice answered. She was sitting in a chair crocheting when I was there. She can walk

around in the house by holding onto things, and Jack helps her walk out in the yard sometimes. Dad could go down after them with the car."

"I'm not sure they'll come," Charles said thoughtfully. "Jack doesn't act a bit friendly. The only time he says much is when we boys are up in the workshop in the attic at school. He's good at that sort of work."

"Perhaps he's shy with strangers," Mrs. Warren said. "I'll write Grammie Beecher a note, and you two may take it down."

Charles and Alice never knew exactly what their mother wrote, but she must have said just the right things, for grammie smiled as she read the note and accepted the invitation at once for all of them. Betty was overjoyed at the idea of going out to dinner, and Jack looked up sideways from the book end he was carving from a piece of wood and mumbled, "Thank you."

On Thanksgiving morning the air was frosty, but the sun promised to be warm later in the day.

Charles filled the woodbox and ran errands for his mother. Alice set the table in the dining room and helped get the vegetables ready to cook. At half-past ten she rode down the hill with her father to get their guests.

Jack seemed to regard Betty as his special care; he helped her into and out of the car and into the house as a knight might have.

The children were rather uneasy for a few minutes, and then Alice asked, "Betty, what are those red berries in the glass bowl down at

your house? They looked as if they were growing there."

"They are growing," Betty replied, smiling. "They're partridge berries, Jack gets the pieces of vine with the berries on them out in the woods in the fall and a special kind of moss to put them in. Then they live in the bowl all winter."

"Oh, I wish we could have some!" Alice said. "It must be fun to watch them grow."

"It isn't too late to get them yet." Betty looked at Jack.

He moved his feet uneasily. "I can show you where they grow if you want me to," he offered.

"That's great!" Charles exclaimed. "Let's go after them right now. That'll help us get up an appetite for dinner."

"Have we any bowl to put them in?" Alice asked.

"I don't know; I'll ask mother," Charles answered. "No, she's busy now. I'll tell you, we'll look up in the attic. There's a lot of old stuff up there, and when we rented the place the owner said we might use anything we wanted. Come on."

Jack followed Charles to the hall door. Alice started, but turned back to Betty.

"Go right ahead if you want to," Betty urged, taking some crocheting from a small basket she had brought.

"All right, if you don't mind," Alice replied. "I haven't seen half the things up there."

The attic looked like an antique shop.

"Oh, see the baby spinning wheel!" Alice exclaimed, pointing toward one corner.

"That's a flax wheel," Jack explained. "The wheels they spun flax on were always small."

"What't this bunch of wire?" Charles asked.

Jack grinned, lifted it off the nail, and shook it out. "That's a hoop skirt," he said. "Grammie has two or three. We used them in a school play last winter."

"I guess we'll have to come up sometime and have you introduce us to these things," Charles laughed. "Just now we'd better be finding that bowl."

In a barrel half full of empty preserve jars they found an eight-sided glass jar with a cover. Jack pronounced it satisfactory, and they trooped downstairs.

Betty insisted that Alice go with the boys after the berries, so while she was getting her coat, Charles showed Betty how to tune in different stations on the radio.

Once in the woods, Jack completely forgot his shyness in telling Charles and Alice the name of trees and describing things he had seen on his tramps.

They found the partridge berry vines growing under a clump of hemlock trees. "See the two eyes in each berry," Jack said. "Some folks call them snake berries on account of the eyes."

Charles and Alice had expected to find the berries growing in the right moss, but that was not the case. They had to go farther to find the light green, feathery moss which would keep the berries fresh during the winter.

"How do you put them into the

bowl?" Alice asked when they were returning.

"Betty does that," Jack replied. "Some folks fix them so the bowls look crammed full, but Betty knows how to put them in so they look just as if they are growing," he added proudly.

"Then we'll get her to show us how," Alice decided. "We can do it on the table in the kitchen after dinner's out of the way."

The dinner they sat down to a little later was not fancy, but the table was fairly loaded with turkey and vegetables and brightened by cranberry sauce. The girls voted that the boys were welcome to the drumsticks if they themselves might have the wishbone to pull.

Alice and Betty couldn't wait for the wishbone to dry; as soon as they finished their Indian pudding each held onto a prong of it and made a wish.

"What are you wishing for, Alice?" Charles teased. "Some new clothes, I'll bet."

"I won't tell," Alice caroled. "I don't really believe in it, but it's a lot of fun anyway."

They had to tug and tug on the bone before it broke, and when it did, the head flew off.

"There goes the wish!" Betty cried. "Maybe neither of us gets it."

"The pieces we have left are the same length," Alice answered, measuring. "Perhaps we both do."

When dinner was cleared away, the children gathered around the oil-cloth-covered kitchen table. All of them helped pick the sticks and pine needles out of the moss, but Betty

alone fitted the moss into the bowl and worked the partridge berry stems down into it. When it was finished, they carried the bowl proudly into the living room.

"How beautiful that is!" Mrs. Warren exclaimed. "You surely have a knack for doing those things."

"It'll look better in a few days." Betty smiled shyly at the compliment. "The vines really fix themselves better than I can do it."

"Betty has always been good at doing things with her hands," grammie said. "The minister's wife exhibited a pillow that Betty made at the State Fair last year, and it took first prize in the children's class."

"That's fine. Has she made many things?" Mrs. Warren asked thoughtfully.

"Quite a lot," grammie answered. "She crochets and embroiders both, but it's hard to get the material."

Mrs. Warren was examining Betty's chocheting. Alice watched her expectantly. She felt there was a purpose behind her mother's questions.

"I can't promise anything," Mrs. Warren spoke slowly, "but it seems to me this work is good enough to sell. I have a friend in Boston who might be able to sell some of it for you. If you would like to have her try, we might send her some pieces to see what she can do."

"Oh, I'd like to, if you think it's good enough!" Betty flushed with pleasure; "then I could buy more crochet cotton and embroidery."

"Yes, and you'd make a little profit besides," Mrs. Warren answered.

"Then Jack could get some stain to use on the book ends he's making,"

Betty added. "He carves a lot of things from wood, but they aren't much good unless they're painted or stained. He did a few pieces with some stain that was left over at school."

"I'd like to see the carving, if I may," Mrs. Warren said. "If it's as good as some of the neighbors think it is, we ought to send some of that along to Boston, too. You seem to be quite a talented pair."

"Oh, we just like to be doing something," Jack answered. "It's mighty good of you to take an interest in us, Mrs. Warren, but I don't see how we can ever pay you and your friends for what you're offering to do."

"I'll tell you," Charles put in. "You can teach me some nature study; I'm about as green as possible in that line. Then if you want to bother with me in wood-working, I might be able to learn the difference between a chisel and a screwdriver," he laughed.

"Perhaps I could show Alice some new crochet patterns," Betty offered.

"I'm sure you could," Alice answered, "for what I know about crocheting you could write on a ten-cent piece. I'd like to learn, though." She paused and then clapped her hands. "Why, I believe my wish is coming true already!"

"What was it? What did you wish?" asked several voices.

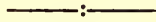
"I wished we could find something interesting to do this winter."

"Then mine is coming true, too," Betty added shyly. "I wished we might be friends and keep on having good times together."

"We surely will" Charles exclaim-

ed. "I move we take mother over to the piano now and have some music—that is, if we haven't eaten so much we can't sing."

"I'm so happy nothing could keep me from singing!" Alice declared. "I know our Thanksgiving wishes are coming true in record time."



JERUSALEM

Walter Scott Meriwether, the "ole skipper" who edits the Charleston (Miss.) Sun with rare vision, has hit upon an idea that will save the state of Mississippi.

He believes that through the cultivation of the Jerusalem artichoke we may be emancipated from our slavery to king cotton and shows by expert opinion that this weed has undreamed of possibilities.

He quotes the U. S. Bureau of Standards to the effect that Jerusalem artichoke tubers have the following sugar content compared to other products: Corn 60 per cent, beets 70 per cent, artichoke 170 per cent.

In addition to this startling revelation, Mr. Meriwether claims that an acre of artichokes will produce these by-products: 750 pounds of dry ice, 300 gallons of alcohol, 100 pounds of yeast and 1250 pounds of high protein feed stuffs.

He also quotes authorities to the effect that artichoke sugar is 50 per cent sweeter than cane sugar and it is harmless to diabetics. According to his authorities 180 pounds of seed will plant an acre and an acre will produce 20 tons of tubers.

There have been many substitutes offered as solutions for the cotton problem; diversification and whatnot. In South Mississippi we have now and then put our agricultural faith in poultry, dairy development, youngberries, garden truck, pecans, tung oil and reforestation. Of late years we've about given up agricultural promotion altogether and are dreaming of converting our cutover acres into airports.

In our contemplation of the future, Meriwether's artichokes are worth looking into.—Dixie Guide.

AMERICAN RED CROSS SERVES MEN IN CAMP

(Quest)

Napoleon it was who said an army marches on its stomach. While military experts and others are all in agreement with this axiom, yet the individual soldier must still use his feet. And, unless he is well-shod, and incidentally, well socked, it won't be long before he will begin to limp, then drop behind and finally have to fall out altogether.

Early in April of this year a private at Lowery Field, Denver, Colorado, received a package from the American Red Cross containing two pairs of well-knit socks. Now, ordinarily two pairs of socks would mean next to nothing in the life of a private in the United States Army, for the men are all well-supplied with clothing from the quartermaster.

But in this particular instance these two pairs of socks made all the difference in the world. Many people pride themselves on their small feet, but in this case it was just the other way round. When the recruit arrived in camp it was soon discovered he had the biggest feet of all the men there and the quartermaster was indeed hard put to it to find a pair of shoes size 15AAA, in stock. And as for socks, he simply did not have any and the private had to continue to use the meager supply he had brought with him from home.

But as he marched and counter-marched over the parade ground, learning the rudiments of close order drill, little holes began to appear in

his socks. From being small they grew larger and larger until there was comparatively little left in the feet of his socks but the middle portion of the sole and the instep.

In the meantime, however, the man's plight had come to the attention of the Red Cross. It required no great amount of deliberation for the field director stationed at the post to realize what should be done and shortly he had two of the local chapter's expert knitters working on the problem. The result was that in no time at all two pairs of socks of ample size to allow for shrinkage were delivered to the young soldier. Henceforth, as long as he is stationed at Lowery Field where his particular problem is now well-known to the Red Cross, he will have no need to complain insofar as his socks are concerned.

However the Military and Naval Welfare Service of the American Red Cross goes much further than furnishing personal supplies to men in the armed forces. At every Military camp and naval base, in every Army and Navy hospital, trained Red Cross personnel is stationed, ready to assist the men in uniform and their families meet any of the many non-military problems that may suddenly confront them.

Just how the field directors and chapters work together is illustrated by the following incident:

A chief pharmacist's mate and his

wife, upon being transferred from San Diego to Quantico late last year. . . their children in the care of relatives on the coast until settled in their new post. But shortly after arrival at Quantico, the husband was transferred again, this time to Cuba.

His wife remained at Quantico and when she was ready to have the children come east, she called at the Red Cross office at the post to see if a loan might be arranged to enable her to go to Chicago to meet her children. The railroad would not assume responsibility for them beyond that city.

At this point the Red Cross suggested that in all probability arrangements could be made to have a representative of the Chicago Red Cross chapter meet the children upon arrival and put them on a train for Washington. This procedure would eliminate the need of a trip to Chicago,

and the children would be perfectly safe.

This suggestion was more than welcome, and the Chicago chapter agreed to the arrangement, and the children started on their journey from Los Angeles, where they had been staying. By means of pictures sent on ahead, the children were identified as they arrived in Chicago, and were subsequently put safely aboard a train bound for Washington, where they were met by their mother.

Red Cross activities are made possible because millions of Americans each year join the organization during its annual roll call. This year the membership campaign began on Armistice Day and will continue through November 30th. This year the support of everyone is needed. Don't fail to join a Red Cross chapter during this annual roll call.



THANKSGIVING WITHOUT GOD'S WORD

Yes, that's what we Americans are fast coming to: a Thanksgiving festival without the Word of God! And thus the great, majestic word "Thanksgiving" is robbed of its meaning.

Yes, we do separate God's Word from Thanksgiving. Business houses, indeed, close down on Thanksgiving Day; but so do the churches—almost, anyhow. Where they keep open capacity audiences are not in sight. A great football game receives national attention at this time. Parties are numerous. Families, separated since the fledglings have built their own nests, foregather in joyful reunion. This is quite innocent; quite proper, in fact. It is these things that, combined with the tang of frost in the air and the sighs and moans of the autumn winds through the many-stringed forest harp, make Thanksgiving Day so uniquely American that we would as lief think of dispensing with our Constitution as with this gem from Pilgrim days.

If only the Word of God were more a part of it and, likewise, what goes with it—prayer, dwelling on what God has done for us in America to make us happy and great; is doing now for us to bring us to our senses; will do to us if we don't come to them!—Lutheran Youth.

GREAT NATIONAL PARK WAS UNKNOWN WILDERNESS FEW YEARS AGO

By Francis S. Dean, in Charlotte Observer

It was in May, 1926, that Congress authorized the establishment of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt dedicated the park on Labor Day (September 2), 1940, and on August 24, 1941, the millionth visitor entered by way of Gatlinburg, Tennessee. At the end of the current travel year—September 30, 1941—Great Smoky led the 164 national park areas with a total of 1,247,019.

With these statistics as background it is difficult to assimilate data given by Paul M. Fink at a recent meeting of the East Tennessee Historical society. This reputable historian pointed out that scarcely two decades ago the Appalachian park now visited annually by hundreds of thousands was a land unknown except to lumberman whose only interest in this wilderness was the cutting of the virgin timber. As late as 1920 but a few hardy nature lovers and exploring scientists from the outside world had climbed the highest peaks and penetrated into the more remote valleys. And in 1904 when the late Horace Kephart decided to seek restoration to health in the Great Smokies he wrote:

"I could find in no library a guide to the region. The most diligent research failed to discover so much as a magazine article written within this generation that described the land

and its people. Had I been going to Teneriffe or Timbuctoo, the libraries would have furnished information aplenty, but about this housetop of eastern America they were strangely silent; it was terra incognita."

Yet, despite the year round popularity for legions of sight-seers, the primitive wildness and forest grandeur of this popular park remain unspoiled, Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes early announced a policy that will maintain these characteristics unimpaired. Although hundreds of miles of trails and bridle paths invite the nature lover into the interior, automobile roads will always be kept to a minimum. Those constructed, however, afford panoramic views of mountain scenery that attract motorists from a radius of several hundred miles, practically every month in the calendar.

The transmontane motor road from Gatlinburg, Tenn., to Bryson City, N. C., via Cherokee and Clingmans Dome highways, reaches an altitude of 6,311 feet, the loftiest highway in the East. Paved highways from the Seaboard states converge at Asheville; from the Mississippi valley and Gulf states, at Knoxville, Tenn. The park also may be reached from these points by railroad trains and buses.

Excursion trips by bus, available from Knoxville, make overnight stops

at Gatlinburg, and the visitor may continue on to Asheville. Bus service also is available from Asheville, via Waynesville, to Bryson City.

Long known as the greatest natural arboretum in the temperate zone, the Great Smokies are a treasure house for scientific research. Botanists have listed more than 1,200 flowering plants and shrubs.

The forests of virgin red spruce and unspoiled hardwoods are the most extensive in the United States, with some 200,000 acres, or nearly half of the forests within the park, in original condition.

At least 129 native species have been listed, with some 18 other varieties introduced long ago from outside the area. Their size is as amazing as their variety. New lists of natural treasures constantly are adding to the importance of the Great Smokies as a vast wilderness garden. During the summer of 1941 the list of fungi was brought up to 1,200 species and sub-species.

Students of history and folklore also find these mountains a rich field for research. Adjoining the North Carolina side of the park is the Qualla Reservation of the Cherokee Indians. These mountain valleys were their homeland for several centuries, and one of the darkest chapters of our history is that which deals with the "Trail of Tears," when in 1839, following the discovery of gold in the lands they had owned so long, the entire tribe was ordered by the United States government to be evacuated to Indian territory.

A remnant escaped, however, and for over a generation were able to survive in the inaccessible mountains

of the interior. It is their descendants who now live as wards of the government in the Qualla Indian reservation. They are an agricultural people.

At the Cherokee fair, held every autumn, they well illustrate their ability to live by the fruits of the soil. The visitor's finds on sale fresh and canned fruits and vegetables fine examples of native craftsmanship—gay woven blankets and coverlids; pottery, baskets, and beadwork. The athletic events include archery, use of the blow gun, and an Indian ball game which most whites find too strenuous to attempt. It was played by the Indians long before the coming of the whites.

The history of the Cherokees of the Great Smokies includes their participation in the War between the States. The Indians fought with the Confederates under their beloved white leader, Col. W. H. Thomas. "Will-usdi" was their name for him. Under his direction they did much of the early road building through Indian Gap. Colonel Thomas is memorialized in two place-names within the park, "Thomas Ridge" and "Thomas Divide." He is remembered also in the talks given by the park naturalists on one of the most popular hikes, that to Alum Cave. It was here, during the 60's, that Colonel Thomas carried on mining operations.

Scenically the Great Smoky Mountains National park boasts all but one of the highest peaks in the Appalachian range (Mount Michell, N. C.). The names of many of the peaks, perpetuate the story of their conquest. Clingmans Dome, 6,642 feet in elevation, loftiest mountain within

the park, honors one of the Old North State's most illustrious sons, Gen. Thomas L. Clingman, soldier, statesman, and nature lover.

It was he who made the first measurements, in 1858, of "Smoky Dome," later rechristened Clingmans Dome. Through his explorations and writings General Clingman promoted interest in the region, and when Arnold Guyot, the noted orographer, began his painstaking measurements in this region, it was Clingman who ordered a path to be cut to the summit, in order to facilitate Guyot's task.

Guyot rode all the way to the top on the first horse ever to climb Clingmans Dome.

Arnold Guyot was a native of Switzerland, and became a political refugee from Europe at the period of the Revolutoin of 1848, when so many of the most brilliant scholars and scientists of the Old World were forced to become expatriates. But Guyot soon grew to love the land of his adoption, while his great scientific attainments earned for him eventually a life professorship at Princeton University, N. J. The set of six graded school "physical geographies" which he authored were studied by a full generation of American boys and girls, and his 30 wall maps were widely circulated.

Although Guyot did not have the advantage of working with the minutely accurate equipment of the present, his precision was so conspicuous that his mountain measurements compare well with modern tests, and even today his tables vary little from those recorded by the latest in scientific instruments. Perhaps no one before or since has made more numer-

ous and more dependable hypsometric measurements, of which his field books contain more than 12,000.

A description of the Great Smokies as this Swiss-American scientist found them conveys a glimpse of the prowess of Guyot as a mountaineer, as well as of the characteristics of the "laurel slicks" and dense jungles that still impede the progress of those who leave the trails.

"Dense growth of laurel and high trees makes travel over them extremely difficult and almost impossible. Neither the white man nor even the Indian hunter ventures into the wilderness. Great distances, imperviable forests, delayed me two months. I camped out twenty nights, spending a night on every one of the highest summits, so as to have observations at the most favorable hours."

Mount Kephart perpetuates the name of a more modern celebrity, Horace Kephart, who left the outside world in 1903 to live among the mountain people that he so greatly admired. Following the same pattern of life as these rugged descendants of the pioneers who were the first white settlers to enter the Great Smokies some 150 years ago, he came to know their stories, their hardship, and their inexhaustible resourcefulness.

In *Our Southern Highlanders* Kephart gave a faithful and sympathetic picture of them.

His death occurred in 1931, only a few years after his name had been given to a 6,150-foot peak within Great Smoky Mountains National Park, which he had helped to have established.

Another national park area in the South is linked with the Great Smoky

Mountain National Park—King Mountain National Military Park, South Carolina. It was the fearless, sharp-shooting frontiersmen of the Great Smokies who, helped turn the tide in this decisive battle of the American Revolution. Some of the veterans of this War for Independence received land grants for this military service and added to the scanty population of the Great Smokies by taking up holdings within the fertile bottoms.

Cades Cove is typical of these lovely, sheltered valleys with their rich soil. It is the purpose of the

National Park Service to preserve there the surviving evidences of the farm life that went on nearly a century and a half ago. The handhewn cabins, with the outbuildings, put up crude but enduring methods, the "tub mills" and the bull pens, all serve as reminders of that stern, indomitable fibre which constituted the native character of our early Americans.

To visit such spots today is to rekindle in the visitor an appreciation of the spirit and determination that have made this country a land of individual freedom, and to renew unity of democratic aims.

LIARS

There is an old proverb that says: "It's easier to watch a thief than to keep track of a liar." And that is very true as to most any honest person can testify.

Nothing makes a man so utterly contemptible in the sight of all decent people than for him to go around concocting fairy tales, telling "white lies" and spreading false reports. It is difficult to meet the harm that a liar can do to the reputation of a good man. So many people are prone to listen to and accept what "seems plausible" that it is easy (until the liar is trapped) to commit a great injustice. Of course, the liar cares little about anyone's reputation. It is his business to "kill" good reputations. Eventually, after all the harm is done, he is caught—and, maybe, thereafter no one believes anything he might have to say, even though it may be true. We go slow in accepting the word of a liar. We cannot place any confidence in him, indeed, if we did, we'd be very foolish in being so careless.

A liar is a coward. Being a coward he will naturally say and do things that fit his nature.

Just what such a person can expect to gain from his nefarious activities is beyond comprehension. That he lacks foresight is evident, else he would not trust in lies. Perhaps he imagines that he will always be able to outsmart other people by being always prepared to tell more and bigger lies. Yet it is axiomatic that if "the pitcher goes to the well once too often it will be broken." So with a liar. He'll end badly.—O. P. News.

LEGEND OF ST. JEROME AND THE LION

By Frances Margaret Fox

We all have heard the old story of Androcles and the lion, but there is another lion story that perhaps is not so well known. It is about St. Jerome and the lion that Raphael and other old-time artists have made familiar to us in their famous paintings. Always near the saint in these pictures there is a painting of the lion. If you see a copy of one of these works of art, you should know why the lion always is shown near St. Jerome. So here is the legend:

Long years ago when St. Jerome was living with his brother monks in a monastery at Bethlehem in the land of Judea, a bloody lion came swiftly limping into the room where the monks were assembled. Probably he was roaring loudly. The monks fled in terror when the lion made straight for St. Jerome, but the lion was not hungry for monks in their long robes, and he didn't dream of eating one of them.

It seems that the minute he entered the open door he knew that St. Jerome was a kindly gentleman. The poor lion was in terrible pain. He lifted one bleeding foot and placed it in St. Jerome's lap.

Straightway St. Jerome's heart was filled with pity, for in the suffering lion's paw was a thorn so deeply buried that the lion was helpless. We are not told whether St. Jerome was frightened or not, but he was a brave gentleman. He took the lion's paw in his hands and carefully pulled out that cruel thorn. Then he bathed the wound, and probably bandaged the

lion's paw, and thus far the story may be true.

After that the lion would not go back to live in the caves of the rocky hills around Bethlehem. He decided to stay at the monastery ever after and be St. Jerome's pet. In time the other monks forgot their fear of the lion, although they never exactly liked the idea of a lion for a pet.

Now, according to the legend, a donkey worked for the brothers. Every day he was sent into the forest for a load of wood. We are not told how every morning he managed to cut the wood and pile it on his own back, and then unload it at the monastery every night, to keep the fires burning. It must have been an interesting sight.

Anyway St. Jerome believed that the faithful donkey needed protection from the wild beasts that roamed through the forests of Palestine, so he told the lion to go out every morning to guard the donkey from danger while he worked at the woodpile. Of course it is nowhere hinted that possibly St. Jerome sometimes wearied of a pet lion at his elbow every time he turned around and so was glad to have him out of the way.

One day the lion fell sound asleep while he was out on duty, and when he awoke the donkey was gone. He didn't know that Syrian merchants had stolen the donkey, and had made him go traveling far away with them at the head of their procession of camels.

That poor old lion hunted and hunt-

ed for the lost donkey. When at last he went sneaking home to the monastery he was so ashamed that he couldn't lift his head nor toss back his mane.

The monks who never had trusted him said that he had killed their donkey and eaten it—so he must die.

But St. Jerome said no, no, if the lion had eaten the donkey it was because the monks had been starving the pet. Even so the lion must be punished. He now must do the donkey's work. The once proud lion, king of beasts, must go every morning to the forest to work like a donkey in a legend, and to bring home a load of wood every night, to keep the fires burning. This punishment was a terrible humiliation, but day after day, without one word of protest, the lion did the donkey's work until he was bowed down with disgrace and shame. He must have wished that he had died of a thorn in the paw, before ever he lost his heart to St. Jerome.

At last there came a merry day. The caravan of the Syrian merchants returned to Bethlehem with the monastery donkey leading their camels and behaving as if he had been having a jolly time.

From the edge of the forest where he was beginning the days work on the woodpile, the lion saw the strange procession. His heart leaped for joy when he saw his old friend the donkey.

Then out he darted, snorting and roaring, and roaring and growling, until he frightened those merchants almost out of their wits. They ran like the wind and the camels with them while the donkey stood still and laughed—HE—HAW!

That night the donkey returned home to the monastery with a load of wood on his back to keep the fires burning. Leading him was St. Jerome's lion with his head held high.

So far as we know the lion and the donkey lived happily ever after.

A GOOD DRIVER

Automobiles have been greatly improved in recent years, with more powerful engines, better brakes, and other appliances that make for speed and safety. But no matter how good an automobile is, it will not run without a driver. And unless the driver is a good one, the automobile is likely to end up in a ditch or against a tree.

Up in your own little head there is a driver, your brain, which has the big job of running that intricate automobile, your body. And no matter how good your physical machinery is, it will not get you very far unless that driver knows his business. That's why you go to school—to show your driver how to handle his car. Football and other sports which teach self-control are also valuable training.

During your youth is the time to develop your body—to make it strong and sturdy and easy-running. But you must not forget that it is also the time to train that important driver, your brain.—Sunshine Magazine.

WHAT OF THE YOUTH

(Selected)

We are in receipt of an information sheet from the United States Department of Commerce, the sheet entitled "The Facts About Youth As Portrayed By The 1940 Census." The facts presage some editorial conclusions regarding youth within the next decade.

More than 23,000,000 of the present population of the nation are youths between the ages of 15 and 24 years. Now—

Formal education usually ceases within this age limit. In other words, the youth, somewhere within those nine years no longer remains the awkward freckle-faced boy who runs daily errands for mother and gets his lunch packed regularly by a maternal master every school day. Or the girl ceases to wear pigtailed down her back and to look disdainfully at the powder puff and compact so zealously scared to her older sister. Here, indeed, is a turning point of vital interest, and what to do with the sparkling zest of youth when that period of classroom guidance is finished? Other interests must supplant as best they may the glee of a high school football in November and the nervous anticipation of class banquets escorted by sitters-next-to-them-all-through high school. And here comes the important question: What will those interests be? Those interests though we would not name them if we could—will be determined by those people who form the "circulating" motive for the youth. The parents, older brothers and sisters, in-laws,

cousins, and "chums," if you please, they are the circulating motive. Therefore, it is highly important that the "circulators" produce the right type of circulation. And, psychologists note inheritance may hang in the family heirloom with characteristics true blue, but the pattern of life will be shaped largely by associational motive. Tests bear this out.

Self support begins in this transitional age of youth. We would correct the statement of the census bulletin by saying that self support should begin in this transitional period. Sadly, we fear, youth does not take its full responsibility of self support and citizenship responsibilities until long after the late teens and early twenties. In that fact lies the lag of real citizenship and the lag in earning capacity of the national work-age group. Recent years have seen forces at work which tend to shorten the in-school period, while delaying the beginning of work in a self-supporting job. This period of idleness between school and employment is truly the crux of the youth problem.

The two statements elaborated upon above are significant, especially in this time of world-wide crisis. More youths are being called into the armed services, and the brunt of the responsibility of the citizenship government of the day will fall upon those youths who may be left in the civilian circle. Its up to them to prove their merit and do their best for their country now and in the future.

THE TRAGEDY OF LINDBERGH

(Masonic Trestleboard)

The rise of Charles Lindbergh was meteoric. One flight across the Atlantic raised him from obscurity to the status of a national hero. Honor, money, fame were heaped upon him. He became a prominent aeronautical executive, married into one of the nation's leading families, accumulated wealth. The world lay literally at his feet. No office in the gift of the people was beyond his grasp, even the Presidency was a possibility had he remained clear-headed.

His opportunity came with the onslaught of Hitler's legions upon the defenseless nations of Europe. President Roosevelt and his advisers, recognizing the dangers of totalitarianism, commenced to prepare for possible attack upon the United States. They realized, too, that the most effective defense is often attack; that it is far more preferable to fight upon enemy territory than to have him fight upon yours; that democracy was facing the greatest threat in its history.

Their task of arousing a peace-loving nation composed of a diversity of peoples, in which every race in Europe was represented and in which the Teutonic and Italian strains were prominent, abounded with difficulties. Human beings shrink from unpleasantness. War, with its slaughter, suffering, financial chaos, represents the acme of unpleasantness. So people lend a ready ear to those who profess to point the way to peace. Contrary to glib assurances of totalitarian-inspired speakers and writers urging a careful neutrality, appease-

ment, "business as usual," a nation which is attacked has no choice between war and peace. However, these gentlemen made their converts, while the small nations of Europe continued to be felled remorselessly by Hitler's mailed fist.

Here was Lindbergh's great opportunity, to stand beside his President and assist actively in the task of uniting America. His personal prestige, his family connections, the high place he had gained in public esteem, would have given him immeasurable influence. To the hard-pressed President his help would have been a veritable Godsend. To a perplexed nation his inspiration would have proved invaluable. To the war-torn democracies he would have seemed a veritable saviour. And his reward would have been commensurate with the service.

For some reason, prejudice, perhaps; shortsightedness, perhaps; gullibility, perhaps; he chose to align himself against the nation's elected President. The conglomeration of isolationists, bundists, communists, appeasers and others of that ilk, combined under the misleading name of "America First," visioned a splendid opportunity. Here was good fortune unparalleled: opportunity to obtain a spokesman to whom the entire nation would listen; opportunity to use a national idol as a figurehead; opportunity to spread their devious doctrines through the lips of a man the United States had idealized.

To the bitter disappointment of those who had visioned his possibil-

ities, Lindbergh succumbed to their blandishments and aligned himself with this voluble but questionable group. Today, discredited in the minds of those who treasure democ-

racy in their hearts, he stands forth as an apostle of defeatism and appeasement.

The war has brought forth no greater tragedy.

INSTITUTION NOTES

In passing through the machine shop the other day we noticed Mr. Wyatt and his boys doing a rather difficult bit of electric welding on the track of our old International tractor. This "iron mule", the first to be used at the School, has been in constant use for nearly fifteen years and is still going strong.

—:—

Miss Lois George, of Lenoir, a case worker for the Caldwell County Board of Charity and Public Welfare, was a visitor at the School yesterday. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, she visited the vocational departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building and other places of interest on the campus.

—:—

Thomas Hamilton, eighteen years old, formerly of Cottage No. 6 and a member of the shoe shop force, who left the School September 28, 1939, called at The Uplift office yesterday afternoon. Returning to his home in Mount Holly, "Ham" secured employment in a shoe repair shop, where

he worked for about eighteen months. For a little more than six months he has been doing restaurant work, and is now employed as counter-man in an eating establishment near Belmont. He told us that he had had steady work ever since leaving the School and was getting along very nicely.

—:—

The boys of the Receiving Cottage have been under quarantine for several weeks because of a few cases of scarlet fever among them. While it has been necessary to keep them apart from other boys, they have been allowed to go out and work by themselves. Just now they are engaged in cutting wood to be used as kindling during the winter months.

—:—

It is rather difficult to keep the boys or anyone else interested in either work or study these days. Army maneuvers are going on near here. Tank trains are rumbling by on the highway; machine gun nests are being set up in our fields; field artillery pieces are being mounted at strategic points; air squadrons may

be seen flashing through the skies, pilots and gunners keeping a watchful eye on the activities of the "Reds" and "Blues" as they try to annihilate or capture each other. In fact we are getting a pretty good idea of what real warfare would be like from these army maneuvers. While it is thrilling to watch the soldiers go through their paces, we'll be glad when it's all over, and we can go back to work without hastening to do a lot "rubber-necking" whenever war-like sounds are heard.

—:—

Local hunters have been quite active since the opening of the hunting season a few days ago. One of our co-workers reported that he started out at 8:30 on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, succeeded in bagging the

limit, ten quail, and was back home before 10:30. Others have returned from the hunt with similar tales of their marksmanship. In the past we have been prone to place all hunters in the same class as fishermen, so far as truthfulness is concerned, and until we see some results, are not going to change our mind. When it comes to handling a gun, we are almost in the same class with the fellow who cannot hit a barn without going inside and closing all the doors and windows, but we are very fond of quail on toast. Now if these so-called hunters will just bring us in a nice "mess" of quail, we'll be ready to believe anything they may tell us as to their ability to handle a gun—if not, we'll have to keep them in the class with fishermen and other prevaricators.

—:—

IDLENESS

Idleness is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the chief author of all mischief. It is one of the seven deadly sins, the cushion upon which the devil chiefly reposes, and a great cause not only of melancholy, but of many other diseases. The human mind is naturally active, and if it be not occupied about some honest business, it rushes into mischief or sinks into melancholy.—Burton.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

NOTE: The figure following a boy's name indicates the total number of times he has been on Cottage Honor Roll since June 1, 1941.

Week Ending November 16, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herchel Allen 21
 Hiram Atkinson
 Wade Aycoth 22
 Carl Barrier 22
 John Hogsed 5
 Paul Matthews 4
 Edward Moore 13
 William O'Brien 20
 Robert Ragan
 Weaver F. Ruff 22
 Edgar Simmons 5
 Charles Wootten 14

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser 7
 Charles Browning 18
 Lloyd Callahan 18
 Everett Case 10
 William Cook 18
 Ralph Harris 20
 Joseph Howard 5
 Curtis Moore 16
 Leonard Robinson 8
 Jack Sutherland 3
 Kenneth Tipton 17

COTTAGE NO. 2

Paul Abernathy 5
 Henry Barnes 10
 Bernice Hoke 8
 John Crumpler 2
 Virgil Lane 6
 James McGlammery 4
 Richard Parker 6
 Charles Tate 12
 Newman Tate 11
 Clarence Wright 6

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey 20
 Charles Beal 10
 Grover Beaver 15
 James Blake 3
 Robert Coleman 18
 Kenneth Konklin 10
 Sanders Ingram 4
 Jerry Jenkins 23

Dewey Lanning
 Jack Lemly 8
 Otis McCall 13
 Fonzer Pitman 5
 Robert Quick 11
 Elbert Russ 4
 Charles Rhodes 3
 William T. Smith 17
 John Tolley 21
 Jerome Wiggins 22
 James Williams 17

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver 18
 Plummer Boyd 11
 Luther Coe 4
 William Morgan 16
 Eugene Puckett 4
 John Whitaker 7
 Woodrow Wilson 15
 Thomas Yates 6

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles 23
 Robert Dellinger 15
 Ivey Lunsford 6
 Allen Morris 9
 Fred Tolbert 12

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood 15
 Earl Hoyle 4
 Robert Hobbs 15
 William Harding 6
 Robert Jarvis 3
 Gerald Kermon 10
 Edward Kinion 9
 Marvin Lipscomb 12
 Durwood Martin 9
 Vollie McCall 15
 Reitzel Southern 13
 Emerson Sawyer 7
 Houston Turner 10
 William Wilkerson 7

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte 14
 Hurley Bell 16

Laney Broome 16
 Henry Butler 22
 Robert Hampton 7
 Peter Harvell 8
 Edward Loffin
 Edward Overby 12
 Ernest Overcash 18
 Durham Smith 9

COTTAGE NO. 8
 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9
 (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 10
 Marvin Gautier 9
 Arcemias Hefner 21
 Charles Mills 12
 Howard Noland 5
 Charles Phillips 13
 Robert Stephens 10
 Torrence Ware 10
 Joseph Willis 10

COTTAGE NO. 11
 Velda Denning 4
 Charles Frye 18
 Robert Goldsmith 23
 Earl Hildreth 23
 Samuel Stewart 13
 James Tyndall 11
 Henry Wilkes 3

COTTAGE NO. 12
 Jay Brannock 17
 Ernest Brewer 16
 Jack Bright 18
 Leroy Childers 4
 William Deaton 20
 Treley Frankum 22
 Eugene Hefner 16
 Marvin Howard 3
 Tillman Lyles 15
 James Mondie 16
 Daniel McPhail 16
 Simon Queik 10
 Jesse Smith 21
 Charles Simpson 21
 George Tolson 16
 Brice Thomas 6
 Carl Tyndall 12
 Eugene Watts 18
 Roy Womack 17

COTTAGE NO. 13
 Otha Dennis 5
 Charles Gaddy 16
 Vincent Hawes 17
 James Lane 13
 Charles Metcalf 8
 Fred Rhodes 13
 Paul Roberts 8
 Alex Shopshire 10
 Earl Wolfe 19

COTTAGE NO. 14
 John Baker 23
 William Butler 19
 Robert Caudle
 Robert Deyton 24
 Henry Ennis 14
 Audie Farthing 21
 James Ferguson
 Henry Glover 15
 John Hamm 19
 William Harding 17
 Marvin King 21
 William Lane 17
 Roy Mumford 20
 John Maples 22
 Charles McCoyle 21
 Glenn McCall 22
 James Roberson 18
 John Robbins 17
 Charles Steepleton 21
 J. C. Willis 20
 Jack West 17

COTTAGE NO. 15
 James Deatherage 5
 Horace Deese 3
 James Ledford 13
 Wade Medlin
 Clarence Medlin
 Lawton McDowell 6
 Marvin Pennell 8
 Ventry Smith 5
 Basil Weatherington 7
 David Williams 3

INDIAN COTTAGE
 James E. Hall 3
 Cecir Jacobs 19
 E. Lee Jacobs
 James Johnson 16
 John T. Lowery 18
 Leroy Lowery 18
 Lester Locklear 3
 Varey Oxendine 15

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 29, 1941

No. 48

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WORTH

All the big things of life are made up of many small things interlocking, standing as it were on one another's shoulders, each dependent on the other in different ways. There is no substitute for worth—which is attained often only by a long and complicated series of events. The final values are not the result of snap action.

Human factors outweigh all others. The truth of this may not be evident to the very young or the very careless. None the less it is true. The man who would best serve his fellows will develop worth, not only in the larger things, but as well in those smaller incidents of everyday life which develop into the big things.—Exchange.

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

AMERICA

The most inspiring text in the world today is the might and majesty of America. The pageantry and power of ancient Rome pale into insignificance before the extent of territory, its boundless resources, and its people. Here is food from limitless fields, wool and cotton to clothe the people, mountains that yield the ore with which to feed the fires of industry, lands fair and warm for recreation and pleasure.

It is the country our fathers loved, the country for which they suffered incredible hardships, the country of character. They who founded it entered its provincial forests and blazed a path across formidable mountain and plain. These men and women not only carved out a continental land, but a character that is American! Theirs was the first melting pot. They placed over the fires of their hardships a stern and consistent sense of honor, reverence, and devotion to the integrity of the home. The simple virtues of the Teutonic tribes and Anglo-Saxon firesides were theirs, and by heritage are ours.

All of these—traditions, customs, ideals—are inextricably interwoven with the system of Democracy—of parliamentary republicanism. Rip them from the pattern of our living, and Democracy will lie in rags and tatters at our feet.—Sunshine Magazine.

J. W. CANNON HIGH SCHOOL, KANNAPOLIS

Education in the past has been largely concerned with preparing boys and girls for entrance into college and until recent years little has been done to prepare those students for a trade or a worthwhile vocation that are not fortunate enough to go to college.

It is every mother's and father's wish for their son or daughter to have the best possible job, and most parents dream of their children growing into executives or administrators. While this is fine and noble on the part of the parents to wish for the best for their children, it must be realized that only about 15 per cent of the students graduating from high school have the privilege of going to college.

Facing this fact and also the fact that there is a small percentage of people in executive and administrative positions, it is worthwhile to remember that an honest working man or tradesman is as essential to the well being of our nation as the executives or administrators. To prove this we only have to read the daily paper in which we see ads calling not for executives or administrators, but for skilled workers in the various trades.

Educators realizing the above in the last few years have taken steps to provide training for those students who are to be the workmen of tomorrow.

The Kannapolis City Schools have inaugurated a vocational program which, in short, is endeavoring to prepare boys and girls for worthwhile jobs in business and industry.

The shop program which includes instruction in woodwork, mechanical drawing, sheet metal work, auto mechanics, welding, and machine shop work, is taught on a pre-vocational basis. Its aims are not so much to prepare the student for a vocation, such as cabinet-maker or machinist, but is giving him a knowledge of the work involved in each of these fields so that he might better choose an occupation. It is also the aim of the shop program to train the student in the use of his hands as coordinated with his mind to create something of his own design and making.

Diversified occupations is a program designed to meet the needs of those juniors and seniors in high school who do not plan to go to college, but plan to enter employment after graduation. Students are allowed to choose the occupation in which they wish to work. After the student and the instructor are reasonably sure that the occupation selected is one in which the student is sincerely interested, the instructor, with the co-operation and help of the business and industry of the community, places the student in the occupation of his choice. The student must work four hours per day, or at least twenty hours per week. He is also required to take three subjects in school, two of these subjects being related to the work he is doing. High school credit is given for work and related study, thereby enabling a Diversified Occupation student to earn four credits in one year. This is the normal load for any high school student.

The program offers a number of advantages to students, some of which are listed below:

1. Allows them to choose an occupation, try out that occupation, and fitted for it, to receive practical and theoretical training in it.
2. Associates them with men who can employ them after graduation.
3. Gives them an opportunity to learn business methods and practices.
4. Gives them training on real jobs under real working conditions.
5. Teaches employee-employer relationships.
6. Gives them a big opportunity for employment after graduation.
7. Gives them an opportunity to learn a vocation, earn money, and acquire a high school diploma.

As an example of the schedule of a Diversified Occupation student, let's take John Doe who is receiving training in a machine shop. John goes to work in the shop at 7 a. m. and works until 11 a. m., at which time he goes to school and during the remainder of the school day takes three subjects. These subjects will include higher mathematics, physics, and his Diversified Occupations Theory period.

The entire vocational program at the High School has been met with much enthusiasm on the part of the students. In most instances we can point to graduates of our department and show that they have been definitely benefitted by our program.

With the advantages of a new building, new equipment, and an added instructor, we feel that the department will be of more service to the students of our high school.

* * * * *

THE WAY OF LIFE

Some one has written to the effect that "life is like a cafeteria." The comparison is not far-fetched, for in the words of the writer "we take what we want as we pass down the line," with the assurance that we have the right change to satisfy the cashier, or in plain words, to measure up to the demand. We do not take anything for granted in such instances, but in the course of life as we look upon or think about, if we think at all, of the far off hereafter, we accept the divine blessings such as health, the comforts of home, lovely friends, church and school privileges, along with countless other gifts, as a matter of course. All of these things that make a happy life are accepted without a thought of our responsibility or the desire to attempt to make returns, either in service or money. There

are few who are taught to think upon the source of all good and perfect gifts that contribute to life, but realize only the material gifts as seen in passing down life's line—seen from a human standpoint. Therefore the simile, "life is like a cafeteria," is suggestive of a line of thought for all of us to dwell upon. It is better not to presume too much on God and His mercy by going too carelessly down life's way.

* * * * *

THE CORN-COB PIPE

How many of us recall when our fathers, in the days following the War Between the States, smoked a corn-cob pipe, with a reed stem, with as much, if not more pleasure than if it had been an expensive meerschaum pipe or imported perfecto. The following J. G. Gray, a farmer living in Clay county, Missouri, specialized in raising corn—not for the grain but for the cobs for pipe making

Last summer Gray raised 7000 bushels of corn cobs and they will make about 1,000,000 pipes.

Gray has been farming for 21 years and for the past 15 years he has specialized in growing cob pipe corn. He explained that this type of corn is much like any other except the cobs are larger than in most varieties.

He has a contract with a cob pipe manufacturing company in Washington, Mo., and sells all of his cobs to that concern.

From the 7000 bushels of cobs Gray raised last year he expects to get 360,000 good cobs. Each cob will make about three pipes.

Gray doesn't literally throw away the corn he raises. He uses it for feed. But he says he gets more money from the cobs than from the corn. And he prizes a bushel of good cobs more than he does a bushel of corn.

* * * * *

One need not fear for the future of a Christian faith in England, which, out of the nameless terrors and grinding distress of repeated bombings, can burn vividly and steadily in such devotion as this: "Increase, O God, the spirit of neighborliness among us, that in peril we may uphold one another, in calamity serve one another, in suffer-

ing tend one another, and in homelessness, loneliness or exile befriend one another. Grant us brave and enduring hearts that we may strengthen one another till the disciplines and testing of these days be ended, and Thou dost give again peace in our time. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen." This simple, appealing prayer, reported through the "World Alliance News Letter" (October 1941), gains in value and significance by the knowledge of its origin and continued use in the air raid shelters of Hull, Birmingham and Westminster.

* * * * *

THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

The Jackson Training School boys have enjoyed to the fullest extent the Hallowe'en party with appropriate features along with an appetizing menu. Thanksgiving Day was likewise observed as the season to express gratitude for the bountiful resources of the land. The midday meal at this institution included all things that are expected on this annual event. These two full days of the past do not obliterate from the minds of the boys that Christmas is in the offing, therefore they are looking forward to this anniversary—the most outstanding date in all history, celebrating the birth of the living Christ—with the hope that their friends, far and near, will not permit this Christmas to be a gloomy one. The friends of the neglected boys of this institution are legion. They have never failed to make possible a happy Christmas. There have always been generous contributions to the Jackson Training School cheer fund and we feel sure our fine friends will prove as generous this year as they have in the past. The first to contribute to the "Boys' Christmas Fund are:

- Mr .and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord,..... \$ 10.00
- "7-8-8," Concord,..... 25.00

OUR THANKSGIVING CELEBRATION

By Leon Godown

More than three hundred years have passed since a tiny band of Pilgrims gathered together on the rock-bound coast of New England for the purpose of giving thanks to Almighty God for deliverance from a period of hardship and suffering. Since that time we have had good and bad years; years of peace and war; years of bountiful harvest and years of famine; years of trials to challenge human fortitude, and years of triumph to forge ahead. At this moment people in many countries are suffering untold misery because men crazed with a thirst for power are ruthlessly doing their utmost to destroy all who dare raise a voice against them, that they might dominate the entire world. But always, even under such horrible conditions, men and women have found much for which to give thanks. Millions of Americans, now living in a glorious nation, the foundations of which were laid by our Pilgrim forefathers, find much for which to be grateful and fervently say, "Let us give thanks!"

In compliance with proclamations issued by the President of the United States and the Governor of our own great State, November 20th, Thanksgiving Day, was most appropriately observed at the Jackson Training School. As the cottage lines assembled early in the morning, Superintendent Boger addressed the boys on the true meaning of Thanksgiving Day, and announced that as we had much for which to be thankful, the day would be given over to a fitting observance of this age-old custom. He

further said the fact that our auditorium would not be available for the annual Thanksgiving service, because of necessary repairs being made, would not prohibit this part of the celebration, but that we would assemble in the gymnasium at 11 o'clock, where the usual program would be carried out.

At the appointed time we assembled in the gymnasium, where a temporary platform had been erected, and the service was conducted in a most impressive manner by Rev. E. B. Edwards, pastor of the Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, which adjoins the School property. After singing the opening hymn, the entire student body, led by Tommie Fields, of Cottage No. 13, recited the 100th Psalm.

Rev. Mr. Edwards then complimented the boys on their ability to recite Biblical selections, especially the one just rendered, and added that he would use it as a basis for his remarks. He first called attention to the opening phrase, "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands," and stated that the writer of this Psalm was a man who had a remarkably strong faith in God. He fully recognized the goodness of our Heavenly Father, which is why he wrote that we should praise and give thanks to Him. It may seem easy for us to recognize God when we have plenty, said the speaker, but David recognized Him even when in the midst of great trouble. He had unbounded faith that God would care for him when misfortune assailed him.

It was that same kind of faith that moved the Pilgrims to render thanks to God on that first Thanksgiving Day. Because of that faith, many others, down through the years, have faced all kinds of dangers and built up our great nation. Even Jesus Christ, when facing trial, suffering, and a horrible death, said, "I thank thee, father." St. Paul, amidst great struggles, said, "His grace is sufficient for me." All of these noble characters recognized God and placed Him first in their lives.

Rev. Mr. Edwards, in commenting upon further words of the Psalmist, "It is he that made us, and not we ourselves," said that our lives are not just accidents, but that we are here because God put us here. We are definitely responsible to Him for our well-being. Many people fail to realize this important fact, but are out to get everything they can for themselves, caring little or nothing for the rights of others. This is in evidence today, as dictators seek control of the people of all the world.

"God is good," were the next words of David to which the speaker alluded. He asked the question—"Do we deserve all the good things showered upon us by God?"—stating that the answer is decidedly in the negative. Most of us are better off than we deserve. It is only because of God's goodness that we have what we have. Those who recognize God are the very first to realize their unworthiness. The very best people in the world feel that God is far better to them than they are to Him. Truly, God is good.

Rev. Mr. Edwards then called attention to that part of the last verse

of this Psalm, in which David wrote, "his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations," adding that a true Christian is thankful that God's mercy is everlasting. Although we are most unworthy, nothing can keep Him from caring for us. It is our duty to recognize the fact that God's truth endures. All through the ages men have sought to destroy Christianity, but in the face of all opposition, it remains the greatest power in the world. God has set a standard by which we must direct the course of our lives. We are foolish to think that we can break His laws and survive, for by so doing, we simply break ourselves. The world was made and is being governed according to God's plans, and there is nothing mere man can do to keep those plans from being carried out.

In conclusion, the speaker urged the boys to remember the following five points found in the 100th Psalm: (1) The Lord is God; (2) it is He that made us; (3) God is good; (4) His mercy is everlasting; (5) His truth endures. The service was brought to a close by the singing of "God Bless America," followed by prayer and benediction by Rev. Mr. Edwards.

An outstanding feature of the day's program was the presence of the 180th Field Artillery Band, of Boston, Mass., which has been stationed in this state since the beginning of army maneuvers in the two Carolinas, early in October, and we feel extremely fortunate that the members of this fine musical organization were able to spend Thanksgiving Day with us.

Warrant Officer Chester E. Whit-

ing, director of the 180th Band, is chief bandmaster of the 26th Division, and has won nation-wide recognition by his compositions and arrangements. He has developed an organization rated among the best military bands in the United States. Up in Boston it is known as the President's own band, because of the fact that during the past twenty years, whenever the President of the United States visited that city, the 180th band has met him at the station and escorted him to his destination, an honor that speaks well for Mr. Whiting and his "boys."

About ten o'clock on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, three large army trucks rolled up and the band members were greeted by Superintendent Boger and other officials of the School, who assured them this place was theirs for the day and that they could enjoy themselves in any way they desired. They were first extended the privilege of using our fine indoor swimming pool and they lost no time in accepting the invitation. These fellows, whose home camp is located on Cape Cod, are as much at home in the water as ducks, but since coming to North Carolina, they have been denied the fine sport of swimming. In fact, in the maneuver area, due to an extended drought, drinking water was frequently at a premium, and at times such things as shaving and bathing were indeed luxuries. At the conclusion of their swim period, some of our guests attended the closing part of the Thanksgiving service.

After the service, bandmaster Whiting and his boys, thirty-six in number, assembled in the gymnasium and

in groups of twos and three, were assigned to the superintendent's home, the infirmary dining room, and to the various cottages for the Thanksgiving dinner. While this is always a gala occasion for our boys, this year's feast was made more delightful because of the fact they were playing host to a number of men wearing Uncle Sam's army uniforms. During these hectic days, with many countries at war with each other, we hear much of attacks, counter-attacks and other military phrases, but when it comes to attacking tables heavily laden with delicious viands, such as confronted us upon taking our places around the Thanksgiving dinner tables, we believe our youngsters really showed the visiting soldiers just how it should be done, for in a very short time the "enemy" was beaten to a frazzle. Following is the menu enjoyed on this occasion:

Chicken with Noodles	
English Peas	
Cole Slaw	Pickles
Cranberry Sauce	
Buns	Peaches
Milk	

After dinner the boys enjoyed a short recreational period on the campus, where quite a few football scrimmages were soon under way. In going about the grounds we noticed a number of soldiers taking an active part in the fun, while others visited the various vocational departments at the School.

An open-air band concert had been previously announced, but due to bad weather conditions, it was necessary to have this part of the program in-

doors. At two o'clock the boys and officers, together with about one hundred visitors from Concord and vicinity, assembled in the gymnasium to thoroughly enjoy one of the finest band concerts to which we have ever listened. The program was as follows:

March	"King Cotton"	Sousa
Dance	"Slavonic Dance"	Dvorak
Overture	"Egmont"	Beethoven
Novelty Quartet	(a) "Buica Maniqua"	
	(b) "Jealousie"	
	(c) "Calientito"	
John Stefani, violin; Joseph D'Agoslino, accordion; Arthur Brown, guitar; Fred Williams, bass viol.		
Waltz	"España"	Waldteupel
Novelty	"Childhood Days"	Buy's
Novelty	"Who's Afraid of the Big, Bah Wolf?"	Churchill
Piano Number	By William Russell	
	Sextette from "Lucia"	Donizetti
Fantasia	"Cavalry Charge"	Luders
Song	"God Bless America"	
	(Sung by Jackson Training School boys with band accompaniment.)	
Song	"From Taps 'Til Reveille"	
	(Sergeant Dominic Magazzu and double quartet.)	
Marching Songs	"Cavalry" and "Field Artillery"	
	"The Star-Spangled Banner"	

To simply say that we enjoyed this fine concert would be inadequate, for both the boys and visitors were thrilled at hearing such an elaborate program so delightfully rendered. There was music to suit all tastes. We heard stirring marches played as only a first-class military band can play them; then followed descriptive classical selections for those whose musical tastes were more highly developed; followed by the rendition of popular numbers which anyone can understand and appreciate. While it is

rather difficult to point out the best numbers, we will mention a few outstanding selections which pleased the boys immensely and were the topic of conversation among them for several days following the concert. The novelty number, "Childhood Days," a medley in which we heard familiar nursery rhymes, was greatly appreciated by the smaller members of our large family of boys, but we failed to spot the fellow in the band who impersonated a wailing infant so naturally. A comedy number, "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf," was also well-received by the youngsters.

A feature of the program was that contributed by a novelty quartet, consisting of John Stefani, Joseph D'Agoslino, Arthur Brown and Fred Williams, playing violin, accordion, guitar and bass viol, respectively. They delighted the entire audience with their three numbers. There is quite an interesting story about these lads. They had been playing in theatres in and around Boston for several years, and had become popular favorites with the public. When the selective service law went into effect, one of these young fellows was drafted, and it seemed that the quartet would be broken up. Being the best of friends and having played together so long, the boys got their heads together to see if there were not some way the problem could be solved, with this result—the lad who was drafted was assigned to his present outfit, the other three promptly enlisted, requesting that they be sent to the same branch of the army—their requests were granted, and the boys are still together, and are entertain-

ing their buddies and appreciative audiences wherever they go.

A descriptive number entitled "Cavalry Charge," all but knocked the youngsters off their seats, and we noticed several of the grown-ups in the audience look quite "pop-eyed" when guns began to crack. The trumpets and percussion sections really "went to town" as this selection was played. At first we heard the crackling rifle fire as the infantry advanced into battle; then the hoofbeats of the cavalry in the distance, growing louder as they came nearer; followed by a thunderous roar as the big guns of the artillery boomed. (Most of this "fuss" was caused by "Red" Paul with his drums and a .38 service revolver.) This number certainly made a great hit with the boys.

Director Whiting then addressed the boys, saying that at the close of the morning service he heard them sing "God Bless America," and asked that they sing it again with the band accompaniment. He told them he had heard audiences sing this favorite song in Boston and many other large cities, but had never heard a group sing it so well as they. Glad to oblige one who had so pleasantly entertained them on this and on a previous occasion, the boys arose and sang most lustily. The manner in which these youngsters, accompanied by one of the nation's ace military bands, arose to the occasion would have thrilled anyone. Each fellow present just "reared back" and put his whole soul into the effort, until the rafters echoed and re-echoed with the strains of this popular American song. Had Kate Smith been present we feel sure she would have received the thrill of

here life. It really showed the true spirit of American youth. If the dictators who seek to destroy our great American form of government could have been present and witnessed this outburst of free American spirit, they would think twice before making further attempts to bring the people of this great nation under their heels.

One good turn deserves another, so the members of the band favored their youthful hosts with a couple of good marching songs, one of which was a rollicking song of the cavalry, the other alluding to the field artillery. These fellows have very fine voices and clearly demonstrated that they could sing as well as play.

This most delightful program was brought to a close as the entire assemblage stood at attention while the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Listening to the closing strains of the national anthem, so superbly rendered, we felt that, truly, Americans had much for which to be thankful in "the land of the free and the home of the brave," assured that so long as we remain a thankful people, God will continue to shower His many blessings upon us, and ours will become a still greater nation.

Now that the army maneuver period in drawing to a close, and Warrent Officer Whiting and the members of the 180th Field Artillery Band will soon be wending their way back to their homes in New England, we feel that we are becoming separated from some very fine friends. Wherever they have appeared in North Carolina they have endeared themselves to the hearts of all with whom they have come in contact, but it is

our opinion that no more lasting impression has been made by them anywhere in the South than in the admiration of boyish hearts at the Jackson Training School. While musical critics may rate them second, third or fourth among the many army bands of the United States, the unanimous vote of both boys and officials of this institution gives them an exclusive first place, both for their ability as musicians, and for being just about the highest type of genuinely friendly, gentlemanly fellows it has been our privilege to meet in many years. To Bandmaster Whiting and his boys we tender this expression of gratitude for their kindness to us, assuring them at the same time that, should they again come to this section of North Carolina, either collectively or individually, they are most cordially invited to visit the Jackson Training School.

The personnel of the band on the day of its visit to the School, is as follows:

Warrant Officer Chester E. Whiting, bandmaster; Technical Sergeant

Russell A. Buchanan, trombone; Staff Sergeant Fred B. Whiting, cornet; Sgt. E. B. Henry, horn; Sgt. F. L. Ciummei, clarinet; Sgt. D. Magazzu, flute; Sgt. J. M. Nicols, cornet; Corp. R. H. Settles, trombone; Corp. E. A. Potter, cornet; PFC C. L. Basford, tuba; PFC P. Caia, trombone; PFC R. S. Boguszewski, baritone; PFC S. Rubin, clarinet; PFC C. S. Demattia, clarinet; PFC J. E. Foley, drum; PFC M. W. Hamilton, cornet; PFC J. G. Masterson, drums; PFC J. J. Paul, drums; PFC A. Perham, drums; PFC M. Medieros, cornet; PFC A. P. Rapoza, clarinet; PFC S. Schultz, clarinet; PFC J. Schrotman, clarinet; PFC E. H. Silva, clarinet; PFC W. S. Whitmore, cornet; PFC C. A. Wolfram, horn; PFC J. A. Stefani, horn; PFC C. E. Schmidt, horn; Pvt. W. E. Morrison, drum; Pvt. J. S. Gilholm, cornet; Pvt. J. A. Ramalho, saxophone, Pvt. J. A. D'Agostino, tuba; Pvt. F. D. Williams, trombone; Pvt. A. Brown, cornet; Pvt. L. Casarano, percussion; Pvt. B. T. Adams, percussion; W. Russell, pianist and arranger.

RED FEATHERS

By Louise Stevens

Henry Van Martin squared his sixteen-year-old shoulders, settled his conspicuously correct straw hat at just the proper angle atop his curly blonde head, took a firmer grip on his book strap, and swung along with the scores of other Waymore students down the long avenue of monkey

pod trees toward the line of waiting busses.

As he passed the tennis courts at the edge of the campus, a laughing brown face peered at him through the wire netting back-stop, and a cheerful voice called out, "Hi, there, mahlihini, wanta play coupla sets?"

"No, thank you. Got to get along home."

Henry wondered, as he elbowed his way into the crowded bus, if George Akana, the Hawaiian boy, and his Chinese companion back there on the court had meant for him to hear the laugh and the bantering shout with which they had greeted his refusal.

"Save your breath, Quon," the Hawaiian was saying. "Of course the mahlihini can't play. Might get his necktie crooked or something."

As the bus ambled along in the quiet shade of Punahou Avenue Henry decided that to be called mahlihini (newcomer) at every turn was just one more reason for not liking Honolulu—What if it was all in fun? And why use Hawaiian words? Wasn't English good enough for them?

He looked about at the other passengers on the bus. They were a typical cross section of the racial melting pot which is Hawaii. There were Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Hawaiians, Koreans, and Filipinos, interspersed with a few haoles (Caucasians). The "spic and-spanness" of Henry's attire was in sharp contrast to that of the others. He was the only one with a hat, coat, necktie, or creased trousers. They were comfortable in loose, opens-necked shirts or sports jackets. Many garments were flamingly colorful,—deep crimsons, or clear yellows, for in Hawaii boys, and even dignified old men, are not ashamed to let their clothing reflect some of nature's brightness.

Henry had entered Waymore only two weeks ago, shortly after he had come to Honolulu from the mainland with his parents. As soon as the

Van Martins had settled themselves comfortably in the great rambling house in the fashionable Kahala Beach section, they had begun looking about for a suitable school for their only son. From the first, the boy had rebelled against the idea of going to the public schools.

"But, Dad, do you think I want to go to school with these hordes of Chinese, Hawaiians, and what have you? Why, half of them go to school barefooted. Can't you find a school for white people in this crazy town?"

"Well, we'll see, son, but these Chinese, Hawallans, and what have you's, as you call them, look like pretty fine, upstanding young Americans to me."

Their search had failed to find what Henry had called "a school for white people." He had compromised on Waymore Academy, the most expensive private school in the city, but found even there boys and girls of all colors and nationalities.

This afternoon, Henry left the bus on Kalakaua Avenue to sit for a while under the hau trees along Waikiki Beach while he watched the surf riders. Twenty or more were out with their boards. From his very first day in Honolulu, Henry had been fascinated by this sport—by the skill, the daring, the speed of it. In his present state of loneliness and homesickness, he felt that surfing was about the only good thing in the Islands. Today, as he watched a slim brown boy of about his own age, standing lightly poised amid the flashing blue and white of the surf as his board carried him over the waves with the speed of a skimming bird, young Van Martin determined that before many months

should have passed, he too would be a surf rider, perhaps even a champion.

This determination was doubled after his experience on the football field the next afternoon. Henry had been a famous fullback on the team of the expensive prep school he had attended in Boston. Coach Wendell of Waymore had advised the young mahlihini not to try out for football in this, his very first year in the tropics.

"Yes, Van Martin, I know you played in Boston, but I'll warrant you didn't play many games with the thermometer at eighty. That's just good football weather here, you know."

When Henry turned up for practice the following afternoon, the coach seemed surprised, but said nothing as he handed the boy a suit.

While putting the boys through their paces out on the field, Mr. Wendell kept his cool, appraising eye on the young mahlihini. Yes, he had speed, sureness, and a tackling technique that showed the effect of excellent coaching. Henry, on his part, was discovering that the Orientals on the field, for all their lack of size, were as fast and strong as his teammates back home.

After a half hour's grilling work in the broiling sun, Henry caught the ball and started on what might have been a spectacular run. The boy didn't realize what was happening, but suddenly his arms relaxed, the ball fell to the ground, and everything turned black before his eyes. A few minutes later, when he found himself stretched out on the ground in the cool shade of a banyan tree, he heard George Akana's cheerful voice

saying. "Tough luck, Van Martin it's nothing but the heat though. You'll be all right when you get used to it."

Hawaiian George had not meant to be patronizing, but the very cheerfulness of his voice and the charm of his flashing smile made Henry want to "show" him.

"What's the matter with all of you anyway? Let's play ball." But Coach Wendell put his hand on Henry's shoulder as he got to his feet and started out to the field. "No more play for you today, Van Martin. I was afraid of something like this. Wait a couple of weeks and then try out for the second team."

Henry didn't stay to watch the rest of the practice, but with head held high, he stalked across the campus to the gym. At that moment, he hated Waymore, he hated Honolulu, and, for some strange reason not quite clear to himself, he hated George Akana. Perhaps it was envy, coupled with homesickness. George was the acknowledged leader of the school, captain of the football team, president of the junior class. His good looks and fine voice made him an important member of the dramatic club. He was all that Henry had been back home, but wasn't here. And then—his race. Before coming to Hawaii, Henry had spoken of the Hawaiians as "the natives" and had pictured them as half naked, brown savages, still living in grass huts. And here one of these "natives" was the acknowledged leader of the school, while he, a Van Martin from Boston, was only a mahlihini.

A dozen irrepressible eight graders, watching the practice from the sidelines, greeted Henry's scowl with a

taunting chant as he passed them on his way back to the gym.

“Cheer up little mahlihini, don’t
you cry,
You’ll be a kamaina (old timer)
by and by.”

Henry compressed his trembling lips into a hard line and pretended not to understand the words.

From that afternoon, the boy retreated almost completely into the shell of his aloofness. His free time was divided between the library and the beach where he was gradually learning to manage a surf board. Although always a good student, the extra hours now spent in study were having an effect on his grades. He had “A” in everything except Hawaiian history, which was, of course, an entirely new subject to him. It was also the subject in which Henry’s ignorance stood out in sharp contrast to the knowledge of George Akana, whose own ancestors the class was studying.

Coming into the history room a few minutes early one morning, Henry found a strangely quiet group of boys and girls standing about the reading table looking at something large and red spread out in a glowing circular mat which almost covered the table top. In coming closer, Henry saw that it was a feather cape like those out at Bishop Museum. The students were bending over the table to examine more closely the thousands of tiny crimson feathers put together with marvelous cunning, but not a hand touched the softly shimmering surface.

Reluctantly they took their seats

as the bell rang. Mr. Hornbeck, the teacher, began to speak about the cape.

“This is one of the best preserved and finest specimens of ancient Hawaiian feather work I have ever seen.”

Henry turned to Haruko Miyashiro, the little Japanese girl beside him, and whispered, “Where’d it come from?” Haruko was too polite to whisper in class, but she wrote on a page of her notebook, “George Akana bought it .His mother’s. She’s a lineal descendant of a chief in the court of Kam. I.”

So that was it. Of course George would be captain of the football team, class president and everything else. Royal blood, eh? That’s why he’s so patronizing. Henry smiled to himself. Royalty! Hmhh! Old Kamehameha I whom they made so much fuss about was after all only a tribal chieftain ruling a lot of savages. Now Mr. Hornbeck was talking again.

“Perhaps George Akana can tell us something more about this cape, how his mother got it, who made it, and so on. Will you come up in front, George?”

George went to the table, picked up the cape with the utmost care, and placed it around his own shoulders to show how it had been worn by the chiefs of olden time. Mr. Hornbeck and the pupils asked questions, first about the cape itself and then about other customs of the ancient Hawaiians.

“Do you know any of the old chants, George?”

“Oh, yes, sir. I know several. Mother taught all of us to chant.”

“Won’t you give us one?” The sug-

gestion brought a round of applause from the class. With neither shyness nor bravado George began to explain the meaning and the manner of the chant as used by his ancestors.

"This one was a favorite with the chiefs when they sat in council with the king. Each man held kahili, like this." George picked up a long pointer to represent the staff used by the ancient Hawaiians as a symbol of royalty. Standing motionless, with the spear-like stick held upright at arm's length before him, his rich, vibrant young voice began the low, weirdly rhythmic melody of the chant. Penetrating and solemn, the cadences rose and fell in the hush of the room. When the last sweetly quavering note had died in a thin fine thread of sound, there was a moment of awed silence before the applause. The mystic spell of old Hawaii had been re-created here in the history classroom by this stalwart son of Hawaiian chieftains.

It was after class that day that George made another attempt to be friendly with Henry. "Hi, Van Martin, how about the surfing? I saw you at the beach yesterday and you were having kind of a tough time of it. Seemed to be off the board about as much as on it. Maybe I could help you a little. You see, we Hawaiians can ride a surf board almost before we can walk. The haoles call us amphibians. If you're going to the beach next Saturday, I'll be glad to give you some pointers.

"No thanks, My father has hired a teacher for me. I'll learn all right." And Henry walked down the hall wondering why this stupid Hawaiian couldn't see that he was disliked. The statement about his father hiring a

teacher for him had not been strictly true. Mr. Van Martin had promised in a general sort of way that he would see what he could do about getting someone to teach Henry if the boy found he couldn't learn to manage a board by himself Henry now determined to plead with his father tonight to get him a teacher at once. He absolutely wouldn't have this Hawaiian boy laughing at his efforts and offering to help. George Akana excelled in the American sport of football. Well, he, Henry Van Martin, would excel in the Hawaiian sport of surf riding.

During the next week, his father secured Kawanako, a famous "beach boy," as instructor. Every afternoon Henry could be seen riding the waves with the dark-skinned Hawaiian on the board behind him. He soon discovered that there is a definite technique for maintaining one's balance as the board rises and falls with the waves. Under Kawanako's guidance, he soon learned to shift his weight from one foot to the other with just the right rhythm. He learned that much depends upon getting to the feet at just the proper moment. With Kawanako crouched on the board behind him, shouting directions above the roar of the waves, he learned to grasp both sides of his board, gradually rise with bent legs, and remain in the crouching position until Kawanako shouted, "O.K. UP."

The thrill of his first ride alone! He was glad that George and some of the others happened to be on the beach that day to see him come sailing in without a spill. He didn't need Kawanako after that.

He liked best to go surfing in the

early morning when there were few people on the beach and the rugged slopes of Diamond Head were still covered with soft purple shadows. Surfing was finally making Henry love Hawaii. "Why should anyone long for wings when he can have a surf board?" he often asked himself as he rode the waves with arms outstretched toward the green hills rising beyond the city.

In early May, the Hawaiians began making preparations for Kamehameha Day, June 11. On that day, all the other nationalities of the Islands would join them in honoring the great king who had made a united kingdom out of the eight scattered islands. There would be a big parade, with bands, and flower-decked floats, and beautiful girls riding on high-stepping horses. Everyone would wear a lei of fragrant flowers about his neck. Leis would be draped about the statue of Kamehameha I, that stands in the public square in front of the post-office. Even the horses would wear flowers.

For weeks, the students of Waymore had been excitedly trying to decide who should represent the school in the pageant to be given on the Palace Grounds in the afternoon of the great day. The voting was by secret ballot, but it was no surprise to most of the boys and girls when the choice fell on George Akana. It was fitting that the school should be represented by a boy of pure Hawaiian blood. Besides George could wear the feather cape. Probably it would be the only genuine one in the entire pageant.

On the afternoon of June 10, the student body met to make final plans

for the morrow. The school band, the drum corps, the football and basketball teams and other organizations would march. It was decided to meet in the gymnasium at nine o'clock, put on uniforms and costumes, and go together to Aala Park where the parade was scheduled to start.

Henry did not attend the meeting. As usual he had remained aloof from the plans of his schoolmates. However, he happened to pass the deserted gym at about five o'clock as he was leaving the building after working late in the physics laboratory. On a table by itself, carefully separated from the pile of other costumes, was George's red feather cape. The rays of the late afternoon sun fell softly upon it, causing the gleaming surface to diffuse a warm red glow over the entire room.

Something which Henry did not quite understand drew him into the room and over to the table. He had seen the cape several times but had never touched it. Almost stealthily he passed his hands over the delicately smooth surface. Suddenly it seemed that the inanimate cape became George, the boy he envied and disliked. Suppose—but the thought frightened him. No. He couldn't. The scarlet feathers seemed to turn to leaping flames in his hands. When he left the room ten minutes later the cape was nowhere to be seen, and there was a self-satisfied, exultant, cynical look on the face of Henry Van Martin.

The next morning, Henry took advantage of the school holiday to go surf riding. He figured he could easily get home by nine, change his clothes and be down on King Street

ready to watch the parade by ten-thirty or eleven.

When he reached the beach at eight and took his board from the locker, the waves were higher than he had ever seen them. Even the sidewalk along Kalakaua Avenue was wet as one after another of the huge breakers rolled in and broke into a million sparkling wisps of tingling white foam. "It will be great this morning," Henry thought as he sped through the spray to the water's edge. Before he could drop his board into the shallow water, he felt a hand on his shoulder and a deep, kindly voice saying, "But sonny, you can't go into that water this morning. Look at it. It's not safe."

Henry knew the old Hawaiian. He had seen him on the beach often. "But I know how to manage a board."

"Sure, I know you do, but you've never been out in anything like this. This kind of surf comes only once or twice a year. Take the advice of a kamaina and put that board back into the locker."

Henry looked from the genial brown face out to the sea. There, sharply etched against the gleaming blue of the water, he saw two boys. They stood poised on their boards and rode the waves as lightly as sea gulls.

"If those boys can do it, I guess I can," and Henry pulled sharply away from the restraining hand on his shoulder. As his board hit the water, he heard the old Hawaiian shouting above the roar of the waves, "Don't be a fool, mahlihini, Those boys were raised on surf board."

He lay flat on his stomach on the board and paddled with his arms out toward the line where the white-edged

breakers start. He was a strong swimmer and his muscular arms cut through the water with long, regular strokes, but he seemed to make little headway against the force of the incoming waves. "The harder the pull out, the swifter the ride in," he told himself as he struggled.

Hearing a shout beside him, he turned to see the two other boys fly past him. One of them was George. Henry's heart exulted in each stroke. He would show George and the old Hawaiian on the beach that, even if George had been raised on a surf board, Henry Van Martin, the mahlihini, could ride as well or maybe better than he.

As he reached the turning line, the board, under his near-expert guidance, spun about and headed for the shore. Usually it moves fairly slowly at first. This gives the rider time to rise gradually to his knees, then to his feet, and balance himself before the board gathers speed for the breath-taking ride over the crests and into the troughs of the on-rushing waves. But not today. Less than a second after turning, the board was carrying Henry with terrific speed toward the shore more than a quarter of a mile away.

For an instant he remembered the Hawaiian's words. Perhaps he had better remain as he was, prone on the board. That way he would be safe. But the thought of George's lilting shout as he went by so easily—and safely—caused Henry to get to his feet quickly, too quickly. For perhaps three seconds he stood there then he was struggling in the water with a terrific pain in his shoulder. In a moment he realized that his

right arm was hanging limply at his side. He tried to raise it. The pain made him feel faint. He looked about for the surf board. Gone. At least two hundred yards to the shallow water through pounding waves. With one arm and his two strong legs he swam. The waves beat upon his head. Each onrush took away his breath. If it were not for the piercing pain he knew he could make it. He tried to turn and float on his back, but the weight of the limp, helpless arm in the water dragged him down. He was almost too tired and sick to go on. As the next huge wave washed over him, he barely tried to keep his head above it. Now the water and the sky and everything was black. He would rest just a minute.

He didn't see the two surf boards flying over the waves toward him. He scarcely felt the strong arms that lifted him. When he opened his eyes, he found himself lying on his back on a board. George Akana was standing above him, astride his body like a youthful brown Colossus. Now they were nearing the shore.

An hour later, at the hospital, when a broken collarbone had been set, and he was resting quietly in bed, George shook his left hand and said, "So long, kid. Doc says you'll have to stay here until tonight anyway. That board sure hit your shoulder a wallop when you fell off, and then trying to swim with it—. I've phoned your house and your mother is on the way here. I've got to go now, if I'm going to make the parade. See you tomorrow."

George was gone almost before Henry knew what had happened. With terrifying suddenness, he remembered

the parade—and the red feather cape. From the blackness of the unused closet under the stairway where he had hidden it yesterday afternoon, it now seemed to be shining at him with a blinding red fire of accusation. Now George had gone to get it to wear in the pageant in honor of his great ancestor.

Henry's mental agony, as he lay there in the hospital bed, was more intense than the pain in his shoulder. In his imagination he saw the frantic faces of the students as they searched in vain for the cape. Of course he must get out of the hospital and go to the school gym at once. Where were his clothes? He looked about. No nurse in sight. He rang the bell. No response. Of course. Now he remembered. His clothes were in the locker at Waikiki. He had been brought to the hospital in nothing but his swimming trunks, and the nurses were probably all busy on the "emergency" that had come in just after he came. Why didn't his mother come? She could take him to the school in the car. Precious minutes were passing. Could he perhaps telephone and tell them what he had done and where they could find the cape? No. He must go himself. He must face them all. That was his only road back to self-respect.

Against the doctor's orders, he was out of bed and craning his neck from the window which commanded a view of the street below. There must be a taxi, somewhere. Up and down the street he looked, leaning as far out of the window as he could. Yes, that car coming around the corner was a taxi—or was it? A long, low whistle from the hospital window,

and the frantic waving of a white pajama-sleeved arm caused the astonished driver to draw up at the curb.

No one in the hospital noticed the grim-faced, barefoot, pajama-clad boy who slipped quietly down a narrow, semi-dark back stairway and out of the service entrance a few minutes later. "Waymore Academy," Henry said to the Filipino boy who was driving the taxi, "and please hurry."

While the taxi wound its way through the heavy holiday traffic of downtown Honolulu, an excited group of boys and girls stood huddled together in the Waymore gym. The girls wore skirts made of fresh green ti leaves. The spicy fragrance of white ginger leis filled the room. Even some of the boys wore hibiscus flowers behind their ears. But the gaiety of their costumes was in sharp contrast to the tenseness of their faces. The red feather cape was gone!

"Are you sure, George, that you didn't take it home?" Mr. Hornbeck asked. "I took it for granted that you had, when I checked over the costumes late yesterday evening and the cape wasn't among them."

George's lips were set in a straight line as he answered. "I only wish now that I had taken it home. I think mother loves that cape almost as much as she loves the family."

In the excitement no one heard the taxi stopping outside. No one saw the silent figure in the doorway, a figure with its right arm held stiffly out to the side by the brace on a broken collar bone. Henry's lips quivered, and there was a strange, tense, but also an exultant note in

his voice as he called out, "Don't look any more, fellows I'll find the cape." Frightened and silent, the others made way as he moved across the room in his rumpled hospital pajamas, walked to the unused, forgotten closet, and emerged from the darkness a moment later with the cape held high on his outstretched arm. Advancing to George without a word, he placed it around the Hawaiian boy's shoulder with a careful, trembling hand. Then he turned to face the astonished group.

"You may as well all know. I hid the cape yesterday afternoon. I hoped to prevent George from wearing it today. It was rotten of me. I don't mean to make excuses. There really aren't any. But maybe part of my general hatefulness was because I was homesick for my old school. You see, back in Boston, I was everything that George is here, football captain, class president and everything. And then—well—er—you may as well know the worst. I thought somehow that I was better than George because my skin happened to be white. I'll never think that way again. George saved my life this morning in the surf. That's all. The taxi's waiting. Got to go back to the hospital. Doctor's orders, you know. Oh—er, excuse the lack of clothes. Mine are at Waikiki."

George took command of the embarrassing moment that followed. "Hi, everybody. I think this mahlihini is a pretty good sort. What do you think? Let's give him nine rahs. Altogether now, "Rah, rah, rah." As the shouts died away under the old gym rafters, the honking of horns was heard. Everyone rushed

to the door and out through the hall to pile onto the waiting trucks which would take them to Aala Park.

George and Henry were the last to leave. George walked with Henry to the taxi waiting at the curb. When the haole boys had got in, George stuck his head through the window. "Awfully sorry you can't be in the parade, too, I'll tell you what. You have been using a store surf board all

this time, haven't you? Henry nodded. "No wonder you fell off. Those factory-made things are no' good. I'd like to give you one of mine. I have two, you know. My grandfather made them for me. His father showed him how to cut and trim a board until it has just the right lines. I'd like you to have it, if you want it? O. K.?" But the others were shouting for George to come on.

WHITE MAN'S BOOK OF HEAVEN

(Selected)

The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, December 21, 1620. They saw little of the Indians during that first hard winter, but one spring day Samoset walked into the village, crying, "Welcome, Englishmen." He had learned a little English from traders and fishermen.

Later, his friends, Squanto, who had visited England and spoke English well, and Massasoit, the greatest chief in Massachusetts, came and they made a treaty of peace with the Indians that was not broken for 50 years.

Squanto like the English settlers so much that he stayed with them, living in their homes, teaching them how to plant and fish and trap. He remained their loyal friend always, and when he fell ill of a fever and lay dying asked for the governor to pray for him, that he might go to the Englishmen's God in heaven.

After the first crops were harvested in the fall, the Pilgrims held their first Thanksgiving, to which they invited the Indians. As the Indians al-

ways held a feast of gratitude to the Great Spirit for their own harvest, they came gladly, bringing deer, turkeys and corn. For a week they feasted, attended the services in the meeting house, sang their own songs and prayers, played games, and ran races with their Plymouth friends. All were sorry when the days of feasting were over.

When the Pilgrims had been in America for thirteen years, they sent back to England a pamphlet called "New England's First Fruit," that told about their Christianizing the Indians. It is said that ten Indians, "besides Indian children, Boys and Girls," who had visited in their homes, wished to become Christians. It made special mention of Wequash, who after he became a Christian preached Christ up and down the countryside and who was finally killed by unfriendly Indians.

The first Swedish colonists in America arrived in the spring of 1638. They settled in Christinaham, a town

named after their young queen. There first minister, Torkillus, came the following year. He was to be not only a pastor for his countrymen but a missionary to the Indians. A few years later, in 1643, came John Campanius, who spent much time among the Indians. He learned their ways and customs and became acquainted with their nature.

The first book translated in the language of the Indians was prepared by him, Luther's Catechism, in 1646. It was not printed, however, until fifty years later, by King Charles of Sweden. In the meantime John Eliot had translated the Bible into the dialect of the Indian in Massachusetts and it was published in book form some thirty years before the printing of the Catechism.

A strong friendship grew through Campanius' work between the Swedish colonists and the Indians. When William Penn arrived, forty years later, he found that the Indians had learned from the Swedish settlers to trust the white people.

Roger Williams was the first Englishman who can be called a missionary to the Indians. Always their champion he said the king had no right to take the land from the Indians and give it to the white men. This so angered the colonists that he was forced to flee from Massachusetts and seek shelter for the winter with the Indians. When spring came, the Indians gladly sold him land for his new colony, known as Providence Plantation (Rhode Island). The Indians loved and respected him always, for he was their constant friend. In 1643 he published an Indian-English dictionary, a study of the language, customs and manners of the Indians of that region.

John Eliot, who was a young pastor of Roxbury, Massachusetts, came to be known as the great "Apostle to the Indian." After studying their language for two years he began preaching to a band of Indians at Nonantum in 1646. To make his work among the wandering tribes easier, he gathered them into Christian villages called "Praying Towns." After thirty-eight years he had under his care 1,100 Indian Christian. Among these were some traine dhelpers, and an Indian named Tackawambit became the most successful of the Christian workers.

Eliot translated the Bible into the Algonquin tongue, and needing funds to have it published, appealed to friends in England. A memorable result of this appeal was that the first English foreign missionary society was organized in 1649. In 1613, the Indian Bible was printed, the first to be published in North America. An Indian boy known as James the Printer helped in the work.

David Brainerd, another missionary, spent four years living with the Indians of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. His bed was often a heap of straw. His daily fare was hasty pudding, boiled corn, and bread baked in the ashes, sometimes a little meat and butter. Because of the hardships he endured, he died at the age of twenty-nine, having won scarcely forty Indian Christians. But he accomplished more than he ever dreamed. Two young men in England, William Carey and Henry Martyn, heard of his heroic life, felt the challenge to go as missionary to India and won thousands of converts there.

Then there were the Mayhews, a

famous missionary family. Five generations of this family toiled among the Indians of Martha's Vineyard, from 1646 to 1806. Thomas, the first, formed an Indian church there with two hundred and eighty-two members. He was drowned at sea when on his way to England to solicit funds. His father, Thomas senior, governor of the colony, although he was then seventy years old, learned the language of the Indians and took up what his son had begun. From his death until the year 1806, some descendant of his carried on this work.

The Friends or Quakers who founded Pennsylvania always treated the Indians with a true Christian spirit.

in 1683, William Penn, their leader, paid the Indians for their land and made a treaty of peace and friendship that was never broken. The Quakers proved to be practical "friends" of the Indians, spending large sums to better their condition.

The Moravians did a noble work among the Indians. David Zeisberger, their leading missionary, spent three years among the Creeks in Georgia before he began his great work among the Indians of Pennsylvania and Ohio in 1743. Here he labored for sixty-five years, forming twenty-seven missions. In purity of heart, in length of service, and in the good accomplished he excelled all the missionaries of North America.

THE TATOR FAMILY

By R. C. Gresham

During my vacation in the Watauga section of the North Carolina mountains, I met the most disagreeable family, the "tators." They belong not simply to the highlands, but are scattered all over the face of the earth. Every community seems to have some member of this family in its midst. They get into church and civic and social life and play havoc by their very presence. You'll forgive me when I say I really loathe every one of them, and I feel sure your reaction will be the same.

First, there is, in the parlance of the hill, Uncle Spec Tator. Uncle Spec never has been to do a thing in Spec never has been known to do a thing in all his life, but he counts himself the topmost authority in telling

anybody who is doing or trying to do a real job how it ought to be done. On his cracker barrel in the village store, how to run the country. He sits in the grandstand and tells what play ought to be made next although he never was even a water boy on the school nine. Sometime he gets into the church and his constant, caustic, critical faculty is the sum total of his value—or lack of value—to that institution.

Next, my mountain friend introduced me to Aunt Imi Tator. Aunt Imi tries to be a reflection of someone else. She is an echo and, like all imitations, never the strong ones.

Then I met Cousin Ro Tator, whose weak face revealed her lack of character. Cousin Ro tries to carry water

on both shoulders. She tries to run with both hare and the hounds. She seeks to find which is the popular side and that she expounds without regard to the principle. She thinks she can switch masters whenever it seems to her advantage. A wily individual she is.

The member of this nefarious family that is causing so much world-wide trouble is ole Dick Tator. Now Dick can't stand for any other way but his to be followed. He flies into a rage whenever he is crossed in the slightest point. He is full of boundless hate and contempt for those who refuse to obey his slightest whim. Two or three of this particular Tator strain are trying to run the world. Blood and treasure are being poured out almost limitlessly because of their rampages.

Ole Dick is out to rule or ruin the roost.

But the worst member of this family is sneaking Agi Tator. She never comes out in the open. Always she is hiding behind somebody's back, but she throws dirt and hate into any situation she can. Her only reason for existings is to stir up strife, to keep things in an uproar, to cause trouble. Whenever she gets a fuss or a fight started, she croaks with glee. She is the living image of the old crones in Shakespeare's Macbeth. If she can start a church row, the Devil gives her an appreciative pat on the shoulder.

You don't blame me, do you, for saying I don't like this family? You don't either do you?

HONOR FOR THE LIVING

(Selected)

The American Public Health Association has presented Dr. Charles Armstrong the gold Sedgwick Memorial Medal for distinguished service. It is the highest honor the association can bestow. The recipient is the senior surgeon of the United States Public Health Service and investigator at the National Institute of Health near Washington. The deed that primarily won him the honor was his basic work in research into the transmission of sleeping sickness, parrot fever and infantile paralysis. In his work, he twice endangered his own life.

It is to the credit of the association that it bestows honors upon the living. Too often in this world credit

is withheld until men are dead. Or if they are honored while still alive, it is grudgingly given.

There is the story of one of the heroes of medical research, Ronald Ross. For years, despite the ridicule and skepticism of his superior officers in the medical service of the British army in India, Ross sweated the hot nights away, bending over his simple microscope, examining the stomachs of hundreds of mosquitoes.

Almost ready to give up in despair, he discovered what for years he had suspected. He found the germs of dread malaria inside a certain kind of mosquito and was enabled to prove that the disease was

not "catching," but was spread by the insects biting human beings. If men were protected from the mosquitoes, they were protected from malaria.

Ross showed the way to saving the lives of generations of men and women. But men who lead thousands of others to their death are often more highly honored.

There is sad irony in the fact that the same England that made peers of some of its generals in the last World War and gave them handsome sums of money besides, fobbed off Ronald Ross with the shabby gift

of a trumpery knighthood.

While the generals, now Lord This and Lord That, spent the rest of their days in moneyed ease and sat as lawmakers in Parliament, Sir Ronald Ross, crippled by a paralytic stroke, had to sell his valued papers in order to raise enough cash to secure the ordinary comforts of civilized living.

He was no shining figure in brilliant army uniform at gala receptions in Buckingham Palace. He was only a soldier of humanity.

—THE END— . . . James Brewer

PEACE AND WAR

By John Ruskin

Both peace and war are noble or ignoble according to their kind and occasion. No man has a profounder sense of the horror and guilt of ignoble war than I have. I have personally seen its effects, upon nations, of unmitigated evil, on soul and body, with perhaps as much pity, and as much bitterness of indignation, as any of those whom you will hear continually declaiming in the cause of peace. But peace may be sought in two ways. That is, you may either win your peace or buy it—win it by resistance to evil—buy it by compromise with evil. You may buy your peace with silenced consciences. You may buy it with broken vows—buy it with lying words—buy it with base connivances—buy it with the blood of the slain and the cry of the captive and the silence of lost souls—over hemispheres of the earth, while you sit smiling at your serene hearths,

liping comfortable prayers evening and morning, and muttering continually to yourselves, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace; but only captivity and death, for you, as well as for those you leave unsaved—and yours darker than theirs.

I cannot utter to you what I would in this matter; we all see too dimly as yet what our great world-duties are to allow any of us to try to outline their enlarging shadows. But think over what I have said, and in your quiet homes reflect that their peace was not won for you by your own hands, but by theirs who long ago jeopardized their lives for you, their children; and remember that neither this inherited peace, nor any other, can be kept, but through the same jeopardy. No peace was ever won from Fate by subterfuge or agreement; no peace is ever in store for any of us, but that which we shall

win by victory over shame or sin—victory over the sin that oppresses; as well as over that which corrupts. For many a year to come, the sword of every righteous nation must be whetted to save or subdue; nor will it be by patience of others' suffering, but by the offering of your own, that

you will ever draw nearer to the time when the great change shall pass upon the iron of the earth—when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; neither shall they learn war any more.

“LATER THAN YOU THINK”

(The Atlanta Journal)

We are indebted originally to the Albany (N. Y.) Knickerbocker Press for the editorial published below, culled from the pages of the Atlanta Journal in a recent reprint. The sundial inscription of which it treats, “it is later than you think,” offers a range of reflection and speculation that we are pleased to be able to pass on to those of our readers who may not have seen it elsewhere. The editorial follows:

“Alexander Woolcott tells of visiting an English village which boasted an ancient sun dial. Going over to inspect it he found the dial told astronomical time accurately enough, but some sage had written a postscript. “It is later than you think,” was the legend across the face of the sun clock.

“So it is, for most of us. Much later than we think.

“Many people punctual to the second in their physical appointments are sadly belated in their spiritual and ethical time-tables.

“It is later than we think to repair broken friendships or to make friends out of chance acquaintances.

“It is later than we think to show appreciation to some who have been our benefactors.

“It is later than we think to carry out our good intentions. So many of us are going to be the man or woman we really want to be—someday. Some day when we have time. That some day arrives, and the mental powers we thought to set free are rutted like a country lane in winter, criss-crossed with prejudices. The emotions we mean to set free are beyond all control or atrophied for lack of use. The spirit we thought to set free is dead of long malnutrition. It is later than we think. Too late, in fact.

“Time marches on. The sun waits for no man. Right now for the readers of these lines and their thousand and one plans and dreams, it is later than you think. If you would meet that larger appointment, hurry.”

INSTITUTION NOTES

Miss Nellie Duckworth and Miss Jamie Henley, members of the staff of nurses at the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, were visitors at the School the other day. Accompanied by Superintendent Boger, they visited the vocational departments, the infirmary, and some of the cottages. While here they looked up some of the boys with whom they had become acquainted while in the Gastonia institution for treatment.

—:—

The regular sessions of our Sunday school were resumed last Sunday, being held in temporary quarters in the gymnasium, and the afternoon service was held in the same place. This is an important feature of the work at the School and we are glad it will no longer have to be omitted. It is hoped the repairs to the auditorium will be completed before Christmas so as not to deprive the boys of seeing several picture shows during the holiday period.

—:—

On Wednesday, November 19th, our football squad, accompanied by Messrs. J. C. Fisher, J. L. Query and J. H. Liner, the coach, journeyed to Rocky Mount, where the annual Thanksgiving Day football game with the boys of Eastern Carolina Training School was played the following day. The Eastern Carolina boys were out to avenge the defeat administered here last year, and when the "turkey day" game was over, our boys found themselves on the short end of a 25 to 6 score. Those who accompanied our lads report that it was a

well-played game, and that the local lads put up stiff resistance, but **did** not have the power to stop the boys from Rocky Mount.

Both the officials of the School and members of the team who made the trip to Rocky Mount came back smiling, despite the fact that they were losers in this annual gridiron battle. They gave glowing accounts of the manner in which they were entertained down there, the fine Thanksgiving dinner served, and how well Superintendent Leonard, his officers and boys exerted themselves to make their stay pleasant.

This was the sixth annual game between teams representing these two institutions, and the Eastern Carolina boys are now holding an edge of four games to two, but our lads are looking forward to being able to chalk one up on our side of the ledger next year.

—:—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the School last Sunday afternoon, and he brought with him as guest speaker, Rev. J. C. Grier, pastor of Mulberry Presbyterian Church, located near Charlotte. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the fourteenth chapter of Romans, and as the text for his address to the boys, he selected the twelfth verse: "So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Grier stated that he was glad of the opportunity to visit the School again, and told how, when the institution was first established, and he was

pastor of a church in Concord, he would come out and talk to the boys and enjoy hearing them sing. He commented briefly on how the School had grown and the wonderful work it has been doing.

The speaker told his listeners never to lose sight of the fact that God created them and had given them great privileges and responsibilities. By the right of creation, God owns us, and this ownership is further established by the fact that Christ purchased us by his death and resurrection. All of which proves without a doubt that God has the right to govern our lives.

Rev. Mr. Grier then told the boys that it is a great blessing to live and we should realize there is no time like the present to live for God. Since our lives belong to God, we are simply stealing from Him when we fail to give ourselves to His service. Some time God will ask each of us, "What kind of care did you take of the life I gave you?" The human body is a most wonderful gift and we should do our best to keep it clean and pure. He does not want us to have unclean, diseased bodies, and usually it is our fault if those conditions exist.

Another wonderful privilege is to have a good mind, continued the speaker. Our minds are great gifts and God expects us to use them in the right way. The mind is the seat of thought. If a man thinks clean thoughts his actions will be pleasing to God, for our thoughts control our deeds. Some day we will have this question to answer: "Have you kept your mind clean or have you given it over to evil thinking?"

Rev. Mr. Grier then said that we

should be thankful for the power of speech. We must give an account to God some day concerning the action of our tongues. He will ask if we have cursed, talked evil things or if we have used our tongues in praise to Him. We sometimes forget that our tongues belong to God, and then our speech becomes vile. God has also given us eyes. Eyesight is a wonderful gift, therefore we should be thankful, and use this gift to see only the finer things of life. We should also be thankful for the gift of hearing and try to hear only the things God wants us to hear. Hands and feet are also ours by the grace of God, and we should do our best to see that they are put to the proper use, holding out our hands to help those less fortunate than we, and keeping watch lest our feet lead us into the paths of sinful living.

Everyone has some influence, continued the speaker, and we should always try to use that influence for good. We either lift people up or lower them. People are continually watching us, and in many cases our actions are better sermons than could be preached otherwise. We should be conscious of the fact that we may be leading someone, and be sure that we lead them in the right direction. Our talents, too, belong to God, and we should always strive to use them for good, serving our generation in such a way that the world will be better because of our having lived in it.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Grier stated that we should ever remember that all we have comes from God, and, caring for these gifts as we should, we will truly be children of God, and inheritors of His kingdom.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 23, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herchel Allen
 Hiram Atkinson
 Wade Aycoth
 Carl Barrier
 John Hogsed
 William O'Brien
 Weaver F. Ruff
 Edward Moore
 Charles Wootton

COTTAGE NO. 1

N. A. Bennett
 Lloyd Callahan
 William Cook
 Ralph Harris
 Doris Hill
 Curtis Moore
 James Parker
 Jack Ray
 Leonard Robinson
 Kenneth Tipton
 Luther Vaughn

COTTAGE NO. 2

Richard Parker
 Charles Tate
 Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

Grover Beaver
 Charles Beal
 James Blake
 Kenneth Conklin
 Robert Hare
 Jack Lemley
 Otis McCall
 William Painter
 William T. Smith
 John Telley
 Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4

Plummer Bayd
 Donald Hobbs
 William Morgan
 Morris Johnson
 William C. Jordan
 Eugene Puckett

Woodrow Wilson
 Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
 Charles Hayes
 Ivey Lunsford
 Fred Tolbert

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
 Frank Fargis
 Earl Hoyle
 Robert Hobbs
 Robert Jarvis
 Gerald Kermon
 Edward Kinion
 Durwood Martin
 Vollie McCall
 Emerson Sawyer
 Wesley Turner
 William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
 John H. Averitte
 Hurley Bell
 Laney Broome
 Henry B. Buttler
 Robert Hampton
 Carl Justice
 G. W. Kelly
 John M. Mazoo
 Edward Overby
 Ernest Overcash
 Wilbar Russ
 Durham Smith
 Ernest Turner

COTTAGE NO. 8

Samuel Kirksey
 Frank W. Knien

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
 David Cunningham
 Edgar Hedgepeth
 Grady Kelley
 Daniel Kilpatrick

THE UPLIFT

Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
William Nelson
Lewis Sawyer
Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

Roy Barnett
Marvin Gautier
Delma Gray
Arcemias Hefner
Jack Haward
John Lee
Charles Mills
Howard Noland
Charles Phillips
Robert Stephens
Torrence Ware
Jack Warren
Floyd Williams
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Everett Morris
Samuel Stewart
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
Ernest Brewer
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Eugene Hefner
William Lanning
Tillman Lyles
James Mondie
Daniel McPhail
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
George Tolson
Eugene Watts
J. R. Whitman
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer

Charles Gaddy
Vincent Hawes
Randall D. Peeler
Paul Roberts
Fred Rhodes

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
William Butler
Robert Caudle
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
James Ferguson
Henry Glover
John Hamm
William Harding
Feldman Lane
William Lane
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Charles McCoyle
Glenn McCall
James Roberson
Charles Steepleton

COTTAGE NO. 15

Robert Chamberlain
James Deatherage
Horace Deese
John Gibson
John Howard
Fred Jenkins
James Ledford
Clarence Medlin
Lawton McDowell
Paul Morris
Ennis Miller
Marvin Pennell
Donald Sides
Ventry Smith
Basil Wetherington

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
James E. Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest L. Jacobs
James Johnson
John T. Lowry
Varcie Oxending
Louis Stafford

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 6, 1941

No. 49

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FRIENDLINESS

Friendliness is just like money—
Felt most keenly when it's gone;
Seldom noticed while life's sunny
And our ways are easily won.
Hardly ever given notice
When most certainly it's due;
Very nearly each one of us
Has despoiled it—been untrue.
Men and women, states and nations,
Treat it shabbily each day;
Yet, they wail loud as creation
When it lightly skips away.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

IN THE MORNING

The morning itself, few inhabitants of cities know anything about. Among all good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a piece of toast. With them, morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a waking-up of all that has life from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only part of the domestic day belonging to reading newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of the day"—this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us from having seen the world while it was new. The manifestations of the power of God, like his mercies, are "new every morning" and fresh every moment. We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw; and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day—and, I think, a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time without the variation of a millionth part of a second—a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life and breath to a new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.—Daniel Webster.

AN INSPIRING CONVENTION

There prevails a morbid feeling among those interested in spiritual culture that interest in the church and what it stands for, is on the wane, judging from laxness in attendance to divine worship and the aversion for leadership. However, in the face of distracting pleasures, the ruthless slaughter of humanity in warfare, the spreading of propaganda to inspire hatred for fellowmen, and the apprehensive, tense feeling of powers controlling governmental affairs, there comes from an expected source a message of peace and good will that renews the faith of all who believe in the power of God and His unerring love.

It appears at times that just by chance we are privileged to see

living evidences of the fact that there continues to burn in the souls of men a zeal for the only thing that gives courage to meet reverses, which is the supreme faith that the Almighty Power continues upon His throne, ruling with a grace sufficient for all needs of humanity.

We were thoroughly convinced, after attending the convention of the North Carolina Brotherhood of the United Lutheran Church of America, that there were many earnest people ready and eager to unfurl the banner upon which is displayed the Cross, a symbol that tells the story of God's gift to man. There was in attendance many more than two thousand interested participants at this convention, and the program, the subject, "The Brotherhood in Action," was emphasized without the least deviation from the theme. The entire program touched the high spots of spiritual culture in prayer, in song and speech. The Lenoir-Rhyne College quartet, composed of young women, added much to the joy of the audience; Professor Curtis, director of music at the Concord High School, led the chorus singing in a pleasing and effective manner; and E. Ray King, acting as toastmaster, introduced the distinguished guests, and there were many, proving that he was equal to the assignment. In response to the introduction, each guest, including ministers and outstanding laymen, reflected interest in all activities of the church and expressed the hope that all churches might stand united for the purpose of spreading the Gospel—the straight and narrow way for universal peace.

The high spot of the entire program was the address of Dr. F. H. Knubel, president of the United Lutheran Church of America, and vice-president of the World's Mission of his church. In his address he emphasized that simplicity is needed because our world is in the utmost confusion, so that we scarcely know what to think. Humanity is bewildered because of the manifestation of power; men are fighting with instruments of mechanized power; and there are countless other evidences of sin and deception. But after considering all things, Dr. Knubel impressed his audience with the thought that the greatest power is the power of God.

He closed his remarks with an eloquent appeal for a vital kind of religion in this troubled world. He stressed the value of loyalty to church and truth and righteousness, and called upon Christians to make the power of Christ felt through their lives.

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS

The 1941 Christmas Seal Campaign of the National Tuberculosis Association is more important than ever, for national defense requires that we fight the dread disease of tuberculosis harder than at any time in the history of the campaign .

The design on this year's seal is most appropriate, picturing a lighthouse shedding its bright beam out into the darkness. The National Tuberculosis Association, pointing the way to the conquest of this disease, has been a beacon light for the nation for many years. Ninety-five per cent of the money realized from the sale of these seals stays in the communities where it is raised. The other five per cent goes to help finance the work on a nationwide scale.

Due to the fine work of this great humanitarian organization, the death rate from tuberculosis is not as large as it once was. It has been reduced seventy-five per cent in the United States since the first sale of Christmas Seals in 1907.

Particular attention must be paid today to the problem of tuberculosis in our nation's armed forces. It is extremely important that this disease be kept out of the army and navy. But merely to reject a man for service who has tuberculosis does not solve the problem of what to do with the man. He needs treatment and rehabilitation. A similar problem is faced in industry, where the increasing need for production on a gigantic scale, so important to national defense, makes tuberculosis as great a problem as it is among our armed forces.

For the sake of the sick and suffering, and to make our nation strong, buy Christmas Seals this year!

* * * * *

EIGHT MONTHS OF GROWING WEATHER

The weather is a topic of conversation for gatherings of all kinds. When one enters a social group, if there is a lull in the conversation, some one will begin commenting upon the weather by saying, "Lovely weather" or "It is horribly cold," or words to that effect.

For the past eight months throughout the piedmont area of this state, the weather has been ideal, especially so for those sensitive to intense cold weather. The last frost of early Spring, 1941, was on March 30th, and the first frost in the Fall was on November

9th, making eight months of mild weather for the sunny South. We recall that the mornings and evenings of April, May and June were sufficiently cool to require some heat to make the home comfortable. In the month of July there was much rain, but not sufficient to make up for the shortage of water. During the months of July, August and September, there was intense heat—one of our very longest heat waves—making it necessary for everyone to seek the mountains or sea coast in search of cooling breezes. The months of October and November have been ideal, with just an occasional cold spell that made both the young and older people alike put on heavier wraps when going out. Up to date, November 30th, the weather is balmy, sufficiently warm to sit in our homes with doors open and windows raised.

Looking back to the last of March and coming on down to the present date, we feel that no state offers a more ideal climate than the Old North State. In the words of a renowned humorist, "The weather is more frequently discussed than any other subject, but nothing has ever been done about it." We will draw this comment to a close by adding that no one would desire to change the climatic conditions of 1941. We know that God in His wisdom always tempers the wind to "His shorn lambs."

* * * * *

DELAWARE CELEBRATES

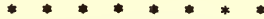
Sunday, December 7th, will mark the 154th anniversary of the ratification of the Constitution of the United States by the state of Delaware, which was the first to adopt the principles contained in this famous document. Observances of "Delaware Day" will be held throughout the state, and the local point of interest will again be the Old State House at Dover, and the surrounding area of Dover Green, where the atmosphere of colonial days is still retained.

The adoption of the Constitution by the original thirteen states occurred in the following order, and we are giving the date of each, together with the majority by which each state voted its acceptance:

- Delaware, December 7, 1787; unanimously.
- Pennsylvania, December 12, 1787; vote, 46 to 23.
- New Jersey, December 18, 1787; unanimously.
- Georgia, January 2, 1788; unanimously.

- Connecticut, January 9, 1788; vote, 128 to 40.
- Massachusetts, February 6, 1788; vote, 187 to 163.
- Maryland, April 28, 1788; vote, 63 to 12.
- South Carolina, May 23, 1788; vote, 149 to 73.
- New Hampshire, June 21, 1788; vote, 57 to 46.
- Virginia, June 25, 1788; vote, 89 to 79.
- New York, July 26, 1788; vote, 30 to 28.
- North Carolina, November 21, 1789; vote, 193 to 75.
- Rhode Island, May 29, 1790; vote, 34 to 32.

This immortal document was written at the Constitutional Convention held in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Sixty-five members were appointed by the states, but only fiftyfive were able to attend. The task imposed was accomplished in the brief space of four months, and the Constitution as reported to Congress was declared nearly a hundred years later by the English Premier, Gladstone, to be "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."



THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

Christmas again! With its peace, and good will, and wonder! How our friendships multiply and increase in value as the Day of Days draws near! How the touch of human hands thrills us, and the look in human eyes charms us. We are not ashamed to be good, to be kind, to be loving. It is impossible to obliterate from the minds of our boys that Christmas is in the offing, therefore, they are looking forward to this anniversary—the most outstanding date in all history, celebrating the birth of the living Christ—with the hope that their friends, far and near, will not permit this Christmas to be a gloomy one. The friends of the neglected boys of this institution are legion. They have never failed to make possible a happy Christmas. There have always been generous contributions to the fund that brings cheer to the hearts of the lads at the Jackson Training School, and we feel sure our fine friends will prove as generous this year as they have in the past. It is a pleasure to announce the contributions to date, as follows:

Mr .and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord,.....	\$ 10.00
"7-8-8," Concord,.....	25.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,.....	25.00
Rowan County Charity Organization, Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt.,....	5.00

ALLISON PORTRAIT GIVEN TO CABARRUS COUNTY

By Mary Frix Kidd

As a memorial gift from Misses Mary and Lizzie Young of Davidson, a handsome oil portrait of the late Robert Washington Allison, known in his day as "the foremost man of Cabarrus," was last Saturday hung on the wall in the office of D. Ray McEachern, clerk of the Superior Court of Cabarrus county. The Misses Young are nieces of the late Mrs. Annie Craige Allison, daughter-in-law of Mr. Allison, since she was the widow of his third child, John Phifer Allison.

Though he was quiet, modest and unassuming in manner, R. W. Allison's many friends heaped honors upon him by placing him in positions of leadership and trust for which his native wisdom and self-acquired education fitted him.

When he was only 20 years old, he made a visit to the State Constitutional Convention at Richmond, Va., in 1829, and saw seated on a platform together, James Madison, and James Monroe, then living ex-presidents of the United States; John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States and John Randolph, noted Virginia orator. Four years later, he was introduced at the White House to President Andrew Jackson who appointed him postmaster at Concord. In 1839-40, he served a year as Register of Deeds; served two terms as county commissioner, 1838 and 1864; served four terms as justice of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,

and was always thereafter known as "Squire Allison; he was clerk and master in equity, and magistrate of police.

Squire Allison was elected to the State legislature 1865-66, and a member of the Constitutional Convention that re-made the state constitution during Reconstruction days. That was in 1875.

When the Cabarrus county school system was organized in 1841, Squire Allison was named first chairman of "The Board of County School Superintendents," and served with little intermission in that capacity until 1847.

Robert Washington Allison, more familiarly known to his contemporaries as "Wash" Allison, was born on North Tryon street, in the village of Charlotte, April 24, 1809. His parents were William and Margeret Young Allison.

Left fatherless at the age of seven, he went to the Poplar Tent community, Cabarrus county, to be reared by his paternal grandparents, Robert and Sarah Graham Allison, the latter a sister of Generals Joseph and George Graham of Revolutionary fame.

He received very little formal schooling, first because there were few schools at that time, second because he stopped school at the age of 14 and entered the store of his uncle, Joseph Young in what was then the very small village of Concord.

Literary in his tastes, and fond of

reading really worthwhile books, he so improved his mind and added to his education, and was so diligent, honest, prompt, and astute in his business dealings, that by the time he reached young manhood, he became owner of the general store, then the outstanding business establishment of the village.

Because he had stored his memory with much useful information, he came to be in later years an oracle of the community to whom his fellow citizens looked for information, advice, and guidance.

His health failed when he was 25, and he was told by physicians that he had not long to live. But by means of active out-door exercise, dieting, and tremendous will-power, he overcame his physical handicaps and lived to the ripe old age of 89.

At the age of 33, Squire Allison was married on May 31, 1842, to Sarah Ann Phifer, seventh child of John Phifer whose father, Colonel Martin Phifer, Jr., had been master of Red Hill, one of Cabarrus county's historic shrines. Her birth date was October 23, 1819. and her death occurred February 23, 1889.

To the couple were born nine children, four of whom, named William Henry, Caroline Jane, Annie Louisa, and Robert Washington, Jr., died in infancy or early childhood.

Five of the children lived to be grown. The eldest, Esther Phifer Allison, married Samuel E. White, of Fort Mill, S. C.; the second, Rev. Joseph Young Allison, became pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Lake Charles, Pa. The third, the late John Phifer Allison succeeded his father in the mercantile business in

Concord. He was born August 23, 1848 and died November 11 1924. His widow, Mrs. Annie Craige Allison, died this year.

The fourth child of Squire Allison and his wife was named Mary Louisa. She lived to be grown but died only a short time before she was to have been married.

The fifth was Elizabeth Adeline Allison who first married Col. J. M. White, of Fort Mill, a brother of her sister Esther's husband, and, second, Captain John Milton Odell, prominent textile leader of Concord. Widely known hereabouts as "Miss Addie," and loved for the kindness and generosity, Mrs. Odell lived here until her death, November 26, 1932.

Squire Allison and his family lived for many years on the site of the J. W. Cannon home and owned all the land surrounding it. His house was divided and a portion of it rolled back to Spring street opposite Coltrane school where it stood until its removal a few years ago. He also owned extensive farm property, and after his retirement from active participation in the mercantile business, spent his time superintending farm operations. He took pride for many years in producing the first bale of cotton each year in Cabarrus county, and in keeping weather reports.

From 1870 to 1874, Squire Allison was a trustee of Davidson College, and for half a century was an elder in the Presbyterian church.

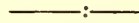
He died in Concord, September 21, 1898 and was buried beside his wife in Memorial Garden.

J. H. Thornwell, writing Squire Allison's biography for S. A. Ashe's "Biographical History of North Caro-

lina" published in 1905, said this of him:

"Mr. Allison was a cultured, educated Christian gentleman, fitted both by nature and grace to adorn any sphere either in church or state. A man of sterling integrity, irreproachable character, unswerving in fidelity to duty, honest and upright in all his dealings, kind-hearted and generous, faithful to every trust, pure in life,

chaste in thought and guarded by peace in thought and guarded in speech, he is eminently worthy of being embraced among those who have contributed to the progress of the State . . . Others may have been more famous, none more useful; and while there are few great deeds to record, as the world counts greatness, few have accomplished more lasting good or die more revered."



GENTLENESS

Gentleness is the flower of intelligence. It is expressed in what the world calls good manners. These are nothing more than the gestures of kindness one makes to ordinary people going about their ordinary affairs. This is such a simple idea, going about its work so softly that young people are likely to overlook it, mistaking the noisy, crude way for the real one. Perhaps this is because it is easy to mistake noise for power, bullying for strength and gentleness for fear.

It is stupid to shut the door to pleasant places in one's own face but that is what bad-mannered people do. Most of us work hard to keep a roof over heads, support a family, ease the burdens of those near and dear to us, and we are tired of the pressure and weary of the pains of daily labor. We long for a glimpse of something lovely, a touch of grace, an understanding tone.

If it comes along with a smile and a cheery word, an expression of consideration, a hint of appreciation, the pressure lifts, and a secret door swings wide in welcome. But let him come with a hoot and holler, a swagger and meaningless braggadocio, the pressure clamps down and that door is locked against him. And he is surprised that this should be so.

Good manners express unselfishness and yet, in the end, they are the perfection of selfishness. Think first of others and you become their first thought. Give and it is given back to you a hundredfold. Lose your life in service to others and you live abundantly in grace. This is the paradox of life; what you give you hold; what you hold you lose.—Angelo Patri.

PROGRESS OF CABARRUS COUNTY HEALTH DEPARTMENT

By Glenn Caswell Cline

The Cabarrus County Board of Health came into existence on April 3, 1911, when the chairman of the county commissioners, the county superintendent of schools and the mayor of Concord met for that purpose, in compliance with the Public Health laws enacted by the North Carolina General Assembly of 1911. These men were W. W. Flowe, chairman of the county commissioners, Charles E. Boger, superintendent of county schools, and Charles B. Wagner, mayor of Concord.

On the following day, this nucleus of members met to elect the two medical men who should complete the Board of Health. Dr. D. G. Caldwell of Concord and Dr. G. D. Moose of Mt. Pleasant were elected.

At a meeting on May 8, 1911, the board elected Dr. R. M. King as County Superintendent of Health on a part-time basis, and he served the county in this capacity until 1919. His work included quarantining and control of communicable diseases, malaria control, school sanitation, supervision of sanitary conditions in the court house and jail, screening of food-handling establishments and various other similar responsibilities, as revealed in the old minutes of the Board of Health meetings.

In April, 1914, several cases of smallpox were reported in the county. The following July, the Board recommended that vaccination for smallpox be prerequisite to school attendance.

In May, 1916, the sum of \$300.00 was appropriated by the county commissioners for an anti-typhoid campaign, and the first county-wide typhoid vaccination was held that summer, with 5,700 persons (completing three treatments.)

From time to time, questions such as sanitation of the Concord watershed, infantile paralysis, whooping cough, Spanish influenza, occupied the attention of the board.

On September 1, 1919, plans were ready to put into operation a full-time, three-piece, health unit and Dr. S. E. Buchanan was elected health officer, after a vote of appreciation for Dr. King's years of faithful service. Dr. Buchanan had just been released from active service with the United States army. Miss May Stockton (now Mrs. S. J. Ervin) was the first public health nurse in this county.

The Cabarrus County Tuberculosis Association has for many years provided the services of a specialized public health nurse who has used the office facilities of the Health department and cooperated in its program.

From this time forward efforts were made to work along with all possible phases of the public health program, and we find in the minutes reports on examination of school children, regulation of milk offered for sale and similar items. A compulsory smallpox vaccination regulation was passed November 1, 1924.

Dr. Buchanan served as health officer until February 1, 1927, when he was succeeded by Dr. D. Greenlee Caldwell. About this time, one nurse was jointly in the employ of the health department and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

At this time, the control of meat and milk was a burning question, and on June 17, 1929, T. G. Croom was appointed Meat and Milk inspector for the county. The standard milk ordinance was adopted about this time.

The first Dental clinic for school children was held in Cabarrus county in 1930. A little later a change in the state health law provided for the addition of a local dentist as a member of each local board of health.

The first pre-school clinic records appear in the minutes of 1936.

In 1938, Dr. Caldwell retired from office and Dr. John S. Anderson was elected as his successor. Dr. Anderson served until February 1, 1939, when he resigned to return to his home state, Louisiana.

Dr. M. B. Bethel, of Elizabethtown, Kentucky, became health officer in February 1939. At this time, the health department began a period of rapid expansion. The Federal Social Security Act of 1935 was beginning to influence personnel standards in county health departments, and in 1939 a trained supervisory nurse was added to the staff. Participation in the Reynolds fund for Syphilis Control provided more workers and a complete unit for Syphilis Control work.

A county-wide plumbing ordinance passed in January 1941 provided for

the services of a full-time plumbing inspector.

Listed below is a complete roster of the staff personnel as of June 1, 1941: Health officer, Dr. M. B. Bethel; Syphilologist, Dr. F. R. Adams; Supervisory nurse, Mrs. Karl B. Cline; Public health nurses (listed according to length of service: Mrs. R. P. Harvey, Miss Mary Morgan, Miss Ila Goble, Miss Julia Taggart, Mrs. L. J. Sapp, Miss Mildred Hudson, Miss Katherine Wentz, Miss Maxine Staton. Milk inspector. Harry G. Brown.

The following nurses, not now connected with the health department, have served it at some time since 1927: Miss Courtney, Mrs. Zana Strobe Isenhour, Mrs. Mildred Eaves Robinson, Miss Eunice Simpson, Miss Frances Smith, Miss Irene Covington, Miss Myrtle Thomas, Miss Sarah Wiley, Miss Virginia Viola, Miss Edna Lee Ingram and Miss Mary Louise Hewitt.

During Dr. Bethel's absence to take work for his degree as Master of Public Health, Dr. P. R. MacFadyen, Jr. substituted as county health officer.

For many years the clerical work of the office was in charge of Miss Maude Talbert, now Mrs. Julius E. Wilson, of Albemarle. Her place was taken by Miss Louise Hartsell.

Miss Naomi Moore is the nurse employed by the Cabarrus County Tuberculosis Association. Miss Eleanor Ritchie has been the V. D. clerk since the establishment of that department.

Strangers are just friends you haven't met up with yet.

FORSAKES HIS EASE TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY

(Charlotte Observer)

A stubby man with a thick body and an inextinguishable gleam in his eyes, his doughty legs stiffening into a victory V, moves to the front of the stage, and with a mixture of merriment, mischief and serious purpose, rallies his listeners:

"We on this island of Britain are beleaguered. D'you understand what that means? Beleaguered! Nobody can leave without an escort of boats or flying machines. Think of that!

"Are we going to stand for that? You bet we aren't. What are we going to do about it? We're going to dig down into our jeans and hand over more money, that's what we're going to do. Might just as well do it now. If we don't the money might not be any good to us later on. Now who's going to be the first to contribute?"

Thus does Sir Harry Lauder, now 71 years old, again serve his country in wartime, rousing people to greater awareness of British needs, and once more entertaining the troops with the songs and stories long identified, in many lands, with his name.

At a time of life in which he had expected to enjoy absolute repose, Sir Harry taxes his powers heavily in this cause.

When war broke out Sir Harry forsook the tranquility of his new home Lauder Ha, to beguile the soldiers and help raise funds. He has been on the go ever since. In recent months he has given as many as four concerts a week, besides other personal appearances.

It is clear, as one watches the response to his showmanship, that there still is magic in the name of Harry Lauder.

Few artists have held so firm a grip upon the affections of people over the world. Even fewer, in their declining years, retain so much of the heartiness and spice of their prime.

Sir Harry—who has entertained three generations of the British Royal family, who sang for Empire troops in France a half century ago, and, in his own reckoning, crossed and recrossed the United States as a theatrical headliner 24 times—has only to smack his lips and break out quizzically into the singing of "She's Ma Daisy," "Roamin' In The Gloamin'," or "The Waggle Of The Kilt," to win instant favor with audiences.

As invariably happened when Sir Harry visited American cities, and when he sang for the soldiers in 1914-18, the crowds call him back repeatedly, crying out the titles of favorite songs which they want to hear to the accompaniment of the comedian's superb pantomime.

In political issues which he thinks often alienate men one from another unnaturally, Sir Harry has no more than a secondary interest. His primary concern, he says, is with forces that help to unify rather than divide society.

"Songs are good, and they are important," he says. "They are my life work."

His avowed deep kinship with the United States, which has incorporated into his personality and his flavorful speech many American idioms, prompted him to suggest:

"The States will be unbeatable, far greater than they ever dreamed, when they overcome regional differences and achieve real unity of purpose and spirit. The immensity of the nation demands that kind of unity.

"There must be developed in the States a spirit of 'What can I do for my country?' That's what's helped Britain in this war. It will help America, too, help the people to know one another better."

Strolling amid the natural and man-created beauties of Lauder Ha. and its surroundings, Sir Harry asserted: "You'll get something if you work for it. If you don't work, you'll get nothing, nothing at least that really matters. The person who expects something for nothing is a poor citizen."

Lauder Ha, the "hall" or "big house" into which Sir Harry moved nearly five years ago, is the realization of the home he started to build in his dreams 25 years ago. Today it is a landmark. Few persons visit the region without hearing of the handsome stone house with its spacious rooms, tasteful furnishings, personal museum, paintings and statuary, musical atmosphere, and conveniences of the owner's inventiveness.

From the tiniest gadget designed to avoid needless exertion, to the selection of a site, 700 feet above sea level, ennobled by proud and historic vistas, Lauder Ha is, in Sir Harry's words, "the way I think a house should be."

The squire of this domain walks

into the open of a morning, looks out upon a variety of flower beds, hedges and thriving vegetable gardens, then turns his gaze toward London hill, rising from storied ground near the town of Darval in neighboring Ayrshire.

It was there, roundabout the hill, that the battle of Drumclog was fought some 400 years ago. The fighting, provoked by religious cleavage, went on, in all, for about 150 years, and the observer is reminded of modern Russia's defensive warfare. Then, as now, people burned down their homes and granaries to frustrate a foe.

Sir Harry's private museum holds at least one memento from every place he has visited, the huge collection ranging from honorary buttons bestowed by luncheon clubs in tank towns in the United States, to war and agricultural tools from islands of the Pacific.

Elsewhere in the house one reads inscriptions and observes devices such as the acknowledgement "This house is God's gift," on the middle top pane of the stairway window, and the invitation cut on the mantel in the reception hall at the foot of the staircase—"Frau ony airt the win' may blaw, ye're welcome here at Lauder Ha," meaning "from any direction the wind may blow, you're welcome here at Lauder Ha."

The chapel-like stairway window of stained glass displays also what Sir Harry calls his laurel wreath, composed of wild flowers, in their colors, of the countries "I've carried my voice to." Thistle, rose shamrock, leek, maple leaf, poppy, wattle and fern represent, in order, Scotland, England, Ireland, Wales, Canada, United

States, Australia and New Zealand.

To this measure of fame and contentment has come one of the most famous of living men, whose first job, in a flax mill, paid him two shillings and a penny a week.

Eldest of seven children, he was compelled by his father's death to go to work at the age of 11 to help support his mother, four brothers and two sisters.

The Lauder menage is in the competent hands of Sir Harry's niece, Greta Lauder, who in the later seasons of his formally active life accompanied him to the United States, and her mother. Friends drop in over the week ends to relish the veteran actor's still youthful spirits and enjoy an uncommon brand of hospitality.

Sir Harry has remained in good health, despite a leg fracture suffer-

ed about three years ago. He eats well, takes his moderately apportioned whiskies and sodas in stride, puffs his pipe, walks the dogs, works about the gardens, all in addition to capering, singing and collecting money for Britain's sake.

Among those things of which he is especially proud are a fine portrait painting of his soldier-son who was killed in the World War; a sovereign which he auctioned many times in behalf of war work, obtaining high prices from buyers who insist upon sending it back to be reoffered for patriotic sale; and the women's contribution to his country's fight.

"Coming up from northern England recently," he said, "We passed a long line of lorries. Everyone of them was driven by a mere lassie. Aye, it's grand the way the women are doing their job in this war."

ALL STORMS BLOW OVER

Here is a parable that is worth thinking about. Once there was a man who stood beside a mighty redwood towering toward the skies. As he gazed with admiring wonder at its amazing size and height, he addressed it as if it were a thing of sense and said, "O giant Sequoia, such bulk and altitude are not the product of a day or year; you look as if you had lived a long time. Have you anything to say to me?" As he listened he thought he heard the tree reply, "Yes, you are right, I have lived a long time—a thousand years or more—and I have this to say to you, 'I have learned that all storms blow over.' " That fact, if it were remembered, would enable us to stand the "storms of life" better than we usually do. No matter how fierce the wind or how wild the tempest, gales don't last forever—they blow out after awhile. To be able to believe this truth, and to feel that God has a hand in it, too, is better than to have a million dollars. After a storm there always comes a calm.—Exchange.

SALVAGED FROM LIFE'S SCRAP HEAP

(The Mentor)

Being a Rotarian means something more than merely being a member of a club. The members of this organization are, it appears, ready to render constructive assistance whenever the opportunity offers itself, and the wonderfully important work they carry on year after year, lifting the burden from poor crippled children, has won the plaudits of all who are aware of the nobleness of this fine, Christian work of rare charity. But it is of the great job done by a member of Rotary, in "Salvaging from Life's Scrapheap," a boy who had started out on the wrong foot that I shall deal here.

The subject of our story, the son of a poor widow, sat forlorn in the prisoner's dock of a Municipal Court, awaiting disposition on a charge of "carrying concealed weapons." Unfortunately this was the third time the youth was before the court on this same charge, and the authorities were at their wits end, and all seemed agreed that a term in a reform school was in order for a lad who persisted in defying the law, to the extent of carrying in his possession a revolver, although never had the boy been known to use it in the commission of crime.

The lad was a bright appearing and unusually handsome type, and he looked decidedly out of place in a police dock. This fact struck a gentleman who arrived in court that morning on personal business, none other than one of the popular members of the local Rotary Club. He at once made inquiries as to the reason for

the boy's arrest, and at once approached the boy and after a short conversation he went to the judge in his chamber and in a little while the boy was taken before His Honor privately, but in a short time both the lad and his new found friend had issued forth, and from the smile tho' a trifle teardimmed, it could be readily seen that for the moment trouble had vanished, for the court had released the boy in custody of the friend.

At the very start it was discovered that both the gentleman and boy had one thing in common, they were interested in hunting and fishing, tho' the boy never had the opportunity to enjoy his bent. At once the boy was taken to the home of his benefactor, and shown a fine assortment of guns and up-to-the-minute fishing tackle. After a heart to talk, it was agreed that the boy was to be taken along on the next hunting trip into the Canadian and Maine woods, but it was understood that if he should be tempted to get another gun of his own, he should at once come to his friend's house and permission was his to take apart and keep clean the fire arms always kept there.

For several months everything was fine and the boy received very good marks in school and his behavior on the outside was all that could be desired. Also let it be noted, that never before had the hunting equipment been kept in such prime condition. Finally the hunting season opened, and true to former promise the boy was included in the party that went into the woods. For the first few days

there he took no active part, but he watched the elders of the party, and then he asked for a chance to find a mark. Miraculously, as if from nowhere, a light hunting rifle made its appearance, and the delighted boy found it was to be his very own. No need to remark those few weeks were heavenly for that boy, and he returned home with heart bursting with joy.

The police court never knew that lad again, graduating from high school with honors, he entered college, and recently his name appeared

among those who had successfully passed the examination to be admitted to the bar. We have here an instance of a boy who might have gone to the "dogs" had not someone caught up with him who understood him. Of course, we are not trying to gloss over the fact that he had been wrong when in the old days he had persisted in carting a gun which was of a surety against the law, but there was never shown any criminal intent. Yet he might have been sent away, but thank goodness he escaped that by a narrow margin.



PREPARE FOR MORE WONDERS

Less than thirty years ago automobiles were more of a novelty than airplanes are today. Even some of our boys and girls remember when the radio was so new that everybody marvelled at it, but today a receiving set is found in almost every home.

It is only a short time since there was no such thing as a telephone. Electric lights and all other marvels of electricity are very young, and talking pictures go back only a little more than ten years. In fact, motion pictures of any kind were a strange and wonderful novelty to our parents.

Younger people forget these things. They do not realize how marvelously the world has changed in just a few years. But if they are wise, they will stop and think about it. And then they will realize that still more wonders will come during their lifetime.

In this modern world we must be "on our toes" every minute. If we are to keep up with all these rapid movements, we must get the best education possible. We must never stop learning, because the world moves forward so rapidly that it takes unceasing effort for us to keep pace with it.—Sunshine Magazine.

SLEEPING SICKNESS TRACED TO MOSQUITOES

By W. M. Sherrill in Concord Daily Tribune

One of the most baffling mysteries of medical science was solved recently when a Government announcement said that mosquitoes carry the dreaded sleeping sickness disease.

For almost 20 years Federal, State and local authorities have sought the carrier of the disease that annually kills from 250 to 500 persons and hundreds of animals.

The mosquito has been convicted of many offences. He is a carrier of malaria, yellow fever, dengue and other maladies of man and animals.

Scientists have long suspected him of complicity in the spread of encephalomyelitis (sleeping sickness). In a wholesale roundup of "suspects," the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine, cooperating with the University of California and Washington State and local health authorities, collected about 10,000 mosquitoes, flies and other biting insects.

The collection was made in the Yakima Valley of Washington during the summer of 1940, when 27 humans and 40 to 50 unvaccinated horses had sleeping sickness.

The insects were identified, frozen and shipped in dry ice to the University of California laboratory at San Francisco. Then they were divided into lots or pools according to fam-

ily and species, washed, ground and the serum injected into mice.

One pool composed of culex tarsalis mosquitoes produced symptoms of the St. Louis type of sleeping sickness. That type received its name from the severe epidemic which took more than 100 lives in St. Louis during the summer of 1932.

That was the criminal medical scientists had been after. At last they had definite proof of his guilt; they had caught him red-handed.

It had been demonstrated previously that mosquitoes could transmit disease under laboratory conditions. But that did not prove that they were the actual carriers of the disease. This was the first definite proof that mosquitoes collected in the field were actual carriers of virus.

Medical authorities said the particular species of mosquito found carrying the virus is widespread in States west of Mississippi. The same kind of mosquitoes, but placed in a different "pool," were found to cause sleeping sickness in horses.

Last year, according to public health service records, there were more than 3,000 cases of human sleeping sickness in the United States. About 9 per cent of the cases were fatal, the records showed.

You don't learn good shootin' by takin' pot shots at what you think is a bunch of dumb ducks.—Exchange.

THE MEREDITH DOLLS

By Doris Goerch in The State

Public buldings often house records of the times in their cornerstones; musesums contain relics of the past for the historical knowledge of the general public; but Meredith College has its own unique method of preserving its past—the Meredith dolls.

During commencement week every year, some member of the senior class dresses a doll in clothes that are identical with the class dress of that year. The dolls are about two feet high and are all made alike except for their hair. Some of the "ladies" have red tresses, some are blondes and there are also some brunettes.

At commencement time each year, Miss Mae Grimmer, secretary of the Alumnae Association, with a committee of alumnae get together and have a fine time pressing the dolls' dresses and getting them ready for their annual exhibition, for the dolls put in only one appearance a year. On graduation day the rotunda at Meredith College is the scene for the display of these tiny mannikins and there are now 39 of them who are present in a body each year. The remarkable thing about these alumnae is that they're always present. Somehow they manage to catch up on their housework, see to it that the baby is fed, turn out the gas stove and don their lovely dresses just in time to welcome the returning alumnae.

Each doll is dressed exactly as her class was dressed. Many of the oldest have on actual class day dresses that have been cut up, but recently the classes have been ordering enough

material to dress their doll and their mascot.

Meredith has a system about the colors in their class day dresses. On the even years every dress must be purple or gold, but on the odd years the rainbow colors prevail and many light pastels are used.

Up until 1922 white was the order of the day. But in 1922 the first colored dress was purchased, and classes ever since have been using colors.

The style changes are of great interest. Miss 1927 in her short green chiffon dress, well above her knees presented a problem to the class that dressed her. Like all stuffed dolls, the legs or the "Meredith ladies" were none too pretty. Then when the dresses went to an all-time high in 1927 the dressmakers had to spend some time conditioning the doll's legs for the public. Her green chiffon is caught on the shoulder with a rhinestone clip and there's another one on the skirt. Of course, the waist line is practically down to her knees and the skirt is hardly worth mentioning.

The oldest doll, "Miss 1902," is in as good or better condition than most of the others. She wears a full length white dress and a black velvet neck ribbon. Her dress is made from one of the original 1902 class dresses.

Each doll is dressed in evening clothes and so the comparison in styles is not quite as complete as it might have been had they worn informal clothes. However, in 1927 there was no such thing as a long evening dress and 1928 was long but uneven around the hemline. Her yellow georgette

with lace inlays is cut in four points around the bottom: one in front, one in back, and one on both sides.

The 1922 doll's green and white organdie looks as though she might belong in the colonial period and several of the 1920's look almost mod-

ern; so there must be something to the saying "Keep a dress seven years and it'll come back in style." If this is true, make a trip out to Meredith next spring when the dolls are on display and find out just which way skirts will be going the coming season.

THE EASY WAY

(Sunshine Magazine)

The automobilist had stopped another machine to ask directions, but when they had been given, the inquirer hesitated. "But if we take that road," he said, we'll miss that view of the falls."

"Oh, you want to take the Falls Road?" the other motorist exclaimed. "The road's very hilly, poor and rough. It's a little longer around through Oakleigh, but the road's as smooth as a floor."

"I don't suppose there's much to see at Oakleigh."

"Oh, no, nothing special. But the roads are fine. You'd make a mistake going over the hills for the sake of a little scenery. If you go by the Falls Road you'll work your way."

This conversation is worth recording, because it reveals a spirit too prevalent in this age, as undoubtedly it has been too prevalent in all ages, the spirit which asks not what is more worth while, but what is easiest. Two high school graduates, discussing their plans for the future, showed the same tendency.

"Oh, no, you don't want to enter S—," one of them protested in ans-

wer to a remark of his companion. "If you don't come up to a certain grade, they drop you at the end of the first semester. Now at W—you can scrape through on 'most any standing." In the mind of this young man, the important question was not to find the school where he could get the best education, where he would have the most helpful surroundings, and where he would be best fitted for the future. All he thought of was what road was easiest.

One of the things young people need especially to realize is that the easiest way is frequently not the best way, that the difficult road often gives us an outlook which more than makes up for the extra energy expended. There is no surer way to render life monotonous and dreary than to pick our course, not according to the scenery, but making our choice dependent on the ease of the roads that are open before us. The men whose names the world holds in loving remembrance would never have been heard of, most of them, if they had shrunk from the difficult road. The way that is easy is often the way we should avoid.

SIX ROADS TO HAPPINESS

(The New Leaf)

Recently in a newspaper we found an item headed "Six Roads to Happiness," composed by the president of General Motors and it appealed to us so favorably we thought we would pass it along to you.

Be Your Own Driver—Among the first requisites of success are will power and determination to do the things that should be done, rather than the things dictated by the impulse of the moment. The young man who can quit smoking when he knows it may harm his health, or can resist enticing radio programs to study his lessons, has already taken a long step toward a successful life. No one can expect to lead others unless he has learned to boss himself.

Be Fair to the Other Fellow—We cannot live successfully unless we are willing to judge ourselves by the same rule we use in judging others. Most of us are scrupulously fair to the other fellow when we play golf or checkers with him, but we're not always so sportsman-like when he disagrees with us on the street or in the office. In our modern society we are all so dependent upon one another, and so much is accomplished by group effort, that tolerance of the opinion of other people is more important than ever before.

Be Governed By Facts—You can't always judge character by appearance, gauge steel by its glitter, nor make five apples into six by wishful dreaming. The facts are the facts, no matter how they effect you personally. Don't be emotional about them. Fol-

low the example of the engineer, who must deal with materials and the laws of nature as they exist if he is to make a workable machine or construct a bridge that will stand or a house that will not fall.

Live Up to Your Word—Even a small child loses respect for an elder who promises him candy (or a spanking) and then fails to deliver. The same truth applies all through life. People are judged not only by what they do but by the extent to which they fulfill what they have promised to do or said they could do. It is almost as bad to make promises that you have little or no chance of keeping as it is to make a promise you do not intend to keep.

Remember That Work Is a Normal Part of Life—The most unhappy people I have ever known were idle people. Work must be regarded as an essential part of happiness, not merely as a means to an end, and out of our work we may expect to receive, on the average, just about what we contribute to it. Few satisfactions are equal to that which comes from a job well done.

Keep Your Chin Up—If you are going to win you must determine not to be licked. You must realize that life cannot be completely planned, that things seldom turn out the way you expect them to. Play the game even when the rules are not to your liking and your position on the team is not the one you would choose. If you expect to be licked you will be.

A BEAUTIFUL WILL

(Selected)

(NOTE:—The following will was found in the ragged coat-pocket of a crazed inmate of a Chicago poor-house. The writer had once been a lawyer of promise, if not prominence, and the will was written in a firm clear hand on a few scraps of paper. By chance it fell into appreciative hands and was passed on until a Chicago lawyer read it before the Chicago Bar Association. A resolution was passed by that body ordering it probated and it may now be found in the records of Cook County, Illinois.)

Know all men by these presents:
IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.

I, Charles Lounsberry, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament in order, as justly as may be, to describe my interest in the world among succeeding men.

FIRST, That part of my interests which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposition of in this, my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to divide and bequeath.

SECOND, I give to good fathers and mothers in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, and generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

THIRD, I leave to children exclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every one, the flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high above the giant trees.

And I leave to the children the long, long days to be merry in, a thousand ways, and the night, and the trails of the Milky Way to wonder at but subject nevertheless to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

FOURTH, I devise to boys, jointly the use of all the idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and the streams and ponds where one may fish, or, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof; the woods and their appurtenances; the squirrels and the birds and echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside, to enjoy without let or hindrance or without any incumbrance of care.

FIFTH, to lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they

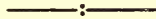
may need, as the stars of the sky, the red rose by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorne, the sweet strains of music, and aught else they may desire, to picture to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

SIXTH, To young men, jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing champions, and to them exclusively, I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

SEVENTH, And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave memory; and bequeath that they may live the old days over again, freely and to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakspeare, and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

EIGHTH, To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of the old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep.

Charles Lounsberry



DIET LINKED TO EYE ILLS

Many eye disorders can be traced to nutritional deficiencies continued over a long period, according to Dr. Henry P. Wagener of the Minnesota Graduate School of Medicine.

In cases of nutritional deficiencies, in which the body does not have sufficient vitamins, the eye is often the prime sufferer, Dr. Wagener states.

Often near-sightedness in children can be traced to improper diet, he reveals, and malnutrition long has been recognized as a cause of other eye ailments.

At the same time Dr. Wagener warned against "over enthusiasm" regarding the relationship between vitamin A and "night blindness."

Individuals vary greatly in their capacity to store vitamin A, he said, and the effects of the vitamin varies greatly with different persons.

But tests have shown that nutritional deficiencies over long periods may result in a variety of serious eye disorders, including hemorrhages, impaired vision, loss of vision, nerve paralysis and occasionally pronounced mental confusion.—Selected.

DIEGO'S BARGAIN

By Elizabeth Whitney

Pablo and Diego were about as unlike as two boys brought up in the same Mexican home could possibly be. Pablo was open-eyed and alert—always looking for ways to earn money. Diego was dreamy and musical.

One day about noon Pablo came into the little adobe house with eyes shining. "I earned a whole peso this morning," he announced. "You know, Diego, that stone with a face on it that lies in the field a couple of miles south of here? I showed it to some gringos (North Americans) and they gave me a whole peso just for leading them to it. They said it is an idol that our ancestors used to worship."

He went over to a little basket that was hanging from a peg on the wall, and took out three more coins. "Four pesos now I have," he said, looking at them with satisfaction. "I have been saving for a long time. Now I can buy a new serape (blanket-jacket)."

"A new serape!" exclaimed Diego. "But your old one is quite good enough! What do you want with a new one?"

"It is beginning to look shabby," replied Pablo. Besides, I am getting tired of green, and want a yellow one now."

"You are foolish," murmured Diego. He knew that he would not part with his serape for anything. It was not as bright as Pablo's—only gray and blue—but there was a beautiful design in it.

The next day was a market day.

"Surely you are going?" Pablo asked his parents.

"No," they said. "We are too busy."

Then let me go alone," Pablo urged. "I want to buy a new serape to wear to the fiesta (celebration) that takes place next week."

"All sorts of rough people go to the market," his mother objected. "I would not want you there without a grown person."

As luck would have it, Diego, and not Pablo, was invited to go with neighbors, Senor Candoza and his wife.

It was a good ten miles to the market, but Diego was used to walking. His brown feet with their spreading toes were tough, and did not wear out like shoe leather. He carried a pair of sandals, which he would put on at the market, and also a basket of flowers to sell.

Senor Candoza carried a basket of pottery on his back, strapped about his head and shoulders; but in his hand was a guitar. His wife sat on their donkey with some more pottery.

Talking and singing made their way seem short. As they drew closer to the market, they saw many other people headed for the same place. Nearly, all were loaded in some way or other, but there was a holiday spirit in the air. Men wore wide-brimmed hats, or sombreros, and white cotton suits that looked something like pajamas. Women wore scarfs, called rebozos, which they twisted about their heads and shoulders, and also wore blouses and skirts of purple,

yellow, pink, and other bright colors.

The Candozas and Diego found a place to tie up the donkey, and then settled themselves with their wares on the floor of the market. "Won't you buy? Won't you buy?" Softly they urged those that passed them.

After a while when Diego had sold all his flowers, the Candozas gave him permission to walk about a little by himself. There were all sorts of interesting things to be seen at the market. Bright pottery, pretty dishes, gay baskets, flowers galore, and fruits and vegetables were all represented. There were rag dolls, and straw toys of various sorts. And, of course, there were clothes of all kinds.

Diego went over to the serapes. "I don't see what Pablo wants to get a new one for," he thought again, clutching the four pesos in his hand. "Let's see. He wants a yellow one. But there is no yellow one that is especially pretty."

Diego left the serapes and went on. Almost without noticing it, he came to a place where an old man was selling second-hand musical instruments. "I wonder if there is a guitar," thought Diego. And just then, sure enough, he spied a guitar, crudely made, but with all the strings on.

"How much for that guitar?" he asked the old man.

"Four pesos," said the vender.

"Four pesos," thought Diego. "That means that by bargaining I could get it for less." He picked it up and looked it over. There seemed to be nothing the matter with it.

"Try it," said the old man.

Diego plucked the strings, and the sound was sweet. "Oh, if it were only mine!" he thought. But the

pesos he had with him belonged to Pablo.

"Buy?" asked the old man.

Diego shook his head. "Not now," he replied.

But as he walked back toward the serapes again, the guitar seemed more and more desirable; and the more desirable the guitar seemed, more foolish Pablo appeared for wanting the serape. "The guitar is such a bargain," he thought, "and Pablo always did like a bargain. If he were with me now, he would probably say, 'Go ahead and get that guitar.'"

"No, I will not buy any serapes," he told the vender; and then he went back to the instruments. "I will give you two pesos for that guitar," he offered the owner of the instrument.

The old man snorted. "Two pesos for that guitar, when it is worth twelve!" he exclaimed indignantly. "But," he added in a soft, gentle tone, "you may have it for three."

"Three it is," said Diego, handing over three of Pablo's four coins. Then he went back triumphantly with the guitar to the Candozas.

"My boy, you have a real bargain!" exclaimed Senor Candoza. "Three pesos only did you say you paid for it? I did not know you had three pesos to spend here."

Diego did not explain that the three pesos had belonged to Pablo. By the time he reached home again, his own delight over the instrument, and Senor Candoza's enthusiasm, had combined to still entirely any misgiving that he might have had about the way Pablo would think about the purchase. It was hard to believe that anybody could fail to be delighted.

Nevertheless Pablo was not delight-

ed. "Where is my new serape?" he demanded immediately when he saw Diego. "Did you not get it?"

Diego tried to smile confidently, but his smile was a little weak. "No," he said. "I got something ever so much nicer—and at a bargain, too. You already had one serape. I got something you didn't have, but which we could all enjoy." And he held up the guitar.

"All!" exclaimed Pablo bitterly. "All! You got something you could enjoy, you mean, you selfish one! What did I want of a guitar? I wanted a serape. And you took my money and bought yourself something that you wanted. You had no right to do it." And he scowled fiercely at his brother.

Only then did a full realization of what he had done come over Diego. He had worked so hard to make himself believe that he was doing the right thing, that he had succeeded in believing it. But now he knew that Pablo's harsh words were true, and he hung his head in shame.

"I treated you better than you treated me," Pablo went on to say, "and now I wish I hadn't. While you were spending my money, I was making money for you I sold your serape for eight pesos."

"You sold my serape?" Now it was Diego's turn to wax indignant.

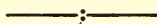
"That was my serape to sell—not yours. I wouldn't have sold it for twice eight pesos."

Pablos was puzzled. "But I thought you'd be pleased, Diego," he said. "You could buy two for the price that you got for the one. It was too good a bargain to miss; and you weren't here, so I thought I'd have to make it for you. It was with those gringos. I would have sold them mine, but they only wanted yours."

Diego calmed down as Pablo talked. It was dawning on him that his act and his brother's were quite similar, after all. "That's all right, Pablo," he said, speaking gently now. "You did what you thought was right, and I did what I made myself believe was right. Here is the peso left after buying the guitar, and you must take four of the eight pesos from the sale of the serape."

"Do you really mean it?" asked Pablo, his eyes lighted up. He did not mind now not getting his serape right away, for he had gained a peso.

As for Diego, he had received for his favorite serape much more than a few pesos. He had gained wisdom, which, as the Bible tells us, "is more precious than rubies, and all the things that we can desire are not to be compared unto her."



Smile into the face of the world and a smile comes back—render good service to others and good service is returned to you—show a spirit of helpfulness and that spirit will surely send back aid to you of a like kind—think good thoughts and the same good thoughts will be of you.

The only way to avoid getting a square deal from the world is by not giving the world a square deal yourself.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The exhaust fans, part of the ventilating equipment for the auditorium, arrived a few days ago, and will be installed soon.

—:—

Our farm manager reports that in just a few more days, the members of the forces under his supervision will finish the fall plowing.

—:—

Mr. Query and his group of youthful tonsorial artists have just completed the task of giving each member of our large family of boys a neat hair trim. This work required about one week.

—:—

It was interesting to note in the Charlotte News of November 29th, that the name of Russell Ferris appeared among those enlisting in the United States Army, through the Charlotte recruiting station. Russell will be remembered by workers who have been at the School for some time as a quiet little fellow who used to be in Cottage No. 1. He came to the institution, January 28, 1928, at the age of seven and one-half years, and remained here until April 1, 1935, at which time he was released to the welfare department of Rockingham county for placement in some suitable home. After this lad returned to his home county we received several favorable reports as to the adjust-

ment he was making, but we had not heard from him in some time until seeing the account of his enlistment in the army. This lad's many friends here are glad to learn that he has been accepted for service to his country and wish him well.

—:—

We recently received a report from the Forsyth County Welfare Department stating that William Furches had enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, and is now stationed at Parris Island, S. C. Billy left the School August 4, 1941. During his stay at the School he was in Cottage No. 11, and a member of the printing class, and had become quite proficient as a linotype operator. We were glad to get this report on Billy, and trust he will enjoy a most successful career as a member of Uncle Sam's "devil dogs."

—:—

A few weeks ago inquiries were received by several members of our staff from one of the United States Navy recruiting stations in South Carolina, concerning Robert Keith, one of our old boys, who was seeking enlistment in that branch of the service. The next news from Robert were letters and cards to several workers stating he was stationed in the Naval Training School, Norfolk, Va. Having had a brother in the service for several years, it had long been Robert's desire to join the navy, and we are

glad his ambitions have been realized, and feel quite sure his life as a "gob" will be successful.

While here Robert was a member of the Cottage No. 2 group. He was admitted to the School, February 2, 1935 and was released, March 8, 1941, being placed on a farm in Stanly county, where he worked until August, at which time he went to live with relatives in South Carolina. During the time he has been away from the School, this smiling little fellow came back to see us several times, and always had good reports to make concerning his work and conduct while on the farm over in Stanly county, which were confirmed by reports coming from other sources.

—:—

The service at the School last Sunday afternoon was conducted by Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read Ephesians 6:11-20, and as the text for his address, "A Good Soldier of Jesus Christ," he selected 11 Timothy 2:3—"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

The speaker began by stating that we had heard much lately about the soldiers of our country as they took part in the large-scale army maneuvers in both Carolinas. We have seen many of them; our churches entertained them; and people in this vicinity invited thousands of them into their homes; all because of gratitude for what they are doing—leaving good homes and positions that they might serve their country. While we sincerely trust they will not have

to go into battle and be required to endure the horrors of war, we feel certain that if such be the case, they will go forth in a most brave and manly way, bringing no disgrace upon the traditions of this country's armies of the past. A soldier who is not a good soldier, continued Rev. Mr. Summers, is just about the worst type of man that could be found anywhere. He took the oath of allegiance to his country; he put on his country's uniform; and agreed to do his very best. Should he fall short of this, he must necessarily become a most contemptible person.

Rev. Mr. Summers then asked the boys to think about what it means to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and told this story: During the World War, a fine young fellow in the army was severely wounded, having lost both arms. A visitor at the hospital said to him, "I'm sorry you had to lose your arms." The soldier quickly replied, "I did not lose them. I gave them for my country." This kind of spirit might also be applied to a soldier of Jesus Christ. He should be ready to give his best at all times, even his life, before he would allow the forces of evil turn him from the path of life as pointed out by the Master.

A good soldier of Jesus Christ, said the speaker, must have a number of characteristics, among which are: (1) He has to enlist. People are not just born followers of Jesus, they must enlist under his banner, and do so willingly. They cannot be forced into Christian service. (2) A soldier must be armed with weapons of offense and defence. Guns and pistols are not necessary equipment of

a soldier of Jesus Christ. He must be girded with the armor of truth. A man who will not tell the truth is not worthy of being called a man. (3) A Christian warrior must wear the breast-plate of righteousness. Loyalty to his leader must prompt his actions at all times. (4) A Christian needs to be shod with the gospel of peace. In his own heart he must be a peace-loving sort of fellow. (5) His body should be protected by the shield of faith and his head be guarded by the helmet of salvation. (6) The sword of the spirit of the Lord is a necessity to the Christian soldier. When a person possesses this spirit, he will be able to live right. (7) In all things, a true soldier of Christ must have the spirit of prayer. This is his contact with his leader. (8) A Christian soldier must drill constantly. The Bible tells him how to conduct his actions, and he must practice living right. (9) A true Christian soldier must learn to obey orders, having full confidence that

his leader, Jesus Christ, will not command him to do anything wrong. (10) Learning to endure hardships is important in the life of a Christian soldier. About the two worst things on earth are spoiled boys or men. When a soldier presses forward in the face of danger he is learning a great lesson. Life isn't always just what we want it to be. A real man can always take it and stand like a man. (11) A good soldier of Christ must be willing to fight. There must be no Benedict Arnolds in the Christian army. (12) He must be ready at all times to fight for what is right, always showing mercy to a defeated foe.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers told the boys that a good soldier of Jesus was far more worthwhile than any other person in the world; that man could attain no higher calling. He urged them to begin at once by enlisting under the banner of Christ that they might become good Christian soldiers.

WORRY UNDERMINES MENTAL HEALTH

"God always gives us strength to bear our troubles day by day," said Hubbard, "but He never calculated on our piling the troubles past, and those to come, on top of those of today."

Psychiatrists tell us that one of the principle causes of mental ill-health is worry. The world is going quite mad worrying about war, about the future, about health, about this, that, and the other thing. As if worry would make things right.

The antidote for worry is cheerfulness and work. To see the sunny side of things, to cling to faith in the future, is to safeguard your mental health. It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Worry is fatal. Be cheerful.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 30, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
 Hiram Atkinson
 Wade Aycoth
 Carl Barrier
 John Hogsed
 Richard Kye
 Paul Matthews
 Edward Moore
 William O'Brien
 Robert Padgett
 Robert Ragan
 Weaver F. Ruff
 Edgar Simmons
 Charles Wootton

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
 N. A. Bennett
 Charles Browning
 Lacy Burleson
 Lloyd Callahan
 Everett Case
 William Cook
 Ralph Harris
 Doris Hill
 Carl Hooker
 Joseph Howard
 Kenneth Tipton
 Luther Vaughn

COTTAGE NO. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
 Grover Beaver
 James Blake
 Robert Coleman
 Robert Hare
 Jerry Jenkins
 Dewey Lanning
 Fonzer Pitman
 Elbert Russ
 Charles Rhodes
 William T. Smith
 John Tolley
 Jerome Wiggins
 James Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Plummer Boyd
 Aubrey Fargis
 Morris Johnson
 William C. Jordan
 William Morgan
 Woodrow Wilson
 Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
 Robert Dellinger
 Charles Hayes

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
 Earl Hoyle
 Robert Hobbs
 David Howard
 Robert Jarvis
 Edward Kinion
 Marvin Lipscomb
 Durwood Martin
 Vollie McCall
 Charles Pitman
 Jesse Peavy
 Reitzel Southern
 Emerson Sawyer
 Wesley Turner
 Houston Turner
 William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
 John H. Averitte
 Laney Broome
 Henry B. Butler
 Robert Hampton
 Fred Holland
 Carl Justice
 John M. Mazoo
 Arnold McHone
 Edward Overby
 Ernest Overcash
 Wilbur Russ
 Durham Smith

COTTAGE NO. 8

Spencer Lane

James C. Wiggins
COTTAGE NO. 9

Lewis B. Sawyer
 Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

Marvin Gautier
 Arcemias Hefner
 Joseph Kincaid
 John Lee
 Charles Mills
 Charles Phillips
 Eugene Puckett
 Robert Stephens
 Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
 John Allison
 Ralph Fisher
 Charles Frye
 Robert Goldsmith
 Earl Hildreth
 A. B. Hoyle
 Everett Morris
 T. B. Newell
 Samuel Stewart
 Henry Smith
 Canipe Shoe
 James Tyndall

COTTAGE NO. 12

Ernest Brewer
 Jack Bright
 Treley Frankum
 Eugene Hefner
 Tillman Lyles
 Harry Lewis
 Daniel McPhail
 Simon Quick
 Jesse Smith
 Charles Simpson
 George Tolson
 Brice Thomas
 Carl Tyndall
 Eugene Watts

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer

Thomas Fields
 Vincent Hawes
 Paul Roberts
 Alex Shropshire
 William Schoppet

COTTAGE NO. 14

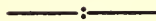
John Baker
 William Butler
 Robert Caudle
 Robert Deyton
 Audie Farthing
 Henry Glover
 John Hamm
 William Harding
 Feldman Lane
 William Lane
 Roy Mumford
 John Maples
 Charles McCoyle
 Glenn McCall
 James Roberson
 John Robbins
 Charles Steepleton
 J. C. Willis
 Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 15

Horace Deese
 John Howard
 Fred Jenkins
 James Ledford
 Clarence Medlin
 Wade Medlin
 Basil Weatherington

INDIAN COTTAGE

George Gaddy
 James E. Hall
 Cecir Jacobs
 Ernest L. Jacobs
 James Johnson
 John T. Lowry
 Lester Lochlear
 Varcy Oxendine
 Louis Stafford



The more that people try to get even with one another the more they get at odds.—Selected.



DEC 15 1941

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 13, 1941

No. 50

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GOD BLESS AMERICA

God bless America, land that I love;
Stand beside her and guide her
Through the night with a light from above.
From the mountains to the prairies,
To the ocean, white with foam,
God bless America, my home sweet home.

—Irving Berlin.

PUBLISHED BY

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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

AMERICA TO ENGLAND

Henry Jerome Stockard was a prominent educator in North Carolina. At one time he taught English in the University of North Carolina. Later he accepted the Latin professorship at Peace, and in 1907 became president of that institution.

Mr. Stockard wrote many poems. Some of these were published in the leading magazines of the nation; others in book form.

We came across one the other day which was written long before the start of the World War in 1914. It is so prophetic in its spirit that we know you will be interested in reading it. The title is the same as the one we have used—"America to England."

"England, thy foes boast that thou has begun
To fail with age—that thy proud spirit is tamed;
And they are leagued to strike, it is proclaimed,
When thou art old, unfriended and undone.
Howbeit, there is no parchment whereupon
Our terms of covenant with thee are named,
Let them beware: Between us God has framed
The bond that binds a mother and her son.
If Cossack, joined with Frank to work thee scath,
Should lift toward thee a hostile spear, and dare
Do violence so much as to one hair
Thy giant son, bone of thy very bone,
Incensed would come with vengeance, and his wrath
Would shake the base of Europe's every throne."

he State.

THE MOTHER OF NURSING

Florence Nightingale, noted English philanthropist and social worker, the daughter of William Edward Nightingale, was born in Florence, Italy, in May, 1920, and was named for that city. During her studies of science, mathematics and classics with her father, she showed a great desire to lessen human suffering, so much so, that in 1844, she began a tour of Europe for the purpose of observing

conditions of hospitalization, and in 1851, turned her attention to the training of nurses at Kaiserwerth, Germany. Here she mastered the details, not only of nursing, but of hospital management as well. She later studied in both Paris and Rome.

On November 4, 1854, the year of the outbreak of the Crimean War, with thirty trained nurses, she took charge of the military hospital service for the British troops in the field, continuing this wonderful work until 1856. Broken in health, following her war service, the grateful English people raised a fund of \$150,000 for her, but in spite of her need for money, she used that gift to found the Nightingale Home for Nurses at Saint Thomas Hospital in London. Though confined much of the time to her room, she continued to promote the reform of army hospital service; the improvement of sanitary conditions; and wrote many books and papers on kindred subjects.

The following pledge, which is taken by all nurses upon graduation, is known as "The Florence Nightingale Pledge":

"I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly, to pass my life in purity, and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standards of my profession and I will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician to the welfare of those committed to my care."

* * * * *

RESULTS OF RED CROSS ROLL CALL

The annual Red Cross roll call hit the high water mark this fall in Cabarrus county. The goal was set for fifteen thousand dollars, which means an equal number in membership. The result of the campaign reflects a fine piece of work upon the part of the canvassers, as well as the interest of the people in all activities of this splendid organization.

The money realized from this annual appeal is equitably distributed between the national headquarters and the local offices of respective communities. For instance, for every one dollar member-

ship, fifty cents is sent to National Red Cross Headquarters and fifty cents remains locally to take care of emergencies and minor expenses. It is also interesting to know that for all twenty-five dollar memberships, twenty-four dollars and fifty cents is kept and fifty cents sent to the national office. If anyone desires to make a larger donation than twenty-five dollars to be enlisted as a member, the money is divided fifty-fifty between local and national branches. Nothing helps a cause more than to know just how funds are received and distributed in all public issues. The work of the Red Cross is to relieve human suffering in all kinds and conditions of emergencies, and, to repeat here, the Cabarrus county campaign clearly reveals the interest of the executive committee in charge and the people at large. Today, as never before, people in all countries are looking to the Red Cross for assistance.

* * * * *

THE CHRISTMAS SEAL

To many the Christmas Seal is meaningless, but it carries an appeal for funds to be used in the fight against tuberculosis. It was a happy thought on the part of the far-sighted and welfare-minded person who gave to the public the idea of the Christmas Seal, instead of the colorful stickers, to be used on packages and letters of good will at the Christmas season. The majority of the homes of the nation send out either letters or packages to relatives and friends, therefore, if all of these are marked with the Christmas Seal it means a contribution toward a greater decrease of the white plague.

Another interesting feature about the sale of Christmas Seals is that about seventy-five per cent of funds thus realized, remains in the communities where they were raised, and the other twenty-five per cent goes to national headquarters. In this way each community participating in the benefits of annual Christmas seal sales, adds its contribution to a cause that concerns all people—fewer tubercular cases annually—therefore, the privilege is general, and one that should not be overlooked if the homes of the less fortunate are to receive the proper protection. The Red Cross and the Christmas Seal campaigns for funds have similar interests. Through these two mediums, if we respond to the calls, we reflect the true spirit of universal brotherhood.

DESIGNER OF CHRISTMAS SEAL WAS ONCE TUBERCULOSIS PATIENT

The light of knowledge spread by tuberculosis education guided Steven Dohanos, artist, designer of this year's Christmas Seal, back to health, his work and a normal, happy life. Dohanos, a native of Lorain, Ohio, this year joined the ranks of distinguished artists who have lent their talents to the Seal Sales for more than thirty years.

Out of his own experience the young artist conceived the lighthouse as the symbol of tuberculosis work, leading the way to safety. It was soon after he had begun to show his work and had earned national recognition that Dohanos, muralist, illustrator, discovered that he had tuberculosis. He had just been asked to join an art studio in New York and was preparing to move there from Cleveland, where he had received his art education and exhibited his paintings.

The temptation to risk regaining his health while keeping up his work was great, but guided by the light of tuberculosis education, he made his decision. He went to Sarnac Lake, N. Y., and underwent a period of treatment and complete rest. It was not until he was again able to enjoy normal activities in moderation that he went to New York. His job was still waiting for him.

Less than three years from that time Dohanos was chosen by the Treasury Art Project in Washington to do paintings for federal buildings in the Virgin Islands. He took his family there and they enjoyed the life of the tropics for seven months. Back in the United States since 1937, he has continued his work in the fine arts field. He has also completed two mural projects—one for the Elkins, W. Va., Agriculture and Forestry Building, the other for the post office at West Palm Beach, Fla., and is now working on still another which will be placed in the Charlotte Amalie post office in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

* * * * *

SPEED ON BRIDGES

In calling the attention of motorists to the necessity of caution when crossing bridges on the highways, Director Ronald Hocutt,

of the North Carolina Highway Safety Division, cites the law covering same, as follows:

Sec. 106, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina:—"It shall be unlawful to drive any vehicle upon any public bridge, causeway or viaduct at a speed which is greater than the maximum speed which can with safety to such structure to be maintained thereon, when such structure is signposted as provided in this section."

The State Highway and Public Works Commission has authority to fix the maximum safe speed at which vehicles may travel on any public bridge, causeway or viaduct in the state, and when such speeds are designated by means of signs, drivers must observe them.

* * * * *

THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

Christmas again! With its peace, and good will, and wonder! How our friendships multiply and increase in value as the Day of Days draws near! How the touch of human hands thrills us, and the look in human eyes charms us. We are not ashamed to be good, to be kind, to be loving. It is impossible to obliterate from the minds of our boys that Christmas is in the offing, therefore, they are looking forward to this anniversary—the most outstanding date in all history, celebrating the birth of the living Christ—with the hope that their friends, far and near, will not permit this Christmas to be a gloomy one. The friends of the neglected boys of this institution are legion. They have never failed to make possible a happy Christmas. There have always been generous contributions to the fund that brings cheer to the hearts of the lads at the Jackson Training School, and we feel sure our fine friends will prove as generous this year as they have in the past. It is a pleasure to announce the contributions to date, as follows:

Mr .and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord,.....	\$ 10.00
"7-8-8," Concord,.....	25.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,.....	25.00
Rowan County Charity Organization, Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt.,....	5.00
Forsyth County Welfare Department, A. W. Cline, Supt.....	7.50
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,.....	50.00
E. B. Grady, Concord,.....	5.00
New Hanover County Commissioners, Wilmington,.....	10.00
A Friend, Greenville, S. C.,.....	5.00

WINNING THE BATTLE ONCE AND FOR ALL

By Henry E. Sigerist, M. D.

Why should we still have tuberculosis with us? Why should we have every year, 60,000 people, mostly men and women in the prime of life, breadwinners and young mothers, taken away from their families? Why should half a million of our fellow citizens still suffer from tuberculosis? Other diseases have been overcome entirely or have lost their significance—plague, cholera, yellow fever, typhus, smallpox and many others which used to be a curse to the country.

And now the time has come for tuberculosis to go!

Is it possible? Can it be done? It can be done, and the history of the last thirty years proves it.

Thirty years ago the death rate from tuberculosis, that is, the number of people who died from the disease for every 100,000 population, was 70 per cent higher than today. A reduction by 70 per cent in such a short period of time seems incredible, yet it is true.

We have just lived through 10 difficult years—years of economic depression, when many of us had to reduce our standard. And yet, during those 10 hard years the death rate from tuberculosis declined by almost 40 per cent. One generation ago the disease was the leading cause of death, while it ranks seventh today, and there is no reason in the world why it should not be driven further back and ultimately wiped out entirely.

The progress achieved since 1904, through the combined efforts of public health agencies, the medical profession and the public, under the leadership of the National Tuberculosis Association, has been most encouraging indeed. In 1939 four of our states had a death rate of less than 20 per 100,000 of population and eight more states had rates less than 30. Remarkable progress has also been achieved in many of our large cities.

In St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., in Rochester and Syracuse, N. Y., rates are between 30 and 40. In New York, where more than seven million people, including all races of mankind live crowded together, where extreme wealth and dire poverty are found side by side, even in such an international metropolis the death rate from tuberculosis among its white residents is today about 40 per 100,000. This seems almost a miracle.

The United States, with its vast expanses, its heterogeneous population, its variety of occupations and social conditions has today among its white population the lowest tuberculosis death rate recorded for any country in the world. This is a great achievement. It was made possible because the leadership was intelligent and because the population followed the lead and cooperated.

And yet, let us not be deceived. The job is not yet finished. The enemy is still in our midst. It is encouraging to be able to register progress, but

in public health we should always keep the failures in mind and the unsolved problems. They are a constant challenge to us. And in this country we cannot be ambitious enough. We must not compare our figures with those of economically backward countries. We can and must do better than the most advanced foreign nations.

We mentioned our white population as having a particularly low death rate. When we look at our colored fellow citizens—10 per cent of our people—the picture looks different. Their tuberculosis death rate in 1939 was 130 per 100,000, or three and one-half times the rate of white people. In Washington, D. C., the Negro tuberculosis death rate is five to six times that of white residents. In some cities, the ratio is as high as 10 or 11 to 1. The Southern States, and large Northern cities, therefore, still present a serious problem. Several states still have rates of over 70 per 100,000 and in some cities it is even over 100.

The colored people have more tuberculosis, not because they are colored, but because they are poor. Tuberculosis today has to a large extent become a disease of the low-income groups, of the unskilled workers, whether colored or white, of all those people who are not adequately fed, housed and clothed. It has become a social disease, a disease that presents a serious social problem. It is not only a matter of justice to devote particular attention to these groups, but one of common sense.

If anywhere, there must be solidarity in health matters. What good does it do if we succeed in wiping out a disease in the higher-income groups

and breed it at the same time among the people of low income? As long as we keep a reservoir of the disease, it remains with us and is a constant menace to everybody.

There are other groups that show a higher incidence of tuberculosis such as miners and other workers in industries, particularly where there is the hazard of silica dust. Women of child-bearing age and older workers are affected more frequently than others.

These are the chief strongholds of the enemy. This is where we have to get after him. What can and must be done?

Experience has shown that in its early stages tuberculosis can be cured more thoroughly than later. And, by the way, it costs much less to cure an early, than an advance, case. More than this, if a patient is found and treated early, he has no chance of spreading the disease. Our efforts, therefore, must be to find the early cases.

What is the situation today? It is far from satisfactory. Fifty-five per cent of all tuberculosis patients entering sanatoria are far advanced on admission, 32 per cent are moderately advanced and only 13 per cent are in the early stages. The goal must be to reverse this proportion, to find the incipient cases, and once they are found, to treat them without delay. This, however, requires that the states have sufficient beds available for such patients in hospitals and sanatoria. Again, statistics speak an eloquent language. In states that have two or more beds available per tuberculosis death, the average death rate in 1938 was 39.8. In states with one to

beds, the rate was 44.7, and in states with fewer beds than annual deaths, the rate was 61.1. I think this teaches a lesson that everybody should understand.

What shall we do? If we wish to eradicate tuberculosis, to relegate it once and for all to the annals of medical history, we must finish the job that was started so auspiciously in the beginning of our century. It can be done, and experts have estimated that tuberculosis can be made a minor cause of death in a very near future and can be practically wiped out in two generations, provided the Ameri-

can people continue to contribute funds and facilities needed.

The National Tuberculosis Association and its state and local branches have been brilliant leaders, and they will not relax in their efforts until the battle is won, once and for all. It is up to us to support them to the utmost. In contributing to the much-needed funds of the Christmas Seal Campaign, we protect our own families, we contribute to the welfare of the country, and we help in preparing one of man's greatest victories over disease.



* PORTRAIT OF A GOOD AMERICAN

The real strength and security of any nation depends upon the character, the integrity and the intelligence of its citizens.

A Good American is a good citizen.

A Good American believes in freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of religion—exercised with due regard for the rights of others and the good of all.

A Good American believes in fair play—in being a good sport—he does not even stoop to sharp practices nor hypocrisy.

A Good American practices the Golden Rule instead of worshipping the Golden Calf.

A Good American recognizes his responsibility to take a sincere interest in community problems and public affairs; that his own welfare depends finally upon the welfare of others.

A Good American votes—he places his country's welfare ahead of his party—ahead of mere personal attachments. He favors sound principles and the candidate best fitted by character and ability to faithfully seek the greatest good for the greatest number.

America can never be safe from the dangers of hypocrisy and stealth within, nor from propaganda and aggression from without, unless and until we all become "Good Americans."

—Selected.

WHERE THE CLIPPERS WERE BORN

By Russell Owen, in New York Times

Build me straight, O worthy
Master!

Stanch and strong, a goodly ves-
sel,

That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind
wrestle.

Up along the New England coast the chips are flying, there is the sound of saw and adze and axe again, as it was in the old days when the clippers slid off the ways to carry high sail around the Horn. The smell of pine and oak and cedar is again in the air and men with keen faces trim at wood as they did in their youth and their forefathers did before them. For wooden ships are being built again; now they are being built for war.

These are not the long, graceful ships with towering masts and slender spars that made the Yankees masters of the seas but chunky, sturdy little vessels, with heavy sides and stout ribs, that are going out to sweep mines. They are built on old trawler designs; they fish and trawl for mines, for the deadly explosives that wreck ships and may some day wreck these.

They signal the return of an almost forgotten art, for the men of the axe and the adze had long ago put away their tools except for a few who turned out trawlers and graceful fishing schooners and yachts. And there have not been many of these produced in recent years. Then Uncle Sam called for wooden ships and the men flocked in. From the farms and backwoods they came, scores of them,

and when they smelled the salt marshes, their old craft returned to them. And so they are turning out wooden ships again, with careful touch and chip of steel against wood and the swift artistry that once upon a time made New England shipbuilders the greatest in the world.

That day long ago is almost fabulous. The ghosts of men and clippers must hover around the shores where wooden ships lie, smiling at this faint revival. There was a time when wooden ships were built on the East River in New York and at Boston and Newburyport and up along Long Island Sound at towns like Milford and Mystic and other little places that one does not now associate with ship-building. But the heart of the wooden shipbuilding industry used to be, as it is now, Down East.

Those famous ships were things of beauty. Their hulls were clean with a sheer and sweep that made them a delight to the eye. The men who designed them were often those who sailed them, men like Nat Palmer. The old ships were poetry in motion and it is not odd that Donald McKay, perhaps the most famous of the clipper builders, who made the Flying Cloud, played the violin. The masts were tall Oregon pine, powerful and yet slim, and they carried sail like nothing ever built before or since. The tough skippers thought it was a crime to take in anything lower than the royals in a gale.

It is the tradition of making strong ships which is going into the little

mine-sweepers, and even if they have not the beauty of their forebears, they have other qualities that attract the eye. They are about ninety feet long, powered with Diesel engines. They are short and squat and heavy, solid and well made. Their keels are oak, and their garboards too, and their sternposts great square things that bear a burden with only a minor groan in a seaway. They nose into a storm with a roll and a rush of water through the hawsepipes, but they don't take green water over their bows very often and they throw off that which comes aboard with an impatient shake of their sterns.

Many of these little shipyards are coming to life again along the Atlantic, some out on the West Coast, even a few inland. The most interesting of them lie north of Boston. There is a worth-while experiment at Ipswich, where the Robinson yard is turning out composite ships, wood built on to steel ribs, as a few of the old square riggers were built about the Eighteen Seventies. The metal bolt holes are plugged with wood, so that on the outside the ship looks all wood, and there is nothing to reveal the tricky steel interior and steel bulkheads. There the axe and the adze are used, but there is also the rattle of the riveters, the spitting flame of welding arcs. It is a curious combination of the old and the new. The ships are lighter than all-wood ships.

A more typical wooden-ship yard is the Snow Shipyard at Rockland. Here nothing but wood is used. The old yard, in service since 1870, is now owned by Phillip Smith, a lean, gray-haired man, clipped of speech, proud of his craft, who in the Summer sails

a forty-foot sloop that has its own shed next to the ways. The yard is cut from the road by a high iron fence nowadays and a solemn old man scrutinizes visitors before he telephones to Mr. Smith's office to see if they should be let in. One gathers that he disapproves faintly of all this formality.

Inside the fence the whole aroma of a wooden-ship yard stings the nostrils. At first glance one sees the logs and lumber, the ways on which sit two vessels in all their raw nakedness, looking like reconstructed skeletons of dinosaurs. Beyond them is an old schooner being reconditioned. And around and over them swarm men, most of them fairly well along in years—the younger ones are in the machine shop—tapping with their mallets and adzes and chisels. Beyond is the water, with a salt marsh outside. The yard is clean and fresh and fragrant, with some of the forest smells in it. And all the wood comes from within thirty miles. Longfellow told about it:

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;
Timber of chestnut and elm and
oak,
And scattered here and there,
with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar
knees.

The knees are now made of hackmatack, which is another word for the larch, which, Mr. Smith explains, the Romans used to call *larix*. This is the only wood that grows on all the continents of the world. Those curved roots go to make up the knees that carry the strains from the deck to the ship's sides and ribs. They are

strong, those ribs, made of pieces of oak fastened together with wooden pins called "trunnels," although the word is graphically "treenails." No shipbuilder would recognize the obvious pronunciation.

It seems a puny sort of yard after one has gone through one of the big plants where steel ships are turned out, but there is nothing small about what goes on in here. One runs across piles of timber that will be used to cover the ribs. A glance out at the water shows a battleship, one of the newest, going through her test runs. She plows along, throwing up spray, turns in twice her length and spurns the sea again with a long trailing of foam behind her as she pushes off into the bay. **Rockland has always** been the testing ground for battleships.

And then one's glance comes back from that bulk of steel to the wooden ribs and planks. The contrast is such that you wonder why the old man with the striped trousers and high hat is ordering these things. And you learn that wooden minesweepers do not attract magnetic mines and that bulk for bulk they are better than steel for their job. The art which built the Constitution and the Constellation is not yet dead. These small boats do not compare in size with the old frigates but they do their job.

The first thing that you hit is the mill where the pine logs are cut into planks. It smells of clean sawdust. Outside, near where the logs are piled, men are taking the new timbers and stripping the edges with electric cutters and planes. That is something that our forefathers would have envied. An electric cutter, looking like

a flatiron, runs down the jagged edge of a plank and leaves it clean and smooth. An electric plane runs along the sides and leaves them the same way.

But, near by, you see a man with a mallet and chisel cutting out a piece of deadwood in a plank—"Dutchmen," such pieces are called—and putting in a new piece of wood. The plank is not weakened and the rot will not spread.

And then there is the shed where huge pieces of timber are being smoothed to be part of the oaken keel. They are pushed back and forth, great logs that become like satin to the touch as the work goes on and then are put together to make the backbone of the little vessel which will jam her weight into many a storm and depend on that backbone for resilience and strength. When it is done it will be:

The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and
strong. . . .

Lying ready and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the
slip.

The men seem to take pride in their craft; they handle their tools after the manner of men who know that it is the work of their hands which will make this ship a living entity. Down by the ways, where that keel is laid, and where the planks are being riveted to the ribs, one senses the full flavor of their devotion.

There is a long steam box lying beside the hull where the planks are placed and cooked for a time so that they will be soft and yielding. Even though green timber is used—for seasoned pine would crack—it must

be steamed for a time so that it will bend. Then it is taken out and placed against the curved ribs and the ship looks very human with those ribs exposed. The plank is held there and bent into place with big clamps so that the wood gives and is wedded to the rib which will hold it while it smacks the sea.

When it is fitted into place and the long, smooth timber is close to the next one below, it is fastened to the ribs with treenails, those long, tapering bits of wood which make it part of the whole structure. Oddly enough, they are driven into place with a pneumatic hammer—tradition has yielded that much to efficiency—but they are the same sort of round treenails which were hammered into place on the China clippers long, long ago.

And then the old man with the adze comes around. There are bits of the treenails sticking out. Most of the length has been cut off, but there is some left, perhaps an inch, that needs to be trimmed as only men can trim by hand. And he takes his adze and cuts, gently, surely, trims till the end of that wooden bolt is so flush with the surface that the fingers running over it can hardly distinguish a difference in the level. Good workmanship!

As he watches it, Mr. Smith smiles. It is the thing that he has been brought up to love and to keep alive. That is why he bought the old wooden-ship yard years ago. He takes you through the machine shop, where the metal things that will go into the bowels of the ship are being fashioned, and into the shed where the Diesel engines lie in their wrappings and he

lets you look at the grimy and packed interior of the minesweeper where mechanics and electricians are doing their stuff.

But you know that his heart is out in the lumber yard where the axes are at work; with the ship on the ways, where timbers of pine hold it up until the blocks are knocked away and it settles down on its greased slide for its first dip into the water; at her sides where men tap cotton and Indian hemp into the seams and cover it with pitch, as they did long ago; or up where the decks are made into a pliant and strong surface that will withstand a storm.

You come away with the feeling that you have seen something of the spirit that built the country, that made its merchant marine the greatest in the world, that built the fastest ships that ever sailed the seas, and you feel rather good about it. It is clean—clean as the odor of new-hewn pine. Then the thoughts turn to the dangerous errands these ships will sail upon.

Ah! if our souls but poise and swing

Like the compass in its brazen ring,

Ever level and ever true

To the toil and the task we have to do,

We shall sail securely and safely reach

The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach

The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,

Will be those of joy and not of fear!

SALEM'S OLD COFFEE POT

By William A. Blair

One of the most familiar, striking, best known and highly treasured objects of general interest in Winston-Salem, is "the big coffee pot" located at the southwest corner of Main and Belwus Streets. It has become almost a shrine, a possession without price. Everyone from the surrounding country looks at it in passing, and feels that he is part owner. Nearly every citizen looks lovingly toward it each time he passes by, and somehow, seems to have an instinctive and irresistible desire to smile and tip his hat. People from distant states know and talk about it. It is an immense structure, made of extra thick and heavy tin, sixteen feet in circumference at the base, about as high, and now rests some eight feet above the sidewalk on an immense iron post. In 1803, strangely enough, the church boards allowed a market house to be erected on the Salem Square, with a fire engine house at one end. Later the building was enlarged and a second story added, which the Odd Fellows used as a lodge room. About 1856 Mr. Julius Mickey, an amiable fun-loving, energetic brother, was casting about, in view of his approaching marriage, for the most suitable and desirable place on which to erect his residence and a tin shop. After making arrangements, he purchased the old market building, moved it to its present location and in it opened his shop. Down street there was a rival concern and it was reported that sometimes when a customer came in and asked for Mr. Mickey, on one pretext and an-

other, he was induced to do his trading there. When these stories came to Mr. Mickey, it is said he remarked, "So, that's their game! Well, I'll put up a sign that will tell everybody where I am, and where I do business." As a result, the giant coffeepot delighted and surprised an appreciative community and county in 1858. A trap door at the bottom, which has now been replaced, gave ample room for entry to the inside. But why a coffee pot? It was a stroke of a genius! Everybody had one and everybody knew what it was. It was made of tin and the workmanship was perfect. Said to have been the largest ever made, it aroused interest and comment. Soon everybody was talking about it, and Mickey's name was on every tongue and in every newspaper. People came from far and near, climbed inside, and invented stories about it. Besides the camp ground whither all the covered wagons came, was diagonally across the street, and those wagons went everywhere. Each one carried a coffee pot as a necessary and important part of its equipment and every wagoner, everywhere, told about Mickey's big one.

Through the years many accidents happened to the monster vessel. Originally it was mounted on a wooden post so near the street that wagons and teams sometimes ran against it, and at least upon one occasion sent it sprawling across the street. Later on in 1920 a rambling, misguided Ford struck it with such violence that it fell along the sidewalk, bare-

ly missing a woman, who with her child had stopped a moment to speak to someone on Mr. Mickey's porch, next door. There was talk that the town authorities would not allow it to be put back, as there was an ordinance that no advertising signs should be allowed without the official approval and permission of the board. Besides this, it was said that it trespassed on the sidewalk. But public opinion demanded the coffee pot and the board, after much discussion, decided that the great tin vessel was not an advertisement, but a street marker, a landmark and a historic relic and if placed on a solid support, a little further from the street, it might go back. So the great iron post, bedded in cement, was provided by the patriotic Vogler firm that had acquired the property, and it seemed that the sun was shining once again in Winston-Salem.

Naturally many stories have clustered about this remarkable structure. The writer has often been told these five, none of which seem to have any foundation of truth about them. (1) It marks the dividing line between Winston and Salem, which it never was. (2) It was made to furnish coffee to the army of Cornwallis when it marched though here near the close of the Revolutionary war. (3) A Revolutionary spy, closely pressed, climbed up inside and found safety and security. (4) From it the entire Yankee army was refreshed and cheered when it entered the town in 1865. (5) Its great size was necessary to supply coffee for the immense crowds that attended the Easter and Christmas Lovefeasts. But there are innumerable stories that can be verified. Here boys hid from teachers, parents and

officers. It was considered great fun to stand or lie on the inside and make terrific disordant noises, coming apparently from nowhere, which frightened people and caused horses to run away. Often when a pedestrian came to a point directly under the pot, he would be startled by an egg, a stone, a tomato, an acorn, flour, meal or something else that would fall upon his shoulders or upon the sidewalk at his feet. Sometimes a badly frightened negro would speed away as rapidly as his legs would carry him, or a dignified gentleman, or smartly dressed lady would quicken step or gaze heavenward, and in every other direction. To sing through the spout was also a source of amusement, and, upon occasion, traffic was stopped and eyes turned upward in vain to determine whence came the liquid strains. Here was also a safe depository for fruits, melons and other delicacies—how secured the deponent sayeth not—where they could remain during the day, to be taken out at night and transported to the graveyard, where they could be enjoyed at leisure and without fear of discovery, interruption or surprise. A dead blacksnake, let down, as a well known negro approached, seemed to the boys to bring satisfactory results, until they were punished afterward. Upon a later occasion some youngsters decided it would be fun to wake up the town by an explosion that would jar the celestial harmonies and suggest the coming of Judgement day. To that end they constructed a home-made, gun powder bomb, and, probably with no attempt to damage, placed it inside the tin-ribbed walls and touched it off. The noise was all that could be

desired, but the repair bill was a considerable one.

Mr. Mickey and his famous shop have long since gone the way of all the world, but the old coffee pot, now almost accorded citizenship as well as honor, still stands at the long

accustomed place in all its pride and glory. If it could speak, what tales it could unfold! Besides, it would doubtless join with the wise man of Bible days, and with our entire citizenship in insisting that the ancient landmarks must and shall not be removed.



TAKING AND GIVING

It's a beautiful game when you play it right,
They are mistaken who think they can take
And they do not have to give.

We are not here for our own joy's sake,
But that each and that all may live,
Just taking is but a part
Of the infinite game and duty—
For men must give, with a wide, warm heart,
If they wish to inherit beauty.

Ah, he is a failure that dips and takes
And thinks alone of his share;
And has no thought of the many who wait
In the long, gray lines of care;
For never shall taking like that bring joy,
And all shall be dust and smoke
That does not give as it takes, that does
Not lift some burdened one's yoke.

It's a beautiful game when you play it right,
And the square deal makes it sing;
And justice and truth are the only light
For the beggar as well as the king.
The gift of taking is merely a sham,
And we can only take as we give
If we want to be sure of our share of peace
And to live as the wise should live.

—Folger McKinsey.

RECIPE FOR POT LICKER

By Vernie Goodman

I have been distressed no end by the casual and indifferent manner in which many peolpe, some of them born in the South and supposed to have good raising, approach the subject of Pot Licker. To hear them tell it, most any old vegetable dying an unhappy death by wilting in a little hot salt water to which has been added a modicum of butter (or Heaven help us, butter substitute!) is a potential source of Pot Licker. Also of vitamins A-B-C-D-Q etc., without which you are liable to have dandruff, decayed teeth, practically no sex appeal, failing eyesight, cancer of the liver, rickets, fallen arches, and, in the last stages, B. O. and halatosis.

To add to the agony, theré have arisen teachers of domestic science who teach helpless little girl children in our public schools how to drive men-folks to hot dogs and hamburgers when they grow up. Black Aunt Mandy could take one skinny rabbit, get out the old black pot, pick a mess of greens, stir up a cake of cornbread, bake a few sweet 'taters, fish a pound of butter out of the milk-box by the well, and have all the men and boys on the place running after her—with nary a speck of "come-hither" in the way of Dream at Twilight dusting powder or anything in the way of Spicy Pine Woods bath salts, either. Aunt Mandy knew good'n well that, give them time and they'd come home—where there was plenty of grease and gravy; and when no nice woman would any more discuss vitamins in

mixed company than my mama would leave the Doctor Book right out where I could lay hands on it. (By the way, that Doctor Book was a library in itself. You could find out how to cure anything from a sprained ankle with a "slipp'ry ellum poultice," to chicken mites, with sulphur and lard. Which would also cure scabies, If you caught them—or it—at school. I did, of course!)

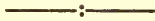
But to resume—let's make Pot Licker. You begin with a nippy morning in the fall, just before the first killing frost. If you have any doubt about the date, you can look up the signs in the Salem Almanac, which will be hanging on a nail right by the fire-place in your father's and mother's combination living-sleeping room, where there will be an open fire burning away under the old clock on the mantelpiece. You get a basket from a nail on the back porch—likely the one your folks carried many a time to All Day Preaching with Dinner on the Grounds. And you fill it plumb full of tender and succulent turnip and mustard 'greens, PICKED, never PULLED, from the green patch at the back of the garden—sowed by the last good sign of the moon. You next wash them carefully, while a fire is heating up the wood range in the kitchen. The next step is to put the old black pot right smack down over the fire, put about a quart of water in it, and add a pice of pinky-white "fatback," cut in half-inch sections down to the rind—but not through. And then you pour boiling water over

the greens, or you can parboil them a little. Either way is guaranteed to destroy some of the insects and all of the vitamin content. Aunt Mandy claimed that a little baking soda added to this would "take the bitter taste outen 'em." Just think of destroying the bitter taste along with the vitamins! My mama washes her beans like that, and my Dutch kin-folks sneak a little piece of onion right down in the bottom of the pot when they cook any sort of vegetable—you never taste the onion, but you do wonder how the taste is sorter yum-yum instead of I-can-if-I-have-to.

Oh, yes, speaking of Pot Licker—when you get the greens in the black pot you add a smidgen of red pepper, a pinch of black pepper, salt to taste, put a lid on the whole, a couple of sticks of wood in the range, and leave it until it simmers down to about a half-pint of liquid in the bottom of the pot. Then you take up the greens, slice a few hard cooked eggs around 'em, grate a bit of fresh horseradish root in the vinegar cruet, and put

them on the table along with cornbread made with eggs and accompanied with butter—a whole pound of it—made in a mold with a sheaf of wheat on top and cut in chunks—by all and sundry as it goes around the table.

And just at this stage, if you were born in Dixie, and if you are either old and feeble and needing special coddling, or if you are young and skinny and getting no better-looking fast, you will get to sample Pot Licker. Likely, it will be brought to the table in a cracked china cup. It will be that last bit of essence left in the bottom of the black pot when the greens are taken up. It will be hot as hot, and you can sip it, inhale it, dunk a piece of cornbread crust in it, gurgle it from a spoon, or take it any way you please. You won't forget it. And if Aunt Mandy had time to bake an apple pie and spoon a dish of honey out of a crock to go along with it, you won't even care who won the war!



SALVATION ARMY IN ICELAND

The American forces have recently occupied Iceland with the consent of the island government, as the act of a friendly neighbor during the difficult time. There is much in Iceland that will be new to Americans—strange language, strange flag, strange food, and strange customs—but there is one group with whom they will feel akin—that is The Salvation Army, which has been working in Iceland for over forty-five years. Today, the Salvation Army work is prospering and is warmly endorsed by the people. The headquarters in Reykjavik are called "Hjalprædisherinn."—War Cry.

CHEROKEE BRAVES QUIT THEIR HOMES TO JOIN U. S. ARMY

By Glen W. Naves, in *Charlotte Observer*

There is no dearth of patriotism on this 63,000-acre reservation, nestled beneath the vast towering Great Smoky ranges, where 3,200 First Americans make their home.

In contrast with imprisonment at Phoenix, Ariz, of five Hopi Indians for failing to register under the Selective Service act is the Cherokee record—none failed to register and of 46 braves now wearing uniforms in Uncle Sam's armed forces, only three were drafted. Sixteen of the 46 were below draft age when they enlisted.

Thus, at various training camps such names appear on regimental rosters as Henderson Climbingbear, Robert Youngdeer, Mark Bigmeat, Robert Saunooke, Ned Wolf, Joseph Rattler, Samuel F. Owl, McAdoo Driver and John Crow, all sons of Cherokee fathers and mothers. While modern schools have resulted in hundreds of little Indian boys and girls bearing such Anglo-Saxon names as John, Robert, James, Alice, Katherine, Anne and others, the age-old Indian family names remain intact.

Strong stalwart and with the rich blood of courageous forefathers coursing through their veins, these Indian soldiers come from the eastern band of the Cherokees, and their example of voluntary service to the Great White Father is among the outstanding lessons in America's democracy. The five Hopis who were sentenced to a year and a day in prison, when

given a last-minute opportunity by Federal Judge Davis W. Ling at Phoenix to change their minds, said they would abide by a prophecy of their religion advising the tribe not to become involved in white men's conflicts. The Cherokee religion contains no such clause.

Intelligent and already well-schooled in discipline, the Cherokees are making excellent soldiers both officers and men in the ranks report.

Ageless and rich, both in fact and mythology, is the history of the Cherokees. Some of them fought in the War Between the States. Many bore arms during the World War. Some were killed in action and wounded. The Cherokee reservation has one of the few 100 per cent Indian American Legion posts in the United States named for Steve Youngdeer, heroic A. E. F. fighter. The fourth of July is celebrated on the reservation along with other patriotic holidays. This year's celebration included native dances, ball games and archery contests. The bow and arrow and the deadly blow-gun together with ancient skill in their use, have not disappeared from the land of the Cherokees. Both are used in hunting and contests of skill.

A drawing card throughout the southeastern states is the great annual Cherokee Indian fair or Harvest festival. The 1942 event is already being planned for early fall.

Scions of a proud and powerful race are the Cherokees, now indus-

triously engaged in profitable pursuits of industry, agriculture, education and handicraft. Formerly, they inhabited the vast Appalachian chain of mountains in east Tennessee, western North Carolina, north Georgia, Kentucky and West Virginia. Many historians in early writings described them as the most humane and intelligent of aborigines in America.

Once, the Cherokee nation was the largest and most learned in art and literature of any tribe in North America, and embraced 25,000 people. Famous in Cherokee annals is Sequoyah, who created the Cherokee alphabet of 76 characters, rated by some educators as third among alphabets, and by which a Cherokee child learned to read as fluently from the ancient Cherokee writings in six months as the average child now does after six years of studying the English alphabet.

Somewhere, some place, far back in the dim reaches of time, the Cherokees separated from the great northern tribe of the Iroquis. How early this split occurred is indicated by the fact that when Herando de Soto and his expedition passed through the Appalachian mountains in 1540 they found the Cherokee nation established in its rugged mountain paradise.

War is not new to the Cherokees, and this is not the first time they have "soldiered" with the "palefaces," not including their service in the Civil and World Wars. On March 27, 1814, at the battle of Horseshoe Bend on more than 500 Cherokee braves, led the Tallapoosa river, in Alabama, by their great chief, Junaluska, aided General Andrew Jackson and his forces in the slaughter of nearly 1,000 Creeks, ending the bloody wars be-

tween settlers and Creeks and gringing much honor to the Cherokees. Chief Junaluska and his wife are buried on a mountain overlooking the town of Robbinsville, N. C., near the Great Smoky Mountains National park.

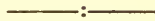
In 1838, most of the Cherokees were removed to Indian Territory in what is now Oklahoma. General Winfield Scott and 5,000 volunteer and regular troops had charge of the enforced mass migration. Many Indians including women and children, died on the long trip. Disorders broke out. One noted brave, Tsali, and two of his sons, were shot. Hundreds escaped into the forests and their descendants mainly form the eastern band of Cherokees.

With nearly 17,000 Indians assembled, the long trek to Oklahoma was made, via Ross' Landing at Chattanooga, Tenn., and Gunter's Landing (now Gunter'sville, Ala.) lower down on the Tennessee river, where they were placed aboard steamers and transported down the Tennessee and Ohio rivers to a point on the Mississippi from where the trip was completed overland. Thirteen thousand remained behind, due to illness and the heat. In October, 1838, traveling in 645 wagons and accompanied by officers and soldiers, they left for Oklahoma Territory. This trip was made via Pikeville, Ky., Nashville, Tenn., and Hopkinsville, Ky., where the famous Chief White Path died; thence across the Ohio river and through southern Illinois, across the Mississippi, and overland, arriving nearly six months later, in March, 1839. Hundreds died on the way from cold and illness.

Back in the southern mountains,

the fugitives lived, their descendants gradually rebuilding and restoring the great Cherokee nation. And today, with no bitterness in their hearts and as loyal, patriotic Americans, these Indians teach from English textbooks in their English Schools, enjoy modern hospital, church, ed-

ucational and agricultural equipment and facilities, and honor the flag. And, as they watch their bronzed, muscular sons march away to defend the American way of life, pride glows within their hearts—for the American way of life is their way of life.



SILENCE IS GOLDEN

Confucius said, "See, hear and speak no evil,
For spoken words you can't recall."
If you have nothing good to say,
'Tis better not to speak at all.

Don't be too quick to criticize
Or scorn your fellowman,
You too may have peculiar traits
That he doesn't understand.

No man can be infallible,
We all are born to sin.
But the average guy will treat you
About as well as you treat him.

By those living in glass houses,
No rocks should be thrown.
Let he who hath no faults
Be first to cast a stone.

Silence, they say, is golden,
A philosophy commendable and true,
If you must speak, say something good
And good will return to you.

—James O'Malley.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our auditorium, which has been undergoing repairs, was cleared of enough scaffolding last Thursday night to make it possible for the boys to enjoy a motion picture show. Having been deprived of this weekly entertainment for about six weeks, it is needless to say that they were eager to have this part of the School's activities resumed. The picture shown was the "Sea Hawk," a Warner Brothers production.

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In order to be ready for the coming of cold weather, and to eliminate as much work as possible during the coming Christmas holiday season, the boys on the barn force have been hauling coal from the railroad siding to the various buildings on the campus for the past few days. A good supply of wood to be used for kindling has also been delivered to the cottages.

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The installation of the ventilating system in the auditorium has been completed. While we shall have to wait for the coming of real warm weather to see just how much of an improvement this will be, from the manner in which the fans and other equipment worked when tested the other day, we believe the auditorium can be made most comfortable even in the hottest kind of weather .

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Everyone is familiar with the expression about people being "dressed up from head to foot." That saying can truthfully be applied to the boys at the School at this time. One day

this week, dressy-looking caps were issued to our entire family of youngsters, and at the same time each boy received a pair of work shoes. In addition to being nice looking shoes, they seem to be of the proper quality to stand rough treatment, such as only a group of boys at work or at play can give. We have been informed that dress shoes for Sunday wear have been ordered and are expected to arrive soon, and will be given out immediately upon arrival.

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Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Lloyd M. Wrenn, formerly a student here, who is now in the United States Army, and is stationed in the Panama Canal Zone. He stated that he had been in the army one year, liked it very much and was getting along fine. This lad was very complimentary in his expressions as to what the time spent at the School had meant to him, adding that the training received here had been a most valuable asset as he tried to adjust himself to regular army life.

Lloyd spent three years and seven months at the School, leaving here September 1, 1934. He was a member of the Cottage No. 7 group and worked on the poultry yard force during most of the time he spent at the institution. Upon leaving us he went to live with relatives in Durham.

We were very glad to hear from Lloyd, and to learn that he is serving his country in a time of need, and his many friends here extend best wishes for a successful career.

A member of the School's staff of workers recently received a letter from Jerome Medlin, one of our old boys, who was allowed to leave the institution, January 3, 1938. He is now in the United States Navy and is stationed at Norfolk, Va. It is interesting to note that this lad joined a National Guard unit and was sent to Fort Jackson, S. C., remaining there until he was released in September, 1940. He then enlisted in the United States Navy, November 14th, and writes that he is highly pleased with the life in that branch of the service.

While at the School, Jerome was a member of the group at Cottage No. 12 and was employed in the library during his stay with us. Shortly after leaving the institution, and returning to his home near Sanford, he became an enrollee in a CCC camp, remaining there until his enlistment in the National Guard.

In his letter, Jerome showed that he is still very much interested in the School and its activities, asking many questions about the various departments, and sending regards to his friends among both boys and officials of the institution. We were glad to hear from him and extend our very best wishes as he takes his place among those serving our country.

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Troy Thompson, twenty-five years old, of Rockingham, one of our old boys, called on friends at the School last Sunday afternoon. As a lad here, Troy was a member of the Cottage No. 2 group. That he made a good record during his stay at the institution is evidenced by the fact that he was employed as night watchman

from May 1, 1933 until he returned to his home, August 27th, of that year.

Returning to Rockingham, he went to work for a construction company, where he was employed several months. He then obtained a position with the Senoco Products Co., a paper manufacturing concern, in Rockingham, and for the past eight years has had steady employment there. He stated that he liked his work very much and was getting along fine.

In conversation with some of the School officials, this young man also proudly announced that he had been married a little more than six years, and had a son, five years old.

Troy seemed very much interested in the growth of the School since 1933, and in order to keep in touch with its activities, he subscribed to The Uplift. He has developed into a young man of very nice appearance, and we were delighted to see him and to learn that he has been getting along so well since leaving the School.

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William Rivenbark, formerly of Cottage No. 6, who left the School in June, 1927, was a visitor here last Wednesday. It will be recalled by many members of the local staff of workers that William was one of the boys who went to the C. M. T. C. camp at Fort Bragg, and after making a good record there during the training period, was allowed to return to his home in Rocky Mount. He secured employment as a machinist's helper in the Atlantic Coast Line railroad shop in that city, where he worked about four years.

On July 18, 1933, William enlisted in the United States Marine Corps and was sent to Parris Island, S. C.,

for a three months' training period. He was then transferred to the naval base at San Diego, California, staying there a few months. The remainder of his period of enlistment was spent in foreign service, during which time he was stationed at the following places: Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands; Manila, Philippine Islands; Shanghai and Hongkong, China; Australia, Puerto Rico, Cuba, and Panama. He received an honorable discharge from the Marine Corps, August 2, 1938.

William then went to Washington, D. C., where he secured employment with the District Playground Department, working there for several months. He then decided to re-enter his country's service, and on October 4, 1939, enlisted in the United States Army, and is now a member of Company C, 60th Infantry, stationed at Fort Bragg. He is now thirty-one years old.

This was William's first visit to the School since he left in 1927, and he was greatly impressed by the many changes and improvements made since that time. He also seemed very glad to have an opportunity to renew acquaintances among members of the staff who knew him as a boy here, saying that it was just like a visit back home.

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Rev. E. B. Edwards, pastor of Rocky Ridge Methodist Church, conducted the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, he and the boys read responsibly one of the selections in the back of the hymnal used here, taken from Hebrews 11; 12:1,2. The subject of his message to the boys was "Following the Trail," and for the

text he selected the words of Jesus, "I am the way, the truth and the light."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Edwards called attention to the game of following the trail, such as is often played by Boy Scouts, explaining briefly how the trail would be marked by various signs by which the hunted persons might be found. The winners of this game can only succeed according to their ability to properly read the signs.

Rev. Mr. Edwards then told the boys that the wanted to speak to them about a different kind of trail. This trail, said he, begins away back yonder at the beginning of human history. Men like Abraham started out, not knowing just where it would lead them. The signs were dim and the trail was hard to follow, because not many people had traveled that way. Along this trail could sometimes be seen the blood stains of those who had died on the way. Moses was one of the early trail blazers. Then followed many prophets, All were trying to follow that trail as best they could, being guided by certain signs. Coming on down through the years, 2,000 years ago, Christian people, by suffering and death, blazed a trail for us. The Apostle Paul, Martin Luther, John Wesley and thousands of others came face to face with all kinds of hardship as they followed this trail, but by their perseverance, we have been given signs to follow which will lead us to eternal happiness.

The main trail for us to follow, said the speaker, is marked by little crosses. They finally lead to a larger cross, upon which man's redemption

was purchased. If we stick to the trail of little crosses, we shall know that we are going in the right direction. Failure to do so will cause us to forever lose sight of the larger cross. The men already mentioned were pioneers on spiritual frontiers. We, too, can be pioneers by starting where those men of olden times left off. It will not be necessary to make a new trail. That has been made for us, and we will save ourselves a lot of trouble if we will follow the one already laid out.

Rev. Mr. Edwards continued by saying that if we follow this trail we must have the same thing those men of old had. It is not enough to simply read and believe that someone has gone on before us and really done something. We must have the same courage and faith that was theirs, and depend upon God to see us safely along the journey. We must stick to the trail. Failure to do this will cause us to become badly lost. We must trust in God and the signs he has given for our direction. Even though we cannot see the way clearly at times, and some other way appears to be easier, we must stick to the one and only trail.

Nothing will give us so much happiness, said the speaker, as to follow the trail which leads to God. There is no higher treasure to be found anywhere. The Christian life is most certainly worth what it costs. The vision we shall get at the end of this trail will amply reward us for the struggles we have gone through. Jesus said, "I am the way," and in this way only can we hope to reach the goal.

Cottage Honor Roll Summary

A summary of the Cottage Honor Roll for twenty-five weeks, beginning June 1, 1941 and ending November 16, 1941, is published below. The boys' names are grouped according to the total number of times they appeared on this roll during that time:

24—Robert Deyton.

23—Jerry Jenkins, Theodore Bowles, Robert Goldsmith, Earl Hildreth, John Baker, Feldman Lane.

22—Wade Aycoth, Carl Barrier, Weaver F. Ruff, Jerome Wiggins, Henry B. Butler, William Nelson, Treley Frankum, John Maples, Glenn McCall.

21—Herschel Allen, John Tolley, Edgar Hedgepeth, Arcemias Hefner, Charles Simpson, Jesse Smith, Audie Farthing, Marvin King, Charles MeCoyle, Charles Steepleton.

20—William O'Brien, Ralph Harris, John Bailey, William Deaton, Roy Mumford, J. C. Willis.

19—Wayne Sluder, David Cunningham, Earl Wolfe, William Butler, John Hamm, Frank Chavis, Cecil Jacobs.

18—Charles Browning, Lloyd Callahan, William Cook, Robert Coleman, Robert Hare, Wesley Beaver, Ernest Overcash, Grady Kelly, Daniel Kilpatrick, Marvin Matheson, Charles Frye, Jack Bright, Eugene Watts, J. R. Whitman, James Roberson, John T. Lowry, Leroy Lowry.

17—Kenneth Tipton, William T. Smith, James Williams, Cecil Ashley, James Hale, Isaac Mahaffey, Horace Williams, Jay Brannock, Roy Womack, Vincent Hawes, William Hard-

ing, William Lane, John Robbins, Jack West.

16—Curtis Moore, William Morgan, Thomas Yates, Hurley Bell, Laney Broome, Ernest Brewer, Eugene Hefner, James Mondie, Daniel McPhail, George Tolson, Charles Gaddy, Edward Carter, James W. Johnson.

15—Fred Stuart, Grover Beaver, Aubrey Fargis, Woodrow Wilson, Robert Dellinger, Elgin Atwood, Robert Hobbs, Vollie McCall, George Green, Carl Justice, Arnold McHone, Ernest Turner, Lloyd Mullis, Lewis B. Sawyer, Jack Warren, Monroe Searcy, Canipe Shoe, William Wilson, Odell Almond, Tillman Lyles, Henry Glover, Varcy Oxendine.

14—Charles Wootton, Donald Hobbs, John H. Averitte, J. B. Hensley, Hercules Rose, Henry Ennis, Raymond Brooks.

13—Edward Moore, Doris Hill, Otis McCall, J. W. McRorie, George Speer, Reitzel Southern, Robert Tidwell, Charles Phillips, Samuel Stewart, Robah Sink, James Brewer, James Lane, Norvell Murphy, James Ledford, Louis Stafford.

12—Charles Tate, Bruce Hawkins, Fred Tolbert, Marvin Lipscomb, Edward Overby, Charles Mills, Robert Davis, Carl Tyndall, Randall D. Peeler.

11—Clarence Bell, Newman Tate, Jack Crofts, Robert Quick, Plummer Boyd, Leo Hamilton, Morris Johnson, Sidney Knighting, Alfred Lamb, John Allison.

10—Everett Case, Henry Barnes, Edward Johnson, Charles Beal, Kenneth Conklin, Gerald Kermon, James Parker, Houston Turner, Donald

Earnhardt, Ervin Wolfe, Frank Workman, Delma Gray, Robert Stephens, Torrence Ware, Joseph Willis, Henry McGraw, Charles Widener, Simon Quick, James Johnson, Alex Shropshire.

9—N. A. Bennett, Carl Hooker, Charles Chapman, Allen Morris, Edward Kinion, Durwood Martin, Kenneth Atwood, Jack Reeves, Durham Smith, Alex Weathers, Eugene Dyson, Mark Jones, Marvin Gautier, John Lee .

8—Leonard Robinson, Raymond Brooks, Bernice Hoke, Ralph Kistler, William Buff, Jack Lemley, Louis Williams, William C. Jordan, Collett Cantor, Peter Harvell, Cecil Bennett, James Davis, Riley Denny, Thomas King, William Furches, Henry Smith, Woodrow Hager, James Puckett, Harry Lewis, Jack Mathis, Charles Metcalf, Rufus Nunn, Paul Roberts, Melvin Roland, Raymond Andrews, Marvin Pennell.

7—William Drye, Weldon Warren, James Bargesser, Jack Cline, Earl Barnes, David Hensley, William Matheson, George Shaver, Quentin Crittenton, John Whitaker, Frank Fargis, Emerson Sawyer, William Wilkerson, Cleasper Beasley, Robert Hampton, E. L. Taylor, Leroy Pate, Homer Head, William Dixon, Thomas Fields, Leonard Dawn, John Reep, Harvey Ledford.

6—Frank May, Porter Holder, Everett Watts, Virgil Lane, Richard Parker, Clarence Wright, Paul Briggs, John Jackson, Monroe Flinchum, Ivey Lunsford, Roy Pruitt, Currie Singletary, Hubert Walker, Dewey Ware, William Harding, Jesse Peavy, Robert Lawrence, Marshall Pace, Hubert

Smith, Roy Barnett, Amon Dryman, Edward Stutts, J. C. Allen, William Bennett, William Broadwell, Brice Thomas, Bayard Aldridge, Ray Smith, Mack Coggins, Troy Gilland, William Barrier, Lawton McDowell, Alton Williams, Redmond Lowry, Thomas Wilson.

5—John Hogsed, William E. Simons, William Blackmon, John Davis, Joseph Howard, Burman Keller, H. C. Pope, Luther Vaughn, Paul Abernathy, Fonzer Pitman, Harley Matthews, William E. Kermon, Charles B. Ziegler, Fred Bostian, John Linville, George Wilhite, Wilbur Russ, Loy Stines, Thomas Britt, Charles Crotts, Jesse Cunningham, Marvin Ballew, John B. Davis, Robert Dunning, Thomas Sands, Howard Noland, Marvin Bradley, Cecil Gray, Fred Jones, Howard Saunders, Otha Dennis, James Deatherage, Aldine Duggins, Ventry Smith, George Duncan, George Gaddy.

4—Lester P. Matthews, Albert Chunn, Frank Walker, James McGlammery, Bennie Austin, Thomas Hooks, William Padrick, Sanders Ingram, Elbert Russ, Carroll Reeves, Homer Bass, Luther H. Coe, Robert Jones, Eugene Puckett, Robert Simpson, John Lipscomb, Leonard Melton, Mack McQuaigue, Columbus Hamilton, Earl Hoyle, Wesley Turner, William Ussery, Carl Ray, Jack Hamilton, Walker Warr, R. L. Hall, James Speer, John Fausnett, William Straughn, Velda Denning, Ralph Fisher, Leroy Childers, Charles Hastings, Charles Sloan, Ray Bayne, Paul Morris, Floyd Puckett, Calvin Tessneer, Bennie Wilhelm, Roy Helms.

3—Eugene Edwards, Jack Sutherland, Peter Tuttle, Richard Patton, James Blake, Charles Rhodes, Eugene Cline, Winley Jones, Hugh Kennedy, Jack Grant, Jesse Williamson, Robert Jarvis, James C. Wiggins, Edward Batten, Eugene Ballew, Martin Crump, Elmer Godley, James Quick, Percy Capps, Jack Evans, Jack Hainey, Walter Sexton, Everett Morris, Broadus Moore, John Ray, Daniel Watson, Henry Wilkes, Marvin Howard, Jordan McIver, Jennings Britt, Robert Chamberlain, Paul Deal, Horace Deese, Brown Stanley, J. P. Sutton, William Whittington, David Williams, James E. Hall, Lester Lochlear.

2—A. B. Hoyle, Joseph Christine, John Crumpler, John D. Davis, Joseph Farlow, William Painter, George Newman, B. J. Smith, Oakley Walker, William Gentry, Charles Hayes, J. B. Howell, Eldred Watts, James H. Burr, Charles Pitman, Paul Childers, John M. Mazoo, Reid Beheeler, Jack Crawford, Samuel Kirksey, Grover Revels, Kenneth Brooks, Claude McConnell, Leonard Jacobs, John Gibson, Claude Moose, George Warren.

1—Hiram Atkinson, Richard Kye, J. H. Peek, Robert Ragan, Thomas Barnes, Lacy Burleson, James Pitman, Jack Ray, Herbert Branch, Melvin Stines, James C. Stone, Joseph Smith, Charles Smith, William Williams, Dewey Lanning, William Cherry, Glenn Drum, Charles Gaddy, John Gardner, Jesse King, Hoyle Pitman, Joseph Dew, Richard Halker, Hilton Hornsby, Raymond Hughes, Edward Loffin, John Frank, Sidney Hackney, Spencer Lane, Ronald Washam, Eugene White, Gerald Amos, James Con-

nell, Robert Hamm, Joseph Kincaid, Fred Jenkins, Clarence Medlin, Wade
Floyd Williams, Harold Bryson, James Medlin, Ennis Miller, Donald Sides,
Tyndall, B. J. Mayberry, Robert Cau- E. Lee Jacobs.
dle, James Ferguson, John Howard,

THE REFUGEE

Let me live in a land that's safe and free
Where men are real men—not traitors—
America land, where you and me
Can live with peace lovers—not haters.

Let me go to a place where I can find rest
And lie down to a peaceful sleep
With never a plane, barking with zest,
That might mark my grave in the deep.

Let me hie to a room where I can pray
In comfort and freedom and thought
Make supplication in my own way
Where not to be hounded and sought.

As I sail up the harbor I can see
The bright shining torch held aloft
In Liberty's hand beckoning me
And other crushed men on near craft.

Where is there a land so dear on all earth
Such a welcome as this could give?
Where is there a light near any man's hearth
Such a guide that mankind might live?

O! God keep America safe, secure
From foreign ism's crafty lure;
"God Bless America" home sweet home—
This be my prayer 'cross the wide foam.

—Sarah F. John.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 7, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Hiram Atkinson
Herschel Allen
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Richard Kve
Paul Matthews
Edward Moore
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff
Robert Ragan
Fred Stewart
Edgar Simmons
Charles Wootton

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser
N. A. Bennett
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
Everett Case
William Cook
Ralph Harris
Doris Hill
Carl Hooker
Joseph Howard
Kenneth Tipton

COTTAGE NO. 2

Richard Parker
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

Robert Coleman
Jack Crotts
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Otis McCall
William Painter
William T. Smith
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4

Plummer Boyd
Donald Hobbs
Morris Johnson
William Morgan
Eugene Puckett

Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Robert Dellinger
John Lipscomb
Ivey Lunsford
Allen Morris
Fred Tolbert

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
Edward Kinion
Marvin Lipscomb
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Reitzel Southern
Emerson Sawyer
Wesley Turner
Houston Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
John H. Averitte
Edward Batten
Henry B. Butler
Vernon Harding
Fred Holland
Carl Justice
Arnold McHone
John M. Mazoo
Edward Overby
Ervin Wolfe
Frank Williams

COTTAGE NO. 8

Samuel Kirksey

COTTAGE NO. 9

David Cunningham
Grady Kelly
Alfred Lamb
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
Hubert Smith
Lewis B. Sawyer
Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

Wayne Allen
 Amon Dryman
 Marvin Gautier
 Jack Harward
 Joseph Kincaid
 Clifford Lowman
 Charles Phillips
 Robert Stephenson
 Jack Warren
 Joseph Willis
 Floyd Williams

COTTAGE NO. 11

John Allison
 Bert Barnhardt
 Ralph Fisher
 Charles Frye
 Robert Goldsmith
 Earl Hildreth
 A. B. Hoyle
 T. B. Nowell
 Samuel **Stewart**

COTTAGE NO. 12

Ernest Brewer
 Jack Bright
 William Deaton
 Treley Frankum
 Eugene Hefner
 Tillman Lyles
 Daniel McPhail
 James Mondie
 Simon Quick
 Jesse Smith
 Charles Simpson
 George Tolson
 Eugene Watts
 J. R. Whitman
 Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
 Thomas Fields
 Vincent Hawes
 James Johnson

Rufus Nunn
 Fred Rhodes
 Paul Roberts
 Alex Shropshire
 Charles Sloan

COTTAGE NO. 14

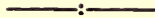
John Baker
 William Butler
 Robert Caudle
 Walter Carver
 Robert Deyton
 Henry Ennis
 Audie Farthing
 John Ferguson
 Henry Glover
 John Hamm
 William Harding
 Marvin King
 Feldman Lane
 Roy Mumford
 John Maples
 Charles McCoy
 Glenn McCall
 James Roberson
 John Robbins
 Charles Steepleton
 J. C. Willis

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Deatherage
 Horace Deese
 James Ledford

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
 George Gaddy
 Edward Hall
 Cecir Jacobs
 Ernest L. Jacobs
 James Johnson
 John T. Lowry
 Lester Lochlear
 Varcie Oxendine
 Louis Stafford



Sad is the day for any man when he becomes absolutely satisfied with the life he is living, the thoughts he is thinking, and the deeds that he is doing; when there ceases to be forever beating at the doors of his soul a desire to do something larger which he feels and knows he was meant and intended to do.

—Phillips Brooks.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXIX

CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 20, 1941

No. 51



AT CHRISTMAS

Hang the wreaths of pine and holly,
Cedar boughs and mistletoe;
Decorate the house with candles,
Set the place with light aglow;
Send love thoughts around the earth,
Honoring the Christ-child's birth.

Sing with joy the wondrous anthem,
"Peace on earth, good will to men";
Spread the message, "Jesus liveth,"
Shout it o'er and o'er again;
Christ the King of men has come,
Keep His spirit in the home.

—A. W. Norton.



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

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published 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.

CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor

MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor



THE SONG OF THE ANGELS



Through the silvery splendor of the skies
On the listening ear of night it fell;
And the stars looked down with tranquil eyes
As the gates unrolled of Paradise,
And the angels sang their first Noel,
When the glory of God and the peace of earth
Together were linked by the Christ Child's birth.

It came on the shepherds unaware,
Across the infinite silent calm;
And the words they sang were so rich and rare
They linger still on the tranced air—
The words divine of that midnight psalm.
The singers ceased, but the heavenly strain
Has never passed from the earth again!

And the spell of that grand celestial song
Is stealing over the world's unrest,
And moves with the cycling years along
Through every land and every tongue:
While into the hushed and tranquil breast—
From the far-away hills of Palestine,
And the far-away years, flows the song divine.

And dowered with immortality
It comes from where the undying dwell:
Born within sight of the crystal sea,
It chimes with the chimes of eternity:
And there never can be a last Noel,
For that song immortal, to mortals given,
Only ends on earth to begin in heaven.

—Edwin Botham.

THE GREATEST MIRACLE



Many years ago a baby was born. Just a little baby with tiny hands and feet. In a few days it opened its eyes and its eyes were like that of all other children and it grew up like even our own children grow and no one but its mother knew its meaning.

It did not go to school for there were no schools then. It never read a newspaper nor a printed book. The Child became a man and never traveled a hundred miles from his birthplace. He had not home or wife or child and died a felon's death. And yet, his life was the greatest miracle that ever happened on earth.

Kingdoms and empires pass away. Potentates and priests die and are forgotten. Armies gather and the earth trembles as they march to and fro and then dissolve forever. This man's mortal life was ended in a few short years and yet he is still living here among us. Living in the hearts of men and women and little children, living in the mansions of the rich and in the humble huts of the poor, living in the mountains and in the swamps, living even in the hearts of those who stand in battle lines armed with weapons of destruction.

A mountain is a miracle, and ocean is a miracle, and a shining star and an evening sunset. But the greatest miracle of all is the life of the Babe of Bethlehem, the one altogether lovely, the great Shepherd, the Rose of Sharon, the Blessed Redeemer and the Friend of All Mankind.—J. R. McCrary.

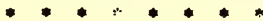
* * * * *

PROPER CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

It is beyond the understanding of people of even mediocre intelligence that youngsters be given funds with which to purchase fireworks to be used to celebrate the birth of Christ, the Prince of Peace, especially so during this era of confused conditions, when appeals from every source are made to build up our national defense by buying United States Bonds or Saving Stamps. It is true that up to date the deafening noise of fire-crackers have not been so much in evidence as at previous Yuletide celebrations. The curtailment of such nerve-racking noises is a happy miss, and reveals a

story of two-fold significance—that the masses are generally awakened to the needs of the national emergencies and to a finer appreciation of all for which Christmas stands. The firing of explosives should be tabooed by society in all classes, especially so when the whole world is battling with bombs. It is the irony of fate that the hideous menace of war should absorb the attention of people when there should prevail in the hearts of mankind a universal love for our fellowmen.

The first Christmas, over two thousand years ago, as related in the Scriptures, is brief but most impressive. On the hills of Judea in the still hours of the night, while shepherds were watching their flocks, the angels appeared, singing, "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth good will to men." What a beautiful picture! The three wise men of the East, seeing the Star of Bethlehem, knowing the significance of its brilliance, brought costly gifts for the newborn child, a gift of God, the hope of salvation. They placed them around the manger, the crib in which the Christ child was placed after being wrapped in swaddling clothes. It is a pity that the whole world, now engaged in ruthless warfare, does not feel that the message heralded by the angels when the Holy Babe was born, means that there should be peace on earth and good will toward men at all times. His birthday should not be celebrated simply as another holiday, or as a day of joyous festivities, but one of adoration for the greatest of all gifts ever recorded in the history of the human race.



THE EVERGREENS

There are no trees in the forest that present more beautiful pictures of freshness, symmetry and towering strength than some of the evergreens. They are beautiful throughout the entire year. Defying the bleakest winter, they neither freeze or lose one bit of their crispy green coloring. For these two reasons, beauty and perpetual life, they are chosen at Christmas time for decorations in churches and homes. A Christmas tree in the open, with its branches covered with snow, ablaze with electric lights, showing tips of green beneath the soft snow is truly a thing of beauty and a symbol of eternal life in spite of the ever changing seasons.

Evergreens are legion in this section of the country, therefore, have never been conserved nor protected from those who ruthlessly

destroy them for commercial purposes, or for no reason at all. The supply of cedars seems inexhaustible, but the holly is scarce. The cedar doubtless re-seeds itself quickly and grows faster than the holly, but that does not mean the supply cannot be exhausted if the promiscuous cutting continues, with no effort made toward replacement. The scarcity of holly trees has been caused by people failing to understand that it requires almost a lifetime to grow one.

Each year the public is becoming better informed as to the value of trees and greater care and protection is being given to the forests containing all kinds of trees. There have been fewer evergreens on the market this year than at any previous Christmas season we can recall, indicating that the masses are becoming more tree-conscious.

* * * * *

Carefully selected books are the best and most desirable Christmas gifts for both young and old. They need not be, necessarily, new books, and perhaps should not be unless the donor be able to properly estimate the value of books, because so many new, untried volumes are strikingly inferior in quality. Horace Mann said: "The house without books is like a room without windows, No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is wrong to his family. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading and, in a young mind, is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices."

* * * * *

LIBERTY'S BIRTHDAY

The 150th birthday of the American type of freedom was celebrated throughout our country on December 15—the anniversary of the day on which our Bill of Rights became part of the constitution.

During these days when all freedom is threatened, it is particularly fitting that the citizens of our country have this opportunity to commemorate an important birthday of Liberty—to reflect on the history of what generations before us have done to keep freedom alive in this nation.

The day of December 15 signalizes the ratification of the Bill of Rights by the state of Virginia. Virginia's assent, in 1791, meant

that three-fourths of the states had ratified the Bill and it thus legally was added to the constitution.

This part of the constitution includes our guarantee of freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, protection of individual's property, trial by jury—the things which all loyal Americans have since defended at all cost.

On this anniversary, communities throughout our country held celebrations in honor of the event. The President addressed the nation, defense organizations held special ceremonies and schools took advantage of the opportunity to instill the spirit of freedom in the younger generation.

With 150 years behind it, the Bill of Rights to most of us is no longer just a law—it is ingrained in our philosophy and expressed in all our actions. We take it for granted because we always have had freedom, but we don't have any illusions about what our lives would be like if these freedoms suddenly were snatched away. We've watched freedom die in Poland, in France, in Russia and in Germany—and we will never permit any foreign nation, or any group in our country, to harm this sacred provision of our constitution upon which our way of life is founded.—Mecklenburg Times.

* * * * *

PATRIOTISM AND SINGING

During times of a national crisis more thought and attention is given to the question of patriotism than at any other time. Singing of patriotic songs is one form of expression during such times. The singing of the national anthem—The Star Spangled Banner—is and should be sung more often than any other song. It is perhaps more meaningful than at any other time, and should be sung in both public and private groups by both children and grown-ups. It is not enough simply to listen to others sing this particular song. All should join in with spirit and appreciation when this song is announced for the patriotic cooperation of all. If you do not know the words, learn them. Learn under what circumstances they were written. And let the singing of our anthem help build up our own morale and the morale of those engaged in the defense activities of our nation. As the flag is a symbol of our national unity, just so can the singing of the national anthem be an expression of the strength of that unity.—N. C. Public School Bulletin.

THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

Christmas again! With its peace, and good will, and wonder! How our friendships multiply and increase in value as the Day of Days draws near! How the touch of human hands thrills us, and the look in human eyes charms us. We are not ashamed to be good, to be kind, to be loving. It is impossible to obliterate from the minds of our boys that Christmas is in the offing, therefore, they are looking forward to this anniversary—the most outstanding date in all history, celebrating the birth of the living Christ—with the hope that their friends, far and near, will not permit this Christmas to be a gloomy one. The friends of the neglected boys of this institution are legion. They have never failed to make possible a happy Christmas. There have always been generous contributions to the fund that brings cheer to the hearts of the lads at the Jackson Training School, and we feel sure our fine friends will prove as generous this year as they have in the past. It is a pleasure to announce the contributions to date, as follows:

Mr .and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord,.....	\$ 10.00
"7-8-8," Concord,.....	25.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,.....	25.00
Rowan County Charity Organization, Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt.,....	5.00
Forsyth County Welfare Department, A. W. Cline, Supt.....	7.50
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,.....	50.00
E. B. Grady, Concord,.....	5.00
New Hanover County Commissioners, Wilmington,.....	10.00
A Friend, Greenville, S. C.,.....	5.00
Halifax County Welfare Dept., J. B. Hall, Supt., Halifax,.....	5.00
The Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Fund,.....	218.73
Davidson County Welfare Dept., E. Clyde Hunt, Supt., Lexington,..	5.00
Mrs. James D. Heilig, Salisbury,.....	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,.....	10.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,.....	5.00
Mrs. Laura L. Ross, Concord,.....	5.00
Miss Lena M. Leslie, Concord,.....	5.00
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt., Durham,....	10.00
Guilford County Welfare Department, Mrs. Blanche Carr Sterne, Supt., Greensboro,	1.50
Anson County Welfare Department, Miss Mary Robinson, Supt., Wadesboro,.....	3.00

THE COMING OF THE KING

By Rev. W. Robert Miller

Darkness had descended on the plains and hills of Palestine, the darkness of wars and the tumult of wars thundering in the distance. The shadow of the oppression of Rome bowed the hearts of those who remembered the history of a prouder Israel, but the last King was long since dust, the last battle standard long a trophy in a conqueror's hall. Darkness had swallowed up the spirit of life in the people who called themselves "The Chosen of God." The last of their mightier prophets had perished beneath the persecution of past generations. No leaders had come to blaze the skies with the flame of God's revelation. The harps of rejoicing had been hung on the willows long ago, and the voices raised in praise were silent now. The decree of the Roman had sounded through the land that new taxes were to be levied; that all must register in their home towns for this new burden to grind them lower still. Slowly and silently the people packed a few poor goods on their backs or laid them on meagre beasts of burden, and set out from valley and hillside, from town and village, back home. But somewhere, perhaps in the Temple, where one had sought for comfort in the Scrolls of Prophecy, came a question and an answer from Isaiah, with clear voices singing:

Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are:
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's
height,

See that glory-beaming star;
Watchman, doth its beauteous ray
Aught of joy or hope foretell?
Trav'ler, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends:
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course por-
tends.

Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them
birth?

Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'rings
cease;

Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Trav'ler, lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come.

From Nazareth, deep in the hills of Galilee, came Joseph the carpenter and his bride of less than a year, Mary, to be enrolled. The way had been long and especially hard, for Mary's time was almost come. Joseph had been very gentle and very kind. How carefully he had led the little beast of burden on which she rode, guiding it surely around the steep mountain trails, bracing it with his body in the turbulent fords of the streams. Weary mile followed weary mile and day bade farewell to day until at last, skirting the crowds and

confusion of Jerusalem, the travelers came to their journey's end.

Evening was descending over the Judean hills as Mary and Joseph approached his ancestral home, the little town of Bethlehem. Far off gleamed its few lights, faintly. By the time they reached the scanty cluster of houses night had followed them home. Clear stars shone brilliantly in the deep sky. The hills bulked dark against their pattern.

Joseph accosted a belated passer-by: "Where is the inn?" he asked. "There it is," replied the stranger, pointing out a low structure with lamp-warmed windows, "but you'll be finding no lodgment there. It's full. People from afar have come for the taxing, you know." "Yes," said Joseph quietly, "I know. We, too, have come from far."

Hoping against hope, he knocked on the door. A burst of boisterous merriment from the crowd within greeted the travelers as the landlord opened to his knock. "Any room?" asked Joseph. "We have come long roads, from Galilee." "No room," said the rough voice of the innkeeper, "but—" jerking a thumb to the dim shadows of the inn yard, "you can use the stable, if you want." Coarse laughter boomed out at the rough jest from those assembled in the inn who heard the landlord's voice.

Joseph turned sadly away. With the long hard days, he thought, Mary is weak almost to fainting; and now—no room in the inn! Mary took the news quietly, but her face glowed paler in the dark. "Don't worry, Joseph," she said, "it's all right. But I fear . . . I fear . . ." her voice trailed off in a sigh. Joseph assisted her

from the saddle and bore her tenderly to a corner of the stable. On a mound of hay he laid her gently down. In the midst of poverty and weariness and cold and pain, there sounded the cry of the birth of the Light of the World in the stable corner, in the little town of Bethlehem.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless
sleep,
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light:
The hopes and fears of all the
years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels
keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy Birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive
Him still
The dear Christ enters in.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;

O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

Afterward, long afterward, Mary wrapped up her Little One with exquisite care, and laid Him in the manger of the empty stall which was their room. And a great sense of peace and blessing enfolded the three there. Joseph looked with awe and wonder at the tiny form of the little Lord of Whom the angel had told him months ago. Mary, beautiful in the glory of motherhood and her love of the Gift of God to the world through her, sat entranced, lost in the mystery of it all. And in the shadows, unseen but present, hovered the angels of God, guarding the Christ-child there.

Away in a manger, no crib for
His bed,

The little Lord Jesus laid down
His sweet head;

The stars in the sky looked down
where He lay,—

The little Lord Jesus, asleep on
the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the poor
Baby wakes,

But little Lord Jesus no crying
He makes.

I love Thee, Lord Jesus, look down
from the sky,

And stay by my cradle to watch
lullaby.

Outside the little town shepherds were watching their flocks under the windows of heaven. Vigilant and alert, they kept guard as David long ago had watched his flocks on those same hills of Bethlehem. The flames of their fire died, then leaped again as more wood was laid on it. And they

chatted there of the things men have always pondered by the campfire, under the stars. Hopes and dreams and stories of the past glowed among the embers, and perhaps they talked of the coming of the great King, Who was to set the people free. The holy prophets had told of His coming in the day long dead, but He hadn't come. But those with simple faith still held in their hearts Isaiah's words, "For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom."

Lost in the longing for brave days to come again to Israel, the shepherds were aroused by a mighty voice and a shining light about them. Startled and confused, they realized the Divine Presence, and fell to the ground. The Messenger of God had come while shepherds watched their flocks by night.

While Shepherds watched their
flocks by night,

All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he,—for mighty
dread

Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

"To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, Who is Christ, the
Lord,

And this shall be the sign:—
 The heavenly Babe you there shall
 find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing
 bands,
 And in a manger laid”

Thus spake the seraph, and forth-
 with

Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who
 thus

Addressed their joyful song:—
 “All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good-will henceforth from heaven
 to men
 Begin, and never cease!”

It was midnight when the angel came to the Judean hills, but when the singing host had gone, the shepherds, aflame with the message from God, said to one another, “Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.” As they ran down the rough way into the town, the words of the angel burned in their minds, “Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.” Had He really come? Was this indeed the promised King of Israel? Was this the day of the Lord? And the shining majesty of the Messenger of the Highest, of the music of the angel choir, lingered with them as they ran through the town and searched from stable to stable for the promised vision.

At last they came to the inn yard and saw a faint light glowing from the stable there. They ran to the door

and gazed: could it be true? Just as the angel had promised, a tiny infant, wrapped in little garments, was lying in the manger of the corner stall. Gazing fondly at it were a sturdy, sunburnt hillman and a young woman. They turned as the shepherds hesitantly approached. One asked of Joseph, “Is this indeed Christ the Lord? Angels appeared to us on the hills this night and said we would find Him here, a little Child, lying in a manger. Is this really the Lord God?”

“Yes,” said Joseph, “this is He, born the Saviour of Israel.” And in holy awe the shepherds fell on their knees before the infant Lord and gave thanks to God for this blessing of a Saviour to the world.

Rough and poor as they were, they must offer a gift to the King, as all who come before a king must do. A lad was sent back for a lamb, and the first tribute of mankind was laid before the Lamb of God, Who was to take away the sins of the world. Perhaps it was the bleating of their flock on the hills above the town that roused them from their contemplation of the little Lord. Slowly and in reverence they withdrew and went to their work, but as they went they spread the glad tidings of the coming of the King to Bethlehem, promised by the prophet across the darkness of captured years. Their glad message of God’s gift to men spread like fire on sun-parched slopes. It was the first Christmas story, it was the first Noel.

The first Noel the angel did say
 Was to certain poor shepherds in
 fields as they lay;
 In fields where they lay keeping
 their sheep,

In a cold winter's night that was
so deep.

Refrain:

Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, Born is
the King of Israel.

They looked up and saw a star
Shining in the east, beyond them
far,
And to the earth it gave great
light,
And so it continued both day and
night.

And by the light of that same
star.

Three wise men came from coun-
try far;
To seek for a king was their in-
tent,
And to follow the star wherever
it went.

This star drew nigh to the north-
west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and
stay,
Right over the place where Jesus
lay.

Then entered in those wise men
three,

Fall reverently upon the knee,
And offered there, in His pres-
ence,
Their gold, and myrrh, and frank-
incense.

South of Jerusalem three racing
camels were rolling swiftly along,
urged to greater efforts by the knot-
ted whips in the hands of their riders.
Almost overhead a diamond star rode
the highway of the heavens, and the
richly clad but travel-weary men

seemed strangely to be steering their
course by its flame. They had halted
briefly in the Holy City for a con-
ference with Herod the King, and
had stirred all Jerusalem with the
news of their guidance by the star,
which, they affirmed, was leading them
to the place where the King of the
Jews was to be born. "Where is the
birthplace of the new King?" they
asked. The Temple scrolls were
brought and searched. "Bethlehem,"
answered the scribes. "Go find Him
that I, too, may worship," said crafty
Herod. And the Magi, the philosopher-
scientist-leaders of the religion of the
South, bearing gifts for the new
Ruler, were finally nearing their long
journey's end. The hills of Bethlehem
loomed darkly before them, and at
last they entered the main street be-
tween the straggling rows of houses.
The weary camels swayed and groan-
ed. One man pounded on the inn door
with the handle of his whip. "Open,"
he cried. The bleary-eyed landlord
unbolted the door and peered out.
Seeing the kingly figures of the Magi,
he bowed awkwardly and bade them
enter. "No time for that," crisped the
leader, "where is the new-born King
of the Jews? He is in Bethlehem. Is
He here?"

The innkeeper looked dazed. "The
King of the Jews?" he mumbled
"There is no King here . . . but out in
the stable last night a woman who
came with her husband for the taxing
had a son. But no King is He. They
are simple hill-folk from Galilee."

"Where is this babe?" came in curt
tones from the leader of the three. The
landlord could only point, and he
seemed to shrink at the Magi's gaze.
Slowly he was beginning to see how

much he had mistaken the value of the people whom he had scoffingly directed away from his door to the stable.

The visitors turning and leading their mounts came to the stable door and made the camels kneel. The glow of the little lamp in the corner stall showed the figures of a man and woman sleeping, and the form of a little baby lying in the manger. These were simple folk indeed, and poor, but an inner conviction drove the leader on. He touched the man on the shoulder, and the sleeper awoke with a start, shrinking back as he saw the three tall forms before him. "Fear not," said he who led, "we three kings of Orient are."

We three kings of Orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
Field and fountain, moor and
mountain,
Following yonder star.

Refrain:

O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceed-
ing,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's
plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again.
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising, all men
raising,
Worship Him, God on high.

Myrrh is mine; its bitter per-
fume

Breathes a life of gathering
gloom:

Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dy-
ing,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King, and God, and Sacrifice;
Alleluia, alleluia!
Earth to heaven replies.

And so the shepherds from the hills brought their humble adoration and their gift of the best of the flock to the new-born King on that holy night in Bethlehem. And kings from afar laid their treasure and their love before His manger-throne. So let us lay our hearts before Him this night in full surrender of all we have and all we are to Him. And let us go forth from this house of God to spread anew the glad tidings of the coming of the Saviour into our hearts. "And of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end" in our lives, if we come with humbleness of spirit even unto Bethlehem and enthrone Him King of our souls forevermore.

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly ymanger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee Whom heaven and earth
adore;
So may we, with willing feet,
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;

So may we, with holy joy,
 Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
 All our costliest treasures bring,
 Christ, to Thee, our heavenly
 King.

Holy Jesus! every day
 Keep us in the narrow way;
 And when earthly things are
 past,
 Bring our ransomed souls at last

Where they need no star to guide,
 Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright
 Need they no created light;
 Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
 Thou its Sun which goes not
 down;
 There for ever may we sing
 Hallelujahs to our King.

—:—

Christians, awake, salute the happy morn.
 Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
 Rise to adore the mystery of love,
 Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
 With them the joyful tidings first begun
 Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

—John Byron.

—:—

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION LASTS MONTH IN MEXICO

(Selected)

Christmas in Mexico is an exotic blend of Indian, Spanish, and Western joy-making that converts the entire month of December into holiday time. It is a Noel of sun and bougainvillea, of Spanish posadas, India dances, under the vaulted domes of Colonial churches, the Northern Christmas tree, rodeos, bull-fights, and balls.

The posada is the unique contribution of colonial Spain to Mexico, a gay and colorful ritual which every visitor will find an opportunity to attend. Almost every Mexican family holds a posada some time in December. Friends and relatives gather in the house patio, decorated with streamers and the olla, the central

feature of the occasion. The olla is a huge earthenware pot decorated with colored paper or cleverly modeled with papier mache into grotesque forms. Some posadas have two ollas, one for the children and the other for the grown-ups.

After the Latin chant and carols at the household shrine, and the procession around the patio symbolizing the journey of the Wise Men to the stable on the birth of the Christ Child, the guests are ready for the breaking of the olla. Each guest, in turn, is blindfolded, turned to confuse him, and given a stick. He steps out, trying to find and break the earthen pot, which is manipulated on

the rope to confuse him further.

Firecrackers go off under his feet, and the shouts of the spectators giving wrong directions make him strike out blindly, sometimes to end up in the streets, to the delight of the neighbors. At last, the groping of some lucky one breaks the olla, and there is a mad scramble for the candies, nuts, fruits, and good-luck pieces that shower down. The evening ends in dances and general merry-making that are carried on far into the night.

In the churches, the symbolic rituals are combined with dances in which the ancient traditions of the Indians have their place. You see the bronzed descendants of Aztecs, Otomies, Toltecs, worshipping the Christ Child with chant and drum and pageant. You see them dressed in silks and laces, like Spanish cavaliers and ladies, dancing and singing in the old churches in community ceremonies that are a strange mixture of pagan and Catholic. You see brilliant pageants enacted before the

doors of the church, and thrill to rhythms that were old before the Spaniards came to Mexico.

From all over Mexico, pilgrims come, on foot, on horseback, and by every known vehicle, to the famous shrines, like the one at Chalma, high in the mountains, where Indian and Spanish elements are so closely mingled in ritual that you cannot tell where one begins and the other ends.

Americans and Europeans have brought Santa Claus to Mexico. Many of Posada includes a Christmas tree strewn with toys and goodies. Many a Mexican and foreign resident celebrate not one but three, attend the round of rodeos, bull-fights and balls that mark the month, and end with an American style New Year's celebration at night clubs, hotels, or house parties.

One month seems too short to hold all the gaiety of the Mexican Christmas, and often the festivities continue well into the beginning of the New Year.

—:—

Bursting bombs and shrieks of pain,
Speed and glitter and cellophane
Cover the earth—can angels sing
Above such din—will the old refrain
Of "Peace, Good Will", sound clear again?

O, yes! no uproar made by men
Can silence the song from Bethlehem!
Softly, and pure as a mother's tears
It falls on our hearts through all the years.

Together we sing the old refrain,
With peace in our hearts we kneel to Him,
And we burn a candle for each good friend
We've met on our way to Bethlehem.

—Vernie Goodman.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

By George M. Hill

Conductor Jim Weldon sat at his desk in the caboose as number 377 rolled rapidly southward. His report work completed, his feet elevated to one of the lockers, cap visor pulled low over his eyes, his old black pipe throwing smoke almost equal to the big freight hauler at the head end of the drag, he had dropped into a sort of reverie, for Jim was given to deep thought and long periods of silence. That was largely due to an unpleasant chapter in his past life that was hard to forget.

With the approach of the holiday season Jim always become particularly melancholy and silent. And it was late afternoon of the day before Christmas, and soon Christmas Eve—that sacred time when so many hope for the wanderer's return, and kindred seeks out its own—would cast its holy and entrancing charm o'er the world.

From the cupola came the merry songs of Jerry Hurlye, the rear brakeman. Jerry was a jolly soul of Scotch-Irish descent, and a good workman. With 377 on good time with the best prospects of registering in early in the evening, he was looking forward to a glorious celebration of the holiday season.

Jim wished he could generate as much enthusiasm as the rollicking Jerry, but that was impossible for this was the anniversary of his trouble. The incidents and experiences of a Christmas Eve twelve years before had caused him much sadness and wrought a great change in his life.

He had been in a different branch of the service then. But after his trouble he decided to make a change, so he resigned his position and drifted far away and entered the employ of another road as freight brakeman. His advancement here was rapid and he was soon promoted to conductor, and rather liking the excitement of the life, and also he made good money, so had remained there.

During the past twelve years he had taken no part in the holiday festivities; the natal time of the lowly Nazarene had passed unobserved by him. Tonight, as the train sped along over the snow-clad landscape, he experienced a change of feeling. He could not define it, yet felt it keenly. He began to wonder if he had been entirely right in so doing. He had never entertained feelings of bitterness at this time, just a sadness and a desire to keep to himself. The thought made him uneasy in his mind. Possibly by entering into the spirit of the season he might in some way contribute to the happiness of others even if not entirely happy himself. After a few moments of hesitancy he resolved that he would no longer allow his troubles to occupy his mind to the exclusion of all other things, that he would be more as others were at this time.

Just then he was aroused by a shout from Jerry in the cupola.

"Say, Jim! we've got a passenger, he's out in one of the empty gondolas, and believe me! he's doin' some tall tangoin' to keep from freezin'. Five or six below when we pulled out, and

its sure no warmer now; that bird will earn his ride all right!"

"Wish those blamed tramps knew enough to keep out of sight," growled Jim, "instead of loading into open cars. I'll have to ditch him at Westfield, and I hate to do it—especially tonight."

"Guess he's got tired and sat down," said Jerry, "don't see him now."

They stopped at Westfield for water and Jim went out to look the train over and locate and unload his open air passenger. He was not long in finding him. He was huddled up in the forward end of the car in an attempt to obtain all the shelter possible from the biting cold. Jim felt sorry for him, but trainmen can not extend too much sympathy to tramps.

"Your station, bo!" he called to him, "beat it now!"

Rather slowly the huddled one got to his feet. He seemed numbed by the cold. To Jim's surprise he was just a young lad, probably not yet fifteen.

"Please do not put me off here," he pleaded, "let me go through to the city. I'll have a better chance to find a place to sleep there, perhaps."

"What are you doing out on the road?" Jim sternly asked, "kids like you ought to be at home getting ready for Christmas; I'll bet you are running away from home!"

"I've no home to run away from," came through chattering teeth, and please don't put me off, I'll keep down out of sight."

Jim looked him over with a critical eye. He was rather lightly clad; had an old sweater but no overcoat or mitts. He was a good honest looking boy and appeared to have been well brought up.

As Jim looked at the shivering lad he had not the heart to ditch him out there on the road, and he could not think of allowing him to ride in that open coal car, he would surely freeze. He had hopped and jumped around for a time to keep his blood in circulation, but was already showing the effect of the cold.

"Climb out of that car and come with me," said Jim, "I'll find you a warmer place to ride," and started for the caboose.

The look of gratitude that spread over the boy's face as he entered the warm car, was sufficient reward for Jim for his kindness in taking him in out of the bitter cold.

Jerry heated some coffee and rustled a little food that was left in the lunch baskets. The youngster was hungry. He sat by the stove and ate the food and drank the coffee and it seemed to thaw him out. But the warmth of the car after his long experience in the cold, made him drowsy, so they put him to sleep on the locker cushions. The big-hearted Jerry heated water and with some clean waste washed the dust from his face and hands.

"He's a fine looking lad to be on the hobo," he remarked. "What'll you be doin' with him, Jim?"

After a moment or two of silence, Jim spoke.

"Jerry," he said, "for years I've taken no part in the rites and customs of the holiday season. Tonight as I was thinking of certain incidents of the past years, I experienced a change of mind and had just passed a mental resolution to join in again, thinking that in some way I might be of service to some one, when you called to me about the hobo in the

empty coal car. I know nothing of this boy, but he came to me tonight and I shall keep him until after Christmas. Perhaps we can get him located somewhere—unless he is determined to be on the wing.”

“Fine! Fine!” exclaimed Jerry. “I know you’ve had troubles, Jim, but you’ll feel better to get back into the game.”

The boy slept soundly until they arrived at their terminal in Lakeport. Jim awakened him and told him the train was in the city.

He thanked Jim in a very polite and gentlemanly manner for letting him ride in the caboose. “I feel better now,” he told him, “and will be on my way.”

“You come with me,” said Jim, “you’ll not start out anywhere tonight.”

He went with Jim without a word but he looked surprised. At a clothing store Jim bought him a serviceable overcoat. “Just a little Christmas present for you,” he told him, “and now for home and supper.”

Jim lived with his mother—for some years a widow, and that good lady was more than mildly astonished when he came in with a strange boy and announced that he would be their Christmas guest.

But she was glad, for it denoted a change in Jim. His long periods of brooding silence worried her greatly. So she extended a double welcome to the unfortunate lad, for his meeting with Jim seemed to have wrought the change she so much hoped for, and she also liked the manly appearing boy who was without a home and a wanderer on Christmas Eve.

After a good dinner—and they were

certain that some time had elapsed since the previous square meal—Jim questioned the boy a little as to his reason for being on the tramp.

“I’m on my way to my old home in Maryland,” he said in response to Jim’s questions. “I thought I’d make it by Christmas, but it’s a long way and I was put off the trains so often that I could not do it.

“Got any people in the home town?” asked Jim.

“I don’t know, my father may be there. I do not know that he is, but he lived there the last I knew. And I thought I might as well travel down there as anywhere.

“Tell me about him, perhaps I can help you locate him,” urged Jim.

He hesitated a moment or two, then said “I’ll tell you all I know about my father and why I’m trying to find him. I do not remember him for I was only two years when mother took me away. She and my father separated; later mother got a divorce. We lived with my aunt, mother’s sister, for a while, then mother married again. My step-father was quite wealthy and we had everything we needed for a time. Then several years ago he lost about all his money in a business failure and we were quite poor.”

“Didn’t your father send you any money?” inquired Jim.

“Mother told me that he did until she married. We moved to Chicago then. She told me that she thought he tried to send the money but she left no address. She did not need it then, and later when things went wrong with us, I think she would not let him know. Mother was very proud. She told me something about it be-

fore she died. That was about three years ago. She died when my little half-brother was born. I think she would have told me more if she had lived.

"Have you been without a home since your mother died?" asked Jim.

"Not all the time, my step-father took me with the baby and my little half sister, three years old, to his mother's home in Cleveland. Then he went away somewhere and seldom came there. I stayed with the family about a year. They were good to me, but I began to see that I was really an outsider so I left there and have drifted around here and there for two years. I have sold papers, did all sorts of odd jobs, and managed to get along. Then awhile ago I was taken sick and was in a hospital for some time. When I was discharged from there I was not quite as strong as I was before I was sick, and could not work so hard. Then I thought of what my mother had told me about my father down in Cumberland Falls, Maryland, and decided I would try to find him."

"Cumberland Falls!" exclaimed Jim with some evidence of excitement, "what did your father do there "

"He was in a railroad office—clerk and operator. He hoped for a promotion, but it did not come to him and he did not make much money. I guess that was the trouble between father and mother. She got discontented and discouraged, and finally left him."

"I can finish the story," said Jim, "and tell you about your father. He does not live in Cumberland Falls now—he is much nearer to you tonight! His name is James Weldon. I am James Weldon, and you are my

son, Robert James Weldon. My little 'Bobby!' and it was twelve years ago tonight that your mother took you away.

"Mother! Mother!" he shouted, "come here quick! This is Bobby, my little boy!"

And Mother Weldon, hastening from the kitchen, found Jim embracing the stranger lad he had brought home, and fairly hysterical with joy and excitement.

She put her arms around her son and grandson and alternately laughed and wept. Joy and gladness had unexpectedly entered the household that night.

Jim had never felt any bitterness toward his wife. He was hurt and suffered in silence during the long years. She was good, but ambitious to the extent of being too impatient. That was all. She, too, had suffered, and that Jim deeply regretted. He had supposed she was living in wealth and happiness. Had he known of the reversed circumstances he would have rendered prompt assistance.

Troubles and disappointments had been her lot, and Jim well knew what they must have meant to her. Yet, she had made a brave struggle and reared the boy and trained him well. And tonight the boy had been restored to him in a strange manner.

It all seemed very strange, and it was a shock to him to learn that his former wife had passed on to the echoless shore.

However, he realized that the Great Dispenser of all things had allotted to him his portion of happiness and it had come to him on the anniversary of his sorrow—Christmas Eve.

CHRISTMAS — 1941

By George J. Russell.

Unusual significance is attached to Christmas this year because of the striking similarity presented by world conditions today and those prevailing at the time Christ was born. The picture of the world, as portrayed by the Hebrew prophet centuries before, was indeed a dark one. The people were described as "sitting in darkness" and "in the shadow of death." An absolute monarch was on the throne of the mighty Roman empire. His will was imposed without mercy by an all-powerful army. Those who opposed him were ruthlessly dealt with. One after another of the smaller nations was conquered, deprived of its liberties, and reduced to a condition little better than slavery. Religion was at a low ebb; the ancient gods were no longer the objects of veneration; sacrifices were neglected and worship had become an empty ritual. The condition of the Jewish people was tragic. Generations before, their nation had been crushed by a cruel despot. Their freedom was a thing of the past, merely a sacred memory. Roman governors ruled them, and Roman soldiers kept them in subjection. Frequent uprisings against their masters resulted in brutal slaughter.

How familiar this sounds in our ears today! Even now, as we prepare to celebrate another Christmas, a large part of the civilized world is under the heels of an oppressor. Nation after nation has become the victim of his insatiable ambition and has been forced to yield to the power of his armed hosts. For millions of people today, national and personal liberties are only a fond memory or a

cherished hope. Thousands are crowding nightly into scanty shelters to escape destruction from the death-dealing machines in the skies overhead. In the words of the prophet of old, they are literally "sitting in darkness" and "in the shadow of death."

The first Christmas marked the dawn of a new era of hope for the oppressed peoples of the earth. The Babe that was born in Bethlehem, when grown to manhood, promulgated a new philosophy of life in these words, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another," and "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself."

Thus was introduced to mankind the idea of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, so basic a principle in the Christian philosophy. This idea during successive centuries subsequently spread to all parts of the world. Before His coming, it was prophesied of Him that He would proclaim liberty to the captives, bind up the broken-hearted, and set at liberty those who were bound. For more than nineteen centuries these ideals and principles have been the primary factors in the upward march of civilization. The era of peace and good will which was ushered in on that first Christmas morn has prevailed when His teachings have been accepted by mankind and applied to daily life and conduct. Whenever men have turned away from these teachings and followed their own selfish ambitions, evil days have fallen upon the world.

It has been truly said that, "Millions of men and women must grope through darkened cities because the nations have been living in a spiritual blackout. Millions of men and women today must listen to air raid warnings because nations have not listened to the voice of God in days gone by."

Christmas this year again finds a world over which dark clouds are hovering—a world in which people are oppressed, deprived of their rights and liberties, living constantly in the fear of death. Why? Because there are those who reject the principles of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—and substitute for these their own selfish interests and greed for power.

In view of present world conditions, we hear the question constantly asked, "Has Christianity failed?" The answer is that Christianity has not failed, because Christianity has never been fully put into effect. If the principles of Jesus were really adhered to, and His teachings followed implicitly by the people of each nation in the world, the present horror, suffer-

ing and destruction could not exist. To bring about a world condition of universal peace and brotherhood, a new spirit must be instilled in the hearts of mankind—not so much a new spirit as a rekindling of the spirit that received its initial impetus at Bethlehem nineteen centuries ago.

The note of joy which is inseparably associated with the celebration of Christmas is lamentably absent this year; instead a solemn note of gloom is wide-spread because of the brutal forces that are ravishing so many fair lands of this earth. But in spite of all the dark clouds that are above us, the feeble flame of the lamp of hope is still burning in many hearts as it was in the days of old in Bethlehem. This hope of a world where peace and justice, liberty and brotherhood reign supreme will again be realized when the people who comprise the different nations of the world accept implicitly the principles and teachings of Him whose birth we are again commemorating, and adopt them as the only infallible guide for faith and practice.—

A CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC

Christ is the crown of the Christmas time
 He is the Lord of every clime,
 Reigning in majesty sublime.
 In adoration the Wise Men came,
 Seeking with gifts of honor and fame
 To laud and magnify Jesus' name.
 May every Christian rejoice to tell
 All peoples the story we love so well;
 So shall the Christmas music swell.

—Pliny A. Wiley.

BERRIES OF CHRISTMAS

By Bruce I. Simon

"Unto us a child is born," and to observe the joyous anniversary of His birth we decorate our churches and our homes with holly and mistletoe. Why? Surely there is nothing about them to suggest that first Christmas in far away Palestine. Tradition gives us the answer which history cannot. It tells us that long ago, before Christianity came to the shores of ancient Britain, the old Druid priests considered the mistletoe a plant dedicated to their gods. They observed with great ceremony the winter solstice, holding their festivities in the forests made sacred because of the mistletoe which grew there. Never might this sacred plant be cut with anything but a gold knife. When it was so cut and hung over a doorway, they believed that only happiness might enter there.

To the Scandinavians also the plant had a special meaning. It was they who dedicated it to the goddess of love, and decreed that those who walked beneath it might be kissed. They gave it an important place in their observance of the winter solstice, and distributed it among the people to hang over the doorways so that those within might be protected from evil spirits.

Strange, indeed, are the supernatural powers attributed to the holly. Pliny, the great Roman writer who lived at the very beginning of the Christian era, tells us that the insignificant flowers of the holly caused water to freeze. The Romans thought that a branch of holly thrown

after the most unmanageable animal would subdue him. Many peasants of the old world believed that cattle knelt at the midnight hour of Christmas, and perhaps it was to assure this submissive attitude that Italian peasants always included holly among the plants used to decorate their mangers. The ancient Romans in observance of their mid December festival sent a sprig of holly and a gift as a friendly greeting.

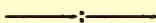
It is a striking characteristic of our Christian religion that it can take the best from the past, even the pagan past, and make of it something beautiful and symbolic of itself. And so we find that one of the most beautiful traditions connected with the holly is the thought that the wreath made from it represents the crown of thorns which our Saviour wore, each red berry a drop of blood. Some believe that when the early Christian Church first made use of the holly they called it "holy" tree, and that the word holly is a corruption of that term.

Not only the traditions surrounding these Christmas berries but the plants themselves are interesting. In the holly family there are about 175 members. They grow in every continent, with South America as the center. Our own country has about a dozen species. Not one of these is as beautiful as the one variety native to England, which is distinguished by its very glossy leaves and bright berries. Strange as it may seem, we cannot identify all hollies by their red berries for some members of the

family have black fruit and others yellow.

The American holly, *Ilex opaca*, is usually a small tree with light gray bark. This tree thrives on salt air and grows abundantly near the ocean, the Atlantic states its natural habitat. We find it as far north as Massachusetts, but we must travel through the South if we would see it at its best. In Texas and Arkansas it often obtains a height of fifty or more feet. We are all familiar with its thick, spine-tipped leaves, which often remain on the branch for three years. These and the bright red berries mean thousands of dollars annually to those who gather them for Christmas decoration, and for those who weave from them our yuletide wreaths. Unless it is protected there is danger that our native holly will vanish in half a century. The wood also is valuable and is used extensively in the manufacture of musical instruments, for inlaid work, and for cabinet making.

The scientific family name of the mistletoes marks them as parasites, for the Latin word *phoradendron* means tree-thief. The family is a large one of approximately four hundred members, most of them tropical and most of them refusing to manufacture their own food. The species best known to us *phoradendron flavescens*, is not a complete parasite. True, it does send sinkers into the tree on which it grows as an uninvited guest, and from it takes freely of water, minerals and perhaps some organic food. But the green chlorophyll present in its leaves tells us that it is able to manufacture at least part of its food from materials taken. It is essentially a southern plant, and Oklahoma honored it by selecting it as the state flower. Sometimes we find it in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and often it makes the trees on which it grows look like evergreens long after they have dropped their own leaves.



OUR GIFTS

The gifts we send at Christmas time
 Are small within themselves;
 Most anyone could pick the things
 From off the merchants' shelves.
 But when it's chosen by a friend
 And seasoned with good will,
 We find in it a treasure rare
 That never fails to thrill.

Think of the hand that wrapped the gift
 And tied the nifty bow,
 That you their love, at Christmas time,
 Would surely feel and know.
 Think of the friend who thought of you
 With tenderness and care;
 Remember trifles, rich in love,
 Are more than jewels rare.

—Alice Whitson.

THE PROFOUND SIMPLICITY OF CHRISTMAS

By Dr. William A. Wade

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."—Luke 2:11.

One of the first impressions of Christmas is that of simplicity and humility. The coming of the Christ Child might have been quite different. He might have come as an arch-angel, clothed with the glory of heaven. He might have come as a mighty monarch with power and authority. Many were expecting Him to come in some such manner. But He came as a helpless Babe. The message of the angel of the Lord to the shepherds was, "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." And when they came to Bethlehem they "found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger." He came in a manner fitting His purpose. He humbled Himself from the very beginning to the lowest level, so far as appearances were concerned. No one need feel that he is too lowly, according to Christ's standard, to receive the notice and love of Christ. What could be more humble and more simple than the birth of Jesus, surrounded by the most commonplace things in life? It was God's plan to redeem the world by the gift of His Son, who began His life among men in the form of a little child among humble people.

But the measure of our Lord's humiliation is that of His original exaltation. We can never know how low He stooped to save us until we know the height from whence He came. It is true, He came of humble parent-

age, and His birthplace was a stable. But that starting point does not satisfy those who have formed a higher idea of Jesus than as a man of rare perfections, the pattern and paragon of every human virtue. God manifest in the flesh, He had a higher origin than Bethlehem. He was of a nobler descent than Mary. He sprang of an older and more royal ancestry than Judah's kings. "The lowly spring that wells up among the vineyards of green pastures of the Alpine Valley draws its waters from above—their source those inaccessible and eternal snows, whose spotless bosom bears no stain, no print of human foot." So it was with Jesus.

To spring from humble parentage puts no shame on one. No man need blush for the mother who bore him, because, treading life's lowly paths, she had to spin, or weave, or toil to earn his bread. Claiming the highest ancestry, our Lord was not ashamed of Mary. She was His mother; and mother was a word as dear and sacred to Him as to us. He honored her; He honored her wish with miracles; He owned her on the cross; His dying look was turned on His mother. She is not the "Mother of God," or the "Queen of Heaven," to whom we are to address our prayers, and pay an inferior worship, that we may secure her influence with her Son, as some would have us believe. Yet, though shrinking from such profanation, with angels, we pronounce her blessed. Honor be to Mary's memory. She was, and shall ever be, the mother

of the Man Christ Jesus—the Man of the cross that redeemed the world; the Man on the throne who rules the universe.

But it is to an older and a higher origin to which we must look, if we would discover the heights from which Jesus came to save us. Ere Christ assumed our nature, and descended on our world to save it, the Son of God was upon the throne of the ancient of days; days that had no beginning, and years that shall have no end. He was there before Mary bore Him, or Mary herself was born; there before Adam was created; there before there was sin, or death, or life; there before worlds had begun to roll, or time had begun to run; there before sun ever shone, or bright angels sang. "In the beginning was the word and the word was with God, and the word was God."

Some one has said: "There are depths of ocean where man never dropped his sounding line; there are heights in the blue heavens where the air was never stirred by an eagle's wing; and there are regions of truth

which angels never explored—their eye never scanned, and their feet never trod." The deepest of all doctrines, the profoundest of all mysteries, the strongest of all our confidences is this, that He who was born as a helpless Babe at Bethlehem who lived among the humble and sinful, doing good, He who expired on Calvary was, not as men and angels are, the created, but the Eternal Son of God. In this truth we see the love of God, brighter than the sun; by this line we measure the love of Christ, deeper than the sea. He is co-equal with the Father, the brightness of His Father's glory, and the express image of His Person. He was not less God than man. Under the garment of His humanity, which was so simple and humble, divinity stood concealed. His infant head was pillowed on straw, He was wrapped in swaddling cloth, and lay in a manger, but the angel of the Lord announced to the shepherds: "For unto you in born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

THE SHEPHERD-BOY

It was a Hebrew shepherd-boy
 Who watched his flocks by night,
 And o'er the plains of Bethlehem
 Beheld a wondrous light—
 A star that dazzled like the sun,
 And pointed on before.
 Until he followed with his sheep
 Unto a stable door.

The shepherd-boy is dust in earth
 For centuries untold,
 But still, they say, on Christmas Eve
 He watches by his fold;
 And when the silver stars come out
 Above the fields and fells,
 He starts to journey round the world
 And ring the Christmas bells.

—Minna Irving.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN BOSTON

By M. Louise C. Hastings

"It is time to get ready for a drive, Joyce," called Aunt Laura from the foot of the stairs. "We are going into Boston this evening to hear the carols on Beacon Hill. Wear your heavy coat and take your fur gloves, because it will be cold standing outside all the evening, and you will be glad of warm clothing."

It was Christmas Eve. The weather had cleared and the stars were gradually peeping out from behind the clouds which had covered the sky all day long and which had dampened the spirits of many a person who was looking forward to an evening with the carollers. Now the night was growing cold and the air was becoming invigorating, and Mrs. Grayson felt that her niece, who had just come from the land of perpetual sunshine, would have a good opportunity to experience this delightful celebration of Christmas Eve in Boston, which was fast becoming a tradition. She knew it would be a memory-making evening for her niece, and she wanted to introduce her to her beloved city from just this angle.

It was six o'clock when they parked their car near a large hotel on Beacon Street, where they were to dine before they began wandering up and down the narrow, crooked streets of the Hill. They had not been sitting at their table long before Joyce said, "There seems to be quite a crowd of people gathering over there in the lobby of the hotel. What do you suppose has happened, Aunt Laura?"

Now Aunt Laura knew just what

was happening because for two years she had witnessed a similar scene at this hotel. So she made a casual answer, not committing herself at all, and went on with her dinner.

Suddenly the sounds of "O Come, All Ye Faithful!" burst upon the air. "Oh, Aunt Laura, isn't that beautiful?" exclaimed Joyce. "May I leave you for a few minutes?" and, rising from her chair, she walked to the wide doorway.

The crowd which Joyce had noticed proved to be carollers from one of the Boston churches. These young people were beginning their evening's music by entertaining the guests of this particular hotel because of their special interest in a church member who made the hotel her home.

"It is a very beautiful introduction to Christmas Eve, Aunt Laura," said Joyce, as she resumed her seat at the dining table. "I doubt if you can show me anything that will make me feel the spirit of Christmas more than this."

"I have much to show you," replied her aunt, "and when we have finished we will start our travels around one of the most unique and interesting hills that you will ever see. Just after leaving our hotel we shall pass the State House, all aglow with lights, and then we shall reach the residential district."

"Do you know," said Joyce, as they sauntered down Beacon Street, "when the carollers sang that last carol—

'God bless the master of this house

And bless the mistress, too,
And all the little children
That round the table go,'

I felt as if I were a part of it all. I never felt anything quite like it. And when they ended with.

'Love and joy come to you
And to you, your wassail, too,'

and

'God bless you and send you
A Happy New Year,'

I thought one of the carollers nodded her head directly at me! I shall never forget!"

Beacon Hill was a marvelous sight! Its streets were lined with houses four stories high, and from nearly every house, lighted candles threw their beams down upon the icy streets below. Some houses had only two tall candles at a window, others had rows on every sash, while not a few had frames which projected far back into the rooms with tiers and tiers of lighted candles. Some were the old-fashioned candles, and others were candles lighted by electricity, but the effect was the same in both cases.

Up and down the streets Joyce and her aunt wandered, watching the lights and looking into the beautifully furnished houses, for every shade was raised this Christmas Eve so that the throng of people might view the hospitality of those keeping "open house." How Joyce enjoyed seeing the interiors with their beautiful old tapestries, pictures, and books!

"I never saw so many books," she remarked. "They seem to be everywhere. Each house seems to be filled

with them! Many interesting people must live on the Hill."

"Yes," replied her aunt, "the Hill has always been a literary shrine of Boston, and has been the home of many interesting people. Julia Ward Howe, who wrote 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' lived here, and when she was a child she played around in different doorways. Louisa Alcott spent hard and busy years here. Francis Parkman, the historian, lived here, and many noted people have been guests of the old Hill. It would take hours for me to tell you of the literary folk who have made this Hill their home.

The crowds were gathering. There seemed to be thousands of people following the different choirs from place to place. Several Boston churches were represented on the Hill, each group of singers carrying flash lights, and music. Old Paul Revere lanterns were occasionally seen as a band of singers passed from street to street. The thrill of the unusual was in the air, and the old carols resounding through the darkness, from first one choir and then another, gave a reverential atmosphere which was everywhere apparent. The crowds were always quiet, and appreciative of the music, and occasionally someone would slip away from the crowd and join in the singing, at some door. Most of the choirs had special places where they sang, often at the door of some church member, or where there was a shut-in, or invalid.

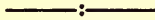
It proved a delightful part of the evening's experience to call on a friend of Mrs. Grayson's, who was keeping open house, and, needless to say, the salads and cakes and coffee added to the joy of the occasion.

"It has been a wonderful evening, Aunt Laura," said Joyce, as they walked across the Common to view the huge community Christmas tree.

"There is just one more thing I want you to do," responded her aunt. "Let's go to King's Chapel for the candlelight service. It is a very appropriate ending to the night before

Christmas, and it will give us much to think about long after the service is over."

"Aunt Laura," said Joyce, dreamily, as they were driving home, "you have given me one of the most wonderful experiences of my life. I shall never forget tonight as long as I live, and I thank you!"



THE WRONG SIDE OF THE FENCE

There's a row of little faces
 Every night outside the stores,
 Where they never draw the curtains
 When the watchman locks the doors.
 Eager, wistful little faces
 Looking at the heaps of toys,
 That will mean a Merry Christmas
 To a lot of girls and boys.
 Every night they stand there watching—
 Tattered children in a row,
 Looking at the only Christmas
 That they possibly can know.
 There is nothing quite so tragic
 As a childish heart made sore,
 From knowing that Kris Kringle
 Won't stop before his door.
 Look them over kindly people
 When you walk down town tonight,
 Thin and hungry little children,
 Basking in a brief delight,
 From the wonders of a Christmas
 Which to them is just a dream,
 Just a swiftly passing vision
 Of how happiness might seem.
 Perhaps when you have seen them
 You will hunt up Santa Claus,
 For they sadly need somebody
 Who knows how to plead their cause.

—Lee Sweeney.

INSTITUTION NOTES

In looking over the list of contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund, we feel sure a very happy holiday season is in store for our lads. They have always been remembered at this time of the year by friends in all sections of the state, and to those who have helped to make this a Merry Christmas for them, we tender deepest appreciation.

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We received a card the other day from Sergeant R. A. Buchanan, first trombonist and assistant director of the 180th Field Artillery Band, which played at the School on two occasions during the recent army maneuvers in North and South Carolina. He stated that the band members arrived safely at Camp Edwards, Mass., tired and very cold, but were glad to be back home.

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Daily rehearsals are taking place, preparatory to holding the annual Christmas exercises in the auditorium on Christmas Eve. A huge tree adorned with hundreds of colored lights will be the center of attraction as the boys gather to take part in the program, which will consist of the singing of carols, a Christmas play, and an address by a clergyman from Concord.

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Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from A. C. Elmore, formerly of Cottage No. 5, who left the School last year. He is now a member of the United States Marine Corps, and is stationed at Parris Island, S. C. He stated that he was

getting along fine and had gained twenty-eight pounds since being in the service. This young man closed his letter by saying, "I guess I'll be fighting by this time next month, but I'm glad I can do my bit to help America."

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Some time ago the announcement was made that any cottage whose entire group of boys showed an absence of any serious misconduct for a period of thirty days, would be given a special treat and a half holiday. The treat, consisting of a wienie roast, marshmallow roast, ice cream or oysters, to be selected by the boys. We are happy to report that quite a number of the cottage groups have won this award, the latest being cottage No. 14. The boys of this cottage won their treat this month, and expressed their appreciation by sending a letter of thanks to the office.

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As has been announced in these columns on many previous occasions, Mr. William Barnhardt, of Charlotte, is ever alert when it comes to taking advantage of an opportunity to do something for the boys of Jackson Training School. His latest effort along this line was to send another shipment of one hundred nicely-bound Bibles, to be presented to the boys upon being released from the institution. When one stops to consider this fine gesture on the part of our good friend, Bill, it is not difficult to realize the value of this donation. Many boys, after returning to their homes or having been placed else-

where, have written him letters of appreciation, which he values very highly.

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Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been spending quite some time this week putting up Christmas decorations. They spent last Wednesday morning arranging colored lights on trees in various sections of the campus. New lights for interior decorating have been purchased and issued to each cottage. There is always a good-natured rivalry between different cottage groups to see who can have the best decorated cottage, which adds much to the joy of the Christmas season at the School.

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Following a custom of several years' standing, the boys in the printing department will be given a holiday period during the week between Christmas Day and New Year's Day.

Due to this annual suspension of activities, The Uplift will not be published next week. Since this will be the last issue of our little magazine for the year 1941, we take this opportunity to tender our readers best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

During the year now rapidly drawing to a close, we have received many fine publications from penal and correctional institutions in all sections of the United States. We have thoroughly enjoyed reading these splendid papers and magazines, some of which have been on our exchange list for many years. To the editors of these periodicals, and to the lads who attend to the various duties in composing and press rooms, we extend the season's greetings, trusting their respective publications may enjoy continued success throughout the new year.

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A BABY SMILES

A Baby smiles in a manger bed—
And bursting bombs rain death o'erhead!
While Hate and Hunger, Fear and Despair
Hover like vultures everywhere;
Dear God! what hope can a Smiling Child
Bring to a world so sore defiled?

A Baby smiles in a manger bed—
Kings and nations, centuries dead,
Are dust since first His innocent eyes
Gazed in wonder and sweet surprise
While Magi knelt in a stable stall
With radiant starlight over all.

A Baby smiles in a manger bed—
Still by a Star are wise men led,
And still, with hope, does a world forlorn
Kneel by that manger Christmas morn.
Peace and Good-will still reign o'er head
A Baby smiles in a manger bed.

—Vernie Goodman.



