

# Stories And Poems

Vol. 1

Compiled by Tom Redd

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## About Women

Author Unknown

They talk about a woman's sphere,  
As though it has a limit;  
There's not a place in earth or heaven,  
There's not a task to mankind given,  
There's not a blessing nor a woe,  
There's not a whisper yes or no,  
There's not a life, or death, or birth,  
That has a feather's weight of worth . . .  
Without a woman in it.

## **All for one and One for All**

Our family received the priceless gift of a Christmas never to be forgotten on Thursday, December 11. I sat alone in the office of the kind doctor who had informed me, as gently as he could, that I had breast cancer and it looked as if it had spread to an inoperable place in my head. His parting words brought home the gravity of the situation. He said, "You're young, we'll go after it with everything we can."

He then left me in the privacy of his office with a telephone and a box of Kleenex. I reflected for a moment on the cold, hard facts. I was 38 years old. I had five wonderful children between the ages of three and 13. My 3-year-old son had suddenly begun having seizures only weeks before. In fact, the day that we brought him home from the hospital was the same day that I found the small lump under my arm.

Since then, it had been all my husband and I could do to protect him from the sudden falls. Now it looked like I might not be there to protect him at all. I picked up the phone and called my husband, and we cried together. He came to the hospital as soon as he could with our little son in tow.

My husband, Brad, is a Murray fire fighter. It has been his first love for as long as he can remember. As we sat in the lobby of the hospital, fighting back the tears, waiting to see one of the doctors who would assist in the surgery, a fellow Murray fire fighter and close friend, Gil, walked into the lobby to pick up medicine for his daughter.

When we told him why we were there, his big heart just melted. He hugged us both and told us that the fire fighters would be there for us with anything we needed. As he walked out of the hospital doors, into the dark December night, a Christmas of miracles and love was about to begin.

There were two more tests to complete before surgery the following Monday. They would tell us whether the cancer had spread to other areas as well. The next day was Friday, December 12.

I completed one of the two tests at the hospital, without learning the results. Then, I decided that I would begin my own personal stand against cancer by keeping one of my most cherished Christmas traditions, an evening with "The Forgotten Carols," by Michael McLean.

That night, Brad and I held hands tightly during the performance, trying to keep the tears at bay. We were both struggling with the feeling that this might be our last Christmas together, and silently, I began to wonder if Heavenly Father was aware of our sorrow. The answer wasn't long in coming. Toward the end of the performance, to my complete surprise, Michael dedicated the song, "Together Forever," to me, and told me that Heavenly Father was watching over my family and everything would be all right. My sweet husband had sneaked backstage. It was un-

Brad-like, the first of many miracles to come.

Saturday morning I awoke to find Brad full of new hope. He said that we would begin to day with a new blessing, before we went for my final test. After the test, we were gathered at my mother-in-law's home, everyone in a somber mood, when the phone rang. It was my doctor. Both tests had come back clear. At last, we had something to cheer about.

From then on, it only got better. As we drove home to Alpine, Brad's Murray city pager went off. He picked it up and held it up for me to see. It read, "All for one and one for all .... We're praying for you." The fire fighters had jumped into action. First, they got together and volunteered for Brad's shifts at the station for the next month. Next, several of them took the \$100 Christmas bonuses they had just received and deposited them in our account, anonymously. One of them brought Brad's bonus to our home, along with his own.

Then, later that night, I received perhaps the most touching phone call I've ever had. It was one of the firemen, a good friend. He had called to thank me for helping to bring the meaning of Christmas back to him. Then he said, "I want you to know, I have never prayed before. But, tonight I prayed for you."

Sweeter words were never spoken. When I hung up the phone, I walked to the window to bask in the glow of the Christmas lights. Tears came softly, as I realized that I was also basking in the glow of more love than I had ever known. It was then I knew that each of us, those who gave and those who received, had been given the priceless gift of the true meaning of Christmas.

In the weeks that passed before Christmas, we were the recipients of gifts of prayer, service, music, books, flowers and love from our family, our friends, all of our ward members and, of course, those incredible fire fighters. They sustained us through surgery, and I even received a personal escort home from the hospital, big yellow fire engine and all.

By December 23, I was home with my children for Christmas. Four days later, we would learn that the cancer in the brain had completely disappeared. Two months later, as a result of a family fast and subsequent help from some inspired friends, 3-year-old Joshua was completely healed.

As this wonderful season is upon us, I am filled with absolute joy and gratitude. We are together for one more wonderful Christmas. As long as I live, I shall never forget my Season of Miracles, each precious act of kindness and the way the Murray firemen stood so very tall, because they stooped to help a friend. Because of them, and so many others, I have come to know that the spirit of Christmas can be found somewhere in those words, "All for one and one for all."

# All Good Things

Helen P. Mroska

He was in the first third grade class I taught at Saint Mary's School in Morris, Minn. All 34 of my students were dear to me, but Mark Eklund was one in a million. Very neat in appearance, but had that happy-to-be-alive attitude that made even his occasional mischievousness delightful.

Mark talked incessantly. I had to remind him again and again that talking without permission was not acceptable. What impressed me so much, though, was his sincere response every time I had to correct him for misbehaving - "Thank you for correcting me, Sister!" I didn't know what to make of it at first, but before long I became accustomed to hearing it many times a day.

One morning my patience was growing thin when Mark talked once too often, and then I made a novice-teacher's mistake. I looked at Mark and said, "If you say one more word, I am going to tape your mouth shut!"

It wasn't ten seconds later when Chuck blurted out, "Mark is talking again." I hadn't asked any of the students to help me watch Mark, but since I had stated the punishment in front of the class, I had to act on it.

I remember the scene as if it had occurred this morning. I walked to my desk, very deliberately opened my drawer and took out a roll of masking tape. Without saying a word, I proceeded to Mark's desk, tore off two pieces of tape and made a big X with them over his mouth. I then returned to the front of the room. As I glanced at Mark to see how he was doing, he winked at me.

That did it!! I started laughing. The class cheered as I walked back to Mark's desk, removed the tape, and shrugged my shoulders.

His first words were, "Thank you for correcting me, Sister."

At the end of the year, I was asked to teach junior-high math. The years flew by, and before I knew it Mark was in my classroom again. He was more handsome than ever and just as polite. Since he had to listen carefully to my instruction in the "new math," he did not talk as much in ninth grade as he had in third.

One Friday, things just didn't feel right. We had worked hard on a new concept all week, and I sensed that the students were frowning, frustrated with themselves - and edgy with one another. I had to stop this crankiness before it got out of hand. So I asked them to list the names of the other students in the room on two sheets of paper, leaving a space between each name. Then I told them to think of the nicest thing they could say about each of their classmates and

write it down. It took the remainder of the class period to finish their assignment, and as the students left the room, each one handed me the papers. Charlie smiled.

Mark said, "Thank you for teaching me, Sister. Have a good weekend."

That Saturday, I wrote down the name of each student on a separate sheet of paper, and I listed what everyone else had said about that individual. On Monday I gave each student his or her list. Before long, the entire class was smiling. "Really?" I heard whispered. "I never knew that meant anything to anyone!" "I didn't know others liked me so much." No one ever mentioned those papers in class again. I never knew if they discussed them after class or with their parents, but it didn't matter. The exercise had accomplished its purpose. The students were happy with themselves and one another again.

That group of students moved on. Several years later, after I returned from vacation, my parents met me at the airport. As we were driving home, Mother asked me the usual questions about the trip - the weather, my experiences in general. There was a lull in the conversation.

Mother gave Dad a side-ways glance and simply says, "Dad?" My father cleared his throat as he usually did before something important. "The Eklunds called last night," he began. "Really?" I said. "I haven't heard from them in years. I wonder how Mark is." Dad responded quietly. "Mark was killed in Vietnam," he said. "The funeral is tomorrow, and his parents would like it if you could attend."

To this day I can still point to the exact spot on I-494 where Dad told me about Mark. I had never seen a serviceman in a military coffin before. Mark looked so handsome, so mature. All I could think at that moment was, Mark I would give all the masking tape in the world if only you would talk to me.

The church was packed with Mark's friends. Chuck's sister sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Why did it have to rain on the day of the funeral? It was difficult enough at the grave side. The pastor said the usual prayers, and the bugler played taps. One by one those who loved Mark took a last walk by the coffin and sprinkled it with holy water. I was the last one to bless the coffin. As I stood there, one of the soldiers who acted as pallbearer came up to me. "Were you Mark's math teacher?" he asked. I nodded as I continued to stare at the coffin.

"Mark talked about you a lot," he said.

After the funeral, most of Mark's former classmates headed to Chuck's farmhouse for lunch. Mark's mother and father were there, obviously waiting for me. "We want to show you something," his father said, taking a wallet out of his pocket. "They found this on Mark when he was killed. We thought you might recognize it."

Opening the billfold, he carefully removed two worn pieces of notebook paper that had

obviously been taped, folded and refolded many times. I knew without looking that the papers were the ones on which I had listed all the good things each of Mark's classmates had said about him.

"Thank you so much for doing that," Mark's mother said. "As you can see, Mark treasured it."

Mark's classmates started to gather around us. Charlie smiled rather sheepishly and said, "I still have my list. It's in the top drawer of my desk at home." Chuck's wife said, "Chuck asked me to put his in our wedding album."

"I have mine too," Marilyn said. "It's in my diary."

Then Vicki, another classmate, reached into her pocketbook, took out her wallet and showed her worn and frazzled list to the group. "I carry this with me at all times," Vicki said without batting an eyelash. "I think we all saved our lists."

That's when I finally sat down and cried. I cried for Mark and for all his friends who would never see him again in this life.

## **And Santa Whispered, "Teach the Children the True Meaning of Christmas"**

The Star: A heavenly sign of prophecy fulfilled long, long ages ago — the shining hope of mankind.

Red: The first color of Christmas symbolizing the Savior's sacrifice for all.

Fir Tree: Evergreen — The second color of Christmas shows everlasting life. The needles point heavenward.

The Bell: Rings out to guide lost sheep back to the fold — signifying that all are precious in the eyes of the Lord.

The Candle: A mirror of starlight reflecting our thanks for the Star of Bethlehem.

Gift Bow: Tied as we should all be tied together in bonds of goodwill forever.

Candy Cane: The shepherd's crook used to bring lambs back into the fold. — A reminder that we are all our brother's keeper.

The Wreath: A symbol of the never ending eternal nature of love — having no beginning and no end.



## An Angel Walked the Beat

A drunk man in an Oldsmobile  
They said had run the light  
That caused the six-car pileup  
On 109 that night.

When broken bodies lay about  
And blood was everywhere,  
The sirens screamed out eulogies,  
For death was in the air.

A mother, trapped inside her car,  
Was heard above the noise.  
Her plaintive plea near split the air.  
"Oh, God, please spare my boys!"

She fought to loose her pinioned hands.  
She struggled to get free,  
But Mangled metal held her fast  
In grim captivity.

Her frightened eyes then focused on  
Where back seat once had been,  
But all she saw was broken glass  
And two kids' seats crushed in.

Her twins were nowhere to be seen.  
She did not hear them cry,  
And then she prayed they'd been thrown free.  
"Oh, God, don't let them die!"

The firemen came and cut her loose,  
But when they searched the back,  
They found therein no little boys.  
The seat belts were intact.

They thought the woman had gone mad  
And was traveling alone,  
But when they turned to question her,

They discovered she was gone.

Policemen saw her running wild  
And screaming above the noise  
In beseeching supplication,  
"Please help me find my boys!

They're four years old and wear blue shirts.  
Their jeans are blue to match."  
One cop spoke up, "They're in my car,  
And they don't have a scratch.

They said their daddy put them there  
And gave them each a cone.  
Then told them both to wait for Mom  
To come and take them home.

I've searched the place, both high and low,  
But I can't find their dad.  
He must have fled the scene I guess,  
And that is very bad."

The mother hugged the twins and said  
While wiping at a tear,  
"He could not flee the scene, you see,  
For he he's been dead a year."

The cop just looked confused and asked,  
"Now, how can that be true?"  
The boys said, "Mommy, Daddy came  
And left a kiss for you.

He told us not to worry  
And that you would be all right,  
And then he put us in this car  
With pretty, flashing light.

We wanted him to stay with us,  
Because we miss him so,  
But Mommy, he just hugged us tight

And said he had to go.

He said someday we'd understand  
And told us not to fuss,  
And then he said to tell you, Mom,  
He's watching over us."

The mother knew without a doubt  
That what they spoke was true.  
For she recalled their Dad's last words,  
"I will watch over you."

The firemen's notes could not explain  
The twisted, mangled car,  
And how the three of them escaped  
Without a single scar.

But on the cop's report was scribed,  
In print so very fine,  
An angel walked the beat tonight  
On Highway 109.

# **The Animals' Christmas Eve**

by Gale Wiersum

In the Barn on Christmas Eve,  
After all the people leave,  
The animals, in voices low,  
Remember Christmas long ago.

One small hen, upon her nest,  
Softly clucks to all the rest:  
"Little chicks, come, gather near.  
A wondrous story you will hear."

Two white doves, on rafters high,  
Coo a quiet lullaby:  
"Long ago in manger hay,  
The little baby Jesus lay.

"Three wise men from far away  
Came to visit him one day,  
For he was born," the doves recall,  
"To be the greatest king of all!"

Four brown horses in their stalls,  
Snug within the stable walls,  
Tell of his birth: "'Twas long foretold  
By chosen men in days of old."

Five gray donkeys speak with pride,  
Remembering one who gave a ride:  
"Our brother donkey went with them  
From Nazareth to Bethlehem."

Six Spotted calves now nibble hay  
Like that on which the baby lay.  
"They put him in a manger bed  
So he could rest his sleepy head."

Seven goats, all black and white,  
Describe the sky that holy night:  
"A star appeared at early morn  
To mark the place where he was born."

Eight nestling kittens lick their fur.  
They nod their heads and softly purr:  
"And he was wrapped in swaddling clothes  
To keep him warm from head to toes."

Nine woolly sheep, down from the hill,  
On Christmas Eve remember still:  
"Shepherds heard the angels sing  
Praises to the newborn king."

Ten soft lambs say Jesus' name.  
"He was the Lamb of God who came.  
He was the greatest gift of love,  
Sent from his Father, God, above."

Eleven puppies listen well,  
In hopes that they, in turn, can tell  
The Christmas story another year  
For all the animals to hear.

Twelve chimes ring out from far away —  
The lovely bells of Christmas Day.  
And every beast bows low its head  
For one small babe in the manger bed.

## **Announcement**

These rules were printed in the Boston Globe some years ago and were reported to be the rules posted by the owner of a New England carriage works in 1872 as a guide for his office workers.

1. Office employees will daily sweep the floors, dust the furniture, shelves and showcases.
2. Each day fill lamps, clean chimneys, and trim wicks, wash the windows once a week.
3. Each clerk will bring in a bucket of water and scuttle of coal for the days business.
4. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to your individual taste.
5. This office will open at 7 a.m. and close at 8 p.m. except on the Sabbath, on which day we will remain closed. Each employee is expected to spend the Sabbath by attending church and contributing liberally to the cause of the Lord.
6. Men employees will be given off one evening each week for courting purposes or two evenings a week if they go regularly to church.
7. After an employee has spent 13 hours of labor in the office he should spend the remaining time reading the bible and other good books.
8. Every employee should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years. So that he will not become a burden on society or his betters.
9. Any employee who smokes Spanish cigars, use liquor in any form or frequents pool and public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop will give me good reason to suspect his worth, intentions, integrity and honesty.
10. The employee who has performed his labors faithfully and without a fault for five years, will be given an increase of 5 cents per day in his pay providing profits from the business permit it.

# Answering Him

Edgar Guest

"When shall I be a man?" he said,  
As I was putting him to bed.  
"How many years will have to be  
Before Time makes a man of me?  
And will I be a man when  
I Am grown up big?  
I heaved a sigh,  
Because it called for careful thought  
To give the answer that he sought.  
And so I sat him on my knee,  
And said to him: "A man you'll be  
When you have learned that honor brings  
More joy than all the crowns of kings;  
That it is better to be true  
To all who know and trust in you  
Than all the gold of earth to gain  
If winning it shall leave a stain.  
"When you can fight for victory sweet,  
Yet bravely swallow down defeat,  
And cling to hope and keep the right,  
Nor use deceit instead of might;  
When you are kind and brave and clean,  
And fair to all and never mean;  
When there is good in all you plan,  
That day, my boy, you'll be a man.  
"Some of us learn this truth too late;  
That years alone can't make us great;  
That many who are three-score, ten  
Have fallen short of being men,  
Because in selfishness they fought  
And toiled without refining thought;  
And whether wrong or whether right  
They lived but for their own delight.  
"When you have learned that you must hold  
Your honor dearer far than gold;  
That no ill-gotten wealth or fame  
Can pay you for your tarnished name;  
And when in all you say or do  
Of others you're considerate, too,  
Content to do the best you can

By such a creed, you'll be a man."



## **Application for Utah Residency**

You must be able to answer yes to at least 10 or more of the following questions to qualify for permanent residency in the state of Utah. Failure to do so qualifies you as a temporary resident only.

1. Do you have a bumper sticker that says "Families are Forever?"
2. Was the mother of the bride pregnant at your wedding?
3. Did a member of your family write in LaVall Edwards for President in the last election?
4. If you went shopping on Sunday, would you postdate the check?
5. Does your father-in-law think Ronald Reagan was a liberal?
6. Does your mother have amber or purple plastic grapes in the attic?
7. Were you an uncle or aunt before the age of three?
8. Do you wonder why the truck driver honks at you when you are driving 35 mph on the freeway in the left lane?
9. Do you have two gallons of ice cream in your freezer at all times?
10. Do you consider peanut butter on the seat of your car an accessory?
11. When you take your family to a restaurant, do you ask for extra plates?
12. Do you consider "dam" a swear word?
13. Does your family consider a trip to McDonalds a night out?
14. Do you believe that you have to be 18 to order coffee in a café?
15. Are at least two of your salad bowls at your neighbors house?
16. Do you think Jack Daniels is a country western singer?
17. Do you consider your temple recommend a credit reference?
18. When your ward basketball team plays, is it similar to the Los Angeles riots?

19. Was your first child conceived on your honeymoon?
20. Do you have an uncontrollable urge to arrive at meetings 5 minutes late?
21. Did you meet your spouse at BYU?
22. Can you make fruit salad without a recipe?
23. Are you embarrassed to carry empty coke cans to the bottle depot?
24. Do your children believe that deer hunting is a national holiday?
25. Do you negotiate prices at a garage sale?
26. Do you feel guilty when you watch Monday night football?
27. Do you think red punch and green Jell-O are the main ingredients for a successful party menu?
28. Do your kids think Jell-O is a major food group?
29. When you pick someone up at the airport do you bring at least  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the relatives and have a family reunion at the gate?
30. Do you think gambling is a sin unless you are on vacation?
31. Do you have a "quiet book" as part of your family library?
32. Are you embarrassed if any of your children are more than two years apart?
33. Do you say "Gol," "Heck," or "Fetch" more than once a day?
34. Did your pioneer ancestors have a 14 year old child and a 14 year old wife at the same time?
35. Do you travel on Morris Air Service at least once per year?
36. Do you think "Ignernt" means rude?
37. Have you invested in at least one "Get Rich Quick" plan in the last two years?
38. Does it take more than one car to get all your kids over to Grandma's house?
39. Do you have any relatives named LaDell, LaValle, LaDawn, or LeVerle?

40. Does your 2 year supply of food consist of plenty of candy?
41. Do you keep a supply of butcher paper on hand to make large "Welcome Home" banners?
42. Do you keep a supply of Valium or Prozac?
43. Do you refuse coffee but accept all offers for Excedrin?
44. Do you think it is more prestigious to go to BYU than Harvard?
45. Do you have relatives in California doing everything they can to "Move back?"
46. Do you answer a "yes" or "no" question with "I do" or "I don't?"
47. Do you leave beer cans behind when you are collecting bottles in the ditch to pay the rent?
48. Do your kids think milk comes in a 50 pound bag and doesn't need refrigeration?
49. Is your garage so full of "good stuff" that you can't park your car in it?
50. Do you have two or more deep freezers?
51. Does your smallest cooking kettle hold at least two quarts?
52. Is your cookie sheet the large restaurant type that fills the whole oven?
53. Does your living room look more like a family rumpus room than a sitting room?
54. Do you feel it is a sin to have a TV in your living room?
55. Do you have a Savings Account at the bank with less than \$5.00 in it?
56. Has that Savings Account balance been below \$5.00 for more than a year?

# Application To Date My Daughter

Name: Last\_\_\_\_\_ First\_\_\_\_\_ Initial\_\_\_\_\_ Age\_\_\_\_\_

Address\_\_\_\_\_ City\_\_\_\_\_ Phone\_\_\_\_\_ Planet\_\_\_\_\_

Religion\_\_\_\_\_ Church\_\_\_\_\_ # of times attended in the last year \_\_\_\_\_

## YOUR FAMILY INFORMATION

Father's Name\_\_\_\_\_ # of marriages \_\_\_\_\_ # of Years\_\_\_\_\_

Address\_\_\_\_\_ Aliases? \_\_\_\_\_

Mother's Name \_\_\_\_\_ # of Marriages\_\_\_\_\_ # of Years \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Aliases? \_\_\_\_\_

1. Do you own or drive a van? yes/no (if yes, discontinue filling out this form)
2. In 50 words or less, explain what the word "NO!" means to you:

\_\_\_\_\_

3. In 50 words or less, explain what the word "LATE" means to you:

\_\_\_\_\_

4. Where would you least like to be shot? \_\_\_\_\_

5. Which is the last bone you want broken? \_\_\_\_\_

6. What do you want to be, if you grow up? \_\_\_\_\_

7. Please complete this sentence: "A woman's place is..."

\_\_\_\_\_

8. What is my daughter's name? \_\_\_\_\_

9. Who, besides God, should you fear most? \_\_\_\_\_

10. Do you have medical coverage? yes/ no? \_\_\_\_\_

11. Does your underwear have pictures or words on the outside? yes / no? \_\_\_\_\_

12. Do you plan to take a shower, shave, use deodorant, comb your hair, brush your teeth and put on a clean shirt before you come for my daughter? \_\_\_\_\_

13. Do you plan to come to the door or honk when you come for my daughter? (if honk...discontinue filling out this form) \_\_\_\_\_

14. Do you plan to be buried or cremated? buried\_\_\_\_\_ cremated \_\_\_\_\_

## LIST OF REFERENCES (LAST THREE GIRLS DATED)

Name of Father and phone number, Name of Daughter, Reason Relationship Ended

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_

Special notice: If accepted, there will be a \$50.00 deposit when you pick up my daughter. If you are 1 minute late, the deposit will be forfeited. If you are more than 30 minutes late, refer to question 14 above.

# Around the Corner

Charles Hanson Towne

Around the corner I have a friend,  
In this great city that has no end;  
Yet days go by, and weeks rush on,  
And before I know it, a year is gone,  
And I never see my friend's face,  
For Life is a swift and terrible race.  
He knows I like him just as well  
As in the days when I rang his bell  
And he rang mine.  
We were younger then,  
And now we are busy, tired men:  
Tired with playing a foolish game,  
Tired with trying to make a name.  
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,  
Just to show that I'm thinking of him."  
But tomorrow comes — and tomorrow goes,  
And the distance between us grows and grows.

Around the corner! — yet miles away ...  
"Here's a telegram, sir."  
*"Jim died today."*  
And that's what we get, and deserve in the end:  
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

# Art Collection

Author Unknown

Years ago, there was a very wealthy man who, with his devoted young son, shared a passion for art collecting. Together they traveled around the world, adding only the finest art treasures to their collection.

Priceless works by Picasso, Van Gogh, Monet and many others adorned the walls of the family estate. The widowed elder man looked on with satisfaction as his only child became an experienced art collector. The son's trained eye and sharp business mind caused his father to beam with pride as they dealt with art collectors around the world.

As winter approached, war engulfed the nation, and the young man left to serve his country. After only a few short weeks, his father received a telegram. His beloved son was missing in action. The art collector anxiously awaited more news, fearing he would never see his son again. Within days, his fears were confirmed. The young man had died while rushing a fellow soldier to a medic.

Distraught and lonely, the old man faced the upcoming Christmas holidays with anguish and sadness. The joy of the season that he and his son had so looked forward to would no longer visit his house.

On Christmas morning, a knock on the door awakened the depressed, old man. As he walked to the door, the masterpieces of art on the walls only reminded him that his son was not coming home. As he opened the door, he was greeted by a soldier with a large package in his hands. He introduced himself to the man by saying, "I was a friend of your son. I was the one he was rescuing when he died. May I come in for a few moments? I have something to show you."

As the two began to talk, the soldier told of how the man's son had told everyone of his, not to mention his father's, love of fine art. "I am an artist," said the soldier, "and I want to give you this."

As the old man unwrapped the package, the paper gave way to reveal a portrait of the man's son. Though the world would never consider it the work of a genius, the painting featured the young man's face in striking detail. Overcome with emotion, the man thanked the soldier, promising to hang the picture above the fireplace.

A few hours later, after the soldier had departed, the old man set about his task. True to his word, he placed the painting above the fireplace, pushing aside thousands of dollars worth of art. His task completed, the old man sat in his chair and spent Christmas gazing at the gift he had been given. During the days and weeks that followed, the man realized that even though his son was no longer with him, the boy's life would live on because of those he had touched. He would soon learn that his son had rescued dozens of wounded soldiers before a bullet stilled his caring

heart.

As the stories of his son's gallantry continued to reach him, fatherly pride and satisfaction began to ease his grief. The painting of his son soon became his most prized possession, far eclipsing any interest in the pieces for which museums around the world clamored. He told his neighbors it was the greatest gift he had ever received.

The following spring, the old man became ill and passed away. The art world was in anticipation, that with the collector's passing, and his only son dead, those paintings would be sold at auction. According to the will of the old man, all of the art works would be auctioned on Christmas Day, the day he had received the greatest gift.

The day soon arrived and art collectors from around the world gathered to bid on some of the world's most spectacular paintings. Dreams would be fulfilled this day; greatness would be achieved as many would claim, "I have the greatest collection." The auction began with a painting that was not on any museum's list. It was the painting of the man's son. The auctioneer asked for an opening bid, but the room was silent. "Who will open the bidding with \$100?," he asked.

Minutes passed, and no one spoke. From the back of the room came a voice, "Who cares about that painting? It's just a picture of his son." "Let's forget about it and move on to the good stuff," more voices echoed in agreement. "No, we have to sell this one first," replied the auctioneer. "Now, who will take the son?"

Finally, a neighbor of the old man spoke. "Will you take ten dollars for the painting? That's all I have. I knew the boy, so I'd like to have it."

"I have ten dollars. Will anyone go higher?" called the auctioneer.

After more silence, the auctioneer said, "Going once, going twice, gone." The gavel fell. Cheers filled the room and someone exclaimed, "Now we can get on with it and we can bid on the real treasures!"

The auctioneer looked at the audience and announced that the auction was over. Stunned disbelief quieted the room. Someone spoke up and asked, "What do you mean, it's over? We didn't come here for a picture of some old guy's son. What about all of these paintings? There are millions of dollars worth of art here! I demand that you explain what is going on!"

The auctioneer replied, "It's very simple. According to the will of the father, whoever takes the son ... gets it all."

Puts things into perspective, doesn't it? Just as those art collectors discovered on Christmas Day, the message is still the same. The love of a Father, whose greatest joy came from his Son who went away and gave his life rescuing others. And because of that Father's love ...



whoever takes the Son gets it all.

# **The Art of Happiness**

You can't pursue happiness and catch it. Happiness comes upon you unawares while you are helping others.

The philosophy of happiness is pointedly expressed in the old Hindu proverb, which reads: "Help thy brother's boat across, and lo! thine own has reached the shore."

Happiness is like perfume — you can't spray it on others without getting some on yourself.

Happiness does not depend upon a full pocketbook, but only a mind full of rich thoughts and a heart full of rich emotions.

Happiness does not depend upon what happens outside of you but on what happens inside of you; it is measured by the spirit in which you meet the problems of life.

Happiness is a state of mind. Lincoln once said: "We are as happy as we make up our minds to be."

Happiness doesn't come from doing what we like to do, but from liking what we have to do.

Happiness comes from putting our hearts in our work and doing it with joy and enthusiasm.

Happiness does not come from doing easy work but from the afterglow of satisfaction that comes after the achievement of a difficult task that demanded our best.

Happiness grows out of harmonious relationships with others, based on attitudes of good will, tolerance, understanding and love.

Happiness is found in little things: a baby's smile, a letter from a friend, the song of a bird, a light in the window.

Happiness comes from keeping constructively busy; creative hobbies are the keys to happy leisure hours and retirement years.

The master secret of happiness is to meet the challenge of each new day with the serene faith that: "All things work together for good to them that love God."

## **Assassination Coincidences Of U.S. Presidents**

Dear Ann Landers: I am a long time reader of your column (over 25 years) and have learned a lot about life from you. My best friend who Lives in Chattanooga sent me an essay that really made me take notice. I believe the coincidences are amazing and checked them out in the World Book Encyclopedia to make sure they were factual. They are.

Please print it, Ann, and let me know what you think. — Mary Lou (Florence, Ala.)

Unanswered Questions —

How much of it was coincidence? I refer to the assassinations of Abraham Lincoln and John F. Kennedy.

Both Lincoln and Kennedy were concerned with civil rights.

Lincoln was elected president in 1860; Kennedy in 1960.

Both were slain on a Friday and in the presence of their wives.

Both were shot from behind and in the head.

Their successors, both named Johnson, were Southern Democrats and both were in the Senate.

Andrew Johnson was born in 1808 and Lyndon Johnson was born in 1908.

John Wilkes Booth was born in 1839 and Lee Harvey Oswald was born in 1939.

Booth and Oswald were Southerners who favored unpopular ideas.

Both presidents' wives lost children through death while in the White House.

Lincoln's secretary, whose name was Kennedy, advised him not to go to the theater.  
Kennedy's secretary, whose name was Lincoln, advised him not to go to Dallas.

John Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln in a theater and ran to a warehouse. Lee Harvey Oswald shot Kennedy from a warehouse and ran to a theater.

The names Lincoln and Kennedy each contain seven letters. The names Andrew Johnson and Lyndon Johnson each contain 13 letters. The names John Wilkes Booth and Lee Harvey

Oswald each contain 15 letters.

Both assassins were killed before being brought to trial.

Both Johnsons were opposed for re-election by men whose names started with "G."

Dear Mary Lou: I printed that essay several years ago because I thought it was fascinating. I cannot explain any of the coincidences. They are spooky, to say the least.

# **Attitudes Control Our Lives**

by Elder Thomas S. Monson

In the mission over which I presided, there was a small branch; it consisted of two families. I had been invited to be the speaker at one of the meetings. I was not accustomed to such small branches; the ward over which I presided had 1050 people. That Sunday we went into the place where the Saints met. It was a rented hall. We didn't meet on the main floor; we met in a room in the basement, about nine people in all.

After the meeting, the branch president asked if he could visit with me. He said, "We would like to have a chapel in our branch." I said, "Someday." Then he opened a copy of one of the Church magazines and showed me pictures of chapels in Australia and New Zealand. He said, "This is the one we would like to build," and he pointed to a building that would house maybe four hundred people, that would cost far more money than they had.

I said, "Oh, you will not be able to afford that until you have several hundred members." He said, "We intend to have many hundreds of members." And then he asked me if I would send six missionaries into his branch. He indicated that his family would personally share the gospel with the city, and this he did.

One day, with the missionaries in his little store, he said, "Elders, let's pray." And they got down upon their knees and prayed. This branch president said, "This is the greatest day in the city of St. Thomas. This is the day when the gospel shall really begin to be preached with effectiveness in this city. This is the day when we begin to build our new chapel."

The missionaries asked, "Whom are we going to teach? We have no investigators." The branch president said, "Hand me the telephone directory." And he turned to the back of the directory where men of all professions were listed. He said, "If we are going to build a new chapel, we need an architect who is Mormon. And since we don't have an architect who is a member of this branch, we must convert one." Then he went down the list and said, "Who shall be the first Mormon architect in St. Thomas?" And he identified a name. Then he continued with a contractor, a builder, and a plumber, and an electrician, and a doctor, and a lawyer. Then he personally went to each and invited him into his home so that the missionaries might present the message and he and his family could bear testimony after the missionaries had given their message.

What was the result of that sharing? I am God's witness that in the three years that I served in eastern Canada, I saw that branch grow from two families to a branch of almost three hundred members. They constructed their beautiful chapel. I attended the meeting where that building held perhaps four hundred persons. What was the secret? It was the attitude "we can achieve our goal."

(Amsterdam Area Conference, Aug. 1976)

## An Author Card For Cindie

About the last thing Cindie and I had expected to find on our evening stroll was a tombstone. But there it was, at the base of a large oak tree where the forest met the meadow, not a hundred yards from Bottlerock Road.

Quickly 11-year-old Cindie ran to the stone, knelt beside it, and began trying to make out the inscription. Together we pulled away the dry moss that obscured some of the lettering and read:

MARYANN DEMING  
wife of Rufus Deming  
died Jan. 5, 1855  
in the 56th year  
of her age

Her eyes shining, my auburn-haired Cindie said, "Oh dad, I can just see what happened. There were Mormon pioneers crossing the plains, and poor Maryann was killed in an Indian raid, and her husband and children were heartbroken, and they buried her here and sadly left her and went on to Utah. It was so tragic!"

"I don't think so .... The Mormon pioneers didn't pass through Lake County, California, in 1855 or any time. More likely she and her family were here as part of the gold rush, or to find a good farm or something like that. But I'm sure you're right about her family being very sad when she died."

"Well, we'll just have to do her temple work for her ...."

"I'm glad you thought of that, love. But we can't do her temple work with just a tombstone inscription. We'd have to have her birth date and other information — and anyway, her work may already have been done."

"But what if it hasn't? Oh, dad, I can just see it now: one of her great-grandchildren has been looking for her records for just years and years, and they need her death date, and they're praying that someone will find her tombstone and send in the information to the Genealogical Library, and give me your pen and paper."

"Well, I've never been one to deter an 11-year-old daughter of mine from doing something good. We copied down the tombstone inscription so that it could be sent to the library in Salt Lake City."

A few weeks later, with summer vacation behind us, Cindie came home from school to discover an impressive-looking envelope in the mailbox. Excitedly she called me at my work and

read, "The Genealogical Society wishes to thank you for your 41-page booklet, Cemetery Inscriptions of Lake County, California. You have provided important information which we did not have in our collection — information which will no doubt be very useful to many of our patrons in the years ahead. We congratulate you, at age 11, on having your own author card in our card catalog."

(Terry J. Moyer, "An Author Card of Cindie," *New Era*, May 1981, pp. 14-17).

## **The Average American Pig**

Ann Landers printed a letter from a man who said, "Why defend the average American housewife, Ann Landers? She's a pig, and you know it." Here's what happened next:

Dear Readers: This column hasn't provoked such a violent response since I suggested that Elvis Presley was a dancer — not a singer.

Hundreds of irate women, indignant husbands, and children wrote to give that reader a verbal pasting and defend the honor of the Average American Housewife.

One such spirited response rates a full day's column — and here it is:

From Dallas: I'd like to tell that idiot what the "average American pig" did this morning.

Got up at 6:30 am. Made a whopping big breakfast for my husband, for piglets and a sow (my mother-in-law lives with us). Packed a lunch for "Porky" (my husband) and set dough for four loaves of bread.

By 10:30 the sty was in order, and I ironed yesterday's laundry until noon, when I stopped to make lunch for anywhere from four to eight kids, as each one usually brings a friend. By 2:30, the lunch dishes were cleaned up, a cake was in the oven for a church bazaar, also an apple pie for the family.

Went grocery shopping for the week, spent 40 minutes on the phone for PTA (I'm president), prepared the swill for dinner, sewed together my daughter's dancing costume and ran next door to help give a sick child medicine. (Mother can't handle him.)

This was one of my "light" days, but even at that, I didn't have much time to wallow around in the mud.

I'm not looking for any medals. Millions of American women do as much and more. So, as Ann Landers says, "Put your nose back in joint, buster."

Manitowoe, Wis.: If the average American housewife is a pig, it's because the average American male is a boar.

Dear Ann Landers: All my married life, I've felt like a nobody because I was "only a housewife." My husband made me feel that I should be grateful to him for putting food in my mouth and clothes on my back.

Today, I read something that gave me a lift. If you print it, I'll bet you'll give thousands of housewives a new lease on life.



The home economics department of our state college published a leaflet in chart form. It shows what a housewife is worth per week in dollars and cents on today's labor market. Here it is:

|  |          |
|--|----------|
| Cooking, table-setting, serving, at \$14 an hour.....  | \$350.00 |
| Dishwashing, at \$5.40 and hour .....  | 75.60    |
| Child care, at \$2.50 an hour (ridiculous since this is what most sitters get for just sitting)..... | 87.50    |
| Routine housework, at \$5.40 an hour .....   | 97.20    |
| Laundry, at \$5.40 an hour .....   | 27.00    |
| Ironing at \$5.40 an hour .....  | 27.00    |

This chart suggests adding \$5.70 for miscellaneous work. So the grand total is \$665.00 a week. On a yearly basis, a housewife is worth \$35,245.00

Believe it or not, this leaflet has given me dignity. I no longer feel like a parasite. Tonight when Mr. Greatheart comes home, I'm going to greet him like a woman who earns almost \$36,000 a year because that's what I am.

# The Award

by Jack Weyland

Jack Weyland, "The Award," New Era, Nov. 1979, 33

Football season was over, but the glory lingered on. The high school team had enjoyed an undefeated season, romping over each opponent by at least two touchdowns.

Even after the season ended, the team stuck together. Some of them ate lunch on the balcony that overlooked the main dining area of the school cafeteria. Originally the tables on the balcony had been used by teachers so they could eat and still keep an eye on the students, but with a new addition to the building, the teachers moved into a faculty lounge, and the tables became available. There was no official reservation for the team to sit there, but it was just something understood by other students.

Kevin, a sophomore, was the only Mormon on the team. He wasn't as mean as some of the others, but he was faster. He played end and had caught eight touchdown passes during the season.

It had taken the team a while before they could accept him. After the season was over, they couldn't understand why he wouldn't drink with them on weekends. To make matters worse, he was the only one who worried about grades.

One day in January, as Kevin set his food tray on the table, the quarterback, Craig Williams, stood looking at the students eating lunch in the main dining area below them.

"Why are there so many ugly girls?" Craig asked.

"Look who's talking," someone shot back. "You've got a face like a Halloween mask."

"Well, that's different," Craig said with a grin, "I've got character and style. Besides, guys don't have to be good-looking, but girls are supposed to."

Kevin sat down and ate his lunch.

"Now you take that girl, for instance," Craig continued. "I bet she's the ugliest girl in school."

The fullback, who loved competition, rose to the challenge. "You're crazy. I see one who's twice as bad as yours."

The competition continued as Kevin ate. Five of the team stood by the railing and bantered back and forth over their choices for the ugliest girl.

Finally they decided on one girl.

"If ugly were money, she'd be a millionaire," one of them said with a grin.

"She's easily the world champion," Craig agreed. "She deserves a trophy or something."

"How about a sweater with no opening for her neck so it'd hide her face?" someone joked.

"No," Craig laughed, "but why not give her an award? Maybe a corsage with a card telling her what we think about her. We could leave it taped on the outside of her locker. It'd be anonymous."

They all agreed it would be the perfect thing to do.

"Kevin, you're a scholar. Write us a poem for the award."

"What kind of poem?" he asked, finishing his custard pudding.

"A poem telling her how ugly she is," Craig answered.

Kevin took a napkin from his tray and began to work on a rhyme. He enjoyed the feeling of being part of the group. In a few minutes he finished and read it aloud.

"When we speak of ugly, you're the subject of talk.

You've got a face that could stop a clock.

Accept this gift for what it's worth;

We think you're the ugliest girl on earth."

They broke up into spasms of laughter.

"All right!" Craig shouted, still laughing.

"It's perfect! Let's all chip in some money, and I'll get a corsage on Saturday. We'll give it to her Monday."

"Who's going to give it to her?" someone asked.

"Does anybody know who she is or where her locker is?" Craig asked.

Kevin stood up to see who they were talking about. The girl sat alone, eating quickly, with her head lowered. He recognized her. She had a locker next to Colleen, an LDS girl he was

dating.

"I do," Kevin said.

"Okay, you can deliver it. I'll get the corsage to you Monday in history class. You put your poem with it and tape it to the outside of her locker just before the bell rings."

After school Kevin drove Colleen home. She was one of five other LDS students in the high school.

When they got to her home, she invited him in for some cookies and milk.

"What's the name of the girl who has a locker next to yours?" he asked between bites of a chocolate-chip cookie.

"That's Mary Beth Allen. Why?"

"She's really awful, isn't she?"

"Is she? Do you know her?"

"No, I've just seen her around. She's ugly, though, that's for sure."

"She's not so bad when you get to know her."

"Who'd want to do that?" he joked.

"I don't know. If she'd just do something with her hair, she'd have more friends."

"Don't tell anybody," Kevin said, "but the guys on the team have chosen her the ugliest girl in school. We're giving her a corsage and a special poem I wrote."

He recited the poem to Colleen. When he finished, she looked at him in shock.

"You're not really going through with this, are you?"

"Sure, why not?"

"Do you know how that's going to make her feel?"

"I don't care how she feels."

"Kevin, you're the only member of the Church on the team. Doesn't that mean anything to

you?"

"It's taken me all this time for them to accept me as part of the group. I'm not going to preach to them and destroy everything."

"But you're willing to destroy that girl, aren't you?" she asked.

"She's ugly. Even you agree to that," he shot back.

"She's a child of God."

"Okay, but she's an ugly child of God."

"I can see ugliness, but it's not in her. It's in you and your vigilantes!"

"What right have you got to be my conscience?" he asked.

"I'm not your conscience. If you feel guilty, that is your conscience."

"No girl is going to tell me what to do!" He got out of his chair, full of anger.

Before he left, he remembered they had a date. "Oh, what about tonight?" he asked.

"Forget it!" she said.

He spent a dateless weekend.

On Sunday during priesthood meeting, he made sure to volunteer to bless the sacrament in Sunday School, mainly to spite Colleen so she'd know that he didn't feel guilty about the award.

Before the sacrament song, the Sunday School president got up. "We should all be thinking about the Savior during this time. These young men who bless and pass the sacrament stand in the place of the Savior in this sacred ordinance. Let's see if we can't all be a little more reverent today."

After he finished breaking the bread, near the end of the sacrament song, he looked over the congregation to find where Colleen was sitting.

Finally he found her, in the back row with Mary Beth Allen sitting next to her.

"Why is she here?" he thought. "She's not a Mormon. She's not supposed to be here. Colleen must have invited her to get back at me."

He felt his face turning red and perspiration breaking out all over. His vocal cords tightened up, and he started to cough. He was sure he couldn't get through the prayer.

"Will you give the prayer on the bread?" he gasped to the other priest, who nodded his head.

The prayer was given, and the deacons lined up to receive the trays.

The room became quiet as the sacrament was passed.

Kevin sat down and leaned forward so he couldn't be seen by the congregation. His eyes fastened on the sacrament prayer he was to give, and it was as if he were reading it for the first time in his life.

"What would the Savior do about Mary Beth Allen?" he thought.

Once the question was asked, the answer was obvious.

By the time he was to offer the prayer on the water, he'd made up his mind. He would have no part in humiliating Mary Beth. He'd tear up the poem.

During Sunday School class, Colleen introduced Mary Beth. "Mary Beth and I have lockers next to each other, but we never really knew each other very well until yesterday when I phoned her. I asked her to come today because she's such a good person. I found out that she works with handicapped children every day for a couple of hours as part of her Christian service."

"That's wonderful," the teacher enthusiastically said.

"Oh, they're such special children," Mary Beth said. "I love them all."

After Sunday School and lunch, Kevin drove to Colleen's house. She let him in, and they talked about everything else but Mary Beth, until finally he pulled out a white handkerchief and waved it.

"I surrender!" he said with a grin. "I'll make sure we don't give her the award."

"Oh, but I want you to give her an award. You've already bought the corsage. No use wasting it."

"Girls," he muttered. "I'll never understand them."

"All we need to do is to change the message on the card. I've already written it." She handed him a small card:

"A group of athletes want you to know that we think you're a special person. Thanks for giving of yourself to work with handicapped children. You set a good example for all of us. We have chosen you the winner of our Extra-Mile Award."

"Well?" she asked.

"It's not exactly what the team had in mind. They'll kill me if they find out."

"You can handle them."

"Are you kidding? They're animals."

"I have faith in you."

On Monday, a little before lunch, Kevin received the corsage from Craig. He hurried to her locker before classes let out and taped the corsage box and the card onto it.

"Well, that's over," he thought, happy to get rid of the whole business.

"Did you give her the award?" Craig asked at lunch.

"Yes," Kevin answered without explaining any details.

On Tuesday, during announcements on the PA system, the principal gave the usual list of upcoming events and then, in addition, said, "A girl has asked me to thank the anonymous group of guys who gave her a corsage. She wants them to know that it means a great deal to her."

Kevin knew he was in trouble.

The team was waiting for him at lunch.

"All right, what'd you do?"

"I didn't use the poem. I used a different message."

They stood menacingly around him.

"What kind of message?"

"I told her she was special."

"I knew we never should've let a Mormon do it," the fullback complained.

"Special? Are you kidding? What's special about her?"

"She works with handicapped children every day without getting paid."

"Why would she do a dumb thing like that?"

"I don't know," Kevin said. "She says she loves them."

Just then, Mr. Graham, the principal, climbed up the stairs toward them. They all felt threatened by him.

"Hey, Mr. Graham, how's it going?" one of them said sheepishly.

"I'm trying to find the group who gave Mary Beth Allen a corsage."

"Why?" Craig asked warily. "There wasn't anything wrong with the corsage, was there? You know, like a tarantula hiding in it?"

"No, but her mother called and asked me to thank them personally if I could find them."

"Oh," Craig said quietly.

"You see, Mary Beth has a kidney malfunction. In order to stay alive, she has to go on a dialysis machine periodically. Sometimes she gets discouraged. The award was the nicest thing that's happened to her for quite some time."

"You mean she's going to die?" someone asked.

"No, but she's had to face the possibility of an early death. It's been difficult for her."

"Then why does she work with children?" Craig blurted out.

"How do you know she works with children?" Mr. Graham asked.

That was the first time any of them could remember Mr. Graham smiling at them.

"I won't embarrass you by asking if you were the ones who gave her the award, but I want you to know there's a very grateful mother in this city."

Mr. Graham left them with their thoughts.

"Where is she?" Craig suddenly asked.



They leaned over the balcony and looked. In a few seconds they found her, sitting alone as usual, but this time wearing a corsage, even though it was now beginning to fade.

They stared in silence at the corsage.

"I'm going down to eat with her," Craig said, grabbing his tray and heading down the stairs.

"He's crazy," the fullback said. "What if someone sees him with her?"

The next day Craig ate lunch with the team.

"Well, how is she?" one of them asked.

"She's okay when you get to know her. I promised her a favor, and I'll need you guys to help me."

"What kind of favor?"

"I promised her that we'd show up in our football gear at the school where those handicapped children go. Some of the kids are real football fans. They'd be really happy if we visited them."

"I'm not going," one of the players said. "I don't want any kids climbing all over me."

"If they do, play with them. C'mon you guys, help me out."

They visited the school for handicapped children on Friday. When Mary Beth was with the children, she became a different person, radiating love and enthusiasm. The team helped the boys in the school put on the helmets and shoulder pads and taught them how to throw a football.

On Monday they met at lunch as usual. As Kevin approached the table with his tray, Craig leaned against the railing, looking down at the students below.

Finally he turned to face Kevin. "You know, it's strange."

"What is?"

"Well, we pick the person in school who everybody agrees is a loser, but then she turns out to be okay once we get to know her."

"So?" someone asked.

"Okay, maybe it's just a coincidence, but I've been thinking. What if it isn't?" Craig turned to view the crowded cafeteria. "What if every one of them turns out to be special in some way?"

"They're all children of God," Kevin finally dared to say.

The fullback swore and then said, "You guys are crazy! Life's very simple. There are winners, and there are losers. We're the winners, and the girls we date are winners. The rest are all losers."

"But what if the things that make them winners aren't so easy to spot?"

The fullback shook his head, muttered something, and left. Several others followed him.

Craig and Kevin and a few others leaned over the railing and looked down at the other students again. There were so many of them—guys and girls in a variety of clothes and hair styles and shapes and nationalities, yet each one somehow important.

Finally Craig said quietly, "Let's give the award once a month."

## **A Baby's Care**

Many years ago in a small town in the southern part of the state of Utah, my great grandmother was called to be the president of the Relief Society. During this period of our Church's history there existed a very bitter and antagonistic spirit between the Mormons and the Gentiles.

In my great grandmother's ward one of the young sisters married a Gentile boy. This of course did not please either the Mormons or the Gentiles very much. In the course of time this young couple gave birth to a child. Unfortunately the mother became so ill in the process of childbirth that she was unable to care for her baby. Upon learning of this woman's condition, great grandmother immediately went to the homes of the sisters in the ward and asked them if they would take a turn going into the home of this young couple to care for the baby. One by one these women refused and so the responsibility fell completely upon her.

She would arise early in the morning, walk what was a considerable distance to the home of this young couple where she would bathe and feed the baby, gather all that needed to be laundered and take it with her to her home. There she would launder it and then return with it the next day. Great grandmother had been doing this for some time when one morning she felt too weak and sick to go and perform the service that had become her custom. However, as she lay in bed she realized that if she didn't go the child would not be provided for. She mustered all her strength and went. After performing this service she, and I suppose only with the help of the Lord, was able to return to her home and upon entering her living room, collapsed into a large chair and immediately fell into a deep sleep. She said that as she slept she felt as if she were consumed by a fire that would melt the very marrow of her bones. She began to dream and dreamed that she was bathing the Christ child and glorying in what a great privilege it would have been to have bathed the Son of God. Then the voice of the Lord spoke to her saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

**BALLAD**  
**Written for Mary Catherine Redd**  
John Hardison Redd

While Nature was sinking in stillness to rest,  
The last beams of daylight shone dim in the west.  
O'er fields by the moonlight, with wandering feet,  
Sought in quietude's hour a place of retreat.  
While passing a garden I heard, then drew near,  
A voice of a sufferer affected my heart,  
In agony pleading the poor sinner's part.  
In offering to Heaven his pitying prayer,  
He spoke of the *burden* — *His mission to bare*.<sup>1</sup>  
His life for a ransom He offered to give,  
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.  
So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers  
That down on his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and tears.  
I wept to behold Him. I asked Him His name.  
He answered, "Tis Jesus, from Heaven I came.  
I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die;  
This cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by.  
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon Me,  
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee."  
I heard with deep anguish the tale of His woe,  
While tears like a fountain of water did flow,  
The cause of His sorrow to hear Him repeat,  
Affected my heart and I fell at His feet.  
I trembled with horror and loudly did cry.  
"Lord, save a poor sinner, O save, or I die."  
He smiled when He saw me, and said to me, "Live,  
Thy sins which are many, I freely forgive."  
How sweet was that moment; He bade me "Rejoice."  
His smile, O how sweet! How charming His voice.  
I flew from the garden, I spread it abroad.  
I shouted, "Salvation, and Glory to God."  
I'm now on my journey to mansions above.  
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace and love.  
I think of the garden, the prayer and the tears,  
Of that loving Savior who banished my fears.

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<sup>1</sup> The Italics were added by Thomas Redd. The original words were unclear and unknown.

The day of bright glory is rolling around,  
When Gabriel descending, the trumpet shall sound.  
My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise  
To gaze on my Savior with unclouded eyes.

## Beautiful

As a beauty, I am not a star.  
There are others more handsome by far,  
But my face, I don't mind it,  
For I am behind it.  
It's people in front that I jar!

# **Bed in Summer**

Robert Louis Stevenson

In winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candle-light.  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree.  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

## **Being Forgotten**

If you would not be forgotten,  
As soon as you are dead and rotten,

Either write things worth reading,  
Or do things worth writing.

Ben Franklin



## **Be Who You Will Be**

*The following story was related by Hugh B. Brown in a devotional address at BYU on February 14, 1967.*

I was at one time an army officer. I had become accustomed to having men stand at attention and salute me, call me sir. Frankly I liked it. Often the men came and asked for favors, perhaps a furlough, a leave, or some other thing that they thought that I could grant because they knew that I was an officer of the king and that the king had given to me certain privileges to speak in his name, and so they came and I kind of handed the blessings down to them and became more haughty as time went on.

One day a messenger came to my hotel just off Piccadilly Circus. He said, "You are wanted immediately in the hospital."

I thought, "Well, here is another boy that wants something. I will go down and see if I can hand down a few blessings." I straightened just a little straighter, went down, called a taxi and went to the hospital. When I arrived, the doctors stood at attention as I came in, and that pleased me. The nurses treated me with great consideration, and that pleased me even more. They showed me down to a little room.

As I pushed open the door and saw an emaciated young fellow lying there on a cot, I recognized a former Sunday School student of mine in Cardston, Canada. When he greeted me, he did not use my rank in his salutation.

He said, "Brother Brown," and I was a bit startled. "I sent for you to ask if you would use your authority in my behalf."

I thought, "Well, this is what I thought it would be. What did he want?"

"Brother Brown, will you give me my life?"

I thought, "My goodness, the king of England can't give him his life. To what is he referring?"

And then he staggered me with a request.

"Will you administer to me?"

At that moment, my young friends, my uniform seemed to melt away. As I stood before that young fellow, it seemed to me in a uniform which indicated authority, the marks on that uniform which was next to my skin which I could not have worn if I had not had some authority given to me, I stood there thinking of that authority, and I was humbled to the dust.

I went over to his cot and knelt beside him, and I put my hands on his head and said, “In the name of Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the holy priesthood, I bless you and promise you that you will get well and return to your mother.” I knew that he was the son of a widowed mother—the only son.

God honored that promise.

My young friends, I went into that hospital a proud British officer. I came out a humble Mormon elder, and ever since then, I have earnestly tried to remember that there is a power and authority given to men, not from the king or the president, but from the King of Kings and if we live properly and not forget that we have been so endowed, we may exercise that authority in behalf of those that need our ministration.

## **The Bible Truth**

The following article was copied from the "Evening Star", a newspaper located in Spencer, Indiana.

Did you know that the space program is busy proving that what has been called myth in the bible is true? Mr. Harold Hill, President of the Curtis Engine Company in Baltimore, Maryland and a consultant in the space program, relates the following development:

"I think one of the most amazing things that God has for us today happened recently to our astronauts and space scientists at Green Belt, Maryland. They were checking the position of the sun, moon and planets out in space where they would be 100 years and 1,000 years from now. We have know this so we don't send a satellite up and have it bump into something later on in its orbit. We have to lay out the orbits in terms of the life of the satellite, and where the planets will be so the whole thing will not bog down. They ran the computer measurement back and forth over the centuries and it came to a halt. The computer stopped and put up a red signal, which meant that there was something wrong either with the Information fed into it or with the results as compared to the standards.

They called in the service department to check it out and they said, "It's perfect." The head of operations said, "What's wrong?" "Well, we have found there is a day missing in space in elapsed time." They scratched their heads and tore their hair. There was no answer.

One religious fellow on the team said, "You know, one time when I was in Sunday School they talked about the sun standing still." They didn't believe him, but they didn't have any other answer, so they said, "Show us."

He got a Bible and went back to the Book of Joshua where they found a pretty ridiculous statement for anybody who has "common sense." (Joshua 10: 8-14).

There they found the Lord saying to Joshua, "Fear them not, for I have delivered them into your hand; there shall not a man of them stand before you." Joshua was concerned because he was surrounded by the enemy and if darkness fell, they would overpower them. So Joshua asked the sun to stand still. That's right! The sun stood still and the moon stayed and hastened not to go down about a whole day."

The space men said, "There is the missing day." They checked the computers going back into the time it was written and found it was close, but not close enough. The elapsed time that was missing back in Joshua's day was 23 hours and 20 minutes — not a whole day. They read the Bible and there it was "about (approximately a day)." These little words in the Bible are important. But they were still in trouble because if you cannot account for 40 minutes you'll still be in trouble 1,000 years from now.

Forty minutes had to be found because it can be multiplied many times over in orbits. This religious fellow also remembered somewhere in the Bible where it said the sun went BACKWARDS. The space men told him he was out of his mind. But, they got out the Book and read these words in II Kings. Hezekiah, on his death-bed, was visited by the prophet Isaiah who told him he was not going to die. Hezekiah asked for the sign of proof. Isaiah said, "Do you want the sun to go ahead ten degrees? Hezekiah said, "It's nothing for the sun to go ahead ten degrees, but let the shadow return backward ten degrees." Isaiah spoke to the Lord and the Lord brought the shadow ten degrees BACKWARD.

Ten degrees is exactly 40 minutes. Twenty-three hours and 20 minutes in Joshua, plus 40 minutes in II Kings (II Kings 20: 1-11) make the missing 24 hours the space travelers had to log in the log book as being the missing day in the universe.

# **Billy Miske's Last Fight**

By Dorothy Kilgallen and Richard Kollmar

On an afternoon in 1923, as the first snow of the winter fell on the city of St. Paul, Billy Miske got to thinking about Christmas. As you may remember, Miske was one of the best heavyweight prize fighters of his day. In his ring career of more than 100 bouts he fought Jack Dempsey, Tommy Gibbons and Harry Greb. Only one opponent -Dempsey - ever scored a knockout against him.

He was 29 years old, blond and blue-eyed, muscular and graceful. He looked like a champion. But he was dying, and he knew it.

It was a well-kept secret. The only persons who knew of his condition were Jack Reddy, his manager; George Barton, a sports writer on the Minneapolis Tribune; and Dr. Andrew Sivertsen, who five years before had said, "I won't lie to you, Billy - you have Bright's disease. If you quit fighting and take care of yourself you may live five years."

Billy did not quit. To his wife, Marie, he reported casually that he had "a little kidney trouble," which would be all right with diet and doctoring. Such was his courage and unflinching gaiety that she never suspected that his ailment was more serious than he had admitted.

He climbed into the ring 70 times after the death sentence was pronounced. He made money, and because he knew his fighting days were numbered he put all his savings into an automobile sales business in partnership with a friend. The business was to be security for Marie and the children when he was gone. But within two years the venture was on the verge of bankruptcy. The day after his third fight with Jack Dempsey he used his entire purse - \$18,000 to pay debts owed by the partnership.

From then on there were fewer fights and he was paid less money for them. It was a painful struggle for him to train enough to keep appearances for the sports writers.

In January, 1923 Billy knocked out Harry Foley in one round, but when it was over he felt terrible. The doctor had no trouble persuading him to stay home and rest; for weeks he didn't have enough strength to walk around the block. All through the spring, summer and autumn he hung around the house, resting, keeping to his milk diet, playing with the children, while Marie did the housework and worried about the bills.

Now, as he walked the streets on the day of the first snowfall, looking at the store windows, Billy worried, too. The snow made him think how close it was to Christmas, and how bleak the day would be for Marie and the children unless he made some money quickly. He could not bear that Christmas should be anything but the way it had always been in the past - warm and safe and bright and abundant, something to remember.

He knew of only one way to get money fast. It was simple. Hard, but simple. He walked rapidly to Jack Reddy's office.

"Jack," he said, "get me a fight."

The manager looked at him unbelievably. "You're a sick man, Billy," he said. "Remember, I know all about you. I won't put you in the ring. I wouldn't have it on my conscience.

Billy leaned forward in agonized earnestness. "Please, Jack, I'm flat broke. You know I lost everything in the automobile business. You know about the doctor bills. We've even sold most of our furniture. You've got to get me one more fight so I can give my family a happy Christmas.~ Reddy argued, pleaded, reasoned. He offered to lend or give the fighter money if he would stay out of the ring. But Billy repeated stubbornly, "No, Jack; get me a fight before Christmas."

In the end the manager gave in. A few days later he arranged a match with Bill Brennan, to be held at Omaha. Brennan was a tough fighter. He had battled Dempsey in New York and was ahead on points up to the - 12th round, when Dempsey knocked him out.

Word of the coming Miske-Brennan bout soon reached George Barton. Knowing of Miske's condition, he angrily reached for the telephone and called Jack Reddy.

"Are you so hungry for a buck that you'd risk Billy Miske's life for it?" he said. "You know he isn't in any shape to fight. I'm going to write a story blasting you as you deserve to be blasted."

"There's an angle you don't know about, George~ Reddy answered. "Hold it until I get Billy and bring him over to your office so he can explain."

In a half hour they were there, and Billy was telling Barton about the debts, the children and Christmas. When he had finished, Billy leaned forward with his big hands clasped between his knees. "George," he said, "you've always been my friend. Do one more thing for me. Don't write anything about me being sick."

Barton said, "Billy, do you realize if you fight you may die in the ring?"

Billy nodded. "I'm a fighter, George. I might as well die in the ring as sitting in a rocking chair waiting for it."

That ended the talk. Barton agreed to keep the secret.

Billy was far too ill to train for the fight. When newspapermen and boxing fans asked why

he wasn't working out as usual at the Rose Room gymnasium in St. Paul, Reddy explained that Miske had a gym rigged up at his summer place on Lake Johanna and would do all his training there before leaving for Omaha to work out in public.

Actually Billy was spending most of his time in bed, saving his strength. He left for Omaha only a few days before the fight. Oddly, he was still a fine looking specimen; the illness that was destroying him had not caused him to lose weight or become haggard. Possibly the examination of fighters was merely cursory in those days, or it may be that only a test for kidney ailments (which was not given) would have revealed Miske's condition. At any rate, he had no trouble passing whatever examination there was.

The fight had a fiction-story quality. In the opening round of the match sports writers at the ringside noticed that Brennan appeared much slower than he had been when he made such a good showing against Dempsey, while Miske was fast and smooth. For 121 minutes Billy was not a dying man, even to himself; he was Billy Miske, "the St. Paul Thunderbolt." It was all there - the aggressiveness, the nimble footwork, the "nitroglycerine" punches.

For the first two rounds the fighting was at close range, with Brennan doing considerable backing away. In the third round Billy hooked Brennan with a left and Brennan went down, helpless. The bell saved him as the referee reached the count of five. Brennan's seconds dragged him back to his corner and worked over him, but when he came out for the next round he was obviously still dazed by Miske's powerful punch in the third. Just as he got to the center of the ring Miske met him with a terrific right to the jaw, and he crumpled to the canvas. He tried valiantly to get up, but couldn't, and was counted out.

As Billy Miske's arm was raised in the victor's salute he smiled, for the last time, at the crowd.

He received \$2400 for the fight. He took the purse back to St. Paul and began to do the things he most wanted to do before the end came. He bought furniture to fill the rooms that had been empty since he and Marie sold everything except the beds, a kitchen table and a few chairs. He went on his last duck-hunting trip. Then, as the shop windows began to glow with Christmas red and green tinsel, he went downtown again.

He bought a piano for Marie; she had a lovely contralto voice and had always wanted a piano of her own. He had a fine time choosing gifts for the children - a bicycle and a red coaster for each of the boys, dolls and a teddy bear for little Donna. There was enough money left for a Christmas check for his parents, paid for a Christmas feast, and something Marie could put aside for the need that would come. His shopping finished, Billy went home exhausted and went to bed.

The intense suffering had begun, but he was able to conceal it by staying in his room during the worst hours. He managed to smile and make cheerful conversation every time Marie or the children came near. Marie still had no inkling that his illness was more than a bothersome

passing ailment.

She trimmed the tree alone that Christmas Eve. After midnight, when she finished, Billy came downstairs in his pajamas and bathrobe to admire it. Standing by his wife's side, he took her hand and looked for a long time.

"It's the prettiest tree we've ever had," he said.

Marie's heart swelled as she looked up at him. "Billy, you're so good to us."

He grinned. "Merry Christmas, honey," he said, bending over to kiss her. "It is going to be a Merry Christmas, isn't it!"

He was in his place at the head of the table at Christmas dinner, looking the picture of happy, carefree young father with his family around him. In the gaiety and excitement of the children's delight over the tree and the toys, only Marie noticed that Billy ate very little. When he caught her watching him he winked as if he were enjoying it like a hungry kid.

"Gee, honey," he said, "you're a swell cook!"

The day after Christmas he was in agony. Waiting until Marie was rattling dishes in the kitchen, he got out of bed, stumbled to the telephone and called Jack Reddy. "For God's sake, Jack, come and get me," he whispered. "I can't stand the pain any longer."

Reddy came with his car. Marie, terrified, helped her husband into the back seat, and Reddy drove to the hospital. As Marie sat in the car, holding Billy in her arms, feeling him tremble with the pain, he told her the truth at last.

Six days later, on the morning of the New Year, Billy Miske died.



# **The Birthday Song**

Gracie Fields

I've had a birthday come today.  
It's been a bit of a washout too!  
Though I've had presents from everyone  
Of the useful kind that aren't much fun  
And a bit of a party do!

Birthdays are jolly days, my mommy said.  
Hmpf! Mine ended by being sent to bed.  
What's the good of a birthday  
If you can't have what you like?  
What's the good of handkerchiefs  
To a fellow who wants a bike?

They gave me a toothbrush to clean my teeth  
And a tube of paste as well,  
But it wasn't the paste with the peppermint taste.  
It had a nasty carbolicky smell,  
So I squeezed all the paste on the carpet for fun,  
And I stepped on the toothbrush so that present's done,  
And I won't use my hanky. I'll just let it run!  
Oh! What's the good of a birthday?

And the birthday party too,  
It wasn't much good to me.  
I'd honey sandwiches and then some ham,  
Some trifle jelly with cream and jam,  
And seven big cups of lemonade,  
And just then I noticed a big pork pie,  
But I couldn't have it. Now I ask you why?  
What's the good of a birthday  
If you can't eat till you're sick?  
What's the good of a plate of cake  
If a feller can't have his pick?

They told me I'd be a P-I-G and that I'd best beware.  
I said, "P-I-Gs are happier than me,  
So why should I blooming well care?"

So I crept in the larder — and guess what I got?  
A tin of sardines, and I ate all the lot!  
Then I showed them if I could be sick or not!  
Oh! It was awful — all over the place —  
And when I'd been sick, they said, "That's that!"  
And my birthday, they said was done!  
They washed my hands and they washed me face.  
I was sent to bed. I was in disgrace!  
Just as if being sick was fun!

They took all my clothes from the bedroom  
Cause they said I'd best stay where I was.  
What's the good of a birthday  
If a fellow is sent to bed?  
What's the good of a party  
If a fellow's upstairs in bed?

The Reverend Brown I knew was down  
In the living room below  
With Mrs. DeVeen, and Winnie and Jean,  
All laughing with Auntie Flo.  
I wanted and wanted to join in the din,  
But I knew in pajamas I daren't go in,  
So — I just took them off, and went down in my skin!  
What's the good of a birthday  
If a fellow can't have a joke?  
What's the good of a birthday suit  
If it shocks all the grown-up folk?

Cause now I'm back in bed again,  
And I've promised not to play any more pranks  
Cause Mommy's cross, and Daddy's cross,  
And when he's cross, he spansks!

So I'm lying in bed. I'm in disgrace,  
And I'm smarting and smarting in one certain place,  
And I guess for tonight, I'll sleep on my face.  
Oh! What's the good of a birthday?

## **Blessed Art Thou, Mother**

Blessed art thou woman, for thou shalt be called Mother. Yea, and thy chores and thy tasks shall follow thee all the days of thy life. And thou shalt eat the bread of thine own baking, and thou shalt dwell forever in a dirty house if thou dost not choose to clean it thyself.

Thou shalt arise before the cock croweth, and thou shalt say unto thy self, "Where are the offspring which were given me? Yea, the sun has risen high in the sky and the hour is getting late. Wherefore I have been long at my labors."

And Thou shalt go and find thy offspring upon their cots. And thou shalt say unto them, "Haste, arise and shine, for I have many labors for thee to preform, wherefore I have been many hours already preparing the way."

And thine offspring shall linger in sleep and shall say unto thee, "Thou didst not watch the late, late, late show as I did last night, and mine eyes are heavy and mine loins acheth."

And thou shalt say unto thine offspring, "Get thee up from thy cot ere I lay my hand upon thee, and go ye hither and scrub a sparkling tub, for thou hast left black rings upon its sides."

And thine offspring shall say unto thee, "I will go and do thy bidding in a minute." And thy rage shall know no end, and thou shalt weep and wail and gnash thy teeth mightily. Nevertheless, thou shalt scrub a sparkling tub thyself, and glory shall be added unto thee, for thou didst not strike the lazy beast.

Thou art blessed above all others and thy descendants shall call thee blessed, for thou preparest a table before them. Thou cookest meat and all manner of tasty vittles, and thine offspring shall sit at the table with thee, and partake with thee.

And they shall add glory to thy crown for they shall let thee also wash the dishes, if thou wilt. And when the night falleth, thou shalt be pooped, and thy offspring shall say of thee, "She is an old woman, wherefore she neither goes dancing, nor does she watch the late, late, late show."

Thy art and thy craft shall make thee called one, and thou shalt labor at many tasks in the kingdom for whosoever asketh, thou shalt do his bidding.

Thy back shall ache with arthritis. Thy cane and thy husband shall be thy support. Thy veins shall be varicose in the aching legs, but thou shalt do thy labors with a smile, neither shalt thou gripe, for in the day thou doest, thy name shall be mud.

Nevertheless, thou art blessed, for thou art crowned with the angels on the second Sunday of May on each and every year. Therefore, thou shalt be blessed above all others for thou art Mother, and thou shalt find peace and joy in thy offspring forever and ever ... if thou endureth to

the end!

# Born to Win

By Cynthia Frank–Mindorff

Lottery tickets are something that many people are buying in times of financial despair or during the last gloomy months of winter. They need fuel for their imaginations. An expenditure of a few dollars can provide minutes—even hours—of daydreams. Instead of sitting in traffic, letting your mind wander, you can think of the things that would be possible if a winning ticket came your way. A financial windfall would bring me a new kind of freedom. The world would be mine, I tell myself. I could do whatever I pleased.

With the proceeds of my imaginary winnings, I have redecorated my home (several times). I have provided my four children with first-class educations and enabled their grandparents to live out their senior years in style. And, of course, I have done the obvious: I've quit my job and travelled to exotic lands. I have had many a pleasurable daydream, all in the dream of winning the lottery.

Imagine my reaction when, a little over a year ago, I discovered that I had won in a big way. While reading the paper, I was shocked to find that I was a winner in the biggest lottery on the planet.

The news didn't register right away. In fact, my eldest daughter had to spell it out for me. The world's population had just reached six billion. I was born in Canada. As one of 30 million Canadians in a world of six billion people, there was a 99.5 per cent chance that I could have been born somewhere else. Here I was, a winner for all these years and I didn't even know it.

I had little to say about my place of birth: my grandparents chose it for me. Coming from Europe and the Middle East, they made a conscious decision to settle in Canada. In a sense, they bought me my first lottery ticket. How I handled the winnings was up to me.

What have I done with my long held but newly discovered wealth? What about the new home, the trips, the luxury? I am a little embarrassed to say that I already possess most of the things on my dream list. Because I am Canadian, these things are mine by birthright.

My children have access to education. Even with its lumps and bumps, I know our education system provides a safe environment and an opportunity to learn and grow.

The grandparents may not be able to retire to the Riviera, or even to Florida for that matter, but they enjoy good health and good health care. They reap the rewards of many years of hard work, not by retiring to the south but by watching their children and grand children flourish in what they still believe to be one of the world's greatest countries.

I won't be taking an expensive trip to an exotic land but, thanks to economy class, I have managed to see a fair bit of the world. And when travel is out of the question, I just have to

venture out into my community to savour the taste of a multitude of cultures. More important than the financial resources to travel is the knowledge that I am free to travel when and how I choose. Many women in the world are denied this liberty.

Does my winning ticket mean I can give up on my job? No. But it gives me the opportunity to work and enjoy the benefits of my own efforts. Not a bad prize.

## **The Boy That Was**

When the hair about the temples starts to show the signs of gray,  
And a fellow realizes that he's wandering far away  
From the pleasures of his boyhood and his youth, and never more  
Will know the joy of laughter as he did in days of yore,  
Oh, it's then he starts to thinking of a stubby little lad  
With a face as brown as berries and a soul supremely glad.  
When a gray-haired dreamer wanders down the lanes of memory  
And forgets the living present for the time of "used-to-be,"

He takes off his shoes and stockings, and he throws his coat away,  
And he's free from all restrictions, save the rules of manly play.  
He may be in richest garments, but bareheaded in the sun  
He forgets his proud successes and the riches he has won.  
Oh, there's not a man alive but that would give his all to be  
The stubby little fellow that in dreamland he can see,  
And the splendors that surround him and the joys about him spread  
Only seem to rise to taunt him with the boyhood that has fled.  
When the hair about the temples starts to show Time's silver stain,  
Then the richest man that's living yearns to be a boy again.

## The Bridge

There once was a big turntable bridge which spanned a large river. During most of the day the bridge sat with its length running up and down the river parallel with the banks, allowing ships to pass through freely on both sides of the bridge. But at certain times each day, a train would come alone, and the bridge would be turned sideways across the river allowing the train to cross. The bridge was just wide enough for a train to cross it.

A switchman sat in a small shack on one side of the river where he operated the controls to turn the bridge and lock it into place as the train passed. One evening as the switchman was waiting for the last train of the day to come, he looked off into the distance through the dimming twilight, and caught sight of the train's light. He stepped to the controls and waited until the train was within a prescribed distance when he was to turn the bridge. He turned the bridge into position for the train to cross, and moved the lever to lock the bridge into position, but to his horror, he found the locking control didn't work. If the bridge was not locked securely into position it would wobble back and forth at the ends when the train came onto it, causing the train to jump the track and go crashing into the river. This would be a passenger train with many people aboard.

He left the bridge turned across the river, and hurried across the bridge to the other side of the river where there was a lever which he could use to operate the lock manually. He would have to hold the lever back firmly as the train passed. He could hear the rumble of the train now, and he took hold of the lever and leaned backward to apply his weight to it, locking the bridge. He kept applying the pressure to keep the mechanism locked. Many lives depended on this man's strength.

Then, coming across the bridge from the direction of his control shack, he heard a sound that made his blood run cold! — "Daddy, where are you?" His four-year-old son was crossing the bridge to look for him. His first impulse was to cry out to the child, "Run! Run!" but the train was too close; the tiny legs would never make it across the bridge in time. The man almost left the lever to run and snatch up his son and carry him to safety, but he realized he could not get back to the lever. Either the people on the train or his little son must die.

He took just a moment to make his decision. The train sped swiftly and safely on its way, and no one aboard was even aware of the tiny, broken body thrown mercilessly into the river by the onrushing train. Nor were they aware of the pitiful figure of a sobbing man, still clinging tightly to the locked lever long after the train had passed. They didn't see him walking home more slowly than he has ever walked — to tell his wife how he had sacrificed their son.

Now If you can comprehend the emotions which went through this man's heart, you can begin to understand the feelings of our Heavenly Father when he sacrificed His son to bridge the gap between us and eternal life. Can there be any wonder that He caused the earth to tremble and the skies to darken when His Son died? And how does He feel when we speed along through life



without giving a thought to what was done for us through Jesus? When was the last time you thanked Him for the sacrifice of His Son?

## **A Brother Like That**

A friend of mine named Paul received a new car from his brother as a pre-Christmas present. On Christmas Eve, when Paul came out of his office, a street urchin was walking around the shiny new car, admiring it.

"Is this your car, Mister?" he asked.

Paul nodded, "My brother gave it to me for Christmas."

The boy looked astounded. "You mean your brother gave it to you, and it didn't cost you anything? Gosh I wish. . ."

He hesitated, and Paul knew what he was going to wish. He was going to wish he had a brother like that. But what the lad said jarred Paul all the way down to his heels.

"I wish," the boy went on, "that I could be a brother like that."

Paul looked at the boy in astonishment, then impulsively added, "Would you like a ride in my new car?"

"Oh, yes, I'd love that!"

After a short ride the urchin turned, and with his eyes aglow said, "Mister, would you mind driving in front of my house?"

Paul smiled a little. He thought he knew what the lad wanted. He wanted to show his neighbors that he could ride home in a big automobile. But Paul was wrong again.

"Will you stop right where those steps are?" the boy asked. He ran up the steps. Then in a little while, Paul heard him coming back, but he was not coming fast. He was carrying his little polio-crippled brother. He sat down on the bottom step, then sort of squeezed up right against him and pointed to the car.

"There she is, Buddy, just like I told you upstairs. His brother gave it to him for Christmas, and it didn't cost him a cent, and someday I'm gonna give you one just like it; then you can see for yourself all the pretty things in the Christmas windows that I've been trying to tell you about.

Paul got out and lifted the little lad into the front seat of his car. The shining-eyed older brother climbed in beside him and the three of them began a memorable holiday ride.

That Christmas Eve, Paul learned what Jesus meant when He said, "IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE..."

## **Brothers Who Were Friends**

Speaking of his brother Hyrum Smith, the Prophet Joseph Smith wrote:

"Brother Hyrum, what a faithful heart you have got! Oh may the Eternal Jehovah crown eternal blessings upon your head, as a reward for the care you had for my soul! O how many are the sorrows we have shared together; and again we find ourselves shackled with the unrelenting hand of oppression. Hyrum, thy name shall be written in the book of the Law of the Lord, for those who come after thee to look upon, that they may pattern after thy works."

In June of 1844 the mob was determined to take the life of Joseph Smith. Hyrum Smith and others met with Joseph and carefully deliberated what Joseph should do to avoid being killed, but Joseph seemed more concerned for his brother Hyrum's safety than he was for his own.

Joseph told Hyrum to take his family to Cincinnati, but Hyrum refused to leave Joseph. He followed Joseph to Carthage Jail.

On June 27, 1844, at about 5:00 P.M., the mob attacked the Jail:

A shower of lead was pouring into the room .... Hyrum was retreating in front of the door and had just snapped his pistol when a ball struck him on the left side of the nose, and he fell backward to the floor saying, "I am a dead man!" .... When Hyrum fell, Joseph exclaimed, "Oh, dear brother Hyrum!" and opening the door a few inches discharged his six shooter down the stairway ....

Then, seeing that there was no safety in the room and, no doubt, thinking that it would save the lives of his brethren in the room if he got out, Joseph turned calmly from the door, and sprang into the window where two balls pierced him from the door, and one entered his right breast from without. He fell forward into the hands of his murderers, exclaiming, "O Lord, my God!"

Hyrum could have saved his life, but he would not forsake his brother.

## **Bubba's Back Woods Computer Glossary**

LOG ON: Makin the stove hotter.  
LOG OFF: Don't add no more wood.  
MONITOR: Keepin an eye on the wood stove.  
DOWNLOAD: Gettin the farwood offen the truck.  
FLOPPY DISK: Whatcher back gets from carryin to much farwood.  
RAM: That thang that splits the farwood.  
HARD DRIVE: Gettin home in the winter time.  
WINDOWS: What to shut when its cold outside.  
SCREEN: What to shut when its black fly season.  
BYTE: What them black flies do.  
CHIP: Munchies for the TV.  
MICRO CHIP: What's left in the munchies bag.  
MODEM: What you did to the hay fields.  
DOT MATRIX: Old man Matrix's wife.  
LAP TOP: Whar the cat sits.  
KEYBOARD: Whar the keys to the John Deere is kept.  
SOFTWARE: Them dang plastic knives and forks.  
MOUSE: What eats the grain.  
MAIN FRAME: Holds up the barn ruf.  
PORT: Fancy Flatlander wine.  
ENTER: Northerner talk for "Come on in, y'all".  
MOUSE PAD: Hippie talk for rat hole.  
BUG: The reason you give for callin in sick.  
CACHE: Needed when you run out of food stamps.  
TERMINAL: Time to call the undertaker.  
CRASH: Whan you go to Junior's party uninvited.  
DIGITAL: The art of counting on your fingers.  
DISKETTE: Female Disco dancer.  
FAX: What you lie about to the IRS.  
HACKER: Uncle Leroy after 32 years of smokin.  
INTERNET: Where cafeteria workers put ther hair.  
MAC: Favorite fast food.  
NETWORK: Scoopin up the big fish afore it breaks the line.  
ON LINE: Whar to stay whan takin a sobriety test.  
ROM: Whar the Pope lives.  
SERIAL PORT: Red wine you drink with breakfast.  
SUPER CONDUCTOR: Amtrak's employee of the year.

# **The Call of the Lord**

As told by President Heber C. Kimball:

On the 4th of September 1839, President Brigham Young left his home at Montrose, Iowa to start upon his mission to England. He was so sick that he was unable to go to the river, a distance of thirty rods, without assistance. After he had crossed the river, he rode behind Israel Barlow on his horse to my house, where he continued sick until the 18th. He left his wife sick with a babe only ten days old, and all his other children were sick and unable to wait upon one another. Not one of them was able to go to the well for a pail of water, and they were without a single change of clothes, for the mob in Missouri had taken nearly all he had.

On the 17th, Sister Mary Ann Young got a boy to carry her up in his wagon to my house, that she might nurse and comfort Brother Brigham to the hour of starting.

On the 18th, Charles Hubbard sent a boy with a wagon and span of horses to my house to start us on our journey. Our trunks were put into the wagon by some of the brethren who had come to bid us farewell.

I went to my bed and shook hands with my wife, who was then shaking with the ague, and had two of our children lying sick by her side. I embraced her and my children, and bade them farewell. The only child well was little Heber Parley, and it was with difficulty that he could carry a couple of quarts of water at a time, to assist in quenching their thirst.

With some difficulty we got into the wagon and started down the hill about ten rods. It seemed to me as though my very inmost parts would melt within me at the thought of leaving my family in such a condition, as it were almost in the arms of death. I felt as though I could scarcely endure it. I said to the teamster, "Hold up!" then turning to Brother Brigham I added, "This is pretty tough, but let's rise, and give them a cheer." We arose, and swinging out hats three times over our heads, we cried, "Hurrah, Hurrah, hurrah for Israel!"

My wife, hearing the noise, arose from her bed and came to the door to see what was up. She had a smile on her face. She and Sister Young cried out to us, "Good bye; God bless you!" We returned the compliment, and were pleased to see that they were so cheerful. We then told the driver to go ahead.

After this I felt a spirit of joy and gratitude at having the satisfaction of seeing my wife standing upon her feet, instead of leaving her in bed, knowing well that I should not see her again for two or three years.

# Canada's National Debt

by Allan Holladay

Canada owes 600 Billion Dollars. How much is that?

Let us suppose that a kernel of wheat stands for each dollar owed.

In one bushel of wheat there is one million kernels.

In a railroad grain car there is 3000 bushels.

Now  $3000 \times \text{one million} = 3 \text{ billion kernels in each car.}$

Now  $600 \div 3$  gives us 200 grain cars. 200 grain cars will hold 600 billion kernels of wheat.

200 grain cars will make 2 trains, each one mile long.

Each kernel of wheat in these two trains represents one dollar owed.

# Cars vs Computers

General Motors doesn't have a "help line" for people who don't know how to drive, because people don't buy cars like they buy computers — but imagine if they did...

\*\*\*\*\*

HELP LINE: "General Motors HELP LINE, how can I help you?"

CUSTOMER: "I got in my car and closed the door, and nothing happened!"

HELP LINE: "Did you put the key in the ignition and turn it?"

CUSTOMER: "What's an ignition?"

HELP LINE: "It's a starter motor that draws current from your battery and turns over the engine."

CUSTOMER: "Ignition? Motor? Battery? Engine? How come I have to know all of these technical terms just to use my car?"

\*\*\*\*\*

HELP LINE: "General Motors HELP LINE, how can I help you?"

CUSTOMER: "My car ran fine for a week, and now it won't go anywhere!"

HELP LINE: "Is the gas tank empty?"

CUSTOMER: "Huh? How do I know?"

HELP LINE: "There's a little gauge on the front panel, with a needle, and markings from 'E' to 'F'. Where is the needle pointing?"

CUSTOMER: "I see an 'E' but no 'F'."

HELP LINE: "You see the 'E' and just to the right is the 'F'."

CUSTOMER: "No, just to the right of the first 'E' is a 'V'."

HELP LINE: "A 'V'?!"

CUSTOMER: "Yeah, there's a 'C', an 'H', the first 'E', then a 'V', followed by 'R', 'O', 'L' ..."

HELP LINE: "No, no, no sir! That's the front of the car. When you sit behind the steering wheel, that's the panel I'm talking about."

CUSTOMER: "That steering wheel thingy — Is that the round thing that honks the horn?"

HELP LINE: "Yes, among other things."

CUSTOMER: "The needle's pointing to 'E'. What does that mean?"

HELP LINE: "It means that you have to visit a gasoline vendor and purchase some more gasoline. You can install it yourself, or pay the vendor to install it for you."

CUSTOMER: "What? I paid \$12,000 for this car! Now you tell me that I have to keep buying more components? I want a car that comes with everything built in!"

\*\*\*\*\*

HELP LINE: "General Motors HELP LINE, how can I help you?"

CUSTOMER: "Your cars suck!"

HELP LINE: "What's wrong?"

CUSTOMER: "It crashed, that's what went wrong!"

HELP LINE: "What were you doing?"

CUSTOMER: "I wanted to go faster, so I pushed the accelerator pedal all the way to the floor. It worked for a while, and then it crashed — and now it won't even start up!"

HELP LINE: "I'm sorry, sir, but it's your responsibility if you misuse the product."

CUSTOMER: "Misuse it? I was just following this darn manual of yours. It said to make the car go to put the transmission in 'D' and press the accelerator pedal. That's exactly what I did — now the darn thing's crashed."

HELP LINE: "Did you read the entire operator's manual before operating the car sir?"

CUSTOMER: "What? Of course I did! I told you I did EVERYTHING the manual said and it didn't work!"

HELP LINE: "Didn't you attempt to slow down so you wouldn't crash?"



CUSTOMER: "How do you do THAT?"

HELP LINE: "You said you read the entire manual, sir. It's on page 14. The pedal next to the accelerator."

CUSTOMER: "Well, I don't have all day to sit around and read this manual you know."

HELP LINE: "Of course not. What do you expect us to do about it?"

CUSTOMER: "I want you to send me one of the latest versions that goes fast and won't crash anymore!"

\*\*\*\*\*

HELP LINE: "General Motors HELP LINE, how can I help you?"

CUSTOMER: "Hi! I just bought my first car, and I chose your car because it has automatic transmission, cruise control, power steering, power brakes, and power door locks."

HELP LINE: "Thanks for buying our car. How can I help you?"

CUSTOMER: "How do I work it?"

HELP LINE: "Do you know how to drive?"

CUSTOMER: "Do I know how to what?"

HELP LINE: "Do you know how to DRIVE?"

CUSTOMER: "I'm not a technical person! I just want to go places in my car!"

## Changing the Light

How many Mormons does it take to change a light bulb? That depends ....

If you ask the Relief Society to do it, it would take four sisters. One would have to bring the tablecloth and lay it out. Another would be assigned to design the center piece for the table. A third sister would have to bring the refreshments, and the fourth lady would change the light bulb.

If you asked the Elders Quorum, it would also take four elders. Three of them wouldn't show up, and the fourth one would change the light bulb.

If you asked the High Priests, once again it would take four of them. Two would make their way slowly to the church on the given day in their wheelchairs. A third would come carefully and slowly pushing his oxygen tank, and a fourth would be *Able* to change the light bulb.

If you asked the bishopric to do it, They wouldn't. They don't change light bulbs. They would delegate the responsibility.

And lastly, if you asked the Home Teachers to do it, it would take two. It would get done, but you would have to wait till the end of the month.

So you see that when you need that light bulb changed, not matter who you asked to do the job, it would get done. You just have a great selection of how you get the job done!

## Cheer Up

If times are hard, and you feel blue,  
Think of the others worrying, too.  
Just because your trials are many,  
Don't think the rest of us haven't any.  
Life is made up of smiles and tears,  
Joys and sorrows, mixed with fears.  
And though to us it seems one-sided,  
Trouble is pretty well divided.  
If we could look in every heart,  
We'd find that each one has its part,  
And those who travel Fortune's road  
Sometimes carry the biggest load.

# Chicago Fire

The ingredients were all there.

The summer of 1871 in Chicago had been excessively dry. Thousands of stores and residences were virtual tinder boxes since two-thirds of the city's buildings were of wood construction. On the night of October 8, a strong, veering wind was blowing.

Somehow, near the lumberyard district on the west side of the city, a few sparks went astray and touched off one of the most disastrous fires in the nation's history.

This terrifying fire — finally tamed by a heavy rain several hours after it started — destroyed 17,450 homes, left 100,000 people homeless, and claimed the lives of 250.

How did it really start?

Some stories would have us believe that a milk cow owned by a Mrs. O'Leary of De Koven Street had kicked over a kerosene lamp and touched off the inferno.

But nobody really knows for sure how the great Chicago fire started. It's a mystery that probably never will be solved.

## **The Child**

Ah! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.

-Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The best way to make children good is to make them happy.

Oscar Wilde

Give me a child for the first seven years, and you may do what you like with him afterwards.

-Anonymous

Children in a family are like flowers in a bouquet: there's always one determined to face in an opposite direction from the way the arranger desires.

-Marcelene Cox

## Children

My hands were busy through the day  
I didn't have much time to play  
The little games you asked me to.  
I didn't have much time for you.

I'd wash your clothes, I'd sew and cook,  
But when you'd bring your picture book  
And ask me please to share your fun,  
I'd say: "A little later, son."

I'd tuck you in all safe at night  
And hear your prayers, turn out the light,  
Then tiptoe softly to the door...  
I wish I'd stayed a minute more.

For time is short, the years rush past..  
A little boy grows up so fast.  
No longer is he at your side,  
His precious secrets to confide.

The picture books are put away,  
There are no longer games to play,  
No good-night kiss, no prayers to hear....  
That all belongs to yesteryear.

My hands, once busy, now are still.  
The days are long and hard to fill.  
I wish I could go back and do  
The little things you asked me to.

# **Children Follow**

James Baldwin

Children have never been good at listening to their elders,  
but they have never failed to imitate them.

## **Children Should Be Seen, and Not Slurred**

Children have had a lot of bad publicity lately, outright slander, really. Between Jean Kerr's daisy-eaters and Elinor Goulding Smith's housemates, somebody who doesn't know Children personally might think they were monsters. I, for one, like Children better than People. I really do, and I can give you a hundred good reasons why.

For one thing, People are wet blankets. If somebody says, "Let's do this" or "Let's do that," People first think of all the reasons why they can't. They're too tired, or it's too close to dinnertime, or they have to put the screens up, or take them down. If they finally do it, after all that, they keep thinking about all those things and they don't have any fun.

Children, on the other hand, are enthusiastic. They're always ready to do practically anything, whether it's going to look at new puppies, or swinging in the back yard, or shooting fireworks, or making popcorn. They're never too tired. Children first think of all the reasons why they should do things. They like to play marbles, fly model airplanes, kick tin cans, dig for fishing worms, play cowboys, and turn somersaults.

Another thing. People are phony. You can't believe a word they say. They pretend to like other people while they're with them, and right afterward, they'll say they don't like them at all. If they get mad, they can't come right out and say so; instead they get ulcers, or drive too fast, or make sarcastic remarks, or hold a grudge forever and ever. They even hide it when they feel happy.

Children, however, are candid. They don't pretend about what they like and don't like. If you say "Would you like to have a peanut-butter sandwich?" or "Would you like to stay here with me?" or "Would you like to play outdoors?" they'll tell you. Children don't pretend to like you if they really don't; They act the way they feel. If they get mad, they simply throw a tantrum, which blows over fast and then it's all finished and done with. They forgive and forget in just about two minutes flat. If they're happy, they really show it: they dance and skip and laugh, and everybody around feels happy, too.

People sleep too much. They take naps, even when nobody can make them. But children hate sleep. They love being awake because they love life so much. That's why they put up such a fight about going to bed. And they have no trouble bouncing out in the morning. Children are glad when morning comes. Like birds, they're gay as soon as they wake up. They never need coffee first.

People aren't really very friendly, either. You don't see them going around making friends in the supermarket, or in the bus, or while they're in a park. Even if they're introduced they're afraid to ask about things they want to know. You don't hear People ask, "How old are you?" or



"Do you want to be my friend?" or things like that.

But Children are very friendly. They don't care about anybody's race, creed, or color. They like TV the repairman and the nurse in the doctor's office and the old man who feeds the pigeons and the baby next door and the cleaning woman, and practically everybody.

People don't really appreciate nature. All they know how to do is look at nature or take pictures of it and look at them. They say, "Isn't this a lovely hill?" or "What a nice tree!" or "My the lilacs are beautiful!"

Children really appreciate nature. They roll like logs down the grassy slopes, bumping along and giggling all the way, the weeds tickling them. Then they run down with their arms spread out and they're airplanes or birds, and they feel the wind. They don't just look at the lilacs. They smell them, and then taste the leaves, and take the flower apart to see how it's made, and crawl through the bushes to find out what they're like underneath. They climb up a tree to sway on the branches, and find out how rough the bark is, and if there are birds' nests there. Children don't just stand there looking at nature. They smell it and feel it and taste it and see how it looks from underneath and all around.

People are pretty dull. They aren't really interested in much.

Children are interested in everything — in telephones, and God, and bugs, and stars, and music, and baseball, and steam shovels and anything you can think of. They are bursting with curiosity and bubbling with questions.

People are always stewing about what other people will think. They do not do much of what they want to do. They get all dressed up when they go out so other People won't think they're sloppy and don't know any better, even if they are comfortable in their shorts and old tennis shoes. They even go into debt so other People won't find out that they don't have as much money as they want to make them think they have!

Children don't give a hoot about what others think. When People say, "What will Mr. Brown think of a big boy like you acting this way?" or "What will the neighbors think of a big girl like you getting so muddy?" Children will tell them, "I don't care." They never dress up unless they're made to. Children will even tell you exactly how much money they have. They don't care if you know. Even if they don't have one single cent.

People are always waiting until things are over. That way they spend a lot of time being bored, which shows up in their dispositions. Say they're riding along on a bus; they're just waiting until they get somewhere. If they're at the garage while the car is being fixed, they're just waiting until they can be on their way again. The minute they catch up to what they're waiting for, they start waiting for the next thing.

Children, on the other hand, enjoy things while they're going on. They have a good time

counting telephone poles along the highway, watching the mechanic work on the motor, or skipping cracks in the sidewalk. That way they're happy as they go along and not all the time waiting to be happy.

Besides, People think for a thing to be good, it has to cost money. Children know you can get lots of things for nothing. They can take vases and old inner tubes and bottles and a broken phonograph and an empty candy box out of the trash cans in the alley. They can pick up rocks with sparkles like diamonds in them, and feathers, and a big packing box for a fort without spending a single cent.

I could go on with the reasons why I like Children better than People, but it would take a million years. What I'd rather do is have somebody explain this to me: when People say to other People, "You're so Childish!" why do they say it in a derogatory tone? I think it is about the nicest compliment there is.

# **The Christmas Coat**

Author Unknown

During our first holidays together as a married couple in 1973, my husband received a forty-dollar Christmas bonus. Though we didn't have much money for gifts, we decided to spend the bonus on a family who had recently lost their husband and father. We had so much fun shopping for presents, wrapping them, and then leaving them in the dark on the family's front doorstep that we made the secret project a family tradition.

Over the years we were blessed with four children. As soon as each child became tall enough, he or she would take a turn at Christmas time wearing a special coat that we used only once a year. Adult-sized, dark in color, and Hooded, the coat made a perfect disguise for sneaking up to someone's doorstep to leave gifts.

Every autumn we would vote on who our secret family would be that Christmas and on what gifts we would make or purchase for them. After some negotiation, the children would agree on who would have the honor of wearing the Christmas coat and delivering the presents that year. On abundant years we would give homemade quilts or clothing along with toys, books, and goodies, and on leaner years we would give stockings filled with smaller items.

When Christmas Eve finally arrived, the lucky child would don that beloved coat, cinch the hood tight around his or her face, and put on gloves and large boots to complete the disguise. With everyone in the car, we'd park a short distance away from the chosen house, and our little elf would make his or her way to the front porch. The fear of being seen or suspected made it even more exciting!

Back in our cozy home we would sit together with hot cocoa and bread sticks and relive the evening's adventure. With full tummies and warm hearts, we would read the Christmas story from the Bible and appreciate what the Savior's life taught us about service. Christmases were always wonderful, and we never missed a year of our tradition. Whenever I saw the Christmas coat hanging in the closet during the year, I would think of what it represented to us: the fun of a well-kept family secret and the joy of loving and sharing.

During the spring of our twentieth year together, my husband lost his job and was out of work for five months. Even though he had a new job by Christmas time, our financial situation was grim. We didn't expect to have much of a Christmas for our own family, so we wondered how we would carry out our secret tradition.

We talked during family home evening about what our Christmas would be like that year. We recognized with gratitude that even if gifts would be scarce, at least we still had warmth, food, and each other. We thought of all the people who had essentially nothing: no home, no family, no warmth. Then we thought about how for years short little legs had run inside our Christmas coat, and bright eyes had peered out from its furry hood. How would we put the coat

to use this year?

One Sunday morning we loaded everyone into the car and drove downtown with our Christmas coat only, this time none of the children were wearing it. We drove to an area where homeless people often spent the night, and we watched for someone who didn't have anything warm to wear in the freezing winter air. When we spotted a man walking alone, my husband and son walked over to him. The rest of us watched as the man accepted the coat and smiled. Tears filled my eyes and I saw him put on our Christmas coat, the only gift we had to give that year.

Other Christmases have since passed, and we have been able to continue our tradition. None of us has forgotten about the Christmas coat, however. When I consider all the years the coat disguised us while we delivered gifts, the memory of the year we gave it away warms my heart the most.

# **The Christmas Dad Would Have Wanted**

by Connie Sherwood

It was almost Christmas — just one more day to go. The tree was up, lights were strung around the front window, and a couple of chickens had been purchased for Christmas dinner. (Not the usual fare, but it would do.)

The traditional Christmas family home evening went as well as could be expected under the circumstances. And the ward Christmas party had left the children happy. The gifts that would be exchanged this year were under the tree — all but one, that is.

That gift lay unwrapped in the top drawer of the dresser in Bonnie's bedroom. It was to have been such a fine surprise. All summer the children had secretly tucked away money that they had earned. Bonnie had spent hours ironing; Stan, Dick and Elwood had washed windows in the neighborhood; and even little Dennis had fed the bishop's dog while its owners were on vacation. On Sundays the children had met in Bonnie's bedroom to count the pennies, nickels, and dimes that were slowly filling the jar, and Dick would tell them how much was still needed for the special gift.

Finally, the day had come to make the purchase — a wristwatch for Dad. No more would he need to finger in his vest for the old pocket watch. Now he would tell time like the other men at church, who only had to glance at their wrists. All the children had walked to the store that day to see the watch, beautiful and shiny in its new case.

The final touch was an inscription on the back. "Let's just put 'To Dad, from your children,' since that's all the money we have for the printing," said the oldest brother. And that satisfied all of them.

But that thrilling, exciting day when the Peterson children had bought the watch for Dad now stung their hearts with its memory. Dad had died of a sudden illness on November 2. Despite her own grief, Mom had tried hard to keep the Christmas traditions and see that the things the children looked forward to were still done. The tree had been placed in its customary spot. The Christmas cookie baking had been finished the Saturday before. But the things Dad usually did were left undone: the cards from friends and relatives were not clipped to strings in the shape of a tree on the back of the living room door, and no one had wound the string of lights on the porch railing.

The afternoon shadows were starting to appear that Christmas Eve when a light tap came at the door. Stan answered the door. The boy who stood there must have been about his age. Stan had never seen the boy before. His clothes were unkempt, and his coat seemed very light for a chilly winter day. The boy held out a waxed paper bag that contained a few pieces of homemade chocolate candy. "I'm selling candy. It's only 25 cents a bag. Will you buy some?"

Stan asked the boy to wait while he went to the kitchen and asked Mom if she would be interested in buying a bag of candy. Sister Peterson peeked around the kitchen door and saw the little boy standing patiently in the doorway. She got her purse from the cupboard and looked first among her change; then putting the quarter back, she took a dollar from her wallet and gave it to her son. "Tell him he can keep the change, Stan," she said.

The little boy's eyes lit up with surprise and delight at the sight of the dollar. He thanked Stan several times, turned, and headed down the street. Stan took the little bag of candy to the kitchen. His mother watched the boy out of the window, then turned to her son and said, "Stan, go out and call the boy back. I want to talk to him."

Stan found the boy a few doors down the block. As he approached, the little boy looked scared. And when Stan told him to come back to the house, the boy seemed crestfallen. Undoubtedly he thought they wanted their money back.

Sister Peterson sat on the couch across from the boy and started to ask him questions. Where did he live? Well, right now he and his family were "kinda camping under the overpass just outside of town." Where did they come from? "Arkansas." His dad was to get a job at the airbase here, but when they arrived, Dad was sick, and the job was given to someone else. Did they have any place to go? No, not until his dad got a job and they could find something to rent. Where did he get the candy? His mother had made it over a campfire, and the children were trying to sell it to buy food.

Sister Peterson was overcome with compassion. She began to form a plan. "Go and get your mother," she said, "and bring her here."

Later that afternoon, the boy returned with his mother. Sister Peterson greeted them warmly, and began to ask more about the family and their situation. There were five children, about the same ages as her own. The father was still too sick with pneumonia to find work. The children weren't going to school. The family had been living on half-rotten potatoes they had found in the rubbish behind a market.

"Come stay with us," Sister Peterson pleaded, "at least over Christmas." The mother sadly but firmly refused the offer. After much coaxing, however, she consented at least to come the next day for Christmas dinner.

After the mother and little boy left, the Petersons went into action. First, Elwood was sent to the store for two more chickens and a few more carrots; Bonnie scurried to the kitchen to start another Christmas pudding; Dennis was assigned the job of stringing the Christmas cards in the shape of a tree on the back of the living room door; and Stan was set to work winding the lights around the railing on the porch. Sister Peterson hurried out to the local five-and-dime store. Soon she was back with a bag under her arm.

That evening everyone gathered in the living room, and one by one many of the presents under the tree were given new tags — names of the children who were to be their Christmas guest. The few gifts Sister Peterson had purchased that afternoon were wrapped and tagged and placed under the tree. Far into the night the family bustled about, trying to get everything completed by the following morning. It was hard to sleep that night at the Peterson home. Had any Christmas before been as exciting as this one? Was any family in all of Sacramento feeling the spirit of Christmas as they were? "I think this must be the kind of Christmas Dad would want us to have. I'll bet he is happy, too," thought Stan.

The next day proved to be everything they had hoped it would be. Stan's heart filled with pride when he saw his mother, who thought no one else was watching, give the mother of the family one hundred dollars. (It was at least 20 percent of Dad's insurance money.) Yes, this was probably their most exciting Christmas.

What, Stan wondered as he matured and started his own family, could they do to bring this special spirit into their lives every Christmas? The answer was easy. That's why Stan Peterson of Bountiful, Utah, and his wife and children provide Christmas for a needy family each year. They don't usually find one like the family who was "kinda camping under an overpass just outside of town," but they find one. And when Stan thinks of how that little family was able to find an old house to rent with the money Mom had given them, and how the father found employment (and eventually was able to buy a small farm near Sacramento), he feels the special Christmas spirit that comes with caring, and loving, and sharing.

Sometimes, too, he remembers that one gift, unwrapped, lying in that top drawer. In Stan's memory, it lies there still, untouched. For the greater gift had been given. And the greater had been accepted.

# Christmas Day in the Morning

By: Pearl S. Buck

He woke suddenly and completely. It was four o'clock, the hour at which his father had always called him to get up and help with the milking. Strange how the habits of his youth clung to him still! Fifty years ago, and his father had been dead for thirty years, and yet he waked at four o'clock in the morning. He had trained himself to turn over and go to sleep, but this morning it was Christmas, he did not try to sleep.

Why did he feel so awake tonight? He slipped back in time, as he did so easily nowadays. He was fifteen years old and still on his father's farm. He loved his father. He had not known it until one day a few days before Christmas, when he had overheard what his father was saying to his mother.

"Mary, I hate to call Rob in the mornings. He's growing so fast and he needs his sleep. If you could see how he sleeps when I go in to wake him up! I wish I could manage alone."

"Well, you can't Adam." His mother's voice as brisk, "Besides, he isn't a child anymore. It's time he took his turn."

"Yes," his father said slowly. "But I sure do hate to wake him."

When he heard these words, something in him spoke: his father loved him! He had never thought of that before, taking for granted the tie of their blood. Neither his father nor his mother talked about loving their children--they had no time for such things. There was always so much to do on the farm.

Now that he knew his father loved him, there would be no loitering in the mornings and having to be called again. He got up after that, stumbling blindly in his sleep, and pulled on his clothes, his eyes shut, but he got up.

And then on the night before Christmas, that year when he was fifteen, he lay for a few minutes thinking about the next day. They were poor, and most of the excitement was in the turkey they had raised themselves and mince pies his mother made. His sisters sewed presents and his mother and father always bought something he needed, not only a warm jacket, maybe, but something more, such as a book. And he saved and bought them each something, too.

He wished, that Christmas when he was fifteen, he had a better present for his father. As usual he had gone to the ten-cent store and bought a tie. It had seemed nice enough until he lay thinking the night before Christmas. He looked out of his attic window, the stars were bright.

"Dad," he had once asked when he was a little boy, "What is a stable?"



"It's just a barn," his father had replied, "like ours."

Then Jesus had been born in a barn, and to a barn the shepherds had come...

The thought struck him like a silver dagger. Why should he not give his father a special gift too, out there in the barn? He could get up early, earlier than four o'clock, and he could creep into the barn and get all the milking done. He'd do it alone, milk and clean up, and then when his father went in to start the milking he'd see it all done. And he would know who had done it. He laughed to himself as he gazed at the stars. It was what he would do, and he mustn't sleep too sound.

He must have waked twenty times, scratching a match each time to look at his old watch-midnight, and half past one, and then two o'clock.

At a quarter to three he got up and put on his clothes. He crept downstairs, careful of the creaky boards, and let himself out. The cows looked at him, sleepy and surprised. It was early for them too.

He had never milked all alone before, but it seemed almost easy. He kept thinking about his father's surprise. His father would come in and get him, saying that he would get things started while Rob was getting dressed. He'd go to the barn, open the door, and then he'd go get the two big empty milk cans. But they wouldn't be waiting or empty, they'd be standing in the milk-house, filled.

"What the--," he could hear his father exclaiming.

He smiled and milked steadily, two strong streams rushing into the pail, frothing and fragrant.

The task went more easily than he had ever known it to go before. Milking for once was not a chore. It was something else, a gift to his father who loved him. He finished, the two milk cans were full, and he covered them and closed the milk-house door carefully, making sure of the latch.

Back in his room he had only a minute to pull off his clothes in the darkness and jump into bed, for he heard his father up. He put the covers over his head to silence his quick breathing. The door opened.

"Rob!" His father called. "We have to get up, son, even if it is Christmas."

"Aw-right," he said sleepily.

The door closed and he lay still, laughing to himself. In just a few minutes his father would know. His dancing heart was ready to jump from his body.

The minutes were endless--ten, fifteen, he did not know how many--and he heard his father's footsteps again. The door opened and he lay still.

"Rob!"

"Yes, Dad--"

His father was laughing, a queer sobbing sort of laugh.

"Thought you'd fool me, did you?" His father was standing by his bed, feeling for him, pulling away the cover.

"It's for Christmas, Dad!"

He found his father and clutched him in a great hug. He felt his father's arms go around him. It was dark and they could not see each other's faces.

"Son, I thank you. Nobody ever did a nicer thing--"

"Oh, Dad, I want you to know--I do want to be good!" The words broke from him of their own will. He did not know what to say. His heart was bursting with love.

He got up and pulled on his clothes again and they went down to the Christmas tree. Oh what a Christmas, and how his heart had nearly burst again with shyness and pride as his father told his mother and made the younger children listen about how he, Rob, had got up all by himself.

"The best Christmas gift I ever had, and I'll remember it, son every year on Christmas morning, so long as I live."

They had both remembered it, and now that his father was dead, he remembered it alone: that blessed Christmas dawn when, alone with the cows in the barn, he had made his first gift of true love.

This Christmas he wanted to write a card to his wife and tell her how much he loved her, it had been a long time since he had really told her, although he loved her in a very special way, much more than he ever had when they were young. He had been fortunate that she had loved him. Ah, that was the true joy of life, the ability to love. Love was still alive in him, it still was.

It occurred to him suddenly that it was alive because long ago it had been born in him when he knew his father loved him. That was it: Love alone could awaken love. And he could give the gift again and again. This morning, this blessed Christmas morning, he would give it to

his beloved wife. He I could write it down in a letter for her to read and keep forever. He went to his desk and began his love letter to his wife: My dearest love...

Such a happy, happy, Christmas!

# The Christmas Dinner

Thomas S. Monson

I recall a young man who, as a boy of thirteen, led his quorum of deacons in a successful search for the Christmas spirit. He and his companions lived in a neighborhood in which many elderly widows of limited means resided. All the year long, the boys had saved and planned for a glorious Christmas party. They were thinking of themselves, until the Christmas spirit prompted them to think of others. Frank, as their leader, suggested to his companions that the funds they had saved so carefully be used not for the planned party, but rather for the benefit of three elderly widows who resided together.

The boys made their plans. As their bishop, I needed but to follow. With the enthusiasm of a new adventure, the boys purchased a giant roasting chicken, the potatoes, the vegetables, the cranberries, and all that comprises the traditional Christmas feast. To the widows' home they went, carrying their gifts of treasure. Through the snow and up the path to the tumbledown porch they came. A knock at the door, the sound of slow footsteps, and then they met.

In the unmelodic voices characteristic of thirteen-year-olds, the boys sang: "Silent night! Holy night! All is calm, all is bright." They then presented their gifts. Angels on that glorious night of long ago sang no more beautifully, nor did Wise Men present gifts of more meaning. I gazed at the faces of those wonder women and thought to myself, "Somebody's mother. I then looked on the countenances of those noble boys and reflected, "Somebody's son." There then past through my mind the words of the immortal poem, by Mary Dow Brine:

The woman was old and ragged and gray  
And bent with the chill of the Winter's day.  
The street was wet with a recent snow,  
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.  
She stood at the crossing and waited long,  
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng  
Of human beings who passed her by,  
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.  
Down the street, with laughter and shout,  
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"  
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,  
Hailing the snow piled white and deep....

[One] paused beside her and whispered low,  
"I'll help you cross, if you wish to go." ...  
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,  
For all she's aged and poor and slow.  
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand  
To help my mother, you understand,

If ever she's poor and old and gray,  
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head  
In her home that night, and the prayer she said  
Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,  
Who is somebody's son, and pride and joy!"

("Somebody's Mother ")

Not one of those boys ever forgot that precious pilgrimage. Christmas gifts had become Christmas blessings.

Times change, years speed by; but Christmas continues sacred. It is through giving, rather than getting, that the spirit of Christ enters our lives. God still speaks. He prompts. He guides. He blesses. He gives.

## Christmas in France

Dear Admiral McDonald:

This letter is a year late. Nevertheless, it is important that you receive it. Eighteen people have asked me to be sure to write to you.

Last year, at Christmas time, my wife, three boys, and I were in France, on our way from Paris to Nice. For five wretched days everything went wrong. Our hotels were 'tourist traps;' our rented car broke down; we were irritable and restless. On Christmas Eve, when we checked into a hotel in Nice, there was no Christmas spirit in our hearts. It was cold and raining when we went out to eat. We found a drab little café, shoddily decorated for the holiday.

Only five tables in the restaurant were occupied. There were two German couples, two French families and an American sailor by himself. In the corner a piano player listlessly strummed away. I was too stubborn, too tired and miserable to leave. I looked around and noticed that the other customers were eating in stony silence. The only person who seemed happy was the American sailor; he was writing a letter, smiling to himself. My wife ordered our meal in French. The waiter brought us the wrong thing. I scolded my wife, she began to cry, and the boys defended her. Then on my left, at the table of one French family, the father slapped one of his children for some minor fault; the boy cried. On our right, the German wife berated her husband.

All of us were suddenly interrupted by an unpleasant blast of cold air. Through the door came an old French flower woman. She wore a dripping, tattered overcoat, and shuffled in on wet, run-down shoes. Carrying her basket of roses she went from table to table. "Flowers?" No one bought any, and wearily she sat at a table between the sailor and us. To the waiter she said:

"Bowl of soup. I haven't sold a flower the whole afternoon." The piano player she said hoarsely: "Can you imagine, Joseph, ordering only a bowl of soup on Christmas Eve!"

Joseph pointed to his empty tipping plate. The young sailor finished his meal, and got up to leave. Putting on his coat, he walked over to the flower woman's table.

"Happy Christmas," he said smiling, and picking out two roses he said:

"How much are these?"

"Two francs, Monsieur."

Pressing one of the flowers into the letter he had written, he handed the woman a 20 franc note.

"I'll have to get some change, Monsieur," she said.

"No Ma'am," said the sailor, kissing the ancient cheek. "This is my Christmas present to you."

Straightening up, he came to our table, holding the other rose in front of him.

"Sir," he said to me, "May I present this to your beautiful daughter?"

In quick motion he gave the rose to my wife, wished us a Merry Christmas and departed. Everyone had stopped eating. Everyone had been watching the sailor. Everyone was sitting in thoughtful silence.

A few seconds later, Christmas exploded through the restaurant like a bomb. The old flower woman jumped up waving her 20 franc note. Hobbling out into the middle of the room she did a jig, shouting to the piano player:

"Joseph, my Christmas present — you shall have a feast too."

With sudden enthusiasm the piano player began to play "Good King Wenceslas," beating the keys with magic hands, nodding his head to the rhythm. My wife waved her rose in time to the music. She was radiant, looking twenty years younger. The tears had left her eyes. She began to sing and our three sons joined in, bellowing loudly. The Germans jumped on the chairs and began singing. The waiter embraced the flower woman. Waving their arms, they sang in French. The French man who had slapped the boy beat a rhythm with his fork against a bottle and the lad climbed on his lap. The owner of the Restaurant started the First Noel, and we all joined in, half of us crying as we sang. The walls shook as hands and feet kept time to the rousing Yuletide carols.

A few hours before eighteen people had been spending a miserable evening in a shoddy restaurant. It ended up being their happiest Christmas Eve ever. This, Admiral McDonald, is what I'm writing you about. As top man in the navy, you should know about the very special gift the U.S. Navy gave to my family, and to me and to other people in that French restaurant. Because your young sailor had Christmas spirit in his soul, he released the love and joy that had been smothered within us. He gave us Christmas.

Thank you sir, very much.

# **A Christmas Gift I'll Never Forget**

by Linda DeMers Hummel  
(Condensed from Family Circle)

He entered my life 20 years ago, leaning against the door jamb of Room 202, where I taught fifth grade. He wore sneakers three sizes too large and checkered pants ripped at the knees. Daniel, as I'll call him, though that was not his real name, made this undistinguished entrance in the school of a quaint lakeside village known for its old money, white colonial homes and brass mailboxes. He told me his last school had been in a neighboring county. "We were pickin' fruit," he said in a matter of fact way. I suspected this friendly, scruffy, smiling boy from a migrant family had no idea he had been thrown into a den of fifth-grade lions who had never before seen torn pants. If he noticed snickering, he didn't let on.

Twenty-five children eyed Daniel suspiciously until the kickball game that afternoon. Then he led off the first inning with a home run. With it came a bit of respect from the wardrobe critics of Room 202.

Next was Charles' turn. Charles was the least athletic, most overweight child in the history of fifth grade. After his second strike, amid the rolled eyes and groans of the class, Daniel edged up and spoke quietly to Charles' dejected back. "Forgive them, kid. You can do it." Charles warmed, smiled, stood taller and promptly struck out anyway. But at that precise moment, defying the social order of this jungle he had entered, Daniel had gently began to change things — and us.

By autumn's end, we had all gravitated toward him. He taught us all kinds of lessons. How to call a wild turkey. How to tell whether fruit is ripe before that first bite. How to treat others, even Charles. Especially Charles. He never did use our names, calling me "Miss" and the students "kid."

The day before Christmas vacation, the students always brought gifts for the teacher. It was a ritual — opening each department-store box, surveying the expensive perfume or scarf or leather wallet and thanking the child.

That afternoon, Daniel walked to my desk and bent close to me ear. "Our packing boxes came out last night," he said without emotion. "We're leavin' tomorrow." As I grasped the news, my eyes filled with tears. He continued the awkward silence by telling me about the move. Then, as I regained my composure, he pulled a gray rock from his pocket. Deliberately and with great style, he pushed it gently across my desk. I sensed that this was something remarkable, but all my practice with perfume and silk had left me pitifully unprepared to respond. "It's for you," he said fastening his eyes on mine. "I polished it up special."

I've never forgotten that moment.



Years have passed since then. Each Christmas my daughter asks me to tell this story. It always begins after she has picked up the small polished rock that sits on my desk and nestles herself in my lap. The first words of the story never vary. "The last time I ever saw Daniel, he gave me this rock as a gift and told me about his boxes. That was a long time ago, even before you were born. He's a grown up now," I finish. Together we wonder where he is and what he has become. "Someone Good I bet," my daughter says. Then she adds, "Do the end of the story." I know what she wants to hear — the lesson of love and caring learned by a teacher from a boy with nothing — and everything — to give. A boy who lived out of boxes. I touch the rock, remembering. "Hi, Kid," I say softly. "This is Miss. I hope you no longer need the packing boxes. And Merry Christmas, wherever you are."

# Christmas is Special

by Beatrice Rordame Parsons

I sat there glaring at the calendar. Just a week till Christmas. Was I burned up! Every since I was a kid, Christmas had been the most exciting time in my life. The folks Mom and Pop — had always managed to get me the things I wanted. But not this year!

Pop was saying: "It's not as though you were a little tyke. Fifteen, Rick." He didn't look at me. He never seemed to look at me, lately. Only at Mom. His hand went to stroke her curling brown hair as she sat there at the breakfast table. "If Mom wasn't having a baby ...." His voice sort of choked off and Mom patted his hand.

I remembered how scared I'd been in April when she told me about the baby. Women died, sometimes, when they had a baby, and Mom looked awful sick. I didn't want it. There were enough of us in our family.

Jill was four, Meda seven and Jean Ellen ten. Mom had lost a baby between me and Jean Ellen. This one was to come during the first of January. Until Mom took sick, Pop and I had been great pals, camping, fishing, having fun. But nowadays Pop and I were miles apart. We didn't seem to talk any more.

"Maybe you could manage a battery ..." I began hopefully, and saw it wasn't any use. I'd worked at odd jobs all summer and had bought a 1940 model car from the junk yard. I'd stripped her down, rebored her, and got pistons and rings. I'd have some bus by the time I could get my driver's license in the spring. With a battery I'd be sitting on top of the world. I knew what Butch, my chum and the smartest guy on the street, would say when he found out I wasn't getting it. After Pop had promised.

"You'll have to skip Christmas this year," said Pop quietly. "Mom has had to have so many special drugs ..." He broke off, as he heard the kids running downstairs, and said hurriedly: "The girls will have a few things. Mom's been busy with her needle."

I'd seen her making dolls and doll clothes. Sure, the girls would have Christmas. But Mom couldn't sew a battery!

The little girls flew at Pop and draped themselves around his neck until it was time for him to get his overcoat. Mom stood at the window as he went towards the garage, his rubbers making big dents in the new snow. "You'd better clean the walks, Rick," she said as she went to get breakfast for the kids. Afterwards she went to lie down. She smiled when I brought her the afghan.

I went out and took it out on the snow. "Yeah," I told myself, "that's what you get for sticking around after school helping Mom with the kids." I could hear Pop's voice saying: "Help

Jean Ellen with the dishes, Rick." That's all he ever said to me, lately. Do that! Do this! He hadn't any time to talk about my jalopy. He wasn't interested in Butch either. All he ever said was: "I wish you wouldn't go with him, Rick. He's never really been in trouble, but he's ... slick. He can't look me in the eye."

By the time I finished the walks, the sun was out. The snow looked bright and sparkling, clinging to roofs and trees. The folks along our street were beginning to decorate their windows and porches. Butch was on his porch putting a big Santa Claus face over the light fixture. He came over to chin about my chassis.

I was plenty glum when I told him about the battery. But he just grinned. "I know how to get a battery." He meant — steal one! A lot of kids stole things for their cars. They called it swiping. Butch had "swiped" those plastic do-dads on his rod. Butch was 17 and had his license.

I'm not a pantie-waste, but I didn't go for ... swiping. The more Butch talked, the sorrier I felt for myself. I'd worked like a dog over that heap of junk. Right at first Pop had helped me. But after Mom took sick, he'd quit.

I tried to talk some more to Pop about it after dinner. The girls were sitting around the table stringing popcorn. Pop was going to buy a small tree. Mom was in her room, sewing. Pop put it to me straight.

"Mom could go to the hospital any time, Rick. I'm not trying to worry you ..." He stopped, swallowed hard, and said briefly: "I told you this morning you'd have to skip Christmas."

I was scared about Mom. But I wanted that battery. I guess I sounded pretty bitter. "I hate Christmas. Santa Claus is a joke!"

I guess I said it pretty loud, for Meda looked up from her popcorn and said fearfully: "If you talk like that, Rick, he won't come here at all."

I saw Jill's face screw up ready for crying. Jean Ellen looked pale. She patted Jill's arm. Pop looked tired as he reassured Meda. "Don't worry, darlings. Santa will come."

Sure he'd come for the girls! But not for Mister Rick. Mister Rick was an outsider. Santa Claus didn't care about Mister Rick. Pop didn't care about Mister Rick, either. He was cuddling the girls, laughing, playing with them as if I was not even around.

I went to my room and broke out my piggy bank. I'd meant to use the nickels and pennies for the kids. But they wouldn't need any gifts from Mister Rick. He was nobody. Nothing. Too big for toys. Too insignificant for a battery! I made up my mind I'd buy it. I'd shovel snow till I dropped in my tracks. Then, maybe Pop would know I was around.

But it didn't snow. The sun kept shining so bright that it was almost like summer. The girls kept worrying that Santa couldn't use his sleigh and reindeer, but Pop laughed and told them that Santa even visited children in California where it never snowed.

Pop got the tree. It wasn't much, but the kids didn't seem to notice. Mom stayed on the divan while Pop made a stand for it. When it was all decked out in strings of popcorn and old tinsel, it gave the room a sort of forest smell and I thought of all the times when I was little that Pop and I had camped and had fun. It wasn't fun, now. Pop only seemed interested in the kids.

The next morning Mom told me where the presents were hidden. "In case I'm ..." She didn't finish, but I felt scared and she saw it. She said smilingly: "Oh, I'll be here, Rick. I won't be going to the hospital until January. But I wanted you to know." I loved Mom. I felt important to her, at least.

I got a couple of jobs. Butch said I was a sucker to try to earn the money for the battery when there were so many laying around for the swiping. But I got a dollar for lugging some boxes to the church where they were filling baskets for the poor.

Then Christmas Eve was right there! And I knew I'd never make it. I was so glum that Butch said I was spoiling Christmas for him, too, and he wouldn't be seeing me over the holidays if I didn't stop bellyaching.

"It's your own fault if you don't get a battery," he said angrily. Then he cooled down a little, and said smoothly: "Cars are insured. The guy can get a new battery for nothing ...."

I hadn't thought of it that way. I grinned. It felt better already. Butch wasn't mad at me any more. He told me we'd go cruising that night. He was reassuring. "Even the cops have kids who believe in Santa. They'll be sticking close to home ..."

Sure, they would. They'd be home watching for the fat old man with the whiskers, just like plenty of guys who'd leave their cars parked and unlocked all over the place. I promised to slip out and meet Butch as soon as the girls were tucked in tight. Christmas was Christmas! I had a right to one stingy little battery!

Mom hadn't been feeling up to much all day. She was awful tired by the time the girls were in bed, all bathed, and shining in the new flannel nighties she'd made them to wear on Christmas Eve.

Mom went up to her room early. Pop read the newspaper, waiting for everything to quiet down. I was nervous. Every time he looked my way, I felt as if he could see inside me. I was glad when Mom called to him to come to their bedroom.

He came right back down, and his face was white as paper. He called the doctor, explained over his shoulder to me that Mom would be going to the hospital and then went upstairs again. He told me to stick around and let the doctor in. I was scared, and relieved when the doctor came. But I found out that they didn't have time to take Mom to the hospital after all. All they could do was get nurses, and oxygen and stuff, and keep her at home.

I was scared stiff. I sat on the stairs and every time anybody came out of Mom's bedroom I asked how she was. Nobody seemed to hear me. The doctors and nurses were too busy. Pop didn't seem to know I was around. I knew Mom was going to die. I hated the baby for killing her. Even when — just at daylight — I heard it cry, I hated it! I told myself I'd never look at that baby if Mom died!

She almost did. I didn't have to be told how close it was. She almost left us. It was Christmas morning before everyone was sure she wasn't going away. I wasn't sure, even then. Not even when Pop came slowly down the stairs and put a shaking hand on my arm.

"She's all right, Rick. She's going to be fine."

Then I knew. All at once I knew. I knew how he'd worried. How he'd suffered ever since April. I knew how he'd sort of taken it out on me because I was grown up!

Sure that's the way it was. Pop had needed someone to talk to, and all I'd ever done was act snooty and distant and plenty tough. I'd been sorry for myself when all the time I should have been sorry for Pop!

When he shook my hand, man to man, and grinned, he didn't need any words to tell me that I was important. He didn't have time to tell me about the baby, because the kids were awake and clamoring to know what Santa had brought them.

Pop's face went sort of blank, confused, funny. He gasped saying: "I forgot it was Christmas. There isn't a thing under the tree."

I patted his shoulder just like he used to do when I was a kid, and grinned into his face. "Tell 'em a story, Pop. A Christmas story. All about a little Child who was born on Christmas."

Sure, it sounded sentimental. But Pop didn't seem to mind. He smiled into my face and thanked me without saying a word. I gave him a wink and said: "I've got something to put under the tree. I'll give you the signal when everything's fixed."

I went to my room and got the money out of my piggy bank. I wrote the kids' names on three envelopes and divided the money out. They could buy something they wanted. I found the things Mom had told me about. I felt a lump in my throat. Then swallowed and tried to think about Butch. He'd be burned. He must have waited a long time. Well, I didn't care if he was mad

at me. I'd tell him that the battery didn't matter. I'd find enough odd jobs during spring vacation to get a new one. That is, if I wasn't tending the baby.

Gosh! That was the first time I'd thought about the baby! I didn't even know what kind it was. All the way down stairs Jill kept skipping and whispering, "Baby, baby!"

Jean Ellen's blue eyes were filled with stars as she said softly: "I'll help Mom tend it. I just love babies." She did. She loved that tiny baby that she'd never seen.

Meda's small face was smiling as she said: "I told you Santa would come!"

I guess I looked pretty confused, for Pop rumbled Meda's blond curls and swung her as high as the star on top of the Christmas tree. He put her down and put his hand on my shoulder.

"I've two sons, now, Rick. I hope the tiny one grows up to be just like his brother."

I felt the tips of my ears growing scarlet as I remembered the date I'd had with Butch. I made up my mind right that minute that THE SQUIRT — yeah, that's what I called him — wouldn't ever have dates with a bum like Butch. I'd lick the tar out of him if he didn't grow up to make Pop proud!

I felt pretty good till I saw one of the white-starched nurses coming to the head of the stairs. Then I was scared for Mom again. But the nurse spoke quietly.

"You can all go in for a moment to see the baby ..." Then as the girls started to shout and run, "Gently, Gently, and only for a moment."

The kids slowed down and went on tiptoe. Pop and I walked side by side. There was Mom looking pretty as a Christmas angel with her soft brown hair all over the pillow and a sort of shining light in her blue, blue eyes.

"Merry Christmas, my darlings," she said, and that was all. But I'd never heard words mean so much. I wanted to bawl and bawl. But the nurse lifted a small blue bundle from the ribboned bassinet by Mom's bed, and held it up so we could all see.

"Isn't he beautiful," sighed Jean Ellen, and right that moment she looked more like Mom than ever.

"Darling baby," said Jill, teetering on her toes for a better look.

"Santa brought him," said Meda solemnly, "the nicest present I've every had."

Then everyone looked at me. Mom's eyes splintered into worried, anxious stardust. Pop

waited to hear what I had to say.

That tiny scrap of humanity scared me to death. I wondered if I'd ever be able to teach him anything — let alone not to run around with bums! I scratched my head where my square cut was shortest and came up with "He's like Santa, all red and white." The tips of my ears burned, but nobody seemed to notice.

Pop beamed happily. "We'll call him Christopher. Chris, for Christmas!" His eyes twinkled and he waited for my approval.

Me! I don't know a thing about names for little kids. But when Pop looked at me with that man-to-man grin, I had to say something. "Pretty good, Pop. Pretty good!"

The way Pop laughed, you'd think I was pretty important! Even Chris opened his eyes and gave me a smile. Gosh! I'd never dreamed I could be so crazy about anything. Even my stripped-down chassis wasn't as important as Chris!

I wanted Pop to know about the battery. So after the nurse had shooed us all out of the room and down the stairs, I said: "Guess I didn't have to skip Christmas after all, Pop. I thought I'd have to get a battery, or bust. I even had a scheme with Butch ...."

My voice trailed off, but I'm sure Pop knew what I meant. He put his arm across my shoulder and said: "I'm glad your scheme didn't work out, Rick."

I was glad too. Honestly glad. Right that minute I knew how wrong I'd been. I even tried to tell myself that I wouldn't have swiped that battery, after all. But I wasn't sure. Not until I undid my present from Mom. Then I knew, for sure, that Mom and Pop had given me something that Butch's mother and father had never given him — the right sort of love and affection and bringing up. I was even glad that Mom had made me go to church and Mutual and stuff. I guess deep down inside I'd never forget some of the things they'd taught me, there.

Trust Mom. She'd sewed most of the things. But not those plastic do-dads for my jalopy. Why my rod was going to shine when I got it out on the road. More, even, than Butch's. And I'd be proud. Not ashamed.

"Gosh," I said dreamily, "Christmas is special."

"Special," echoed Jill holding up her newly dressed baby doll. Her face was so shiny that you could have used it for a mirror.

"Special," cried Jean Ellen, dancing around in her pretty new pink frock, every stitch sewn with Mom's loving care.

"Special," said Meda softly, looking at her gifts, "because Santa Claus loves everybody."

Pop's eyes met mine, and he nodded gravely. "It is sort of special, Rick," he agreed quietly. "When a man has everything in the world he could ask for. A fine family. A wonderful mother for his children. And love!"

I knew what Pop meant. Oh, sure, it sounds corny coming from me, but I'll say it again: "Christmas is special. Especially when there's LOVE."



## A Christmas Orange

Sometime around 1850 or so, in one of the larger cities of Massachusetts or New York, there lived a boy named Jack. He didn't have a last name, or a middle name. Just the one single name, "Jack" scrawled on a wrinkled scrap of newspaper pinned to this clean but worn baby dress. No one knew who his parents were, where they came from or where they went to. Jack just showed up one day, a tiny baby wrapped in an old torn blanket and lying in a cheap wicker laundry basket on the steps of the orphanage.

Jack was a quiet baby, not given to much crying. He tried hard to listen to the grown ups who told him what to do, and he always followed the rules as much as he could. When he was nine he had chocolate brown wavy hair and eyes to match. He didn't grow very big because there wasn't much food to be had in the orphanage. All the bills were paid and food bought with donations from kind and generous townspeople, who weren't as kind and generous as they could have been. It didn't help much that the orphanage was surrounded by six foot gray stone walls and none of the townspeople's consciences could be pricked by the sight of the boys' ragged clothes and shoes tied together with twine.

So the boys in the orphanage went without more often than not, and grew resigned to the constant gnawing in their empty bellies. In the winter, when the snow was thick upon the ground, the stone walls of the orphanage felt like ice to the touch. The boys shivered throughout the day as they did their chores, sat in their classes, played in the dirt in the walled-in yard, or waited in line for their meager portions of porridge at breakfast and thin soup and black bread at dinner, and each one shivered through the night under his single scratchy wool blanket in the unheated dorm room. There just wasn't enough money to pay for extra fuel.

When December rolled around, their stomach growls and shivering grew less as the townspeople began to feel the Christmas spirit and remember the poor, parentless boys behind those tall gray walls. And on every Christmas morning, a very special, very exciting treat appeared at breakfast. An orange! Jack and the other boys waited eagerly all year for this day, for this most rare of all gifts. In fact, it was the only gift any of them had ever received. It was prized above all things, cherished, caressed and gazed upon with wide and sparkling eyes. Each boy saved his single orange as long as possible, lovingly running a hand over the smooth outer skin, feasting on its beautiful glowing color, the one sun-bright spot in their gray lives. They each anticipated its sweet, tangy, juicy taste for days, until the skin began to wrinkle and dry out. Then, and only then, was the orange peeled and each delicious bite savored to its fullest.

Jack's quiet and gentle personality had won him many friends in the orphanage by the time he was nine years old. They played their own form of baseball every chance they could, using a fallen tree limb and a rock with a rag tied around it. They drew bases in the dirt with a stick, and Jack and his buddies played even after the snow fell. They just pushed as much of it as they could against the walls and played anyway.

The teams, the Pirates and the Cowboys, each had ten boys, and Jack was captain of the Cowboys. He had picked the name because he planned when he got old enough to travel out west and become a cowboy, with his own horse and saddle, and no one else had any better ideas for a team name. It was Christmas Eve on this fateful day, and the championship game was at the bottom of its last inning. Jack and his Cowboys were down one run. The Pirates had already made two outs on them. It was Jack's turn up at bat.

He grabbed the tree limb where it was leaning against the wall, and sauntered up to the plate. He tested the swing of the "bat" a few times as he let his eyes scan the bases, trying his best to ignore the Pirate's cat calls and derisive comments. Every boy in the orphanage was standing on the sidelines, their eyes riveted to Jack. The orphanage windows winked in the sunlight above their heads. He swallowed one last time and stepped into the batter's box, and nodded to the pitcher. The boy on the pitcher's mound looked to one side, then the other, and started his wind up.

Jack kept his eye on the pitcher's right hand as it came around, and felt a shiver rush through his body that had nothing whatsoever to do with the icy wind slipping through the holes of his sweater. His eye followed the rock-ball as it came hurtling toward him, and he swung that bat as hard and as evenly as he could, his face grimacing with effort. Crack! The ball soared high above the third baseman's head, up and up until it flew past the left fielder. Jack pumped his legs as fast as he could. He rounded first and headed for second at top speed, his eye trying to follow the course of the ball.

His step slowed as he projected the ball's trajectory, and his heart stopped beating as he realized what was about to happen. The ball sailed right through a second story window. The precious expensive glass shattered, and shards cascaded to the snow on the ground, like drops of fire from the sun overhead. Not a sound was heard except the tiny tinkle of glass. Every boy stood like a statue, immobile and incredulous.

Jack stood stock still between second and third, and beads of sweat and fear popped out on his forehead. One by one the boys turned and looked at him, their mouths hanging open. Jack looked from one to the other, hardly believing what had just happened. He was afraid to think. Every head turned as the orphanage's front door opened and the austere headmaster charged through and came barreling toward them. It didn't take him long to figure out who was responsible for the broken window, and he hauled Jack off by the ear, dragging him up the steps and inside. Just then the bell was rung and all the boys silently filed into the gray stone building.

The next day was Christmas morning. All the boys woke even before the bell summoned them, thrilled to their toes to find the coveted orange at the foot of their beds. All the boys, except Jack. There was no bright shiny orange on Jack's bed. Just an empty gray hollow. He looked around the cavernous room and saw the sunny round fruit cradled in each boy's hands. The other boys, even his best friends, his fellow Cowboys, avoided his gaze, and talked amongst themselves. Jack tried to ignore their silence, tried to keep his eyes off their oranges, but it was

very hard. It seemed so unfair that his was to be his punishment for yesterday's broken window. It had been an accident after all. But nothing he could say yesterday had softened the headmaster's heart.

And so, orange less, he dragged through the day. He did his chores in silence, for no one would speak to him. He walked to chapel alone, for no one would walk by his side. He stood by himself in the yard, for no one would play with him. Jack had never felt so miserable in his entire life. He could endure the scant food, the thin clothing, the snow that got in through the holes in his shoes. But he could not bear to be without his friends. It was the greatest punishment of all. And oh! How he wanted his orange! He could just imagine the sweet, cold nectar slipping down his throat. But it was not to be. Not this year.

Finally the endless, empty Christmas was over, and Jack went alone to his bed. He hoped in his heart that he could die before morning, so he would never have to endure such a day as this had been. He just couldn't face seeing all the other boys with their precious oranges, laughing among themselves and ignoring him even one more day. With his head buried beneath his pillow, Jack's little body shook with sobs. A soft hand on his shoulder startled Jack and he sat up.

A strange, moist object was shoved into his hands, the giver quickly running down the aisle between the beds into the dark. Jack felt the odd roundness of the object. It took him a moment to figure out what it was. Not a regular, run-of-the-mill orange was now cradled in his palms. Rather, a very special one, pieced together from segments of nine other oranges, highly prized by his Cowboys teammates that would now, of necessity, be eaten this night instead of several days hence.

## **The Christmas Pledge**

Believing in the beauty and simplicity of Christmas, I commit myself to the following:

1. To remember those people who truly need my gifts.
2. To express my love for family and friends in more direct ways than presents.
3. To rededicate myself to the spiritual growth of my family.
4. To examine my holiday activities in light of the true spirit of Christmas.
5. To initiate one act of peacemaking within my circle of family and friends.

## A Christmas Quiz

You'll be very glad that the fellow who came up with these lines didn't write Christmas songs! Can you translate them to simple phrases from familiar carols and holiday songs? The answers are on the following page.

1. Move hitherward the entire assemble of those who are loyal in their belief.
2. Commence auditory reception, the celestial messengers produce harmonious sounds.
3. Nocturnal time span of unbroken quietness.
4. An emotion excited by the acquisition or expectation of good given to the terrestrial sphere.
5. Embellish the interior passageways.
6. Occurring at twelve hours of the clock on a clement nocturnal period witnessed its arrival.
7. The yuletide occrance preceding all others.
8. A diminutive municipality in Judea southeast of Jerusalem.
9. Diminutive Masculine master of skin-covered percussionistic cylinders.
10. Omnipotent supreme being elicits respite to ecstatic distinguished males.
11. Tranquility up on the terrestrial sphere.
12. Obese personification fabricated of compressed mounds of minute crystals.
13. The envisioning of a natal celebration devoid of color.
14. The first person nominative plural for a triumvirate of far eastern heads of state.
15. In a distant location in an improvised unit of newborn children's slumber furniture.
16. Jovial yuletide desired for the second person singular or plural by the first person plural.
17. An expression about the sanctified darkness.
18. With speculative thoughts of admiration the perceptive male humanity beheld.

19. A singular person addressing himself used his sense of hearing for the carillon on the day celebrating the birth of a special child.
20. Precious metal musical devices.
21. Caribou with Vermillion Olfactory appendage.
22. Allow Crystalline Formations to Descend.
23. Kris Kringle will be arriving in the city in the not too distant future.
24. Bipedal Traveling through an amazing acreage during the period between December 21 and March 21 in the Northern Hemisphere.
25. Exalted heavenly beings to whom hearkened.
26. Expectation of arrival by mystical masculine perennial gift-giver.
27. Tintinnabulation of vacillating pendulums in inverted metallic, resonant cups.
28. Proceed forth declaring upon a specific geological alpine formation.
29. Jovial Yuletide desired for the second person singular or plural by us.

## **Answers to the Quiz**

1. O Come All Ye Faithful
2. Hark the Herald Angels Sing
3. Silent Night
4. Joy to the World
5. Deck the Halls
6. It Came Upon a Midnight Clear
7. The First Noel
8. O Little Town of Bethlehem
9. The Little Drummer Boy

10. God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen
11. Let There be Peace on Earth
12. Frosty the Snowman
13. I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas
14. We Three Kings of Orient Are
15. Away in a Manger
16. We Wish You a Merry Christmas
17. Oh Holy Night
18. With Wondering Awe, the Wise Men Saw
19. I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day
20. Silver Bells
21. Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer
22. Let it Snow
23. Santa Claus is Coming to Town
24. Walking in a Winter Wonderland
25. Angels we have Heard on High
26. Here Comes Santa Claus
27. Jingle Bells
28. Go Tell it on the Mountain
29. We Wish you a Merry Christmas

# **The Christmas Rabbits**

Thomas S. Monson

Again Christmas time had come. We were preparing for the oven a gigantic turkey and anticipating the savory feast that awaited. A neighborhood pal of mine asked a startling question: "What does turkey taste like?"

I responded, "Oh, about like chicken tastes."

Again a question: "What does chicken taste like?"

It was then that I realized my friend had never eaten chicken or turkey. I asked what his family was going to have for Christmas dinner. There was no prompt response, just a downcast glance and the comment, "I dunno. There's nothing in the house."

I pondered a solution. There was none. I had no turkeys, no chickens, no money. Then I remembered I did have two pet rabbits. Immediately I took them to my friend and handed the box to him with the comment, "Here, take these two rabbits. They're good to eat-just like chicken."

He took the box, climbed the fence, and headed for home — a Christmas dinner safely assured. Tears came easily to me as I closed the door to the empty rabbit hutch. But I was not sad. A warmth, a feeling of indescribable joy, filled my heart. It was a memorable Christmas.



## A Christmas Song

When he was asked to sell his home and property and move to the Cotton mission in St. George in the spring of 1868, John M. Macfarlane felt that it was more than just a call to direct one of the territory's finest choirs. To his mind there was in this call a special mission to perform, a destiny of which he knew not the form.

The mission choir had been organized two years earlier when President Brigham Young had called Professor Charles J. Thomas, conductor of the Salt Lake Theater Orchestra and Tabernacle Choir, to go to St. George to "Teach the people the correct principles of singing and train local talent to lead out in this direction." Now Professor Thomas was leaving, and Macfarlane, who had won acclaim as director of the Cedar City Choir, was taking his place as director of the St. George Choir.

John Macfarlane, who was an attorney-at-law, a school teacher, and a surveyor in addition to being a musician, accomplished several things in his new position before many months had passed. He reorganized the choir, introduced the innovation of a choir soloist, organized the St. George Harmonic Society, and made a lasting friend of the city's poet, Charles L. Walker.

In time Walker and Macfarlane collaborated on many songs, among them one that was written for the Sunday School children, "Dearest Children, God is Near You." Macfarlane composed music, and Walker wrote words. When they collaborated, it was usually a composition to commemorate a special occasion — the dedication of a building, a visit from a general authority, a holiday celebration on the town square.

And so it was that the "Special mission" began for which John M. Macfarlane felt he had been called to St. George.

In late autumn the two men had been approached and asked to write a song for the coming Christmas program. Walker completed the words for the song, and now Macfarlane was trying to set them to music. One night he went to bed discouraged; he had spent the day in a concerted effort to write the Christmas song, but the effort had proven futile. How often he had tried. How often he had gone to his knees on the matter. And now as he stared up at the darkened ceiling he wondered why it was that he was unable to write the music, which he so much desired to do.

Yet perhaps Macfarlane had for weeks been forming in his mind the song that this night he would finally compose. From his intense conscious efforts he had probably been depositing in his subconscious the hymn's framework, the elements that complimented the song he wanted to write.

As he entered the heavy slumber of first sleep and began dreaming, he suddenly heard the song. Musical strains within his subconscious mind began forming and coming into a conscious state. Macfarlane arose quickly.

"Why are you getting up at this hour?" his wife asked.

"I have the song," he said. "I have the song and I must write it down."

"You could do it just as well in the morning," she replied.

"No, I must do it now."

Dutifully, Ann left the bed and followed her husband to the living room. The house was chilled, and while Ann procured his writing materials, he revived the banked fire, humming the song as he did so, the melody and the words playing across his mind. Then the work began.

It was a strange sight. The composer's portly frame was hunched over the organ, clothed in his nightshirt and stocking cap, his ankles exposed, his movements now jerky and hurried, now slow and pensive. And beside him his wife was huddled over his shoulder with an out-stretched candle, clad in flannel nightclothes, shifting the light from hand to hand and supporting with her free hand the elbow of the other arm.

Quickly Macfarlane recorded the melodic line and then added the lyrics that had brought him from his sleep. What was coming to life was a piece so new, so dramatic, that an emotion welled strongly within him, and he lost himself from the world about him.

Outside, the sporadic squawks and distended chords that came from the house fell on a city embraced by a winter's night. A cock crowed — disturbed prematurely, then went silent. A cold breeze went through the trees and spent itself. In the gray of the morning the room grew cold; the banked fire had died to a pile of ashes. But the composer did not stop to feed it.

Now he was working on the parts, and the pace went slower. With one hand he fingered the keyboard, while with the other he wrote. From time to time he would lean back and look at his wife, and Ann would smile and nod. Often, as at the conclusion of a passage, she would pat his shoulder or squeeze his arm, conveying to her husband pride, approval, encouragement. The hours passed.

Finally he stood, stretched and went to the window. To the east the sun was edging the cliffs with pink and gold and bronze; in the valley the Virgin River picked up the shafts of light and glistened like a silver ribbon in its lazy drift toward the south. Macfarlane returned to the organ and adjusted himself on the stool. Hesitantly at first, then boldly, he struck the chords. Suddenly the room came to life. His wife picked up the melody, and the composer took the strong counter-bass; together they sang the composition once, twice, and then a third time. At its end, Ann was crying.

Amid his joy, Macfarlane harbored a touch of misgiving; no longer did the song contain

any evidence of Charles Walker's words. Nevertheless, it was the poet's writing that had launched the song, and for that contribution he ascribed Walker's name to the manuscript.

Charles Walker was elated with the new song. He recognized its appeal and hinted of the popularity it would one day enjoy. He would not, however, lay any claim to its origin. It was Macfarlane's song, both words and music, and to him should go all the credit.

When the St. George choir sang the song for the first time, it received an ardent reception. In the following weeks the people sang it in their homes, in their caroling, in their many gatherings. By the following Christmas Saints all over the church were singing the Macfarlane hymn.

From the Utah territory the song spread across the nation, and in Albany and Atlanta, Lafayette and Lincoln, the people sang:

"Far, far away on Judea's plains,  
Shepherds of old heard the joyous strains."

And across the seas the world heard it. In Brussels and Bordeaux, Liverpool and Lausanne, the strains peeled forth;

"Glory to God, Glory to God,  
Glory to God in the highest;  
Peace on Earth, good will to men,  
Peace on earth, good will to men."

And so John M. Macfarlane's message rings forth each year, telling the people the great message of Christmas, as in these words for the second verse:

"Sweet are the strains of redeeming love,  
Message of mercy from heav'n above,"

And from the third stanza:

"Lord with the angels we too would rejoice;  
Help us to sing with the heart and voice."

Then the song concludes with a world call for brotherhood:

"Hasten the time when, from ev'ry clime,  
Men shall unite in the strains sublime:  
Glory to God, Glory to God,  
Glory to God in the highest;

Peace on earth, good will to men,  
Peace on earth, good will to men!

Not immediately, but gradually, as he realized that a Mormon had given to the world one of its universal Christmas hymns, John M. Macfarlane acknowledged that his special calling to a climate much like that of Judea had been fulfilled.

## A Christmas Story

It's just a small, white envelope stuck among the branches of our Christmas tree. No name, no identification, no inscription. It has peeked through the branches of our tree for the past 10 years or so.

It all began because my husband Mike hated Christmas--oh, not the true meaning of Christmas, but the commercial aspects of it--overspending ... the frantic running around at the last minute to get a tie for Uncle Harry and the dusting powder for Grandma--the gifts given in desperation because you couldn't think of anything else. Knowing he felt this way, I decided one year to bypass the usual shirts, sweaters, ties and so forth.

I reached for something special just for Mike.

The inspiration came in an unusual way. Our son Kevin, who was 12 that year, was wrestling at the junior level at the school he attended; and shortly before Christmas, there was a non-league match against a team sponsored by an inner-city church, mostly black. These youngsters, dressed in sneakers so ragged that shoestrings seemed to be the only thing holding them together, presented a sharp contrast to our boys in their spiffy blue and gold uniforms and sparkling new wrestling shoes.

As the match began, I was alarmed to see that the other team was wrestling without headgear, a kind of light helmet designed to protect a wrestler's ears. It was a luxury the ragtag team obviously could not afford.

Well, we ended up walloping them. We took every weight class. And as each of their boys got up from the mat, he swaggered around in his tatters with false bravado, a kind of street pride that couldn't acknowledge defeat.

Mike, seated beside me, shook his head sadly, "I wish just one of them could have won," he said. "They have a lot of potential, but losing like this could take the heart right out of them." Mike loved kids--all kids--and he knew them, having coached little league football, baseball and lacrosse.

That's when the idea for his present came. That afternoon, I went to a local sporting goods store and bought an assortment of wrestling headgear and shoes and sent them anonymously to the inner-city church. On Christmas Eve, I placed the envelope on the tree, the note inside telling Mike what I had done and that this was his gift from me. His smile was the brightest thing about Christmas that year and in succeeding years. For each Christmas, I followed the tradition--one year sending a group of mentally handicapped youngsters to a hockey game, another year a check to a pair of elderly brothers whose home had burned to the ground the week before Christmas, and on and on.

The envelope became the highlight of our Christmas. It was always the last thing opened on Christmas morning and our children, ignoring their new toys, would stand with wide-eyed anticipation as their dad lifted the envelope from the tree to reveal its contents.

As the children grew, the toys gave way to more practical presents, but the envelope never lost its allure. The story doesn't end there. You see, we lost Mike last year due to dreaded cancer. When Christmas rolled around, I was still so wrapped in grief that I barely got the tree up. But Christmas Eve found me placing an envelope on the tree, and in the morning, it was joined by three more. Each of our children, unbeknownst to the others, had placed an envelope on the tree for their dad. The tradition has grown and someday will expand even further with our grandchildren standing around the tree with wide-eyed anticipation watching as their fathers take down the envelope. Mike's spirit, like the Christmas spirit, will always be with us.

May we all remember Christ, who is the reason for the season, and the true Christmas spirit this year and always.

## Christmas Vacation

After Christmas vacation, a teacher asked her small pupils to write an account of how they spent their holidays. One youngster wrote about a visit to his grandparents in a life-care community for retired folks:

"We always spend Christmas with Grandma and Grandpa," he said. "They used to live here in a big red house, but Grandpa got retarded and they moved to Florida.

"They live in a place with a lot of retarded people. They live in tin huts. They ride big three wheel tricycles. They go to a big building they call a wrecked hall but it is fixed now. They play games there and do exercises, but they don't do them very good. There is a swimming pool and they go to it and just stand there in the water with their hats on. I guess they don't know how to swim.

"My grandma used to bake cookies and stuff. But I guess she forgot how. Nobody cooks-- they all go out to fast-food restaurants.

"As you come into the park, there is a doll house with a man sitting in it. He watches all day, so they can't get out without him seeing them. They wear badges with their names on them. I guess they don't know who they are.

"My Grandpa and Grandma worked hard all their lives and earned their retardment. I wish they would move back home but I guess the man in the doll house won't let them out."

## Cipher in the Snow

It started with tragedy one biting cold February morning. I was driving behind the Milford Corners bus as I did most snowy mornings on my way to school. It veered and stopped short at the hotel, which it had no business doing, and I was annoyed as I had to come to an unexpected stop. A boy lurched out of the bus, reeled, stumbled, and collapsed on the snow bank at the curb. The bus driver and I reached him at the same moment. His thin, hollow face was white against the snow.

"He's dead," the driver whispered.

It didn't register for a moment. I glanced quickly at the scared young faces staring down at us from the school bus. "A Doctor! Quick! I'll phone from the hotel."

"No use, I tell you he's dead." The driver looked down at the boy's still form. "He never even said he felt bad," he muttered, "just tapped me on the shoulder and said, real quiet, 'I'm, I have to get off at the hotel.' That's all. Polite and apologizing like."

At the school, the giggling, shuffling morning noise quieted as the news went down the halls. I passed a huddle of girls. "Who was it? Who dropped dead on the way to school?" I heard on of them half-whisper.

"Don't know his name. Some kid from Milford Corners," was the reply.

It was like that in the faculty room and the principal's office. "I'd appreciate your going out to tell the parents," the principal told me. "They haven't a phone and, anyway, somebody from school should go there in person. I'll cover your classes."

"Why me?" I asked. "Wouldn't it be better if you did it?"

"I didn't know the boy," the principal admitted levelly. "And in the last year's sophomore personalities column I note that you were listed as his favorite teacher."

I drove through the snow and cold down the bad canyon road to the Evans place and thought about the boy. Cliff Evans. His favorite teacher! I thought. He hasn't spoken two words to me in two years! I could see him in my mind's eye all right, sitting back there in the last seat in my afternoon literature class. He came in the room by himself, and left by himself. "Cliff Evans," I muttered to myself, "a boy who never talked." I thought a minute. "A boy who never smiled. I never saw him smile once."

The big ranch kitchen was clean and warm. I blurted out my news somehow. Mrs. Evans reached blindly toward her chair. "He never said anything about bein' ailing."



His step-father snorted, "He ain't said nothin' about anything since I moved in here."

Mrs. Evans pushed a pan to the back of the stove and began to untie her apron. "Now hold on," her husband snapped. "I got to have breakfast before I go to town. Nothin' we can do now, anyway. If Cliff hadn't been so dumb, he'd have told us he didn't feel good."

After school, I sat in the office and stared bleakly at the records spread out before me. I was to close the file and write the obituary for the school paper. The almost bare sheets mocked the effort. Cliff Evans, white, never legally adopted by step-father, five young half-brothers and sisters. These meager strands of information and the list of D grades were all the records had to offer.

Cliff Evans had silently come in the school door in the mornings and gone out of the school door in the evenings, and that was all. He had never belonged to a club. He had never played on a team. He had never held office. As far as I could tell, he had never done one happy, noisy kid thing. He had never been anybody at all.

How do you go about making a boy into a zero? The grade school records showed me. The first and second grade teachers' annotations read "sweet, shy child; timid but eager." Then the third grade note had opened the attack. Some teacher had written in a good, firm hand, "Cliff won't talk. Unco-operative, slow learner." the other academic sheet had followed with "dull"; "slow-witted"; "low I.Q." The became correct. The boy's I.Q. score in the ninth grade was listed as 83. But his I.Q. in the third grade had been 106. The score didn't go under 100 until the seventh grade. Even shy, timid, sweet children have resilience. It takes time to break them.

I stomped to the typewriter and wrote a savage report pointing out what education had done to Cliff Evans. I slapped a copy on the principal's desk and another in the sad, dog-eared file. I banged the typewriter and slammed the file and crashed the door shut, but I didn't feel much better. A little boy kept walking after me, a little boy with a peaked, pale face; a skinny body in faded jeans; and big eyes that had looked and searched for a long time and then had become veiled.

I could guess how many times he'd been chosen last to play sides in a game; how many times he hadn't been asked. I could see and hear the faces and voices that said over and over, "You're dumb. You're a nothing, Cliff Evans."

A child is a believing creature. Cliff undoubtedly believed them. Suddenly, it seemed clear to me: when finally there was nothing left at all for Cliff Evans, he collapsed on a snow bank and went away. The doctors might list "Heart failure" as the cause of death, but that wouldn't change my mind.

We couldn't find ten students in the school who had known Cliff well enough to attend the funeral as his friends. So the student body officers and a committee from the junior class went as a group to the church, being politely sad. I attended the services with them, and sat through it

with a lump of cold lead in my chest and a big resolve growing through me.

I've never forgotten Cliff Evans nor that resolve. He has been my challenge year after year, class after class. I look up and down the rows carefully each September at the unfamiliar faces. I look for veiled eyes or bodies scrounged in a seat in an alien world. "Look, kids," I say silently, "I may not do anything else for you this year, but not one of you is going to come out of here a nobody. I'll work or fight to the bitter end doing battle with society and the school board, but I won't have one of you coming out of here thinking himself into a zero."

Most of the time — not always, but most of the time — I've succeeded.

## A Civil War Fir Tree

Back during the Civil War, a mother lived with her two children in a small cottage in the Manassa area, and tried to survive such troubled times. the boy, Jacob, was eight years old, and the little girl, Melissa, was six, and they longed for their father, who had been away for over a year, fighting in the war. the family was very poor, for soldiers from both armies had taken their farm animals, and most of their other food too. They survived on the kindness of their neighbors, who weren't much better off themselves. It is often this way, that those with little to give are the most generous.

Now, wars are hard on people, but they're hard on forests too. All the woods around Manassa had been badly hurt by cannon fire and musket fire, and soldiers cutting down trees for fires and fortifications. In the woods near Jacob and Melissa's house, a battle had destroyed many of the great trees, but a very young fir tree had been left standing, untouched, because he was so short that the cannonballs had flown quite over his head.

He had been sad to see his elders die such rough deaths, but it is the fate of all trees to die someday, and many trees long to be useful first, being transformed with human help into houses or boats or fences. He dreamed of being cut down to be used as a mast for a fighting ship - what a fine destiny for a tree, he thought! He imagined the sails that would hang from him, and how, even in the worst storm, he would be dependable and never break, and all the sailors would praise him. But he was too little to be a mast, or even to cut for fortifications. And no one wanted him for firewood, since there were so many other trees already broken and ready on the forest floor. So he felt rather useless, and that the whole war might finish, and nothing exciting would happen to him.

The weather grew colder, and the tall soldiers who passed the little tree looked more hungry and more tired, and his heart went out to them. But no one noticed him, until one day, a strange woman came to the forest, accompanied by a small boy and a smaller girl, who was bundled up and kept coughing harshly in the cold. "It's such a little one," said the boy, who was Jacob. "It's all that I can carry on my own, said the mother. And then, to the tree's utter delight, she took her ax and chopped him down.

"What an adventure!" thought the tree. "Perhaps she makes boats, and will use me as - well, as a very small mast in a smallish kind of boat." Jacob and Melissa's mother dragged the tree back to her cottage, with the children following, and placed him upright in the corner inside. "What am I to be," wondered the tree. But when they took their old toys - for they had few decorations - and bits of ribbon, and began to decorate him, he realized that he had become a Christmas tree. Very few families had Christmas trees then, but the mother and father had come from Germany where Christmas trees were a tradition.

Now on the one hand, thought the little tree, there is no finer destiny for any tree than to become a Christmas tree, if it's the sort of tree who wants to be transformed into something

useful. But on the other hand, he really had wanted to do something exciting and important, with lots of shouting and wind and waves. However, it appeared that he had little choice in the matter, so he drew himself up as tall as he could, straight as the mast on the finest sailing ship, and held out his branches for the toys, being careful not to drop a cone.

That night, which was Christmas Eve, the mother explained to Jacob and Melissa that she had no money for presents, but they did have a good dinner from food that their neighbors and shared. Yet Melissa could hardly eat, and she lay down on the couch after dinner, gazing at the tree, still coughing. The mother would have summoned a doctor, but all the doctors had gone to help in the war months before.

And in the candlelight, the mother said that even though there were no presents, she could give them stories. So she began telling stories - everyone she could think of - family stories, and stories from the Bible, fairy tales and even one ghost story, as Jacob listened and Melissa finally fell asleep. And the tree listened and remembered every word, because trees have the best memories of all the plants, far better than ivy, who remembers only what it wants to, or the grass, which forgets everything.

The next few days, the family kept the Christmas tree up in the main room of the cottage, but he didn't see Melissa much at all, for she was sick in her bed. The mother looked worried all the time, and he wanted to help her, but all he could do was to hold up the toys and stand straight as a mast. He felt his first needless drop, a kind of itchy feeling but not unpleasant, just part of being a Christmas tree.

The next morning, Jacob and his mother removed the toys from the tree and took him out to the shed. "Don't cut it up yet," said Jacob. "It's such a little tree, it won't do very well for firewood anyway." And the mother agreed, although the family had very little wood left, and she didn't have a lot of time to go chop more. Every minute she was at Melissa's side, for the child had developed a fever and chills.

The little fir tree looked around the shed, where he was laying on his side, and met the gaze of a family of mice. "You don't look very good to eat," said the youngest mouse. Even the mice had a hard time during the war, with the grain taken away from the houses.

"I don't think I'm the least good to eat," agreed the tree, who had never heard of a tree whose destiny was to be eaten by mice. "But I might be rather useful as a house, and my needles - which are falling all over the floor, I see - will make a warm bed for your whole family." The mice thought that a capital idea, and the family moved into the very heart of the tree. That night, in the silence broken only by a shutter banging in the wind, the youngest mouse couldn't sleep. He was hungry. "I can't give you food," the little tree told him, "but I know the best stories anyone ever heard." And so the tree told him all the stories he had heard the mother tell Jacob and Melissa, until the mouse fell asleep on the tree needles, and snored a tiny mouse snore. And the tree fell asleep too, because he was drying out, which made him very drowsy.

Two days later, all the wood in the shed had been used up. "They'll burn you next," warned the father mouse.

"Do you think so," said the tree, who was half asleep all the time now. "How exciting! I'll do my best to make a great fire, if only I can stay awake." And soon, the mother came in, with an ax, and cut the tree up into pieces.

She built a great fire, and brought Melissa near to it. "If only the fever will break," she said, and the little fir tree, who was not sure if he was dreaming or awake - plus there were so many pieces of him now - burned as hot as he could, and as long as he could, all through the night, keeping the child warm.

The next day, Melissa's fever was gone, and even the cough was better. In the fireplace, nothing was left - not even a morsel - of the little fir tree. he had burned himself into ashes, until he was just a dream of a Christmas tree, and a memory and story for the children to tell on future Christmas Eves.

## The Cobbler and His Guest

There once lived in the city of Marseilles an old shoemaker, loved and honored by his neighbors, who affectionately called him "Father Martin."

One Christmas Eve, as he sat alone in his little shop reading of the visit of the Wise Men to the infant Jesus, and of the gifts they brought, he said to himself. "If tomorrow were the first Christmas, and if Jesus were to be born in Marseilles this night, I know what I would give Him!" He rose from his stool and took from a shelf overhead two tiny shoes of softest snow-white leather, with bright silver buckles. "I would give Him those, my finest work."

Replacing the shoes, he blew out the candle and retired to rest. Hardly had he closed his eyes, it seemed, when he heard a voice call his name..."Martin! Martin!"

Intuitively he felt a presence. Then the voice spoke again..."Martin, you have wished to see Me. Tomorrow I shall pass by your window. If you see Me, and bid Me enter, I shall be your guest at your table."

Father Martin did not sleep that night for joy. And before it was yet dawn he rose and swept and tidied up his little shop. He spread fresh sand upon the floor, and wreathed green boughs of fir along the rafters. On the spotless linen-covered table he placed a loaf of white bread, a jar of honey, and a pitcher of milk, and over the fire he hung a pot of tea. Then he took up his patient vigil at the window.

Presently he saw an old street-sweeper pass by, blowing upon his thin, gnarled hands to warm them. "Poor fellow, he must be half frozen," thought Martin. Opening the door he called out to him, "Come in, my friend, and warm, and drink a cup of hot tea." And the man gratefully accepted the invitation.

An hour passed, and Martin saw a young, miserably clothed woman carrying a baby. She paused wearily to rest in the shelter of his doorway. The heart of the old cobbler was touched. Quickly he flung open the door.

"Come in and warm while you rest," he said to her. "You do not look well," he remarked.

"I am going to the hospital. I hope they will take me in, and my baby boy," she explained. "My husband is at sea, and I am ill, without a soul."

"Poor child!" cried Father Martin. "You must eat something while you are getting warm. No, Then let me give a cup of milk to the little one. Ah! What a bright, pretty fellow he is! Why, you have put no shoes on him!"

"I have no shoes for him," sighed the mother sadly. "Then he shall have this lovely pair I finished yesterday." And Father Martin took down from the shelf the soft little snow-white shoes

he had admired the evening before. He slipped them on the child's feet...they fit perfectly. And shortly the poor young mother left, two shoes in her hand and tearful with gratitude.

And Father Martin resumed his post at the window. Hour after hour went by, and although many people passed his window, and many needy souls shared his hospitality, the expected Guest did not appear.

"It was only a dream," he sighed, with a heavy heart. "I did not believe; but he has not come."

Suddenly, so it seemed to his weary eyes, the room was flooded with a strange light. And to the cobbler's astonished vision there appeared before him, one by one, the poor street-sweeper, the sick mother and her child, and all the people whom he had aided during the day. And each smiled at him and said. "Have you not seen me? Did I not sit at your table?" Then they vanished.

At last, out of the silence, Father Martin heard again the gentle voice repeating the old familiar words. "Whosoever shall receive one such in My name, receiveth Me...for I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat; I was athirst, and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took Me in...verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

# **Collect Your Most Prized Possessions And Prepare To Evacuate**

By Robert R. Porcaro

With eight children in the family ranging in age from a college student to a newborn infant, how can we make our family home evenings more interesting and memorable? That has been our challenge.

To accomplish this objective, we have often found that variety is the key: on occasion we hold dinners with foods and themes of other countries to teach gospel principles in novel ways. Our most unforgettable home evening was one in which we featured self-appraisal.

It was my turn to prepare the activity that evening, and our discussion was to be the forthcoming camping trip. Ahead of time I prepared a little "radio" script, which I recorded on our cassette recorder. Then I called the family together.

After the family had gathered and we had sung a favorite hymn and offered prayer, I introduced the subject of the camping trip. We listed the items we needed to take with us and then spent time in ranking the items in the order of their importance.

"Now," I told them, "we are going to listen to a special radio broadcast. Pretend that what the announcer says is true, and do exactly as he says."

Then I turned on the cassette. After a short musical interlude, the voice of the announcer (me) excitedly spoke:

"We interrupt this broadcast to announce a serious emergency. Because of heavy rains, the nearby reservoir is about to break and waves of water will soon be roaring toward our community. You are to collect your most precious possession and leave your home immediately. The torrents may well destroy your home, so you must consider seriously what you want to save. Be ready in three minutes to evacuate your home!"

Each member of the family rushed to his room, concerned about the choice he must make. When they returned, we found that one small son held a toy he had carefully selected. A daughter decided on her book of remembrance, and my wife said she would take the triple combination, so we could be guided by the scriptures.

I then told them that my most precious possession was my family, and that was what I wanted to take. This came as a surprise, but they soon realized the point I wanted to make. We discussed at length the importance of being a family, the love we shared, and concluded that our most precious possession is our family — each of us — together.



It had been a long time since that special evening in our home, but our family still talks about the night we discovered the most priceless possession in our lives — each other. Truly it was a night to remember!

## **Communicating**

A Gossip is one who talks to you about other people.

A bore is one who talks to you about himself.

A brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself.

***COMPLAINT BLANK***

State nature of complaint  
in this square



Write clearly  
GIVE FULL DETAILS!

# **The Complete List of Crayola Trivia**

To date, Crayola has made over 100 billion crayons. The makers of Crayola crayons, Binney & Smith, produce more than 2 billion crayons each year, an average of 5 million crayons each day. That's enough crayons to make one giant statue 100 feet taller than the Statue of Liberty. It takes more than 20 billion crayons laid end to end to go around the world, and we've made enough to go around four and a half times!

Each year, North Americans buy 2.5 billion crayons. The average North American uses up 730 crayons by age 10. That's a lot of smiley faces.

All together, kids in North America spend 6.3 billion hours coloring each year — almost 10,000 human lifetimes. Most kids spend an average of almost half an hour a day coloring. We think that's a lot better then watching TV!

Artist Douglas Mehrens uses more crayons than anyone else in the world. He uses them to create his abstract artworks. He uses 28,000 crayons in his art every year. That's enough to last 38 kids for ten years!

Red and Blue are kids' two favorite Crayola crayons.

After molding 1.4 billion crayons, over 37 years, Crayola's senior crayon maker, Emerson Moser, retired. He revealed a strange secret after he had made his last crayon. He couldn't see all the colors! He created colorful crayons for 37 years, even though he was blue-green color-blind.

There are only two ingredients in a Crayola crayon. They are made of paraffin wax and colored pigments.

The name Crayola was coined by joining the French word "craie" with "ola," from oleaginous. If you translate the name, it means "oily chalk": "craie" means "chalk," and "oleaginous" means "oily."

Crayola crayons are made in 96 different colors, but the labels are made in fewer colors than that. Violet and blue-violet, for example, have the same color label. There are 18 different label colors. Apparently, the crayons don't mind showing up at parties wearing the same thing.

Binney & Smith Canada is the largest crayon manufacturer in Canada. Crayola is the only brand of crayon manufactured in Canada.

Crayola crayons are sold in more than 60 countries around the world, and you know they're packaged in English and French. Crayola crayons are packaged in 11 languages, total, including French and English.

In the history of Crayola crayons, only two crayon colors — peach and midnight blue — have ever had their names changed. The original names for peach and midnight blue were flesh and Prussian blue. The color "flesh" became "peach" in 1962 as a result of the civil right movement; while in 1958, "prussian blue" was changed to "midnight blue" in response to teachers' recommendations that children would no longer relate to Prussian history.

Shirley Woodford's pet, Bingo, holds the distinction of being the world's only known coloring house pet. Bingo is a dog. His canine surreal works draw howls from critics in the Sacramento area, where he lives. He prefers large-size Crayola washable crayons, because they are easier to grasp with his paws — and clean off his teeth.

In 1991, for the first time in the company's history, Binney & Smith retired eight classic crayon colors to make room for eight new brighter, bolder shades. So attached were Americans to their favorite colors that protest groups were formed, including RUMPS and the National Campaign to Save Lemon Yellow. RUMPS stands for the Raw Umber and Maize Preservation Society. In Canada, in an effort to prevent similar uprisings, the Canadian public was asked at polls set up across the country, to vote on which colors were to be retired.

According to a study, most adults in North America recognize the smell of Crayola crayons. Among the 20 most often-recognized smells in the world, Crayola crayons placed 18th. According to the study, the scent people recognized most is coffee, followed by peanut butter.

## **Marker Trivia**

The most popular marker colors are red and black. Yellow and pink are the most popular highlighter markers.

The average adult uses markers three times a week.

Fishermen use a lot of markers, believe it or not. One reason is to change the color of their lures when the fish aren't biting. The other reason that fishermen use markers is to camouflage their fishing lines, so fish can't see them.

We don't usually recommend coloring on your audio compact discs, but some music fans say they use markers on their CDs all the time. They use markers to "tweak" their compact discs by drawing a line around the outer edge of discs to increase sound quality. The marker line reportedly refracts the laser beam to produce a deeper, richer sound. Enthusiasts say green markers work best.

Other uses of markers include repairing scratches in furniture and hiding scuff marks on shoes. Cattle ranchers and dairy farmers use markers as a humane, painless way to brand their cows.

Today, Binney & Smith (Canada) manufactures 32 million markers a year under the Crayola and Magic Marker trademarks. The ink from all these markers would cover 300 million square feet. That's enough to color an entire city — more than 6,300 football fields!

Magic Marker brand markers, which are manufactured by Binney & Smith, were invented in 1952 and were the most exciting thing to happen to writing since the ball point pen was introduced in 1945. Created by American Sidney Rosenthal, the original Magic Marker brand markers were bulky, and were filled with strong-smelling inks, with wool felt tips. They were revolutionary for allowing users to write evenly, without blotting, on almost any surface. The original Magic Marker brand markers came in small glass bottles. Thankfully, they're a lot less fragile now!

## **People and Color Trivia**

A recent consumer study showed that most boys want nothing to do with the color pink — except for one shade of pink, which they said was "cool." The shade of pink that boys in the survey liked was neon pink.

Fast food restaurants are often decorated in one particular color, because it stimulates the appetite and prompts a sense of restlessness, making patrons eager to eat and then move on. The most popular color for fast food restaurants is orange.

Scientific studies show that red speeds up the emotions, raises blood pressure, quickens the pulse and increases the rate of breathing. Blue slows down body activity and stimulates the mind. That would make it a good choice for classrooms — as some schools have realized.

A renowned artist began his career in art by entering a Crayola coloring contest in the early 1900s — and winning. Renowned American Gothic artist Grant Wood began his career with a Crayola contest. Wood later commented that winning the contest gave him the encouragement he needed to pursue a career in art.

Blue, red and green are the colors most people prefer, in that order, regardless of nationality. Yellow decreases in popularity with age. Sulphur, a yellow-green combination, is the most disliked color in the world.

The color that is most often used in hospital operating and recovery rooms has a calming, balancing effect, and can reduce eyestrain. Mint green is often used in hospitals for these reasons.

Mr. Roger's favorite Crayola crayon is lemon yellow. Unfortunately for him, lemon yellow has been retired. Some other celebrity favorites: Billy Crystal, burnt sienna; Bryan Adams, denim; Whoopi Goldberg, magenta; Mike Myers, blue; Charles Schulz, copper; Candice Bergen, dandelion; and Marilyn Quayle, sky blue.

# **Completely Nuts**

Boyd K. Packer

If you can smile when things go wrong,  
And say it doesn't matter,  
If you can laugh off cares and woe,  
And trouble makes you fatter,  
If you can keep a cheerful face  
When all around are blue,  
Then have your head examined, bud,  
There's something wrong with you.  
For one thing I've arrived at:  
There are no ands and buts,  
A guy that's grinning all the time  
Must be completely nuts.

# Computers vs GM

For all of us who feel only the deepest love and affection for the way computers have enhanced our lives, read on.

At a recent computer expo (COMDEX), Bill Gates reportedly compared the computer industry with the auto industry and stated, "If GM had kept up with the technology like the computer industry has, we would all be driving \$25.00 cars that got 1,000 miles to the gallon".

In response to Bill's comments, General Motors issued a press release stating:

If GM had developed technology like Microsoft, we would all be driving cars with the following characteristics:

- 1 . For no reason whatsoever, your car would crash twice a day.
2. Every time they repainted the lines in the road, you would have to buy a new car.
3. Occasionally your car would die on the freeway for no reason. You would have to pull over to the side of the road, close all of the windows, shut off the car, restart it, and reopen the windows before you could continue. For some reason you would simply accept this.
4. Occasionally, executing a maneuver such as a left turn would cause your car to shut down and refuse to restart, in which case you would have to reinstall the engine.
5. Macintosh would make a car that was powered by the sun, was reliable, five times as fast and twice as easy to drive - but would run on only five percent of the roads.
6. The oil, water temperature, and alternator warning lights would all be replaced by a single "This Car Has Performed An Illegal Operation" warning light.
7. The airbag system would ask "Are you sure?" before deploying.
8. Occasionally, for no reason whatsoever, your car would lock you out and refuse to let you in until you simultaneously lifted the door handle, turned the key and grabbed hold of the radio antenna.
9. Every time a new car was introduced, car buyers would have to learn how to drive all over again, because none of the controls would operate in the same manner as the old car.
10. You'd have to press the "Start" button to turn the engine off.



# Congo Kitabu

(Kitabu is Swahili for book)  
by Jean-Pierre Hallet

"Can you be ready to leave in a month?" said the round-faced little man, his pen poised. He didn't bother to look up.

"Of course. Can't you make it any sooner?"

Now he did look up — with a frown. "One month is the minimum. If you know how many papers I have to fill out every time I send a recruit from Brussels to the Congo, you'd understand."

"I do understand, from the stack I've filled out myself. I'll be glad to get to Africa and escape from all these forms."

He smiled cynically. "You're just a very raw recruit of twenty, Monsieur Hallet; what we call a 'blue.' You'll find that you *never* escape from paperwork." He pushed a form across the desk. "If you *really* want to go to the Congo, sign this."

It was quite a document. "I, Jean-Pierre Hallet, entering the service of the Ministry of Colonies on March 8, 1949, in the capacity of agronomist and sociologist, engage myself to accept any condition of climate, habitat or work that my life in the service may entail, and to make no complaint or request for transfer without the most imperative reasons."

I signed without hesitation. If I had had any inkling of the strange adventures, misadventures and outright disasters I was headed for, I might have thought for an hour or two. Then I would have signed anyway. I wanted to get back to Africa, for my roots were deep in the Congolese soil.

My father, Andre Hallet, was known as "*the* painter of the Congo," and his pictures hung in many great museums in Europe and America. After I became part of his personal African landscape, he allowed me to grow up in complete happiness and harmony with children whose skins were black. I spoke Kingwana, a form of Swahili, so fluently that after a time I refused to speak French. That was my downfall. As a struggling six-year-old, I was forcibly put on board a plane that carried me back to an aunt in Belgium for a European education. At fifteen, I fought in the Armée Blanche — the Belgian resistance movement — and at sixteen I enlisted in the regular army, in which I served actively until the end of the war. Now I was finally returning to Africa. However, I was headed for a post in Katanga, the southernmost province of the Congo, while my parents' home was in Ruanda-Urundi. It was policy to send a new recruit — a *bleu* — as far as possible from family distractions.

On my way by boat to Lobito, in Angola, I studied and dreamed about Africa. I

remembered those wonderful childhood years on the fringe of the Ituri Forest, and my wonder at the Pygmies, full-grown men and women scarcely larger than my six-year-old self. Now, at six feet five inches and two hundred twenty-five pounds, I would tower over them by a full two feet and outweigh the fattest Pygmy by more than two to one.

From Lobito I traveled more than a thousand miles by train to Kamina, in Katanga, where I waited at the station to be claimed, feeling like a large, morose orphan. At last a young agronomist from the District Commissioner's office appeared. He apologized for the delay, took me in the Hôtel de la Gare and treated me to Simba, an excellent Congolese beer. "You're to stay here tonight," he said. "Report tomorrow at six thirty a.m."

Determined not to give the impression of a "bleu," I was up at five thirty the next morning, full of Café au lait and enthusiasm. Shyly but happily, like a virgin bride, I donned my uniform: khaki safari jacket and shorts, long khaki knee socks and sturdy waling shoes. Then the crowning touch: I put on The Helmet, the dramatic tropical headgear with its *Bula Matari* governmental badge. It looked like a deformed khaki chamber pot with a shiny Dick Tracy badge. The original Bula Matari, or Rock Breaker, had been Henry M. Stanley, who had found Livingstone and then played such a decisive role in the history of the Congo. I hope he looked more impressive in *his* helmet than I did in mine.

I arrived at District Headquarters just as the black, red and gold banner of Belgium was raised, and jumped into line. Following the military salute and the bugle call, I went with the District Commissioner to his office. "Life isn't easy here," he said. "You young people come out full of illusions. You never listen to people who *know*." I said nothing. He was probably right. He went on, "I'm sending you out to make an agricultural survey of some Baluba tribes in the Mwanza area, about two hundred miles northeast of here. How does that sound?"

"It sounds wonderful!" I said eagerly.

The Commissioner briefed me on the first part of the trip, and the next day a native driver took me to Mwanza and deposited me at one of the government bungalows for travelers passing through bush posts. Next morning I reported to my first Territorial Administrator — or A.T. as we called them. He was a fat, unctuous man, whom I shall call Grosjean. We got along about as well as a giraffe and a warthog forced into a shotgun wedding.

"You'll have a rough time, Monsieur Hallet," he said, after a limp handshake and a toothy smile. "You'll be in a swamp area infested with mosquitoes and tsetse flies."

He handed me a map on which my rout was marked. It was a two-week safari, and I was to average fifteen miles a day. My mission was to survey crop reserves, to study the possibilities of crop extension, to report on sanitation conditions and to notify the government of infractions against agricultural regulations.

"You can get acquainted with the Baluba," Grosjean went on. "They are the largest tribe in the Congo, with at least a dozen subtribes here in Katanga. Typical Bantu." He eyed me sardonically. "But you wouldn't know what Bantu means."

That annoyed me. I decided to show off. "The Bantu are the largest and most important ethnic group of the Negroid racial stock," I said. "The average stature is around five feet five inches. The languages are characterized by pure Italian vowels and —"

"Very impressive," the A.T. interrupted, "but book learning will do you no good in the bush. Gook luck, Monsieur Hallet." He gave me another crocodile smile. "You'll need it."

Equipment for the safari was no problem, but people were. I had to deal with two agricultural-control foremen, two native policemen, and a dozen porters, and Tukula, an aged cook, with an educated Maluba<sup>2</sup> named Sylvestre as interpreter.

Sylvestre, like many of the educated natives, called *évolués*, was more interested in lording it over the *bashenti* — the bush natives — than he was in helping me. The first time he translated an order, one of the porters looked at me in sudden resentment. I wondered why. When it happened several more times, I started to worry.

Watching us was a skinny fourteen-year-old Luba boy named Ngoi. "Let me come with you, *Bwana!*" he pleaded, in Swahili. "I have worked for white men before. I can be a big help!"

This youngster, Ngoi, was a stroke of luck — good-natured, enthusiastic and reliable. He had things running on an orderly basis within minutes. Soon we actually moved out. I was tremendously excited as I left Mwanza on foot — I had refused to ride in the usual litter — picturing myself as an intrepid explorer setting out to face the dangers of the Dark Continent. My enthusiasm waned as we marched across fifteen hot, uneventful miles of tree-studded grasslands. When we pitched camp my only feelings were fatigue and overwhelming relief. The porters made camp while Tukula, the cook, went for water and firewood from a nearby village.

Just before sunset a half dozen strangers approached from the village, one carrying a scrawny chicken. A tall man with a large shiny medal dangling on his chest dominated the group.

"Who is that?" I asked Ngoi nervously.

"He is the *Sultani*, the chief of this group of villages."

The strangers walked up to me with an easy air. "*Jambo, Bwana!*" the sultani said, the classic Swahili hello. He made a lordly gesture and the chicken-bearer came forward. Unaware

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<sup>2</sup> In most Bantu languages the prefix *mu-* is for singular, *ba-* for the plural, as: "A *Mulega* told me what two *Balega* were doing inside a *lega* hut."

that I was committing a social error by accepting a present from a servant instead of gesturing to one of my "boys," I took possession of it.

The indignant bird squawked and flapped wildly until I came to my senses and gave it to Ngoi. "Take it to Tukula!" I said, a little too loudly. "And bring back some beer!"

It was the perfect gesture. The Sultani and I drank while he assured me very firmly that all went smoothly in his villages and that they were worthy of my expert attention. At once I say myself as I appeared in his eyes: a blindingly blue innocent, to be flattered, presented with the traditional chicken — and hustled out of the area. I longed to make a sweeping investigation, but my real work was to start twenty miles farther on at a more important group of villages. The Sultani left, vastly pleased with his stratagems, and I consoled myself by eating his amazingly tough chicken.

The next thirteen days were a confusing montage of villages, cotton and sweet-potato fields, and safari campsites, punctuated by misunderstandings and mysteries. On the last night out I lay on my canvas cot feeling a little melancholy, and tried to plan for the future. I thought of the several hundred Baluba I had met, and realized how little I knew about them. Language came first, that was obvious, for I wanted to reach the hidden mind and soul of the Baluba, and to help them. I already felt certain of one thing: Africa's real future would never be fulfilled if we tried to make imitation white men of the natives. We could only help within the framework of their own traditions. I could not achieve my goal by playing *Bwana Mukubwa*, the Great Master, enforcing rigid regulations and punishments. Yet foolish indulgence would be even less effective. Finding a compromise wouldn't be easy.

I kept thinking as I turned and tossed on my narrow cot. Then I turned once too often. The canvas ripped and dumped me unceremoniously into the metal framework, which promptly caved in, trapping me in its embrace. Instinctively I snatched at the mosquito netting as I went down, and yard after yard tore loose and descended with me. I decided against calling for help, for I was entirely naked. My first safari had been undistinguished enough, and I didn't care to climax it by losing the last shreds of dignity. I saw my pajama pants and tried to snatch them out of the mess of gauze. There was a ripping sound — one leg had stuck in the bed frame. I put on the tattered garment anyway, freed myself, and opened the flap of the tent. "Ngoi!" I shouted.

Hundreds of hungry mosquitos answered this call. I rushed back into the tent for the torn mosquito netting, draped a piece over my head and dashed out of the tent — only to collide with Ngoi and Tukula coming to my aid.

I knocked them flat. The old cook looked up and saw, looming over him, an enormous spectral form draped in a white veil — obviously the spirit of a dead Muluba. He shrieked and fainted. Ngoi stared round-eyed at the ghost and at Tukula; then, recognizing me, he went into fits of laughter. Now people came running from every direction. I ran too — right back into my tent. I sat down on a chair and tried to invent a reasonable explanation. I couldn't find one. The

tumult outside died down, and Ngoi came in and stared at the wreckage of my cot. "Don't look so sad, Bwana," he said. "I'm sorry I laughed at you."

"I don't blame you for that. What did you tell the people?"

"That Tukula walked in his sleep, had a bad dream and screamed. You ran out and bumped into him. Everyone said 'Oh' and went back to bed. I made Tukula think that, too." He laughed again. "Tukula feels sorry for making so much noise, so he has built a nice fire to chase the mosquitoes and asked if you will come out and sit with us."

I felt terribly guilty, but I knew Tukula would forget the whole thing in a day or two. On the other hand, If the true story got back to my A.T., he would tell everyone he met — "Guess what happened to my last bleu ...!"

"Asanta sana," I said to Ngoi — a heartfelt Swahili thank-you. Then we went and squatted by the fire to console the confused and penitent cook. He nodded at me timidly, Ngoi grinned knowingly and I smiled at my two friends with an emotion entirely new to me — from which I would quickly recover: humility.

On our next safari we inspected fifty-eight villages and Ngoi saved my life. We had been out a month and had walked about two hundred miles. When we made camp by the Lualaba River, it was five days since I had taken any quinine. We had been sent out with an inadequate supply of this all-important drug. My A.T. had promised to fill our stock by courier, but he had evidently forgotten.

The morning after we camped I woke feeling horribly sick: stiff neck, headache and terrible vertigo. For two days I lay in my cot sweating and shaking uncontrollably, a typical victim of malaria. I woke the third morning and, feeling a pressing need, reached unsteadily for the aluminum chamber pot Tukula had left me. A moment later I was staring at a dark red pool with terrible words in my mind: blackwater fever. It was a sentence of death.

Blackwater fever is a grim form of malaria, with a high death rate even in European hospitals with the finest doctors and an arsenal of drugs. Here I was, trapped in a little tent two hundred miles from any medical aid. If I tried to move, the destructive processes going on in my heart, liver, and kidneys would kill me quickly. If I remained immobile, it would just take a little longer. Logic told me that I was going to die. My youth and will rebelled. "I am *not* going to die!" I whispered to myself.

"Ngoi!" I called. He came in, looked at me and at the pot. His silence was significant: "I'll fix everything!" and "Don't worry, Bwana!" had been his favorite phrases. Now he said nothing.

"Listen carefully," I told him. "Soon I may not be able to talk. I have to go to my own people — they can help me. Have the men build a litter. Tomorrow morning we must start out

for the road that goes to Manono. If we can reach the road before dark —" I lay back, shivering horribly. Ngoi tucked the blankets around me. "Tomorrow morning," I repeated. "Even if I cannot speak, even if I seem to be dying. You must see that we leave early ..."

I moved into an eternity of darkness and delirium. I was still struggling with phantoms when they put me on the litter in the morning, and I struck out wildly at my helpers. Ngoi rushed to my side. "Please, Bwana, lie quietly! You'll fall and hurt yourself."

I had a moment of awareness. "That was Ngoi," I told myself. "This is a stretcher. You must lie quietly, or you will die."

Sleep, Bwana! Please sleep!" Ngoi kept pleading all the long nightmare day. But I slept little while the porters labored and stumbled over the steep hills to the Manono-Mitwaba road.

It grew dark soon after they set the litter down by the road. The situation seemed hopeless. Then suddenly two beams of brilliant white light appeared. Ngoi shouted, waved his arms and ran into the road — almost directly into the path of a huge truck. It screeched to a halt. The native driver jumped out furiously and ran toward Ngoi. Then he saw me lying there.

"Can you take me to the hospital in Manono?" I asked.

He nodded, and my porters lifted the stretcher into the truck.

"I'm coming with you," Ngoi said firmly. I tried to explain that it would be cruel to take him into an alien territory where I would be in no position to take care of him. "I'm not afraid," he insisted.

I searched for a reason he would accept. "My books and equipment. Who else could I trust to get them back to Mwanza?"

Ngoi's eyes shone with pride. "Don't worry, Bwana!" He cried. "I'll take good care of everything!" (He did.)

A couple of hours later the doctors in Manono examined me and shook their heads. The next morning my unconscious body was flown to Elisabethville, where hospital specialists inspected the wreckage and sent a telegram to my family in Kisenyi.

Several days later, when I opened my eyes for the first time since Manono, my father was sitting by the bed. His face was terribly drawn. It was our first meeting in years and I knew he was thinking it would be our last. He made a heroic effort to smile, and I whispered reassuringly before drifting into a coma.

Gradually, as doctors dosed me with Atabrine, cinchonine and arsenic, and pumped in several gallons of whole blood, I began to recover.

One month later, forty pounds lighter, I escaped from the hospital, pale but reasonably alive.

My convalescent occupation was to study at the Fish Farming Research Station, which would lead to an astonishing title: Fish counselor. The station, part of the famous ten-year development plan for the Congo, was expected to help handle one of its most serious problems: the lack of animal protein in the natives diet. The government planned to build and stock ponds, and to stock natural waters with especially hardy and prolific fish.

However, my next assignment had nothing to do with fish. I was transferred to territorial headquarters at Mweka, in the province of Kasai — a tree-clad savannah the size of New Mexico, rich in cotton, coffee, corn, rubber and diamonds, the home of the colorful kingdom of the Bakuba.

"You're to supervise agricultural work in the villages, my new A.T., a thoughtful, soft-spoken man, told me. "If the natives deviate too far from the established program, you'll have to fine them or jail them. You know what's involved."

I did. Foresight and planning are rudimentary among Central African natives, and one bad season can create a devastating famine. The Belgian government required every able-bodied man to cultivate at least an acre and a half of nonseasonal crops, like manioc and sweet potatoes, as a permanent reserve of food in the soil. But the natives resented this regulation and tried to ignore it.

"I'd rather not use fines and jail sentences," I said. "If a native is fined, he complains about 'white man's injustice' until his relatives contribute and he makes a profit on the deal. And jail is just a well-fed holiday. But psychological persuasion, a mysterious attitude, a little subtle intimidation work wonders. Magic is even better. Card tricks, disappearing coins — that impresses them."

My new A.T. burst out laughing. "It's a funny way to grow sweet potatoes, but I'm all for it, if it works. Still I should warn you: the Bakuba have more magicians per square mile than any tribe in the Congo. You'll have some stiff competition."

He was right. I did. But in Bulape, my first Kuba village, I won an encounter with their wildest magician, or *Nganga* — I could do a trick he couldn't. The trick consisted of passing a knife through a blanket without making a hole; and for a few days after I performed it the people there worked their fields with unheard-of enthusiasm, anxious to please such a powerful white *Nganga*.

Bulape, like most Congolese villages, consisted of two rows of windowless, rectangular huts with a big clearing in the middle. But the Kuba huts were usually large and ornate, with

walls of palm stems and leaves woven together in geometric designs. And unlike any others in the Congo, Kuba villages were movable. The huts were supported by pillars of wood, and when a Mukuba decided to move, he simply cut down the pillars, slid six long poles under the hut and found twelve strong men to carry it.

The Bakuba were as beautifully built as their houses and some bore the same geometric designs. The women, especially, were patterned with ornamental scars which swayed and bounced freely, since their only clothing was a length of raffia cloth wound around the body from the waist to the knees. The children wore little raffia ropes around their waists but no loincloths. It was quite an original fashion — a belt without pants. The men wore kiltlike raffia *pagnes*, with a ceremonial knife at the side. On their heads were cone-shaped raffia bonnets, some of which had small clapperless bells on them. These silent bells were supposed to jingle in the world of spirits at each of the wearer's steps. Both men and women were covered with an orange-red powder which is the Congo's favorite cosmetic.

My job was routine but exhausting. To check harvests, ferret out plant diseases and pests, and see that crops were rotated, I walked from fifteen to twenty miles a day under the scorching sun between endless rows of flowering cotton, the big cash crop.

When six months had passed, I had mastered the language and visited more than two hundred villages, and I was entitled to a two-week vacation. I decided to spend it in Mushenge, the ancient Kuba capital, at the Royal Court of the Divine King, Bope Mopinje II, known to his adoring subjects as God on Earth.

Mushenge proved to be a large, ornate village, with a complicated labyrinth of bamboo palisades containing the inner sanctum of the Royal Court. After entering the maze, I soon came upon a young boy who was leaning against a wall, whittling. Nearby two men squatted on the ground playing a popular pebble game called *lela*. They pretended not to see me, so I spoke to the boy.

"My father is a very busy official," he explained. "He is the Royal Eagle Keeper. His friend is the Head Snake Charmer."

"Surely such an important man as your father," I said loudly, "can arrange an interview with the *Nyimi* — the Divine King."

The boy shook his head. "Only the *Kimi Kambu* — the Prime Minister — can do that. I will talk to my father about it."

He squatted down and whispered into the older man's ear. "My father says I can take you to the *Kimi Kambu*," the boy finally announced. "But the *Nyimi* has been sick and isn't seeing anyone."



We passed through interlacing palisades until we arrived in a small courtyard occupied by a large hut. I waited nearly a quarter of an hour while the Prime Minister donned his ceremonial dress. He finally emerged — a magnificent figure clad in a checkered robe fringed with little raffia balls. His waist was girdled with a leopard skin and with a knotted sash of the ornamental cowrie shells which were once widely used for money. Bands of cowries adorned his chest, wrists and ankles. He spoke to me rather arrogantly. "The King is sick, but in three days he will be better. You may see him on the third day, two hours before sunset." Meantime, I could talk to the *Moaridi*, the Custodian and narrator of Royal Legend.

The *Moaridi* turned out to be a wonderful, slightly wicked old man, who looked like a black version of Field Marshal Montgomery. I learned from him that Kuba kings were bizarre figures, surrounded by complex ritual prohibitions. The king was the one political link binding the many subtribes of his realm, and as God on Earth he was a sacred figure uniting his people with their dead ancestors' spirits. To safeguard his divine virtues he was forbidden to touch the ground, to come into contact with blood or be seen by a woman in the act of eating. He sat on a living human throne, and he was not allowed to die a natural death. Instead, when he was mortally ill, he was ritually smothered by his eldest son and his body was ceremonially buried, sometimes with as many as two thousand living slaves.

Many of these customs, the *Moaridi* complained, had been suppressed by the Belgian government or abandoned by the people themselves. But one striking royal privilege remained: the king had an army of wives — never fewer than 365, one for every day in the year — scattered all over his kingdom. A constantly shifting crew of a hundred was in residence at Mushenge. Kings of the past were reputed to have fathered as many as ten thousand children.

Three days later I met "God on Earth" in the large hut called the Palace. His Majesty, the 124th monarch of the Divine Dynasty, lay on a massive wooden bed padded with woven palm fronds, surrounded by a retinue of pages. A short round-headed man, he must have weighed over three hundred pounds. He stared at me with regal disdain. I uttered a few polite phrases in his own language. He grunted in surprise and mumbled the ritual answers. I made ceremonial presentation of two bottles of whiskey, which my A.T. had advised was the only acceptable gift. The King gestured to a page who handed me the King's return presents, an ornately carved pipe and a square of raffia cloth embroidered by one of his wives.

The interview was over. I made my way out of the maze, somewhat disillusioned but vastly pleased with my new treasures.

I spent two more days with the *Moaridi*. He introduced me to a picturesque collection of functionaries, as well as delegates from the subtribes and from all the wonderful Kuba arts and crafts. I even met the *Nybilimbi*, who officially represents the fathers of twins. (Unlike most tribes, the Bakuba consider the birth of twins a good omen, and a few political offices are reserved for them or for fathers of twins.) I also met fifty-seven court dignitaries. Besides the Snake Charmer, the Royal Eagle Keeper and the *Moaridi*, they included a fascinating medley of

drummers, heralds, carpet spreaders and marimba players. Finally I met the lowest dignitary of all: the *Ipona* — the King's living throne.

The current Ipona had the title without the job, which made him the luckiest man in Kasai province, for when the king donned his elaborate court dress his weight approached a quarter of a ton. The little Ipona would have been squashed flat.

I was lucky enough to see the King in this court dress when he hauled himself out of bed to preside over a wedding. He was covered from head to foot with tiny white cowrie shells, encrusted on his headdress, his red raffia robe and his beadwork spats. Even his gloves, his spear and the scabbard of his ceremonial sword were studded with them. The headdress sprouted a wild crown of feathers, a clapper less bell, and a strange ornament that looked like a stick of cotton candy. Fortunately he sat on a stool. I doubt that he could have stood up.

I spent the rest of my holiday collecting African artifacts in nearby villages, spending every franc I had saved in two years. I unpacked my treasures in Mweka. Three months later, I packed them again. I had repeatedly asked to work with the Bambuti, a Pygmy tribe of north Kivu province — so the government transferred me to *south* Kivu, with its notorious cannibal tribes.

In January 1950 I climbed into my heavily loaded Chevy pickup and headed northeast. As I drove I passed a young Mukuba riding a decrepit bicycle. He wore a black tuxedo jacket, fastened with safety pins, and a wine-red fedora. I waved to him and he spat on the ground. The Bakuba were becoming "civilized."

Shabunda, my new territory, lay in a region called Maniema, a tract of forest and savannah roughly the size of New York State. Racked by sleeping sickness, smallpox and periodic famines, its people had suffered from two terrible scourges — Arab slave traders and their own insatiable, age-old cannibalism. The very word Maniema means Man-Eaters, and a popular native chant ran:

*The flesh of man is good,  
The flesh of woman is bad;  
She's only fit to eat  
When there's nothing else to be had!*

Henry M. Stanley, in 1876, remarked, "These savages would consider a whole congress of bishops and missionaries from only one viewpoint: roast beef!" The Maniema tribes had been devouring each other for countless years, their bodies craving the human meat tradition taught them to accept, when, toward the middle of the nineteenth century, Arab traders from Zanzibar invaded Central Africa looking for ivory and slaves.

Slavery had long been established among the Negroes themselves, but the Arabs were the

first to organize it on a commercial basis, aided by "Arabized" natives. Between them, these Negroes and the Arabs enjoyed an almost complete monopoly, selling millions of East African natives, until Christian slave traders began competing for the profitable business. In the eighteenth century a grown man cost forty cents in a Congolese village and sold for six hundred dollars in the New World. When slavery ended in the United States, the West African trade ground to a halt. But the Arabs still flourished in the east, raiding Maniema and other parts of the Congo, until King Leopold II of Belgium declared war on the slavers in 1892. After two years of bloody battles, the Arabs gave in and Maniema was finally free.

When I came to "the land of the Man-Eaters" it seemed at first that the grim past was forgotten. But my new A.T. cautioned me to keep my eyes open for any evidence of cannibalism among our local Balega tribesmen and to arrest anyone who still practiced the forbidden rituals of the *Bwame* secret society.

For four months, working and learning the language, I saw traces of neither. Then came a strange succession of events. It all began when I made a quick safari to try to find some masks and figurines for my collection. I stumbled one evening across a forest encampment where a dozen young boys were living in ritual isolation, with a couple of old women who did the domestic chores, preparing for their circumcision ceremonies. The entire camp was suffused with a wonderful smell of simmering meat, and I had eaten nothing all day except a handful of peanuts and a banana. "What is in the pot?" I asked one of my porters, a husky man named Mogudu.

He spoke to the old woman who was stirring the stew, then said briskly, "*Nungu*. Porcupines, Bwana. Two big ones!"

Nungu was regarded as a gourmet dish throughout Black Africa so I pitched in without hesitation when the old woman gave me some on a banana-leaf plate. It tasted a little like veal and a little like suckling pig but better than either.

"How do you like it?" Mogudu asked me.

"Delicious! And so tender."

The porter's eyes gleamed with pleasure. He kept glancing at me sideways, and seemed oddly nervous; still I suspected nothing.

Later in the evening, I questioned a boy about the impending rituals. "We have to drink palm wine," he told me "mixed with *Majivu ya mtu*, ashes from human bones. A girl's bones this time." And he told me about a young wife in the next village, thrown out by her husband because she was barren, who had gone crazy and run into the bush. The boy's uncle had found her and cut her throat. "But she would have died anyway, Bwana." It was the ashes from her bones that would be used.

"What did they do with the flesh?" I asked.

"What everyone does." He started to gesture toward the cooking pot, then stopped and stared at me in mute terror.

I should have felt physical revulsion at learning about the "porcupine" meat. Instead I felt only shock and anger at the casual way the dazed girl had been murdered.

When they discovered that the boy had talked, the little band of Maniema cannibals were sure they faced long terms in jail. But I knew that would be pointless. Instead, I tried to explain the meaning of their crimes, and threatened them with terrible retribution — personal, magic, and supernatural — if they ever repeated the act. They listened with apparent compliance, as they always do, and every one of them swore that he would never eat human flesh again. They may well have kept their promise — at least for a while.

On the next safari to the bush country, Mogudu, friendly and confiding since I hadn't reported the "porcupine" incident, introduced me to his aged uncle who was, he boasted, the highest ranking dignitary of the Bwame secret society in his village.

Secret societies had acquired a bad name in the Congo because a few, like the notorious Leopard Men, at one time killed thousands of women, children and old men each year. But others, like the Bwame society, were relatively peaceful. The suppression of the Bwame was a serious mistake on the government's part, caused by incomplete information on local problems. Balega tribesmen had started the society to counteract the despotism of the tribal chiefs. It was also a reservoir of tribal traditions which could have ensured the survival of the Balega's art — the purest, most expressive sculpture in the Congo.

I had acquired about fifty of their small statues and masks: strange, contemplative faces in ivory and wood. All were connected with Bwama rituals, but the only way, apparently, to find out what they signified was to become a member of Bwame.

"It's impossible," Mogudu said flatly. "They would never accept a white member — not even you."

"Tell them I'm a magician, a *Muchawi*."

"Well, I'll try, but I just don't know ..." He walked toward his uncle's hut. I waited.

When the two of them emerged, shaking their heads, I took the offensive. "I have decided to join Bwame," I informed the old man imperiously.

He was shocked. "The *A-Tumba-Kindi*, our supreme Chief, will make that decision."

"Your people have seen some of my magic," I said. "I have other magic ..." I stared

intently into his eyes.

"I will talk to Kindi," he said.

Five days later a very excited Mogudu announced that the society had agreed to admit its first white candidate — if he would pay twenty-five hundred francs, five times the usual tariff for initiation to the lowest grade.

"That's robbery!" I exploded.

"They say you are a rich man. You have a truck and three pairs of shoes. You change your shirt every day. It would be dishonorable for you to pay less, and they don't want to insult you."

I decided it was worth it, and it was. The initiation ceremony, a relic of the old Africa, was in a village twenty miles away. The women and children, and most of the men, had prudently disappeared. My brothers-elect stared at me gravely as our little party approached the big, open meeting hut. The Bwame chief, the A-tumba-kindi, wore a leopard-skin loincloth and a magnificent necklace of leopard and lion teeth, interposed with glass beads and copper spirals; his braided rattan hat was covered with cowrie shells, its peak adorned with a tuft of hair from an elephant's tail. In the center of the hut were carious symbolic objects.

The king gestured first at a branch of the *mugumu* tree. "Make loincloths from its beaten bark and do not dress in any other cloth." (That could be a problem for me.) "When a brother passes by" — he waved a basket full of meat and bananas — "you will always give him food." (I could see several thousand other problems here!) Finally, he pointed at a pot of *pombe*. "You will always have enough beer on hand to satisfy the thirst of your brothers!"

Now he gave me the insignia of my rank, the *mpita*, a conical rattan cap with two rows of cowrie shells. Since the *mpita* was much too small for my head, it wobbled grotesquely. The Kindi stared at it with dismay. "You must never remove the *mpita*," he told me. "If you do, you will die."

"But if the wind blows it off?"

He glared, annoyed, although my question had been quite logical. Then he made a major decision: I was permitted to wear a raffia chin strap, even though that was usually a prerogative of the higher ranks. It proved to be a questionable privilege, for it was so short I could hardly open my mouth.

Next he leaned forward impressively and recited the "secrets" of Bwane. Some were so symbolic and obscure I could not understand them. Among the others were an elaborate set of food taboos, and much special magic connected with sex, most of it unprintable. At last he forbade me under pain of atrocious death to betray these secrets, and then we went on to more

important matters: beer (which I had provided), antelope meat and bananas.

I took part in several Bwame ceremonies before I returned to Shabunda to file my monthly agricultural report. I felt tempted to include a stimulating account of my progress as a member of Bwame. But I didn't need to go looking for trouble.

According to native legend, the first civilized inhabitants of Ruanda-Urundi were three celestial beings who fell through a hole in the floor of the sky. They brought the secrets of working metal and cultivating the soil, and they were accompanied in their descent by a cow, a bull, a ram, a ewe, a rooster and a hen. The natives of the country knelt down on the spot and swore to become the loyal and tireless servants of these Envoys of Heaven.

In less poetic terms, an eccentric tribe called the Batutsi emigrated from the north, probably in the fifteenth century, bringing with them herds of long-horned cattle. They managed to hoodwink and completely dominate the resident tribe of Bantu farmers called the Bahutu, and remained to drink beer, play politics, cast spells on each other, compose poems in honor of their cattle, and live in feudal splendor supported by their awestruck Bantu servants.

The Batutsi were tall, handsome and intelligent; wonderfully proud, but always polite. Their elegance and eloquence were unsurpassed. They were Central Africa's most successful confidence men, and probably the most skillful liars in the world. Tucked away in their remote mountain vastness, they considered their territory to be the center of the universe. They believed their own propaganda: they were the descendants of the Envoys of Heaven who fell through the hole in the sky; they were elected to reign forever.

The Rolls-Royce of the Batutsi are the royal cattle, whose sole function is to be beautiful. Their coats are brushed and rubbed with butter several times a day, and their horns are shaped into perfect lyrelike forms by repeated massage with heated banana bark. But all cows are handled with care. Everyone knows that if a cow sees her owner naked he will certainly die unless he sells her at once to a stranger. If a cow dreams while she is sleeping (!), her owner may rejoice, for he will become immensely wealthy. If a bull attacks the wife of his owner, *she* must leave at once — the marriage is over. It is forbidden to shave while cows are passing, or to burn wood on which a drop of milk has fallen; on the other hand, it is wise to play on the flute at twilight for it will put a spell on cattle rustlers.

By september 1951, I had spent three years in government service and was eligible for a six-month leave. So I set off on a haphazard safari, heading first into Kenya. There, on the vast Masai reservation, I faced the first significant challenge of my life.

I spent three days in Nairobi talking to experts at the museum and the library. I wanted to know where I could find Masai tribesmen who still followed traditional ways. Armed with a map and a notebook of Masai phrases I drove sixty miles southwest, and then, leaving the road behind, bounced my way south toward Tanganyika across untracked savannah.

About two hours later, I finally caught sight of a large Masai village encircled by an eight-foot thornbush fence. A crowd of women, children, and elderly men came forward in astonishment as I halted the Chevy. We stared at each other uneasily. Then I consulted my notebook. "*Loo papaai! Entasupa!*" I declaimed to three wary-looking old men — "O fathers! My greetings!"

They peered at me, astonished. "*Ipa — Hi!*" one answered faintly.

I felt wonderfully encouraged. "*Kokoo, Takukenya!* — Greetings, Grandmother!" I said suavely to a withered old woman, and was about to continue with specialized greetings to Masai of every age and sex, when a sturdy middle-aged man walked up to me.

"Jambo, Bwana," he said in the familiar Swahili. "My name is Masaka. Can I help you?"

I was disappointed to hear those banal words in a Masai village — but also relieved, for I had just about run my conversational gamut in the difficult Masai tongue. Masaka, it seemed, had worked in town for a while but had preferred life in his own village. Now he sometimes guided travelers. "*Ee! Ee!*" he replied — an eager Masai yes — when I asked him to work for me.

"Well, Masaka, I am going to spend a little time in your village. Shall we talk to the chief?"

"He went a day's walk, to see the *muran* at the *manyata*."

The *muran* or *moran*, I knew, were the warriors, and the *manyata* was a special warrior village, like the gladiator schools of Rome. "We will go there tomorrow," I said. "Now I would like to settle down in your village for the night."

We pitched my tent under a tree, and then Masaka offered to find me a cook. I told him I wanted to eat like Masai, and he stared at me, perplexed.

"We live only on milk, fresh blood and meat," he explained gravely. "No white man would eat as we do."

"But I shall," I said. "What can you give me now?"

"I can give you some milk," he said.

Ten minutes later we were drinking milk together from a calabash. The flavor was unusual, since the Masai wash everything including themselves, in cow urine, but I drained my share with real enjoyment; it was my first step toward sharing the Masai life.

Sitting by the fire afterward, surrounded by a circle of squatting, impassive elders, I began asking my new friends questions. "What makes the Masai so different from everyone else?"

"We are the only people who really know how to live," Masaka told me. "The Kikuyu and the Wakamba who plant things in the ground: they are not warriors even when they fight. They know nothing about cattle or God." God had originally given all the cattle in the world to the Masai. "He let down a long strip of hide," Masaka said, "and the beautiful cows walked down on it, one by one, from the top of Heaven."

This reminded me, of course, of the Tutsi stories. "Then why do other people have cows?" I asked.

"Because other people began to steal our cattle. We have had to make war to get them back. We killed the Wakamba and Kikuyu who dared to resist us. We killed the Arabs when they tried to take us for slaves. Those were the good old days, before the white man made us stop fighting! That was a strange thing to do. Real men can only be happy if they are warriors."

Masaka continued, "When the English made us stop killing men, the muran had to find new ways to prove their courage. So they went out to battle against our enemy the lion — who kills the cattle and sheep. The junior warriors dueled with lions single-handed. Most of the time, the lion won and the man died. But if the warrior won, he was a hero for the rest of his life. Then the white men told us to stop that, too. They put us in jail when they caught us, and no Masai can live long like that! But a few young warriors still try to do it, because we Masai have two things that others lack: *empijan* and *olwuasa* — courage and pride."

I was deeply moved by Masaka's words. There was truth in what he said about the lack of courage and pride today. Many of us pass an entire lifetime without facing a real challenge.

"Masaka," I said gravely, "I am going to kill a lion, single-handed, with a spear, if the warriors will teach me how."

Masaka looked appalled. "But we will all go to jail if a white man is killed!"

"Masaka, my government doesn't even know I'm here. No one will come to look for me if I never return."

"It's getting very late, Bwana," Masaka said nervously. "When you get up in the morning we'll both have forgotten. It will be just as if you said nothing at all."

"I will sleep, but I will not forget," I said.

We breakfasted together on warm blood from Masaka's favorite cow, then drove in my pickup to the manyata, a circle of thornbush surrounding some fifteen huts and a big cattle kraal. The lithe, elegant young murans stared at me with magnificent hauteur.



"Masaka," I said, "tell them I'm tired of the white man's life, that I want to stay here as a friend for a while."

He launched into an oration and I sat on a stone and watched the warriors' faces. They grew more friendly, and I began to feel sure they would tolerate my presence. I was right.

The muran cleared a space next to the chief's hut and, with many amazed comments, they helped me put up my "cloth house." The Batutsi would not have dreamed of working with their hands like this, and I began to see the gulf between the two peoples in spite of some of racial and cultural similarities. Where the Batutsi are arrogant, the Masai are merely self-assured; where the Batutsi are devious, the Masai are open and honest. That integrity distinguishes them from the vast majority of African tribes — and from most of the rest of us, too.

I sent the rest of the day watching the warriors practice sword-play and spear-thrusts, and that evening I insisted that Masaka explain about my proposed lion hunt. He hesitated, then delivered an earnest speech. The warriors' reaction was disconcerting: they burst out laughing. One, a tall man with a terribly scarred belly, made a short comment and the laughter increased.

"Who is that man?" I asked Masaka angrily.

Konoko, the only warrior here who has faced a lion single-handed and won. He said a white man needs a gun to kill a lion."

I walked over to Konoko and stared intently into his eyes. "Tell him, Masaka," I said, "that I don't own a gun. I will duel with the lion alone, with a spear. When it is over, I will either be a man alive or a man dead, but a *man*."

Masaka translated, then Konoko gravely intoned some alien words. "He says he doesn't think you can do it." Masaka told me, "but he would like to find out. He will train you himself."

"Ashe!" I said, and Konoko and I shook hands.

In the next three weeks Konoko and I became almost like brothers while Masaka, translating for us, seemed like a father. Konoko gave me the three traditional weapons: the spear, the sword, and the buffalo-skin shield, which was painted in a brilliant design of red, black and white to show clan, territory and individual honors. The spear was a long, heavy but well-balanced weapon. Konoko presented it to me with a ceremonial flourish. "He has never before seen a man as tall as his spear," Masaka explained. "So he has given you a Masai name — *Arem*, the spear."

During the intensive training I did my best to deserve the name. I must have thrown the heavy spear more than two thousand times. My "lion" was a six-foot stick with a shaggy bundle

of grass at one end. Konoko would hold the stick high and let it fall toward me, jumping aside while I tried to spear the grass "heart." After about two weeks, nine out of ten of my spear casts hit the target at a distance of eight feet, a degree of precision just about equal to Konoko's. At fifteen and twenty feet he was still the more skillful. Obviously, the closer I was to the lion, the more chance I had to strike the right spot. But if I waited a moment too long, I might find myself pinned underneath a speared lion who would tear me to pieces while he died.

That was what had happened to Konoko. The lion had crashed down on him and ripped open his belly. Another muran had rushed up and grabbed the lion by the tail, making it turn. Konoko just had time to leap to his feet, pull the spear from the lion's chest and strike again. Only then, as the lion died, did Konoko look down at his lacerated belly, a sight which might have frightened a civilized man into his grave. But Konoko watched calmly while his companions stuffed his insides back, poured sheep fat into the wound and sewed it up with ox sinew.

Konoko's terrible scars seemed like a personal warning, yet somehow I felt confident, even when my friends told me that they would give me the standard funeral rites for a Masai warrior who died in battle. "If the lion kills you," Masaka said, "we will leave your body in the correct position — on your left side, your face turned to the east — and return to the manyata in single file, singing sad songs in your honor. Soon, all of Masailand will know the wonderful story of Arem, the first white man to duel with a lion."

"Masaka," I pointed out gently, "I'm not dead yet."

Konoko was staring at me intently. "Arem," he said, "one of the warriors saw two groups of lions near the manyata this morning. It might be lucky to go out tomorrow: the moon is now fat and round. that is the best time to conduct important affairs."

"Then I will duel with the lion tomorrow — and I will win."

The answer Masaka translated was rather deflating. "Konoko doesn't believe you can. He asked me to tell you: *'Melang olambu ennongoto* — Loud talk won't get you across the dangerous valley."

The next morning the manyata was seething with excitement. Konoko, who was going to lead my warrior escort, put on a magnificent headdress made from the mane of the lion he had conquered. The other muran also donned ceremonial ornaments. In my rumpled khakis I felt like a drab pigeon among peacocks.

Four or five hours after we had left the manyata we spotted a couple of lions in the distance, lying near a clump of thornbushes. We spread out, trying to make a ring around them, but they kept retreating. They obviously knew and feared the Masai hunters. It was strange to me to see lions running from men.

At the end of the afternoon, we gave up and made camp. I was terribly tired from trying to keep up with the Masai all day. Ravenously hungry, I ate and drank our high-protein meal, the perfect diet for warriors. I'd lost twenty pounds during the past three weeks, but I was in prime physical and mental condition.

None of us slept much that night. It was very cold in spite of the big campfire, and we were all eager to continue the hunt. Early next morning a scouting party spotted the second group of lions: two small males and a full-grown one with a beautiful mane. We went out, and ten muran beat the bush where the cats were holed up, while the rest of us waited, shields upraised, to block their escape route. Soon they burst out of the thornbush, and a large lion, who must have weighed four hundred pounds, made it to freedom. I pointed my spear after him — "that one!" After an hour's chase we finally surrounded him as he sat down beneath a tree. He sprang to his feet again, snarling and furious.

I leaped into the center of the ring of howling Masai. "*Simba!* — Lion!" I shouted, reverting to Swahili, "Come here!" He ran back and forth nervously, then suddenly gave a great twelve-foot leap away from me, toppling my friend Masaka, and streaked off across the savannah. I rushed to Masaka, sick with apprehension. To my relief, he rose to his feet, breathing hard, the marks of the lion's claws deeply engraved on his shield. "*Adoshi!* — Gosh!" he cried ecstatically as he passed his fingers over it.

We set out again in pursuit. The big lion was growing wary, and it took two hours to trap him. Again the screaming circle tightened around him and I leaped into the middle, intent on making him charge me. He backed around uneasily.

I waited, nearly exhausted by hours of violent exertion, yet, strangely, happier and more completely alive than I have ever felt. Impatiently, I tossed a pebble at the lion's magnificent head, striking him near the left eye. That did it. He grunted, turned, and started toward me. He stared at me with half-open mouth and baffled, furious eyes and I felt a moment of infinite pity for the great golden beauty I was about to destroy. I took a step forward, crouched, and prepared to cast. The lion's tail twitched. Then he leaped toward me, as a cat springs on a mouse.

I felt no fear, only a vast excitement. At the highest point of his spring, I threw the spear with all my strength and leaped wildly aside. Lion and spear met in midair. The lion completed his arc, the heavy butt of the spear struck the ground, and the impact forced the blade deep into his chest. He landed precisely where I had stood a fraction of a second before.

He rolled over howling with pain and rage, as he struggled to reach me. Then he fell on his side, his eyes dulled, and he died.

The Masai burst into a wild orgy of joy. They shrieked, sang and jumped high into the air. Then Konoko stepped forward with a broad smile and embraced me. He stepped back, spat in his palm and offered to shake. Grinning, I spat in my own palm and pumped his hand vigorously. I laughed when I saw that my shirt was smeared with red ocher from his body. It was the mark of a

Masai. "*Ara ol-Maasani!*" I shouted. "I am a Masai!"

Konoko then gave me the highest tribute of my life. "*Ira ol-Maasani!*" he echoed gravely. "You *are* a Masai!"

He unsheathed his sword and severed the lion's tail. He pulled my spear out of the lion and sheathed its blade in the tawny skin of the tail. Then he handed me the spear, with its token of triumph. The tassel of hair at the top waved like a Masai flag.

After a full week of celebrations, I left the manyata and drove back to Nairobi. I took with me my weapons, the mane and skin of my lion, and a thousand memories of the wonderful Masai people. Never again have I met human beings with so much dignity, integrity and rock-solid courage. The most precious thing that I brought away was the heard-earned right to say, for the rest of my life, "I am a Masai."

In June, 1955 I was posted to Bururi, in Ruanda-Urundi. Here I built a green "Garden of Eden," the first expression of a dream I would never forget, and here I explored for the first of many times the understanding and emotions of a "wild animal."

In mid-October I got a real surprise. A truck pulled up in front of my house and the native driver announced that he had a *sokomutu* for sale cheap. In Swahili that means a "man of the market place," the name the chimpanzee had earned because of his shrewd, garrulous nature. In the back of the truck was a full-grown male chimp, trussed up inside a heavy hunting net. He was too powerful an animal to turn loose in my garden, and I was about to refuse the offer when I noticed that he had a suppurating wound on his right wrist. "That would be infected. It may kill him," I said to the driver.

"Why else do you think I'd sell a chimp for three hundred francs? If he dies, you won't lose much, but if he gets better, you'll have made a smart deal."

Money was indeed the new god in Central Africa. It was clear that unless I intervened the chimp would die a slow, agonizing death while his owner was trying to sell him. I paid, and my houseboy and I unloaded the heavy bundle of netting and carried it to the garage. I picked up a sharp knife from the kitchen, went back to the garage and locked the door from the inside.

The chimp was smaller than I, but much stronger. Even with a disabled hand he was quite capable of breaking most of my bones. Yet he was certainly intelligent, following my every move with his weary-looking brown eyes. I decided to bank on that intelligence, roughly equivalent to that of a three-year-old child. I squatted down next to him, trying to explain by my gestures and tone of voice that my intentions were friendly. I talked to him for about ten minutes, calling him Joseph, a traditional name for the good-natured Belgian peasant.

Joseph listened attentively, looked at me with pleading eyes, and hooted with astonishment when I gave him a little pat on the head and a big kiss on the nose. I cut his right

hand free. Joseph winced with pain as I touched his swollen fingers, but showed neither anger nor alarm. I freed his legs then, watching him carefully. He didn't make a move, even when I finally cut the last folds of netting around his arms. That was where the real danger lay: like most animals, chimpanzees will practically never bite before they catch hold of their prey.

Now he was completely free, but he remained motionless. Finally, pushing his big legs forward, he saluted me with a rising crescendo of hoots, climaxed by a suave, diplomatic smile. I hooted back at him, with a matching smile. Still squatting, he moved toward me slowly. He raised his hand and peered at the wound with a melancholy expression. I extended my own hand and he rested his swollen fingers in my palm.

I must have held the hand for five minutes, while I tried to determine the extent of the infection. Joseph hooted a soft running commentary — until I tried to leave the garage to get medical aid. Then he shrieked like an abandoned baby and shot out of the garage after me. About two hundred feet away, he sat down, screaming hysterically. I walked toward him slowly. To my surprise, he let me close the gap and take him by the left hand. I squeezed it tightly in my own, trying to give him the illusion of my superior strength and authority. Together we walked back to the garage. I sat down. After a moment, he sat down himself. "Stay here!" I said loudly, holding a finger in front of his nose; but as soon as I got up he tried to follow. We did this again .. and again ... and again ... for more than an hour. Finally, he capitulated and decided to stay there. I left in a hurry, locking the door from the outside.

I went to the Territorial Office to hunt up the Sector Veterinarian. He wasn't expected until the next day, so I left a message and headed home to gather some elementary medical supplies. It was dangerous to wait even a day.

Joseph was sitting near the garage door. This time he made no attempt to escape, but remained entirely submissive, even when I washed the wound. Only when I probed at the deepest parts did he pull his hand away in pain. He inspected the wrist slowly and then put his hand back in mine. I covered the wrist with sulfa powder and wrapped it in about twenty feet of bandage, hoping that some of it would remain in place.

When I brought him some food later, the bandage was still on his wrist. I changed the dressing. Then Joseph tried new tactics. He seized my hand, and pulled me into his corner. Curious, I sat down. He sat next to me, leaning heavily against my side, and grunted with satisfaction. Nothing happened for a long while, and I started to doze. I woke up with a jerk as something tickled my chin. Joseph was carefully examining my face with his fingers. He pulled my lips out to inspect my teeth, and tried to force a finger into my nose. I snorted loudly, so he played with my hair instead until he became sleepy and his head nodded toward my shoulder. Then he put his big left hand in my lap and held it there, open and expectant, until I clasped it in my own. We slept in that position until morning.

The next day, when Dr. Stack, the veterinarian, showed up in Bururi, I asked him urgently

to treat Joseph. "A full-grown chimp?" he said. "He'd try to kill me the moment I touched him!"

I argued with him until he finally agreed to examine Joseph. Then he got a good look through the window of the garage. "That monster is as big as a gorilla," he cried.

"You'll see how gentle he is," I said. I went inside, made Joseph sit and stand, and put my hand between his teeth. After that the vet came in, but he insisted that I keep my own body between himself and his patient.

"Moist gangrene," he said at last. "To save the animal, that hand will have to be amputated above the wrist."

I was appalled. No other creature on earth would feel the loss of a hand so keenly, except, perhaps, a man. "It's intolerable," I said finally. "What kind of life would he have?"

"Why don't you give him to IRSAC<sup>3</sup>? They'll operate, and take good care of him afterward, if you can get him there: it's two hundred miles." It was the only solution, but I still didn't like it.

I injected Joseph with a massive dose of penicillin, and then we were on our way. He was very quiet as he sat beside me in the cab of my new Studebaker pickup. When we reached the IRSAC station, several hours later, the loitering natives screamed in panic and fled. I eased the big chimp out of the cab and walked him into the building, holding his hand. As I said good-bye to him I held out my left hand; he stretched out his own, and the two of us — ape and man — shook hands like brothers.

Haunted by thoughts of Joseph I left the Institute and stopped by the Urundi Administrative headquarters at Kitega. There I learned of something so shocking that the fate of a chimpanzee seemed insignificant. There was famine in the Mosso: severe, unrelieved famine, which had already taken a number of lives.

The Mosso was a scorched parallelogram a hundred miles long and twenty miles wide, inhabited by a couple of thousand people who tried to eke out a living on the worst farming land in Ruanda-Urundi. Now they were in serious trouble. Kitega had wired for fifteen tons of beans, but supplies at government warehouses had been depleted by other famine-stricken areas. There would be a delay of two to three weeks.

I knew the people of the Mosso — the Bamosso — and I could not stand by while they starved. I decided to take some highly unofficial action. Instead of stopping at my post in Bururi, I sped south to the trading center of Butana, on the fringe of the South Mosso. The hills seemed

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<sup>3</sup> Institut pour la Recherche Scientifique en Afrique Centrale — Central African Scientific Research Institute.

deserted, but inside the huts I found emaciated old men and women, quietly waiting to die. I gave them all the food I had with me, some tinned beef and a few boxes of crackers, which they devoured like predatory skeletons. "Where are the rest of your people?" I asked one old man.

"Three died, and the others have gone to look for game. But the water holes have turned to dust, and the animals have gone away. The hunters will die — just as I will."

His passive fatalism shocked me. "What about your manioc and sweet potatoes? The drought couldn't have killed them."

"We hoped to live on them until the rains came. But starving warthogs rooted up the potatoes and antelope ate the manioc leaves. Then we really started to starve!"

Back in Bururi that night I made an important decision. I had to get some high-protein food into those people without wasting a minute. There was only one logical source of food — fish — and only one rapid, grand-scale method of fishing. So I unlocked the territorial warehouse, loaded my pickup with axes, machetes, fuse cord, detonators, and a wooden box containing fifty hundred-gram sticks of dynamite. Dynamite fishing was, of course, prohibited by law, for conservationist reasons which I fully supported. But with human lives at stake, the law — and the chance I might lose my job — struck me as irrelevant.

I left a note at the Territorial Office, explaining vaguely that I was going on safari to the south, and headed for Lake Tanganyika, which possesses the richest collection of fresh-water fish in the world. Right now I was interested in just one of its two hundred and thirty-three species — a small herringlike fish which the Congolese call *ndagala*. The *ndagala* travel in dense shoals that make them perfect prey for dynamite fishing. I also knew of an ideal, remote cove about twelve miles from Nyanza-Lac, a lakeside village near the southern border of Ruanda-Urundi.

I spent the night at Nyanza-Lac, then hired some fishermen to help cut a passage to the shore of the cove. Ten miles of a wretched dirt road took us to a densely overgrown trail; then my helpers slashed a green tunnel three miles long, through which the pickup and I crawled. We were stopped dead at a grove of sizable trees and hacked a one-mile footpath to the lake's edge. Then we went back to the truck, drove in reverse for three miles and headed back to the village. The fishermen took to the lake in their boats and started for the cove, while I packed my truck with fifteen muscular men and women armed with large baskets.

The fishermen and their boats were waiting for me at the cove. The natives watched from a respectful distance as I prepared four double charges from eight sticks of dynamite. I got into a pirogue and paddled away from the shore; six helpers followed in the three remaining boats. About two hundred feet offshore, I fired the fuse of the first charge with my lighter, waited about three seconds to make sure it had caught and tossed it into the water about twenty feet away. It sank slowly, then exploded with a muffled boom. Seconds later a cloud of stunned fish floated to the surface. My helpers scooped them up in their nets, turning frequently to stare at some

crocodiles lurking in the background. Several of the big reptiles had tried to come close, only to make an abrupt U-turn when the dynamite exploded. Now, they were starting a spirited but awkward gymkhana with the fish.

Crocodiles are awkward in several ways. They cannot turn their heads sideways; their tongues are completely fastened to the bottoms of their mouths; and their lower jaws are immobile. Although powerful muscles enable them to close their upper jaws with tremendous force, the muscles that *open* the mouth are so weak that a crocodile can be muzzled with a piece of twine. For these reasons, the animal is primarily a scavenger, not a predator. Crocodiles do manage to digest an appalling number of Africans every year; but usually human carelessness is involved, such as someone falling asleep near the water's edge.

After a second blast, we paddled to shore with about twelve hundred pounds of fish. The waiting porters filled their baskets and headed down the footpath toward the truck. By five that afternoon, my truck had been loaded with life-giving ndagala.

I shall never forget the expressions on the faces of those emaciated people when the truck reached Butana. They stared with wondering eyes at the silver-glinting fish. Then mouths tightened, eyes dropped, and they turned away.

"What's the matter?" I called out.

My answer came from the évolu  clerk in charge of the market. "They have no money to buy your fish."

For a moment I was speechless, then I shouted, "Free fish! Spread the word! The head of every family who comes here with his identification book will receive five kilos of fish."

Suddenly the reaction came. "*Agahuza!* — Fish!" the starving men shouted, "*Agahuza!*" they screamed, as they ran in every direction. Within moments the big drums boomed an insistent call that would bring messengers from the surrounding hills.

The great Fish Safari was an unqualified success. I made two daily trips, and by the afternoon of the fourth day I had brought seven tons of fish to a thousand starving families. Only six sticks of dynamite of my original fifty remained, when, a little before three pm on October 24, 1955, I stood up in my pirogue, about three hundred feet offshore, to drop the last double charges.

I let the first one and tossed it overboard. There was no explosion. Apparently the fuse was defective. Now only two double charges remained. I cursed softly, touched the flame of my lighter to the fuse of the next one and waited for the familiar crackling noise. Two or three seconds passed while the lighter flame licked at the fuse. Then, instead of a spark, there was a rapid abnormal *hiss-s-s-s-s* and the dynamite exploded in my hand.

There was a vast shattering moment of mindless oblivion. Then, in a daze, I found myself



gasping for breath and treading water while my thoughts whirled in confusion ... What happened? ... I must have fallen out of the boat ... I don't feel any pain ... But why can't I see? ... WHY CAN'T I SEE?

Desperately, I tried to rub my eyes with my right hand, but for some reason I couldn't. Instead I felt something sharp rake over my eyebrows. I ducked my head under water, washing away the blood that had streamed down into my eye: the right eye was apparently blind. That something sharp ... I raised my right arm out of the water. It ended just above the wrist in two jagged bones and some tattered frills of skin. I stared at it, uncomprehending. There was no blood; only white, macerated flesh. Abruptly, realization came: I've lost my hand!

Now I began to feel pain, a terrible burning pain that raged over my face, neck, chest, arms and hands. The right hand somehow felt full of fire, though it no longer existed. The left hand, I now saw, was mangled, though it was still there. Suddenly my severed right wrist began to spurt bright arterial blood. I flexed my arm as hard as I could and pressed the stump against my ribs, slowing the stream to a trickle.

Then, for the first time, I looked around for the boats. My own pirogue was floating twenty feet away, upside down and completely useless — and my helpers, frightened by the prospect of being involved in a white man's death, were paddling the other boats furiously toward their village.

I was staring after them with futile rage when I spotted some greenish-gray snouts moving toward me rapidly. That shocked me into action. I struck out for the land with a one-handed crawl, keeping my flexed right arm pressed against my ribs. The pain was atrocious, but I rejected it as I rejected the inexorable logic of my situation. I was alone, terribly wounded, in the middle of nowhere. Everything proved, conclusively, that I was going to die. Irrationally, I was determined to live.

I was a hundred feet from shore when the crocodiles caught up with me. Still moving toward the shore with a clumsy dog paddle, I assumed an almost vertical position in the water, since crocodiles have to seize their prey on a horizontal plane. One enormous beast shot forward like a torpedo, and I heard a hollow *clack* as his jaws snapped shut behind me. Another *clack* sounded near my right shoulder and I felt a crocodile pass behind me, so close that he scraped off the last remnants of my shirt. Summoning my final reserves of strength, I sped up. Then, unbelievably, my feet touched bottom and I staggered out of the water.

My heart seemed to be bursting, but I forced myself to walk a safe fifty feet from the shore. Then my knees buckled and I sat down hard, amid the baskets my porters had abandoned.

My shirt was gone, my shorts were reduced to tatters, but my socks were intact. Using my injured left hand and my teeth, I managed to tie one sock around my right arm. It was quite ineffective. Then I spotted a length of rope some eighteen inches long, part of a fish net, with a

little loop at one end. I passed the free end into the loop, slipped it over my arm and tightened it. Then I stuffed one sock beneath the rope where it would press against the artery. With a small stick wedged under the rope on the back of the arm, the bleeding slowed to an ooze.

Now I could make a survey of the other damage. There was no way of telling how badly my right eye was injured, but the entire right side of my face was burned and lacerated. The wounds had clotted, but blood trickled from a slash on top of my head, and my jaw and neck were badly torn. It was also possible that I might lose at least three fingers on my left hand.

I watched some waterfowl flying overhead. They seemed strangely silent — and for the first time, I realized that I was almost completely deaf. I had heard the drumlike *clack* of the crocodiles' jaws, but I soon discovered I couldn't hear my own voice unless I shouted. What sort of future lay ahead — if I survived? No hands, one eye, deaf, a scarred face!

I forced myself to concentrate. That I was alive at all was due to my unstable position in the shaky canoe; even dynamite has to work against some resistance. Now my continued consciousness was undoubtedly due to my physical condition. I was only twenty-eight years old, rugged, and toughened by more than seven years in the bush — a hard man to kill, even with dynamite. I would never be the same again, but I refused to accept the idea that I might be *less*. If I succeeded now in surviving, what could ever stop me in the future?

I struggled to my feet, swayed and nearly fell to the ground in unbelievable pain and weakness.

Every step I took was a separate act of will, and the mile-long walk to the pickup seemed interminable. At last I climbed in behind the familiar wheel. I felt a new surge of confidence.

But if I was going to drive, something would have to be done about the tourniquet. My arm was hot and terribly swollen. I pulled out the stick, intending to release the pressure for less than a second, but my injured left hand fumbled and dropped it. My wrist started to spurt. I mustn't waste any more blood, for there was a danger of going into shock. I lunged for the stick and jammed it back into place. In the glove compartment I found a clean handkerchief and a strong rubber band. I wrapped the handkerchief around my wrist and secured it with the elastic, hoping that the cloth might help clot the raw wound. Feeling a little better, I started backing down the trail to the road.

Three miles in reverse on a dark jungle trail, watching the rearview mirror with my good eye, snaking my way around tree trunks ... and then, in brilliant sunlight, I was back at the dusty road to Nyanza-Lac. I turned the truck onto it, and, shifting gears with my two fingers, I gathered speed. The needle reached fifty miles per hour. I was finally on my way ... but where?

My ultimate destination, I knew, had to be the Hôpital Rodhain in Usumbura, the capital of Urundi, at the northern tip of lake Tanganyika. The road to it along the eastern shore of the

lake was smooth and easy, but several bridges were down at the far end. The only alternate route was a two-hundred-mile circuit of sharp curves and dangerous escarpments that climbed steeply over mountain peaks, including one of 7,240 feet at Majejuru, about thirty miles east of Usumbura. From there the road spiraled dizzily down toward the city five thousand feet below. After Majejuru, in fact, the road was so narrow that two cars couldn't pass each other. So for eighteen miles it was a one way road, controlled by a system of barriers. Cars traveling toward Usumbura had to reach Majejuru by nine pm, when the barrier closed, and no more traffic in that direction could pass until eight-thirty the next morning.

Obviously the mountain route was impossible for anyone in my condition. I would have to find help. There was no one in Nyanza-Lac I could turn to, but thirty-six miles to the east of it lay a Catholic Mission of the White Fathers. I turned east without hesitation.

Judging from the sun's position, it was around 5:30 when I reached the imposing red-brick mission. I had three and a half hours to make the barrier at Majejuru, more than a hundred miles ahead. Now I felt almost at peace: I was sure to find someone here to drive me. I was shocked by the terrible weakness I felt when I got out of the cab. I leaned dizzily against the hood as a "boy" came running up, a sturdy little Muhutu in a blue apron. He stopped short, petrified at the sight of a nearly naked white man, atrociously mutilated and crusted with blood. "*Padri iko wapi?*" — Where is the Father?" I asked.

He had to shout the answer before I could hear him. "Father Robert is here alone. The others are on safari." Then he backed away slowly, until he collided with the wall.

I banged with my foot on the Mission door, which was opened by a white-robed priest. He stared in horror, then buckled and slid to the ground. Instinctively, I reached out to catch him with my right hand — and took most of his weight on my wounded wrist. I fought the pain for a long moment, nearly biting through my lower lip. Then I poked at Father Robert to revive him, until I realized that I was wasting precious time. "Throw water on him," I told the frightened Muhutu. "He'll be all right."

I drove at top speed. Now that the Mission had failed me, I had to get help in Bururi, about forty miles away. I was much weaker, and my whole body burned with pain — though, paradoxically, I also felt terribly cold. As a last torment, I began to feel an incredible thirst.

Forty-five minutes later I pulled into Bururi. Here there was three people I could trust to make the rest of the long drive to Usumbura: my A.T.; Dr. Stack, the veterinarian; and one of the Territorial Agents. But to my dismay I learned that all three men were also on safari. There was no more time to waste in looking for a reliable driver. I would finish the drive alone.

I collected a khaki blanket to drape over my shoulders, a pair of woolen socks for my chilled feet and a cushion to support my back, and I drank five or six glasses of water. When I started out again, it was a little past seven and darkness had fallen. I had less than two hours

before the Majejuru barrier, eighty miles away, would close. My right wrist and mangled left hand throbbed agonizingly as I swung the truck around interminable roller-coaster bends. Several times, I felt myself starting to fall into a stupor, and I fought it by singing and by reciting French poetry. Soon I was hoarse and inconceivably thirsty. My whole body seemed to cry out for water.

After several miles of thirst and cold and pain, I saw the cross-road that meant I was only ten miles from the barrier. I had no way of knowing the time, but it must have been well past eight-thirty — perhaps already nine. I slowed down, and had started to swing into the turn for Majejuru when I suddenly became aware of a big produce truck racing down the road on my blind right side. I swung the wheel left, missing him by inches. My pickup skidded crazily and I fought for control with my two good fingers. We rocketed off the road, then miraculously bounced back on again, still pointed in the right direction. I speeded up again, feeling a strange relief. For a vegetable truck to be traveling at that speed meant only one thing: he was trying to make the barrier, too. It wasn't yet nine o'clock.

I caught up with him, started to pass, and then fell back; the road was all blind curves. But the truck's slower speed could cost me five minutes — five minutes that might save my life. I had to pass him. I swung left, gas pedal floored, skidding nearly off the shoulder. I clawed at the wheel and swung back to the right — almost too far. Then the big truck was behind me, and I was headed for Majejuru.

For the first time since the blast, I was able to forget the pain. My thoughts were fixed on one inexorable vision: a guard placing a padlock on a red-and-white striped barrier that stretched across the road. I covered the remaining distance in an agony of doubt. Then I swung around the last curve and saw the guard beside his waiting motorcycle. The red-and-white arm was still pointing to heaven. I drove past it and looked back as it fell behind me. I breathed deeply, and began the long descent to Usumbura.

With two fingers, with elbows and forearms, I hung onto the wheel, peering through the gathering mist with my one eye and dazed with pain. The mist deepened — or was it the pain? — and I felt myself slipping away into a beautiful easy oblivion, a feeling that this was only a dream ....

Suddenly a pair of bushbuck loomed in my headlights. I stopped and stared at them. They were so beautiful, so innocent. They were wonder, and youth, and above all life — everything I was fighting to hold. They stared back with huge, incredulous eyes, then leaped to the side and vanished into the bush.

When I started moving again, I felt stronger in spite of my pain and exhaustion. And at last I caught my first glimpse of Usumbura, a shower of golden lights next to the moonlit waves of Lake Tanganyika — an impossibly beautiful vision. I rattled across the bridge into town, and stopped the truck in front of the Hôpital Rodhain. I couldn't believe that the journey was over. I

sat a moment, trembling.

A tall native attendant in a white blouse saw me. His jaw dropped and he rushed into the hospital, shouting for doctors and nurses. When I saw him again, he was pushing a stretcher — but I was already in the main hall, walking very slowly. Something in me had rebelled at the thought of being carried into the hospital. I wanted to finish my trip the way I'd been forced to make it for eight terrible hours: alone, and under my own power.

I pushed my way through a swinging door into the Emergency Room and saw a high metal bed covered with a clean sheet. I lurched toward it and with a last burst of effort managed to climb onto it. Then I closed my eyes and didn't open them again for two days. October 24, 1955, had finally come to an end.

For the next thirty-six hours I lay in a limbo between life and death while doctors worked over me with dedicated skill. When I awakened, my body, from the waist up, seemed to be on fire. My ears ached abominably. My right eye was gauze-covered, and when the left blinked open the assembled doctors and nurses appeared through a gradually dissipating fog. They began questioning me, to determine whether the explosion might have damaged my brain. I answered lucidly enough and they smiled with satisfaction. I smiled a little myself, after finding that my entire left hand was still with me and that my right arm was long enough to be useful: it ended only two inches or so above the wrist.

I was in a large, sunny room and cared for by a five-foot, white-robed angel with a worn, birdlike face, gentle hands and the manner of a lady Napoleon: Soeur Marie-Ghislaine de l'Enfant Jésus. The doctor gave me morphine for the pain, but ironically it seemed greater now than at any time since the explosion. During the long, demanding trip I had been through torture — but it was full of distractions; a sickbed is not.

When sleep was impossible, I tried to do some serious thinking about my future. How would I ever again paddle a pirogue, tie knots, climb trees? How could I dazzle the natives with slight-of-hand — let alone deal with the elementary demands of civilized life, like writing or using a knife and fork? Had I lost my left hand instead of my right the problems would have been far less serious. I thought of Joseph, the chimpanzee; it was incredible that fate should have dealt us the same blow.

When the swelling on my right eyelid subsided, I was relieved to find that the eye itself was intact. I was completely deaf on the right side, as the eardrum and delicate bones had been shattered, but I partially recovered the hearing of my left ear.

My first visitor was a government investigator. Since I had not only broken the law but blown it to smithereens, I braced myself for the worst. But he was extremely kind and solicitous. He questioned me about the famine and the Fish Safari, and then left for Nyanza-Lac to conduct further inquiries.

A few days later I received some wonderful news. Shortly after my accident I had sent letters to the Belgian Ambassador in Washington, D.C., the American Consul at Leopoldville, the U.S. Department of State, and President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The Belgian government was paying my staggering medical expenses, but they would offer me rehabilitation only in Brussels, and I wanted no part of the European attitude toward physical handicaps, which seems to demand that anything abnormal has to be hidden away to avoid scandalizing the community. I had heard that in America people with all sorts of handicaps went to school, held jobs and even engaged in sports. There, too, I could benefit from the most recent developments in the orthopedic field and from the best plastic surgery for my face.

On February 20, 1956 — four months after my accident — I boarded an airplane and set out on my journey to Washington. There the Belgian Embassy gave me the temporary rank of military attache, which qualified me for admission to Walter Reed.

After a month of examinations, plastic surgery, treatments, fittings, and adjustments, America literally gave me a hand — the Army Prosthetic Research Laboratory (APRL) Hook and Hand. It was a remarkable apparatus. A shiny steel hook or an articulated metal hand in a plastic "cosmetic glove" could be snapped into a laminated plastic socket, which had been molded to fit the stump of my arm. The socket was held in position by a leather strap encircling my biceps and a webbed harness stretching across my back to the left shoulder. A steel cable anchored to the middle of this harness extended along my back and arm so that, when I flexed my back and shoulder muscles, the cable actuated the control mechanism and opened or closed either the hand or, if I preferred — and I soon found I did — the steel hook.

I learned very quickly to use this gadget with precision and finesse — and after a short time, I decided to discard it. I'd now discovered that by using ingenuity, patience and determination it was possible for me to do anything I wanted to with my left hand, my right forearm and my teeth; and in the climate of Central Africa, the harness would be torture to me, and a frightening thing to primitive peoples. So I packed the prosthetic gear away, and embarked on a rehabilitation program of my own. I bought an 8-millimeter movie camera and a used Chevrolet convertible, and began a seven-month safari during which I lectured about Africa, wrote articles, and fell in love with America. I decided that someday I would settle in the United States; but for now I looked forward to resuming my work in Africa.

To my vast satisfaction, I was sent to Masisi, about forty miles west of Lake Kivu. I paid a visit to my family in Kisenyi before starting my job — establishing a community reforestation project. It was difficult work, on treacherous, steep slopes. After several minor tumbles, I took a rolling fall of more than a hundred feet, injuring the stump of my arm. Only fifteen days after returning to active service I had to go into a hospital for another operation.

The operation was successful, but the pain continued. In addition, despite the plastic

surgery, scar tissue had formed on my face and was extremely irritated when I tried to shave. So I stopped shaving and grew a bushy, old-fashioned beard. I must confess that it gave me status; it became my personal equivalent of the peacock's tail of the bull elephant's tusks.

While convalescing I received a wonderful surprise. I was to report to Mbau, twelve miles north of Beni on the fringe of the Ituri Forest. I read the telegram three times, at once jumped out of my hospital bed and into my khakis, kissed the nurses good-bye and headed for my waiting pickup. My arm wasn't completely healed, but I was too excited to care. After eight years, I was finally headed in the right direction — to the Bambuti Pygmies.

But the colonial government, I soon discovered, wasn't really interested in the Bambuti, apparently because it couldn't fit the wary, primitive nomads into its Congo Ten Year Plan. My job, it turned out, was to supervise the agricultural activities of some forty thousand Banande tribesmen who had to be badgered and persuaded into cultivating cash crops of cotton, coffee and palm nuts, as well as life-sustaining manioc and sweet potatoes.

I began at once to make some plans for sneaking the Pygmies into my rigid agenda, but I was still surveying my area when something happened which nearly brought all my plans to an abrupt end. I had an intimate encounter with a large and very shrewd specimen of Africa's most dangerous animal — the leopard.

Any meeting with a leopard is extremely uncommon, for the beautiful, elusive cats generally confine themselves to hunting small game. ON occasion, one will invade the fringes of a village to take a dog, a child or an unwary woman, but a leopard will rarely attack a man — especially a white man, for, like all cats, the leopard fears the unknown. When unusual circumstances *do* pit a leopard and a man against each other at close quarters, the cat almost invariably wins. Not only does he have the advantage of fangs and claws — eighteen razor-sharp talons — but pound for pound he is one of the world's strongest animals, capable of carrying three times his own weight into the trees.

We had broken camp one January morning, in the bush country below the northwestern edge of the Ruwenzori Mountains. My caravan of sixteen Bananda walked single file behind the tall, strong headman whose machete cleared a trail for us. I brought up the rear. Suddenly I heard a terrible scream from the head of the column. The porters dropped their loads and bolted into the bush as I raced forward. Around a bend in the trail, I found a porter down on his belly, half buried by a furious male leopard.

The giant cat was slashing at the screaming native's shoulders with his front talons, while his hind paws raked the man's calves and thighs. I had neither gun nor knife — but it was intolerable to stand there and hear the man's cries; to feel his pain, his terror, his spiritless acceptance of death. Without giving myself time to think, I jumped onto the leopard's back. He was completely unprepared for a rear attack, but as I seized him he tried to turn and confront me. We rolled sideways, freeing the porter, who staggered to his feet and ran shrieking into the bush.

In that first moment of surprise, I had to establish a firm hold. Passing my arms under the leopard's forequarters, I forced his front legs forward and apart. Unlike ourselves, cats have no strengthening collarbones, so I was able to press the bones of his forelegs against his neck. It was a choke hold that forced his head, with its terrible teeth, into relative immobility against my chest, with his skull just beneath my chin. Fortunately, the stump of my forearm was long enough to hook around the leopard's right front leg, and I locked the hold by gripping my right elbow with my left hand. I had his front end out of commission, but I was far more worried about his other end, for the leopard's hind legs are his most terrible weapons. I took a scissors hold on them with my legs, forcing them widely apart.

But holding that enormous cat in my arms was like trying to hold a living hurricane of nerve and muscle. His four feet clawed wildly, and I knew that I would be a dead man if I lost my vise-like grip for an instant. I prayed that one of the porters might have the presence of mind to give me a knife, but there was no one in sight. "*Kisu!* — knife!" I called, but nobody answered.

The leopard surged — and I forgot about the knife. Tightening the grip of my arms, I shifted my hand to his throat and tried with all my strength to strangle him. He coughed and showed signs of weakening, but when I had to relax the pressure I felt a new wave of power sweep through those amazing muscles. I realized that I could never master him with my body alone. "*Kisu!*" I called again. "*KISU!*" Again there was no answer.

All I could do was try to maintain my hold, hoping to tire him. We rolled over and over together — on the trail, in the bush, back on the trail again. Although I outweighed him by two to one, he tossed me about as though I were a toy. My heart pounded now with sickening force and I was slashed and bleeding from the thorn bushes we tangled with during our struggle. I fought on through an endless nightmare until finally, almost at the limit of my endurance, I saw our headman, a hundred feet away. He held out an enormous knife. "Throw it!" I shouted.

He threw it from where he stood and I watched its bright arc with desperate eyes. It landed, of course, twenty feet away.

Twenty interminable feet. My only hope was to wrestle the leopard closer to it, a long and exhausting maneuver. After six or seven minutes, but now less than three feet away, I took a terrible but necessary chance. I freed my left hand, holding the upper part of his body with the stump of my right arm alone, pinning his left foreleg against the ground under me. I strained to reach the knife — and as I finally caught it by the tip of the blade, he nearly broke free. I'd have had no second chance.

I waited a minute, gathering all my strength for the final effort. Then I relinquished my grip again, exploring the leopard's chest with my fingers, brought the tip of the knife into place, and tried to turn the writhing animal so that the weight of his own body would force the blade into his chest. He leaped in my arms, and I just missed stabbing myself. Desperate now, as we rolled, I finally manage to force the blade in. I had to maintain my grip until his convulsive dying struggle was over. Then I released the great motionless body and lay on the ground beside it,



trembling.

When I sat up, after a minute or two, my Banande porters emerged from the bush for a wild, ecstatic scene around the animal's corpse. Several fell on their knees in awe. One little man stood quietly staring at me. "Kill leopard — one hand — one knife," he muttered, shaking his head in bewilderment.

I knew the Banande would never again question my orders: like most Africans they were more impressed by physical strength than by any moral quality. "What happened to the leopard's victim?" I asked.

"He ran crying into the bush, Bwana. He must have lost his mind." (In fact he had. A doctor friend I took him to was unable to help him, and he remained permanently deranged.)

"Perhaps you all lost your minds," I said sharply. I gestured at the boxes they'd dropped. "Now we shall finish our safari."

For months afterward the natives of North Kivu told and retold the story of my leopard fight, with many exaggerations and embroideries, until almost every village had its own version. Meanwhile, as a touching demonstration of their feelings, the Banande accepted me as a tribal brother. And when the story filtered down to my Balega friends in Maniema, the Bwame honored their first white member with a symbolic ivory carving of a leopard's fang which they call Master of the Leopard, and which I still wear at my neck. On its concave side is carved the traditional mask of the Bwame, a strange mouthless face, which seems to be lost in deep mystical thought. It is my personal talisman and I am supposed to pass it on to my male descendants.

I stared at the sullen little brown man. I had asked him to hold a stick I was driving into the ground, a marker for a new plantation near Mbau. His reply was shocking: "Why don't you ask a man to do it? I'm only a Pygmy."

"Who ever told you that you aren't a man?" I asked quietly.

"Everybody knows that. The Negroes treat us like slaves — they make us work hard and pay us with bananas and beer. The white people treat us like monkeys — they want to watch us dance or climb trees. Nobody cares about us or writes down our names in little books as they do for the Negroes."

"But if the white people give you identification books, you would have to pay taxes like the Negroes."

"*Ndio* — Yes, Bwana!" he cried eagerly. "That's what we want! To pay taxes like the Negroes."

"You want to go to jail?"

"If we steal bananas, nobody bothers to punish us, for they don't put a chimpanzee in jail when *he* takes a piece of fruit. Maybe if we had jails and taxes, we could be men."

You have to pay taxes with money," I told him. "That means working for yourselves. Now, if I gave you tools and seed, and taught you to use them, would you be willing to learn?"

"I don't know, Bwana. I just don't know. We want money, but we don't want to work."

That night, in my house at Mbau, I thought of the heartbreaking predicament of over a hundred human beings who lived in ignorance, filth and disease at Ebikeba, a Pygmy encampment tied in feudal servitude to nearby Negro villages. The people who lived in its stinking hovels were mostly frustrated bachelors and old women, for Negroes had bought most of the young girls as wives. Soon Ebikeba would die.

A world was dying. I had to do something about it.

It was obvious that to get the deep knowledge of Pygmy psychology that I needed to help them, I must seek out the few remaining free nomads in the interior of the Ituri. I must share their life, become, indeed, a Pygmy among Pygmies.

It sounded like a far-fetched idea — a six-foot-five white Pygmy with a shaggy beard. But I wrote to the Provincial Agriculture Service, which had already approved my first tentative work among the Bambuti, and they gave me *carte blanche*.

The next morning I tried in vain to persuade some semi-sedentary Pygmies near Mbau to guide me to one of the wild, elusive groups in the interior. they were afraid that I would be killed and they would get the blame. Even two young boys I had befriended, Yoma and Ebu, hung back.

"I'll go by myself," I said finally, and the Pygmies stared at me as I walked off, unarmed, into the forest. I passed Ebu, squatting on the ground. I looked at him and he lowered his eyes.

Ten minutes later I heard running footsteps behind me. "Bwana! Bwana!" Ebu called. "I'm coming. I can't let you go alone, *Bapa*."

We set out next morning, moving warily. After five minutes I heard an unusual noise. I stopped and, peering into the bush, saw the face of a Pygmy. Then I saw more half-hidden faces, and arms holding bows and gleaming elephant spears. A sharp order cut through the quiet air and the arrows flew. One, with a three-inch iron point, struck my right calf. It was painful, but I didn't worry about it: Pygmies used metal points for hunting antelope, and never poisoned them. The other, which lodged in my right shin, was wooden tipped and wet with poison. Almost

immediately I felt a burning sensation and stood there, shocked, knowing how lethal Pygmy poisons are. It was a sentence of slow death.

Then, while Yoma and Ebu called frantically in Kimbuti that I was a good man, not an enemy, it occurred to me that the people who manufactured the poison might have an antidote. "Ebu," I said, "tell them, 'I want to help you. If you want to be helped, keep me alive. If you don't, kill me all the way.'"

"That arrow was poisoned with *Kago*-vine juice. It may take a few hours, but you will certainly die."

With those words my two young friends, deeply moved, ran to my side. Ebu pulled out the arrows while I grimaced with pain. Then he raised imploring eyes to an old Pygmy and pleaded with him in Kimbuti, a long speech which ended with *Bapa-nda-Bambuti*. He was calling me Father of the Pygmies.

A very old man came forward, prodded at the wounds and spoke briefly to the leader.

"That old man is Mutuke," Yoma told me. "He says there's a chance to save you. Lie down, Bapa, and he will begin."

With a sharp arrow point, Mutuke made two slashes about half an inch deep across the poisoned wound on my shin, so that the blood streamed freely. Next he took a hide belt and made a tight tourniquet around my thigh. He spoke briefly to Yoma.

"He says that you have to go to camp," the boy explained. "He can't do the big stuff here."

I staggered to my feet, wondering what "big stuff" Mukute had in mind. It was a long, agonizing walk. When I arrived at the camp, I virtually fell to the ground. Looking at my leg, I saw that the entire area surrounding the wound was reddening, and that the vein above was swollen and coagulated.

Mutuke followed the course of the swollen vein with his swift little fingers. Then, with a piece of charcoal, he drew a line at the upper limit of the coagulation. By the time he had tightened the tourniquet, which had loosened during the walk, the line of coagulation had already advance upward about half an inch.

The old Pygmy looked horrified when he saw that, but he turned to me with a forced, reassuring smile — the classic smile of a physician who finds himself confronted with some bad news that he doesn't want to tell the patient. Then he spoke to Yoma.

"He want to cut your leg, Bapa, there —" the boy pointed to my thigh. "He says that he may not cut it all the way off."

That really jarred me. "Look, Yoma," I said nervously, "I've already lost my right hand — tell Mutuke to leave me alone."

"But he says you'll die if he can't cut your leg!"

It was a grim proposition, but I really didn't have any choice. "Tell him to go ahead," I said abruptly.

The surgical instrument was the shiny eighteen-inch blade of an elephant spear. I ground my teeth as Mutuke plunged it into my right thigh, sawing away as though at a tough steak. Several times I felt blood spurt across my thigh when he cut a minor artery, carefully avoiding the main trunk. It was agonizing, but I grimly refused to lose consciousness while Mutuke severed what appeared to be my right femoral vein and massaged my leg, trying to expel the rest of the poisoned blood.

The old man muttered something. "He says that he won't cut any more," Ebu explained.

My relief was short-lived. Mutuke's method of closing a surgical wound was as painful as the manner of inflicting it. After letting the wound bleed freely, he poured some brownish-gray swamp salt over the entire area. Then he pulled the flesh apart and the "antiseptic" penetrated deep into the wound. My whole body went rigid with shock and I ground my teeth so violently that I chipped two of them.

Finally he pressed the wound closed again and bandaged it with wet leaves and bark cloth tied with rattan. He released the tourniquet enough to allow fresh blood into the leg, stepped back, stared critically at his handiwork, and sat down without a word in front of his hut to smoke a pipe.

"Do you want a hut, Bapa?" Yoma said.

"No. I have to stay here. I couldn't move."

Ebu smiled. "The women will build a house around you."

And I lay there, watching with feverish admiration as several old ladies constructed the traditional framework of saplings over me. I felt like a tropical version of Gulliver. Next the old ladies wove horizontal strips of liana through the arched saplings, and on these they hung row after row of mangungu leaves until I was completely walled in except for a three-foot door.

I slept fitfully as my fever rose. I knew it was dangerously high. But then my physician, Mutuke, paid a house call, bringing a gourd of some evil-looking root extract. I gagged as I drank it, but my temperature started to fall and I felt better.

It was more than a week before I managed to hitch my way out of my hut. Meantime, the men of the camp paid little visits throughout the day, bringing me fresh water and food.

Another week went by before I could get as far as the spring for a bath. I tried to wash what was left of my shorts, but they simply came to pieces. My shirt was already gone, because I'd cut it into strips to protect my legs from the thornbushes, so I swapped my decrepit uniform for a Pygmy *Milumba*, a small but decent bark loincloth held in place by an antelope-hide belt.

It was impossible for me to join the men in their hunting: you need two hands to use a bow and arrow, and preferably, a small body to pass through the tunnel-like trails in the bush. So I joined the Pygmy women's activities. At first I felt a little absurd with the band of tiny chattering housewives, but soon we trudged along routinely, baskets slung on our backs and an occasional baby on the hip, gathering our harvest from the wilds. Roots, leaves, insects, snails, frogs, little snakes, caterpillars and mice all went into our baskets and, ultimately, our stomachs.

Initially I hesitated when confronted with a dinner of simmered worms wrapped in *mokode* leaves, grilled mushrooms with caterpillars on the side, or roasted bananas garnished with snails. But, after all, Africans feel exactly the same scandalized revulsion for a ripe Camembert cheese. So I plowed into the frightful concoctions, and was shocked to realize that I actually enjoyed some of them.

Searching for food and eating it formed the major part of our lives. Yet the Pygmies found time for evening dances, endless conversation and enthusiastic games — hide-and-seek, tug-of-war, and a primitive version of volleyball played with a bundle of dry leaves tied with vines. There was a wonderfully good-natured atmosphere around the camp, unlike any Negro village in the Congo, even when the pickings were lean and bellies growled with hunger.

I taught the "unteachable" Pygmies how to count. I told them fables of La Fontaine that were close to their own experience, and I taught them old French tunes like "*Au Clair de la lune*" and "*Frère Jacques*," until the people of Ebuya went about their daily work whistling and singing "*Fre-r-r-r' Zacke*" and "*O Kler-r-r d'la Lo-o-o-n*." They mastered almost everything I offered them.

A whole gamut of misconceptions about the Pygmies has been accepted even by some anthropologists — for instance, that Pygmies are without morals or religion. On the contrary, they are, in many respects, the most profoundly moral and religious people on the African continent. They are strictly monogamous and give their wives more freedom than any others in Africa. Their simple goal in life is to have large families, and they love their children extravagantly.

While the entire population of Ebuya watched, astonished, I wrote two long, important letters. The first, to the Provincial Agriculture Service at Bukavu, explained that it was entirely feasible to teach the sedentary Pygmies to cultivate crops systematically in carefully planned

agricultural colonies back in the forest away from the highways and the Negro villages. I asked the Service to make at least an initial grant for the purchase of axes, machetes and hoes so we could get started. Secondly, I wrote my A.T. at Beni — Vermeulen — about the action I intended to take, and included a copy of my financial request to Bukavu.

I sent my letters via Yoma and Ebu, to be given to a native runner in the nearest village, who would take them to Mbau. Three weeks later the Agricultural Service granted me five thousand francs — \$100! — to start my program. It was little enough on which to budget a revolution, but better than nothing. So Yoma, Ebu and I walked to Mbau and sneaked into my house (I still wore only the Pygmy milumba) where I bathed and dressed. I then drove the twelve miles to the Territorial Office at Beni.

Vermeulen stared at me coldly. "So you're alive. I received that letter from your Pygmy jungle, but I couldn't take it seriously."

"The Agriculture people did." I held out the letter. "I've come to pick up five thousand francs."

Vermeulen stormed in fury, but he had to comply with the authorization. "I'll start the program at Mbau," I said, "and I'll keep an eye on the Fanande's crops at the same time. The Ten Year Plan won't collapse while I'm trying to do something for the Pygmies."

I headed back to Mbau with twenty machetes and forty stout hoe blades. That night, I tried to explain my plan to Yoma and Ebu. "The people from the tree little clearings in Ebikeba will all join together now, move farther away from the road, and make one big camp back in the forest — a different kind of camp, with green fields and beautiful huts, where women will be happy to live and babies will not sicken and die."

The boys were skeptical. "Bapa," Yoma said, "it won't work. We don't know how to grow plants or build houses."

"you can learn. Now, I want you to go to Ebikeba and tell the people what I've told you. Say I'm coming in the morning for a big meeting about it."

Next morning, eighteen skeptical but curious men waited for me. "Now," I said, "you will see the wonderful power of a hoe." I walked to the side of the clearing and marked off a three-foot square of ground between two dilapidated little huts. "Take this hoe," I ordered Ebu, "and turn over the ground." He obeyed. Ceremoniously I planted ten kernels of corn two inches deep and about a foot apart. then I set up little sticks as a fence. "each time you eat an ear of corn," I explained, "save ten little seeds for the ground, and you will *always* have corn to eat."

Four and a half months later the people of Ebikededa would see the concrete results of that first tiny planting: eight seeds would have germinated, yielding fifteen ears of corn which we

would strip to a pile of thousands of seeds. But right now, they were far from convinced. When I had finished my demonstration and left, they argued with each other about it for hours.

Early next morning Ebu knocked at my door. "Bapa," he said, "the people liked your corn story, but they asked me a lot of questions. Maybe, if you come back today, some of them will be willing to start. But don't ask them if they're willing. If you say too much, they'll think they're doing you a favor. Just go there."

So I went to Ebikeba, with two porters to carry the axes and the machetes, and found thirty-five Pygmies — nearly all the men and grown boys — waiting. A half-hour's walk down the trail into the forest, we came to a wide stretch of ground relatively free from trees and thornbush. It was the right place for the first Pygmy agricultural colony in history. Here they could clear land, plant crops and harvest the fruit of their labors.

We cleared, we measured, and we divided a five acre rectangle into forty roughly equal homesteads in which each family would be responsible for the final clearing and preparation of its own land. Each homestead consisted of five tiny fields, for to be rotated systematically to yield a steady succession of beans, peanuts, corn and manioc. The fifth was reserved for the family's wattle-and-daub hut, sweet potatoes and a banana grove for both fruit and shade. Once they mastered the principles, the Pygmies could expand indefinitely into the forest.

To my complete surprise, I was approached by a group of *white* candidates who wanted to join my forest colony — the small group of nuns who formed the local mission of Little Sisters of Jesus. I accepted their wish to "set a good example" to the Pygmies by having one Sister always present, on a rotation basis, tilling the soil, and assigned a set of five fields to them.

On June 26, 1957, the Negro chiefs renounced their status as lords and masters, and the Pygmies received full civil rights. It was a great date in the history of the Belgian Congo: an affirmation of human dignity and human rights.

The next four months were wonderfully exciting. I whizzed around the colonies — eighteen of them now, with nearly a thousand Pygmies taking part — teaching them how to dig septic holes, plant manioc slips, forge arrowheads, build tables and chairs for their huts, take soap-and-water baths, and wash their clothes at least once a week.

Next I started a school for twenty-five pupils, using several new methods of my own to teach reading, writing and simple arithmetic. My students were eager and responsive. However, the miniature agriculture project I set up on the playground was a failure. The children were much happier laying soccer or practicing military drills, while they sang the latest Pygmy folk songs: "Sur le Pont d'Avignon" and "Alouette."

The crowning touch was a small Pygmy Police Force which ironically made my people feel much more "civilized" while it helped to keep things running on an orderly basis. I chose

eight of the strongest, most trustworthy Pygmies, drilled them, and dressed them in bright red uniforms.

On July 25, 1960, I took a last look at the people and the place I loved, embraced my native friends, and, almost in tears, stepped into the truck.

"Hallet will be the last to leave, was the general opinion, for he is held in high esteem by all natives who know him — and he is widely known. 'When he leaves — then we will know the Congo is finished,' they have been saying. Now Hallet has left ..." So said the magazine *African Life*.

Already, I had some vast ideas for new projects in the United States — a plan to save part of the living present of Africa, as well as its past. But that was in the future. When on August 22, 1960, my Super DC-7 took off from Nairobi, I had only one tiny remaining pet, a bush baby — and a vast, exciting dream hanging midway between *en-gop o eng-ai* — what my Masai brothers call the earth and the sky.

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## **Jean-Pierre Hallet**

When Jean-Pierre Hallet left Africa in August 1960, he flew first to Brussels where he embarked on a tour of European zoos to study the care and feeding of wild animals. Later he came to America, settled in Los Angeles. In southern California where the warm, dry climate resembled that of the Congo, his first attempts to found a "Congoland, U.S.A." were not successful.

Since this story was strictly an account of his life in the Congo, Hallet did not write about his wife and children, two boys — now men — who remained at home in Belgium during most of his African years. They are now with him in Los Angeles. Hallet has adjusted to the loss of his right hand, to the point where he can even do card tricks with which he once dazzled the Congo tribesmen. Mr. Hallet says, "I refuse to have anything to do with that negative feeling called fear."



# Contrary Mary

by Nancy Byrd Turner

You asked why Mary was called contrary?  
Well, this is why, my dear:  
She planted the most outlandish things  
In her garden every year;  
She was always sowing the queerest seed,  
And when advised to stop,  
Her answer was merely, "No indeed —  
Just wait till you see my crop."

And here are some of the crops, my child,  
(Although not nearly all):  
Bananacissus and cucumberries,  
And violettuce small;  
Potatomatoes, melonions rare  
And rhubarberries round,  
With porcupine apples prickly-rough  
On a little bush close to the ground.

She gathered the stuff in mid-July  
And sent it away to sell —  
And now you'll see how she earned her name,  
And how she earned it well.  
Were the crops hauled off in a farmer's cart?  
No, not by any means,  
But in little June buggies and automobeetles  
And dragonfyling-machines!

# **Creation**

Edwin Corklin

The probability of life originating from accident is comparable to the probability of the Unabridged Dictionary resulting from an explosion in the printing shop.

## **Creation of Man**

During the creation, God created the mule, and told him, "You will be mule, working constantly from dusk to dawn, carrying heavy loads on your back. You will eat grass and lack intelligence. You will live for 50 years." The mule answered, "To live like this for 50 years is too much, Lord. Please give me no more than 20 years." And it was so.

Then God created the dog, and told him, "You will hold vigilance over the dwelling of man, to whom you will be his greatest companion. You will eat his table scraps, and live for 25 years." The dog responded, "Lord, to live 25 years as a dog like that is too much. Please, no more than 10 years." And it was so.

God then created the monkey, and told him, "You are monkey. You shall swing from tree to tree, acting like an idiot. You will be funny, and you shall live for 20 years." The monkey responded, "Lord, to live 20 years as the clown of the world is too much. Please, Lord, give me no more than 10 years." And it was so.

Finally, God created Man and told him, "You are Man, the only rational being that walks the earth. You will use your intelligence to have mastery over the creatures of the world. You will dominate the earth and live for 20 years." Man responded, "Lord, to be man for only 20 years is too little. Please, Lord, let me have the 30 years the mule didn't want, the 15 years the dog refused, and the 10 years the monkey rejected." And it was so.

And so God made Man to live 20 years as Man; then marry and live 30 years like a mule working and carrying heavy loads on his back; then he is to have children and live 15 years a dog, guarding his house and eating the leftovers after they empty the pantry; then, in his old age, to live 10 years as a monkey, acting like an idiot to amuse his grandchildren. And it was so.

# **The Cremation of Sam McGee**

Service, Robert W.

There are strange things done in the midnight sun  
By the men who toil for gold;  
The Arctic trails have their secret tales  
That would make your blood run cold;  
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,  
But the queerest they ever did see  
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge  
I cremated Sam McGee.

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows.  
Why he left his home in the South to roam 'round the Pole, God only knows.  
He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold him like a spell;  
Though he'd often say in his homely way that "he'd sooner live in hell".

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the Dawson trail.  
Talk of your cold! through the parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail.  
If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze till sometimes we couldn't see;  
It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight in our robes beneath the snow,  
And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were dancing heel and toe,  
He turned to me, and "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in this trip, I guess;  
And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no; then he says with a sort of moan:  
"It's the curse cold, and it's got right hold till I'm chilled clean through to the bone.  
Yet 'taint being dead -- it's my awful dread of the icy grave that pains;  
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail;  
And we started on at the streak of dawn; but God! he looked ghastly pale.  
He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his home in Tennessee;  
And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and I hurried, horror-driven,  
With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid, because of a promise given;  
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say: "You may tax your brawn and brains,  
But you promised true, and it's up to you to cremate those last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail has its own stern code.  
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my heart how I cursed that load.  
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight, while the huskies, round in a ring,  
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows -- O God! how I loathed the thing.

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and heavier grow;  
And on I went, though the dogs were spent and the grub was getting low;  
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I would not give in;  
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it hearkened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a derelict there lay;  
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it was called the "Alice May."  
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at my frozen chum;  
Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is my cre-ma-tor-eum."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the boiler fire;  
Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped the fuel higher;  
The flames just soared, and the furnace roared -- such a blaze you seldom see;  
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I didn't like to hear him sizzle so;  
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled, and the wind began to blow.  
It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my cheeks, and I don't know why;  
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with grisly fear;  
But the stars came out and they danced about ere again I ventured near;  
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said: "I'll just take a peep inside.  
I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked;" ... then the door I opened wide.

And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart of the furnace roar;  
And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said: "Please close that door.  
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold and storm --  
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm."

There are strange things done in the midnight sun  
By the men who toil for gold;  
The Arctic trails have their secret tales  
That would make your blood run cold;  
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,  
But the queerest they ever did see  
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge  
I cremated Sam McGee.

# Daddy

"Daddy, how much do you make an hour?" With a timid voice and idolizing eyes, the little boy greeted his father as he returned from work.

Greatly surprised, but giving his boy a glaring look, the father said, "Look, sonny, not even your mother knows that. Don't bother me now, I'm tired."

"But Daddy, just tell me please! How much do you make an hour," the boy insisted. The father, finally giving up, replied, "Twenty dollars per hour."

"Okay, Daddy. Could you loan me ten dollars?" the boy asked.

Showing his restlessness and positively disturbed, the father yelled, "So that was the reason you asked how much I earn, right? Go to sleep and don't bother me anymore!"

It was already dark and the father was meditating on what he said and was feeling guilty. Maybe he thought, his son wanted to buy something. Finally, trying to ease his mind, the father went to his son's room.

"Are you asleep, son?" asked the father.

"No, Daddy. Why?" replied the boy, partially asleep.

"Here's the money asked for earlier," the father said.

"Thanks, Daddy!" rejoiced the son, while putting his hand under his pillow and removing some money. "Now I have enough! Now I have twenty dollars!" the boy said to his father, who was gazing at his son, confused at what his son had just said. "Daddy, could you sell me one hour of your time?"

# **The Dark Blue Suit**

by President Roger B. Beitier  
Brazil Sao Paulo Mission

The Amorim family lived in Claudio, Brazil, a small city about 120 kilometers from Belo Horizonte in the state of Minas Gerais. Mr. Amorim owned the only pharmacy in the area, and his four sons all worked with him there. It was a family tradition for three brothers to work at the pharmacy while the fourth went off to college in Belo Horizonte.

So, when the oldest son finished his schooling, it was Claudioberta Georlanio Mitre Amorim's turn. One of his first Sundays there, he met two clean-cut, white-shirt and tie young men, Elders Nagata and Sombrio (both Brazilians), missionaries from the Brazil Rio de Janeiro Mission. They invited him to church, he went, and in just a few weeks was a converted and baptized member of the Church.

Within a year Claudioberto Amorim knew he had found a way to repay the Lord for the happiness he had found in the Church; he was going on a mission. So he went to his folks and told them of his decision. They were entirely against it. They told Claudioberto that if he went he was betraying the trust of the family and breaking the tradition of the three brothers supporting the other in his studies. They finally gave an ultimatum; if he went on a mission, he'd do it alone with absolutely no help or support from them.

Claudioberto's elders' quorum arranged support, and exactly 15 months after he was baptized, Elder Amorim arrived in the Brazil Sao Paulo South Mission. In his interviews with me, I advised him to write to his folks every week, not to preach to them, but to share with them on a very personal basis all the spiritual experiences he had each week. Elder Amorim did this and never missed a week. Not once did he get a letter back in over a year. During that time Elder Amorim learned how to be a great missionary, and many, many converts were baptized.

One day Elder Amorim received a letter from one of his brothers telling him that their father was very ill and requested that he call home. Elder Amorim got my permission and called home. His family was delighted to hear from him. They told him how much his weekly letters meant to them. His mother said that only the father's stubborn pride prevented them from writing. They told him that his father was indeed very sick. He had cancer, and the doctors said he had only a short time to live. His father pleaded with him to leave his mission and come home.

Elder Amorim called on me and asked what he should do. We read a few scriptures — the one where Christ told the young man invited to the ministry to let the dead bury the dead, and that no man, once putting his hand to the plow, and then looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God. That sounded pretty harsh, so we looked further and pondered and prayed, and Elder Amorim finally concluded that the reason Jesus could say that was because special blessings came to missionaries, and the greatest blessings would come only to those who served at any cost. Elder

Amorim decided, therefore, that his family would receive the greatest blessings if he continued "at the plow" being a great missionary.

When Elder Amorim reported to his folks that he would not leave the mission, they were shocked and mightily hurt. His father asked what kind of church this was that taught a man to ignore the pleas of a dying father. Elder Amorim tried to explain, but it didn't do any good. He was grief-stricken, but kept at his work, knowing that only in this way could he bring the greatest blessings to himself and his family.

Finally, Elder Amorim received word that his father had died. He wept, but there were baptisms that week, so he didn't have much time to mourn. Elder Amorim's mother called him and asked if he would at least come home for the funeral. He told her he couldn't. She said she just didn't understand this church of his that had made him so hard and stubborn.

Three days later, Elder Amorim received a letter that his father had written just eight days before his death. This was what the letter said, the only letter he ever received from his father during his entire mission:

My Dear Missionary Son,

I know I will die soon, so I wanted to write to you at least once. When I asked you to leave the mission and come home and you refused, I was furious and hurt. But then I thought, if Berto wouldn't leave his mission even when he knows I'm dying, he must really be serious; it must really mean something to him. I thought this mission thing was just another juvenile foolishness. But when you wouldn't come home, I realized it must be something much greater. So I took the pamphlets and book you left and started reading. I liked best the story of Joseph Smith and the Book of Mormon. I'm presently up to the 30th chapter of second Nephi. My son, I'm so proud of you. I don't want you to be supported in this important work by anyone other than our family. You tell those Mormon folks to keep their money, that from now on your mission will be supported by your dad. Enclosed is a check. Go buy yourself a brand-new suit, one that I would be proud to see you in.

All my love,  
Your Father

A couple of days later Elder Amorim's mother called again. She said that when he wouldn't come home even for the funeral, she had been furious. But then she had started thinking about how much Elder Amorim loved his father and how close they were, and she decided that nothing could have kept him away unless it was something very serious and solemn. She said she had been talking with her other sons and discovered that her husband had been reading the Book of Mormon and that he believed it. "I'm going to do the same," she said, "and your brothers want you to know that the pharmacy is going well under their direction, and we want to support your mission. We are so proud of you, son. We love you very much."



Elder Amorim will finish his mission in August of this year. He says the first thing he will do is go home to Claudio and teach the gospel to his own family. The Brazil Temple will open in November, and Elder Amorim wants to be one of the first to enter, to do vicarious work for his father. Elder Amorim says he shudders at times to think what would have happened if he hadn't hung in there, if he hadn't decided to serve the Lord at all costs. But he did. And you should see the beautiful suit he wears. It's dark blue and has a vest. It's one that would make any father of a missionary proud.

# **A Day In the Life of a Latter-day Saint Woman**

by Cheryl S. Redd

Get up in the morning and exercise, study the scripture (personal and family), pray (constantly), dress yourself and the kids, breakfast, get husband off to work, kids off to school, dishes thrown in the dishwasher (no time to wash dishes by hand), wash the clothes (thanks to the washing machine), do ironing, sweep floors, vacuum rugs, dust furniture, clean bathroom, pick up clothes, toys and other belongings from off the floors, make dinner, get rid of dirty dishes, get kids down for nap because while you were cleaning up the house, they were messing it up right behind you. There are now crayon marks to get off the floor, wall, and furniture. The flour is somehow to be salvaged from the kitchen floor. The milk that was added to it makes a nice sticky mess. (Maybe I should just add some oil, baking powder, salt, an egg, and sugar and make some muffins. No one will ever know.) The Visiting Teachers just knocked on the door — uh — oh — now they think I don't know how to clean house; they're calling in the national guard to help. Now they're gone and the house is about clean again, maybe I'll rest for just a....MOMMY! The kids up from their nap, racing around having lots of fun. School kids coming home now. Wash was done and folded. Now it needs to be folded again. Toys all over — Is work never done? Supper time. (the old famous trick of plates on the table and onions frying) Maybe I can think of something to fix. First job — find cupboard. Husband finally home and asks, "What did you do today, dear?" As he takes in the scene of the messy house, a frustrated wife, and such innocent smiling kids faces. Supper finally finished, dishes being washed in the dishwasher. Now the scenes and battles of bedtime, homework and the like, journals, prayers, everyone in bed, lights out, wife finally able to talk to husband — oh no! Not again! He's asleep. Oh well, I wonder if I can sing that song, "When it Comes to the End of A Perfect Day?" No, I can't! Maybe tomorrow — I only have to add to my list — Homemaking, try to straighten my Visiting Teachers out about my house, compassionate service assignment, prepare lesson for primary, and parties for three kids at school. That will have to be the perfect day — won't it?

## Dear First Born

Dear First Born,

I've always loved you best because you were our first miracle. You were the genesis of a marriage and the fulfillment of your love.

You sustained us through the hamburger years, the first apartment (furnished in Early Poverty), our first mode of transportation, and the TV we paid on for 36 months.

You were new, had unused grandparents, and enough clothes for a set of triplets. You were the original model for a Mom and a Dad who were trying to work the bugs out. You got the strained peas, the open safety pins, the three hour naps.

You were the beginning.

# **Definition of a Real Man**

R. Nelson Valentine

One who has self-confidence but does not show it.

One who can be courteous in the face of discourtesy.

One who keeps his word, his temper and his friends.

One who wins respect by being respectable and respectful.

One who has a steady eye, a steady nerve, a steady tongue and steady habits.

One who is silent when he has nothing to say.

One who is calm when he judges and humble when he misjudges.

## Desiderata

Go placidly amid the noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and inarticulate; they too have their story.

Avoid loud and boisterous persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.

Keep interest in your own career, however humble; it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs; for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially, do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment it is perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune, but do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe, no less the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life keep peace with your soul.

With all its sham, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

\*\*\* Found in old Saint Paul's Church, Baltimore; dated 1692. \*\*\*

## A Different Kind of Christmas

Martha had tried to ignore the approach of Christmas. She would have kept it almost entirely out of her thoughts if Jed had not come eagerly into the cabin one day, stomping the snow from his feet as he said in an excited voice, "Martha, we're going to have a Christmas tree this year, anyway. I spotted a cedar on that rise out south of the wheat field, over near the Norton's place. It's a scrubby thing, but it will do since we can't get a pine. Maybe Christmas will be a little different here, but it will still be the kind of Christmas we used to have."

As she shook her head, Martha noticed that Daniel glanced quickly up from the corner where he was playing, patiently tying together some sticks with a bit of string left over from the quilt she had tied a few days earlier. She drew Jed as far away from the boy as possible.

"I don't want a tree," she said. "We won't be celebrating Christmas. Even a tree couldn't make it the kind of Christmas we used to have."

"Martha, we've got to do something for the boy at least. Children set such store by Christmas."

"Don't you think I know? All those years of fixing things for Maybelle and Stellie. I know all about the kids and Christmas." She stopped and drew a deep breath, glancing over to see that Daniel was occupied and not listening. "but I can't do those things for him. It would be like a knife in the heart, fixing a tree and baking cookies and making things for another woman's child when my own girls are back there on that prairie."

"Martha, Martha," Jed said softly. "It's been almost a year and a half. that's over, and Danny needs you. He needs a Christmas like he remembers."

She turned her back to his pleading face. "I can't," she said. Jed touched her shoulder gently, "I know how hard it is for you, Martha. But think of the boy." He turned and went back out into the snowy weather.

Think of the boy. Why should she think of him, when her own children, her two blue-eyed, golden-curled daughters, had been left beside the trail back there on that endless prairie? The boy came to her not because she wanted him, but because she couldn't say "no" to the bishop back in Salt Lake City last April before they came to settle in this valley.

Bishop Clay had brought Daniel to her and Jed one day and said, "I want you to care for this lad. His mother died on the trek last summer and his pa passed away last week. He needs a good home."

Jed had gripped the bishop's hand and with tears in his eyes, thanked him, but Martha had turned away from the sight of the thin, ragged, six-year-old boy who stood before them, not fast

enough, however, to miss the sudden brief smile he flashed at her, a smile that should have caught her heart and opened it wide. Her heart was closed though, locked tightly around the memory of her two gentle little girls. She didn't want a noisy, rowdy boy hanging around, disturbing those memories, filling the cabin with a boy's loud games.

Yet she had taken him, because she felt she had no choice. Faced with the bishop's request - more of an order, really - and Jed's obvious joy, she couldn't refuse.

He came with them out to this new valley west of the Salt Lake settlement and had proved himself a great help to Jed, despite his young age. Sometimes martha felt pity for him, but she didn't love him. With Jed it was different. He had accepted Daniel immediately as his own son and enjoyed having a boy with him. They had a special relationship.

Daniel mentioned Christmas only once. One day it was too cold and snowy to play outside and he had been humming softly to himself as he played in his corner. Suddenly, he looked up at martha and asked, "Can you sing, Aunt Martha?"

Martha paused and straightened up from the table where she was kneading bread. She used to sing for her girls all the time. "No, I can't, Daniel," she said. "Not any more."

"My mother used to sing a pretty song at Christmas," he said. "I wish I could remember it."

On the day before Christmas, Jed went through the deep snow to do some chores for Brother Norton, who was ill. Daniel was alone outside most of the day, although he made several rather furtive trips in and out of the cabin. On one trip, he took the sticks he had been tying together.

Toward evening, Martha went out to the stable to milk Rosie, since Jed had not yet returned. As she approached, she saw there was light inside. Opening the door softly, she peered within. Daniel had lit the barn lantern, and with its glow, he knelt in the straw by Rosie's stall. In front of him were the sticks he had tied together, which martha recognized now as a crude cradle. It held Stellie's rag doll, all wrapped up in the white shawl martha kept in her trunk. Her first impulse was to rush in and snatch it, but she stopped because the scene was strangely beautiful in the soft light from the lantern. Rosie and the two sheep stood close by, watching Daniel. He seemed to be addressing them when he spoke.

"The shepherds came following the star," he was saying. "And they found the baby Jesus who had been born in a stable." He paused for a moment, then went on. "and his mother loved him."

Martha felt suddenly that she couldn't breathe. Another mother, another day, had loved her boy, and had told him the beautiful story of the Christ Child with such love that he hadn't

forgotten it, young as he was. And she, martha, had failed that mother.

In the silence she began to sing. "Silent night," she sang. "Holy night." Daniel didn't move until the song was finished. Then he turned with that quick heart-melting smile. "That's the one," he whispered. "That's the song my mother used to sing to me."

Martha ran forward and gathered the boy into her arms. he responded immediately, clasping his arms tightly around her.

"Danny," she said, sitting on the edge of Rosie's manger, "Let's go in and get the cabin ready for Christmas. Maybe it isn't too late for Jed - for Pa to get that tree. It might be a little different kind of Christmas, but it will still be a little like the Christmases we used to know."

"Do you mind it being different?" Danny asked. "I mean with a boy instead of your girls?"

Martha wondered how long it would take her to make up to him for the hurt she had inflicted these many months. "No," she said. "After all, the Baby Jesus was a boy."

"That's right," he said wonderingly.

She set him down on the floor and put her arm around his shoulders. "Merry Christmas," she said. "Merry Christmas, Danny."

he looked up at her with a smile that did not fade quickly away this time, a sweet smile full of love he had been waiting to give her.

"Merry Christmas," he said, and then added softly, "Mother."



## **Discouraged?**

As I was driving home from work one day, I stopped to watch a local Little League baseball game that was being played in a park near my home. As I sat down behind the bench on the first-baseline, I asked one of the boys what the score was.

"We're behind 14 to nothing," he answered with a smile.

"Really," I said. "I have to say you don't look very discouraged."

"Discouraged?" the boy asked with a puzzled look on his face. "Why should we be discouraged? We haven't been up to bat yet."

## **Discouragement**

It is said that the devil held a sale of all the tools of his trade. Everything was displayed in a beautiful plate-glass window. His keen edged dagger of jealousy, his sledge hammer of anger, his bow of greed — his arrow of lust and covetousness — his weapons of vanity, fear, envy and pride. Under each was its price.

In the place of honor, framed and set apart from all the rest, was a small wedge; dented and marked with use. The name of this wedge was DISCOURAGEMENT. The price set upon it was higher than all the other tools combined.

When asked the reason for this amazing difference, the devil explained, "It is because this is the one tool I can use when all others fail. Let me get that little wedge into a man's consciousness and it opens up the way for the other things. That wedge has opened more doors than all other weapons combined."

## **Do you Work with These Folks?**

These quotes were taken from actual Federal employee performance evaluations:

Since my last report, this employee has reached rock bottom and has started to dig.

His men would follow him anywhere, but only out of morbid curiosity.

I would not allow this employee to breed.

This employee is really not so much of a has-been, but more of a definite won't be.

Works well when under constant supervision and cornered like a rat in a trap.

When she opens her mouth, it seems that it is only to change feet.

He would be out of his depth in a parking lot puddle.

He sets low personal standards and then constantly fails to achieve them.

This employee is depriving a village somewhere of an idiot.

Got a full 6-pack, but lacks the plastic thing to hold it all together. He certainly takes a long time to make his pointless.

He doesn't have ulcers, but he's a carrier.

I would like to go hunting with him sometime.

He has a knack for making strangers immediately.

He brings a lot of joy whenever he leaves the room.

When his IQ reaches 50, he should sell.

If you see two people talking and one looks bored, he's the other one.

A photographic memory but with the lens cover glued on.

A Prime candidate for natural deselection.

Donated his brain to science before he was done using it.

If he were any more stupid, he'd have to be watered twice a week.  
If you give him a penny for his thoughts, you'd get change.

If you stand close enough to him, you can hear the oceans.

Some drink from the fountain of knowledge; he only gargled.

Takes him 1½ hours to watch 60 minutes.

The wheel is turning, but the hamster is dead.

## Doctor Wan

A speaker (Dr. Wan) has once shared his experience:

While his family and he were in Europe, there was once that they need to drive 3 days continuously, day and night, to get to Germany. So, they all got into the car -- he, his wife, and his 3 years old daughter.

His little daughter has never traveled at night before. She was scared the first night in the car, with deep darkness outside.

"Where are we going, Daddy?"

"To your uncle's house, in Germany."

"Have you been to his house before?"

"No."

"Then, do you know the way?"

"Maybe, we can read the map."

Short pause. "Do you know how to read the map?"

"Yes, we will get there safely."

Another pause. "Where are we going to eat if we get hungry before arriving?" "We can stop by restuarants if we are hungry."

"Do you know if there are restaurants on the way?"

"Yes, there are."

"Do you know where?"

"No, but we will be able to find some."

The same dialogue repeated a few times within the first night, and also the second night. But on the third night, his daughter was quiet. The speaker thought that she might have fallen asleep, but when he looked into the mirror, he saw that she was awake and was just looking around calmly. He couldn't help wondering why she was not asking the questions anymore --

"Dear, do you know where we are going?"

"Germany, Uncle's house."

"Do you know how we are getting there?"

"No."

"Then why aren't you asking anymore?"

"Because Daddy is driving."

Because Daddy is driving. This answer from a 3 years' old girl has then become the strength and help for this speaker for the many years follow whenever he has questions and fears on his journey with the Lord. Yes, our Father is driving. We may know the destination (and sometimes we may just know it like the little girl -- "Germany", without understanding where or what it really is). We do not know the way, we do not know how to read the map, we do not know if we can find restaurants along the way. But the little girl knew the most important thing -- Daddy is driving -- and so she is safe and secure. She knows that her Daddy will provide all that she needs.

Do you know your Daddy, the Great Shepherd, is driving today? What are your behavior and response as a passenger, His child?

You may have asked many questions before, but can you like the little girl, starts to realize the most important focus should be "Daddy is driving?"

## **Does Heaven have a phone number?**

Mommy went to Heaven, but I need her here today,  
My tummy hurts and I fell down, I need her right away,  
Operator can you tell me how to find her in this book?  
Is heaven in the yellow part, I don't know where to look.

I think my daddy needs her too, at night I hear him cry.  
I hear him call her name sometimes, but I really don't know why.  
Maybe if I call her, she will hurry home to me.  
Is Heaven very far away, is it across the sea?

She's been gone a long, long time she needs to come home now!  
I really need to reach her, but I simply don't know how.  
Help me find the number please, is it listed under "Heaven"?  
I can't read these big big words, I am only seven.

I'm sorry operator, I didn't mean to make you cry.  
Is your tummy hurting too, or is there something in your eye?  
If I call my church maybe they will know.  
Mommy said when we need help that's where we should go.

I found the number to my church tacked up on the wall.  
Thank you operator, I'll give them a call.

## **Don't Argue with Children**

A little girl was talking to her teacher about whales. The teacher said it was physically impossible for a whale to swallow a human because even though it was a very large mammal, it's throat is very small.

The little girl stated that Jonah was swallowed by a whale.

Irritated, the teacher reiterated that a whale could not swallow a human; it was physically impossible.

The little girl said, "When I get to heaven, I will ask Jonah."

The teacher asked, "What if Jonah went to hell?"

The little girl replied, "Then you ask him."



## **Don't Blame the Children!**

We read in the paper and hear on the air  
Of killing and stealing and crime everywhere.  
We sigh and say as we notice the trend  
"This young generation, where will it end?"

But can we be sure that it's their fault alone  
That maybe a part of it isn't our own?  
Are we less guilty who place in their way  
Too many things that can lead them astray?

Too much money to spend--too much idle time;  
Too many movies of passion and crime;  
Too many books not fit to be read;  
Too much evil in what they hear said;

Too many children encouraged to roam  
By too many parents who just won't stay home.  
Kids don't make the movies, they don't write the books  
That paint the gay pictures of gangsters and crooks;

They don't make the liquor, they don't run the bars,  
They don't make the laws and they don't buy the cars.  
They don't peddle drugs that addle the brain,  
That's all done by older folks greedy for gain.

Delinquent teenagers; oh, how we condemn!  
The sins of the nation and blame it on them.  
By the laws of the blameless the Savior made known  
Who is their among us to cast the first stone?

For in so many cases, it's sad, but it's true,  
The title, "DELINQUENT" fits older folks, too.

## **Don't Get Discouragement**

Don't get discouraged! Remember Noah? He spent 300 years trying to convert people and then the Lord came along and drowned all his contacts!

## **Don't Refuse the Gospel**

Once an organist was seated at his organ in a church. He was practicing the hymns he was soon to play in church. Quietly a stranger walked in and stood behind the organist. He continued to practice.

"May I play the instrument?" said the stranger.

"No" came the answer. The practice continued. The stranger waited but did not give up. Again he asked, "May I play the instrument?" After long intervals and repeated requests, the organist finally gave in and let the stranger play.

He seated himself at the organ and started to play. The organ produced the most beautiful music it had ever produced.

After listening in astonishment the organist asked what his name was. "Jacob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy" replied the stranger quietly.

"And I almost refused to let him play my organ," thought the organist.

Don't underestimate the ability of God. Learn to live his ways and become like him. In other words, "Let God play on Your life."

# **DOUGHBOY DIES**

Barbara Green

Hot off the press!

Veteran Phillsbury spokesman Pop N. Fresh died yesterday of a severe yeast infection.

He was 71. Fresh was buried in one of the largest funeral ceremonies in recent years.

Dozens of celebrities turned out including Mrs. Butterworth, the California Raisins, Hungry Jack, Betty Crocker, and the Hostess Twinkies. The graveside was piled high with flours as longtime friend Aunt Jemima delivered the eulogy, describing Fresh as a man who "never knew how much he was kneaded."

Fresh rose quickly in show business, but his later life was filled with many turnovers. He was not considered a very smart cookie, wasting much of his dough on half-baked schemes.

Still, even as a crusty old man, he was a roll model for millions. Fresh is survived by his second wife. They have two children and one in the oven.

The funeral will be tomorrow at 4:50 for about 20 minutes.

# **A Dream Of Waiting Children**

by Lorena E. Larsen

In 1897 I was so sorely tried; my husband was not able to provide for his family and our children had to go without things to make them comfortable, and many things were trying me. I felt that although I struggled to provide to the best of my ability, it was not sufficient, and I felt that my husband, though such a splendid man, yet was partial in his dealings with his families, and that he was unsympathetic with my part of the family. I became discouraged.

To rear my family practically alone was a sore trial. And so I decided that I would have no more children unless my husband could come and live with us as a father should live with his family, and give us the love and sympathy which every family should have. I was really rebellious about having any more children under the present circumstances.

One night I dreamed that I passed out of the body, and was surprised to find that there wasn't a greater change between this life and the life hereafter. I looked at my body lying on the bed and I fully realized that I was really in the Spirit World.

Immediately my whole life passed before my mind like a panorama, and I had a knowledge of what the Lord approved of, and what he did not approve. I was surprised to find that some of my human weaknesses which I myself had condemned, were of little or no consequence. The only thing that was held against me was the rebellious feeling I had about having more children.

I there and then knew that before I came to earth I had promised to be the mother to a certain number of children, and there were two or three of that number that were still unborn. I knew exactly the number then, but after I came to myself again I could not remember definitely.

When the realization of the fact came upon me that I had failed to keep my promise with the Lord; had failed to fill the measure of my creation, I was in hell. The torment of my mind was past description. I wrung my hands in awful agony. I looked at my body on the bed, my spiritual hand took hold of my mortal hand, and I said, if I had only known, if I had only known. I wondered how long this torment of soul would last, and immediately I knew it would never end. I looked in every direction, I could see there was no end to time and space. The walls of the house did not obstruct the view. In a northwesterly direction from where I stood I saw a man afar off, coming through the air toward me. He was small at first, but increased in size as he came nearer. I knew when I first saw him that he was a good man, and that when he came I could tell him everything.

Presently he stood beside me and I told him my story. I said it was not because I did not want more children, but because they were not properly cared for. He said, "Don't you know that was a trick of the adversary to cut you short of your glory?" I knew as I stood there that he spoke the truth, and as I wrung my hands I said, "I know, I know."

I then asked him, "Is there no way that I can get back into my body and fill the measure of my creation?" He said, "Only by faith and much prayer." I said, "Faith is a gift of God, but I will pray."

I got down on my knees and began to pray earnestly, and the next thing I knew I awoke, and there was a tingling sensation all through my body, like when a leg or arm goes to sleep. I got up and knelt by the side of my bed, and offered such a prayer of praise and thanksgiving to the Lord as I had never offered before, and I promised the Lord I would publish my experience as far as possible, so that no other woman should have such an awful experience when passing to the Spirit World. It seemed to me that it was hell of the worst type.

I have had two children since that time, but have never been sure that there was not another one that I should have had.

The Lord has been so good to me. He has rewarded me in the quality of my children a thousand fold, for the trials I have passed through.

## **A Drummer Boy at Valley Forge**

Two local Virginia boys, from a farm near the Potomac, had gone to war in the Revolution, joining up with General Washington's army in the fall of 1776, after they'd gotten in what crops they could. Nate at 19 was the older one, and he was given a musket though not much more. Benjamin became a drummer boy, because he was only 14 years old, but big for his age. They managed to stay together, through many a battle, and their luck had held for year such that neither had been wounded, nor caught the pox or the typhus that killed more soldiers than the enemy's guns. As the winter of '77 approached, they were hungry and ragged, their summer clothes all they had. This was a bitter time in war, when the British had just taken the capital city, which back then was Philadelphia.

On October 4, Nate and Benjamin were part of the army that counter-attacked the British at Germantown, just outside Philadelphia. It had been raining, and a heavy fog made it hard for the troops to find each other, or even to tell whether they were firing on the enemy, or on their own friends. The Americans were badly beaten, and the two boys were separated in the confusion. The older boy, Nate, had been hit by musket fire in his right arm, but he stumbled to a farmhouse just beyond Germantown where the kindly folks hid him in the barn. They bound his wound and tried to keep him alive and hidden, giving him warm clothes, shoes and blankets. Nate and the rest of the army fought their way through 18 miles of snow and freezing rain to their winter quarters Valley Forge.

Imagine if you had to walk through snow and ice, in just your summer clothes, day and night! Many of the soldiers had no shoes, and they wrapped their feet in rags or went barefoot. Journals from the soldiers, and from Washington himself, tell that their trail would have been easy to follow, for it was marked with bloody footprints. Some nights they couldn't start fire, for the snow and frozen rain never let up, and they had few tents. They had almost no food left, and their main meal was a little flour mixed with water, or raw meat.

Back at the farm, Nate was cared for and healing, hidden away in the straw, with three blankets and a fine pair of moccasins from the farmer. Benjamin was not so lucky, for halfway in that hard march, he woke one morning to find his shoes stolen. Hard times can make people do bad things, even to steal from a young boy. By the time they neared Valley Forge, exactly one week before Christmas, he was leaving his own trail of blood in the snow.

Valley Forge was just bare fields and woods - any shelter they would have to build themselves. The snow and wind continued, and the soldiers lay out on the bare ground, starving and exhausted. It was Benjamin's turn to stand watch, for they treated him half-way as a soldier now, and he went to his post and stood on his hat, to protect his bare feet some from the showy ground. At midnight, the snow stopped, and an eerie silence filled the campground. That was when he saw the strange light, deeper in the woods. "Who goes there," he half-whispered, thinking maybe he was seeing things, from the cold and hunger. The light stopped, and waited, and then moved deeper into the forest. And half-asleep and full-frozen, Benjamin followed,

limping barefoot in the snow.

"Who goes there? Halt!" he called out. But the light went deeper in the forest, and he kept following, faster, never quite catching up to it, till he was far from camp. And suddenly he was on it, and the light flared up until he was almost blinded, and then was gone. Nothing was there, but the cold night and the harsh sound of his own breathing. He looked wildly around, crazed with fear and lost in the woods, and then he saw them, resting against a tree trunk, waiting for him.

Two moccasins - almost brand new, and when he touched them he would have sworn that they were still warm, as if someone had just taken them off a moment before. And he forgot his hunger, and his cold, and any fear at all, put them on his feet, and they fit as if they'd been made by his own mother. He stood there a moment, thinking that if it was a dream, it was a good one, and if it was real, then it was better than a dream. And then he followed his own trail he'd left, of footprints red in the snow, back to camp, where the men slept as best they could, and took up his watch in the night.

Now Nate and the farmer's family looked over the whole barn for the moccasins he'd been given, because somehow they'd just disappeared one night, right off his feet. They knew he hadn't stolen them - for who can steal what is freely given? - and they were fine shoes, and a great loss. It stayed a mystery, but the farmer gave him a piece of leather, and Nate made two more pairs of shoes as he finished healing - one pair for himself, and one for the farmer.

Months later, when the brothers were reunited, Nate saw the moccasins again - worn-down now, and on his brother Benjamin's feet. They wondered at it, but kept it as a secret between them, until later when they told it as a Christmas story for their children, and their grandchildren, who thought perhaps their granddaddies had just made it up, and only half-believed it.



# Dust

Author unknown

Dust if you must . . . but wouldn't it be better  
To paint a picture, or write a letter?  
Bake a cake, or plant a seed?  
Ponder the difference between want and need.

Dust if you must . . . but there is not much time,  
With rivers to swim and mountains to climb!  
Music to hear, and books to read;  
Friends to cherish and life to lead.

Dust if you must . . . but the world's out there  
With the sun in your eyes, wind in your hair;  
A flutter of snow, a shower of rain:  
This day will not come around again.

Dust if you must . . . but bear in mind,  
Old age will come and it's not kind.  
And when you go, and go you must,  
You, yourself, will make more dust.

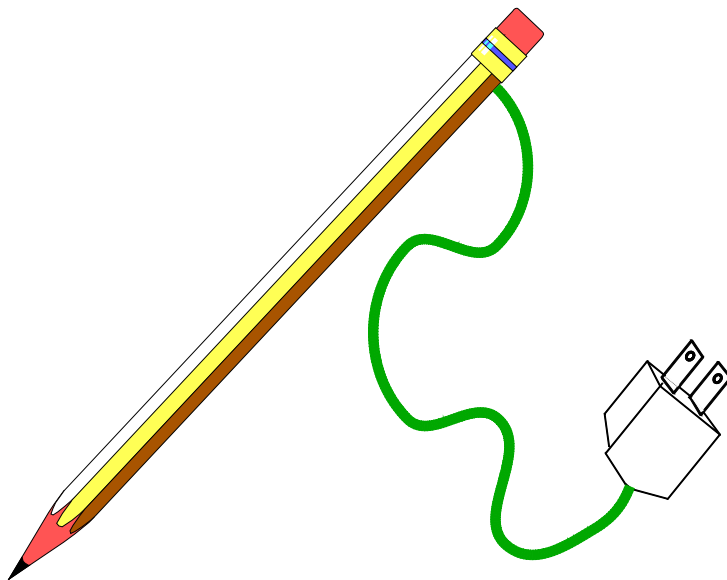
[Remember, a house becomes a home when you can write  
"I Love You" on the furniture.

ToReCo

A REDD LABS, Inc. Company

# Electric Pencil

Model E1600HB



## Operators Manual

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## Welcome!

Thank you for purchasing the all new Electric Pencil. We are sure that it will bring you many years of outstanding service, as long as you don't sharpen it very often. It is designed to give you the comfort of the traditional pencil that has been in service since the late 1700's when the first stick of graphite was glued inside a wood case.

With the discovery of electricity and the ability to power most of our equipment with electrical power, we at REDD LABS, Inc. are proud to be the first to produce the electric pencil. It is designed to be fast, effective and effortless.

With it you can do your math, write stories, balance your check book, or any of a thousand other writing tasks. Artists have even been known to enjoy sketching with our fine product. We are sure that you will be thrilled with the speed and convenience that this quality writing tool gives you.

REDD LABS, Inc. is a company that prides itself on new and creative tools to simplify the simplest of household tasks. We have developed this pencil to help you, but we would also like to make you aware of other products we have developed, such as our pet rocks, our pet ropes, the electric comb, the electric chair, and numerous other products that are designed to help you complete a full and happy life. If you find this product useful, we suggest that you try our other products. You may want to finish with the electric chair. It definitely produces shocking results!

## Unpacking Your Pencil

When unpacking the pencil, verify that all of the following items are in the shipping container:

- Electric Pencil
- A.C. Power Cord
- Convenient Mouth converter
- Operators Manual
- Sample Page of Writing

If any of the items are missing, contact the retail outlet where you purchased the pencil.

## Instruction for Use

Be sure to read this manual carefully before using this exciting new product. Carefully following directions can reduce the likelihood of problems with your Electric Pencil.

Place the pencil in an area free of extreme temperatures. Temperatures of over 500 degrees F. (260 degrees C.) in the presence of oxygen (generally oxygen is found in the air) may cause your new pencil to ignite. It also could cause serious burns to the hands and fingers as you pick up the pencil. (If you should need to write in an area where the temperature exceeds 500 degrees, you may want to be sure to remove all the oxygen and work in a total vacuum.) If you are working with the pencil in an area where the temperature is less than 40 below zero, you risk freezing your hands as you write.

Avoid writing with your new Electric Pencil when you are in direct sunlight. Direct sunlight is a known cause of skin cancer. We would not want you to blame your skin cancer on the use of our electric pencil.

Because of the fine workmanship and close tolerances of your delicate new electric pencil, we suggest that you work in areas free of sources of dust or contamination. If you work in areas of extreme filth, your body and clothing may become soiled.

Retain the shipping container for later use.

### Assembling the Pencil

Remove the electric pencil from its box, and complete the following.

1. Locate an area close to an electrical outlet that you can use for a writing area.
2. Find a table or desk of the appropriate height that can be used as a desk top.
3. Determine which circuit breaker the outlet is on, and **turn it OFF**. This is to avoid electrical shock. (If you have difficulty determining which breaker should be turned off, call the electrical company, and have your power disconnected.)
4. Sharpen your new Electric Pencil in a pencil sharpener. If you can find an electric pencil sharpener, we suggest that you use it. This pencil is more compatible with electric sharpeners than manual sharpeners. If you must, we think that the conventional sharpener will work for your pencil, but we have not tested it with every model. Proceed at your own risk.
5. Plug the power supply cord into the outlet.
6. Carefully pick up the pencil and write.

### Helpful Hints

If you are limited by the length of the power supply cord, we suggest that you use a heavy duty extension cord that has a ground wire. Some people find it is also practical to unplug the cord from the wall and plug it into our convenient mouth adapter that was shipped with the pencil. In this way you are able to move around more easily, and you are not limited in your work area. You are not limited by the length of the cord, but you are not able to speak to co-workers very easily since you must hold the converter in your mouth.

### Mouth Converter Use

This handy little power converter is designed to use the most active part of the human being, and convert the energy of speech to electrical power. Convert the steam you normally blow off to the power of the pencil! Good luck! Here are some simple instructions to help you:

1. Insert the convenient Mouth converter into your mouth with the receptacle end facing out. It is not necessary to turn the power off to the outlets in your home when you use this converter. Because of this, you can use your pencil in areas that need the help of artificial electrical lighting.
2. Grasp the converter in your teeth, and hold it firmly.
3. Plug the electric pencil into the receptacle that is Protruding from your mouth.
4. Think of revolting events you have experienced in life, and blow off steam into the converter. Be careful not to think too hard or you may exceed the voltage limits of this quality electric pencil.

**Warning:** Avoid thinking about distasteful bosses. Too much power is definitely generated with those thoughts.

5. Carefully pick up the pencil and write.

### Electric Pencil Advantages

1. Can produce beautiful Cursive fonts
2. Doubles as a calculator
3. Can create artistically beautiful drawings
4. Quick communications with others
5. Simple to hold
6. Light-weight and compact
7. Inexpensive — much cheaper than a typewriter
8. Easily erasable
9. Does Tables, Graphics and columns with ease

10. Automatic text centering
11. Writes in Sub Script and Super Script
12. Unlimited font selection
13. 500 gray shades in graphics mode
14. Extremely portable
15. Powered by the world's first mouth converter
16. Unlimited language capability
17. Works with a ruler to create straight lines
18. Can do borders on any of the pages you create
19. Convert documents from any of 100's of formats to any other format easily
20. Easily creates lists
21. Creates tables of contents and indexes
22. Lets you create your own writing strokes easily and quickly
23. Does Spell-checking easily and conveniently
24. Allows text marking for later reference
25. Does Footnotes, Headers, Endnotes quickly
26. Quickly records Date and time
27. Easy assemble and use
28. Hundreds of years of reliable service
29. The most trusted item in writing history
30. Simple tool that relieves tension

#### Additional Uses

Relieve your tension when you are idle. Fidget and doodle to create interesting patterns.

Use as a teething ring. Chew on the pencil to calm your nerves. (May cause slight after tastes in the mouth)

Use as a balance beam for your pet Hamster.

Use for startling your friends. Simply blow up a balloon and use your pencil to pop it. The bang it produces is normally enough to startle any unsuspecting person.

Excellent as a prod to encourage lazy people. Sharpen your pencil as explained above, and then poke the non-worker with the sharp end. It is Guaranteed to get results — but we won't say what kinds of results.

Can be used to clean the ear wax out of your ears. Gently work the sharpened end of your electric pencil around in the ear canal. Then wipe the point on a Kleenex. Repeat as often as necessary.

**Warning:** We are NOT responsible for damaged ear drums.

This product is not recommended for mucus removal from the nasal chambers.

Use the sharpened end of your pencil to get clogged glue out of your glue bottle.

#### Guarantee

We at REDD LABS, Inc. certainly hope that your new Electric Pencil will bring you years of lasting satisfaction. This model has a life-time guarantee. It is guaranteed **NOT** to do anything more easily than a standard pencil. It is also guaranteed **NOT** to make word processing or math calculations easier than a computer. If your Electric Pencil fails to live up to this guarantee, we suggest that you throw it away and go back to your old writing instrument, however, we at REDD LABS, Inc. will replace or repair (at our option) your electric pencil if you find it to be working differently than we guarantee. Just send your electric pencil and \$10.00 Handling and Postage to:

Tom Redd  
Box 1839  
Cardston, Alberta  
TOK OKO

We promise to keep the \$10.00, and perhaps return the pencil.

Good luck with this exciting new, and revolutionary product, and thank you again for choosing a toreco electric pencil, only from the REDD LABS, Inc.

Merry Christmas,  
And  
Happy New  
Year!!

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| Tension .....       | 7    |
| Tool .....          | 2    |
| Unpacking .....     | 3    |
| Unsuspecting .....  | 7    |
| Uses .....          | 7    |
| Warning .....       | 7    |
| Wood .....          | 2    |
| Write .....         | 2    |
| Writing.....        | 2    |
| Year .....          | 8    |

## **Employee Reports**

Some of you might like to know what the supervisor is really saying in all those glowing employee work performance evaluations she/he keeps cranking out.

AVERAGE: Not too bright.

EXCEPTIONALLY WELL QUALIFIED: Has committed no major blunders to date.

ACTIVE SOCIALLY: Drinks heavily.

ZEALOUS ATTITUDE: Opinionated.

CHARACTER ABOVE REPROACH: Still one step ahead of the law.

UNLIMITED POTENTIAL: Will stick with us until retirement.

QUICK THINKING: Offers plausible excuses for errors.

TAKES PRIDE IN WORK: Conceited.

TAKES ADVANTAGE OF EVERY OPPERTUNITY TO PROGRESS: Buys drinks for superiors.

INDIFFERENT TO INSTRUCTION: Knows more than superiors.

STERN DISCIPLINARIAN: A real jerk.

TACTFUL IN DEALING WITH SUPERIORS: Knows when to keep mouth shut.

APPROACHES DIFFICULT PROBLEMS WITH LOGIC: Finds someone else to do the job.

A KEEN ANALYST: Thoroughly confused.

NOT A DESK PERSON: Did not go to college.

EXPRESSES SELF WELL: Can string two sentences together.

SPENDS EXTRA HOURS ON THE JOB: Miserable home life.

CONSCIENTIOUS AND CAREFUL: Scared.

METICULOUS IN ATTENTION TO DETAIL: A nitpicker.

DEMONSTRATES QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP: Has a loud voice.

JUDGEMENT IS USUALLY SOUND: Lucky.

MAINTAINS PROFESSIONAL ATTITUDE: A snob.

KEEN SENSE OF HUMOR: Knows lots of dirty jokes.

STRONG ADHERENCE TO PRINCIPLES: Stubborn.

GETS ALONG EXTREMELY WELL WITH SUPERIORS AND SUBORDINATES ALIKE: A coward.

SLIGHTLY BELOW AVERAGE: Stupid.

OF GREAT VALUE TO THE ORGANIZATION: Turns in work on time.

IS UNUSUALLY LOYAL: Wanted by no-one else.

ALERT TO COMPANY DEVELOPMENTS: An office gossip.

REQUIRES WORK-VALUE ATTITUDINAL READJUSTMENT: Lazy and hard-headed.

HARD WORKER: Usually does it the hard way.

ENJOYS JOB: Needs more to do.

HAPPY: Paid too much.

WELL ORGANIZED: Does too much busywork.

COMPETENT: Is still able to get work done if supervisor helps.

CONSULTS WITH SUPERVISOR OFTEN: Pain in the neck.

WILL GO FAR: Relative of management.

SHOULD GO FAR: Please.

USES TIME EFFECTIVELY: Clock watcher.

VERY CREATIVE: Finds 22 reasons to do anything except original work.

USES RESOURCES WELL: Delagates everything.

DESERVES PROMOTION: Create new title to make him feel appreciated.

# **An Essay on Man**

Alexander Pope

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

## Eternal Beauty

You, too, can be beautiful (or handsome, as the case may be). According to the ads, it's easy. Businesses by the score are eager to help you. Beauty has become big business.

You can buy creams and cosmetics and chic clothing. You can do exercises and go on diets. You can enroll in charm and beauty courses and learn to walk, talk, and look your best. There are tints to color hair, skin, lips, and fingernails. You can buy beauty at the supermarket or in the exclusive salon.

It's true. A little extra care and effort (and money) can help almost everyone to look more attractive.

But "beauty is in the eye of the beholder," they say.

People never quite agree as to the standards of beauty. Our loves and hates, personal tastes and feelings influence our preferences.

This brings some interesting thoughts to mind. Does God have the same standards of beauty as those we have set up for ourselves? Does he put much emphasis on the shape of a nose or the style of a haircut? What does he see as beauty?

When I was a teen, I met a young woman who had the misfortune to be born a hunchback. At first, to see her, I felt repelled because of her deformity. Then I came to know her natural gaiety of spirit, her graciousness, and I often forgot her handicap as we chatted and laughed together as friends. One day, thoughtlessly, I boasted about my vigor, how fast and far I could walk without getting out of breath.

My friend, one shortened leg resting against a stair, grew quiet. "I'll walk with you in heaven," she said softly.

Of course she will — if I make it. A serious illness soon took her from her twisted mortal frame, but even here on earth I wonder if our Father did not look upon her as possessing a kind of rare beauty.

We hate the blemishes that sometimes appear upon our faces: the pimples, spots, wrinkles. Perhaps our "little faults" of character appear to God as just blemishes upon our spirits. We receive our immortal souls to house our bodies, and then we warp and deform them by our selfish acts and foolish habits. If we could see petty jealousy, what would it look like? Our Father in Heaven sees beneath our carefully-groomed exteriors to see us as we are. Think how twisted we must look from habits of cheap dishonesty, the tendency to lie, to cheat. No matter how we scrub our skin, our unclean thoughts must show up on our soul as filth and garbage. If we hate and cherish hate, how can we look but ugly to one who knows our character?

On the other hand, what qualities might have the opposite results. The glow of love is said to be the greatest of all beauty treatments. Unselfish love for others must show up as beauty on the inside. Think of faith (what a dazzling radiance it must present), honesty and purity (how straight and true and clean such a soul must look), happiness and thankfulness (a lovely combination), humility and repentance. This list is very long, and the words even sound beautiful.

The next time you get dressed to look your best, stop and wonder about the wrinkles on your soul and how you might erase them. A little extra care and effort to forsake bad habits may just help you to look more attractive inwardly. And — who knows — perhaps that inner glow would shine a little on the outside, too!

## Everyday Thanksgiving

Even though I clutch my blanket and growl  
When the alarm rings each morning,  
Thank you, Lord, that I can hear.  
There are those who are deaf.

Even though I keep my eyes closed tightly  
Against the morning light, as long as possible,  
Thank you, Lord, that I can see.  
There are those who are blind.

Even though I huddle in my bed and put off  
The physical effort of rising,  
Thank you, Lord, that I have the strength to rise.  
There are many who are bedfast.

Even though the first hour of my day is hectic;  
When socks are lost, toast is burned, and tempers are short,  
Thank you, Lord, for my family.  
There are many who are lonely.

Even though our breakfast table never looks like pictures in magazines,  
And the menu is sometimes unbalanced,  
Thank you, Lord, for the food we have.  
There are many who are hungry.

Even though the routine of my job is often monotonous,  
Thank you, Lord, for the opportunity to work.  
There are many who have no work.

Even though I grumble and bemoan my fate from day to day,  
And with my modest circumstances, some were not quite so modest,  
Thank you, Lord, for the gift of life.



## Excuse Notes

The following is a collection of "actual excuse notes from PARENTS (including spelling)" form the office of Educational Assessment at the University of Washington.

My son is under a doctor's care and should not take P.E. today. Please execute him.

Please excues Mary for being absent. She was sick and I had her shot.

Please excuse Lisa for being absent on Jan. 28, 29, 30, 31, 32 and also 33.

Please excuse Gloria from Jim today. She is administrating.

Please excuse Roland from P.E. for a few days. Yesterday he fell out of a tree and misplaced his hip.

John has been absent yesterday because he had two teeth taken out of his face.

Carlos was absent yesterday because he was playing football. He was hurt in the growing part.

Megan could not come to school today as she has been bothered by very close veins.

Chris will not be in school cus he has an acre in his side.

Please excuse Ray Friday from school. He has very loose vowels.

Please excuse Pedro from being absent yesterday. He had diahre (crossed out) dyrea (crossed out) direathe (crossed out) the shits.

Please excuse Tommy for being absent yesterday. He had diarrhea and his boots leak.

Irving was absent yesterday because he missed his bust.

Please excuse Jimmy for being. It was his father's fault.

I kept Billie home because she had to go Christmas shopping because I don't know what size she wear.

Please excuse Jennifer for missing school yesterday. We forgot to get the Sunday paper off the porch, and when we found it Monday we thought it was Sunday.

Sally won't be in school a week from Friday. We have to attend her funeral.

My daughter was absent yesterday because she was tired. She spent a weekend with the Marines. Please excuse my son's tardiness. I forgot to wake him and I did not find him till I started making the beds.

Please excuse Jason for being absent yesterday. He had a cold and could not breed well.

Please excuse Mary for being absent yesterday. She was in bed with gramps.

Gloria was absent yesterday as she was having a gangover.

Please excuse Burma, she has been sick and under the doctor.

Please excuse Fred for being absent. He had a cold and could not breed well.

Maryann was absent Dec. 11-16, because she had a fever, sore throat, headache and upset stomach. Her sister was also sick, fever and sore throat, her brother had a low grade fever and ached all over. I wasn't the best either, sore throat and fever. There must be something going around, her father even got hot last night.

Taken from "The Mighty Sun" Newspaper.

# **An Expression of Christmas**

Dee Ann Ludwig

The very words, "Merry Christmas" bring pleasant memories.

I remember the music and it speaks faith to me. I recall the sights and sounds and feel hope. I remember the magic and meaning for the little ones. I recall the many, many expressions of love. I muse that it comes only once a year. . . but then my soul cries out:

Christmas is not a moment of eternity but a measure of forever Christmas is Christ's message of salvation to mankind. Christmas is a beautiful reminder of what has been and a solemn rejoicing in what will be. Christmas is the time to make certain our lives reflect the teachings of our Savior!

## **The Gift of You**

Don't forget to add these emotional gifts to your list for holiday giving. They cost nothing, but are the most precious presents you can give to your friends and family.

Sweaters, toys, trips--they are all wonderful presents to give. But there are other gifts called psychological gifts that are the most precious gifts you can give to those you love. As Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "The only gift is a portion of one's self." And that's what these twelve gifts are--gifts of you. They cost nothing, but their effects can last a lifetime.

**THE GIFT OF TIME.** In our busy world, the phrase "I don't have time to..." has become a universal complaint. Like a growing plant, any relationship between two people can thrive only if it receives care. -While a plant often needs a complicated solution to grow, most human relationships profit from a simple tonic that is called "tincture of time." A chatty phone call to an unhappy friend, or a half-hour visit to an aunt who lives alone can mean a lot, but cost very little.

**THE GIFT OF GOOD EXAMPLE.** Most people learn fundamental attitudes and behavior by observing others. Be a good example by handling difficult situations in a mature manner.

**THE GIFT OF ACCEPTANCE.** Many problems between husband and wife or between friends begin when one person tries to change the other to fit preconceived notions. But did you know that people begin to shed bad habits once they are accepted the way they are?

**THE GIFT OF SEEING THE BEST IN PEOPLE.** When we expect people to respond in a positive way, they usually do. But you must let those you love know that you expect the positive.

**THE GIFT OF GIVING UP A BAD HABIT.** All of us have habits that annoy those we love. What a great gift it would be if you could give up an unhappy or unhealthy habit. Breaking a habit can be a lonely task, but whatever the habit you choose to break, the people who love you

will be there when you need help.

**THE GIFT OF TEACHING.** Helping someone you love learn something new is an important investment in their future happiness. Only by learning new skills can we become fully alive. Sharing our talents with others is a good way to show our love.

**THE GIFT OF LISTENING.** Few of us know how to listen effectively. Too often we interrupt or act disinterested when someone else is talking. In an effort to be noticed, we begin to tell our own stories before the other person has finished.

**THE GIFT OF FUN.** There are people who "wet blanket" the happiness of those around them, while others lead people into finding fun in ordinary events.

**THE GIFT OF LETTING OTHERS GIVE.** Insecurity causes some people to insist on being the giver rather than the receiver. When we let others give to us, and when we accept their gifts in a gracious manner, we may be giving them one of the most important gifts of all. Remember, the joy you feel in giving is felt by others as well.

**THE GIFT OF PRIVACY.** Too often we tend to smother those we love with questions and demands on their time. Each of us has a need for companionship

and a need for privacy. Relinquish some of your natural curiosity occasionally and give those you love the right to private thoughts and unshared feelings.

**THE GIFT OF SELF-ESTEEM.** It's hard to resist the temptation to give unwanted or unnecessary advice and help to those we love. Such advice may unwittingly cripple a person's self-esteem. A Chinese proverb proclaims, "There's nothing more blessed on earth than a mother--but there's nothing more blessed in Heaven than a mother who knows when to let go of the hand."

**THE GIFT OF SELF-DISCLOSURE.** Most relationships either grow and expand, or become stale and decline. Self disclosure letting someone else discover more about you--can turn a wilting relationship into a flourishing one. It can also help sustain an already healthy friendship or marriage. Bottling up feelings, resentments and hopes is not only unhealthy; it also deprives others of truly knowing who you are.

# **The Extra Electric Train**

## **A Christmas Memory**

by Ralph F. Wilson

Though money didn't flow as freely as the rain that winter, my parents worked with joyful anticipation to give my brother and me a Christmas present we would never forget. They scrimped for months and then spent more than they could probably afford for a Marx electric train.

Then the day before Christmas, a cousin stationed at a nearby military base pulled into the driveway. Opening the trunk of his car he lifted out a large, heavy box. My brother and I could hardly wait to see what it was. On Christmas morning we opened it first. Eagerly we unwrapped an expensive new electric train set. Wow! You had to pull us down off the ceiling. A Lionel train, too! Then we opened the presents from our parents - another electric train. Ho hum. And not nearly as extravagant as the one from our cousin. Guess whose we played with most?

Mom and Dad were hurt. The outlay for an unmarried Air Force lieutenant was nothing compared to the sacrifice my parents had made. But all we saw was the glamour of an expensive train. We counted our parents' gift as merely a nice accessory.

Our Heavenly Father spends many a disappointing Christmas. Amidst the glittering ornaments and flashing Christmas lights, the hurry and hustle of shopping and wrapping and family get-togethers, parties, and presents, trees and turkeys - who really cares about His gift? What gets more attention from us: our Father's gift of life in Jesus Christ or the quickly-wrapped department store gifts from our cousins?

Thank you, Father, for Jesus. Thank you for the abundant life that we, His disciples, can enjoy now. Thank you for sending us a most expensive gift - your own son's life. Thank you!

# Eyes

Ariel Haubrich  
November 2, 1995

Remember the eyes of his mother,  
The tears that are streaming her face.  
Remember her eyes as she whispers,  
"Come home safe," with a final embrace.

Remember the eyes of his leader,  
Fearless, encouraging, strong.  
Remember his eyes as he marches men forth  
To right all of that which is wrong.

Remember the eyes of his sweetheart,  
The memories blocking the pain.  
Remember her eyes as she ponders with hope,  
Is all of this worry in vain?

Remember the eyes of his comrades,  
Patriotic, anxious, and scared.  
Remember their eyes as they battle with fate,  
Wondering who will be spared.

Remember the eyes of his loved ones,  
Supporting his choice with their will.  
Remember their eyes as they suffer the loss  
Of their son, who hated to kill.

Remember the eyes of his foemen,  
Merciless, angry, and cold.  
Remember their eyes as they stare back at his —  
The same vision of victory they hold.

Remember the eyes of his children,  
Questioning all of the sorrow.  
Remember their eyes as they drift off to sleep —  
Will they remember their daddy tomorrow?

Now think as the eyes of the soldier  
Views horrors that anguish his mind.  
How can the eyes of so many  
Toward death and toward war be so blind?

# **Families can be together forever**

Ruth Muir Gardner

I have a fam'ly here on earth. They are so good to me.  
I want to share my life with them through all eternity.

Fam'lies can be together forever  
Through Heav'nly Father's plan.  
I always want to be with my own family,  
And the Lord has shown me how I can.  
The Lord has shown me how I can.

While I am in my early years, I'll prepare most carefully,  
So I can marry in God's temple for eternity.

Fam'lies can be together forever  
Through Heav'nly Father's plan.  
I always want to be with my own family,  
And the Lord has shown me how I can.  
The Lord has shown me how I can.

# Fashion Show

by Cheryl Redd

Just in time for this year's camping season Melissa Redd is modeling our stylish tent dress made of durable nylon with a heavy duty bottom for that stay dry feeling. It is set off by our elegant and comfortable green hose. Her matching shower cap is just perfect for those hot summer days. Notice how nicely the shower cap is held in place by the charming blue choker. This outfit is sure to catch the eye of everyone this summer.

Here to model her birthday suit is Heather Redd. This suit comes complete with candles for any birthday from 1 to 101. The added birthday sweets will make her the sweetest child wherever she goes and popular with her friends. The stylish top hat is made from the finest Indian rubber. Note the delicate shapes and colors that adorn this beautiful hat. This birthday suit with it's accessories will give a bang to any party.

Always a favorite for spring is the Print dress. Petite, adorable Kari Redd wears this original design. We ask that you pay particular attention to the rousing lines of this special edition with its companion hat which features a startling headline. Most of us don't do enough reading these days, so this dress really is the answer to precious moments that are often wasted, and furthermore, it presents a stunning appearance at the same time. While women may not have as much backbone as men, I think we'll all have to admit that some women show it more. Turn around Kari and show the audience your stunning bare back.

Now on the other hand, if you hesitate to expose your back you might prefer another creation that is equally daring. Sister Redd models this dress which features the Plunging Neckline! You can also walk into a sticky situation in these chewable gum boots where you can be confident that your bubble won't burst. So pamper yourself with one of these outfits this summer.



## Father

4 years: My daddy can do anything.  
7 years: My dad knows a lot, a whole lot.  
8 years: My father doesn't know quite everything.  
12 years: Oh, well, naturally Father doesn't know that, either.  
14 years: Father? Hopelessly old-fashioned.  
21 years: Oh, that man is out-of-date. What did you expect?  
25 years: He knows a little bit about it, but not much.  
30 years: Maybe we ought to find out what Dad thinks.  
35 years: A little patience. Let's get Dad's assessment before we do anything.  
50 years: I wonder what Dad would have thought about that. He was pretty smart.  
60 years: My dad knew absolutely everything!  
65 years: I'd give anything if Dad were here so I could talk this over with him. I really miss that man.

# A Fence Or an Ambulance

Joseph Mallus

T'was a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,  
Though to walk near its edge was so pleasant.  
But over its terrible edge there had slipped,  
A duke and full many a peasant.  
So the people said something would have to be done  
But their projects did not at all tally.  
Some said, "Put a fence 'round the edge of the cliff".  
Some, "An ambulance down in the valley".

But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,  
For it spread through the neighboring city.  
A fence may be useful or not, it is true,  
But each heart became brimful of pity,  
For those who had slipped over that dangerous cliff,  
And the dwellers in highway and alley,  
Gave pounds and gave pence, not to put up a fence,  
But an ambulance down in the valley.

"For the cliff is all right if you're careful," they said,  
And if folks even slip or are dropping,  
It isn't the slipping that hurts them so much,  
As the shock down below when they're stopping.  
So day after day, as these mishaps occurred,  
Quick forth would their rescuers sally,  
To pick up the victims who fell over the cliff,  
With their ambulance down in the valley.

Then an old sage remarked, "It's a marvel to me  
That people give far more attention  
To repairing results than to stopping the cause  
When they'd much better aim at prevention.  
Let us stop at its source all mischief," he cried,  
"Come neighbors and friends let us rally,  
If the cliff we will fence, we might almost dispense  
With the ambulance down in the valley."

"O he's a fanatic," the others rejoined,  
"Dispense with the ambulance? Never!  
He'd dispense with all charities too, if he could,  
No, no we'll support them forever.  
Aren't we picking up folks just as fast as they fall?  
And shall this man dictate to us, shall he?  
Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence  
While the ambulance works in the valley?"

But a sensible few who are practical too,  
Will not bear with such nonsense much longer  
They believe that prevention is better than cure,  
And their party will still be the stronger.  
Encourage them then with your purse, voice and pen,  
And while other philanthropists dally  
They will scorn all pretense and put up a fence  
On that cliff that hangs over the valley.

Better guide well the young than reclaim them when old,  
For the voice of true wisdom is calling  
To rescue the fallen is good, but 'tis best  
To prevent other people from falling.  
Better close up the source of temptation and crime,  
Than deliver from dungeon and galley.  
Better put a strong fence 'round the top of the cliff,  
Than an ambulance down in the valley.

# **Finding the Spirit of Christmas**

## **A Gift of Dreams**

Condensed from Gannett Westchesster Newspapers

George H. Brooks

From December 1990 Readers' Digest, pg. 63

Christmas Eve, 1944. I was a sailor in the U.S. Navy, on a one-day leave in San Francisco. I had won \$300 at poker that ordinarily would have burned a hole in my pocket, but I couldn't shake an over-whelming sadness.

Scuttlebutt had it we'd be pulling out before the New Year for the South Pacific. I'd just received word that another friend had been killed in Europe. And I was an 18-year-old alone in a strange city. Nothing seemed to make any kind of sense. What was I going to be fighting for, anyway?

I spent most of the day in a mental fog, wandering aimlessly through crowds of laughing, happy people. Then, late in the afternoon, my vision suddenly focused, and for the first time a scene registered.

There in a department store window were two electric trains chugging through a miniature, snow covered town. In front of the window a skinny boy around nine years old, his nose pressed against the glass. He just stood there, fixed on those trains.

Suddenly the boy was me nine short years before, and the store was Macy's in New York City, my hometown. I could see, could feel the same longing, the same desperate hoping. I could hear the sigh of resignation — the frail attempt to hide the disappointment that Dad could not afford those trains. And I saw the reluctant turning away and then the one last look.

Not this time! I don't know what came over me, but I grabbed the boy by the arm, scaring him half to death.

"My name is George," I told him. "What is yours?"

"Jeffery Hollis Jr.," he managed to reply.

"Well, Jeff Hollis Jr.," I said in my best grown-up voice, "we are going to get us those trains."

His eyes grew wide, and he let me lead him into the store. I knew it was crazy, but I didn't care. Suddenly I wanted to be nine again and have a kid's dream come true. The salesclerk looked at us suspiciously, a scruffy black boy and a black sailor in ill-fitting dress blues.

"Those trains in the window," I blurted before he could speak. "The whole setup. How much is it?"

His snorting response was interrupted by the arrival of a much older man wearing a warm Christmas smile. "One Hundred and sixty-five dollars and sixty-three cents," the elder man replied, "delivery included."

"We'll take it," I said. "Right now, if we can."

"Sailor," he said, "we can! What about the rest of the family?"

I leaned down, and Jeff Jr. whispered that he had two little sisters as well as his mom and pop. I gave him \$50.

"I'll have someone help him out," the elder man told me. And he called over a cheerful woman who took Jeff Jr. by the hand.

While the trains and other purchases were being wrapped, the man told me he had two sons of his own in the service. After a lot of "Merry Christmases," a delivery truck was assigned to take us to the boy's home.

Jeff Hollis Sr.'s reaction reminded me of what my own father's would have been if I had shown up with a stranger and a whole lot of gifts. I could see he was a hard-working man, breaking his back to make ends meet and knowing he couldn't give his family all he wanted.

"I'm just a sailor a long way from home, Mr. Hollis," I said respectfully, explaining how I had seen myself in his son's longing gaze at the store display.

"You couldn't have spent the money any other way?" he asked gruffly.

"No sir," I replied.

His face softened, and he welcomed me to share their table. After supper, I read to Jeff Jr. and his sisters until they went off to bed.

"I guess you know we've got a lot to do before morning," Jeff Sr. said. His words startled me for a moment. Then I understood. I was no longer a child; I was a man now, with adult responsibilities. So I joined him at what turned out to be nearly an all-night job of getting the trains put together and set up. His wife, Marge, made sandwiches and coffee and kept me talking about growing up in New York. At midnight we paused to wish each other a Merry Christmas, then went back to the task of making a boy's dream come true.

When we finished, I was bone-tired. Jeff Hollis Sr. looked for a long time at what we had

done, then sighed and sat back in a worn easy chair.

"Mine was a bike," he said quietly. "A big two wheeler with shiny spokes and bright yellow handle bars. The seat was real leather. I loved that bike. I dreamed about it and wished for it."

Mine was a Christmas dress I'd seen in a dressmaker's window," Marge said. "I wanted everyone to say, "What a pretty little girl in that fine dress."

Dreams I thought sleepily. Kid dreams. I guess I dozed because the next thing I knew it was five o'clock, and Jeff Jr. was shaking me. He had remembered I had to be back by eight.

"Is it time yet?" one of the little girls inquired.

"It's time," Jeff Sr. said. "Merry Christmas!"

"Wow!" Joy mixed with disbelief. We hadn't done as spectacular a job as the window dressers, but we got the trains laid out all right.

"Dad?" Jeff Jr. asked. "George?"

I exchanged glances with his father and nodded my agreement. This was the honored, official first outing. With Jeff Sr. at one control and me at the other, we set the trains on their way. On the second circuit I eased Jeff Jr. into my place. For about five minutes he ran his train. Then abruptly, he stopped and, without a word, left the room. He returned with the presents he had bought, a look of pride on his face. He'd had some help, but he'd made the choices himself.

I thought he was finished when he turned to me with a package in his hand. "Merry Christmas, George," he said quietly.

I was totally surprised. The gift was a comb and brush set, along with a case for other toilet articles. He held out his hand, then changed his mind and hugged me warmly. The moment of parting was bitter sweet, for I knew I would probably never see the Hollises again. Jeff Sr. and Marge thanked me, but I was the grateful one.

As I made my way to the station to catch the bus back to the base, I realized I had no more nagging doubts. I had found more in this experience than I had received from all the pep talks and patriotic speeches I had ever heard.

For me, it was a revelation. I knew what this war and the fighting was about. It was something at once wonderful and simple. This country, my country, was a place of dreams ... and of dreamers who had the faith and the will to make dreams come true.

## The Finest Age

When he was only nine months old,  
And plump and round and pink of cheek,  
A joy to tickle and to hold,  
Before he'd even learned to speak,  
His gentle mother used to say:  
"It is too bad that he must grow.  
If I could only have my way  
His baby ways we'd always know."

And then the year was turned, and he  
Began to toddle round the floor  
And name the things that he could see  
And soil the dresses that he wore.  
Then many a night she whispered low:  
"Our baby now is such a joy  
I hate to think that he must grow  
To be a wild and heedless boy."  
But on he went and sweeter grew,

And then his mother, I recall,  
Wished she could keep him always two,  
For that's the finest age of all.  
She thought the samething at three,  
And now that he is four, she sighs  
To think he cannot always be  
The youngster with the laughing eyes.

Oh, little boy, my wish is not  
Always to keep you four years old.  
Each night I stand beside your cot  
And think of what the years may hold;  
And looking down on you I pray  
That when we've lost our baby small,  
The mother of our man will say  
"This is the finest age of all."

**THE FIRST CHRISTMAS READER**  
or  
**SEE MOTHER. FUNNY, FUNNY  
MOTHER**

See mother. See mother laugh.  
Mother is happy. Mother is happy about Christmas.  
Mother has many plans. Mother has many plans for Christmas.  
Mother is organized. Mother smiles all the time.  
Funny, funny mother.  
See mother. See mother smile. Mother is happy.  
The shopping is done.  
See the children watch T.V. Watch, children, watch.  
See the children change their minds.  
See them ask Santa for different toys.  
Look, look. Mother is not smiling.  
Funny, funny, mother.  
See mother. See mother sew.  
Mother will make dresses. Mother will make robes. Mother will make shirts.  
See mother put zipper in wrong.  
See mother sew the dress the wrong side.  
See mother cut the skirt too short.  
See mother put the material away until January.  
Look, look.  
See mother buy raisins and nuts.  
See mother buy candied pineapple and powdered sugar.  
See mother buy flour and dates and pecans and brown sugar and bananas and spices and vanilla.  
Look, look.  
Mother is mixing everything together.  
See the children press out cookies.  
See the flour on their elbows.  
See the cookies burn. See the cake fall.  
See the children pull taffy. See mother pull her hair.  
See mother clean the kitchen with the garden hose.  
Funny, funny, mother.  
See mother. See mother wrap presents.  
See mother look for the end of the scotch tape.  
See mother bite her finger nails.  
See mother go. See mother go to the store 12 times in one hour.  
Go, mother, go. See mother go faster.  
Run, mother, run.  
See mother trim the tree.



See mother have a party.  
See mother make the pop corn.  
See mother wash the walls. See mother scrub the rug.  
See mother tear up the organized plan.  
See mother forget gift for Uncle Harold.  
See mother get hives.  
Go, mother, go.  
See the far away look in mother's eyes.  
See mother become disorganized. Mother has become disoriented.  
Funny, funny, mother.  
It is finally Christmas morning. See the happy family.  
See father smile. Father is happy. Smile, father, smile.  
Father loves fruit cake. Father loves Christmas pudding.  
Father loves all his new neckties.  
Look, look. See the happy children.  
See the children's toys.  
Santa was very good to the children.  
The children will remember this Christmas.  
See mother. Mother is slumped in a chair.  
Mother is crying uncontrollably.  
Mother does not look well.  
Mother has ugly dark circles under her blood shot eyes.  
See everyone help mother to bed.  
See mother sleep under heavy sedation.  
See mother smile.  
Funny, funny, mother.  
(courtesy Bob Rasmussen)

## **The First Day of School**

At the end of his first day at school, our rowdy six year old came running home and burst through the door shouting: "Mom, Mom! Guess what? They want be back!"

Another six year old boy, when asked how he liked his first day at school, replied: "All right — except there was some lady there that talked all the time."

# The First Settler's Story

by Will Carleton

Well, when I first infested this retreat,  
Things to my view looked frightful incomplete;  
But I had come with heart-thrift in my song,  
I hadn't a round trip ticket to go back,  
And if I had there was no rail road track;  
And drivin' east was what I couldn't endure;  
I hadn't started on a circular tour.

My girl-wife was brave as she was good,  
And helped me every blessed way she could;  
She seemed to take to every rough old tree,  
As singular as when first she took to me.  
She kept out little log house neat as wax.  
And once I caught her fooling with my axe.  
She hadn't the muscle (though she had the heart)  
In outdoor work to take an active part;  
She was delicate, both to hear and see, —  
That pretty girl-wife that kept house for me.

Well, neighborhoods meant countries in those days;  
The roads didn't have accommodating ways;  
And maybe weeks would pass before she'd see —  
And much less talk with anyone but me.  
The Indians sometimes showed their sunbaked faces,  
But they didn't teem with conversational graces;  
Some ideas from the birds and trees she stole,  
But twasn't like talking with a human soul;  
And finally I thought that I could trace,  
A half heart — hunger peering from her face.

One night when I came home unusual late,  
Too hungry and too tired to feel first-rate,  
Her supper struck me wrong (though' I'll allow  
She hadn't much to strike with, anyhow);  
And when I went to milk the cows, and found  
They'd wandered from their usual feeding-ground,  
And maybe left a few long miles behind 'em,  
Which I must copy if I meant to find 'em,  
Flash-quick the stay-chains of my temper broke,  
And in a trice these hot words I had spoke:

"You ought to've kept the animals in view,  
And drove them in: you'd nothing else to do.  
The heft of all our life on me must fall;  
You just lie round, and let me do it all."

That speech, -it hadn't been gone a half a minute  
Before I saw the cold black poison in it;  
And I'd have given all I had, and more,  
To've only safely got it back indoor.

I'm now what most folks "Well-do" would call;  
I feel today as if I'd give it all,  
Provided I through fifty years might reach  
And kill and bury that half-minute speech.

She handed back no words, as I could hear;  
She didn't frown; she didn't shed a tear;  
Half proud, half crushed, she stood and looked me o'er  
Like someone she had never seen before!  
But such a sudden anguish-lit surprise  
I never viewed before in human eyes.  
(I've seen it oft enough since in a dream;  
It sometimes wakes me like a midnight scream.)

Next morning, when, stone-faced but heavy-hearted  
With dinner-pail and sharpened axe I started  
Away from my day's work, she watched the door,  
And followed me half-way to it or more;  
And I was just a turning round at this  
And asking for my usual good-by kiss;  
But on her eye a shadow of reserve;  
And she had shown — perhaps half unaware —  
Some little independent breakfast airs;  
And so the usual parting didn't occur,  
Although her eyes invited me to her;  
Or rather half invited me, for she  
Didn't advertise to furnish kisses free.

You always had — that is, I had — to pay  
Full market price, and go more'n half the way;  
So, with a short "Good-by" I shut the door  
And left her as I never had before.  
But when at noon my lunch I came to eat,  
Put up by her so delicately neat,  
Choicer, somewhat, then yesterday's had been,  
And some fresh, sweet-eyed pansies she'd sent;  
Then I became once more her humble lover,  
And said, "Tonight I'll ask forgiveness of her."

I went home over early on that eve,  
Having contrived to make myself believe,  
By various signs I kind o' knew and guessed,  
A thunder storm was coming from the west.  
(Tis strange, when one sly reason fills the heart,  
How many honest ones will take its part;  
A dozen first-class reasons said 'twas right  
That I should stride home early on that night.)

Half out of breath, the cabin door I swung,  
With tender heart-words trembling on my tongue;  
But all within looked desolate and bare;  
My house had lost its soul; she was not there!  
A pencilled note was on the table spread,  
And these are something like the words it said:  
"The cows have strayed away again, I fear;  
I watched them pretty close; don't scold me, Dear.  
And where they are I think I nearly know;  
I heard the bell not very long ago.  
I've hunted for them all the afternoon;  
I'll try once more, I think I'll find them soon.  
Dear, if a burden I have been to you,  
And haven't helped you as I ought to do,  
Let old-time memories my forgiveness plead;  
I've tried to do my best — I have indeed.  
Darling, piece out with love the strength I lack,  
And have kind words for me when I get back.

Scarce did I give this letter sight and tongue, —  
Some swift-flown rain-drops to the window clung,  
And from the clouds a rough, deep growl proceeded;  
I rushed outdoors. The air was stained with black;  
Night had come early, on the storm clouds back,  
And everything kept dimming to the sight,  
Save when the clouds threw their eclectic light,  
When, for a flash, so clean-cut was the view,  
I'd think I saw her knowing 'twas not true.

Through my small clearing dashed wide sheets of spray,  
As if the ocean waves had lest their way;  
Scarcely a pause the thunder-battle made,  
In the bold clamour of its cannonade.  
And she, while I was sheltered, dry, and warm,  
Was somewhere in the clutches of this storm!  
She, who when storm-frights found her at her best  
Had always hid her white face on my breast,

My dog, who skirmished round me all the day,  
Now crouched and whimpering, in the corner lay.  
I dragged him by the collar to the wall.  
I pressed his quivering muzzle to a shawl,  
"Track her, old boy!" I shouted; and he whined,  
Matched eyes with me, as if to read my mind,  
Then with a yell went tearing through the wood.  
I followed him, as faithful as I could.  
No pleasure-trip was that, through flood and flame  
We raced with death; we hunted noble game.  
All night we dragged the woods without avail;  
The ground got drenched, we could not keep the trail.

Three times again my cabin home I found,  
Half hoping she might be there — safe and sound;  
But each time 'twas an unavailing care:  
My house had lost its soul; she was not there!

When climbing the wet trees, next morning sun  
Laughed at the ruin that the night had done,  
Bleeding and drenched by toil, and sorrow bent,  
Back to what used to be my home I went.  
But, as I neared our little clearing ground,  
Listen! I heard the cow-bell's tinkling sound.  
The cabin door was just a bit ajar;  
It gleamed upon my glad eyes like a star.  
"Brave heart," I said, "for such a fragile form.  
She made them guide her homeward through the storm."  
Such pangs of joy I never felt before.  
"You've come" I shouted and rushed through open door.

Yes, she had come and gone again. She lay,  
With all her young life crushed and wrenched away,  
She, the heart runnings of our home among,  
Not far from where I'd killed her with my tongue.  
The rain-drops glittered 'mid her hair's long strands.  
The forest thorns had torn her feet and hands,  
And midst the tears — brave tears — that one could trace,  
I once again the mournful words could read.  
"I've tried to do my best, — I have, indeed,"

And now I'm mostly done; my story's o'er;  
Part of it never breathed the air before.  
It isn't over-usual, it must be allowed,  
To volunteer heart-sobs to a crowd  
And scattered mongst these confidential tears  
I know you'll protect an old man with his years;  
But whereso'er this story's voice can reach,  
This is the sermon — I would have it preach;

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds  
But you can't do that way when you're flying words.  
"Careful with fire," is good advice we know.  
"Careful with words," is ten times doubly so.

Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,  
But God Himself can't kill them once they're said.

# Flour Sacks for Christmas

by Joy Adams

We lived in a small eastern town of Utah called Roosevelt. Our family was somewhat large with a total of 14 children, and I was number 13. We were one of the poorest families there. Despite such financial poverty, my memory of Christmas as a six year old holds happiness and embodies the spirit of Christmas for me.

It was a mile and a half to get to school. My brothers and sisters and I would trudge through the snow each morning to school. We had no boots, gloves, or hats. It was very cold. One Friday morning close to Christmas, I asked Mom if I could stay home from school. "What's the matter?" she asked, "are you feeling sick?"

"No, I just don't want to go to school," was my reply.

"Why don't you want to go to school?" she pursued.

Finally I broke down in tears begging her to let me stay home from school. Seeing this, she sent the rest of the family on their way and then turned to me saying, "Now tell me what the matter is."

Through my tears I sobbed, "They are making Christmas presents today, and I don't have a dime to make one."

My wise mother comforted me. She then went into the bedroom and brought out a nightgown made from flour sacks. The flour came in cloth sacks which she had been saving all year in order to make the five girls nightgowns for Christmas. She helped me draw a simple design on the nightgown. Then she gave me a needle and embroidery floss. With loving hands she guided mine as I embroidered a beautiful Christmas present for my sister, Eva. In a few days, I noticed my sisters sneaking off to their secret corners, just as I was doing. Realizing how important it was for her children to give on Christmas, my sweet mother gave up her Christmas gifts so we would have something to give.

What a wonderful feeling it was to give our precious gifts to each other on Christmas morning — a reminder of the precious Christ child given to us on Christmas day.

Many years have passed since then. Each filled with good and bad experiences, but I'll never forget the day I didn't go to school because I didn't have a dime to make a Christmas present.



## Food's Clues

Zap your hunger and thirst  
With everyday foods first.  
Why be shy  
Give new foods a try.  
Your body needs them all  
To keep you on the ball.  
Its all different foods  
That build stronger dudes.  
Dudes with brains  
Eat foods with grains.  
Hot, warm, or cool  
Veggies rule.  
Your on the right track  
When fruit's your sweet snack.  
For a drink that's fun,  
Milk's the one.  
Proteins have lots of names,  
But they all improve your games.  
Can the sweets  
Till after you eat.  
Fat isn't bad  
If you just have a tad.  
Eating right 's the key  
To energy  
Everyday you can really crank  
With breakfast in your tank.  
Snacking's just fine  
If you choose the right kind.

# **A Foolproof Formula For Success**

By Arthur Gordon

When I was asked to give the commencement address at a nearby college, a friend said to me, "It's easy. All you have to do is give them a foolproof formula for success!"

It was said jokingly, but the remark stuck in my mind. And the more I thought about it, the more convinced I became that there is a foolproof formula for success, available to anyone wise enough to recognize it and put it to work.

In American industry the competition for promising personnel is terrific. Year after year businessmen study college records, screen applicants and offer special inducements to proven people. What are they after, really? Brains? Energy? Know-how? These things are desirable, sure. But they will carry a man only so far. If he's to move to the top and be entrusted with command decisions, there must be a plus factor, something that takes mere ability and doubles or trebles its effectiveness. To describe this magic characteristic there's only one word: integrity.

Basically, the word means wholeness. In mathematics, an integer is a number that isn't divided into fractions. Just so, a man of integrity isn't divided against himself. He doesn't think one thing and say another — so it's virtually impossible for him to lie. He doesn't believe in one thing and do another — so he's not in conflict with his principles. It's the absence of inner warfare, I'm convinced, that gives a man the extra energy and clarity of thought that make achievement inevitable.

Integrity really means having a certain built-in set of attitudes. Let me give you examples.

Integrity means living up to the best in yourself. Years ago a writer who had lost a fortune in bad investments went into bankruptcy. His intention was to pay off every cent he owed, and three years later he was still working at it. To help him, a newspaper organized a fund. Important people contributed heavily to it. It was a temptation — accepting would have meant the end of a wearing burden. But Mark Twain refused, and returned the money to the contributors. Seven months later, with his new book a hit, he paid the last of his debts in full.

Integrity means having a highly developed sense of honor. Not just honesty, mind you, honor. The great Frank Lloyd Wright once spoke of this to the American Institute of Architects. "What," he asked, "might this sense of honor be? Well, what is the honor of a brick; what would be an honorable brick? A brick brick, wouldn't it? What would be the honor of a board? It would be a good board, wouldn't it? What is the honor of a man? To be a true individual." And that's exactly what Frank Lloyd Wright was: an individual true to his own standards and hence himself.

Integrity means having a conscience and listening to it. "It is neither safe nor prudent," said Martin Luther, facing his enemies in the city where his death had been decreed, "to do aught against conscience. Here I stand; God help me, I cannot do otherwise."

Integrity means having the courage of your convictions. This includes the capacity to cling to what you think is right, to go it alone when necessary, and to speak out against what you know is wrong. In the operating room of a great hospital a young nurse had her first day of full responsibility. "You've removed 11 sponges, doctor," she said to the surgeon. "We used 12."

"I've removed them all," said the doctor. "We'll close the incision now."

"No," the nurse objected. "We used 12."

"I'll take the responsibility," the surgeon said grimly. "Suture!"

"You can't do that!" blazed the nurse. "Think of the patient!"

The doctor smiled, lifted his foot, showed the nurse the 12th sponge. "You'll do," he said. He had been testing her for integrity — and she had it.

Integrity means obedience to the unenforceable. In a way, this is the heart of it. No one can force you to live up to the best in yourself. No one can compel you to get involved. No one can make you obey your conscience. A person of integrity does these things anyway.

During World War II, when our armies were slashing across France, an American colonel and his jeep driver took a wrong turn and ran into an on coming German armored column. Both men jumped out and took cover, the sergeant in some roadside bushes, the colonel in a culvert under the road. The Germans spotted the sergeant and advanced on him, firing. The colonel could easily have remained undetected. He chose, instead, to come out fighting — one pistol against tanks and machine guns. He was killed. The sergeant, taken prisoner, told the story later. Why did the colonel do it? Because his concept of duty, though unenforceable, was stronger than his regard for his own safety.

Difficult? Yes. That is why true integrity is rare, and admired. But in terms of ultimate reward it's worth all the effort. Just consider a few of the dividends that integrity pays:

### **Boldness**

Integrity gives a person the strength to take chances, welcome challenge, reject the unsatisfactory but safe for the unknown — with chance for improvement. A person of integrity has confidence and can believe in himself — because he has no reason to distrust himself.

### **Persistence**

Integrity often shows up as an unshakable single-mindedness of purpose, a tenacity that refuses to give up. "Never give in!" said Winston Churchill. "Never, never, never, never. In nothing great or small, large or petty — never give in except to convictions of honor and good

sense." And he never did.

## Serenity

People of integrity, I've noticed, are shock-resistant. They seem to have a kind of built-in equanimity that enables them to accept setbacks, or even injustices. Harry Emerson Fosdick tells how Abraham Lincoln was warned by his friends not to make a certain speech while campaigning for the Senate in 1858. Lincoln replied, "If it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth." He was serene. He did go down, but two years later he became President.

There are many other benefits that integrity brings a person: friendship, trust, admiration, respect. One of the hopeful things about the human race is that people seem to recognize integrity almost instinctively — and are irresistibly attracted to it.

How does one acquire it? I'm sure there's no pat answer. I think perhaps the first step is schooling yourself to practice total honesty in little things: not telling that small lie when it's inconvenient to tell the truth; not repeating that juicy bit of gossip that is quite possibly untrue; not charging that personal phone call to the office.

Such disciplines may sound small, but when you really seek integrity and begin to find it, it develops its own power that sweeps you along. Finally you begin to see that almost anything worth having has an integrity of its own that must not be violated.

A foolproof formula for success? Yes. It's foolproof because — regardless of fame, money, power or any of the conventional yardsticks — if you seek and find integrity, you are a success.

# FootBall

By John Jacobs

One day I had a football game,  
And much to my surprise,  
The other teams were telling  
Many, many lies.  
The other teams were saying  
That they would kick our butts.  
I started yelling back at them,  
And I called them a clues.  
But now the game had started.  
He said, "Go for the pass."  
I tried to catch the football,  
But I landed on my Cuckoo !  
It was kinda fun you see,  
Because we won the game.  
We laughed and laughed at those dumb guys,  
For they were so ashamed.  
Then afterwards we played the same team  
We knew that we would win.  
They looked straight at our quarter back,  
And said, "No not again!"  
They were shaking in their boots,  
But we were set to kill.  
They were saying, "No, you won't!"  
But we said, "Yes, we will!"  
The other team just gave up.  
They didn't want to play.  
They knew that we would cream them  
But we said, "Please Stay!"

## **Footprints**

One night a man had a dream. He dreamed he was walking along with the Savior. In his dream he reviewed the footsteps he had taken in his life.

He looked and noticed that all over the mountains and difficult places that he had traveled there was only one set of footprints, but over the plains and down the hills, there were two sets of footprints, as if someone had walked by his side.

He turned to Christ and said, "There is something I don't understand. Why is it that down the hills and over the smooth and easy places you have walked by my side, but here over the tough and difficult places I have walked alone, for I see in those areas there is just one set of footprints."

Christ turned to the man and said, "It is that while your life was easy I walked by your side. But here, where the walking was hard and the paths were difficult, was the time you needed Me most, and that is why I carried you."

## Forgive

You can carry a pack  
If it's strapped to your back;  
You can carry a weight in you hands.  
You can carry a bundle  
On top of your head,  
As they do in other lands.  
A load is light  
If you carry it right,  
'Though it weighs as much as a boulder,  
But a tiny chip  
Is too heavy to bear  
If you carry it on your shoulder.

# Forgiveness

Throughout Jack's life, he and his father had many serious arguments. One day, when Jack was seventeen, they had a particularly violent one. Jack said to his father: "This is the straw that breaks the camel's back. I'm leaving home, and I shall never return." So saying, he went to the house and packed a bag. His mother begged him to stay, but he was too angry to listen. He left her crying at the doorway.

Leaving the yard, he was about to pass through the gate when he heard his father call to him: "Jack, I know that a large share of the blame for your leaving rests with me. For this I am truly sorry. I want you to know that if you should ever wish to return home, you'll always be welcome. And I'll try to be a better father to you. I want you to know that I'll always love you."

Jack said nothing but went to the bus station and bought a ticket to a distant point. As he sat in the bus watching the miles go by, he commenced to think about the words of his father. He began to realize how much love it had required for him to do what he had done. Dad had apologized. He had invited him back and had left the words ringing in the summer air, "I love you."

It was then that Jack realized that the next move was up to him. He knew that the only way he could ever find peace with himself was to demonstrate to his father the same kind of maturity, goodness, and love that Dad had shown toward him. Jack got off the bus. He bought a return ticket to home and went back.

He arrived shortly after midnight, entered the house, and turned on the light. There in the rocking chair sat his father, his head in his hands. As he looked up and saw Jack, he rose from the chair and they rushed into each other's arms. Jack often said, "Those last years that I was home were among the happiest of my life."



## **The Fourteenth Article of Faith**

14. We believe in meetings. We hope for meetings, we have endured many meetings, and hope to be able to endure all meetings. If there is any reason, excuse or justification for having a meeting, we seek after it.

# Friendship Bracelet

## Bead Color Meaning

|            |                            |
|------------|----------------------------|
| Yellow     | Represents our Creator     |
| Light Blue | Represents the sky         |
| White      | Represents clouds          |
| Dark Blue  | Represents water           |
| Brown      | Represents the life of man |
| Green      | Represents vegetation      |
| Red        | Symbolizes all life        |

## **From My Side...**

When I was a little boy, my mother used to embroider a great deal. I would sit at her knee and look up from the floor and ask what she was doing.

She informed me that she was embroidering. I told her that it looked like a mess from where I was. As from the underside I watched her work within the boundaries of the little round hoop that she held in her hand, I complained to her that it sure looked messy from where I sat.

She would smile at me, look down and gently say, "My son, you go about your playing for a while, and when I am finished with my embroidering, I will put you on my knee and let you see it from my side."

I would wonder why she was using some dark threads along with the bright ones and why they seemed so jumbled from my view. A few minutes would pass and then I would hear Mother's voice say, "Son, come and sit on my knee."

This I did, only to be surprised and thrilled to see a beautiful flower or a sunset. I could not believe it, because from underneath it looked so messy.

Then Mother would say to me, "My son, from underneath it did look messy and jumbled, but you did not realize that there was a pre-drawn plan on the top. It was a design. I was only following it. Now look at it from my side and you will see what I was doing."

Many times through the years I have looked up to my Heavenly Father and said, "Father, what are You doing?"

He has answered, "I am embroidering your life."

I say, "But it looks like a mess to me. It seems so jumbled. The threads seem so dark. Why can't they all be bright?"

The Father seems to tell me, "My child, you go about your business of doing My business, and one day I will bring you to Heaven and put you on My knee and you will see the plan from My side."

# From the Ward, With Love

By Janet Farley Richardson

I remember in early 1982 saying, "Gee, nothing exciting ever happens to us." Things were going rather well for our family; we had non financial problems, and we felt secure and happy.

But things soon changed. In April, my husband, Chad, had to have surgery on an old knee injury. Shortly after his surgery, he was involved in a motorcycle accident in which he again injured his knee, as well as his back.

During this time, several other members of our family also suffered injuries. To make matters worse, my husband found out that his job was being terminated on November 13. On November 6 he broke his wrist and had to have another operation, so he didn't get to work his final week.

The day after our bishop learned of our pending unemployment, my visiting teacher, Carol, stopped by to see what we needed. Right then, all I needed was a shoulder to cry on. She listened to me while months of pent-up emotions came out.

Because of Chad's recent surgery, he was not eligible for unemployment benefits. We weren't too worried about that; we had our food storage and felt we could survive. But Christmas was coming, and we were looking forward to it. We didn't know when Chad would be able to return to work, and we didn't want to spend a lot of money on gifts.

One evening Carol called to ask if we would come to her house for a family home evening on December 20. We accepted the invitation. Each time I saw her after that, I asked if we could bring anything for the program, but she assured me that it was all arranged.

On Sunday evening, December 19, she came to our house with invitations for everyone. They read:

*Out of the 1,437 families in this area, yours has been selected as the winner in the fabulous 'This is Your Night Sweepstakes.' Congratulations! You have won:*

- 1. Dependable Limousine Service for the evening's affairs*
- 2. Dinner at VC's and the Supper Club by candlelight*
- 3. Delightful entertainment at Barney's*
- 4. Delivery back home in time for family prayer and scripture study*

We live in a rural area of New Mexico where there isn't any limousine service. We had

never heard of VC's, the Supper Club, or Barney's. We could hardly wait until Monday night to see what Carol was planning.

The next evening at 5:30, a station wagon belonging to one of the families in our ward arrived, with a sign reading "Dependable Limousine Service" on the side. Inside were one of my husband's seminary students and my visiting teacher's son. Dressed as chauffeurs, with suits, hats, and gloves, they came to our door and asked for the "Richardson Party."

We got into the car and were driven to Carol's house, the "Supper Club." Here the children got out and were treated to a spaghetti dinner by candlelight. Chad and I were driven to "VC's," Vi and Charles Maxwell's house. By my plate was a lovely corsage Vi had made of Christmas flowers. We ate a steak dinner they had prepared, feeling like royalty all the while.

As soon as we finished our dinner, the "chauffeurs" appeared at the door. they had already picked up the children. Our next stop was "Barney's," which turned out to be the home of Tom Murray, our home teacher. (Barney is the Murray's dog.) At the Murrays' we were given our choice of five video movies to watch. Hot popcorn was waiting — just like the movies.

Chad and I were so grateful. We couldn't believe how much these people had prepared for this night while keeping it all a secret from us! After the movie we had refreshments of marshmallow treats and root beer. We were then driven home in the "limousine."

My sister and her family were scheduled to arrive from Texas sometime that night to spend the Christmas holidays with us. They were already there when we arrived at home.

On the table in the dining room was a huge box of supplies for Christmas baking — including flour, sugar, chocolate chips, and milk. I asked my sister if she had brought it. She said, "No, we found it by your door and brought it in."

The the doorbell rang. It was another family in our ward, loaded with gifts and candy — a tied quilt for Chad and me, and two gifts for each of the children. The joy on my children's faces was so touching; it made me cry.

My sister, who was not a member of the Church, could not believe all that was taking place. She said, "This is unheard-of where I live. No one does anything like this in our church."

When I called Carol on the telephone to thank her for the planning she had done to make the evening one we would never forget, she wouldn't tell me who gave all the food and gifts. It was "just friends who wanted to help and be a part of your Christmas," she said.

This giving did not stop. Throughout the Christmas holidays, others came by with special gifts for our family. Truly, this was love unfeigned — the kind of love that Christmas is all about.

# **Funeral Biography of Laurel Redd**

Dec 22, 1997

One sweetly solemn thought, comes to me o'r and o'r,  
I am nearer heaven today, than I've ever been before.  
Nearer my Father's house, where the many mansions be,  
Nearer the great white throne, nearer the crystal sea

On behalf of dad and the rest of us, let me express our love and appreciation to you for caring enough to be here, and for the many acts of love and compassion that we have received throughout this difficult time. Without the support of relatives and friends, challenges such as this would be almost unbearable.

Laurel Hill was born October 3, 1915 in a log cabin in Mud Lake, Idaho, the 7th of 14 children to Chancey Eugene and Hermione Jackson Hill.

Her childhood days were spent in Roosevelt, Utah, where the family poured 16,000 adobe bricks, four at a time, and built their own house. Her love for watermelons stemmed from these days when they would raise them for sale and gorge themselves on the hearts. She excelled in track and basketball in high school. She also seemed to be good at throwing things. One of her favorite stories were about times when she threw a rock to scare the neighbor's chicken out of her garden, and having to go apologizing for having killed the poor thing. I recall Several Similar situations.

She served a mission for the church in eastern Canada where she met Smellie Redd. After her mission, she completed university at Brigham Young and began a teaching career. During this time a long distance love affair began with Smellie who was serving overseas in World War II.

Upon his return, dad asked her mother for permission to marry her and received the response, "The sooner, the quicker", which they did. Dad didn't even take time to go home to see his bishop for a temple recommend, so they had the privilege of being interviewed by Apostle David O. McKay, and later married by Harold B. Lee, also an apostle. They began their life together on mom's retirement (which turned out to be 12 cents after deductions) and a borrowed car.

They were blessed with three lovely children: Joan Hornberger, Ellen Eldredge, and Tom Redd. Including me, they have four children, thirty-four grand children, and four great-grand children.

From 1948 to 1955, Mom and Dad lived in Cardston where dad taught seminary, after which they moved to Grassy Lake where they started farming. To help pay for the farm, she resumed teaching school where she became loved and recognized as a master teacher.

Throughout her life, one thing that has always stood out about her was her 100% commitment to the Lord. She always did whatever was asked of her by church leaders, serving in many

capacities in the church.

This service included full time missions in Eastern Canada, South Dakota, Singapore (including Maylasia and India), the Philippines, Wisconsin, and San Jose, California.

In 1995 they moved from Grassy Lake back to Cardston to be better able to serve in the temple, which they did almost daily until she entered the hospital.

After many years of quietly suffering abdominal pain, she was admitted to the Cardston hospital Nov 4, 1997. A blockage was identified at the exit to her stomach which did not allow food to pass. After two biopsies which indicated, contrary to feeling s of all involved, no cancer, it was determined to operate to by-pass the blockage.

On December 3, upon making the incision, advanced cancerous growths were discovered in her abdominal cavity. From that time she was blessed to go quickly and peacefully. She seemed to experience the promise made in D&C 42:46. "They that die in me shall not taste of death, for it shall be sweet unto them." I believe that it has been sweet for each one of us who has been involved it as well. My first thoughts, on receiving news of her passing were on how free and vibrant she must be now in the presence of the Savior, and other family members who have predeceased her.

As we reminisced last night, Tom reminded us of how excited mom would get about small things in life, such as the beauties of nature or fresh baked bread. Ellen recounted her ability to relate, by telling us how she once, upon returning from visiting teaching, encountered the girls swimming under the canal bridge. Mom climbed in, heels hose and all and sat chest deep in the water and related the message to her daughters.

Mom managed to retain her sense of humor to the end. Several years ago she underwent a mastectomy. Later she had a growth removed from her nose. Last year she was admitted to the hospital with stomach pains. Peggy and I happened to be at the hospital when the specialist first visited with her. Peggy commented afterwards that she needed to be more helpful to the doctors by telling them where it hurt, to which mom replied, Every time I tell them where it hurts, they cut it off?"

A couple of days before she passed away, two of her sisters came from the states to visit her. This brought her great pleasure. They said she sung and even got up and danced with them. one tune that she kept singing was unfamiliar to everyone. Upon arriving home next day, my aunt received a christmas card with the lyrics of that song on it. These lyrics are printed on the back of the program. I think this might have been Mom's last council for each of us.

I would like to take this opportunity to pay tribute to my mother for teaching me to love the Lord and for loving me, in spite of myself. She was a wonderful mother and we will miss her. I also express my love to my dad, and pray for peace and comfort for him through his bereavement.

I feel gratitude. to my Heavenly father for allowing Mom to return to him at this special time of year. If it weren't for our Savior, whose birth we are celebrating this week, there would be no solace in the death of a loved one. Because of his love for us, and through his selfless sacrifice on our behalf, we know that mom is now in a place of peace and rest, a place of inexpressible joy.

The expression "Peace on Earth" has become very real to each of us these past days as we have experienced in a most literal sense, the Savior's promise: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.."

I know that he has prepared a place for each of us. May we each live in such a manner that we can return to that place to be in his presence, and with our beloved wife, mother, and friend again....



## **Genealogist's Thirteen Articles of No Faith**

1. We believe in Aunt Clara, the eternal pursuer of our Genealogy, in the tradition that allows us to "let Aunt Clara do it," and in her persistence in supplying us with Xerox copies.
2. We believe that man will be excused from their own genealogy if they are earning a living or just too busy.
3. We hope that through the temple attendance of others, all mankind may be saved.
4. We believe that the first principles of genealogy work are: first, faith that someone else will do it; second, repentance through maintained ignorance; third, baptism by immersion and in so many other things that we don't have time to do anyway; fourth laying on of excuses for the gift of self-justification.
5. We believe that a man must be a born genealogist or he will never have the ability to perform the functions of record keeping or any research thereof.
6. We believe in following the same organization that existed before the correlation program. Namely, don't try to improve the system; don't take training courses; don't form a family organization.
7. We believe in the gift of time — time for TV, time for clubs, time for movies, ....
8. We believe the Handbook for Genealogy and Temple Work to be the word of the church as far as it is translated correctly. We also have our doubts about the genealogy lesson manuals.
9. We believe nothing that the Ward Committee has revealed, and we doubt that it will yet reveal any great or important things we do not already know.
10. We believe in the literal gathering of names out of library books only, and that pedigrees can be built on theoretical foundations; that all our pedigree sheets will be renewed automatically to paradisiacal correctness just as though real, honest research had been done.
11. We claim the privilege of interpreting all family traditions and printed histories to suit our own conveniences, and we allow all men the same privilege — let them assume who, where, or what they may.
12. We believe in being subject to discouragement, lack of confidence, and busy schedules; ignoring, resisting, or withstanding the law.

13. We believe in being lazy, and in not supporting genealogy work (which would result in the good of all men); indeed we may say that we follow the lines of least resistance; We hope all things, but we do nothing; We have not endured anything, and we do not expect to be able to endure anything; If there be any approved way to get out of these responsibilities, we seek after these things.

# Genealogy

by Alice S. Redden

I dreamed my Father called me home  
Across the great divide.  
I was very much bewildered.  
I thought surely I had died.

St. Peter met me at the gate.  
He said, "Come follow me.  
There's something I must show you,  
Something you must see."

Then I saw rows of people  
Standing in a line.  
When I looked them over,  
They were relatives of mine.

Some among that massive crowd  
I remembered well.  
Some had lived long years before  
I came to earth to dwell.

They were Grand Grand parents  
Whom I was glad to see,  
But when I walked toward them,  
They turned away from me.

Then I saw my cousins,  
My uncles and my aunts.  
They said to me accusingly,  
"We didn't have a chance

To do the work that must be done  
To start us on our way  
To gain for us Eternal Life.  
So here we have to stay."

My Father and my Mother, too,  
Were standing apart.  
They looked so disappointed.  
It made the tear drops start.

I turned and saw my Savior.  
On his face there was a frown.  
"I died upon the cross for them  
And you have let them down.

Behold your noble ancestors  
Waiting for the day  
When you would open up the gates  
To help them on their way."

My heart was very heavy  
As I looked these people o'er.  
The blinding tears ran down my face.  
I turned to him once more.

"Please, blessed Savior, send me back.  
I'll make another try.  
I'll do the work for all my kin.  
I'm not prepared to die.

I will not miss a single one.  
I'm so ashamed, dear Lord.  
I'll try to do each ordinance  
According to Thy word."

Then I awoke. The dream was gone.  
I had not passed away.  
But I made resolutions  
To start that very day.

Baptisms, endowments, and sealings  
I found were not a few.  
The more I searched and searched,  
The more I found to do.

But I will keep on hunting  
And searching all the while.  
Next time I meet my ancestors,  
I'll meet them with a smile.

A dubious sage of the computer  
age tells how to ...

## Get With the Program

by Dave Barry

You've seen those computer magazines with names like *Data Dweeb*, and no doubt you've asked yourself: what kind of a no-life loser actually reads those things?

I do! I look at pictures of new computer systems and say things like, "Whoa! Check out the 6X SCSI-2 CD-ROM drive on THAT baby!" I am a total computer geek.

I've owned more than 20 computers. I'm always on the lookout for a new one to replace my current one when it becomes obsolete, which usually happens before I can get it all the way out of the box.

I have learned to use my computer as a productive tool in my everyday life, and you can too. We live in the computer age, and you need to get with the program.

The computer world has a language all its own, just like Hungary. The difference is, if you hang around with Hungarians long enough, you eventually start to understand what they're talking about. Here are some basic computer terms:

**Hardware.** This is the part of the computer that stops working when you spill your pop on it.

**Software.** These programs give instructions to the **CPU**, which processes billions of tiny facts called **bytes**, and within a fraction of a second it sends you an error message that requires you to call the customer-support hot line and be placed on hold for approximately the life-span of a **caribou**.

**Megahertz.** This is really, really big **hertz**.

**RAM.** This gives guys a way of deciding whose computer has the biggest, studliest memory. That's important, because the more memory a computer has, the faster it can produce error messages.

The **Internet** is the single most important development in the history of human communications since the invention of call waiting. A bold statement? Indeed, but consider how the Internet can enhance our lives.

Imagine that you need to: 1. make an airline reservation; 2. buy concert tickets; 3. research a tax question; and 4. help your child with a school report. Now you simply turn on your

computer, dial up your Internet access number, and in less than an instant, you're listening to a busy signal!

Once you get through, you're connected to millions of people all over the globe and can "chat" with total strangers. As a new person — or "newbie" — on the Internet, you'll probably be struck by the fact that a lot of messages contain odd-looking words. This is a shorthand users have developed so they don't waste valuable time typing. Here's a typical conversation:

Person A: What's up?

Person B: Not much <g>

Person A: LOL

Person B: ROTFL

This may look like gobbledygook, but these people are actually having an extremely witty conversation.

The <g> represents "grin," indicating the writer meant to be humorous. Interestingly, the statement is almost never even remotely humorous. LOL is shorthand for "laughing out loud" and is generally used in response to <g>. ROTFL, or "rolling on the floor laughing," is used for a statement that is even funnier than one that is merely LOL. There is no end of the hilarity on the Internet.

All the foregoing information might be of practical value if it hadn't all become obsolete minutes after I wrote it. The computer revolution changes everything way too fast for the human brain to comprehend. This is why only 14-year-olds really understand what's going on. After all, they are not human.

We're only beginning to scratch the surface of the computer's capabilities. We do not know what lies around the next bend on the information superhighway. All we know for certain is that when we finally get there, we won't have enough RAM.

# The Gift Exchange

Isabelle Briner

At a Relief Society Christmas party in Brussels, Belgium, we had a gift exchange in which we were allowed to unwrap a new gift or choose someone else's already-opened gift.

The woman sitting next to me was Marie-Jeanne. She opened a lovely gift of three round, nested containers brought by Mei, a sister from China. The group gave a collective sigh of "Oooh" and "Ahhh," and the containers became the prize to trade for. Marie-Jeanne particularly loved them and said they would be a great addition to her collection. I had never had anything like them, but I admired the enameled containers, thinking the set might be a nice way for me to start a collection of my own. In the spirit of fun I promptly took them from Marie-Jeanne. But another sister soon took them from me. In the end, however, there they were in my lap, much to my delight.

Others smiled at my good fortune. Though Marie-Jeanne was gracious and careful not to show her feelings, I knew she was disappointed. Knowing of her unhappiness, I couldn't feel really good about winning the gift.

As we went our separate ways that night, it occurred to me to wrap the gift and give it to her husband to give back to her on Christmas Day. I knew that if I tried to give it to her that night, she might be too embarrassed to receive it and wonder if she'd made too much of a small thing. But if I gave it to her for Christmas, she could not refuse it.

I wrapped the containers in Christmas paper and gave the package to her husband. He sensed that this was a meaningful gift and kept it for the last present to be opened on Christmas morning. When Marie-Jeanne opened it, she was astonished. She told me later that my gift had a most profound effect on her and that for a few minutes she could hardly speak. Her tears flowed so freely that her family was concerned, but she said she just felt very loved and very humbled.

Marie-Jeanne later told me that Mei had thoughtfully brought her an identical set of enameled containers. Already grateful and humbled at that woman's sensitivity, Marie-Jeanne was overwhelmed on Christmas morning when she opened the second set.

For hours that day, she had felt such love and appreciation that she didn't even dare call me on the phone, for fear her emotions would prevent her from speaking. When we spoke later, she told me how her mind had been flooded with things: she wanted to change about herself and how she wanted to serve more and share more of herself. This woman had already been a devoted servant in her branch and her stake. Yet now, increasingly sensitive to the workings of the Spirit, she was profoundly impressed with how much the little things we do can affect others for good.

Marie-Jeanne asked if I would please accept the containers as an expression of her love. I

was happy to receive them, and I told her that each time I saw them I would think of her as well as Mei and the potential effect of one small act of kindness. No matter how insignificant an act of love seems, it is like a stone cast into a pond: it creates many ripples that touch other people's lives.

This touching experience reminded me of a truth I'd often heard: "Cast your bread upon the waters, and it will come back to you buttered!" (Compare Eccl. 11:1.)



## Gift For Daddy

I love my daddy  
But I am so small.  
What can I give him ...  
My old worn-out doll?  
He'd like a computer,  
Or a car with some zip,  
A stereo unit,  
Or a cruise on a ship.  
I can't give him those —  
I haven't a dime.  
But though I've no money,  
I have lots of time.

So I'll make him a promise  
Of things that I'll do:  
I'll hug him and kiss him  
When each day is through;  
I'll work hard in school,  
Be kind to my brother,  
Be reverent in church,  
And obey my mother.  
I'll be all the things  
That Dad wants me to be.  
And each day I'll love him  
Just as he loves me.

# The Gift Of The Magi

O. Henry

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And seventy cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bull-dozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is generally subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above, he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey back yard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling — something just a little bit nearer to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier glass in an \$8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining

brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other — Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the air shaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate her majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take your hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain, simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation — as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value — the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in

any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends — a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do — oh! What could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At seven o'clock the coffee was made and the frying pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops. Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two — and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stepped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail, His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again — you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice — what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy,

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you — sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with sudden seriousness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction, Eight dollars a week or a million a year — what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The Magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Della," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs — the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims — Just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say, "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Della;" said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'm a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The Magi, as you know, were wise men — wonderfully wise men — who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the Magi.

# **The Gifts of Christmas**

Dee Ann Ludwig

**THE GIFT OF YOU** - Don't forget to add these emotional gifts to your list for holiday giving. They cost nothing, but are the most precious presents you can give to your friends and family. Sweaters, toys, trips - they are all wonderful presents to give. But there are other gifts called psychological gifts that are the most precious gifts you can give to those you love.

As Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "The only gift is a portion of one's self."

And that's what these twelve gifts are - gifts of you. They cost nothing, but their effects can last a lifetime.

**THE GIFT OF TIME.** In our busy world, the phrase "I don't have time to ..." has become a universal complaint. Like a growing plant, any relationship between two people can thrive only if it receives care. While a plant often needs a complicated solution to grow, most human relationships profit from a simple tonic that is called "tincture of time." a chatty phone call to an unhappy friend, or a half-hour visit to an aunt who lives alone can mean a lot, but cost very little.

**THE GIFT OF GOOD EXAMPLE.** Most people learn fundamental attitudes and behavior by observing others. Be a good example by handling difficult situations in a mature manner.

**THE GIFT OF ACCEPTANCE.** Many problems between husband and wife or between friends begin when one person tries to change the other to fit preconceived notions. But did you know that people begin to shed bad habits once they are accepted the way they are?

**THE GIFT OF SEEING THE BEST IN PEOPLE.** When we expect people to respond in a positive way, they usually do. But you must let those you love know that you expect the positive.

**THE GIFT OF GIVING UP A BAD HABIT.** All of us have habits that annoy those we love. What a great gift it would be if you could give up an unhappy or unhealthy habit. Breaking a habit can be a lonely task, but whatever the habit you choose

**THE GIFT OF TEACHING.** Helping someone you love learn something new is an important investment in their future happiness. Only by learning new skills can we become fully alive. Sharing our talents with other is a good way to show our love.

**THE GIFT OF LISTENING.** Few of us know how to listen effectively. Too often we interrupt or act disinterested when someone else is talking. In an effort to be noticed, we begin to tell our own stories before the other person has finished.

**THE GIFT OF FUN.** There are people who "wet blanket" the happiness of those around them, while others lead people into finding fun in ordinary events.

**THE GIFT OF LETTING OTHERS GIVE.** Insecurity causes some people to insist on being the giver rather than the receiver. When we let others give to us, and when we accept their gifts in a gracious manner, we may be giving them one of the most important gifts of all. Remember, the joy you feel in giving is felt by others as well.

**THE GIFT OF PRIVACY.** Too often we tend to smother those we love with questions and demands on their time. Each of us has a need for companionship and a need for privacy. Relinquish some of your natural curiosity occasionally and give those you love the right to private thoughts and unshared feelings.

**THE GIFT OF SELF-ESTEEM.** It's hard to resist the temptation to give unwanted or unnecessary advice and help to those we love. Such advice may unwittingly cripple a person's self-esteem. A Chinese proverb proclaims, "There's nothing more blessed on earth than a mother — but there's nothing more blessed in Heaven than a mother who knows when to let go of the hand."

**THE GIFT OF SELF-DISCLOSURE.** Most relationships either grow and expand, or become stale and decline. Self disclosure, letting someone else discover more about you, can turn a wilting relationship into a flourishing one. It can also help sustain an already healthy friendship or marriage. Bottling up feelings, resentments and hopes is not only unhealthy; it also deprives others of truly knowing who you are.

The very words, "Merry Christmas," bring pleasant memories. I remember the music and it speaks faith to me. I recall the sights and sounds and feel hope. I remember the magic and meaning for the little ones. I recall the many, many expressions of love. I muse that it comes only once a year ... but then my soul cries out:

Christmas is not a moment of eternity but a measure of forever. Christmas is Christ's message of salvation to mankind. Christmas is a beautiful reminder of what has been and a solemn rejoicing in what will be. Christmas is the time to make certain our lives reflect the teachings of our Savior!



# **Give Me a Friend**

by Lois A. Bailey

Give me a friend and I'll worry along:

My vision may vanish, my dream may go wrong;

My wealth I may lose, or my money may spend;

But I'll worry along, if you give me a friend.

Give me a friend, and my youth may depart,

But still I'll be young in the house of my heart.

Yes, I'll go laughing right to the end

Whatever the years, if you give me a friend.

taken from "The Heart of Friendship"

## Give Me Strength

I met him just once — at a sacrament meeting held with the LDS servicemen of the 15th Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division, during the Korean War. There were about 15 of us crowded into a front-line bunker. Using our own canteen cups and C-ration crackers, we blessed and partook of the sacrament; and since it was the first Sunday of the month, we then turned the time over to the bearing of testimonies.

He introduced himself simply as Sergeant Stewart from Idaho, and proceeded to tell us how the Lord had blessed him during the previous month. I noted that he was short — about 5'5" tall — and weighed around 160 pounds, with strong arms and shoulders.

As he bore his testimony, Sergeant Stewart was moved to tell us about his company commander, whom he described as a giant of a man named Lieutenant Jackson. He was 6'7" tall, weighed a hulking 245 pounds, and had been an outstanding college athlete. The sergeant spoke of him in glowing, somewhat biased terms, as the bravest, sharpest, and greatest company commander in the entire U.S. Infantry — one who would not ask his men to do anything he would not first be willing to do himself.

A few days prior to our church service Sergeant Stewart had been assigned to a patrol. Leading and at the point of the patrol was Lieutenant Jackson. Bringing up the rear, as they moved down the steep hill in diamond formation, was the sergeant. As they neared the base of the hill, they were ambushed by enemy snipers. The lieutenant, being out in front, was riddled up one side by automatic small-arms fire. As he fell he managed to drag himself to the shelter of a nearby rock and tree, while the rest of the patrol scrambled up the hill to regroup.

Since he was next in command, the responsibility of the patrol now fell upon the shoulders of Sergeant Stewart. He immediately formed his men into a "Half-moon" perimeter defense and then assigned his largest and seemingly strongest man the mission of going down the hill to rescue the lieutenant. The others would provide him with cover.

The man was gone for approximately half an hour, only to return and report that he could not budge the wounded officer — he was too heavy. The men started grumbling about getting out of there before someone else got hit. Someone was heard to say, "Let's forget about the lieutenant." At this point Sergeant Stewart turned to his men, and pulling himself up to his full 65-inch stature, he spoke in very matter-of-fact tones: "We're not leaving without him. He wouldn't leave any of us in similar circumstances. Besides, he's our commanding officer and I love him like my own brother."

There was a moment of silence, and then the sergeant approached one of the corporals and said quietly but with great authority, "You take charge — and wait for us. I will bring him back."

Carefully, and as noiselessly as possible, he inched his way among the sporadic sniper fire

toward the lieutenant. When he finally reached him, Lieutenant Jackson was weak from loss of blood, and he assured the sergeant that it was a hopeless cause — there would be no way to get him back to the aid station in time. It was then that Sergeant Stewart's great faith in his Heavenly Father came to his assistance. He took off his helmet, knelt beside his fallen leader and said, "Pray with me, Lieutenant."

"Dear Lord," he pleaded, "I need strength — far beyond the capacity of my physical body. This great man, thy son, who lies critically wounded here beside me, must have medical attention soon. I need the power to carry him up this hill to an aid station. I know, Father, that thou hast promised the strength of ten to him whose heart and hands are clean and pure. I feel I can qualify. Please, Dear Lord, grant me this blessing."

"Brethren," he continued, "as I prayed I could feel my muscles bulge with energy, and I knew at that moment, as I had never known before, that God truly hears and answers the prayers of his faithful children. I humbly thanked him, said amen, put on my helmet, reached down and gently picked up my company commander and cradled him over my shoulder. We then started, slowly, our ascent up the hill — Lieutenant Jackson crying softly as he whispered to me words of gratitude and encouragement."

## Give Yourself Away

A young mother on an overnight flight with a two-year-old daughter was stranded by bad weather in Chicago airport without food or clean clothing for the child and without money. She was two months pregnant and threatened with miscarriage, so she was under doctor's instructions not to carry the child unless it was essential. Hour after hour she stood in one line after another, trying to get a flight to Michigan. The terminal was noisy, full of tired, frustrated, grumpy passengers, and she heard critical references to her crying child and to her sliding her child along the floor with her foot as the line moved forward. No one offered to help with the soaked, hungry, exhausted child.

Then, the woman later reported, "Someone came towards us and with a kindly smile said, "Is there something I could do to help you?" With a grateful sigh I accepted his offer. He lifted my sobbing little daughter from the cold floor and lovingly held her to him while he patted her gently on the back. He asked if she could chew a piece of gum. When she was settled down, he carried her with him and said something kindly to the others in line ahead of me, about how I needed their help. They seemed to agree and then he went up to the ticket counter at the front of the line and made arrangements with the clerk for me to be put on a flight leaving shortly. He walked with us to a bench, where we chatted a moment, until he was assured that I would be fine. He went on his way.

About a week later I saw a picture of Apostle Spencer W. Kimball and recognized him as the stranger in the airport."

From a letter written to President Kimball years later, this the story finishes:

Dear President Kimball,

I am a student at Brigham Young University. I have just returned from my mission in Munich West Germany. I had a lovely mission and learned much.

I was sitting in priesthood meeting last week, when a story was told of a loving service which you performed some twenty-one years ago in the Chicago airport. The story told of how you met a young pregnant mother with a young screaming child in ... a condition of distress waiting in a long line for her tickets. She was threatening miscarriage and therefore couldn't lift her child to comfort her. She had experienced four previous miscarriages which gave added reason for the doctor's orders not to bend or lift.

You comforted the crying child, and explained the dilemma to the other passengers in line. This act of love took the strain and tension off of my mother. I was born a few months later in Flint, Michigan. I just want to thank you for your love. Thank you for your example!"

# GM Crashes Bill Gates Theory

Author Unknown

At a recent computer expo (COMDEX), Bill Gates reportedly compared the computer industry with the auto industry and stated: "If GM had kept up with technology like the computer industry has, we would all be driving \$25 cars that got 1000 miles to the gallon."

In response to Bill's comments, General Motors issued a release stating: If GM had developed technology like Microsoft, we would all be driving cars with the following characteristics:

1. For no reason whatsoever your car would crash twice a day.
2. Every time they repainted the lines on the road you would have to buy a new car.
3. Occasionally your car would die on the freeway for no reason, and you would just accept this, restart and drive on.
4. Occasionally, executing a maneuver such as a left turn, would cause your car to shut down and refuse to restart, in which case you would have to re-install the engine.
5. Only one person at a time could use the car, unless you bought "Car95" or "CarNT". But, then you would have to buy more seats.
6. Macintosh would make a car that was powered by the sun, was reliable, five times as fast, and twice as easy to drive, but would only run on five percent of the roads.
7. The oil, water temperature and alternator warning lights would be replaced by a single "general car default" warning light.
8. New seats would force everyone to have the same size bin.
9. The aribag system would say "Are you sure?" before going off.
10. Occasionally for no reason whatsoever, your car would lock you out and refuse to let you in until you simultaneously lifted the door handle, turned the key, and grabbed hold of the radio antenna.
11. GM would require all car buyers to also purchase a deluxe set of Rand McNally road maps (now a GM subsidiary), even though they neither need them nor want them. Attempting to delete this option would immediately cause the car's performance to diminish by 50 percent or more. Moreover, GM would become a target for investigation by the Justice Dept.

12. Every time GM introduced a new model, car buyers would have to learn how to drive all over again because none of the controls would operate in the same manner as the old car.

13. You'd press the "start" button to shut off the engine.

# Go Home

by President Wilford Woodruff

I will now give an example from my own experience of the result of not obeying the voice of the Spirit.

It is some years since I had part of my family living in Randolph, Rich County, Utah. I was there on a visit, with my team of horses in the month of December.

One Monday morning, my monitor, the Spirit watching over me, said: "Take your team and go home to Salt Lake City."

When I mentioned it to my family who were at Randolph, they urged me strongly to stop longer.

Through their persuasion, I stayed until Saturday morning, with the Spirit continually prompting me to go home. I then began to feel ashamed to think that I had not obeyed the whisperings of the Spirit to me before.

I took my team and started early on Saturday morning. When I arrived at Woodruff, the Bishop urged me to stop until Monday and he would go with me.

I told him, "No, I have tarried too long already."

I drove on sprightly, and when within fifteen miles of Wasatch, a furious storm overtook me, the wind blowing heavily in my face.

In fifteen minutes I could not see any road whatever, and knew not how or where to guide my horses.

I left my lines loosely on my animals, went inside my wagon, tied down the cover, and committed my life and guidance into the hands of the Lord, trusting to my horses to find the way, as they had before passed over that road.

I prayed to the Lord to forgive my sin in not obeying the voice of the Spirit to me, and implored Him to preserve my life.

My horses brought me into the Wasatch train station at 9 o'clock in the evening, with the hubs of my wagon dragging in the snow.

I got my horses under cover and had to remain there until Monday night, with the snow six feet deep on the level and still snowing.

It was with great difficulty at last that I saved the lives of my horses by getting them into a railroad box car and taking them to Ogden; while, if I had obeyed the revelation of the Spirit of God to me, I should have travelled to Salt Lake City over a good road without any storm.

As I have received the good and the evil, the fruits of obedience and disobedience, I think I am justified in exhorting all my young friends to always obey the whisperings of the Spirit of God, and they will always be safe.



## A Goblinade

A green hobgoblin, small but quick,  
Went out walking with a black thorn stick.  
He was full of mischief, full of glee.  
He frightened all that he could see.

He saw a little maiden in a wood.  
He looked as fierce as a goblin should.  
He crept by the hedge row, he said, "Boo!"  
"Boo!" laughed the little girl, "How are you?"

"What!" said the goblin, "Aren't you afraid?"  
"I think you're funny," said the maid.  
"Ha!" said the goblin, sitting down flat.  
"You think I'm funny? I don't like that.

I'm very frightening. You should flee!"  
"You're cunning," she said, "As you can be!"  
Then she laughed again, and went away.  
But the goblin stood there all that day.

A beetle came by, and "Well?" it said.  
But the goblin only shook his head.  
"For I am funny," he said to it.  
"I thought I was alarming, and I'm not a bit.

"If I'm amusing," he said to himself,  
"I won't be a goblin, I'll be an elf!  
For a goblin must be goblin all the day,  
But an elf need only dance and play."

So the little green goblin  
Became an elf.  
And he dances all day, and  
He likes himself.

# God

Somewhere in Italy, before the enemy's guns had silenced his voice and pen, a soldier poet, inspired by his discovery of God in the midst of hell on earth, composed the following poem. It was found on the dead soldier's body, the body of Private James Day of New York.

Look, God, I have never spoken to you,  
But now I want to say "How do you do?"  
You see, God, they told me you didn't exist,  
And like a fool, I believed all this.

Last night from the shell hole I saw your sky.  
I figured right then they had told me a lie.  
Had I taken time to see things you made  
I'd have known they weren't calling a spade a spade.

I wonder, God, if you'd shake my hand.  
Somehow I feel that you will understand.  
Funny I had to come to this hellish place  
Before I had time to see your face.

Well, I guess there isn't much more to say  
But I'm sure glad, God, I met you today.  
I guess the "zero hour" will soon be here,  
But I'm not afraid since I know you're near.

The Signal! Well, God, I'll have to go.  
I like you lots. This I want you to know.  
Look, now, this will be a horrible fight.  
Who knows, I may come to your house tonight.

Though I wasn't friendly to you before,  
I wonder, God, if you'd wait at your door.  
Look, I'm Crying! Me — shedding tears!  
I wish I had known you these many years.

Well, I have to go now, God. Good bye!  
Strange since I met you, I'm not afraid to die.

# God's Love for Us

Melvin J. Ballard

It is written in the scriptures that God so loved the world that he gave his Only Begotten Son to die for the world, that whosoever believeth on him, yes, and keepeth his commandments, shall be saved. But this sacrifice did not cost us very much — freely given are all these glorious privileges.

While we give nothing, perhaps, for this atonement and this sacrifice, nevertheless, it has cost someone something, and I love to contemplate what it cost our Father in heaven to give us the gift of his beloved Son who so loved the world that he laid down his life to redeem the world, to save us and to feed us spiritually while we walk in this life, and prepare us to go and dwell with him in the eternal worlds.

I think as I read the story of Abraham and Isaac, that our Father is trying to tell us what it cost to give his Son as a gift to the world.

Our Father loved his Son Jesus Christ, better than Abraham ever loved Isaac, for our Father had with Him His Son, our Redeemer, in the eternal worlds, faithful and true for ages. God heard the cry of his Son in that moment of great grief and agony, in the garden when he cried out, "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me."

I ask you, what father and mother could stand by and listen to the cry of their children in distress, in this world, and not render aid and assistance?

He saw that Son condemned, he saw him drag the cross through the streets of Jerusalem and faint under its load. He saw Jesus' body stretched out upon the wooden cross. He saw the cruel nails driven through hands and feet, and the blows that broke the skin, tore the flesh and let out the life's blood of his Son. He looked upon that.

In that hour I Think I can see our Father, His great heart almost breaking for the love he had for his Son. Oh, in that moment when he might have saved his Son, I thank him and praise him that he did not fail us, for he had not only the love of his Son in mind, but he had love for us, and I rejoice that he did not interfere, and that his love for us made it possible for him to endure, to look upon the suffering of his Son and give him finally to us, our Savior and our Redeemer.

My brethren and sisters, I say again, if I only knew how essential it was that I should receive the spiritual life that comes from that Son, I am sure I would always be present at the sacrament table to do honor to the gift that has come unto us.

## Gold Slippers

It was only four days before Christmas. The spirit of the season hadn't yet caught up with me, even though cars packed the parking lot of our local discount store. Inside the store, it was worse. Shopping carts and last minute shoppers jammed the aisles. Why did I come today? I wondered. My feet ached almost as much as my head. My list contained names of several people who claimed they wanted nothing but I knew their feelings would be hurt if I didn't buy them anything. Buying for someone who has everything and deploring the high cost of items, I considered gift-buying anything but fun.

Hurriedly, I filled my shopping cart with last minute items and proceeded to the long check out lines. I picked the shortest but it looked as if it would mean at least a 20 minute wait. In front of me were two small children — a boy of about 5 and a younger girl. The boy wore a ragged coat. Enormously large, tattered tennis shoes jutted far out in front of his much too short jeans. He clutched several crumpled dollar bills in his grimy hands. The girl's clothing resembled her brother's. Her head was a matted mass of curly hair. Reminders of an evening meal showed on her small face. She carried a beautiful pair of shiny, gold house slippers.

As the Christmas music sounded in the store's stereo system, the girl hummed along, off-key, but happily. When we finally approached the check out register, the girl carefully placed the shoes on the counter. She treated them as though they were a treasure.

The clerk rang up the bill. "That will be \$6.09," she said.

The boy laid his crumpled dollars on top of the stand while he searched his pockets. He finally came up with \$3.12. "I guess we will have to put them back," he bravely said. "We will come back some other time, maybe tomorrow."

With that statement, a soft sob broke from the little girl. "But Jesus would have loved these shoes," she cried.

"Well, we'll go home and work some more. Don't cry. We'll come back," he said.

Quickly I handed \$3.00 to the cashier. These children had waited in line for a long time. And, after all, it was Christmas. Suddenly a pair of arms came around me and a small voice said, "Thank you, lady."

"What did you mean when you said Jesus would like the shoes?" I asked.

The boy answered, "Our mommy is sick and going to heaven. Daddy said she might go before Christmas to be with Jesus."

The girl spoke, "My Sunday School teacher said the streets in heaven are shiny gold, just

like these shoes. Won't mommy be beautiful walking on those streets to match these shoes?"

My eyes flooded as I looked into her tear streaked face. "Yes," I answered, "I am sure she will."

Silently I thanked God for using these children to remind me of the true spirit of giving.

# **Golden Rules for Living**

Miriam Hamilton Keare

1. If you open it, close it.
2. If you turn it on, turn it off.
3. If you unlock it, Lock it up.
4. If you break it, admit it.
5. If you can't fix it, call in someone who can.
6. If you borrow it, return it.
7. If you value it, take care of it.
8. If you make a mess, clean it up.
9. If you move it, put it back.
10. If it belongs to someone else, get permission to use it.
11. If you don't know how to operate it, leave it alone.
12. If it's none of your business, don't ask questions.

# **The Goose Story**

This fall, when you see the geese heading south for the winter and flying along in a "V" formation, you might be interested in knowing what science has discovered about why they fly that way.

It has been learned that as each bird flaps its wings, it creates an uplift for the bird immediately following it. Thus, by flying in a "V" formation, the whole flock adds at least 71% greater flying range than if each bird flew on its own. (People who share a common direction and sense of community can get where they are going quicker and easier, because they are travelling on the thrust of one another.)

Whenever a goose falls out of formation, it suddenly feels the drag and resistance of trying to go it alone, and quickly gets back into formation to take advantage of the lifting power of the bird immediately in front. (If we have as much sense as a goose, we will stay in formation with those who are headed the same way we are going.)

When the lead goose gets tired, he rotates back in the wing and another goose flies point. (It pays to take turns doing hard jobs.)

The geese at the back of the formation constantly honk to encourage those up front to maintain their speed. (What do most of us often say whenever we honk from behind?)

Finally, (and this is very important!), when a goose gets sick, or wounded by gunshots and drops from the sky, two other geese immediately fall out of formation and follow him down to try to help or protect him.

Moreover, they stay with him until he is either able to fly again, or until he is dead, and then, together, they launch out on their own, or with another formation to catch up with their group. (Perhaps, if we have the sense of a goose, we will stand by each other like that!)

## Gossip

Be careful of the words you say,  
Make them soft and sweet.  
You never know from day to day  
Which ones you'll have to eat.



## A Great Dad

Two young men were pedaling their bicycles toward work one day. It was raining lightly, and, as young people sometimes do, they were talking about home. One said: "I remember, I guess I was about twelve the last time my father spanked me. I had disobeyed him. Then he found out about it, he asked me why. Instead of using my head, I smarted off a little, and so he told me he would meet me downstairs in ten minutes. I went downstairs, but I was sure I was too old to spank. After what seemed like a long time, Dad came downstairs. He was upset that I didn't seem to care. He used his hand and gave me a hard spanking. He gave me his handkerchief when he was through and said he was sorry he'd had to do that. He put his arm around me and hugged me and told me he loved me. There was a deep feeling in his voice, and I knew he cared. Later that night, he tousled my hair and said quietly, 'Let's never again have to have the kind of trouble we did tonight.'"

"Did you ever have any more trouble?" the other asked.

"Oh, I'm sure I acted up again," the first responded, "but the thing I remember best was not the spanking. It was the feeling of love and hurt that I saw in my father's face. Always before when I'd seen that look, I'd thought he was mad. But that night I found out that he wasn't mad, he was hurt. I don't think I'll ever forget that."

"You must have a great dad," the second said as they pedaled along through the rain.

"I sure do!" came the reply.

## Great Example

I walked into sacrament meeting late that Sunday, and as usual, sat on the back row. I didn't know at the time, but when I walked out of that meeting I would be a different person. It wasn't just an ordinary meeting — it was the missionary farewell for my brother who's a year older than I am. He was the fourth one in the family to go on a mission, so it was nothing new to me, but I was closer to Chuck than the others.

As the speakers in the meeting started talking, I thought about how much I would miss Chuck. We'd grown up together. In fact, we'd shared the same bedroom until just a year before when he had moved into mom's sewing room because I wouldn't keep the room clean. We'd worked together almost every day of our lives since I was six years old, and now we owned a roofing business together. But all of a sudden he'd be gone. In two days he'd be in the MTC learning Spanish, and then on to Spain for two years to teach the gospel.

I left my daydreaming as I heard Chuck's voice come over the loud speaker. He was always a joker and started this talk with a joke that had everybody laughing. Then he talked a little about Spain and what his mission would be like. Then for a few seconds everything was quiet and Chuck's face clouded with emotion. And he said, "I want to talk to my little brother Dean for a few minutes.

"Throughout my life I've done everything I could to make my brother proud of me. I've always kept the Word of Wisdom and been the best person I could. And as I accept this call to serve the Lord on a mission, I hope that he'll be proud of me."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. He had been trying to make me proud of him? As I sat there, for the first time since I was a kid tears filled my eyes and I started to cry.

As Chuck talked, I thought back on our lives. He'd always lived a Christlike life and been a good example of a member of the true Church of Jesus Christ. Then I thought back on my own life and how I'd fallen short of his example. He'd never put me down for my shortcomings, though. Sitting in that sacrament meeting, I made a promise to myself that I would someday make my brother proud of me.

It's been a year and a half since that meeting, and I have not forgotten the promise I made. I have turned my life around and am now serving a mission for my Heavenly Father — the best decision I have ever made in my life. As I kneel every night in prayer, I thank the Lord for the great examples I have had in my life, like my brothers, who have had the courage to live the teaching of the Church and act like the sons and daughters of God that they are.

# **Great Teachers always Stand Out From the Rest**

by Patricia McCormack

Everyone's entitled to one great teacher. Lucky students get at least one during the school trip.

The great teacher stands above the rest, is long-remembered, and most-often quoted. And the great teacher's dictums are the type that run through the mind for years.

A great teacher is not one who slouches, let kids get away with lots, and files her nails during study period.

This is not the teacher type who axed homework due to the fact that looking at it ate into personal time for running around, roller skating, or gyrating at the disco.

So what is a great teacher?

You can't tell a great teacher from the outside any more than you can tell a book by its cover. They all look different.

What they have in common are interior qualities, including many identified in more than 400 "great teacher" studies over the last 25 years.

Such qualities are cited in a new Teacher Competency report from the U.S. American Association of School Administrators.

One system for spotting and nurturing great teachers is the "teacher perceiver" system in Washoe County School District, Reno, Nev.

Marvin Roth, associate superintendent, Washoe district, includes the following guides to telling great teachers from ordinary ones:

1. Great teachers believe not only that children can and want to learn but also that "I as a teacher" can help them.
2. Great teachers believe that teaching children is more important than teaching subjects. They look upon teaching as the focus of their lives.
3. Great teachers have certain characteristics that develop a learning climate. They have empathy and not only understand how the student feels but let the student know they understand.

4. Good teachers listen to get information; great teachers listen to help the student.
5. Great teachers listen to both sides and get information from those who will be affected before making a decision.
6. Great teachers see people as individuals and not as blacks, Indians, or the kids who live in trailers.
7. Great teachers have the drive to share their knowledge with students.
8. Great teachers read and collect things — on vacation, for example — to bring to class.
9. Great teachers use specific teaching techniques which they can describe.
10. Great teachers derive satisfaction from their investment in their work — not from what they do as teachers but from seeing children learn.
11. Great teachers have characteristics that activate learning. To wit:
  - They have a drive to build rapport.
  - Great teachers balance organization with flexibility. And their high expectation of children is coupled with acceptance of children as they are.
  - Great teachers are innovative. "A teacher should have 20 years of experience, not one year of experience 20 times," Roth said.

Great teachers are "with it," says Linda M. Armstrong from the University of Texas Research and Development Center for Teacher Education.

With-it-ness refers to the proverbial teacher with eyes in the back of her head. This gives the teacher ability to stay continuously aware of what's going on in the classroom.

With this "gift" of an extra sense, the teacher monitors classroom activities at all times, regularly checks the classroom and responds to problems as they begin and before they escalate.

## **Great Truths about Life**

Dear Ann Landers: We came across this piece on the Internet and thought it was pretty funny. We are sending it to you and hope you will share it with your readers.

I, too, thought it was pretty funny. I'm sure my readers will enjoy it. Sorry we don't know who to credit. Great Truths About Life That Little Children Have Learned.

1. No matter how hard you try, you can't baptize cats.
2. When your mom is mad at your dad, don't let her brush your hair.
3. If your sister hits you, don't hit her back. They always catch the second person.
4. Never ask your three-year-old brother to hold a tomato.
5. You can't trust dogs to watch your food.
6. Reading what people write on desks can teach you a lot.
7. Don't sneeze when someone is cutting your hair.
8. Puppies still have bad breath even after eating a breath mint.
9. Never hold a vacuum and a cat at the same time.
10. School lunches will stick to the wall.
11. You can't hide a piece of broccoli in a glass of milk.
12. Don't wear polka-dot underwear under white shorts — no matter how cute the underwear is.

## **Greater Love Hath No Man Than This**

The violent grinding of brakes suddenly applied, and the harsh creaking of skidding wheels gradually died away as the big car came to a stop. Eddie quickly picked himself up from the dusty pavement where he had been thrown, and looked wildly around.

Agnes? Where was the little sister he had been holding by the hand when they had started to cross the street? The next moment he saw her under the big car that had run them down. Her eyes were closed, and a dark stain spread slowly over her little white face.

With one bound the boy was under the car trying to lift the girl.

"You'd better not try son," said a man gently. "Someone has gone to call an ambulance."

"She's not ... dead is she, Mister?" Eddie begged in a husky voice.

The man stooped and felt the limp little pulse. "No, my boy," he said slowly.

A policeman came by, dispersed the gathering crowd, and carried the unconscious girl into a nearby drugstore. Eddie's folded coat made a pillow for her head until the ambulance arrived. He was permitted to ride in the conveyance with her to the hospital. Something about the sturdy, shabbily dressed boy who could not be more than ten years old, and his devotion to his little sister, strangely touched the hearts of the hardened hospital apprentices.

"We must operate at once," said the surgeon after a brief preliminary examination. "She has been injured internally and has lost a great deal of blood." He turned to Eddie, who, inarticulate with grief, stood dumbly by. "Where do you live?"

Eddie told him that their father was dead and their mother did day work — but he did not know where.

"We can't wait to find her," said the surgeon, "because by that time it might be too late."

Eddie waited in the sitting room while the surgeons worked over Agnes. After what seemed an eternity a nurse sought him out.

"Eddie," she said kindly, "your little sister is very bad, and the doctor wants to make a transfusion. Do you know what that is?" Eddie shook his head. "She has lost so much blood she cannot live unless someone gives her his. Will you do it for her?"

Eddie's wain face grew paler, and he gripped the knobs of the chair so hard that his knuckles became white. For a moment he hesitated, then gulping back his tears, he nodded his head and stood up.

"That's a good lad," said the nurse.

She patted his hand and led the way to the elevators which whisked them to the operating room. No one spoke to Eddie except the nurse who directed him in a low voice on how to prepare for the ordeal. The boy bit his quivering lip and silently obeyed.

"Are you ready?" asked a man swathed in white from head to foot, turning from the table over which he had been bending. For the first time Eddie noticed who it was lying there so still. Little Agnes! And he was going to make her well.

He stepped forward quickly.

Two hours later the surgeon looked up with a smile into the faces of the young interns and nurses who were engrossed in watching the great man's work.

"Fine," he said. "I think she'll pull through."

After the transfusion Eddie had been told to lie quietly on a cot in the corner of the room. In the excitement of the delicate operation, he had been entirely forgotten.

"It was wonderful, doctor!" exclaimed one of the young interns. "A miracle!" Nothing, he felt in his enthusiastic recognition of the marvels of surgery, could be greater than the miracles of science.

"I am well satisfied," said the surgeon with conscious pride.

There was a tug at his sleeve, but he did not notice. In a little while there was another tug — this time more convincing — and the great surgeon glanced down to see a ragged, pale-faced boy looking steadily up into his face.

"Say, doctor," said a husky voice, "when do I die?"

The interns laughed and the great surgeon smiled. "Why, what do you mean?"

"I thought ... when they took a guy's blood ... he ... he died."

The smiles faded from the lips of doctors and nurses, and the young intern, who had thought there was nothing greater than the marvels of science, caught his breath suddenly ....

## The Grumble Family

There's a family nobody likes to meet.  
They live, it is said, on Complaining Street,  
In the city of Never-are-Satisfied,  
The river of Discontent beside.  
They growl at that, and they growl at this,  
Whatever comes there is something amiss;  
And whether their station be high or be humble,  
They are known by the name of Grumble.

The weather is always too hot of too cold,  
Summer and Winter alike they scold;  
Nothing goes right with the folks you meet  
Down on that gloomy Complaining Street.  
They growl at the rain, and they growl at the sun;  
In fact their growling is never done.  
And if everything pleased them, there isn't a doubt  
They'd growl that they'd nothing to grumble about!

And the worst thing is that if anyone stays  
Among them too long he will their ways,  
And before he dreams of the terrible jumble  
He's adopted into the family of Grumble.  
So it were wisest to keep our feet  
From wandering into Grumbling Street;  
And never to growl, whatever we do,  
Lest we be mistaken for Grumblers too.

Author unknown



# Habit

Author Unknown

I am your constant companion.  
I am your greatest helper  
Or your heaviest burden.  
I will push you onward  
Or drag you down to failure.

I am completely at your command.  
Half the things you do,  
You might just as well turn over to me.  
And I will be able to do them quickly and correctly.

I am easily managed,  
You must merely be firm with me.  
Show me exactly how you want something done,  
And after a few lessons  
I will do it automatically.

I am the servant of all great men.  
And, alas, of all failures as well.  
Those who are great, I have made great.  
Those who are failures, I have made failures.

I am not a machine  
Though I work with all the precision of a machine,  
Plus, the intelligence of a man.  
You may run me for profit, or run me for ruin;  
It makes no difference to me.

Take me, train me, be firm with me,  
And I will put the world at your feet.  
Be easy with me, and I will destroy you.  
Who am I?  
I am HABIT!

# **Hanging a Picture**

Jerome K. Jerome

You never saw such a commotion up and down a house, in all your life as when my Uncle Podger undertook to do a job. A picture would have come home from the frame maker's and be standing in the dining room, waiting to be put up; and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say:

"Oh, you leave that to. Me. Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. I'll do all that."

And then he would take off his coat, and begin. He would send the girl out for six pen'orth of nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and from that, he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

"Now you go and get me my hammer, Will," he would shout; "and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the stepladder, and I had better have a kitchen chair, too; and, Jim! you run round to Mr. Goggles, and tell him, 'Pa's kind regards, and hopes his leg's better and will he lend him his spirit-level?' And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light; and when the girl comes back, she must go out again for a bit of picture cord; and Tom! — where's Tom? — Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut himself; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He could not find his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools, and start looking for his coat; while he would dance round and hinder them.

"Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never came across such a set in all my life — upon my word I didn't. Six of you! — and you can't find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago! Well, of all the —"

Then he'd get up, and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out: "Oh, you can give it up! I've found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it."

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair, and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, the whole family, including the girl and the charwoman, standing round in a semicircle, ready to help. Two people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it, and hold him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass him up the hammer, and he would take hold of the nail, and drop it.

"There!" he would say, in an injured tone, "now the nail's gone."

And we would all have to go down on our knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair, and grunt, and want to know if he was to be kept there all the evening.

The nail would be found at last, but by that time, he would have lost the hammer.

"Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? Great heavens! Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer!"

We would find the hammer for him, and then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall, where the nail was to go in, and each of us had to get up on the chair, beside him, and see if we could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule, and re-measure and find that he wanted half thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head, and go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row the original number would be forgotten, and Uncle Podger would have to measure it again.

He would use a bit of string this time, and at the critical moment when he was leaning over the chair at an angle of forty-five degrees and trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip, and down he would slide on to the piano, a really fine musical effect being produced by the suddenness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

And Aunt Maria would say that she would not allow the children to stand round and hear such language.

At last, Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand. And, with the first blow, he would smash his thumb, and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody's toes.

Aunt Maria would mildly observe that, next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall, she hoped he'd let her know in time, so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done.

"Oh! you women, you make such a fuss over everything," Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up. "Why, I like doing a little job of this sort."

And then he would have another try, and, at the second blow, the nail would go clean

through the plaster, and half the hammer after it, and Uncle Podger be precipitated against the wall with force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose.

Then we had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole was made; and, about midnight, the picture would be up — very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody dead beat and wretched — except Uncle Podger.

"There you are," he would say, stepping heavily off the chair onto the charwoman's corns, and surveying the mess he had made with evident pride. "Why, some people would have had a man in to do a little thing like that!"

## **Have You Ever Had One of Those Days???**

I am writing in response to your request for additional information. In block number 3 of the accident reporting form, I put "poor planning" as the cause of my accident. You said in your letter that I should explain more fully, and I trust that the following will be sufficient.

I am a bricklayer by trade. On the day of the accident, I was working alone on the roof of a new six story building. When I completed my work, I discovered that I had about 500 pounds of bricks left over. Rather than carry the bricks down by hand, I decided to lower them in a barrel by using a pulley which fortunately was attached to the side of the building at the sixth floor.

Securing the rope at ground level, I went up to the roof, swung the barrel out, and loaded the brick into it. Then I went back to the ground and untied the rope, holding it tightly to insure a slow descent of the 500 pounds of bricks. You will note in block number 11 of the accident reporting form that I weigh 135 pounds.

Due to my surprise at being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and forgot to let go of the rope. Needless to say, I proceeded at a rather rapid rate up the side of the building. In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming down. This explains the fractured skull and broken collarbone.

Slowed only slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers of my right hand were two-knuckles deep into the pulley. Fortunately, by this time I had regained my presence of mind and was able to hold tightly to the rope in spite of my pain.

At approximately the same time, however, the barrel of bricks hit the ground — and the bottom fell out of the barrel. Devoid of the weight of the bricks, the barrel now weighed approximately 50 pounds. I refer you again to my weight in block number 11. As you might imagine, I began a rapid descent down the side of the building.

In the vicinity of the third floor, I met the barrel coming up. This accounts for the two fractured ankles and the lacerations of my legs and lower body.

The encounter with the barrel slowed me enough to lessen my injuries when I fell onto the pile of bricks and, fortunately, only three vertebrae were cracked.

I am sorry to report, however, that as I lay there on the bricks, in pain, unable to stand, and watching the empty barrel six stories above me — I again lost my presence of mind ....

I LET GO OF THE ROPE.....

## **He Took My Whipping For Me**

Years ago there was a certain little one room school in the mountains of Virginia which no teacher could handle. The boys were so rough that the teachers would resign.

A young, inexperienced teacher applied, and the old director scanned him and asked, "Young fellow, do you know that you are asking for an awful beating? Every teacher that we have had here for years has had to take one." "I will risk it." He replied.

Finally, the first day of school approached and the teacher appeared for duty. One big fellow, Tom, whispered, "I won't need any help with this one. I can lick him myself."

The teacher said, "Good morning, boys. We have come to conduct school!" They yelled and made fun at the top of their voices. "Now I want a good school, but I confess that I do not know how unless you help me. Suppose we have a few rules. You tell me some, and I will write them on the blackboard."

One fellow yelled, "No stealing!" Another yelled, "On time." Finally, ten rules appeared on the board.

"Now," said the teacher, "a law is no good unless there is a penalty attached. What shall we do with the one who breaks them?"

"Beat him across the back ten times without his coat on."

"That is pretty severe, boys. Are you sure that you are ready to stand by it?" Another yelled, "I second the motion," and the teacher said, "Alright, we will live by them! Class come to order!"

In a day or so, "Big Tom" found that his lunch had been stolen. Upon inquiry the thief was located — a little hungry fellow, about ten years old. "We have found the thief and he must be punished according to your rule — ten stripes across the back!" "Jim, come up here!" The teacher said.

The little fellow trembling, came up slowly to the front of the room with a big coat on. It was fastened up to his neck, and he pleaded, "Teacher, you can lick me as hard as you like, but please, don't make me take my coat off!"

"Take your coat off," the teacher said, "you helped make the rules!"

"Oh, teacher, don't make me!" He began to unbutton it, and what did the teacher behold? The little guy had no shirt on, and a bony little crippled body was revealed.

How can I whip this child? he thought. But I must. I must do something if I am to keep this school. Everything was quiet as death.

"How come you aren't wearing a shirt, Jim?"

He replied, "My father died and my mother is very poor. I have only one shirt to my name, and she is washing it today, and I wore my brother's big coat to keep me warm."

The teacher, with rod in hand, hesitated. Just then, "Big Tom" jumped to his feet and said, "Teacher, If you don't object, I will take Jim's licking for him."

"Very well. There is a certain law that one can become a substitute for another. Are you all agreed?"

Off came Tom's coat, and after five hard strokes, the rod broke! The teacher bowed his head in his hands and thought, "How can I finish this awful task?" Then he heard the entire class sobbing, and what did he see? Little Jim had reached up and caught Tom with both arms around his neck. "Tom, I am sorry that I stole your lunch, but I was awful hungry. Tom, I will love you till I die for taking my licking for me! Yes, I will love you forever!"

Jesus was born to save us from our sins. The very heart of Christmas is Christ and the atonement. All of us have sinned and come short of the Glory of God, maybe broken every rule, and we deserve to be punished.

However, Jesus took our "whipping" for us, and even died in our stead that we might have eternal life. (Isaiah 53:5) "He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities: The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

# Healing

by Wilford Woodruff

We entered Brother Elijah Fordham's house. Brother Fordham had been dying for an hour, and we expected each minute would be his last.

When we entered the house, Brother Joseph walked up to Brother Fordham, and took him by the right hand. He saw That Brother Fordham's eyes were glazed, and that he was speechless and unconscious.

After taking hold of his hand, he looked down into the dying man's face and said: "Brother Fordham, do you know me?" At first he made no reply; but we could all see the effect of the Spirit of God resting upon him.

He again said: "Elijah, do you not know me?"

With a low whisper, Brother Fordham answered, "Yes!"

The Prophet then said, "Have you not faith to be healed?"

The answer, which was a little plainer than before, was, "I am afraid it is too late. If you had come sooner, I think it might have been."

He had the appearance of a man awaking from sleep. It was the sleep of death.

Joseph then said, "Do you not believe that Jesus is the Christ?"

"I do, Brother Joseph," was the response.

Then the Prophet of God spoke with a loud voice, as in the majesty of the Godhead: "Elijah, I command you, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, to arise and be made whole!"

The words of the Prophet were not like the words of man, but like the voice of God. It seemed to me that the house shook from its foundation.

Elijah Fordham leaped from his bed like a man raised from the dead. A healthy color came to his face, and life was manifested in every act.

He then called for his clothes and put them on. He asked for a bowl of bread and milk, and ate it; then put on his hat and followed us into the street to visit others who were sick.



## Heard Around Church

Lady to bishop, at church social: "Bishop, shall we have your talk now or shall we let the people enjoy themselves for a while yet?"

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Can you hear in the back?"

It was a long meeting, boring speakers after scout awards and M-Men and Gleaner Awards. The last speaker kept asking if the people in the back could hear him. Pretty soon a deacon on the front row stood up and said, "I don't know about them, but I can hear fine if someone wants to trade places."

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A bishop went into a Junior Sunday School class one day and handed out crayons and pencils and asked the children to draw their interpretation of Joseph and Mary's flight into Egypt. When he returned a short time later, one boy showed him an airplane with Joseph and Mary and the Baby Jesus and a pilot wearing goggles, etc. "Is this your interpretation of Joseph and Mary's flight into Egypt?" "Yes!" came the reply. "Well, I recognize Joseph and Mary and Jesus, but who's the man up there flying the plane?" asked the bishop. The child's quick answer was, "Oh, that's Pontias Pilate!"

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A particular ward meeting house was old and falling down, so the bishop felt moved one night to give a big pushing talk to start a fund-raising drive for a new chapel. One of the tightest members stood up and said he would start with \$5. When he sat down a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling and hit him on the head. Stunned, he stood up and said he had better make it \$50. Just then a voice from the back of the chapel yelled, "Hit him again, Lord!"

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I love a finished speaker,  
I mean I really do.  
I don't mean one that's polished  
But one that's really through.

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Why do LDS women stop having babys at 35?

Because 36 is too many.

# **Hearts Must Be Pure**

by Orson E Whitney

Hearts must be pure to come within these walls.  
Where spreads a feast unknown to festive halls.  
Freely partake, for freely God hath given,  
And taste the holy joys that tell of heaven.  
Here learn of Him who triumphed o'er the grave.  
And unto men the keys, the kingdom gave;  
Joined here by powers that past and present bind,  
The living and the dead perfection find.

## Heaven's Very Special Child

A meeting was held quite far from earth  
"It's time again for another birth,"  
Said the angels to the Lord above.  
"This special child will need much love.  
Her progress may seem very slow.  
Accomplishments she may not show.  
And she'll require extra care  
From the folks she'll meet down there.  
She may not run or laugh or play;  
Her thoughts may seem quite far away.  
In many ways she won't adapt,  
And she'll be known as handicapped.  
So let's be careful where she's sent,  
We want her life to be content,  
Please, Lord, find parents who  
Will do a special job for you.  
They will not realize right away  
The leading role they're asked to play  
But with this child sent from above  
Comes stronger faith and richer love.  
And soon they'll know the privilege given  
In caring for this gift from heaven.  
This precious charge, so meek and mild  
Is Heaven's very special child."

# **Helpful Hints On How To Bring Up Delinquents**

by Ann Landers

1. Begin with infancy to give the child everything he wants. He will then grow up to believe the world owes him a living.
2. When he picks up bad words, laugh at him. He will think he is cute. It will encourage him to think up "cuter" words and phrases that will blow off the top of your head later.
3. Never give him any spiritual training. When he is 21, let him decide for himself what he wants to be. (Don't be surprised if he decides to be "nothing.")
4. Avoid the word "Wrong." It might develop a guilt complex. A few years later, when he is arrested for stealing a car, he will feel that society is against him and he is being persecuted.
5. Pick up after him. This means wet towels, books, shoes and clothing. Do everything for him. He will then become experienced in evading responsibility and incapable of finishing any task.
6. Let him see everything, hear everything, and read everything smutty he can get his hands on. Make sure the silverware and drinking glasses are sterilized but let his mind feed on garbage.
7. If you have a serious conflict in opinion with your spouse, fight it out in front of the children. It's good for youngsters to view their parents as human beings who express themselves freely and openly. Later, if you get divorced, they'll know what caused it.
8. Give your children all the spending money they want. After all, one of the reasons you have worked so hard all your life is to make life easier for your children. Why should they have it as rough as you did?
9. Satisfy his every craving for food, drink, and comfort. See that his every desire is satisfied. Denial might lead to harmful frustration.
10. Take your child's part against neighbors, teachers, and friends. This will prepare you to take his part against the police.
11. When he gets into serious trouble, apologize for yourself by saying, "I can't understand why he turned out like this. We gave him EVERYTHING."
12. Prepare for a life of grief. You are apt to have it.

# Here's to the Kids who are Different

Digby Wolfe

Here's to the kids who are different,  
The kids who don't always get "A's,"  
The kids who have ears  
Twice the size of their peers,  
And noses that go on for days.

Here's to the kids who are different,  
The kids they call "crazy" and "dumb",  
The kids who aren't cute  
And don't give a hoot,  
Who dance to a different drum.

Here's to the kids who are different,  
The kids who are just out of step,  
The kids they all tease,  
With the cuts on their knees,  
Who's sneakers, *their feet fill with pep.*

Here's to the kids who are different,  
The kids with a mischievous streak,  
For when they have grown,  
As history has shown,  
It's their difference that makes them unique.

## **Heros**

We cannot all be heroes  
And thrill a hemisphere  
With some great, daring venture,  
Some deed that mocks at fear.  
But we can fill a lifetime  
With kindly acts, and true.  
For there's always noble service  
For noble souls to do.

# Hey! You're Pretty Interesting

by Carey Quan Gelernter

YOU YOU YOU YOU.

Have we got you reading? Sure we do. As they say, everyone finds himself a fascinating subject.

No wonder Bernard Asbell can tantalize us with tidbits like:

The more comfortable you are with your marriage, the less you and your husband or wife look at each other as you talk.

Attractive children receive less punishment than unattractive children for making the same mistake.

Women asked to guess their IQs almost certainly underestimate it. Men underestimate significantly less often, and by lesser margins.

As with pop-psychology best sellers, Asbell taps our desire to figure out our endlessly puzzling selves in his book, "What They Know About You: The Most Significant, Surprising, and Amusing Discoveries the Experts Have Made About You and Your Behavior" (Random House, \$20).

But Asbell has an advantage: He mines the "hard stuff" — academic research on human behavior by scientists — translating the obfuscating<sup>4</sup> language into simple, plain and very condensed English.

Most of the nuggets fall into the "gee whiz, Mabel, did you know ...?" category. They range from the trivial to the profound. Researchers are from institutions ranging from Tel Aviv University to Harvard Medical School, and include psychologists, psychiatrists, sociologists and pollsters.

Here are some more of the findings that raised our eyebrows.

When a man is seated next to a woman on an airline, the odds are five to one that he takes over the arm rest between them. Even when the woman was at least as sizable as the man, men got the arm rest three to one.

A person leaning forward while talking to you probably likes you more than one who

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<sup>4</sup> Making dark, or obscuring.



leans back.

White Americans and Europeans tend to look steadily at the talker while listening, but while talking look at the listener with short but frequent glances. African Americans go the opposite — averting eyes while listening, making eye contact while talking.

White Anglo-Saxon Protestant students are more likely to choose a seat in a college classroom near the center of the room. Blacks and Latinos are more likely than others to choose a seat on the periphery of the room.

Whites generally prefer more space between conversational partners than blacks do.

If you are Americans chatting in a coffee shop, you probably touch each other twice an hour. If you are English, you probably don't touch each other at all. If you are French, you touch 110 times an hour. If you're Puerto Rican, you touch each other 180 times an hour.

Good-looking men almost always come out more liked, respected and chosen than less handsome competitors. Attractive women are favored for success except in roles not traditionally occupied by women.

If an attractive woman runs for public office against an unattractive woman with the same qualifications, the more attractive one is likely to lose.

If you are a woman with a large bust (37 inches or larger), the first impression (not a lasting judgment, necessarily) you convey to most people, male or female, is that you are relatively unintelligent, lazy, incompetent, immoral and immodest.

How your facial features influence your attractiveness rating, in order of decreasing significance: mouth, eyes, facial structure, hair, nose.

Life at 70 is likely to be essentially the same as at 30. The sickest people tend to be those who at 30 worried and talked most about their health. The happiest, most active tend to be those who were happy and active at 30.

The best predictor of whether a relationship will progress is if a couple is matched in relative attractiveness. Attractive women are more likely than attractive men to make an exception and date a less attractive man; but attractive men almost never continue long in dating a woman who is less attractive than the man regards himself.

Women tend to fall in love first, but once the woman partner becomes involved she's more committed; when things go badly women tend to want to break up first; women are more sensitive to things going badly.

The most reliable single predictor of a happy relationship is not how partners feel about

each other, but the difference between how each ideally wants the other person to feel about him or her and how each thinks the partner actually feels.

When a marriage is in trouble, the typical male reaction is to withdraw and clam up, while women are more likely to become more argumentative and coercive.

Wives' authority and influence over their husbands tends to increase with the passage of time, while husbands' influence over wives diminishes.

Women are three times more likely to state imperative commands in question form (for example, "Will you please close the door?" instead of "Please close the door").

## Hiding

I'm hiding, I'm hiding,  
And no one knows where;  
For all they can see is my  
Toes and my hair.

And I just heard my father  
Say to my mother —  
"But, darling, he must be  
Somewhere or other;

Have you looked in the inkwell?"  
And mother said, "Where?"  
"In the inkwell?" said Father.  
But I was not there.

Then "Wait" cried my mother —  
"I think that I see  
Him under the carpet."  
But it was not me.

"Inside the mirror's  
A pretty good place,"  
Said Father and looked,  
But saw only his face.

"We've hunted," sighed Mother,  
"As hard as we could  
And I'm so afraid that we've  
Lost him for good."

Then I laughed out loud  
And I wiggled my toes  
And Father said — "Look, dear,  
I wonder if those

Toes could be Benny's?  
There are ten of them, see?"  
And they were surprised to find  
Out it was me!

# The History of Teaching Math

Teaching Math in 1950:

A logger sells a truckload of lumber for \$100. His cost of production is  $\frac{4}{5}$  of the price. What is his profit?

Teaching Math in 1960:

A logger sells a truckload of lumber for \$100. His cost of production is  $\frac{4}{5}$  of the price, or \$80. What is his profit?

Teaching Math in 1970:

A logger exchanges a set "L" of lumber for a set "M" of money. The cardinality of set "M" is 100. Each element is worth one dollar. Make 100 dots representing the elements of the set "M". The set "C", the cost of production contains 20 fewer points than set "M". Represent the set "C" as a subset of set "M" and answer the following question:

What is the cardinality of the set "P" of profits?

Teaching Math in 1980:

A logger sells a truckload of lumber for \$100. His cost of production is \$80 and his profit is \$20. Your assignment: Underline the number 20.

Teaching Math in 1990:

By cutting down beautiful forest trees, the logger makes \$20. What do you think of this way of making a living? Topic for class participation after answering the question: How did the forest birds and squirrels feel as the logger cut down the trees?

There are no wrong answers.

Teaching Math in 1996:

By laying off 402 of its loggers, a company improves its stock price from \$80 to \$100. How much capital gain per share does the CEO make by exercising his stock options at \$80. Assume capital gains are no longer taxed, because this encourages investment.

Teaching Math in 1997:

A company outsources all of its loggers. They save on benefits and when demand for their product is down the logging work force can easily be cut back. The average logger employed by the company earned \$50,000, had 3 weeks vacation, received a nice retirement plan and medical insurance. The contracted logger charges \$50 an hour. Was outsourcing a good move?

Teaching Math in 1998:

A logging company exports its wood-finishing jobs to its Indonesian subsidiary and lays off the corresponding half of its US workers (the higher-paid half). It clear-cuts 95% of the forest, leaving the rest for the spotted owl, and lays off all its remaining US workers. It tells the workers that the spotted owl is responsible for the absence of felleable trees and lobbies Congress for exemption from the Endangered Species Act. Congress instead exempts the company from all federal regulation. What is the return on investment of the lobbying costs?

## by Scott Smith

Splat!

I hit the bottom. The end.

## Holiday Gift Exchange

*People sit in a circle holding their Christmas gifts. When they hear the word "right," they pass the gifts around the circle to the right, and keep passing them to the right until they hear the word "left." The gifts are then passed to the left until the word "right" is said again. When the word "stop" or "Stopped" is heard, the gift passing stops. Continue until the end of the story, and the people will open the gift they have at the end of the story.*

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Tommy Wright. He lived with his mother, Mrs. Wright and his father, Dr. Wright and his sister Sara Wright. One day he *stopped* to count his money. He had four shiny quarters *left* from his birthday money Grandma Wright had sent him besides the \$8.12 *left* in his piggy bank. He *stopped* to think. Now it was time to buy the *right* present for each member of the Wright family, so one morning he hopped *right* out of bed and *stopped* in front of the mirror to comb his hair. Quietly he *left* home and went carefully down the street to the big store on the *left* side of Main Street. He *stopped* in front of the store to look at it, because it was decorated with lights and Christmas ornaments. Tommy Wright thought and thought about the Christmas presents he had *left* to buy. Then he went into the store and *stopped* to look at all the things on sale. "Let's see," said Tommy Wright. "I know! I'll get Mother some warm gloves. Here is the *right* one but where is the *left* one? Here it is, *right* under the *right* one. He *stopped* to look at how pretty they were. They cost \$3.06 so I have \$6.06 *left* to spend. Now for Daddy Wright. Would he like a truck or maybe a ball or a *left*-handed catcher's mitt? He *stopped* to think. "I know! I'll get him a football so we can play catch *right* in our own backyard when he comes home from work. That's \$5.06 so now I have \$1.00 *left* for Sara's present. Here is what she wants. A pretty new purse, and I think I have just enough money *left*. Tommy Wright clutched his presents happily and went running *right* up to the lady at the counter, *stopped*, and gave her all the money from his *left* pocket and his *right* pocket. "Is this *right*?" he asked as he gave her his money. She *stopped* to count the money that he *left* on the counter. "The purse will be \$1.05 with tax," she said. "Oh no," said Tommy Wright. "I forgot about tax." Tommy started crying. Tears streamed *right* and *left* down his little face. *Right* then the door burst open and in came Santa Claus who had *left* the North Pole and had come *right* to Tommy Wright's town to take orders from the children for Christmas. But Santa *stopped* when he saw Tommy Wright crying. "Ho, ho, ho," said Santa. "We can't have Santa's helpers sad like this. Let's see now. I bet I have five pennies *right* here in my *left* pocket." Santa Claus checked his *left* pocket and found nothing. "Oh no," said Santa as he *stopped*. "I must have put them into my *right* pocket instead of my *left*. Here they are *right* here, Tommy. Ho, Ho, Ho, and a Merry Christmas to all the Wrights from Santa Claus and his helpers." Tommy Wright *left* the store and ran home, and *stopped* in Sara's room to tell Sara Wright that he had seen and talked to Santa. Santa had actually *stopped* in the store where he was shopping! He was so happy that he wrapped his presents *right* away and put them under the Christmas tree. Mr. and Mrs. Wright and Sara Wright were thrilled with the presents Tommy had purchased. Christmas morning *left* nothing to be desired.

I hope your Christmas will be wonderful, and that you will *stop* to feel the love we all

have for one another.

**Merry Christmas!**



# Home

Edgar A. Guest

It takes a heap of livin' to make a house a home.  
A heap of sun and shadow and you sometimes have to roam  
Before you can appreciate the things you left behind —  
And hunger for them, somehow, with them always on your mind.  
It doesn't make much difference how rich you get to be.  
How much your chairs and tables cost. How great your luxury.  
It isn't home to you, although the palace of a king,  
Until somehow your soul is sort of wrapped 'round everything.

Home's not a place that gold can buy or get up in a minute.  
Before it's home, there's got to be a heap o' livin' in it.  
Within the walls there's got to be some babies born, and then  
Right there you've got to bring them up to women, good, and men.  
And gradually, as time goes on, you find you wouldn't part  
With anything they ever used. They've grow into your heart.  
The old high chair, the playthings, too, the little shoes they wore —  
You hoard, and if you could you'd keep the thumb-marks on the door.

You've got to weep to make it home. You've got to sit and sigh  
And watch beside a loved one's bed, and know that death is nigh.  
And in the stillness of the night, to see death's angel come  
And close the eyes of her that smiled, and leave her sweet voice dumb.  
For these are scenes that grip the heart, and when your tears are dried,  
You find the home is dearer than it was, and sanctified.  
And tugging at your heart strings are the pleasant memories  
Of her that was and is no more. You can't escape from these.

You've got to sing and dance for years. You've got to romp and play.  
And learn to love the things you have by using them each day.  
Even the roses 'round the porch must blossom year by year  
Before they 'come a part of you, suggesting someone dear  
Who used to love them years ago, and trained them just to run  
The way they do, so they would get the early morning sun.  
You've got to love each brick and stone from cellar up to dome.  
It takes a heap of livin' in a house to make it home.

# Homelife Begins with Me

R. Todd Hunt

I was recently asked to speak about what our family is doing to become a celestial family. My father suggested I speak on how to serve ice cream in a society made up of righteous families. Now maybe you are like me. I didn't know there was any special way to serve ice cream in such a society until my dad explained it to me.

He first told me to research the subject in the scriptures. The Book of Mormon is where you find the best discourse on serving ice cream in a truly righteous family. Actually, it doesn't talk much about ice cream, but it does teach you a lot about proper technique in serving ice cream.

Maybe you could understand better if I told you how I used to serve ice cream and then explain the difference.

Since I am a teenager, when dad or mom would ask me to serve everyone some ice cream, the first thing I would do was find me a cereal bowl and stack the ice cream to teenage level, which is about two inches above the rim. Then I would dish up the ice cream for the rest of the family. However, my brother and sisters are smaller than I, so of course the small ice cream dishes are just right for them.

In 4 Nephi it tells what it was like after the Savior visited the people in America following his resurrection. After his visit, the people really lived righteous lives. And the way they lived can help us understand how to develop celestial families. It even teaches us how to serve ice cream.

My dad gently explained to me that when I have the standard teenager's portion, it makes my smaller sisters jealous and envious. When they get like that, they start giving me all kinds of reasons why they should have as much as I do. Of course, I have to explain to them, loud enough for them to understand, that teenagers need more nourishment than "little girls." Then they always have a response for that. And I have to reply — in a slightly louder tone, of course.

Well, when I read 4 Nephi, I could see that we were having one of those "disputations" that Nephi was talking about; and the disputation had been caused by a "contention;" and the contention was caused by "envying."

So you can see that there is a certain way you have to serve ice cream in a family desiring to be more righteous.

Mom also pointed out something else. If everyone is allowed to have a fair share, according to their needs, then there are really no rich ice cream eaters and no poor ice cream eaters. Having no rich or poor means that everyone has as much as he needs, but he does not have so much more than others that they get envious and cause contentions which lead to

disputations.

When these disputations are avoided there is "peace in all the land." At least there is peace in the family room, and everyone is happier!"

## **Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother**

One day Abraham Lincoln was riding in a stagecoach, as they rode in those days, with a Kentucky colonel. After riding a number of miles together, the colonel took a bottle of whiskey out of his pocket, and said, "Mr. Lincoln, won't you take a drink with me?"

Mr. Lincoln replied, "No, Colonel, thank you, I never drink whiskey."

They rode along together for a number of miles more, visiting very pleasantly, when the gentleman from Kentucky reached into his pocket and brought out some cigars, saying, "Now, Mr. Lincoln, if you won't drink with me, won't you take a smoke with me?"

And Mr. Lincoln said, "Now Colonel, you are such a fine, agreeable man to travel with, maybe I ought to take a smoke with you. But before I do so, let me tell you a little story — an experience I had when a small boy." And this was the story:

"My mother called me to her bed one day when I was about nine years old. She was sick, very sick, and she said to me, 'Abey, the doctor tells me I am not going to get well. I want you to promise me before I go that you will never use whiskey or tobacco as long as you live.' And I promised my mother I never would. And up to this hour, Colonel, I have kept that promise. Now would you advise me to break that promise to my dear mother, and take a smoke with you?"

"No, Mr. Lincoln, I wouldn't have you do it for the world. It was one of the best promises you ever made. And I would give a thousand dollars today if I had made my mother a promise like that, and kept it as you have done."

# **How Beautiful Thy Temples, Lord**

Frank I. Kooyman

How beautiful thy temples, Lord!  
Each one a sacred shrine,  
Where faithful Saints, with one accord,  
Engage in work divine.  
How beautiful some aid to give  
To dear ones we call dead,  
But who indeed as spirits live;  
They've only gone ahead.

How beautiful thy message, Lord,  
The gospel, pure and true,  
In these our days to earth restored  
And taught to men anew.  
How beautiful its faith and hope;  
All mankind it would save,  
Including in its aim and scope  
The souls beyond the grave.

How beautiful thy promise, Lord,  
That we may grow in truth,  
And live, exalted by thy word,  
In endless, glorious youth.  
With loved ones sealed in holiness  
By sacred temple rites,  
Worlds without end we may progress  
From heights to greater heights.

# How Does a Chicken Cross the Road?

NT Chicken:

Will cross the road in June. No, August. September for sure.

OS/2 Chicken:

It crossed the road in style years ago, but it was so quiet that nobody noticed.

Win 95 Chicken:

You see different colored feathers while it crosses, but cook it and it still tastes like ... chicken.

Microsoft Chicken (TM):

It's already on both sides of the road. And it just bought the road.

OOP Chicken:

It doesn't need to cross the road, it just sends a message.

Assembler Chicken:

First it builds the road ...

C Chicken:

It crosses the road without looking both ways.

C++ Chicken:

The chicken wouldn't have to cross the road, you'd simply refer to him on the other side.

VB Chicken:

USHighways!TheRoad.cross (aChicken)

Delphi Chicken:

The chicken is dragged across the road and dropped on the other side.

Java Chicken:

If your road needs to be crossed by a chicken, the server will download one to the other side. (Of course, those are chicklets)

Web Chicken:

Jumps out onto the road, turns right, and just keeps on running.

Gopher Chicken:

Tried to run, but got flattened by the Web chicken.

Newton Chicken:

Can't cluck, can't fly, and can't lay eggs, but you can carry it across the road in your pocket !

Cray Chicken:

Crosses faster than any other chicken, but if you don't dip it in liquid nitrogen first, it arrives on the other side fully cooked.

Quantum Logic Chicken:

The chicken is distributed probabilistically on all sides of the road until you observe it on the side of your course.

Lotus Chicken:

Don't you *dare* try to cross the road the same way we do!

Mac Chicken:

No reasonable chicken owner would want a chicken to cross the road, so there's no way to tell it to.

Al Gore Chicken:

Waiting for completion of NCI (Nation Chicken-crossing Infrastructure) and will cross as soon as it's finished, assuming he's re-elected and the Republicans don't gut the program.

COBOL Chicken:

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0001-CHICKEN-CROSSING.  
IF NO-MORE-VEHICLES THEN  
PERFORM 0010-CROSS-THE-ROAD  
VARYING STEPS FROM 1 BY 1 UNTIL  
ON-THE-OTHER-SIDE  
ELSE  
GO TO 0001-CHICKEN-CROSSING
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FORTRAN chicken

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MAIN CHICKEN  
GOTO OTHER_SIDE  
END
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Texas chicken:

Crossed the road to prove to the armadillo that it could be done.

# How Many Apples in a Seed?

by Marion D. Hanks

Let me spend a few minutes illustrating the great importance of our responsibilities to each other under these sacred assignments from the Lord to be stewards in his kingdom.

In one of the stakes of the Church in another land, a lovely young lady left her home to live in another city where she had found employment. She was away from family and established friends and from the Church and its warm involvements. She didn't take occasion to look up the church organization in the city to which she went, finding it easy for a time to avoid the customary associations of her church membership. She formed other associations in the new city, and they were not the kind she had had at home. Gradually she began to become involved in another kind of attitude and another kind of behavior. She had not made serious mistakes but had begun a way of living that would not have pleased her parents and that was not the manner of her former life.

There came a night when, dressed in clothing that she might previously have been embarrassed to wear in public, perhaps harboring in her mind anticipations of conduct that she would not ever have considered before, she waited for the arrival of some of her new friends. It was a critical hour in her life and a critical night in her life, and she knew it. When she answered the knock at the door, she was surprised to find not those whom she was anticipating but rather three adults whom she did not know. They identified themselves as the bishop and his counselor and the president of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association. The bishop had received a letter from the bishop of the girl's home ward notifying him of the address and circumstance of his ward member in the new city. The bishop and his associates were calling to express their friendship and concern and to invite the young lady to the activities and associations of the Church in this town. As she talked with them, she became embarrassed at her clothing, chagrined at the activities of the recent past and anticipations of the evening. She wept and rejoiced and responded gratefully to the friendship of this bishop and his fellow workers. The anticipated events of the evening never transpired. She formed the warm and wonderful friendships she needed with people of quality and devotion. She became active in the Church and went on to her happy and wholesome opportunities.

In another city, long enough ago that the story can now be told without likelihood of the recognition of the individuals involved, I heard another and different story.

Let's use the name Donna to designate another sweet young lady who left her home for a nearby bigger city for employment. She had a great desire to attend a church university and needed funds to help her achieve her ambition. She failed to find work in the big city, and as time went by she became more and more discouraged. Then, through a series of incidents, she came into the influence of an unscrupulous and designing person who took advantage of Donna's loneliness and youthfulness and the discouragement of her inability to find work and led her into an immoral experience.



The experience was horrifying to Donna, and she returned home with a broken heart to tell her mother, and after a time, her bishop of the tragedy.

There was counsel and compassion, admonition and direction, prayer and blessing. Donna went back home to make her adjustments and to begin to learn the sorrow of remorse of conscience and the blessing of gratitude for the graciousness and goodness and mercy of God. Then one day she had to counsel again with the bishop, to report to him that through this one fragmentary, tragic experience it was now apparent that she was with child. Now a different situation existed, and there was additional counsel and an effort to meet this new situation. There was consideration of the Relief Society Social Service program, which provides for such situations, and other possibilities were considered; but the decision was finally made by Donna that she would remain at home in her small town to wait her time. Some efforts were made at dissuasion in view of the problems this course involved, but Donna decided that, under the special circumstances of her widowed mother's illness and otherwise, she would remain there.

Donna stood up at the next fast and testimony meeting and explained her condition. She acknowledged her fault and asked the forgiveness of her people. She said to them, "I would like to walk the streets of this town knowing that you know and that you have compassion on me and forgive me. But if you cannot forgive me," she said, "please don't blame my mother — the Lord knows she taught me anything but this — and please don't hold it against the baby. It isn't the baby's fault." She bore testimony of appreciation for her bitterly won but dearly treasured personal knowledge of the importance of the saving mission of Jesus Christ. Then she sat down.

The man who me told the story reported the reaction of the congregation to this experience. There were many tearful eyes and many humble hearts. "There were no stone throwers there," he said. "We were full of compassion and love, and I found myself wishing that the bishop would close the meeting and let us leave with this sense of appreciation and concern and gratitude to God."

The bishop did rise, but he didn't close the meeting. Instead he said, "Brothers and sisters, Donna's story has saddened and touched us all. She has courageously and humbly accepted full responsibility for her sorrowful situation. She has, in effect, put a list of sinners on the wall of the chapel with only her name on the list. I cannot in honesty leave it there alone. At least one other name must be written — the name of one who is part responsible for this misfortune, though he was far away when the incident occurred. The name is a familiar one to you. It is the name of your bishop. You see," he said, "had I fully performed the duties of my calling and accepted the opportunities of my leadership, perhaps I could have prevented this tragedy."

The bishop then told of his conversation with Donna and her mother before her departure for the big city. He said that he had talked with some of his associates. He had talked with his wife, expressing concern for Donna's well-being. He worried about her lack of experience and her loneliness. He had talked, he said, with the Lord about these things also.

"But then," he said, "I did nothing. I didn't write a note to the bishop or to the brethren in Salt Lake City. I didn't pick up the telephone. I didn't drive a few miles to the big city. I just hoped and prayed that Donna would be all right down there all alone. I don't know what I might have done, but I have the feeling that had I been the kind of bishop I might have been, this might have been prevented.

"My brothers and sisters," he said, "I don't know how long I am going to be bishop of this ward. But as long as I am, if there is anything I can do about it, this won't happen again to one of mine."

The bishop sat down in tears. His counselor stood up and said, "I love the bishop. He is one of the best and most conscientious human beings I have ever known. I cannot leave his name there on the list without adding my own. You see, the bishop did talk with his associates. He talked with me about this matter. I think that he thought that because I travel occasionally in my business through the big city, I might find a way to check on Donna. I might have done, but I was hurrying to this meeting or that assignment and I didn't take the time. I too talked with others. I mentioned my concern to my wife. I am almost ashamed to tell you I talked to the Lord and asked him to help Donna. And then I did nothing. I don't know what might have happened had I done what I thought to do, but I have the feeling that I might have prevented this misfortune.

"Brothers and sisters," he said, "I don't know how long I will be serving in this bishopric, but I want to tell you that as long as I am, if there is anything I can do about it, this will not happen again to one of mine."

The president of the YWMIA stood up and told a similar story. The bishop's counselor in charge of this auxiliary organization had talked with her. She had had some moments of thought and concern but had done nothing. She added her name to the list.

The last witness was an older man who stood and added two names to the list — his own and that of his companion ward teacher. He noted that they were assigned to the home in which Donna and her mother lived and that they had failed in some visits and made no effective effort to be the kind of teachers that the revelations of God had contemplated.

"I don't know how long I will be a ward teacher," he added, "but as long as I am, I will not miss another home another month, and I will try to be the kind of teacher that the Lord seemed to have in mind."

The meeting ended, and the wonderful man who shared this great experience with me said, "Brother Hanks, I think we could not have more clearly understood the importance of the offices and officers and organizations in the Church if the Lord himself had come down to teach us. I think that if Paul had come to repeat his instructions to the Corinthians that 'the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you.

Nay ... the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it' (1 Cor. 12:21,22,25,26) — I think we could not have understood the point more clearly."

A number of years ago Brother Joseph Anderson and I had the privilege of driving with President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., to a solemn assembly in St. George. On the way I related to him this story, it having recently happened then. He thought a long time and had a tear in his eye as he said, "Brother Hanks, that is the most significant story I ever heard to illustrate the great importance of our filling our individual obligations in the Church. When you have thought about it long enough, pass it on to others."

I have thought about it long and often. I believe it illustrates powerfully and humbly the purpose of the Lord in establishing his kingdom and permitting us the blessing of individual service therein. I now share it with you and pray God to bless us all to understand its implications and to act on them, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

# How To Be Annoying

Drum on every available surface.

Sing the Batman theme incessantly.

Staple papers in the middle of the page.

Ask 800 operators for dates.

Produce a rental video consisting entirely of dire FBI copy warnings.

Sew anti-theft detector strips into people's backpacks.

Hide dairy products in inaccessible places.

Write the surprise ending to a novel on its first page.

Specify that your drive-through order is "to go."

Set alarms for random times.

Learn Morse code, and have conversations with friends in public consisting entirely of "Beeeeeep Bip Bip Beeeee Bip..."

Buy large quantities of mint dental floss just to lick the flavor off.

Order a side of pork rinds with your filet mignon.

Instead of Gallo, serve Night Train next Thanksgiving.

Leave your Nine Inch Nails tape in Great Uncle Ed's stereo, with the volume properly adjusted.

Publicly investigate just how slowly you can make a "croaking" noise.

Honk and wave to strangers.

Dress only in clothes colored Hunter's Orange.

Change channels five minutes before the end of every show.

Tape pieces of "Sweating to the Oldies" over climactic parts of rental movies.

Wear your pants backwards.

Decline to be seated at a restaurant, and simply eat their complementary mints by the cash register.

Begin all your sentences with "ooh la la!"

Rouse your roommates from slumber each morning with Lou Reed's "Metal Machine Music."

Leave someones printer in compressed-italic-cyrillic-landscape mode.

ONLY TYPE IN UPPERCASE.

only type in lowercase.

dont use any punctuation either

Buy a large quantity of orange traffic cones and reroute whole streets.

Pay for your dinner with pennies.

Tie jingle bells to all your clothes.

Repeat everything someone says, as a question.

Write "X - BURIED TREASURE" in random spots on all of someone's roadmaps.

Inform everyone you meet of your personal Kennedy assasination/UFO/ OJ Simpson conspiracy theories.

Repeat the following conversation a dozen times: "Do you hear that?" "What?" "Never mind, it's gone now."

Light road flares on a birthday cake.

Wander around the restaurant, asking other diners for their parsley.

Leave tips in Bolivian currency.

Demand that everyone address you as "Conquistador."

Push all the flat Lego pieces together tightly.

At the laundromat, use one dryer for each of your socks.

When Christmas carolling, sing "Jingle Bells, Batman smells..." until physically restrained.  
Wear a cape that says "Magnificent One."

As much as possible, skip rather than walk.

Stand over someone's shoulder, mumbling, as they read.

Finish the 99 bottles of beer song.

Leave your turn signal on for fifty miles.

Pretend your mouse is a CB radio, and talk to it.

Try playing the William Tell Overture by tapping on the bottom of your chin. When nearly done, announce "no, wait, I messed it up," and repeat.

Drive half a block.

Name your dog "Dog."

Inform others that they exist only in your imagination.

Ask people what gender they are.

Reply to everything someone says with, "That's what YOU think."

Lick the filling out of all the Oreos, and place the cookie parts back in the tray.

Cultivate a Norwegian accent. If Norwegian, affect a Southern Drawl.

Forget the punchline to a long joke, but assure the listener it was a "real hoot."

Routinely handcuff yourself to furniture, informing the curious that you don't want to fall off "in case the big one comes."

Sculpt your hedges into anatomically suggestive shapes.

Follow a few paces behind someone, spraying everything they touch with a can of Lysol.

Deliberately hum songs that will remain lodged in co-workers' brains, such as "Feliz Navidad," the Archies' "Sugar" or the Mr Rogers theme song.

While making presentations, occasionally bob your head like a parakeet.

Lie obviously about trivial things such as the time of day.  
Make beeping noises when a large person backs up.

Leave your Christmas lights up and lit until September.

Change your name to John Aaaaasmith for the great glory of being first in the phone book. Claim it's a Hawaiian name, and demand that people pronounce each A.

Sit in your front yard pointing a hair dryer at passing cars to see if they slow down.

Chew on pens that you've borrowed.

Invent nonsense computer jargon in conversations, and see if people play along to avoid the appearance of ignorance.

Wear a LOT of cologne.

Ask to "interface" with someone.

Listen to 33rpm records at 45rpm speed, and claim the faster speed is necessary because of your "superior mental processing."

Sing along at the opera.

Mow your lawn with scissors.

At a golf tournament, chant "swing-batatatatata-suhWING-batter!"

Finish all your sentences with the words "in accordance with prophesy."

Ask the waitress for an extra seat for your "imaginary friend."

Go to a poetry recital and ask why each poem doesn't rhyme.

Ask your co-workers mysterious questions, and scribble their answers in a notebook. Mutter something about "psychological profiles."

Incessantly recite annoying phrases, such as "sticky wicket isn't cricket."

Stare at static on the tv and claim you can see a "magic picture."

Select the same song on the jukebox fifty times.

Scuff your feet on a dry, shaggy carpet and seek out victims.

Do not add any inflection to the end of your sentences, producing awkward silences with the impression that you'll be saying more any moment.

Never make eye contact.

Never break eye contact.

Signal that a conversation is over by clamping your hands over your ears.

Construct elaborate "crop circles" in your front lawn.

Construct your own pretend "tricorder," and "scan" people with it, announcing the results.

Give a play-by-play account of a person's every action in a nasal Howard Cossell voice.

Holler random numbers while someone is counting.

Make appointments for the 31st of September.

Invite lots of people to other people's parties.



# **How to Find a Wife.... Bible Version**

(anonymous)

Find an attractive prisoner of war, bring her home, shave her head, trim her nails, and give her new clothes. Then she's yours. (Deuteronomy 21:11-13)

Find a prostitute and marry her. Hosea (Hosea 1:1-3)

Find a man with seven daughters, and impress him by watering his flock. Moses (Exodus 2:16-21)

Purchase a piece of property, and get a woman as part of the deal. Boaz (Ruth 4:5-10)

Go to a party and hide. When the women come out to dance, grab one and carry her off to be your wife. Benjaminites (Judges 21:19-25)

Have God create a wife for you while you sleep. Note: this will cost you a rib. Adam (Genesis 2:19-24)

Agree to work seven years in exchange for a woman's hand in marriage. Get tricked into marrying the wrong woman. Then work another seven years for the woman you wanted to marry in the first place. That's right. Fourteen years of toil for a woman. Jacob (Genesis 29:15-30)

Even if no one is out there, just wander around a bit and you'll definitely find someone. (It's all relative of course.) Cain (Genesis 4:16-17)

Become the emperor of a huge nation and hold a beauty contest. Xerxes or Ahasuerus (Esther 2:3-4)

When you see someone you like, go home and tell your parents, "I have seen a ...woman; now get her for me." If your parents question your decision, simply say, "Get her for me. She's the one for me." Samson (Judges 14:1-3)

Kill any husband and take HIS wife. (Prepare to lose four sons though). David (2 Samuel 11)

Wait for your brother to die. Take his widow. (It's not just a good idea, it's the law). Onan and Boaz (Deuteronomy or Leviticus, example in Ruth)

Don't be so picky. Make up for quality with quantity. Solomon (1 Kings 11:1-3)

# How to Handle Stress

To be performed as soon as symptoms of stress appear:

1. Use your Master Card to pay off your Visa.
2. Pop some popcorn without putting the lid on the popper.
3. When someone tells you to have a nice day, tell them you have other plans.
4. Find out what a frog in a blender really looks like.
5. Make a list of things to do that you've already done.
6. Forget the diet soda pop and send yourself a Candygram.
7. Fill out your income tax in Roman Numerals.
8. Tape pictures of your boss on watermelons and launch them from high places.
9. Leaf through a National Geographic and draw underwear on all the natives.
10. Pay your electric bill in pennies.
11. Drive to work in reverse.
12. Bill your doctor for time spent in his waiting room.
13. Stare at people through the tines of a fork and pretend they are in jail.

## **How to Know When it's Time to Diet**

Your telephone number and weight are the same.

You are asked to leave an all-you-can-eat restaurant.

You seem to attract elephants.

You always have to ride the see-saw alone.

The airline will take your luggage, but suggest you go by train.

Weight Watchers insists you leave by the back door.

The only exercise you get is jogging to McDonalds.

Elevators always stop a floor short.

The card from the drugstore sale says, "No group discount."

Your lunch bucket has wheels.

## How to Say It!

Thank You:

There is a Chinese proverb which says, "When you drink from the stream, remember the spring." Just so, I remember, and thank you for your thoughtful gift.

What a feast you provided at your dining-room table! But after the meal what I remember best were your warmth, graciousness, and hospitality. A very sincere thank you to you!

Good books, like good friends, are few and carefully chosen; the more select, the more enjoyable. Thank you.

True love is rare, they say; but true friendship is rarer still. That's why your kindness means so much to me. Thanks so much.

Please accept my thoughts for special thanks. They must take the place of words.

Thinking of you:

When did our friendship begin? It was like filling a glass drop by drop until at last the glass overflows. Just so, your kindnesses touched me one by one, until my heart ran over.

It's been so long, I hear you say, that a letter in my handwriting has slipped through the mailbox. So here's a note which brings my love and my thoughts of you — today and everyday.

From quiet homes and first beginning,  
Out to the undiscovered ends,  
There's nothing worth the wear of winning,  
But laughter and the love of friends.  
Here's to you, then friend of mine.

The only way to have a friend is to be one. Thanks for being mine.

In my heart I see you still, even though you're miles away. Invisible to the eye, but always in my thoughts. I miss you very much.

Happy Birthday:

How can I tell you, Father, all those times when your love made such a difference. If the words are hard to find, you know my love is always there. Happy Birthday!

This "happy birthday" comes to you with the hope of many yet to be, with friends who are true as

you are to me.

Dear Friend, we're not as young now as we used to be. But how wonderful to think you're not as old as you're going to be. Happy Birthday!

Whenever life seemed hard or things went wrong, you were there to comfort and console. In the good times to share my joy. That's why I love you so much. Happy Birthday, Mother!

## **How to Tell You are Growing Old**

Everything hurts, and what doesn't hurt, doesn't work.  
You feel like the morning after, when you haven't been anywhere.  
You get winded playing chess.  
Your children begin to look middle-aged.  
You know all the answers, but nobody asks you any questions.  
You turn out the light for economic rather than romantic reasons.  
You sit in a rocking chair, but you can't get it going.  
Your knees buckle but your belt won't.  
You're 17 around the neck, 42 around the waist, and 96 around the 9 hole golf course.  
You can't stand people who are intolerant.  
You burn the midnight oil until 9:00 P.M.  
Your back goes out more often than you do.  
Your pacemaker raises the garage door when a pretty girl goes by.  
The little gray-haired lady you help across the street is your wife.  
You get your exercise acting as pallbearer for friends who exercise.  
You have too much room in the house, and not enough in the medicine cabinet.

## **The Human Touch**

Tis the human touch in this world that counts,  
The touch of your hand and mine,  
That means far more to the fainting heart  
Than shelter and bread [to dine];  
For shelter is gone when the night is o'er,  
And bread lasts only a day,  
But the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice,  
Sing on in the soul away.

# Humanity

There's so much good in the worst of us,  
And so much bad in the best of us,  
That it's hard to determine which of us  
Should be asked to inform the rest of us.



## **Humor Abounds in Electronic World**

Dear Ann Landers,

I thought you might be interested in the humor that circulates over office fax machines and e-mail these days. Feel free to print it or toss it. David Broom, Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear David,

Thanks for sending the Broom sweepings my way. I have culled my favorites, and here they are:

The best headlines from recent years: (These actually appeared.)

Police Begin Campaign to Run Down Jaywalkers

Prostitutes Appeal to Pope

Clinton Wins Budget; More Lies Ahead

Man Struck by Lightning Faces Battery Charge

Astronaut Takes Blame for Gas in Space

Include your Children when Baking Cookies

Typhoon Rips Through Cemetery; Hundreds Dead

Kids Make Nutritious Snacks

Drunk Gets Nine Months in Violin Case

Never Withhold Herpes Infection From Loved One

Iraqi Head Seeks Arms

Panda Mating Fails; Veterinarian Takes Over

British Left Waffles on Falkland Islands

Eye Drops Off Shelf

Enraged Cow Injures Farmer with Ax

Plane Too Close to Ground, Crash Probe Indicates

Miners Refuse to Work After Death

Study Finds Sex, Pregnancy Link

Stolen Painting Found by Tree

Two Sisters Reunited After 18 Years in Checkout Line

If Strike Isn't Settled Quickly, It May Last a While

Cold Wave Linked to Temperatures

New Study for Obesity Looks for Larger Test Group

Red Tape Holding Up Bridges

Local High School Dropouts Cut in Half

Hospitals Are Sued by 7 Foot Doctors

Advertising campaigns can be just as funny as these headlines. Breaking into the international market is a goal of most growing corporations, but language and cultural differences sometimes create problems. For example: Scandinavian vacuum manufacturer Electrolux used the following in an American ad campaign: "Nothing sucks like Electrolux." It was pulled after two days.

In Taiwan, the translation of the Pepsi slogan "Come Alive With the Pepsi Generation" came out "Pepsi will bring your ancestors back from the dead."

Also in Chinese, the Kentucky Fried Chicken slogan "Finger Lickin' good" translated as "Eat your fingers off."

When General Motors introduced the Chevy Nova in South America, it was unaware that "no va" means "it won't go." After the company figured out why it wasn't selling many cars, it renamed the car "Caribe," for its Spanish-language markets.

Ford had similar problems in Brazil when the Pinto flopped. The company found out that Pinto was Brazilian slang for "tiny male genitals."

Hunt-Wesson introduced its Big John products in Quebec as Gros Jos before learning that

means "big breasts" in French. This gaffe had no noticeable effect on sales.

Japan's second largest tourist agency was mystified when it entered English-speaking markets and began receiving requests for "unusual sex tours." Upon finding out why, the owners of the Kinki Nippon Tourist Co. changed its name.

## Humor Heard Around Town

Avenge yourself! Live long enough to be a problem to your Children.

Teenagers, if you are tired of being hassled by Unreasonable Parents, Now is the time to take action. Leave home and pay your own way while you still know everything.

When I die, I want to go peacefully, like my Grandfather did — in his sleep.... Not yelling and screaming like the passengers in his car.

Weeds for sale! U-Pick.

(Found on a tomb stone in a yard) R.I.P. Here lies the last dog that pooped in my yard.

Great people talk about Ideas. Average people talk about Things. Small people talk about other people.

Seniors are the biggest carries of Aids — hearing aids, Band-aids, Roloids, Walking Aids, Medic-aids, Government Aids.

Smile and the world smiles with you. Snore and you sleep alone.

Unattended Children will be sold as slaves.

I have a furniture problem. My chest has fallen into my drawers.

When I want your opinion, I'll give it to you.

We interrupt this marriage to bring you the fishing season.

MENopause, NEMstrual Cramps, MENtal Anxiety, MENtal Breakdown. Have you ever noticed how all our problems begin with MEN!

A diet is wishful shrinking.

I can't diet for medical reasons. It makes me hungry.

Due to the last Government Election, the light at the end of the tunnel has been turned off.

Some mornings I wake up grouchy. (Other mornings, I let him sleep.)

(Seen around a Utah license plate) Utah Politics. The greatest snow job on earth.

Don't drive faster than your guarding angel can fly.

# **I Am a Winner, Too!**

by Micheal Mitchell

I had just finished an exciting game of Tiddly Winks with my daughter, Michelle, at the time a soon-to-be-four-year-old. It had been a competitive affair, but my experience prevailed, and I announced myself the "winner" and headed for the shower. After all, I was first to skillfully manoeuvre all my "winks" into the bowl, which is the object of the game.

Five minutes later, however, she stuck her head into the bathroom and exclaimed, "Daddy, guess what? I am a winner, too!" "You are?" I questioned. "Yeah, I got all my winks in the bowl!"

At that point I suddenly realized that I had the wrong understanding of a "winner." I had been conditioned, primarily through competitive sports, to think when one person wins, another person must lose. I had carried that notion from the athletic field into all areas of my life. Upon reflection, I realized that for me to win someone else did not have to lose. Also, that being a "winner" really meant you had competed and given your best effort. More importantly, that being a winner in life is not based on one single event, but rather a daily process by which one continues to grow and strive toward actualizing one's potential. A wise person once said, "You should compete with yourself, cooperate with others."

One should not measure personal success by how well others have done, but simply by how you have done with the resources and abilities you have. "It is not where you are, or where you started, but how far you have come that determines a winner."

The key to remember is "WIN" which stands for "What's Important Now." Only the one who looks within for the answer will truly know whether he or she can look in the mirror and truthfully say, "I am a winner!"

# **I Am Your Flag**



I am our country's flag — the flag of Canada.

I was born in freedom. I can be found flying proudly in schools, community halls, courtrooms, churches and parliaments across the length and breadth of our great nation — from Newfoundland to British Columbia — from the North Pole to the United States border.

I stand at attention on top of our mountains, beside our great forests and ripple with the winds that ripen our golden prairie wheat fields.

I shiver on the stern of an ice-breaking ship near the North Pole, and flap in a hot summer breeze in a cornfield. I strain at the top of a lighthouse on our rocky coasts, and wave at visitors at our ports of entry.

I am especially proud to be worn by our international peacekeepers — Canadian men and women of our armed services, doing their very best to bring peace and stability to many troubled areas of our world.

I can be found throughout the world on the uniforms of our Olympic Athletes and on those worn by our Girl Guides and Boy Scouts here at home.

I am a beacon of hope to the oppressed and downtrodden. I stand for tolerance and truth; honesty and humility; and most of all, I offer opportunity to millions who have come to our shores.

My strength comes from our people, and I will remain strong as long as grandmothers and grandfathers, mothers and fathers and brothers and sisters are proud of me.

I am now proud to belong to you.

## **I Believe ...**

I believe-

that we don't have to change friends if we understand that friends change.

I believe-

that no matter how good a friend is, they're going to hurt you every once in a while and you must forgive them for that.

I believe-

that true friendship continues to grow, even over the longest distance. Same goes for true love.

I believe-

that you can do something in an instant that will give you heartache for life.

I believe-

that it's taking me a long time to become the person I want to be.

I believe-

that you should always leave loved ones with loving words. It may be the last time you see them.

I believe-

that you can keep going long after you can't.

I believe

that we are responsible for what we do, no matter how we feel.



I believe-

that either you control your attitude or it controls you.

I believe-

that regardless of how hot and steamy a relationship is at first, the passion fades and there had better be something else to take its place.

I believe-

that heroes are the people who do what has to be done when it needs to be done, regardless of the consequences.

I believe-

that money is a lousy way of keeping score.

I believe

that my best friend and I can do anything or nothing and have the best time.

I believe-

that sometimes the people you expect to kick you when you're down, will be the ones to help you get back up.

I believe-

that sometimes when I'm angry I have the right to be angry, but that doesn't give me the right to be cruel.

I believe-

that just because someone doesn't love you the way you want them to doesn't mean they don't love you with all they have.

I believe-

that maturity has more to do with what types of experiences you've had and what you've learned from them and less to do with how many birthdays you've celebrated.

I believe-

that it isn't always enough to be forgiven by others. Sometimes you have to learn to forgive yourself.

I believe-

that no matter how bad your heart is broken the world doesn't stop for your grief.

I believe-

that our background and circumstances may have influenced who we are, but we are responsible for who we become.

I believe-

that just because two people argue, it doesn't mean they don't love each other And just because they don't argue, it doesn't mean they do.

I believe-

that you shouldn't be so eager to find out a secret. It could change your life forever.

I believe-

that two people can look at the exact same thing and see something totally different.

I believe-

that your life can be changed in a matter of hours by people who don't even know you.

I believe-

that even when you think you have no more to give, when a friend cries out to you you will find the strength to help.

I believe-

that credentials on the wall do not make you a decent human being.

I believe-

that the people you care about most in life are taken from you too soon.

Send this to all the people YOU BELIEVE In...

# **The "I Believe in Christ Legacy"**

by Jane P. Merrill

Thanks to LDS-Gems subscriber Jane P. Merrill for sharing this account with us. Sister Merrill attends the same ward as Amelia McConkie, the widow of Elder Bruce R. McConkie who passed away in 1985.

Please note: Inasmuch as this article has been passed around the internet recently without my knowledge or signature, let me claim my work and add a few more details that you may find interesting.

Recently in our Fast and Testimony meeting, we had the opportunity to hear Sister Amelia McConkie bear her testimony. As she began to speak, I felt strongly impressed to take notes, recognizing that it was a rare opportunity to hear a first hand account of Elder Bruce R. McConkie's last few weeks. After church I wrote up the account and then took it to Sister McConkie to make sure it was correct, and to get her approval.

Sister McConkie's story:

"In Relief Society today our closing song was 'I Believe in Christ.' Then, as we began our Fast and Testimony meeting, our opening song was 'I Believe in Christ.' This co-incidence made me think that perhaps it's time I share with you how we got this hymn.

"Some 15 years ago, my husband Bruce R. McConkie was very ill. The doctor told us he had two months to live, at the most. However, Bruce felt he still had some things he wanted to do. The Brethren gave him a blessing and his family gathered to share their faith and prayers. He lived an additional fourteen months, although he was very ill much of that time. He never thought he wasn't going to get better. He told me time and time again that this was the Lord's test for him, and that he had enough faith in and of himself to be healed.

"Early in February, on an overcast day much like today, I decided to make a pie to cheer him up, as he loved pie. While I was doing this he lay on the floor in our bedroom, which he often did. He had a pencil and paper in hand and was writing. Then he came into the kitchen where I was working and said, 'Do you want to hear what I'm going to talk about in Conference?'

"The pie was almost finished and I wanted to get it in the oven, but I soon realized that you don't make pies while he's talking like this. So I stopped and sat down to listen. He read to me his talk, and I said, 'It's the most beautiful thing you've ever written, but how will you ever do it?' He was so ill and so weak. 'I don't know,' he answered, 'but I will.'

"His doctor was so worried. 'You've got a dying man on your hands; you must not let him speak at conference. If he tries, he will collapse on nationwide television.' But I couldn't try to

stop him. He was determined to do it and nothing could have stopped him. Our son said, 'I don't think there's anything Dad wanted to do more than preach that last sermon at Conference.' So our children fasted together, asking that their father would have the physical and emotional strength to fulfill his wish.

"During the Saturday morning session of April 1985 General Conference, a thin Bruce R. McConkie took his place at the pulpit and despite his weakened condition, he bore majestic testimony to the truths so integral to his life and mission. He testified, 'I am one of his witnesses, and in a coming day I shall feel the nail marks in his hands and in his feet and shall wet his feet with my tears. But I shall not know any better then than I know now that he is God's Almighty Son, that he is our Savior and Redeemer, and that salvation comes in and through his atoning blood and in no other way.' (Excerpted from his Conference address)

"The following Sunday Elder Packer visited him at home and gave him a blessing in which he told Bruce he should 'quit resisting the will of the Lord.' We both knew what he meant. At the conclusion, with tears running down his face, Bruce looked at me as I stood at the foot of the bed, and said, 'Amelia, do you know what he just did?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'he has sealed you unto death.'

"That was so hard on Bruce. He wanted so much to live. But as I showed Elder Packer out, Bruce got up, folded the bedspread as he always did at night, got ready for bed, and got under the covers. Always before he would insist that I make the bed and he would lay on top of it, fully dressed. But this was his way of saying to the Lord, 'I am bowing to your will.' He passed away a short time later."

What a great blessing to have the beautiful hymn, "I Believe In Christ", taken from his testimony.

As recorded and written by Jane P. Merrill September 6, 1998

# **I Can Sleep When the Wind Blows**

Some years ago, President J. Reuben Clark told the following story:

I was at the annual county fair, and farmers from far and near had come to exhibit their harvest and to engage hired hands for the next year. One prosperous farmer came across a husky lad and asked, "What can you do?" The answer, "I can sleep when the wind blows."

With such an answer the farmer turned and started to walk away, perturbed at the impudence of the man. But he turned again and asked, "What did you say?" "I can sleep when the wind blows."

"Well," said the farmer, "I don't know what that means, but I'm going to hire you anyway."

Winter came, followed by the usual spring, and the new hired hand didn't show any particular signs of extra work, but filled the duties of his calling as most others would have done.

And then one night in early summer the farmer noticed a strong wind rising. He dashed to the hired hand's quarters to arouse him to see that all the stock was properly cared for. There he found the hired hand asleep. He was about to awaken him, when he remembered the boy's strange statement.

He went to his barns and there found all his animals in their places, and the doors and windows securely locked. He found that the haystack had been crisscrossed with heavy wires, anticipating such a night, and that it would weather the storm.

Then the farmer knew what his hired man meant when he gave as his only qualification, "I can sleep when the wind blows."

Can we as leader's say as this young man that we can sleep when the winds and trials of life beset us?

# **I Want To Be a Woman**

I want to be a woman — your woman. I want to be attractive, to stand tall and straight, to look clean and neat, pretty and sweet, so that you can take pleasure in looking at me and pride in being with me.

I want to be kind and gentle and patient so as to listen to your heart's troubles and to understand. I want to be wise and good and serene so that I can help you when things get sort of mixed up.

I want to be weak enough to cry on your shoulder and to have you boss me now and then — and feminine enough to have you do things for me like carrying something heavy, or opening a jar, or even the door.

But I also want to be strong enough to bear your children and to rear them strong and healthy. I want to be full of fun and laughter and gaiety so that we can always be filled with warmth and hope, not dull and dingy.

I want to do little things that please you, like cooking something special or keeping the house fresh and neat or even bring your slippers after supper or just being quiet and holding hands and sitting close to you when you're out of sorts at the end of a hard day.

I want to know about the things you know about in politics and business and money matters so that we can talk together and share ideas so that our minds can form some kind of union. But I never want to know quite as much as you, and I want to share your other interests in sports, reading, gardening, or whatever you want to do. And I want to be a part of your dreams, and help them become reality.

Because I want to be with you during these moments is perhaps the reason why most of all I want to share a common faith with you, so that we can worship God together and take, not send our children to Sunday School and Sacrament meeting and always have Christ's presence in our home with us. We bless our meals whether hash or sirloin, and bless and guide every phase of our married life.

And finally, I want to be warm and soft and tender and affectionate and responsive, so that you will desire me.

This my dear, is the woman I hope to become — no, the woman I shall become for you.

# I Wants to Go to the Prose

Suzanne Britt Jordan

I'm tired — and have been for quite a while. In fact, I think I can pinpoint when the weariness began. I had been teaching for three years at a community college. For most of the time I had overlooked ignorance, dismissed arrogance, championed fairness, emphasized motivation, boosted egos and tolerated laziness. I was, in short, the classic modern educator.

Then one day a student — call her Marylou — dropped by my office. She had not completed a single assignment and had missed 50 percent of her classes. Her writing was illogical, ungrammatical and sloppy.

"May I help you, Marylou?" I asked cheerily. Her lip trembled; her eyes grew teary. It seemed she had been having trouble with her boy friend. "Since I've been so unhappy," Marylou said, "I thought you might want to give me a D or an Incomplete on the course." She smiled encouragingly, even confidently.

That's when the weariness set in. Whatever Marylou's troubles, I suddenly saw that I was not the cause, nor was I about to be the solution.

When I read about declining test scores, the "functional illiteracy" of our students, namby-pamby courses, and the army of child psychologists, educational "liaisons," starry-eyed administrators and bungling fools who people our school systems, my heart sinks. Public schools abide mediocre students, put 18-year-olds who can't decide what to wear in the morning into independent-study programs, excuse every absence under the sun, and counsel, counsel, counsel. A youngster in my own school system got into a knife fight and was expelled — for one week. Bus drivers regularly see students smoking marijuana and drinking wine — at eight o'clock in the morning!

What caused the mess? A few years ago people began demanding their rights. Fair enough. They wanted equal education under the law. I'm for it. Social consciousness was born. Right on. But now enter the big wrong turn.

Suddenly we believe that by offering equal opportunities we could make everybody happy, forgive everybody who failed, and expect gratitude to boot. When students were surly and uncooperative, educators decided that they, themselves, didn't know how to teach. So they made it still easier for these poor, disadvantaged victims.

But the catch to such theories is evident. Poverty, ignorance and plain orneriness will always abound. We look for every reason in the world for our children's declining test scores, except stupidity and laziness.



I'm aware that I sound like a curmudgeon. But I have accepted what most educators can't seem to face. The function of schools is not to probe tender psyches, not to feed and clothe the homeless, not to be the papa and mama a kid never had. The function is to teach.

And the teacher's job is to know his or her subject, and convey it. Period. Remember Miss Dinwiddie, who could recite 40 lines of the Aeneid at a clip? Or Mr. Wasseleheimer, who could give a zero to a cheater without pausing in his lecture on frogs? They were the teachers we despised, and later admired.

I want them back, those fearsome, awe-inspiring experts. I want them back because they knew what a school was for. They were hard, even at times unjust. But when they were through, we knew those multiplication tables blindfolded.

It's time to shake off the guilt, the simpering, the apologetic smiles. Which is crueler? Flunking a kid who has flunked or passing a kid who has flunked? Which teaches more about the realities of life? Which shows more respect for the student as a human being?

Just today I talked to a big football player who is in my class to learn grammar. He was a very, very good football player in high school, so good that he never failed a course. Yet now, in college, he had written on a weekly theme, "I wants to go to the prose and come fames." He may become a pro; may even become famous. But he will probably never read a good book, write a coherent letter or read a story to his children. And if he does not learn the material in my course, I will flunk him.

Young people are interested, I think, in taking their knocks, just as adults take theirs. Students deserve a fair chance and failing to take advantage of that chance, a straightforward dismissal. It has been said that government must guarantee equal opportunity, not equal results. I like that. Through the theoretical fog that has clouded our perceptions and blanketed our minds, we do know what is equitable and right.

## **I'm a Senior Citizen**

I'm the life of the party ... even when it lasts until 8 p.m.  
I'm very good at opening child-proof caps with a hammer.  
I'm usually interesting in going home before I get where I am going.  
I'm good on a trip for at least an hour without my asprin, beano, anti-acid....  
I'm the first one to find the bathroom wherever I go.  
I'm awake hours before my body allows me to get up.  
I'm smiling all the time because I can't hear a word you are saying.  
I'm very good at telling stories ... over and over and over and over.  
I'm aware that other people's grandchildren are not as bright as mine.  
I'm so cared for: long-term care, eye care, private care, dental care....  
I'm not grouchy. I just don't like graffic, waiting, crowds, children, politicians....  
I'm positive I did housework correctly before before my mate retired.  
I'm sure everything I can't find is in a secure place.  
I'm wrinkled, saggy, and lumpy, and that's just my left leg.  
I'm having trouble remembering simple words like ....  
I'm realizing that aging is not for sissies.  
I'm anti-everything now: anit-fat, anti-smoke, anti-noise, anti-inflammatory.  
I'm walking more (to the bathroom) and enjoying it less.  
I'm going to reveal what goes on behind closed doors — absolutely nothing!  
I'm sure the are making adults much younger these days.  
I'm in the initial state of my golden years: SS, SI, CCP, RSSP, TRF.  
I'm wondering; if you are only as old as you feel, how could I be alive at 150?  
I'm supporting all movements now ... by eating bran, prunes, raisins.  
I'm a walking storeroom of facts. I just lost the storeroom.  
*I'm a Senior citizen, and I think I am having the time of my life!*

# **I'm Trying to be Like Jesus**

Janice Kapp Perry

I'm trying to be like Jesus; I'm following in his ways.

I'm trying to love as he did, in all that I do and say.

At times I am tempted to make a wrong choice,

But I try to listen as the still small voice

whispers, "Love one another as Jesus loves you.

Try to show kindness in all that you do.

Be gentle and loving in deed and in thought,

For these are the things Jesus taught."

I'm trying to love my neighbor; I'm learning to serve my friends.

I watch for the day of gladness when Jesus will come again.

I try to remember the lessons he taught.

Then the Holy Spirit enters into my thoughts,

saying: "Love one another as Jesus loves you.

Try to show kindness in all that you do.

Be gentle and loving in deed and in thought,

For these are the things Jesus taught."

## Ice Cream for the Soul

Last week I took my children to a restaurant. My six-year-old son asked if he could say grace. As we bowed our heads, he said, "God is good. God is great. Thank you for the food, and I would even thank you more if Mom gets us ice cream for dessert. And Liberty and justice for all! Amen!"

Along with the laughter from the other customers nearby I heard a woman remark, "That's what's wrong with this country. Kids today don't even know how to pray. Asking God for ice-cream! Why, I never!"

Hearing this, my son burst into tears and asked me, "Did I do it wrong? Is God mad at me?" As I held him and assured him that he had done a terrific job and God was certainly not mad at him, an elderly gentleman approached the table. He winked at my son and said, "I happen to know that God thought that was a great prayer." "Really?" my son asked. "Cross my heart." Then in theatrical whisper, he added (indicating the woman whose remark had started this whole thing), "Too bad she never asks God for ice cream. A little ice cream is good for the soul sometimes."

Naturally, I bought my son ice cream at the end of the meal. He stared at it for a moment, picked it up and, without a word, walked over and placed it in front of the woman. With a big smile, he told her, "Here, this is for you. Ice cream is good for the soul sometimes, and my soul is good already."

# If

by Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you  
    Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
    But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
    Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hatred,  
    And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;  
    If you can think — and not make thought your aim;  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
    And treat those two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
    Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,  
    And stoop and build then up with worn out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
    And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
    And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
    To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
    Except the Will which says to them, "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings — nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!

# **If I were the Devil**

Paul Harvey

If I were the Prince of Darkness, I would want to engulf the whole world in darkness. And I would have one-third of the real estate and four-fifths of the population, but I wouldn't be happy until I had the ripest apple of the tree. So I'd set about, however necessary, to take over the United States.

I'd subvert the churches first; I'd begin with a campaign of whispers. With the wisdom of a serpent I would whisper to you as I whispered to Eve, "Do as you please."

To the youth I would whisper, "The Bible is a myth." I would convince them that man made God instead of the other way around. I would confide that what is bad is good and what's good is "square." In the ears of the youth who married I would whisper that work is debasing, that cocktail parties are good for you.

And to the old I would teach to pray after me: "Our Father, who art in Washington ..." And then I'd get organized; I'd educate authors in how to make lurid literature exciting, so that everything else would appear dull and uninteresting.

I'd threaten television with dirtier movies and vice versa. I'd pedal narcotics to whom I could; I'd sell alcohol to ladies and gentlemen of distinction; I'd tranquilize the rest with pills.

If I were the Devil, I'd soon have families at war with themselves, churches at war with themselves, and nations at war with themselves; until each in its turn was consumed. And with promises of higher ratings, I'd have mesmerizing media fanning the flames.

If I were the Devil, I'd encourage schools to refine young intellects but neglect to discipline emotions: let those run wild. Before you know it you'd have to have drug-sniffing dogs and metal detectors at every school house door. Within a decade, I'd have prisons overflowing.

With flattery and promises of power I would get the courts to do what I construe as against God and in favor of pornography. I'd designate atheists to front for me before the highest courts and I'd get the preachers to say, "She's right." Thus, I could evict God from the courthouse, then from the school house, and then from the Houses of Congress. And in his own churches I would substitute psychology for religion to deify science. I would lure priests and pastors into misusing boys, girls, and church money.

If I were the Devil, I would make the symbol of Easter an egg and the symbol of Christmas a bottle.

If I were the Devil, I'd take from those who have and give it to those who want it, until I had killed the incentive of the ambitious.

What do you bet I couldn't get whole States to promote gambling as the way to get rich?

I would caution against extremes: in hard work, in patriotism, and immoral conduct.

I would convince the youth that marriage is old-fashioned, but swinging is more fun; that what you see on television is the way to be; and thus I could undress you in public and I could lure you into bed where there are diseases for which there is no cure.

Then I would separate families, putting children in uniform, women in coal mines and objectors in slave-labor camps.

In other words, if I were the Devil, I'd just keep doing what he's now doing.



## If Jesus Came

If Jesus came to your house to spend a day or two —  
If He came unexpectedly, I wonder what you'd do.  
Oh, I know you'd give your nicest room to such an honored guest,  
And all the food you'd serve Him would be your very best.  
And you would keep assuring Him — you're glad to have Him there,  
That serving him in your home is joy beyond compare.  
But when you saw Him coming, would you meet Him at the door  
With arms outstretched in welcome to your Heavenly Visitor,  
Or would you have to change your clothes before you let him in?  
Or would you hide some magazines and put the Bible where they'd been.  
Or would you turn off the radio and hope He hadn't heard,  
And wish you hadn't uttered that last, loud, hasty word?  
Would you hide your worldly music and put some hymns out?  
Could you let Jesus right in, or would you rush about?  
And I wonder — if the Savior spent a day or two with you,  
Would you go right on doing the things you always do?  
Would you keep on saying the things you always say?  
Would life for you continue as it does from day to day?  
Would your family conversation keep its usual pace,  
And would you find it hard each meal to say a table grace?  
Would you sing the songs you always sing and read the books you read,  
And let Him know the things on which your mind and spirit feed?  
Would you take Jesus with you everywhere you'd planned to go,  
Or would you, maybe, change you plans for just a day or so?  
Would you be glad to have Him meet your closest friends,  
Or would you hope they'd stay away until His visit ends?  
Would you be glad to have Him stay forever on and on,  
Or would you sigh with relief when at last He was gone?  
It might be interesting to know the things that you would do,  
If Jesus came in person to spend some time with you.

## **"If There's Anything I Can Do ..."**

Madge Harrah

Still in shock, I stumbled about the house trying to decide what to put into the suitcases. Earlier that evening I'd received a call from my hometown in Missouri telling me that my brother and his wife, her sister and both the sister's children had been killed in a car accident. "Come as soon as you can," begged my mother.

That's what I wanted to do — to leave at once, to hurry to my parents. But my husband Larry and I were in the midst of packing to move from Ohio to New Mexico. Our house was a shambles.

While Larry phoned friends and made plane reservations for the following morning, I looked at all the tasks that should be taken care of — and did nothing. I couldn't focus. Occasionally, someone would ask to speak to me with the offer, "If there's anything I can do, please let me know." "Thank you, thank you very much," I'd reply. But I didn't know what to ask for. I was too confused to concentrate.

The bell rang and I opened the door to see Emerson King standing on the porch. "I've come to clean your shoes," he said. "Donna had to stay with the baby, but we want to help you. I remember when my father died, it took me hours to get the children's shoes cleaned and shined for the funeral. So that's what I've come to do for you. Give me all your shoes."

I hadn't even thought about shoes. Now I remembered that Eric had waded through the mud with his good shoes the previous Sunday. Meghan had kicked rocks with hers, scuffing the toes. I'd tossed the shoes aside, intending to clean them later.

Emerson's request gave me something specific to do. While he spread newspapers on the kitchen floor, I gathered Larry's dress shoes, his everyday shoes, my heels, my flats, the children's dirty shoes. Emerson settled himself on the floor and got to work. Watching him concentrate on one task helped me pull my own thoughts into order. Laundry first, I told myself. While the washer chugged, I bathed the children and put them to bed.

While I cleared the supper dishes, Emerson continued to work, saying nothing. I thought of Jesus washing the feet of his disciples. Our Lord had knelt, serving his friends, even as this man now knelt, serving us. The love in that act released my tears at last, healing rain to wash the fog from my mind. I could move. I could think. One by one, the jobs fell into place.

I went into the laundry room to put a load into the dryer, returning to the kitchen to find Emerson had left. Lined against one wall were all our shoes, spotless, gleaming.

Now, whenever I hear of an acquaintance who has lost a loved one, I no longer call with

the vague offer, "If there's anything I can do ..." I try to think of one specific task that suits that person's need — washing the car, taking the dog to the boarding kennel, house-sitting during the funeral.

And if the person says to me, "How did you know I needed that done?" I reply, "It's because a man once cleaned my shoes."

Many puzzling gender differences may lie in our heads

## **If You Think We Think Alike, Think Again**

by Dianne Hales

After 20 years of marriage, my husband still doesn't understand me. Why, he wants to know, am I always doing three things at once? How is it that I am never at a loss for words? And how can I recall the names of a couple we met years ago?

Now I know what to tell him: It's my brain.

Although there are obviously cultural reasons for our differences in emotions and behavior, recent breakthrough research reveals that the root of many puzzling gender differences may lie in our heads. Men's and women's brains have much in common, but they are definitely not the same -- in size, structure or sensitivities. Overall, a woman's brain, like her body, is ten to fifteen percent smaller than a man's, yet the regions dedicated to higher cognition such as language may be more densely packed with neurons.

According to researchers, these are the most important ways women's brains differ from men's:

### **Women use more of their brains.**

"Whatever women do -- even just wiggling their thumbs -- their neuron activity is more greatly distributed throughout the brain," says Dr. Mark George, a psychiatrist and neurologist at the Medical University of South Carolina.

When a man puts his mind to work, neurons turn on in highly specific areas of the brain. When a woman does, her brain cells light up such a patchwork that the scans look like a night view of Las Vegas.

One possible, though controversial, explanation: The corpus callosum, the bridge of fibers running down the center of the brain, is thicker in females, which may allow more "cross talk" between the emotional, intuitive right hemisphere and the rational, just the facts left. As a result, the female brain may make connections that might not occur to a man. Some call this skill a form of emotional intelligence; others think of it as women's intuition.

Yet, at least in some instances, men may be better able to focus intensely. This may explain why my husband can immerse himself in a book or the newspaper while the phone rings and the dog barks.

### **A woman's brain responds more intensely to emotion.**

When Dr. George scanned the brains of men and women as they recalled emotional experiences, he found the sexes respond differently to emotions, especially sadness. Though prompted by the same kinds of experiences, melancholy feelings activated neurons in an area eight times larger in women than in men. The way our brains react to sadness may, at least in theory, increase vulnerability to depression, which is twice as common in women as in men.

The female brain also may detect other's emotions more accurately. Dr. Raquel Gur, a neuropsychiatrist at the University of Pennsylvania, and her husband, psychologist Ruben Gur, did brain scans on volunteers who viewed photos of actors depicting various emotions. Both sexes knew happiness when they saw it, but the men had a much harder time recognizing sadness in women. "A woman's face had to be really sad for a man to see it," Ruben Gur says.

### **Women have a way with words.**

Girls generally speak sooner and read faster. The reason may be that females use neural regions on both sides of the brain when they read, say Drs. Sally and Bennett Shaywitz, Yale University professors of pediatrics and neurology. In contrast, males draw only on neural regions in the left hemisphere.

As adults, women also tend to be more verbally adept. In tests, women think of more words that start with the same letter, list more synonyms and come up with names for colors or shapes more quickly than men.

Perhaps even more important: The female brain's dual-hemisphere language processing helps women who suffer stroke or brain injury recover more easily. "Because women activate a larger network of neurons than men when they speak or read," says Dr. George, "they're less vulnerable if part of the brain is damaged."

### **Women navigate differently from men.**

On the road, women pay more attention to what they see, particularly to landmarks like the coffee shop on the corner or the church across from the playground. When retracing a route or giving directions, women rely on such landmarks, while men think in terms of direction and distance ("one kilometer west, then north four kilometers").

"I suspect men are born with some biological component that gives them an edge in spatial tasks," says science writer Deborah Blum, who notes that males consistently score higher in exercises such as mentally rotating an object in three dimensions. It may explain why my husband can park a minivan in a space the size of a postage stamp.

### **A woman's memory is sharper.**

At every age, women's memories outperform men's, reports psychologist Thomas Crook, president of Psychologix, a research organization that has tested the memories of more than 50,000 men and women. "Women have a greater ability to associate names with faces, and they're also better at recalling lists," Crook says. "The events people remember best are those that we tag with emotion. Since women use more of their right brains, which process emotions, they may do this automatically."

### **The brain ages more slowly for women.**

A study reported in the Archives of Neurology found that the male brain shrinks faster than the female brain. Among the consequences: poorer memory, less ability to pay attention, a more depressed mood and, consequently, greater irritability. "Yes, men do get grumpier with old age," Ruben Gur says. "You can blame it on their brains."

The reason that men's brains change size so drastically may have to do with fuel efficiency. The female brain seems able to reduce its metabolic rate -- that is, its use of brain glucose -- over time, whereas men metabolize glucose at higher rates as they age.

But while women's brains are more durable, they aren't impervious to the effects of aging. Of the millions affected by Alzheimer's disease, an estimated three quarters are women. According to some studies, estrogen replacement therapy may reduce the risk and delay the symptoms of the disease in women.

While we don't yet know the implications of all these findings, one thing is clear, Raquel Gur says, "Male and female brains do the same things. But they do them differently."

## **If You Want A Thing Bad Enough**

If you want a thing bad enough  
To go out and fight for it,  
Work day and night for it,  
Give up your time and your peace and your sleep for it,  
If only a desire of it  
Makes your arm strong enough  
Never to tire of it,  
Makes you hold all things tawdry and cheap for it,  
If life seems empty and useless without it,  
If gladly you'll sweat for it,  
Fret for it,  
Plan for it,  
Lose all your terror of God and of man for it,  
If you'll simply go after the thing that you want,  
With all your capacity,  
Strength and sagacity,  
Faith, hope and confidence, stern pertinacity,  
If neither cold, poverty, famished and gaunt,  
Nor sickness, nor pain,  
Of body and brain,  
Can turn you away from the thing that you want,  
If dogged and grim you besiege and beset it,

**YOU'LL GET IT!**

## Improbable Headlines

Each of these imaginary newspaper headlines describes a well-known children's story, verse, or song. When you have figured them out, write in the answers to each, then choose one of the headlines and write the newspaper story on the back side that might have accompanied the headline.

1. Youngster Vanishes in freak Storm!
2. Clever Builder Outwits Sly Adversary
3. Poor Bargain Brings Ultimate Wealth
4. Hoodlum Osculates unwilling Maidens
5. Friends Eager to Assist in Painting Project
6. Unique Individual Mortally Injured in Fall
7. Old Pair Embarks on Ocean Voyage in Chartreuse Vessel
8. Remote Country Home Vandalized by Blonde!
9. Continued Prevarication Elongates Proboscis
10. Friendless Waif Adopted by Group of Miners!
11. Youthful Negro Annihilates Feline Foes
12. Enormous Woodman Performs Astonishing Feats!
13. Browbeaten Girl Courted by Royal Heir
14. Serious Overcrowding Discovered in Unique Dwelling
15. Couple Suffering Dietary Allergies Reach Agreement
16. Two Youngsters Involved in Accident, One Sustains Injury
17. Retarded Youth encounters Pastry Vendor
18. Musical Feline, Amused Canine Witness Lunar Leap
19. Rural Homemaker Terrorized by Sightless Rodents
20. Lovely Somnambulist Wakened by Royal Caress
21. Lengthy Tresses Aid Lovers
22. Verbose Hare Hoodwinked by Asphalt Contrivance
23. Shepherdess Proves Derelict in Duty
24. Fugitive Pair Flees on Raft
25. Elderly Housewife and Canine Pet Face Starvation!

## Answers

1. Wizard of Oz



2. Three Little Pigs
3. Jack and the Bean Stock
- 4.
5. Tom Sawyer
6. Humpty Dumpty
- 7.
8. Goldylocks and the Three Bears
- 9.
10. Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
11. Little Black Sambo
12. Paul Bunyan
13. Cinderella
14. Old Lady in a Shoe
15. Jack Sprat
16. Jack and Jill
17. Simple Simon
18. The Cat and the Fiddle
19. Three Blind Mice
20. Sleeping Beauty
21. Rapunzel
22. Brire Rabbit and the Tar Baby
23. Little Bow Peep
- 24.
25. Old Mother Hubbard

# **In the Laboratory with Agassiz**

by Samuel H. Scudder

It was more than fifteen years ago that I entered the laboratory of Professor Agassiz, and told him I had enrolled my name in the scientific school as a student of natural history. He asked me a few questions about my object in coming, my antecedents generally, the mode in which I afterwards proposed to use the knowledge I might acquire, and, finally, whether I wished to study any special branch. To the latter I replied that while I wished to be well grounded in all departments of zoology, I purposed to devote myself specially to insects.

"When do you wish to begin?" he asked. "Now," I replied.

That seemed to please him, and with an energetic "Very Well," he reached from a shelf a huge jar of specimens in yellow alcohol.

"Take this fish," said he, "and look at it: we call it a *Haemulon*; by and by I will ask you what you have seen."

With that he left me, but in a moment returned with explicit instructions as to the care of the object entrusted to me.

"No man is fit to be a naturalist," said he, "who does not know how to take care of specimens."

I was to keep the fish before me in a tin tray, and occasionally moisten the surface with alcohol from the jar, always taking care to replace the stopper tightly. Those were not the days of ground glass stoppers, and elegantly shaped exhibition jars; all the old students will recall the huge, neckless glass bottles with their leaky, wax-besmeared corks, half eaten by insects and begrimed with cellar dust. Entomology was a clearer science than ichthyology, but the example of the professor who had unhesitatingly plunged to the bottom of the jar to produce the fish was infectious; and though this alcohol had "a very ancient and fishlike smell," I really dared not show any aversion within these sacred precincts, and treated the alcohol as though it were pure water. Still I was conscious of a passing feeling of disappointment, for gazing at a fish did not commend itself to an ardent entomologist. My friends at home, too, were annoyed, when they discovered that no amount of eau de cologne would drown the perfume which haunted me like a shadow.

In ten minutes I had seen all that could be seen in that fish, and started in search of the professor, who had, however, left the museum; and when I returned, after lingering over some of the odd animals stored in the upper apartment, my specimen was dry all over. I dashed the fluid over the fish as if to resuscitate it from a fainting fit, and looked with anxiety for a return of a normal, sloppy appearance. This little excitement over, nothing was to be done but return to a steadfast gaze at my mute companion. Haft an hour passed, an hour, another hour; the fish began to look loathsome. I turned it over and around; looked it in the face — ghastly; from behind,

beneath, above, sideways at a three-quarter view — just as ghastly. I was in despair; at an early hour I concluded that lunch was necessary; so with infinite relief, the fish was carefully replaced in the jar, and for an hour I was free.

On my return, I learned that Professor Agassiz had been at the museum, but had gone and would not return for several hours. My fellow students were too busy to be disturbed by continued conversations. Slowly I drew forth that hideous fish, and with a feeling of desperation again looked at it. I might not use a magnifying glass; instruments of all kinds were interdicted. My two hands, my two eyes, and the fish; it seemed a most limited field. I pushed my finger down its throat to see how sharp its teeth were. I began to count the scales in the different rows until I was convinced that that was nonsense. At last a happy thought struck me — I would draw the fish; and now with surprise I began to discover new features in the creature. Just then the professor returned.

"That is right," said he; "a pencil is one of the best eyes. I am glad to notice, too, that you keep your specimen wet and your bottle corked."

With these encouraging words he added, "Well, what is it like?"

He listened attentively to my brief rehearsal of the structure of parts whose names were still unknown to me: of fringed gill-arches and movable operculum; the pores of the head, fleshy lips, and lidless eyes; the lateral line, the spinous fins, and forked tail; the compressed and arched body. When I had finished, he waited as if expecting more, and then with an air of disappointment, "You have not looked very carefully; why," he continued, more earnestly, "you haven't even seen one of the most conspicuous features of the animal, which is as plainly before your eyes as the fish itself; look again, look again!" And he left me to my misery.

I was piqued; I was mortified. Still more of that wretched fish! But now I set myself to my task with a will, and discovered one new thing after another, until I saw how just the professor's criticism had been. The afternoon passed quickly and when, toward its close, the professor inquired, "Do you see it yet?"

"No," I replied, "I am certain I do not, but I see how little I saw before."

"That is next best," said he, earnestly, "but I won't hear you now. Put away your fish and go home; perhaps you will be ready with a better answer in the morning. I will examine you before you look at the fish."

This was disconcerting; not only must I think of my fish all night, studying, without the object before me, what this unknown but most visible feature might be, but also, without reviewing my new discoveries, I must give an exact account of them the next day. I had a bad memory; so I walked home by Charles River in a distracted state, with my two perplexities.

The cordial greeting from the professor the next morning was reassuring; here was a man who seemed to be quite as anxious as I that I should see for myself what he saw.

"Do you perhaps mean," I asked, "that the fish has symmetrical sides with paired organs?"

His thoroughly pleased, "Of course, of course!" repaid the wakeful hours of the previous night. After he had discoursed most happily and enthusiastically — as he always did — upon the importance of this point, I ventured to ask what I should do next.

"Oh, look at your fish!" he said, and left me again to my own devices. In a little more than an hour he returned and heard my new catalogue.

"That is good, that is good!" he repeated, "but that is not all; go on;" and so, for three long days he placed that fish before my eyes, forbidding me to look at anything else, or to use any artificial aid. "Look, look, look," was his repeated injunction.

This was the best entomological lesson I ever had — a lesson whose influence was extended to the details of every subsequent study; a legacy the professor has left to me, as he left it to many others, of inestimable value, which we could not buy; with which we cannot part.

A year afterwards, some of us were amusing ourselves with chalking outlandish beasts upon the museum blackboard. We drew prancing starfishes; frogs in mortal combat; hydra-headed worms; stately crawfishes, standing on their tails, bearing aloft umbrellas; and grotesque fishes with gaping mouths and staring eyes. The professor came in shortly after, and was a amused as any at our experiments. He looked at the fishes.

"Haemulons, every one of them," he said; "Mr. Scudder drew them."

True; and to this day, if I attempt a fish, I can draw nothing but Haemulons.

The fourth day, a second fish of the same group was placed beside the first, and I was bidden to point out the resemblances and differences between the two; another and another followed, until the entire family lay before me, and a whole legion of jars covered the table and surrounding shelves; the odor had become a pleasant perfume: and even now, the sight of an old, six-inch, worm-eaten cork brings fragrant memories!

The whole group of Haemulons was thus brought in review; and, whether engaged upon the dissection of the internal organs, the preparation and examination of the bony framework, or the description of the various parts, Agassiz's training in the method of observing facts and their orderly arrangement was ever accompanied by the urgent exhortation not to be content with them.

"Facts are stupid things," he would say, "until brought into connection with some general

law."

At the end of eight months, it was almost with reluctance that I left these friends and turned to insects; but what I had gained by this outside experience had been of greater value than years of later investigation in my favorite groups.

## Intel's Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
And all over the 'Net,  
All the posts about Intel,  
Made everyone fret,

The whiners were vocal,  
They wouldn't shut up,  
Complaining about Intel's,  
FDIV cover up,

The engineers were nestled,  
All snug in their labs,  
Worrying about Intel's,  
Mistake in the fabs,

They made up excuses,  
On how they're affected,  
They called up Intel,  
And were promptly rejected,

And soon IBM jumped,  
Right into the fray,  
"We'll stop shipping Pentiums,  
As of later today."

But their statement was just,  
More political lies,  
Because they said the next day,  
"We're still shipping those dies!"

But from where came this noise,  
And vindictive clatter,  
About a minor flaw,

That should not have mattered,

Well there was a math prof,  
Doing work in V A,  
He came to realize that,  
Divs shouldn't happen this way,

So Prof. Nicely described,  
The bug that he found,  
It wasn't too long later,  
That news got around,

Lots of people complained,  
Without reason or rhyme,  
Just because number five,  
Equalled four point nine nine,

The media latched on,  
And rumors were spread,  
It took no time to proclaim,  
That Intel was dead,

As I was reading more news,  
A thought came to me,  
Intel can't possibly die,  
They have a monopoly,

So on Andy, on Craig,  
On Gordon and Vin,  
Make sure with P6,  
This doesn't happen again,

As I logged off, I thought:  
"This debate is absurd."  
So I soon logged back in,

And uttered these words,

"There are too many issues,  
I refuse to take sides.  
Merry Christmas to all,  
And watch your divides."

HO, HO, HO!!



## **Invisible Cars, Errant Pedestrians Cause Accidents**

DEAR ANN LANDERS: Most of us have endured the confusion of traffic accidents and then having to briefly summarize the event on those pitifully inadequate insurance forms.

The following was published by an insurance company for internal distribution. These are summaries submitted when policy holders were asked for a brief statement describing their particular accident. Your readers may enjoy them. — RALEIGH, N.C.

DEAR R.: What a hoot! Thanks for passing them on.

"It Happened This Way ..."

"The other car collided with mine without giving warning of its intention."

"I thought my window was down, but found it was up when I put my hand through it."

"A pedestrian hit me and went under my car."

"The guy was all over the place. I had to swerve a number of times before I hit him."

"I pulled away from the side of the road, glanced at my mother-in-law and headed over the embankment."

"The accident occurred when I was attempting to bring my car out of a skid by steering it into the other vehicle."

"I was driving my car out of the driveway in the usual manner, when it was struck by the other car in the same place it had been struck several times before."

"I was on my way to the doctor's with rear end trouble when my universal joint gave way, causing me to have an accident."

"As I approached the intersection, a stop sign suddenly appeared in a place where no stop sign had ever appeared before. I was unable to stop in time to avoid the accident."

"The telephone pole was approaching fast. I was attempting to swerve out of its path when it struck my front end."

"To avoid hitting the bumper of the car in front, I struck the pedestrian."

"My car was legally parked as it backed into the other vehicle."

"An invisible car came out of nowhere, struck my vehicle, and vanished."

"When I saw I could not avoid a collision, I stepped on the gas and crashed into the other car."

"The pedestrian had no idea which direction to go, so I ran him over."

"I saw the slow-moving, sad-faced old gentleman as he bounced off the hood of my car."

"Coming home, I drove into the wrong house and collided with a tree I don't have."

"The indirect cause of this accident was a little guy in a small car with a big mouth."

A truck backed through my windshield and into my wife's face.

In an attempt to kill a fly, I drove into a telephone pole.

I had been learning to drive with power steering. I turned the wheel to what I thought was enough and found myself in a different direction going the opposite way.

I had been shopping for plants all day and was on my way home. As I reached an intersection, a hedge sprang up, obscuring my vision, and I did not see the other car.

The gentleman behind me struck me on the backside. He then went to rest in a bush with just his rear end showing.

I was sure the old fellow would never make it to the other side of the road when I struck him.

The pedestrian ran for the pavement, but I got him.

I was unable to stop in time, and my car crashed into the other vehicle. The driver and passengers then left immediately for a vacation with injuries.

I was thrown from my car as it left the road. I was later found in a ditch by some stray cows.

I told the police that I was not injured, but on removing my hat, found that I had fractured my skull.

The accident was entirely due to the road bending.

The accident was due to the other man's narrowly missing me.

The accident happened when the right front door of a car came around the corner without giving a signal.

No one was to blame for the accident, but it never would have happened if the other driver was alert.

She suddenly saw me, lost her head, and we met.

I misjudged a lady crossing the street.

I heard a horn blow and was struck violently in the back. Evidently a lady was trying to pass me.

One wheel went into the ditch. My foot jumped from the brake to the accelerator, leaped across the road to the other side, and jumped into the trunk of a tree.

I had been driving for about 40 years, when I fell asleep at the wheel and had an accident.

A cow wandered into my car. I was later informed that the unfortunate cow was half-witted.

The other man changed his mind, and I had to run into him.

My car sustained no damage whatsoever, and the other car somewhat less.

# Is There a Santa Claus?

As a result of an overwhelming lack of requests, and with research from that renowned scientific journal, SPY Magazine (January, 1990) — I am pleased to present the annual scientific inquiry into Santa Claus.

1. No known species of reindeer can fly. BUT there are 300,000 species of living organisms yet to be classified, and while most of these are insects and germs, this does not COMPLETELY rule out flying reindeer which only Santa has ever seen.
2. There are 2 billion children (persons under 18) in the world. BUT since Santa doesn't (appear to) handle the Muslim, Hindu, Jewish and Buddhist children, that reduces the workload to 15% of the total — 378 million according to Population Reference Bureau. At an average (census) rate of 3.5 children per household, that's 91.8 million homes. One presumes there's at least one good child in each.
3. Santa has 31 hours of Christmas to work with, thanks to the different time zones and the rotation of the earth, assuming he travels east to west (which seems logical). This works out to 822.6 visits per second. This is to say that for each Christian household with good children, Santa has  $1/1000^{\text{th}}$  of a second to park, hop out of the sleigh, jump down the chimney, fill the stockings, distribute the remaining presents under the tree, eat whatever snacks have been left, get back up the chimney, get back into the sleigh and move on to the next house. Assuming that each of these 91.8 million stops are evenly distributed around the earth (which, of course, we know to be false but for the purposes of our calculations we will accept), we are now talking about 0.78 miles per household, a total trip of 75½ million miles, not counting stops to do what most of us do at least once every 31 hours, plus feeding reindeer, eating, etc.

This means that Santa's sleigh is moving at 650 miles per second (2,340,000 miles per hour), 3000 times the speed of sound. For purposes of comparison, the fastest man-made vehicle on earth, the Ulysses space probe, moves at a poky 27.4 miles per second (98,640 Miles per hour) — a conventional reindeer can run 15 miles per hour, tops.

4. The payload on the sleigh adds another interesting element. Assuming that each child gets nothing more than a medium-sized lego set (2 pounds), the sleigh is carrying 321,300 tons, not counting Santa, who is invariably described as overweight. On land, conventional reindeer can pull no more than 300 pounds. Even granting that "flying reindeer" (see point #1) could pull TEN TIMES the normal amount, we cannot do the job with eight, or even nine reindeer. We need 214,200 reindeer. This increases the payload — not even counting the weight of the sleigh — to 353,430 tons. Again, for the comparison — this is four times the weight of the Queen Elizabeth.

And remember all those cookies Santa ate at each of his 91.8 million stops. At 3 ounces, the weight of one small cookie, per household (and that isn't much at all), that adds

8,606¼ tons to his load.

5. 353,000 tons travelling at 650 miles per second creates enormous air resistance. This will heat the reindeer up in the same fashion as spacecrafts re-entering the earth's atmosphere. The lead pair of reindeer will absorb 14.3 QUINTILLION joules of energy. Per second. Each. In short, they will burst into flames almost instantaneously, exposing the reindeer behind them. This process will create deafening sonic booms in their wake. The entire reindeer team will be vaporized within 4.26 thousandths of a second. Santa, meanwhile, will be subjected to centrifugal forces 17,500.06 times greater than gravity. A 250-pound Santa (which seems ludicrously slim) would be pinned to the back of his sleigh by 4,315,015 pounds of force. Needless to say, what ever remained of Santa and his sleigh would be hurled off into the farthest reaches of space as they tried to make their earthly orbit at these speeds.

In Conclusion — either Santa is a real and very magical person, or if Santa ever DID deliver presents on Christmas Eve, he's certainly dead now.

## Is There a Santa Clause?

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun:

Dear Editor,

I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

Papa says "If you see it in The Sun it's so." Please tell me the truth. Is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon  
115 West Ninety-fifth St.

VIRGINIA,

Your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders

there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, not even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

This article originally appeared on the editorial page of the New York Sun, September 21, 1897, and was reprinted for many years in the December 24 editions of the newspaper.

## **It was Grandfather's Birthday**

It was Grandfather's birthday. He was 79. He got up early, shaved, showered, combed his hair and put on his Sunday best so he would look nice when they came.

He skipped his daily walk to the town cafe where he had coffee with his cronies. He wanted to be home when they came.

He put his porch chair on the sidewalk so he could get a better view of the street when they drove up to help celebrate his birthday.

At noon he got tired but decided to forgo his nap so he could be there when they came. Most of the rest of the afternoon he spent near the telephone so he could answer it when they called.

He has five married children, 13 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. One son and a daughter live within 10 miles of his place. They haven't visited him for a long time. But today was his birthday and they were sure to come.

At suppertime he left the cake untouched so they could cut it and have dessert with him.

After supper he sat on the porch waiting.

At 8:30, he went to his room to prepare for bed. Before retiring he left a not on the door, which read, "Be sure to wake me up when they come."

It was Grandfather's birthday. He was 79.



# **It's a Wonderful Life**

by Philip Van Doren Stern

The little town straggling up the hill was bright with colored Christmas lights. But George Pratt did not see them. He Was leaning over the railing of the iron bridge, staring down at the glassy black water. It looked paralyzingly cold. George wondered how long a man could stay alive in it. He leaned farther over the railing ....

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," a quiet voice beside him said.

George turned resentfully to a little man he had never seen before. He was stout, well past middle age, and his round cheeks were pink in the winter air.

"Wouldn't do what?" George asked sullenly.

"What you were thinking of doing."

"How do you know what I was thinking?"

"Oh, we make it our business to know a lot of things," the stranger said easily.

He was a most unremarkable little person, except for his bright blue eyes. They were the kindest, sharpest eyes you ever saw. He wore a moth-eaten old fur cap and a shabby overcoat that stretched tightly across his paunch. He carried a small black satchel.

"Looks like snow, doesn't it?" the stranger said. He turned to face George squarely. "You know you shouldn't think of such things — and on Christmas Eve of all times! You've got to consider Mary — and your mother. That's why I came along tonight. Lucky I did, too." He glanced down at the dark water and shuddered.

"If you know so much about me," George said, "give me just one good reason why I should be alive."

The little man chuckled. "Come, come. You've got your job at the bank. And Mary and the kids. You're healthy, young and —"

"And sick of everything!" George cried. "I'm stuck here in this mud-hole for life — a small-town bank clerk. I never did anything really useful or interesting, and it looks as if I never will. I might as well be dead. Sometimes I wish I were. In fact, I wish I'd never been born!"

The little man stood looking at him in the growing darkness. "What was that you said?" he asked softly.

"I said, I wish I'd never been born," George repeated firmly.

The stranger's pink cheeks glowed with excitement. "Why, That's wonderful! I was afraid you were going to give me some trouble. But now you've got the solution yourself. You wish you'd never been born. All right! Okay! You haven't!"

"What do you mean?" George growled.

"You haven't been born. Just that. No one here knows you. You have no responsibilities — no job, no wife, no children. Your wish has been granted — officially."

George snorted and turned away.

"You'd better take this with you," the stranger said, coming after him and holding his satchel out. "It'll open doors that might otherwise be slammed in your face."

He opened the satchel, hauled a plain hand brush out and gave the satchel to George. "When the lady of the house comes to the door, you give her this and say: 'Good evening, madam. I'm from the World Cleaning Company, and I want to present you with this handsome brush absolutely free.' It's a cinch. You try it." He forced the brush into George's hand.

George dropped the brush into the satchel and closed it with an angry snap. "Here," he said, and then stopped, for there was no one in sight.

THE STRANGER must have slipped away into the bushes, George thought. He certainly wasn't going to play hide-and-seek. It was nearly dark and getting colder every minute.

The streetlights had been turned on, and Christmas candles glowed softly in the windows. The little town looked remarkably cheerful. George felt a sudden burst of affection — even for crotchety old Hank Biddle whose house he was passing. He remembered the quarrel they'd had when his car had scraped a piece of bark out of Hank's big maple tree. He stepped out into the roadway to examine the trunk.

Hank must have repaired the scar or painted it over, for there was no sign of it. George bent down to look more closely, then straightened up with a sinking feeling in his stomach. There wasn't any scar. The bark was smooth and undamaged.

He remembered what the little man at the bridge had said.

When he reached the bank, George saw that something was wrong. The building was dark, and he knew he had turned the vault light on. He ran around to the front. A battered old sign was fastened on the door: "For Rent or Sale. Apply: James Silva, Real Estate."

A light was burning across the street in Jim Silva's office. George dashed over and tore the door open.

Jim looked up in surprise.

"The bank," George said breathlessly. "What's the matter with it?"

"The old bank building?" Jim Silva turned around and looked out the window. "Nothing I can see. Wouldn't like to rent or buy it, would you?"

"You mean — it's out of business?" "For a good ten years. Went bust. Stranger round these parts, ain't you?"

George sagged against the wall. "I was here some time ago," he said weakly. "I knew some of the people who worked at the bank."

"Know" a feller named Marty Jenkins?"

"Marty Jenkins!" Marty couldn't have worked at the bank. When they had left school, they had both applied for a job there and George had got it. But now, things were different. "I'd heard of him," he said slowly.

"Then maybe you heard how he skipped out with \$50,000. That's why the bank went broke. Pretty near ruined everybody around here. We'd like to get our hands on Marty Jenkins."

"Didn't he have a brother?"

"Art? Oh, sure. But He's all right. He don't know where his brother went. It's had a terrible effect on him too. Took to drink, he did. It's hard on his wife — a nice girl."

"Whom did he marry?" George demanded hoarsely. Both he and Art had courted Mary.

"Girl named Mary Thatcher," Silva said cheerfully. "Lives up on the hill — Hey! Where are you going?"

But George had bolted out of the office.

Candles burned in the windows of his parents' house, and a Christmas wreath hung on the front door. George raised the gate latch with a loud click. A dark shape on the porch began barking ferociously.

"Brownie!" George shouted. "Stop that! Don't you know me?" The porch light snapped on, and George's father stepped outside to call the dog off.

George could see that his father did not know him. "Is the lady of the house in?" he asked.

His father waved towards the door. "Go on in," he said cordially.

His mother obviously did not recognize him. George opened his sample kit and grabbed the first brush that came to hand. "Good evening ma'am," he said politely. "I'm from the World Cleaning Company. We're giving out a free sample brush. No obligation at all ...." His voice faltered.

His mother smiled at his awkwardness. "Won't you come in and sit down?"

"Thank you, ma'am. I don't mind if I do." He entered the little parlor and put his bag down on the floor. He looked around the room. Over the mantelpiece hung a framed photograph taken on his kid brother Harry's 16th birthday. He remembered how they had gone to Potter's studio to be photographed together. It took him a full minute to realize that the picture showed only one figure — Harry's.

"That your son?" he asked.

His mother's face clouded. She nodded, then turned away, making a choking noise in her throat. Her husband put his arm clumsily around her shoulder, saying harshly, "He drowned the day that picture was taken."

George's mind flew back to the August afternoon he and Harry had visited Potter's studio. On the way home, they had gone swimming, and Harry had been seized with a cramp. George had pulled him out of the water and thought nothing of it. But suppose he hadn't been there!

"I'm sorry," he said miserably. "I guess I'd better go."

He wanted desperately now to see Mary. He stumbled blindly up the path to his own house and knocked at the door. After a long silence, Mary came to the door.

George's voice almost failed him. "Merry Christmas, ma'am," he managed at last. His hand shook as he tried to open his satchel.

"Come in," Mary said indifferently.

George got his satchel open. One of the brushes had a bright blue handle and varicolored bristles. He handed it to Mary. "This would be fine for your sofa," he said.

"My, that's a pretty brush!" she exclaimed. "You're giving it away?"

He nodded.

She stroked the sofa gently with the brush, smoothing out the velvety nap. "It is a nice brush. Thank you. I —" There was a sudden scream from the kitchen, and two small children rushed in — a little girl sobbing loudly and a boy snapping a toy pistol at her head. "Mommy," he yelled, "I shot her, but she won't die."

He pointed his pistol at George and pulled the trigger. "You're dead!"

At a heavy step on the porch, the boy looked frightened and backed away. George saw Mary glance apprehensively at the door.

Art Jenkins came in. His eyes were glazed, and his face was very red. "Who's this?" he demanded thickly.

"He's a brush salesman," Mary began.

"Brush salesman!" Art sneered. "Well, tell him to get outa here. We don't want no brushes." Art hiccuped and lurched across the room to the sofa.

"You'd better go," Mary whispered to George. "I'm sorry."

Her eyes begged him to go. Art was sprawling out on the sofa, muttering unkind things about brush salesmen.

George went. He hurried down the hill and broke into a run when he neared the river. The little stranger was standing on the bridge. "I've had enough," George gasped. "Get me out of this — you got me into it."

The stranger raised his eyebrows. "You got your wish, everything you asked for. You're free. You can go anywhere — do anything. What more can you possibly want?"

"Change me back," George pleaded. "Please. Not just for my sake, but for others too. You don't know what a mess this town is in. You don't understand. They need me here."

"I understand right enough," the stranger said slowly. "You had the greatest gift of all conferred upon you — the gift of life, of being a part of this world and taking a part in it. Yet you denied that gift." The church bell high up on the hill sounded, calling the townspeople to Christmas services.

"I've got to get back," George said desperately. "You can't cut me off like this. It's murder!"

"Suicide, rather, wouldn't you say?" the stranger murmured. "How ever, since it's Christmas Eve — close your eyes and listen to the bells."

George did as he was told. A cold wet snow drop touched his cheek — and then another. When he opened his eyes, the snow was falling fast. The little stranger could not be seen.

George started towards the village. When he reached Hank Biddle's house, he peered down at the base of the big maple tree. The scar was there! He touched the tree affectionately. Maybe it was all a bad dream.

At the corner of Main and Bridge streets, he almost collided with Jim Silva, the real-estate agent. "Hello, George," Jim said cheerfully. "Late tonight, ain't you?"

George drew a long breath. "I just wanted to see if the bank is all right. I've got to make sure the vault light is on."

"Sure it's on. I saw it as I went past."

"Thanks — and Merry Christmas!" Then George was off like a streak.

He stopped at his parents' house, where he grasped his startled brother's hand, wishing him an almost hysterical Merry Christmas. He dashed across the parlor to examine a certain

photograph. He kissed his mother, joked with his father and was out of the house a few seconds later, stumbling and slipping on the snow as he ran on up the hill.

George flung open the door to his home and called at the top of his voice: "Mary! Where are you? Mary!"

His wife came toward him, making gestures to silence him. "I've just put the children to bed," she protested. But not another word could she get out, for he smothered her with kisses. Then he dragged her up to the children's room, where he madly embraced his son and his daughter.

It was not until Mary got him downstairs that he began to be coherent. "Oh, Mary, I thought I'd lost you!"

"What's the matter, darling?" she asked in bewilderment.

He pulled her down on the sofa and was about to tell her about his queer dream when his fingers touched something on the seat of the sofa.

He did not even have to pick the thing up, for he knew what it was. And he knew that it would have a blue handle and varicolored bristles.

## **It's in the Valleys I Grow**

Sometimes life seems hard to bear,  
Full of sorrow, trouble, and woe.  
It's then I have to remember  
That it's in the valleys I grow.

If I always stayed on the mountain top  
And never experienced pain,  
I would never appreciate God's love  
And would be living in vain.

I have so much to learn  
And my growth is very slow.  
Sometimes I need the mountain tops,  
But it's in the valleys I grow.

I do not always understand  
Why things happen as they do,  
But I am very sure of one thing.  
My Lord will see me through.

My little valleys are nothing  
When I picture Christ on the cross.  
He went through the valley of death.  
His victory was Satan's loss.

Forgive me, Lord, for complaining  
When I'm feeling so very low.  
Just give me a gentle reminder  
That it's in the valleys I grow.

Continue to strengthen me, Lord,  
And use my life each day  
To share your love with others



And help them find their way.

Thank you for valleys, Lord,  
For this one thing I know,  
The mountain tops are glorious,  
But it's in the valleys I grow!

# Jelly On The Woodwork

by Margery Rutherford

Last night I quit my job. I walked right up to the boss, whose name is Jerry and who happens to be my husband, and I resigned. He had just come in the door, whistled his familiar whistle, and called out, "Anyone home?" I had a crying baby in one arm, one was in the kitchen waiting for a peanut butter sandwich (and dinner only half an hour away) and the third was sitting in front of the television set, howling because he wanted the mouse cartoons instead of the usual one. Jerry kissed me dutifully on the cheek.

It was then that I gave my notice. "I quit," I said, "I've had it! If you can find anyone who will take this job on the salary I get, she's welcome to it."

Jerry took the toddler from my arms, gave her a hello kiss, and sent her scooting, then he put both arms around me tight and kissed me special ... that tender kind of kiss that curls my toes and wilts my heart. "How about a movie, beautiful?" he whispered in my ear.

I must say, my husband knows how to handle the help around here. I shutter to think what would happen if the office got wind of his phenomenal success and put him in charge of female personnel! I mentally tore up my letter of resignation and settled for a movie instead.

Not that I don't like my job, I really do. Even though the hours are horrible, and pay is — well, I guess I should say the pay just isn't. It's the future of my job that holds such tremendous possibilities. And the people I work for just can't be beat. I have a dream of a husband and three shining pink babies. No one could ask for more. It's just that sometimes it seems too overpowering for any one woman to handle. It's not the daily routine tasks. It's not the washing and the ironing and the cooking and mending. It's life's little emergencies that keep cropping up to disrupt my busy schedule.

We just get over a bout with the measles, and suddenly the flu bug bites us. We just get the tonsils out, and somebody falls off the swing and has to have three stitches taken in his scalp.

It's the battle of the Budget. It's one new pair of shoes after the other, and the dentist calling to tell us the x-rays revealed more cavities and the milkman asking me if I got the bill or did it blow away.

It's never finding time to wash the windows. You know — the one hall window where the baby kisses the mailman through the pane? Jerry passes it on the way out the door every morning, and more than once he has shyly suggested, "Better get with it." And I always say, "Yes, dear I'll do it for sure." Notice I don't say when. What I mean is, "Soon as the baby is off to college I intend to do a lot of things around here."

It's the permanent jelly on the woodwork. I no sooner get it scrubbed off than it takes root again. It's the cookie crumbs on the floor and the cobwebs clinging to the ceiling. It's the mud pies that get tracked across the kitchen floor. It's our bottomless sand-pile that never loses its sand despite all that seems to accumulate in front of the television set and beside the bathtub.

And the bulging closets! Every December when Jerry takes down the Christmas decorations, I say with all good intentions, "Now I'll clean out that closet before we put them back." And along about March, after we've stumbled over the boxes for three months, Jerry puts them back again, and I say, "Next year for sure."

It's missing our vacation because we had a tiny tot, and missing it the summer before because we were expecting that tiny tot. Then the summer before that because we had a tiny tot, and before that we were expecting that tiny tot. And the summer before that, more of the same, and the summer before that still more of the same.

It's confining a squirming baby in the supermarket basket and at the same time keeping track of the two who are wandering through the store putting articles in the baskets of unsuspecting housewives. It's standing in line and sorting out animal crackers and boxes of cookies that my little helpers have seen fit to select.

It's kicking toys under the couch when the boss's wife comes to call. What's more (and it never fails), she always asks for the bathroom before she leaves and what can I say? The plumbing can't be out of order every time she drops in.

It's a collection of assorted bruises, and bumps and skinned knees, and a runny nose, and untied shoestrings, and "I'm thirstys."

Do you see why I threatened to quit my job last night? It was all these things jelled together that suddenly seemed to overwhelm me. But that was last night. Tonight will be different. I discovered something today. I had some errands to do, so I took a dollar out of the milk money to pay a sitter. While I was gone, I discovered exactly what happiness is. It's this very thing I have just come home to ... the four walls of this happy house, and three little faces smiling up at me, the six sticky hands around my neck, and three little mouths talking at the same time.

It's a hard job, this business of raising a family. And, like all jobs, sometimes its demands sweep over you with such unexpected force that it seems too much ... too difficult for you to manage. But even during those occasional discouraging days, I know it's a tender rewarding job. These happy little people are a part of me. They depend on me and need me. It's a job I wouldn't trade for any other in the world, because it's my job.

And soon that wonderful man who chose me for his wife will be home with us. And he'll put his arms around me tight and kiss me special; that tender kind of kiss that curls my toes and

wilts my heart. Because tonight I have something special to tell him.

The most wonderful thing has happened to us. You see, we're going to have a BABY.

## Jock or Nerd

In answer to the eternal question "Is it better to be a jock or a nerd?" I submit the following:

Michael Jordan will make over \$300,000 a game: \$10,000 a minute, assuming he averages about 30 minutes per game. Assuming \$40 million in endorsements next year, he'll be making \$178,100 a day (working or not)! Assuming he sleeps 7 hours a night, he makes \$52,000 every night while visions of sugarplums dance in his head. If he goes to see a movie, it'll cost him \$7.00, but he'll make \$18,550 while he's there. If he decides to have a 5 minute egg, he'll make \$618 while boiling it. He makes \$7,415/hr more than minimum wage (after the wage hike) He'll make \$3,710 while watching each episode of Friends. If he wanted to save up for a new Acura NSX (\$90,000) it would take him a whole 12 hours.

If someone were to hand him his salary and endorsement money, they would have to do it at the rate of \$2.00 every second. He'll probably pay around \$200 for a nice round of golf, but will be 'reimbursed' \$33,390 for that round. Assuming he puts the federal maximum of 15% of his income into his tax deferred account (401k), he will hit the federal cap of \$9500 for such accounts at 8:30 a.m. on January 1st, 1997. If you were given a tenth of a penny for every dollar he made, you'd be living comfortably at \$65,000 a year. He'll make about \$19.60 while watching the 100 meter dash in the Olympics. He'll make about \$15,600 while the Boston Marathon is being run. While the common person is spending about \$20 for a meal in his trendy Chicago restaurant, he'll pull in about \$5600.

Next year, he'll make more than twice as much as all of our past presidents for all of their terms combined. Amazing isn't it? BUT: JORDAN WILL HAVE TO SAVE 100% OF HIS INCOME FOR 270 YEARS TO HAVE A NET WORTH EQUIVALENT TO THAT OF BILL GATES. NERDS RULE! NERDS RULE! NERDS RULE!

# John Baker's Last Race

by William J. Buchanan

The future looked bright to 24-year-old John Baker in the spring of 1969. At the peak of an astonishing athletic career, touted by sportswriters as one of the fastest milers in the world, he had fixed his dreams on representing the United States in the 1972 Olympic Games.

Nothing in Baker's early years had hinted at such prominence. Slight of build, and inches shorter than most of his teen-age Albuquerque pals, he was considered "too uncoordinated" to run track in high school. But something happened during his junior year that changed the course of his life.

For some time, the Mansion High track coach, Bill Wolffarth, had been trying to induce a tall, promising runner John Hasland — who was Baker's best friend — to join the track team. Hasland refused. "Let me join the team," Baker suggested one day. "Then Hasland might, too." Wolffarth agreed, and the maneuver worked. And John Baker had become a runner.

## Surge of Energy

The first met that year (it was 1960) was a 1.7-mile cross-country race through the foothills east of Albuquerque. Eyes were focused on Albuquerque's reigning state cross-country champion, Lloyd Goff. Immediately after the crack of the gun, the field lined up as expected, with Goff setting the pace and Hasland on his heels. At the end of four minutes, the runners disappeared one by one behind a low hill inside the far turn of the course. A minute passed. Two. Then a lone figure appeared. Coach Wolffarth nudged an assistant. "Here comes Goff," he said. Then he raised his binoculars. "Good grief!" he yelled. "That's not Goff! It's Baker!"

Leaving a field of startled runners far behind, Baker crossed the finish line alone. His time — 8:03.5 — set a new meet record.

What happened on the far side of that hill? Baker later explained. Halfway through the race, running well back of the leaders, he had asked himself a question: am I doing my best? He didn't know. Fixing his eye on the back of the runner immediately in front of him, he closed his mind to all else. Only one thing mattered: catch and pass that runner, and then go after the next one. An unknown reserve of energy surged through his body. "It was almost hypnotic," Baker recalled. One by one he passed the other runners. Ignoring the fatigue that tore at his muscles, he maintained his furious pace until he crossed the finish line and collapsed in exhaustion.

Had the race been a fluke? As the season progressed, Wolffarth entered Baker in a number of tougher events, and always the result was the same. Once on the track, the modest, fun loving teen-ager became a fierce, unrelenting competitor, a "Heart" runner who simply wouldn't be beat. By the end of his junior year Baker had broken six state track records, and during his senior year he was proclaimed the finest miler ever developed in the state. He was not yet 18.

## "Upset John"

In the fall of 1962, Baker entered the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, and stepped up his training. Each morning at dawn, spray can in hand to ward off snapping dogs, he ran through city streets, parks and golf courses — 25 miles a day. All in addition to daily varsity workouts. The training told. Soon, in Abilene, Tulsa, Salt Lake City, wherever the New Mexico Lobos competed, "Upset John" Baker was confounding forecasters by picking off favored runners.

In the spring of 1965, when Baker was a junior, the most feared track team in the nation belonged to the University of Southern California. So when the mighty Trojans descended on Albuquerque for a dual meet, sportscasters predicted doom for the Lobos. The mile they said, would fall to U.S.C.'s "Big Three" — Chris Johnson, Doug Calhoun and Bruce Bess, in that order. All had better times for the mile than Baker.

Baker led for one lap, then eased purposely back to fourth position. Rattled, Calhoun and Bess moved uneasily into the forfeited lead. Johnson, wary, held back. In the far turn of the third lap, at the same moment, Baker and Johnson moved for the lead and collided. Fighting to stay on his feet, Baker lost precious yards and Johnson moved into the lead. With 330 yards to go, Baker and Johnson were neck and neck. Slowly, Baker inched ahead. With both hands above his head in a V — for Victory sign, he broke the tape, a winner by three seconds. Inspired by Baker's triumph, the Lobos swept every following event, handing the demoralized Trojans their third-worst defeat in 65 years.

## A Coach Who Cared

Upon graduation, Baker considered his options. There were college coaching offers, but he had always planned to work with children. There was also his running. Was he, he wondered, Olympic material? In the end, he accepted a job that would allow him to pursue both ambitions — he became a coach at Aspen Elementary School in Albuquerque, and at the same time renewed his rigorous training with an eye to the 1972 Games.

At Aspen, another facet of Baker's character emerged. On his playing fields there were no stars, and no criticism for lack of ability. His only demand was that each child do his or her best. This fairness, plus an obviously sincere concern for his students' welfare, triggered a powerful response. Youthful grievances were brought first to Coach Baker. Real or fancied, each was treated as if at the moment it was the most important matter in the world. And the word spread: "Coach cares."

Early in May 1969, shortly before his 25th birthday, Baker noticed that he was tiring prematurely during workouts. Two weeks later, he developed chest pains, and one morning near the end of the month he awoke with a painfully swollen groin. He made an appointment to see a doctor.

To urologist Edward Johnson, Baker's symptoms were ominous, requiring immediate exploratory surgery. The operation confirmed Johnson's fears. A cell in one of Baker's testicles had suddenly erupted in cancerous growth, and the mass was already widespread. Though Dr. Johnson didn't say it, he estimated that even with a second operation Baker had approximately six months to live.

At home recuperating for the second operation, Baker confronted the grim reality of his world. There would be no more running, and no Olympics. Almost certainly, his coaching career was ended. Worst of all, his family faced months of anguish.

### Edge of the Precipice

On the Sunday before the second operation, Baker left home alone for a drive in the mountains. He was gone for hours. When he returned that evening, there was a marked change in his spirit. His habitual smile, of late only a mask, was again natural and sincere. What's more, for the first time in two weeks he spoke of future plans. Late that night, he told his sister, Jill, what had happened that clear June day.

He had driven to Sandia Crest, the majestic two-mile-high mountain peak that dominates Albuquerque's eastern skyline. Seated in his car near the edge of the precipice, he thought of the extended agony his condition would cause his family. He could end that agony, and his own in an instant. With a silent prayer, he revved the engine and reached for the emergency brake. Suddenly a vision flashed before his eyes: the faces of the children at Aspen Elementary — the children he had taught to do their best despite the odds. What sort of legacy would his suicide be for them? Shamed to the depths of his soul, he switched off the ignition, slumped in the seat and wept. After a while he realized that his fears were stilled, that he was at peace. "Whatever time I have left," he told himself, "I'm dedicating to the kids."

In September, following extensive abdominal surgery and a summer of cobalt treatments, Baker reimmersed himself in his job. And to his already full schedule, he added a new commitment — sports for the handicapped. What ever their infirmity, children who had once stood idle on the sidelines now assumed positions as "Coach's time-keeper" or "chief equipment watcher" or "foul-line supervisor," all wearing their official Aspen jerseys, all eligible to earn a "Coach Baker ribbon" for trying hard. (Baker made the ribbons himself, at home in the evening, from material purchased with his own money.)

### Silent Suffering

By Thanksgiving, letters in praise of Baker from grateful parents were arriving almost daily at Aspen (more than 500 would be received there and at the Baker residence before a year had passed). "My son was a morning monster," one mother wrote. "Getting him up, fed and out the door was hardly bearable. Now he can't wait for school. He's the Chief Infield Raker!"



"Despite my son's assertions, I could not believe that there was a superman at Aspen," wrote another mother. "I drove over secretly to watch Coach Baker with the children. My son was right." And this from two grandparents: "In other schools, our granddaughter suffered terribly from her awkwardness. Then, this wonderful year at Aspen, Coach Baker gave her an "A" for trying her best. God bless this young man who gave a timid child self-respect."

In December, during a routine visit to Dr. Johnson, Baker complained of a sore throat and headaches. Tests confirmed that the malignancy had spread to his neck and brain. For four months, Johnson now recognized, Baker had been suffering severe pain in silence, using his incredible power of concentration to ignore the pain just as he used to ignore fatigue when he ran. Johnson suggested painkilling injections. Baker shook his head. "I want to work with the kids as long as I'm able," he said. "The injections would dull my responsiveness."

"From that moment," Johnson later remarked, "I looked upon John Baker as one of the most unselfish persons I've ever known."

### Cups for Dashers

Early in 1970, Baker was asked to help coach a small Albuquerque track club for girls from elementary through high-school age. Its name: The Duke City Dashers. He agreed on the spot and, like the children of Aspen, the girls on the Dashers responded to the new coach with enthusiasm.

One day Baker arrived at a practice session carrying a shoe box. He announced that it held two awards: one for the fleetest runner; and one for the girl who, though never a winner, wouldn't quit. When Baker opened the box, the girls gasped. Inside were his awards, from his racing days, with his own name carefully burnished away.

By summer, the Duke City Dashers were a club to contend with, breaking record after record at meets throughout New Mexico and bordering states. Proudly, Baker made a bold prediction: "The Dashers are going to the national AAU finals."

But now a new problem plagued Baker. His cobalt treatments and frequent chemotherapy injection brought on severe nausea, and he could not keep food down. Despite steady decreasing stamina, however, he continued to supervise the Dashers, usually sitting on a small hill above the training area, hollering encouragement.

One afternoon in October, following a huddle on the track below, one of the girls ran up the hill toward Baker. "Hey, Coach!" she shouted. "Your prediction's come true! We're invited to the AAU finals in St. Louis next month!"

Elated, Baker confided to friends that he had one remaining hope — to live long enough to go along.

### Walking Tall

But it was not to be. On the morning of October 28, at Aspen, Baker suddenly clutched his abdomen and collapsed on the playground. Examination revealed that the spreading tumor had ruptured, triggering shock. Declining hospitalization, Baker insisted on returning to school for one last day. He told his parents that he wanted the children to remember him walking tall, not lying helpless in the dirt.

Sustained now by massive blood transfusions and sedation, Baker realized that for him the St. Louis trip was impossible. So he began telephoning Dashers every evening and didn't stop until he had urged each girl to do her best at the finals.

In the early evening of November 23, Baker collapsed again. Barely conscious as attendants loaded him into an ambulance, he whispered to his parents, "Make sure the lights are flashing. I want to leave the neighborhood in style." Shortly after dawn on November 26, he turned on his hospital bed to his mother, who was holding his hand, and said, "I'm sorry to have been so much trouble." With a final sigh, he closed his eyes. It was Thanksgiving Day of 1970, 18 months after John Baker's first visit to Dr. Johnson. He had beaten the odds against death by 12 months.

Two days later, with tears streaming Down their cheeks, the Duke City Dashers won the AAU championship in St. Louis — "for Coach Baker."

That would be the end of the John Baker story except for a phenomenon which occurred after his funeral. A few of the children of Aspen began calling their school "John Baker School." The change of name spread like wildfire. Then a movement began to make the new name official. "It's our school," the kids said, "and we want to call it John Baker." Aspen officials referred the matter to the Albuquerque school board, and the board suggested a voter referendum. In early spring of 1971, 520 families in the Aspen district voted on the question. There were 520 votes for — none against.

That May, in a ceremony attended by hundreds of Baker's friends and all of "his" children, Aspen School officially became John Baker Elementary. It stands today as a visible monument to a courageous young man who, in his darkest hours, transformed bitter tragedy into an enduring legacy.

## **The Joke In The Box**

These are actual newspaper headlines. We hope you enjoy their comical side.

- ▶ Something went wrong in jet crash, experts say
- ▶ Police begin campaign to run down jaywalkers
- ▶ Drunk gets nine months in violin case
- ▶ Stud tires out
- ▶ Panda mating fails; Veterinarian takes over
- ▶ Eye drops off shelf
- ▶ Squad helps dog bite victim
- ▶ Plane too close to ground, crash probe told
- ▶ Miners refuse to work after death
- ▶ Stolen painting found by tree
- ▶ Sisters reunited after 18 years in checkout line
- ▶ Cold wave linked to temperatures

## **Jolly Old Santa Claus**

"Ho, ho!" chuckled Jolly Old Santa Claus, as he stroked his long white beard. And then he began laughing all over again, his eyes twinkling and merry.

"Come, little Brownies ... come, my dear Mrs. Santa," he called, for this is a very wonderful letter indeed."

Mrs. Santa Claus, who had been playing the piano while the little brownies sang their favorite Christmas songs, stopped — and she, too, came to see this letter.

"What does it say?" "Who is it from?" "Did a little boy or a little girl write it?" "Where is it from?" "Did the ..."

"Whoa there, just a moment, my fine little friends," said Jolly Old Santa Claus. "One question at a time, or I can't hear any of you."

"Yes," he chuckled, "it is a letter from a little boy who has been very good all year. He has minded his Mommy and his Daddy, has been very helpful to his brothers and sisters, kind to his little dog and cat, and can you guess what he wants to know?"

The little brownies all tried to guess. "Will he get a train for Christmas?" "Will we find his new house?" "Will it snow on Christmas Eve?"

"No, no — you'll never guess," chuckled Jolly Old Santa Claus. "This good little boy wants to know if we are busy getting ready for Christmas at the North Pole!"

"Are we!" shouted all the little brownies. "We most certainly are."

The North Pole is the busiest place just before Christmas; little brownies are working away making all kinds of wonderful toys, baking goodies for the boys and girls and ....

But, come with me, and we'll "peek" in at the North Pole, and then you can see what is happening. Would you like that?

But remember, you must be very quiet, for no one can disturb the little brownies or they will never finish all their work before Christmas Eve.

"Go along," said Jolly Old Santa Claus, "but you must remember to be very, very good

and don't let the brownies see you."

First, let's stop at the Cookie Kitchen and see what is happening, shall we?

Just look at the little brownies scurrying about, with great smudges of flour on their aprons, and sugar on their hands.

And see how hard they are working!

Oops! Old "Gram'pa Brownie" just fell; the sack of flour is very heavy, and he was trying to walk backwards into the kitchen! And you know, he never remembers to wear his spectacles, he forgets them all the time!

And look at "Jingles," sitting way on top of the oven, telling the brownies just how to place the trays of cookies, so they won't burn.

Star-shaped cookies, heart-shaped cookies, gingerbread cookies, round and fat little cookies.

Oh! It's such fun to make these sugar cookies for all the good little boys and girls to enjoy.

Aren't you glad when Christmas time comes and you can eat such good things?

But, we must hurry on. The North Pole is a big place, and there is much to see.

Where would you like to visit next? I know — the Toy Shop! And, so it is.

Isn't this a wonderful place? Did you know that it would look like this?

Every brownie is busy. All of them, that is, except "Lazy Brownie." He's always playing. Just look at him — riding the rock-a-bye pony when he should be helping.

Shame! But Jolly Old Santa Claus will soon see him at play again, for he knows all about his little brownies.

Right now, he is busy checking his list of toys; airplanes, trains, drums, building blocks, dolls, teddy bears, rubber bouncing ball —

Goodness! There are so many toys to finish before Christmas! It's fun to look around the toy shop, isn't it?

Can you see "Lady Whiskers," Jolly Old Santa Claus' favorite cat? And do you see "Merry One," falling down the stairs? I think the old Jack-in-the-box frightened him, don't you?

And look at the clock on the wall!

"Chief Brownie" has seen it, too, and he is telling the brownies to hurry. It's getting late, and Christmas will soon be here!

While the little brownies in the Toy Shop finish painting and fixing all the toys, let's see what they are doing in the "Christmas Tree Room."

Oh, ho! Isn't this a beautiful room! Have you ever seen so many bright, bright colors, or as many pretty ornaments for the Christmas trees?

And look! Back there in the corner! They are blowing the bubbles to make ornaments!

And over there, near the box of sand. There's "Impy Brownie" dipping the ornaments into beautiful paint to color them.

This is a very special job, and only the most careful brownies can work here, for the glass ornaments have to be handled very carefully or they will break.

Did you see "Lady Whiskers," too? She's sitting up high on the rafters, watching the brownies, for if she walked on the floor, her long tail might break the ornaments, and "Chief Brownie" wouldn't like that at all!

And look at "Lazy Brownie," not working, again. Shame! He's sitting way up high, too, on top of the tool shelf, so no one can see him. But, it won't be long before Jolly Old Santa Claus sees him, and then he'll be working.

Doesn't Jolly Old Santa Claus look happy? He thinks his little brownies have made such beautiful ornaments.

And, it won't be long before Santa Claus is tip-toeing into your house to decorate your Christmas tree.

It's getting closer and closer to Christmas time!

We must hurry on now, to see all of the shops, for it will soon be time to leave.

Where is Jolly Old Santa Claus going?

Let's follow him, shall we?

Why, this is the office of Jolly Old Santa Claus, isn't it? It must be, for there is his desk, and there is Santa Claus, reading the letters from good little boys and girls.

And there on the wall is the list of good little boys and girls and bad boys and girls, too. Oh, look! "Helper Brownie is putting a mark under "Bad Little Boys and Girls." But, I hope it won't be for you!

And Mrs. Santa Claus is marking the names and addresses of all little boys and girls who have moved to new houses since last year, so Jolly Old Santa Claus will be sure to find them.

And, couldn't you guess it? "Lady Whiskers" is sitting on top of Santa's chair, and "Lazy Brownie," what is he doing, hiding under Santa's desk blowing smoke rings? That brownie! He's always getting into some mischief, isn't he?

But see "Jingles," busy handing letters to "Impy Brownie" to give to Santa to read.

And "Chief Brownie" — he's busy tugging in the great heavy sack of letters for Santa to read.

And look at Santa Claus. Doesn't he look happy? He must be reading a letter from a very good little boy or girl. Maybe it is your letter. Do you think it is?

But, we must scurry along, for Santa Claus has just asked "chief Brownie" if the Christmas trees are all ready. And that means Christmas is really coming!

And, it looks as though they are all ready, doesn't it?

Christmas trees, Christmas trees, all over the forest. Have you ever seen such beautiful trees? And, won't they look lovely after Jolly Old Santa Claus and his helpers have decorated them with the pretty glass ornaments!

See the little brownies sawing the trees.

And look at the little animals in the forest! How they love to watch the brownies collecting the trees, for they whistle and sing the happiest songs! You can hear their singing wherever you walk in the forest.

Did you see "Old Gram'pa Brownie" slip in the deep snow? And look! He's lost his cap! He's the funniest brownie, isn't he? He just never remembers to wear his spectacles!

I wonder where "Lazy Brownie" is. He's probably not working at all, but talking to the reindeer. Can you see him anywhere?

It won't be long now, before Jolly Old Santa Claus will be ready to leave the North Pole and then, it really will be "almost" Christmas time.

While the busy little brownies finish loading the trees into the sleigh, let's see what Mrs. Santa Claus is doing.

There she is, in front of Santa's castle, checking to see that everything will be ready so that Jolly Old Santa Claus can leave on time.

The toys are being put into the sleigh, and look at the teddy bear! He's so big that two brownies have to carry him into the sleigh.

"Chief Brownie" has Santa's Route List in his hand, and will know just where the reindeer must stop.

And "Jingles" is bringing the reindeer out to tie them to the sleigh.

And look what Mrs. Santa Claus is holding in her hands! She has ear-muffs and a heavy scarf, so Santa Claus will be warm on his long trip tonight.

For tonight is the night. At long last it is here. It is the night before Christmas!

You must be very quiet now, and hop into bed quickly, for Santa Claus is ready to leave.

The stars are twinkling in the blue sky above, and all the world is hushed and still, waiting for this magical night.



For tonight, yes, tonight is the night he comes!

Swiftly through the skies they will fly, Jolly Old Santa Claus and his eight reindeer.

And more quietly than softly falling snow, he will land atop your house. And then, silently, oh so silently, he will put a pack of toys on his back and slide down the chimney.

He will fill your stockings with goodies, trim your Christmas tree with beautiful ornaments, and underneath the tree what wonderful surprises there will be!

And then, just as quickly as he came, in the wink of an eye, he is gone.

All through the night he goes bringing happiness and joy and love into the homes of all good little children.

And long before the sun rises in the Christmas morning sky, Jolly Old Santa Claus will have visited the homes of every good little boy and girl all over the world, and will be flying back to his home in the North Pole.

And such excitement there will be when he comes!

The little brownies will want to know all about Jolly Old Santa Claus' trip.

"Did it snow, Santa Claus?" "Was it very cold?" "Were the good little boys and girls happy with their toys?" "Were they all fast asleep in their beds?"

But, look at "Lady Whiskers!" She has a surprise for Jolly Old Santa Claus, too — four soft, cuddly little kittens. And, aren't they cute little kittens?

While the little brownies feed the reindeer and settle them down for sleep, Jolly Old Santa Claus will begin to tell them all about his trip.

And what a wonderful trip it was.

But listen, isn't that Mrs. Santa Claus calling to Jolly Old Santa Claus and the little brownies?

Yes, it is Mrs. Santa Claus calling, and oh, how very wonderful this looks!

Mrs. Santa Claus has made cups of hot chocolate and sweet cookies for Santa and the brownies, for he is very tired, and very hungry, after his long night's journey.

And, the brownies are tired and hungry, too.

Now they are all busy little brownies, even "Lazy Brownie" who is busy shining Santa Claus' boots, and polishing the jingle bells from the sleigh.

"Chief Brownie" is telling his helpers to pack the toys very carefully, for they can be used next year.

And look at "Impy Brownie," spilling the bucket of red paint! It's the excitement of Santa Claus coming back from his trip.

But soon, very soon, all of the work will be finished.

And then, Jolly Old Santa Claus and Mrs. Santa Claus will rest and visit awhile, and start making their plans for next Christmas.

And the little brownies, what will they do?

Why, after they have eaten all the delicious cookies that Mrs. Santa Claus has made for them, it will be their bedtime.

And what tired little brownies they are, for they have worked very hard baking Christmas cookies, collecting trees, making beautiful ornaments and pretty toys, getting everything ready for your Christmas.

But first, just before it is bedtime, they will have a big pillow fight, for they always do this just before bedtime on Christmas Eve.

And such merriment and such fun!

And then, when the brownies are safely tucked into their little beds, Jolly Old Santa Claus and Mrs. Santa Claus will tiptoe into their bedroom and, standing at the bottom of the winding stairs, they will call "good night" to their little brownie friends.

And, as they reach the bedroom door, they will turn off the light, throw a big kiss to the little brownies, and then, quietly, oh so quietly, it is almost a tiny whisper. You can hear all the little brownies, and Mrs. Santa Claus and Jolly Old Santa Claus as they call to each and every good little boy and girl all over the world, "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

## Joy Awaits the Pure

Hal Cannon had always done his best to serve the Lord. He came from a good family, and he honored them by being obedient to their teachings. When he turned nineteen, he served a mission in Germany and learned to love the people he served.

After his mission, he enlisted in the military. He was surrounded by strangers who seemed not only uninterested in religion, but who lived a life-style that seemed to mock Christian teachings. Everyone knew Hal was a Mormon. Sometimes his companions ridiculed him with "How many wives you gonna have, Cannon?" or "Do you want to come and get drunk with us? We'll pay."

Usually Hal just ignored these taunts, knowing they were in jest. But it made him feel isolated, and he began to wonder if working so hard to maintain his integrity was worth it. It made him a loner, different; and he felt rejected.

His greatest test came one evening when he and his only close associate, a young man with many interests like his own, attended a dance. At the dance he met a quiet, unassuming, pretty girl with whom he enjoyed spending the evening. When the dance was almost over, Hal's friend left without him because the new girl said she would take Hal back to the base. When they got in the car they talked for a while. Hal put his arm around the girl, and she turned to him obviously desiring physical affection. Hal felt his loneliness and isolation melting into the warmth and comfort of her. He asked himself, "Am I really different from the others? Why should I keep trying to stay morally clean? It would be so easy not to."

But he had his values to think of. He knew what was true and what the Lord expected. He had to live with that knowledge. He had to live with himself. When he realized that establishing a defensible moral line was up to him. He pulled back, and told the girl he had to return to the base immediately. She accepted his sincerity but acted hurt and wondered if she had done something to offend him.

Years later, when Hal had married the girl that was right for him and had exchanged vows for eternity with her, he looked back at that evening with both terror and gratification. If he had failed, this precious girl that adored and trusted him, that shared with him all that made him happy — his Church and his family — might never have been his. He looked back to that evening and thanked his Heavenly Father for giving him the strength to do what was right. Now he understood what happiness could come from keeping himself morally clean.

God simply knows that virtue is its own reward, that the saving of oneself for one eternal partner makes that commitment more beautiful, more joyful. It is the simple question of whether you want a penny now or a diamond later. Any momentary pleasure that might result from a premarital relationship cannot be compared with the vastly greater joy of oneness in marriage. And the indulgence in the former can destroy the potential for the latter.

## Just a Boy

Got to understand the lad -  
He's not eager to be bad;  
If the right he always knew'  
He would be as old as you.

Were he now exceeding wise.  
He'd be just about your size;  
When he does things that annoy,  
Don't forget - he's just a boy.

Could he know and understand,  
He would need no guiding hand;  
But he's young and hasn't learned  
How life's corners must be turned.

Doesn't know from day to day  
There is more to life than play.  
More to face than selfish joy.  
Don't forget - he's just a boy.

Being just a boy he'll do  
Much you will not want him to;  
He'll be careless of his ways,  
Have his disobedient days.

Wilful, wide and headstrong, too,  
He'll need guidance kind and true;  
Things of value he'll destroy,  
But reflect - he's just a boy.

Just a boy who needs a friend,  
Patient, kindly to the end;  
Needs a father who will show

Him the things he wants to know,

Take him with you when you walk,

Listen when we wants to talk,

His companionship enjoy,

Don't forget - he's just a boy.

## **Keep Trying**

You can't fell trees without some chips.

You can't achieve without some slips.

Unless you try, you'll wonder why

Good fortune seems to pass you by.

Success is not for those who quail.

She gives her best to those who fail,

And then with courage twice as great

Take issue once again with fate.

'Tis better far to risk a fall

Than not to make attempts at all.

# **Kids Can Cook!**

An Original Cook Book by Kids and for Kids

Compiled by Tom Redd

From Years of Teaching

Chocolate Milk Shake

by Rodney Dyck

A lot of scoops of ice cream and milk. Take beater and that's it. Serve in a glass and add two straws.

Pudding

by Tom Simspon

Put one hot glass of water and wait five minutes and then you put it in a dish and eat it.

Jello

by Adrienne McCollum

When you get one of those things, put hat water in it. Then stir it for just a little while. Then put it in the Fridge. Then take it out the next day. Then eat it with a spoon.

Finger Jello

by Todd Kusler

Take a pan. Take any mix like strawberry mix and get some water and put it in the fridge over night and then it's done and you can eat it. It's ready to eat with your fingers.

Brown Bread

by Brandy

There's brand and sugar, salt, east, milk and that's all. Mix it the way I told you. Turn it on and then you wait for a little while and then you put the bread in. Leave it in the oven for about two hours.



Barbecue  
by Kim

Put steak on the barbecue. Put Potatoes on. Put I think it was steak and carrots and beans but put the beans in the Micro-wave.

Pie  
by Troy Peirboom

I don't know what you put in, but it's good.

Eggs  
by Nathan

You take eggs and you crack them over a pan and put them on the oven. I think it takes about fifteen or ten minutes to cook.

Hot Chocolate  
by Wade Miller

Milk and chocolate and you just turn the stove on. Then you stir it. And drink it.

Instant Breakfast  
by Shiona

You got to put the instant breakfast in a glass and then you put some milk in it and stir it and that's all you have to do.

Pancakes  
by Deon Byan

First you put some hot water in a dish. It doesn't matter but it has to be that high. And then you put some flour in and then that's all. And then you take this little spoon and put it on that pan and then when that one side's cooked, turn it over. Put it on the plate and take it to the table.

How to Cook Cauliflower  
by Terra Werbowski

Put water over the vegetable. Add salt. Cover and cook on medium high until vegetables are tender.

Cake  
by Shiona

Take half a cup of water and stir it until there's no more lumps and put it in the oven and wait for fifteen minutes. Make the oven Medium sized hot.

Omelet  
by Jennifer Pattry

First you crack four eggs. Then you take a can of Mushrooms and you put half a can in and you put some salad and broccoli in and I think that's it. And then you put a lid over top and let it cook for half an hour.

Barbecued Roast  
by Brandy

You have to have this tinfoil thing, and you put wine in it — Baby Duck or something and then put it in a fork and on the barbecue. Get the automatically thing and it turns around and then it cooks for about one to two hours. And that's all.

Chocolate Chip Cookies  
by Cindy

There's these little kind of things that are not really raisins. They're chocolate and kind of brownish dough. Then mix it up with a beater and put sugar in it and I think it's white sugar. Bake in the oven on the first one. Put the timer until it dings. Then eat them.

Make Snoopy with It  
by Angela Morgan

Take a Pear. Make two raisins for the eyes and one Prune for the nose and salad for the face. And use cherries.

Instant Porridge  
by Brandy

You make an instant porridge box and you need some water — boiled water. You pour the instant porridge in a bowl, and you put the water in it and then it's ready to eat with brown sugar and milk.

Home-made Chicken Noodle Soup  
by Kim

Like we had last night. First you boil some water, and then you put some chicken in it and you put some short little carrots in it and then you cook it for I forgot how long to cook it. Then you eat it.

Puffed Wheat Cake  
by Cindy

You put eleven and a little bit cups of puffed wheat and you put something in it. Then you get a pan and you put some brown sugar in it and you mix it up and you put it in the puffed wheat and you mix it like this. And you put it in a pan that you're going to put it in.

Apple sauce  
by Gregory Freisen

You do it on apples and sauce and eat it with a spoon. And I don't know how long to put it in the oven.

Milk Shake  
by Darrell Rath

Take milk and put it in and stir it and that's all. Eat it with a straw and a cup.

Popcorn  
by Devon Goulet

Put some oil in the bottom of it and the popcorn in. And it goes ten seconds and not very hot and it's all done.

Snowman  
by Gregory Freisen

Get white sugar and stick it together and get brown sugar and stick one ball out of the brown sugar and put it on his eye and do the same for the other eye. Get any candy for a shirt and that's all.

Pizza  
by Adrienne McCollum

Make some dough out of eggs and sugar and get a pan and put the dough on it and spread it. Put sauce on it and the sausage and more cheese. Then put more sauce on and put the oven at medium and then eat it.

Popcorn  
by Adrienne McCollum

Get some oil and put some in. Then get popcorn seeds and wait until the popcorn stops. When it starts popping melt some butter and when you are all done put salt and butter in. Then eat it.

Chicken  
by Shane Gazdag

Get a chicken and put shake and bake on it. Let it sit in the oven for one hour at 80 degrees. Then serve it.

Shake and Bake  
by Rodney Dyck

Get a chicken and put shake and bake on it. Let it sit in the stove for one hour at 90 degrees and then serve it.

Ice Cream  
by Todd Bodin

Put ice on the top and Ice Cream in the can and plug it in and take it out. It's done.

Popcorn  
by Devon Goulet

Put in some oil and then some popcorn and then let it soak and heat until it starts popping and then eat it and pop it.

Turkey  
by Shane Gazdag

Cut some things off and then cut out the back of him. Then put a pin in his back. Put it in a big pan. Then put it in the oven about 100 degrees for about three hours. Take it out and serve. P.S. Put stuffing in it.

Chocolate Short Cake  
by Marty Becker

Put some flour in and a little water in and put in a little sugar and mix it up. Put in pancake flour and cook it about one degree in the oven for 15 minutes.

Pancakes  
by Shane Gazdag

Get an egg. Put it in a pot. Put flour in and a teaspoon of sugar and a teaspoon of Baking Soda and put it on the pan and cook up to 15 degrees and cook for about 15 minutes.

Potato Chocolates  
by Robbie Meyer

Potatoes, Chocolate, sugar, Milk, any flavor you want to add. Then let them sit in the fridge for a couple of days and then serve.

Chocolate Cake  
by Marty Becker

Add flour, a little milk, and flour and mix it. And then put a little sugar in and then put it in the oven for 20 minutes at 10 degrees. Take it out at 4 o'clock and put it in the fridge. Serve.

Popcorn  
by Darrell Dyck

Put some salt in and put butter in and eat it.

Milk Shake  
by Todd Bodin

Ice Cream and what's that stuff again. It's something you put in there and then you put milk and I think that's all and put it in the mixer thing and when it's done you drink it.

Jello  
by Travis Fandrick

Pour some stuff in and then put water in and then put it in the fridge and let it be cold. Then take it out and freeze it in the fridge. Take it out and eat it with a spoon.

Popcorn  
by Grant Seefried

Get some corn seeds in a bag. And put how many you want and put some butter on the top of it if it's got a butter hole and that's all.

Milk Shake  
by Bradley Bohnet

Take pop and ice cream and mix it and put some more ice cream in and grind it again and that's all. Eat it with a straw.

Cake  
by Jeff Mack

Get flour. I think you put water, eggs, sugar and then put it in a pan or something and I think you cook it about 4, 5, or 6 hours at about hot degrees in the oven. Take it out and cool it and that's all.

Peanut Butter Cupcakes with Marshmallows  
by Sherry Jakubowsky

Get some peanut butter and Marshmallows and mix it together and put it in those things and turn it to 6 degrees and that's all.

Jello  
by Darrell Rath

You boil hot the water and then you put the stuff in and freeze it for about 5 hours and take it out after the 5 hours and then serve.

Milk Shake  
by Scott Rath

Ice Cream, milk, and then vanilla and that's all. And then mix and that's all. Then put it in a cup.

Kind of Loaf with Raisins in it  
by Karin

Put an egg in the oven. I think put in some sugar. Oh boy! Flour and all this brown stuff and I don't know the names of it — three brown things. Put in some pumpkin-kind of stuff from a can or something. Stir it all up. Stir it all up. I think that's all. Warm the oven up first. I don't know how hot and put it in. Set the buzzer and take it out when it buzzes.

Bacon and Eggs  
by Cheri Petersen

Take out 2 pans and get 4 eggs. Get 1/2 package of bacon. Put eggs in one pan and bacon in the other. Turn on stove to low heat. Cook for 20 minutes. Then serve.

Soup  
by Heidi Peterson

Put one bowl of water in a pan. Then turn heat on high. Turn off heat when it boils. Put soup in water. Take a fork and crunch it up.

### Chicken Noodle Soup

by Debbie Roos

3 cups of water, and bring water to a boil. Put in soup (chicken noodle soup) and simmer for 10 minutes.

### Pancakes

by Danny Mooy

Put 2 cups powdered sugar in a bowl. 5 cups of raisins. 4 cups flour. 2 cups warm water. Mix it all up. Put in oven, bake it for about 2 minutes at 40 degrees. Then cool and eat.

### Hot Dish

by Jeff McKay

Meat, Peppers, and Rice. Take peppers and put in glass pan. Put chunks of meat and rice on the peppers and cook at 35 degrees for 15 minutes. Chop up cheese and put on top of meat and rice and then serve.

### Tacos

by Alesa Urwin

Take 1 pound hamburger and chopped green peppers (it doesn't matter how many). Cook. Slice up 1 pound of cheese and 1 pound lettuce. Slice up 2 tomatoes. Taco Shells.

### Hamburgers

by Jenny Wood

Get 7 handfuls of hamburger, and pat them into circles. Cook for 10 minutes at bake degrees. Take them out of the oven and cook the buns for 1—2 minutes. Put hamburgers in the bun — put on catsup and mustard. The end.

### Hot Dogs

by Scot Glissmeyer

Take a hot dog and put it in the pan and let it cook, and take it out. I like catsup and mustard. That's all. P.S. Be sure to put the hot dog on a plate.



Tacos  
by Sheri Lynn Lermusiaux

First cook taco shell. Cook meat for 20 minutes. Put on the taco. Put cheese on meat. Put tomatoes on cheese. Put peas on tomatoes, and put the lettuce on top.

Chili Cheese Hot Dogs  
by Linda Bakker

Boil 1 or more hot dogs for 1—2 minutes. Put hot dog on bun. Add chili (cooked) and then add 1 slice of cheese.

Macaroni and Cheese  
by Heidi Green

Take about 1—2 cups of noodles and put some cheese (about 1 cup) in it and put in a pan and then take about 2 cups milk and stir it around. Cook it for about 1 hour. Then it's ready to serve.

Hot Dogs  
by Jenny Wood

Cook the hot dogs. Get the buns. Put in the hot dog. Put on catsup and mustard. Then eat it.

Pizza  
by Jon Frank

Get about 2 cups flour and 1 cup water. Add 2 eggs. Mix and make a dough. Flatten it and put on a greased (shortening) pan. Make sauce from 1 bottle in storage room. Put sauce on dough. Then cut 20 pieces pepperoni. Slice ham, and put on pizza. Cut or grate 20 slices of Mozzarella cheese. Cook at 3 degrees for 10 minutes.

Spaghetti  
by Rhonda Parks

Get 2 pounds hamburger. Chop it up. Then put in pan and fry. Then take 2 packages of spaghetti noodles and put sauce (any kind) in the pan. Cook for 1 hour. Then serve.

## Chicken and Stars Chicken Noodle Soup

by Bradley Rigby

Get a can of chicken noodle soup and put in a pan and turn on oven — medium heat — put 1 shake of salt and wait 1—2 hours. Then take out of oven.

## Spaghetti

by Tami Acord

Get long noodles, crack them up and put in pan. Boil them for, Check them, cook till soft. Get a bowl and get spaghetti sauce and put sauce in a bowl. Then get about 2 cups of meat. Then cook meat in a pan for about 10 minutes (and stir). After that's done get a strainer and get all water out of spaghetti. Cook the sauce for 3 minutes. Put noodles in sauce and meat and then eat.

## Tacos

by Karen Parker

Get tortillas and put them in a pan and turn on oven for 1 minute. Then get 1 Tomato and cut it up and one half square of cheese. Put meat in pan and cook 6 minutes. Put everything in a bowl and put on table and it's ready to eat.

## Cheese-Ez

by Jenny Strong

Grate as much cheese as you want. Get out a floured tortilla and sprinkle cheese on. Put it in Micro-wave. Cook 15 minutes. Then take it out and eat it.

## Missionary Mess

by Troy Brown

Buy a can of chili and put it in a pan. Heat till hot. Take fritos. Then put lettuce, cheese and tomatoes on top of it.

## Waffles

by Jenny Wood

Get waffles out of the freezer and pop them in the toaster. Push the button down. Then eat.

Haystack  
by Ryan Vandertoolen

Get burrito chips and lettuce (break it up). Then put cheese over. Then Hidden valley and cheese.

OR

Take beans (brown) and make them hot. Set them down and then put lettuce on beans. Then put burritos on the lettuce. Then hidden valley dressing and then the cheese.

Graham Crackers with Jello  
by Malene Allen

Make your favorite kind of jello, and buy some graham crackers, refrigerate it as long as you normally do. After it's finished getting cool, put the jello on the graham crackers. Then you eat them.

Frosted Grahams  
by Joe Robison

Get some graham crackers. Then get some frosting (buy canned). Put frosting inside graham crackers and put another graham cracker on top.

Fudge  
by Tami Acord

Get 2 cups chocolate and the same for walnuts. Put 1 cup walnuts in a bowl with chocolate. Then stir them up. Then get chocolate chips. Put in the bowl with the fudge. Mix together and pour in a baking pan. Cook for 5 minutes in micro-wave. Then eat.

Dessert  
by Jeremy Deeble

Take square cake pan and one package of graham crackers. Then get a bowl of pudding and pour over graham crackers. Then get a can of raspberries and pour over pudding and repeat. Then put graham crackers over the raspberries. Then some cream over crackers. Then get some raspberries and freeze for 14 minutes.

Brownies  
by Robert Lake

First get a carton of milk and mix with 1 slice of butter. Mix. Then get chocolate frosting with nuts (15) and put in oven 2 hours at 10 degrees.

Pudding  
by Stephaania Dean

Get a package of pudding and put in a bowl and stir. Then put it in two cups. Then it's ready to eat after it sits for 10 minutes.

Fast Breakfast  
by Todd Williford

First get one half cups of corn flakes with no sugar on them. Then you get one half cup of milk. Then you get one half cup of cinnamon and get one quarter cup sugar. Then mix all together and eat.

Breakfast  
by Lynn Hoffman

1 box of raisins, one half box raisin bran cereal, one half cup cinnamon and milk 2 cups. Mix all together and eat it.

French Toast  
by Tommy Martin

First get bread. Then get 2 eggs. Crack the eggs in the bowl and then put toast on top of the stove. Then make sure that it's almost black. Then put the bread in the egg. Then wait until 5 minutes and put it on the table. Eat with syrup.

Bananas  
by Tami Acord

Get a banana and 1 bowl and 1 tablespoon of milk. Put the banana (peeled). Then slice it up and put it in the bowl. Then add milk. Then eat. Sprinkle with sugar.

Cherry Rolls  
by Tommy Martin

Buy dough and buy a can of cherries. Wait for a minute to let dough rise. Then cook for 20 minutes at 10 degrees.

Sweet Bread  
by Todd Williford

One Quarter cup flour, 1 gallon water, 2 gallons yeast, one quarter cup cream, one half cup shortening. Mix together three times. Roll out and spread melted butter, sugar and cinnamon. Let rise for 10 minutes. Bake at 30 degrees for 1 hour.

Sweet Bread Dough  
by Heidi Peterson

Take the recipe of Sweet Bread that we made in class, but do following: add raisins.

Scones  
by Linda Bakker

First get 4 cups flour, 1 cup water, and all about 1 cup of yeast. Put ingredients in a large bowl, and mix it. Let rise one half hour. Put in fridge 5 minutes. Take a spoon and take some dough. Put it in a deep fryer and cook for 1 minute. Then cool a little bit and eat with honey or jam.

Appetizer  
by Monte Shosted

Buy at the store tortilla chips. Place on pizza pan. Put cheese on each chip. Cook it till cheese melts. (30 degrees)

Apple Turn Overs  
by Nicole Park

Cut some apples and get a grater, and grate the apples. Make the dough. One teaspoon flour, 1 liter shorting. Mix together. Take some dough and roll out and put some apples in the dough. Put it in the oven. Bake it.

Homemade Ice Cream  
by Cheri Petersen

Put ice in bucket. Put cream in ice cream maker, then let stir for one half hour. Then take cream out and now it's ready to eat.

Applesauce  
by Sentituli Lino

Pick up apples and peel it. Then grate it and put in oven and cook for 6 minutes. Then eat.

Cake  
by Mark Whetzel

Get a pan and put dough in it. Then mash crackers up and put on dough. Then cook it in the oven. (Warm oven for one half hour). Then get it out of the oven and frost it.

Frosting: one half cup flour, one half cup sugar and then put a hershey bar in it and then blend up till ready to spread.

Tacos  
by Jennifer Frazee

Buy 3 taco shells and some cheese and 1 package of meat, 1 tomato, 1 head of lettuce. Place everything on a shell and place in micro-wave for 20 minutes and then it's ready to eat.

A Treat  
by Marty Jones

Get cheerios, 1 big cup and put one half cup peanut butter. Put on cookie sheets in balls. Put in the oven for 2 minutes.

Cake (Chocolate) and Ice Cream  
by Leann Dahms

Buy your favorite cake and cut up and put a slice in a dish. Take a scoop of chocolate chip ice cream and put on cake. Eat it.

Chocolate Chips  
by Kelly Harwood

Chocolate Chips.

Cherry Pie  
by Kim Clements

Put crust in a pan. Put cherries on the crust. Bake it (10 degrees) for 30 minutes. Let it cool.

Cake  
by Jeremy Oviatt

Get a cake mix and add 2 eggs. Stir it and then let bake (10 degrees) for 1 hour. Then let cool and frost it.

Icing: Whipping cream and food coloring. Mix together and spread on cake.

Cherry Pie  
by Bryan MacDonald

Buy a frozen pie. Put the cherries in the pie crust. Bake (hot oven) for 1 hour.

Icing  
by Bonnie Collier

Take 2 scoops of powdered sugar. Then put a couple of drops of food coloring. Mix up and it's ready to use.

## Chocolate Cake

By Scott Tye

Put one half cup butter in a bowl. Then add 6 cups sugar. Then add a capful vanilla. Then 2 eggs in it and mix all together. Pour into a cake pan and cook in a hot oven for one half hour to one hour.

Frosting: Put butter, one half cup and one half box powdered sugar. Put baking chocolate (2 small cups). Put 10 teaspoons milk. Mix together and put on cooled cake. Then eat.

## Chocolate Cookies

by Todd Williford

First make dough: one half cup flour, one half cup water, then add chocolate chips. Get a hershey bar and cut it up then mix with dough. Bake it 4 degrees for one hour.

## Pies

by Cheri Petersen

Apple Pie: Get 3 cups flour. Get a bowl and 1 egg and 3 cups water and mix all together. Get a rolling pin and roll out and put it in a glass bowl. Then get apples and peel them and cut them and put on dough. Put in oven at 7 degrees for 20 minutes. Then it's ready to eat for dessert.

Pumpkin Pie: Get dough by taking 3 cups for flour. Roll out. Take frozen pumpkin, and take out of the freezer. Put pumpkin on dough. Put in the oven, about 7 degrees. Cook 16 minutes. Then it's ready to eat.

Chocolate Pie: Get a bowl out and one cup flour, one half cup milk and 3 eggs. Stir it. Then add 3 cups flour. Stir. Roll out, and put in a glass pan. Put chocolate in it. Bake at 4 degrees (-15.55 degrees Celsius) for 60 minutes.

## Fruit Salad

by Tami Acord

Get 1 apple, 1 orange, and 1 banana. Get a bowl and a knife. Peel the banana and cut up into slices. Then put in the bowl. Then slice the orange up. Then put into the bowl and stir up. Then eat.



Marble Pie  
by Robert Madden

Buy a vanilla cake mix. Then put an egg, then put one half cup milk and put in a bowl. Then put cake coloring and stir up and put in a pan and place in 300 degree oven and cook for 2 hours.

Cooked Pudding  
by Stephanie Dean

You get cooked pudding. Then put it in a pan. Put 2 cups milk. Let it sit in oven (12 degrees) for 10 minutes. Pour into 3 cups. Then it's ready to eat.

Jello  
by Brett Utley

Boil 1 gallon of water and put gelatin (any kind) and put 5—10 ice cubes in boiling water. Stir it. Put in a glass pan then put in refrigerator for 1 hour. Then take it out and eat it.

Pie  
by Shanna Paxton

Put crust in a pan. Then any type of fruit you want and put on the crust. Then put pan in oven at 350 degrees, and cook for 16 minutes. Take out of oven and eat it.

Cacko Squares  
by Patrea Pugsley

Put coconut oil, one half cup, and then 1 cup of brown sugar. Then get a middle-size bowl and put some flour (whole bowl) in it, plus one half bag chocolate chips. Stir it up. Get a pan. Grease pan with crisco and put the cacko square mix in pan and put in oven at 300 degrees for 60 minutes. Then take out and eat.

Oatmeal Cookies  
by Jay Taggart

First put sugar in a bowl. Three cups. Then add shortening, two cups. Then mix. Put vanilla (2 cups) and put 2 eggs, and mix up. Then add 1 teaspoon baking soda, and 2 cups milk. Put 3 cups flour in shift, and put in mix. Then put oatmeal (3 cups). Mix. Then cook in oven for a couple minutes.

Suckers  
by Tommy Martin

First get 1 cup then get dry red punch. Then get the cup and shape the punch. Put in freezer for about 10 minutes. Then take out and eat.

Pudding  
by Todd Williford

Get a pudding mix. Then get one third cup water. Then you get one half cup chocolate and mix all together. Then put it in the freezer for 1 hour. Then you take out. Put whipped cream on it and eat.

Beef  
by Blake Newton

If there isn't any beef you can go buy it or get it out of your fridge. Get beef out of the deep freeze. If you want some sauce on it get some sauce. Barbecue it. Have the barbecue on warm. leave it on the barbecue for a couple of hours or a couple of minutes. Every minute you go and check it. When its kind of brownish or black then it's done. Then put it on a big plate and bring it inside and eat it.

Macaroni  
by Julie Morton

I kind of don't remember it. dump the macaroni in bowl. An there is a cheese pack in it and you rip it open. And then you pour it in the macaroni and put some hot water in. And then you stir it. Get some milk and put it in. and then you put the lid on and then you wait about a minute until it sparkles. And then you go and get it and set the table and you put it on the table and it's ready.

Chocolate Chip Cookies  
by Jeff Henry

You need chocolate chips. You need some brown sugar or flour and you need sugar. You stir it up and then you cook it. Cook it in the oven. You need a pan to put them in before you cook them. Cook them for 15 minutes. Let them set when they are done. The end. Eat them. I just love them.

Butter Tarts  
by Brandon Stewart

There's only one thing. I don't know how you make them. The only thing that I know is that you put raisins and butter in them. Only raisin, and not butter. Cook them two hours — no, an hour in the micro wave or the stove.

Chocolate chip cookies  
by Kasie Newton

First you get the bowl. Put two and a half cups of flour in. Then you put One cup of water in and you stir it. Then you put one cup of milk in. Then you stir it really good. Then you put you put the chocolate chips in. Then you get the cookie sheets out. Then put the dough on and cook it for about 20 minutes and you take them out of the oven. Then you take them off of the sheet and on to the cupboard to cool. That's it!

Rice and Meat  
by Aaron Redd

Get out the pans. Put the rice in the big one. Put cream of mushroom soup in it. First put the meat in. Then the cream of mushroom soup. Then stir it up. Then put it in the microwave. I don't know why she puts it in the micro wave, but she puts it in or something. Take it out and stir it again. Then you put it on the oven and put it to MAX and starts cooking it. Then when it is supper time, you take it off and eat it.

Chocolate Cake (I love it!)  
By Janay Carter

I know it is just like normal cake. And then you bake it. And then when it is done you put icing on it. The oven has to be rally hot.

Cake  
by Justin Jones

Put milk in pan. Add some sugar. Add flour and icing. Then eat it.

Bread  
by Justin Jones

You put flour and then get a glass pan and mix it and put it in the oven for two hundred minutes.

Home style Barbecue Sauce  
by Austin Barnett

You need some ketchup and some chopped onions and it think some vinegar. You warm it up. You stir it though. And that's all.

Pie  
by Kasie Newton

First you make the crust. Then you put it in the pan. Then you cut up some apples. Then you put them over the bottom layer. Then you make the top layer. Then you put it over the apples. And then you put sugar on the top layer. Then you cook it for about ten minutes. Once it is cone cooking, then you take it out and let it cool. That's it!

Butter Milk  
by Jeff Henry

You need cream and I think it was milk. Shake it. Done!

Cordon Bleu  
by Melissa Foggin

It has a piece of chicken like a round piece. And it has this cheese and ham and chopped up potatoes inside of it. It has pieces of celery in it. When you cook it, first you fry the chicken. Then you cook the insides all together and mix the cheese and melt it and celery. It tastes good!

Bread Sticks  
by Brandon Stewart

You make the dough. You need flour. You need sugar. Then you turn the oven to 350. You put it in somewhere where it is dark so they can raise. Then you put the bread sticks in the oven. And then you eat them and they are done.

Pancakes  
by Julie Morton

This is how you make pancakes. If you have some gravy put it on a popcorn bowl thing or popper and you don't put the hood on it. Put the gravy on it. And you wait for one minute and then it will turn into pancakes and you could put syrup on it. And honey and peanut butter and butter and another syrup. The end.

Ginger Snap Cookies  
by Brandon Stewart

You get some brown sugar and then you make the dough and you get the flour and the dough and mix it together in the bausch. You make little balls out of them and put them on a cookie sheet. Then you put it in the oven at 350. The end. Then you eat them, whatever.

Ice Cream  
by Justin Jones

First you add milk, then sugar, then vanilla, and then mix master it. Then let it add food coloring and then whip it again. Then let it get all the lumps out. Then get bowls. Get spoons. And then you eat it.

York Shire Pudding  
by Melissa Foggin

They are Bread and I like them. Well this is what you put in them. You mix this bread stuff together. When you cook them I think you cook them in the oven. You let the bread rise a little bit and then you put a hole in them. You make a hollow. You make it hollow. Then you put this butter in. When it cooks it goes a brownish color and sometimes it goes black. Then you put this — sometimes you can put this gravy sauce with them and it tastes good. You put this chicken gravy with it. It's good.

## Gravy

by Brandon Stewart

When you cook a chicken or a turkey you always get gravy from them. You get the left over stuff that you make the gravy out of the pan that you had chicken or turkey in. And then you put it in the gravy shaker and shake it. And then the gravy is done.

## Pizza

by Brandon Stewart

First you make the dough out of flour and different kinds of stuff. Then you put the pizza sauce on and then you grate lots of cheese and put it on. Then you get some tidbit Pineapple and put it on. Then you put the pepperoni on. Then you put it in the oven at 350 for 15 or 20 minutes. And then you cut it up and eat it.

## Bread

by Kasie Newton

You put out your bowl. Put milk and water in. Then you stir it. You put flour in it, sugar. Then you stir it really good. Then you put it in the bread pans. Then you let it rise. Then you put it in the oven. You let it cook for about 10 or 15 minutes. Then you take it out of the oven and take the bread out of the bread pans. Then you take another one. Then you put one of the frying pans aside of the other pan and you put the bread on. That's it!

## Cookies

by Justin Jones

You first need flour, sugar, and chocolate chips and mix it. And then roll them in a ball. Get a pan. Put the balls on the pan. Put them in the oven for nine minutes and 35 seconds. Then eat them. The end.

## Sugar Cookies

by Janay Carter

You make some play dough — I mean dough. And then you roll them in balls. Roll them in sugar. And then you put them on a pan and then you put them in the oven for about four minutes and then you take them out and eat them.

Star Cookies  
by Julie Morton

You get some dough and you roll it with the dough roller and after that you get the star stamp and you pat it how many cookies do you want? Five? Then stamp five cookies and then you put them on the pan and then you put it on the oven and then you put it on one minute and then when it dings, shut the dinger off and then you've got your cookies.

Heart Cookies  
By Julie Morton

It is the same as above, but it's heart ones. You get some dough and roll it with the cookie roller, and after that you stamp it with the cookie stamper and then you put it in the oven pan and then you put it in the oven for two minutes. When it dings you get it out of the oven and shut the dinger off and then you have you some cookies.

Raisin Cookies  
by Brandon Stewart

You get the raisins and you make the dough with flour and all different kinds of stuff. Then you put it in the bausch and mix it. Then you get them out and make them into little balls and put them on the cookie sheet. Then you put them in the oven at 350. Then you wait for 15 minutes and then you get them out and wait until they are cool and then you eat them.

Fudge  
by Brandon Stewart

I don't know how to make it but it sure is good. The end.

Cookies  
by Blake Newton

First you need to make some dough. Then If you want chocolate chips, you have to put those chocolate things in there, but first you have to roll it our and put it on the pan and then put chocolate chips on the cookies and then put them in the oven. then take them out and then set them to cool. And then we eat them.

Punch  
by Austin Barnett

Get the stuff out. Get the coloring. Get the sugar. Get really cold water and put it in the container and stir it up. That's it!

Christmas Cookies  
By Justin Jones

First you get some dough. Put it in the oven. When it is hot you get cookie cutters and press on them and then let them cool and eat them.



## **Kindness Returns**

Somehow not only for Christmas  
But all the long year through,  
The joy that you give to others  
Is joy that comes back to you.  
And the more you spend in blessing  
The poor and lonely and sad,  
The more of your heart's possessing  
Returns to make you glad.

## Lack of foresight?

"Computers in the future may weigh no more than 1.5 tons."

*"Popular Mechanics," forecasting the relentless march of science, 1949*

"I think there is a world market for maybe five computers."

*Thomas Watson, chairman of IBM, 1943*

"I have traveled the length and breadth of this country and talked with the best people, and I can assure you that data processing is a fad that won't last out the year."

*The editor in charge of business books for Prentice Hall, 1957*

"But what is it good for?"

*Engineer at the Advanced Computing Systems Division of IBM, 1968, commenting on the microchip.*

"There is no reason anyone would want a computer in their home."

*Ken Olson, president, chairman and founder of Digital Equipment Corp., 1977*

"This 'telephone' has too many shortcomings to be seriously considered as a means of communication. The device is inherently of no value to us."

*Western Union internal memo, 1876.*

"The wireless music box has no imaginable commercial value. Who would pay for a message sent to nobody in particular?"

*David Sarnoff's associates in response to his urgings for investment in the radio in the 1920s.*

"The concept is interesting and well-formed, but in order to earn better than a 'C,' the idea must be feasible."

*A Yale University management professor in response to Fred Smith's paper proposing reliable overnight delivery service. Smith went on to found Federal Express Corp.*

"I'm just glad it'll be Clark Gable who's falling on his face and not Gary Cooper."

*Gary Cooper on his decision not to take the leading role in "Gone With The Wind."*

"A cookie store is a bad idea. Besides, the market research reports say America likes crispy cookies, not soft and chewy cookies like you make."

*Response to Debbi Fields' idea of starting Mrs. Fields' Cookies.*

"We don't like their sound, and guitar music is on the way out."

*Decca Recording Co. rejecting the Beatles, 1962.*

"Heavier-than-air flying machines are impossible."

*Lord Kelvin, president, Royal Society, 1895.*

"If I had thought about it, I wouldn't have done the experiment. The literature was full of examples that said you can't do this."

*Spencer Silver on the work that led to the unique adhesives for 3-M "Post-It" Notepads.*

"So we went to Atari and said, 'Hey, we've got this amazing thing, even built with some of your parts, and what do you think about funding us? Or we'll give it to you. We just want to do it. Pay our salary, we'll come work for you.' And they said, 'No.' So then we went to Hewlett-Packard, and they said, 'Hey, we don't need you. You haven't got through college yet.'"

*Apple Computer Inc. founder Steve Jobs on attempts to get Atari and H-P interested in his and Steve Wozniak's personal computer that started the PC industry.*

"You want to have consistent and uniform muscle development across all of your muscles? It can't be done. It's just a fact of life. You just have to accept inconsistent muscle development as an unalterable condition of weight training."

*Response to Arthur Jones, who solved the "unsolvable" problem by inventing Nautilus.*

"Drill for oil? You mean drill into the ground to try and find oil? You're crazy."

*Drillers who Edwin L. Drake tried to enlist to his project to drill for oil in 1859.*

"The bomb will never go off. I speak as an expert in explosives."

*Admiral William Leahy, US Atomic Bomb Project.*

"This fellow Charles Lindbergh will never make it. He's doomed."

*Harry Guggenheim, millionaire aviation enthusiast.*

"Stocks have reached what looks like a permanently high plateau."

*Irving Fisher, Professor of Economics, Yale University, 1929.*

"Airplanes are interesting toys but of no military value."

*Marechal Ferdinand Foch, Professor of Strategy, Ecole Superieure de Guerre.*

"Man will never reach the moon regardless of all future scientific advances."

*Dr. Lee De Forest, inventor of the vacuum tube and father of television.*

"Everything that can be invented has been invented."

*Charles H. Duell, Commissioner, U.S. Office of Patents, 1899.*

# Laddies

Edgar Guest

Show me the boy who never threw  
A stone at someone's cat,  
Or never hurled a snowball swift  
At someone's high silk hat --  
Who never ran away from school,  
To seek the swimming hole,  
Or slyly from a neighbor's yard  
Green apples never stole --  
Show me the boy who never broke  
A pane of window glass,  
Who never disobeyed the sign  
That says: "Keep off the grass."  
Who never did a thousand things,  
That grieve us sore to tell,  
And I'll show you a little boy  
Who must be far from well.

# Lance

by Alice K. Montin

Lance was Problem Number One in my second-grade class. He seemed interested only in destruction: tearing a girl's new dress, cutting leaves off the plants or trampling somebody's notebook in the mud.

As any conscientious teacher does, I searched for motives behind such behavior, and discovered genuine and tragic ones.

Lance had lost both parents when he was four. Since then he had been shunted from one temporary home to another. Only his school had not changed. Because a wise welfare worker had insisted, the child remained in our school through kindergarten, first and now second grade, although his address changed nine times.

Finally he was adopted. Lance's behavior began to improve immediately and I rejoiced with him. Now, I felt, I would be able to teach this child.

Then his new mother came to school to arrange his transfer to another city. The next day Lance was worse than ever before. Incongruous reports reached me: The custodian caught him taking a towel from the supply room; a playground supervisor accused him of digging holes in the lawn with a ruler.

On Lance's last day with us I felt both relief and a deep sorrow. How I wished I could have reached his tortured little heart! Then school was over and he lined up for the bus with the other children. Under one arm he held the box in which all second graders carried their crayons and pencils. As he stepped onto the bus, however, he dropped the container and the contents spilled in all directions. I rushed to help him. Big tears ran down his freckled cheeks as we knelt together and scooped up the contents — earth from the school yard where Lance had been digging these last days. It appeared he was taking to his new home the one thing that represented permanence to him.

In that moment I knew where I had failed this child. Everyone needs some sense of security. I had it through my faith in God. But I had not thought to share it with my pupils. As the bus drove off with Lance and his precious box of earth, I said a fervent prayer that someone else might teach him to know God's love, and that I might never again fail to show it in my classroom.

# **The Last Great Race**

Condensed from

"Winterdance"

by Gary Paulsen

Every March, fearless men and women gather in Anchorage for the race of a lifetime — almost 1200 miles by dog sled across the Alaskan wilderness.

It seemed crazy for Gary Paulsen to enter the Iditarod. He had, at most, run a dog team 150 miles in the familiar woods of Minnesota, and he knew nothing about the rigors of an Alaskan Winter.

What lay ahead were two weeks of terror, sparked by flashes of unexpected hilarity, as the 42-year-old man struggled to fulfill his dream.

The scene at the start of the Iditarod in downtown Anchorage is insane. Among the blaring loudspeakers, television cameras and crowds of people are more than 1200 dogs. They all start barking when they are harnessed. Soon the whole street is immersed in a roar that makes it impossible to hear anything.

Like the parking, excitement breeds on itself until dogs you've known for years are completely unrecognizable — almost mad with eagerness. The madness is infectious and carries to the people, the handlers and the mushers, especially the rookies. Like me.

This is my first Iditarod. What lies ahead is unimaginable. My fellow mushers and I — 68 of us — are starting our dog teams on March 5, and we will spend two weeks or more sledding to downtown Nome — nearly 1200 miles away. The dogs must be fed every hour, rested, massaged, have booties put on their feet. Food has already been flown in, dropped at 18 checkpoints across Alaska, along with replacement gear, extra booties and spare harnesses.

Thousands of things need to be done. And suddenly there is no more time. The anxiety of it all makes me commit a major rookie blunder.

My lead dog, Cookie, and I have worked together for two years, and she knows the team incredibly well. I trust her completely. But ....

The pre-race jimjams overtake me. I have never raced before, and Cookie has never led a big team in such confusion. I have a dog that has given to me just before I left Minnesota. His name is Wilson, and I was told he had led in races.

With less than three minutes to go I unhook Cookie and drop her back to point position (just behind the leader) and put Wilson in front. Before I can wonder whether I've done the right thing, a man with a clipboard comes up. "You're Next," he says.

Volunteers take the gangline in back of each set of dogs. I unhook them from my truck, and we surge forward under the sign that says, "The Last Great Race." The dogs nearly drag the handlers off their feet as we thread into the chutes.

Stark terror is overtaking me as I look down the street at my 15 dogs and realize this is it. A man leans down with a megaphone next to my ear.

"Five!"

"Four!"

"Three!"

"T —"

The dogs lunge, snap loose from the men holding back the sled, and I am gone.

I have started the Iditarod illegally — two second too soon.

There is a photo somewhere of me leaving the chutes, and it shows Wilson with his tongue out the side of his mouth and a wild look in his eye. It also shows me apparently smiling; for the record, the smile is not humor but the grimace of something close to terminal fright.

We made almost two blocks. Wilson ran true down the track left by the previous 31 teams. At the end of two blocks there was a hard turn to the right to head down a side street, then out of town on back trails and into the trees along the highways away from Anchorage.

I prepared for the turn, and would have been fine except that Wilson kept going straight, blew right on through the crowd and headed off into Anchorage.

I couldn't stop the team. The sled brakes merely scraped along the asphalt. I threw out my snow hook — a sharp, metal anchor designed to hold a sled in snow — but it just bounced off the concrete. I tried setting the snow hook into a car bumper as we passed, but tore it off the car. Then I hung on and prayed, screaming "WHOA!" every time I caught my breath.



We went through yards, knocked over garbage cans. At one point I flew through a carport and across a back yard. A woman standing over her kitchen sink looked out with wide eyes as we passed. We took down her picket fence when Wilson tried to thread through a hole not much bigger than a housecat.

Then there was the cocker spaniel who heard us coming and turned to bark just as my entire team of 15 muscle-bound huskies ran over him. I flipped one of the sled's runners up just to miss him and we were gone, leaving the dog facing the wrong way, barking at whatever it was that had hit him.

I heard later that at the pre-race banquet I was unofficially voted the least likely to get out of Anchorage. Bets were made on how soon I would crash and burn. Two blocks, three. Some said one. It was very nearly true.

Back on the streets I started grabbing at signs with the snow hook. They were flimsy and kept bending, and I despaired of ever stopping. But at last the hook caught on a stop sign just right and held the dogs, while I put Cookie back in the lead and moved Wilson — still grinning wildly and ready to rip — back into the team.

I now found myself in the dubious position of having to stop along the street and ask gawking bystanders if they knew the way to the Iditarod trail. "Well, sure. Go down four blocks, then cross by the culvert until you see the gas station with the Ford ...."

It is a miracle that I ever got out of town.

I was six hours getting to the first of the 18 official checkpoints. This was in Eagle River a suburb of Anchorage, where I was met by the handlers and my wife, Ruth. We had to unhook the dogs and put them in the truck to drive to where the race truly starts, at Knik, on the edge of the bush. (The Anchorage start is basically just for show.)

"How's it going?" Ruth asked.

"After this, it ought to be all downhill," I said. "Nothing can be as hard as getting out of Anchorage."

It was a statement I would think of many times in the days to come.

### Moment of Decision

Back home in Minnesota I had done some animal trapping for a time, and ran a dog team along the trap lines with my own crude, homemade sled. I would see things on beauty while running my dogs, pictures like frozen jewelry. I wanted to find the wonderful places only they

could take me.

Then something began to happen to me. I started to think of my dogs as friends, good friends that I had come to know and understand.

My first long run was spontaneous, unplanned. After a day and night in the woods, I simply decided I was not going back to our cabin.

I had plenty of food in the sled for the dogs and more for myself. Ruth would worry if I was late, but I had been late before, and those times it had worked out all right.

So I turned north and started watching the horizon, trying to see over the next hill, hoping for some new grand thing to come around the next bend — began, in other words to do those things that would lead inevitably to the Iditarod, although I did not know it then.

After living in beauty for three days and nights, I arrived back at our cabin. I stopped the dogs in the kennel and put on their chains. I made food, fed them and brought them all new straw for their houses, then sat on Cookie's house and looked at the lights of our cabin.

It was dark. We had run all day to get home and had come in silently. The dogs made their beds, stirred the straw around to fluff it up and then grew quiet.

I could not go inside. I did not belong there any longer. The run, the dogs, knowing the dogs and how they felt, had changed me. The door of the cabin opened, and Ruth came out with a pan of dirty water. She threw it on the stalagmite of frozen dishwater ice next to the door — an art form we worked at — and looked up to the kennel and saw me.

She went inside and came out a minute later with a parka on, holding a steaming cup. I watched her walk to the kennel in silence. She handed me the cup, and I found it was hot soup. It was delicious — better than anything I had ever tasted.

"I was worried," she said after a bit.

"I'm sorry. I was just running them." I swallowed some more soup and looked at the sky. The cold air was so clear the stars seemed to be falling to the ground. "I couldn't come back."

She said nothing for another minute or so, then sighed. "You're different. About the dogs, I mean. Somehow you've changed."

"Yes." A feeling of profound knowledge seemed to seize me — or a feeling of profound

ignorance. a lack of knowing and a desire to know. "I am different. I see things the way they see them."

"Who sees them?"

"The dogs." And I thought suddenly, *the other dogs* — because I was now one of them.

"You're going to run the race, aren't you?"

"What race?" And I really meant it — I was not thinking of any race. Just the sweep of running the, the incredible joy of it all.

"The one up in Alaska."

"The Iditarod?" I asked.

"Yes. That one. You're going to do it, aren't you?"

We had spoken of the Iditarod a few times. Had heard of it and wondered at the insanity of it, how mad it was to run it. One relative actually told me, "Real people don't do that kind of thing," and I had agreed with her.

"Yes," I answered, listening to Cookie breathe in the silence of Ruth waiting. "I think I am."

### Basic Training

It would be impossible to list how much I didn't know about running dogs when I started training my team that next fall. The rig was my first mistake. I talked to some sprint runners and came up with a nice, light tricycle arrangement with a front wheel steered by two pull ropes.

The problem is that sprint runners train only for short distances, and do not develop endurance muscles or toughness in their sled dogs.

The day came when I decided to run 13 dogs. The rig was tied to a tree with a stout rope and a quick-release that I had checked at least four times. The dogs were fired up, and I hooked Cookie in first, then put the other dogs into position. Each one stirred up the others until by the time I'd harnessed ten of them, the din was deafening.

When the last dog was in the gangline, I went to the rig, stood by it, waved to Ruth, who was watching by the door of the house, and jerked the quick-release loose.

I don't think the rig hit the ground more than twice all the way across the yard. *My Goodness*, I thought, *they've learned to fly*. With me hanging out the back like a tattered flag, we came to the end of the driveway, where we would have to turn onto the road.

The dogs made the turn fine.

The rig started to turn as well, but I had forgotten to lean into the corner, and it rolled over. We set off along the road with the rig upside down, and me dragging in the gravel on my face.

It took me four miles to get the rig up on its wheels, by which time the handlebar was broken off and I had nothing to hang onto but the steering ropes. I was also nearly completely denuded, my clothes having been torn into shreds during the dragging.

We did the 30 miles in just under two and a half hours, and never once was I in anything like even partial control of the situation.

Later in the fall, Ruth and I talked about that first run with such a big team on a light rig. "It would have been nice," she said, sitting by the warm stove drinking from her cup, "if that had been your worst run."

In subsequent outings I left the yard on my face, my rear, my back, my belly. I was dragged for a mile, two miles, three miles. I lost the team eight, ten times; walked 12, 17, once 40-some miles looking for them. The rig broke every time we ran.

One day I left the yard with wooden matches in my pocket that ignited while I was being dragged as I passed the door of the house. It gave me the semblance of a meteorite, screaming something about my pants being on fire — while Ruth laughed so hard she couldn't stand up.

I simply couldn't get out of the yard alive.

Finally I saw a picture of a dog team training in Canada for the Iditarod. There were 15 dogs, all about the size of mine. They were pulling a car. *A whole car*.

I took Ruth and left the house that night to drive to town.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"To a junkyard. We're going to pull a clunker home and make a rig. It's time to get serious about this training business."

And, surprise of surprises — it worked exactly as planned. I hooked up all 15 dogs, and within a couple of miles they were settled in and holding to a speed of about six miles an hour, pulling an old Ford.

It was great. For the first time I could think in terms of a big team, an Iditarod-class team, without terror in my soul. Absolutely nothing could go wrong that I couldn't handle. I guess this was similar to the thinking I did when I enlisted in the Army. I wound up spending three years, eight months, 21 days and nine hours regretting it.

Fall is a time of intense activity in the woods. Deer fight and breed, bears romp around, moose rut, and skunks travel in search of winter fat and a place to sleep.

We hit the first skunk around 9 p.m. The front end of the team, Cookie and the point dogs, got the first sulphurous whiff and went crazy.

I locked the emergency brake and ran to the front, where the dogs were fighting over the skunk. Cookie had the animal by the shoulders and was trying to hold it. And without thinking, I grabbed at the skunk's tail.

Whereupon the skunk let go. It blew a hefty load, like the winds of death, directly into my face.

"Gaaack!" First I vomited, then I walked in circles, rubbing my eyes. It took half an hour to regain some vision and the ability to breathe right, and another half-hour to untangle the team and get them ready to continue.

It was bad. I was stinking and still queasy and sick, but we had overcome it and, I thought, could now finish the run.

We hit the second skunk within a mile.

In all we hit six skunks that first night. At least five of them got me. That was the night Ruth took one whiff and made me take my sleeping bag and move into the kennel.

Look Out!

But the desire was still there. So were the long nights that fed into longer days, training in Minnesota, until the dogs truly changed. They could go 70 miles at a dead run. They had become something wild. It was exciting to see their strength; it took my breath away. We were ready to race.

Ruth and I were, by now, virtually broke, but a friend donated an old pickup truck. We drove up to Alaska in the worst part of the winter — 60 below in the Yukon, so cold the truck's heater did nothing, and we had to constantly scrape the ice off the inside of the windshield.

But we made it to Anchorage, and the official start of the race. And now we were at the Knik checkpoint, where the real start was to take place.

I kissed Ruth good-bye. She was crying because she had heard the trail was dangerous and that this would be the year a rookie would finally be killed — a grief heightened later in the race when I was reported missing on the ham-radio network.

The volunteers took us to a narrow track that disappeared into the trees and let me go, and the team vanished out ahead of me around the turn. Cookie was in charge. Long before, in the woods at home, I learned to trust her, even to the point of sleeping in the sled while she covered miles of broken country and frozen lakes. She knew how to lead the team and how to follow tracks.

But this time she missed.

In the gathering dark, Cookie took a right turn at a fork, and we settled into what appeared to be the correct trail. Suddenly, almost instantly, it was dark.

I fished my head lamp out of the sled bag, strapped it over my parka hood and flicked on the light. I saw it had started to snow lightly, and a dust of powder blurred the trail.

The track ran along the side of a frozen creek, suddenly crossed the creek for no reason, then climbed up the side of the stream bed. Still farther away, it climbed the side of the mountain.

This trail went *everywhere*, and I was getting distraught. I began to think it was a test: make the first part rough so the rookies get out sooner. I became angry, vowing to take revenge on whoever laid out the trail, and decided that they wouldn't be able to stop me.

We had left the stream and come up a mountain about 15 miles into a narrow canyon. Then the trail led into an opening, ran up to a nearly vertical rock face and stopped. Dead.

Cookie stood there a moment, looking up the face of the cliff as if wondering whether she

should drag the team up. Then she turned and looked over her shoulder at me, waiting, the question all over her body.

"Good grief, I don't know," I responded.

When I knelt and brushed the snow from the track, I saw the trail had been made by a snow machine. The driver had turned around here and headed down the same way he'd come up. It was the wrong trail, and I had to go back. We started down the mountain. That was when I saw the damage I'd done. Pinpoints of light were heading toward me, flickering here and there through the snow.

There were 27 teams coming at me. The team in back of me had followed Cookie's smell, added to it, and other teams had followed. It was a nightmare. As one team met another head-on — not a good situation of the best of trails — the dogs bristled. Soon we had 80 or 90 dogs fighting.

Suddenly I heard a yell in back of me — "Look out!" — and turned to see the whole night and darkness move and come at me.

I had time to think the word: *moose*. And then an animal of 800 pounds ran over me like a train.

She hit me twice with her feet — thudding kicks. I rolled and stood, grabbed at the sled, and turned to see the moose swing to her left and hit the team behind me.

The moose stomped the other team's lead dog into the snow, then stayed on it, kicking at the downed dog. As I reached for my ax, there was a flat crack and a flash of light, then another and another and another. Five times. The man on the other sled had a handgun.

Finally the moose walked off into the snow and sank and died there.

With the moose gone, the man turned to his leader and knelt, holding the dog, crying, as it died.

Dawn was coming while I stood there. My other life seemed far away. Work, family — none of it seemed real. All that was real was here — standing in falling snow next to a dead moose, leaning over a man who was crying for a dead dog.

At the next checkpoint, I was in a trance, my eyes open but my brain most definitely turned off.

Somebody, a volunteer, held a clipboard out to me, and I signed in. It was a woman, and she smiled and asked, "Do you like the race so far?"

I looked at her, trying to find sarcasm, but she was serious.

I had gotten lost, dragged a third of the teams off on the wrong trail, tacking an extra 120 miles to our race. Add that to the dog fights, being run over by a moose, seeing a dog get killed and a man cry. If I had taken stock of my progress, I would probably have quit right then. Instead, I opened my mouth. "I ...."

Nothing came. She patted my arm and nodded. "I understand. It's so early in the race. There'll be more later to talk about."

She left me before I could tell her that I thought my whole life had changed, that nothing, ever, would be the same for me again.

### Becoming Dog

I rested the dogs for four hours, gave them a snack and checked for cuts between their toes. When I finished, Cookie saw me stand up. She rose, shook her wolflike fur, then made the team get up.

We ran all day into the Alaska Range, some of the highest mountains in North America, and the first true barrier in the race. We would have to cross these mountains to get into the interior. Clear skies and bright sun set off the snow on the peaks and made them seem almost alive with brightness. The dogs ran well in the zero-degree temperature, and they did not want to stop.

We arrived at the next checkpoint after dark, and because of my side trip, nearly a day behind the leaders. I found my food sacks and fired up my camp stove. I had meat patties mixed with cheese for myself, precooked but frozen brick-hard. There were in plastic bags, and I put two of them on top of the dog meat to thaw out, while I went from dog to dog, toe to toe, checking for hairline cuts in their paws.

Most of the dogs were asleep by this time — they seemed to drop instantly into a deep slumber — and as I crouched over each one, they would hold up their feet without awakening so I could examine the pads. As I put one foot down, they would hold up another, still breathing evenly, sound asleep. All except for Devil, a huge, wild, yellow-eyed Canadian dog who objected to me touching his feet by taking a snap at me.



When I had finished their feet, I went to the stove and saw that my meat patties had thawed and sunk into the dog meat. I dragged them out, then hesitated.

I was starving. But the dog meat that my patties had sunk into was essentially made of something called "slunks." These are unborn calves inside of cows that are taken to the slaughterhouse. While the cow itself is used for human food, slunks are not. They are ground up, frozen in 50-pound boxes and sold to dog food companies.

They use a very coarse setting on the grinder when they process slunks. Consequently, some strange things show up in the meat — Patches of skin, small feet, sometimes an eyeball — when it is heated and poured into the containers. Having my own food fall into this mixture went a long way toward curbing my appetite. I snatched my packets out, but the plastic bags had broken open, and some of the slunk meat had mixed with my own food.

I paused, thinking, hanging on the edge for a half a minute, the steam from my breath boiling like smoke in the glare of my headlamp. The logic went like this: I was hungry. If it was good food for the dogs, and I was becoming something very like a dog, could it *possibly* be bad for me?

So I ate the meat patties, and in a very real sense, this was the crumbling of the last barrier between me and the dogs. In some primary way, I had held on to being, if not normal, at least human. From this point on, there was no separation. It was not me driving the sled and the dogs pulling me. It was *we* — an almost glorious *we*.

When the dogs' rest cycle ended, it was just coming on daylight, a faint glow radiating across the lake in the direction we had taken.

I was sitting on the sled — we had been going constantly now for over 36 hours, and my legs were on fire — and Cookie turned to watch the day arrive. We had become close, closer than I had ever been with another dog. I ruffled her neck fur, felt her lick my hand and turned to say her name.

But she was not looking at me. Instead she was gazing over my shoulder at the sun coming up over the lake. The two of us quietly watched the sunup, enjoying the still moment while I buried my fingers in the tick fur of her neck and wished there were some way to bottle this, take it back to others, this beautiful stillness.

Then I stood, and that made the rest of the dogs rise, and we left the checkpoint.

### Over the Edge

On the way out of the checkpoint area, one of the mushers yelled at me as I passed. "You're leaving now?"

I nodded. "They want to run."

"I'm waiting until dark."

I hit the brake. The dogs didn't stop, but the sled slowed down enough for me to ask, "Why?" Dark was a good 11 hours away — too long to rest.

"I don't want to see Happy River when I do it."

And I was gone.

At the pre-race briefing we had been warned about some of the more difficult points — Happy River, Rainy Pass, the Burn. But these were only names to me that didn't mean anything. What had someone said about Happy River? It might be difficult because of snow. Or something like that.

As the dogs ran along, I was rightening a lashing on the sled and looked up to see the front end of the team suddenly drop off the edge of the world.

I would have prayed had there been more time. Spread out below me, as far as I could see, was an enormous canyon. The far side seemed miles away, and the river down below a tiny line in the middle. Then the sled came to a nearly vertical drop down a cliff.

Cookie, realizing that to survive she would have to stay ahead of the sled, forgot the trail and jumped off the edge, aimed straight down. The team, used to following her blindly, jumped off after her. We plummeted.

I grabbed the handlebar of the sled with both hands and hung on, dragging on my stomach as we careened, flopped and tumbled 500 feet down to the frozen river below.

My body became a living sled drag, which may have saved us because it kept the sled from running over the dogs. I must have screamed, but I can't remember doing so. When I opened my eyes, I was lying on the river ice, the dogs were lined up in front of me perfectly, and the sled — wonder of wonders — was upright with all the gear intact.

I mumbled something, lined up my team, and left — troubled by many thoughts, mostly of apprehension.

Yet after Happy River, the next trouble spot, Rainy Pass, seemed like a breeze. The trail was well packed and fast, the steep climb areas seemed almost flat — we fairly flew. We loped into the checkpoint at the top of Rainy Pass without even breathing hard, the dogs still full of energy. Then I found out it's not the up part of the pass that's hard. It's the down part.

When I left the checkpoint, it was about zero degrees, and the dogs were running almost wide open down a gentle grade. I thought of slowing down, but they were having a ball, so I thought, *Let them run.*

Suddenly I saw a gorge that turned me to stone in horror. It was a narrow passage with a rushing stream in the middle that dropped, crashing down through the huge boulders and jagged rocks. There was no trail, but an ice ledge ran along one side. It might have been passable with a walking team under close control.

I hit it full speed. Trying to use the brake on the sheer ice of the ledge was absolutely fruitless. I took one stab at it, took another quick — horrified — look at the gorge yawning down before me, and then everything broke loose.

Either an arm or scrub bush or a rock sticking out caught me a glancing blow on the side of the head. I remember grabbing at a piece of rope on the handlebar in a last-ditch effort, and then I was gone, swept off, dragging along the ice, bouncing off boulders, tumbling and rolling.

I took another crack on the head and didn't know anything anymore.

### No Right to Quit

I couldn't ... quite ... get my brain to work. Somebody was talking, loud.

"... stand ...?"

It didn't make sense. I hadn't the slightest idea of what was happening.

"Can you stand up? I'm getting torn in half."

I opened my eyes. Everything was white, blank, bright. I was staring into snow, inches from my eyes, snow reflecting the intense glare of the sun.

*Why am I lying down? I thought. Why sleep in the daytime?*

The voice was louder, mixed in with the pain that was now becoming evident. I realized it

wasn't just my head. My whole body felt literally like I'd been riding inside a cement mixer.

"Listen, either you stand and help me, or I'm letting your team go."

I rolled to my other side — the pain in my chest almost made me scream — and looked up. A musher was holding my sled, with my team aimed down an icy trail that ran along the edge of a rushing, boulder-strewn stream. He had his left arm hooked through my handlebar, his right one through his own. I could see that the two teams of dogs were threatening to pull him apart. If he let my team go, they would take off and leave me. If he let his team go, they would pile into the water.

I rose to my hands and knees, clawed at the handlebar of my sled and pulled myself up. And in what can only be a massive overstatement, I said: "All right — I've got them."

Whereupon he let go.

I did not in any way "have" them. They promptly shot off down the trail. Both my feet blew out from beneath me, and I dragged after them on my face — a position I was, admittedly, getting quite good at.

When I limped into the next checkpoint, it was dark, and I was bruised all over.

I signed in, found a place in some trees next to a small log cabin, and settled the team for the night, feeding them, rubbing shoulders, checking feet, heating food.

I was doing all those things automatically, working through the pain in my head — a doctor told me later that I probably had a concussion. And had my dogs not been caught, I would have been almost destroyed.

In some part of my mind, it had formed — the thought of quitting, the thought that this wasn't possible for me. Why subject myself to such punishment? Since there was no logical answer for that — why would *anybody* do this? — my mind went to the next step: rationalization.

It wasn't like *really* quitting. I'd already come farther than most of the rookies who scratched — many did not make it to Rainy Pass, let alone over the thing.

And then in a flood: I was 42, I had a wife and son, a chance for success, I had a *life* down below. What was I doing up here?

Just then, one of the assistant race judges came with the vet to look at my dogs. All I had

to do was say to him: *I scratch.*

That easy. *I scratch.*

And home to a warm bed, a bath, a hot meal and the hundreds of wonderful people who had given me gifts of tires, dogs, food, money. People who had held dances and picnics and potlucks to help out. The people who had stopped me on the street and handed me ten dollars, saying, "For the race."

The man who donated the 20-year-old pickup so that I could get to Alaska in the first place, and who, when it became evident I was too broke to run the race, said, "Seems a shame to come this far and not go all the way."

"But we're shredding money," I countered.

"My wife and I have savings."

"You can't ...."

"Yes, we can. I'll call and ask her, but she'll agree." He had a wife, two daughters, was a concrete worker and worked harder than anybody I knew for every dime he made.

All those good people must have been in the back of my mind, along with Ruth, who had put up with my crazy obsession all winter long, and who was even now rooting me on from Anchorage, worried that I might die out here.

But, in truth, it was really Cookie who kept me going. We hadn't been at this checkpoint ten minutes. The dogs knew they were to rest and eat; Cookie worked harder than any of the others, should have been more tired, but she stood up, looking down the trail.

Clean and ready. Stood to leave and, in that simple act, it was taken from me — any ability to scratch was removed.

It was their race as much as it was mine; more so. We would run. I didn't have the right to quit. I went into the cabin and had someone tape up my injured chest, then hooked up the dogs and left for the next segment, stooped and limping with pain.

Strange Sightings

So much of the race was madness that it became meaningless to say that the Burn was mad. One veteran musher had warned me about it before the race: "It's nearly 100 miles of brush and trees that were burned out in a forest fire. Because the wind blows there all the time, there is usually no snow. So you're running through burned and fallen logs, running on dirt and hummocks and rocks. Some say it's the hardest part of the race."

I started it at night. The dogs would run ahead until the sled jammed beneath a fallen burned tree, whereupon I would use my ax to chop through the tree (dog teams do not back up), grab the sled and drag it through the rocks and dirt until the sled caught under the next tree, sometimes only a few yards. For 92 miles. And add to this a sudden drop in temperature to 30 below.

The hallucinations, sometimes called "wakeful dreams," started around midnight. Sleep deprivation was their clinical cause, I later learned.

I was hacking through a tree when a thin man wearing a corduroy suit jacket, glasses and a tie stepped up to my right and smiled. "It's about time somebody showed up to help," I said. "This is getting ridiculous."

And he helped. He did not speak, but he helped hold the tree while I chopped.

Then I blinked and found myself looking out over the dog team at the coast of California. I blinked again, and there was my wife beckoning me to release the team and rest. "Let go," she said. "I'll catch them. Don't worry."

I nearly did, starting to let go with one hand, but I blinked and she was gone, and the dogs had stopped and Cookie was looking up at a moose.

I blinked. I was learning now, and while I couldn't make the hallucinations go away, it seemed I could change them by blinking.

But the moose didn't go away. It came down on the team, kicking as it came, and I went for it with the ax, swinging and hacking. It hit me, and I fell to the ground, then I scrambled to my feet and raised the ax, screaming.

It was gone.

I was standing alone, my head lamp sweeping across the gnarled trees and brush. There was no dog team in front of me, and I turned in panic, my light flashing back and forth.

No team.

I walked 30 or 40 yards in the dark, sweeping the light around. A thousand terrors raced through me.

I nearly tripped over them. They were lying in tight balls, all sound asleep. A fire was going, the dog food pot was next to it, meat was heating.

"What?"

I spoke low. Cookie awakened and looked up at me, but didn't rise.

I had driven the team here without knowing it. I had fed them, settled them in beds, rubbed them down, taken off their booties, cooked dog food — all without knowing it. I used a rope to tie my right wrist to the sled, in case I tried to wander again, and settled back to wait for daylight.

About noon the next day we came out of a burned stand of scrub spruce along a small ridge. I was surprised to see a dog team with no driver. I looked up the ridge and saw a man lying on his stomach, peering over the top. He glanced down at me.

"Come on up. You've got to see this."

I set the snow hook, stomping it into the dirt as best I could, crawled up next to him and peered over.

We were looking down on a frozen lake. Below and to the right was a group of four buffalo. Two of them were in the grass at the shore, and the other two were out on the ice.

"Watch," he said.

One of the buffalo backed away from the lake, pawed the ground a couple of times and ran full-bore for the lake. Just as he hit the edge of the ice, his tail went straight into the air, he spread his front feet apart, stiffened his legs and slid away from shore, spinning around in a circle as he went.

When he slowed to a stop, he bellowed, a kind of *Gwaaa* sound. Then the other buffalo came shooting out on the ice, slid farther than the last, and made an even louder noise.

I couldn't believe it and blinked rapidly several times, thinking I was hallucinating again.

"NO — it's real," the man said, laughing. "I was passing when I heard the bellow and came up to check it out."

We lay there for another half-hour, watching them slide. Who would have thought it could happen?

### Free Meal

I found out that, somehow, I was running in the high 30s out of 68 teams. I was in no way competing for the first prize of \$24,000, and I knew it. In fact, I had very serious doubts that I would finish. But I wasn't running last.

So when I pulled into the checkpoint at the town of McGrath, on the Kushokwim River, part of me wanted to rest — but another part urged me on. A checker came out of the building, signed me in, and pointed out where the food sacks were and where I could rest my team.

As I was walking back to the team with the sacks, somebody opened the door of a cafe and the smell that came out stopped me dead. I felt a hunger of such intensity that my mind seemed consumed by it, like being in love.

I had been eating poorly, often not at all, a meat patty here and there. I had been driven by excitement so intense that hunger simply hadn't been a factor. But now a meal, a sit-down hot meal, became the only thing on my mind. I put down the food sacks and walked into the cafe.

Still in full arctic gear — parka, wind pants, down pants, mukluks, inner gloves, second gloves, full sheepskin mitts — I sat on one of the stools at the counter.

A waitress came up to me. "Would you like something to eat?"

"Ham and eggs," I said. "And coffee. Barrels of it please."

"You can take your gear off," she said when she brought the coffee. She was smiling. "We have a heater in here."

"What? Oh." I nodded. "I forgot."

I shucked out of my parka and mittens and unzipped the sides of my down pants to let the warm air in.



I sipped the coffee, holding the cup in hands almost indescribably filthy. My beard was full of ice, and I felt it drip as it melted.

There was a second of hesitation when the plate came, so I could appreciate how wonderful it looked — two eggs, yellow yolks up, a big slab of ham and a pile of hash browns. Then I inhaled it, almost literally. When it was gone, the waitress returned.

"Goodness," she said. "That was quick. Do you want more?"

I nodded. She was back shortly with another plate just like the last: ham, eggs and hash browns.

And again, I seemed to swallow it whole. And once more she stood in front of me and smiled. "Still hungry?"

I looked at the plate, up at her and said nothing, but she nodded and turned away.

Five times.

I sat there and ate five complete ham-and-egg breakfasts without a pause, ate them and when I was done still felt hungry but stopped in embarrassment. As I stood: to pay at the end of the counter, the cook, a burly man, came out of the rear. The total bill was horrendous — \$60 or \$70 — because Alaska's interior prices had kicked in. (Every egg, every piece of food in the breakfast had to be flown in by bush plane.) As I was digging for money to pay the tab, he held up a hand.

"Aren't you one of the mushers?"

I nodded.

"Then your money is no good. Have a good run."

No matter how I tried, he would not take money. I finally left some on the counter for the waitress and went out to the dogs. Many times later I would remember eating those five breakfasts, sitting in the cafe at McGrath while my beard ice melted and dripped.

## Killer Wind

The Battle to cross the interior of Alaska begins when you leave McGrath — some 400

miles from the Bering coast. At first it did not seem bad, starting out on the high plain with my 15 friends (or 14 friends and Devil), averaging about seven m.p.h.

Yet after the next check point, the landscape became almost a different planet — a huge, treeless plain, stretching off to the horizon and beyond, It ... was ... endless.

Cookie stopped as if to say, *You can't be serious about crossing that ....*

"Pick it up," I called to her. "Let's go see ...."

The weather was wonderfully clear, except for two small wisps of clouds on the far horizon. As the afternoon came, they seemed to grow and smear themselves across the sky. The wind increased, and then it began to snow.

We dipped into a depression and moved around a shallow hill. Then as we came out into the open, I was nearly knocked off the sled by the force of the wind.

Cookie tried to keep a true course, but the other dogs were too much for her, swinging the sled around until the wind was at our back. This made it easier for them to run. "No — come around!" I yelled.

But they would not, and I couldn't hold them. They just kept going; running wide-open away from the trail. I was reminded of the military cliché: "Don't know where we are or where we're going, but we're making really good time."

In truth it was a recipe for disaster. I could lose the team, or they could pile up and be injured. The dogs continued rushing along at top speed for half an hour or so, then began to slow, and Finally Cookie stopped them. By then the wind must have been blowing 70 or 80 m.p.h., a killing storm, with blinding clouds of snow. I knew it was impossible to do anything but hunker down and try my best to survive.

I set the snow hook, and crawled hand over hand up the gangline — only to find the dogs already curled into weatherproof balls. I made my way back to the sled, unrolled my sleeping bag and bundled up in it. Outside, the wind grew even more fierce, until it shrieked. But I was warm. My eyes closed, and I must have slept — although it may have been closer to passing out.

The next time I opened my eyes, it was silent. I unzipped the bag. It felt strangely heavy and as soon as I opened it, a pile of snow fell in on me. I stood to a bright, cold world.

We had been blown into a shallow, saucer-shaped bowl, completely filled with snow, perhaps a hundred yards across. Except for puffs of steam from each dog's nose coming up

through little holes in the surface, there was no sign of the team, the sled, anything.

I stood up and walked in waist-deep snow to answer the call of nature. I had started to fumble through layers of clothing when suddenly, right at my feet, the crust began moving and a man's head appeared.

"Where did you come from?" I asked, startled.

He stood and shook the snow off. "I don't know. We must have followed your trail in."

"You mean you and the dogs?"

"No — must have been six, seven teams in our group."

"Where are they?" I asked.

Just then Cookie's head rose out of the snow and swiveled around. Devil popped out next, then Wilson. In another second the whole basin exploded in dogs and people standing and shaking off snow — 11 full teams, close to 200 dogs and ten people.

Shaken by our narrow escape from the blizzard, we all agreed to convoy together over to the check-point at Iditarod.

### Tempting Invitation

Once A booming gold-mining town, Iditarod is now nothing but a building half caved in. The name means "a distant place" in the Native American language of western Alaska. Other than giving the race its name there was little to note, and I left as soon as I had reported, picked up some food, and signed in and out.

We crossed 100 miles over to the Yukon River in absolutely splendid weather, then turned north, running for three days and two nights straight up the middle of the frozen river. This stretch of race redefined the meaning of cold for me.

I do not know how cold it really was — maybe 50 or 60 degrees below — but I do know it was so cold that wooden matches would not light, no matter how fast or hard they were struck. I know it was so cold all the plastic packages of ointment and medicine for the dogs' feet, hanging from a cord around my neck and worn *inside* my clothing, froze absolutely solid. It was so cold that the batteries on my head lamp stopped functioning, and I had to run in the dark.

Cold. So cold that when the sun came up and I felt the warmth on my clothing, I wanted to cry and pray at the same time. When, after a second vicious night, I finally arrived at the place where the trail leaves the Yukon River and heads a hundred miles out to the Bering Sea, I was as grateful as I was when I got out of the Army or saw my son born — soul grateful.

The Bering coast, by contrast, was all light and sun and soft weather. The coastal town of Unalakleet was Eskimo, and it was one of the few places where we were allowed to stay in houses. Each family took in a different musher, and our hosts were wonderfully hospitable.

I spent a full night in Unalakleet — eating, repairing broken gear, listening to stories and dozing while sitting at the kitchen table. I was 13 days into the race, and I had changed. Again and again I went to the window, looking out at the team. Finally an old man who had been sitting with me laughed and said: "You have become one of them. You pace, you look out, you move ... like a dog."

"I smell like one too."

He nodded, smiling. "Yes, you do. Tell me now, isn't this better?"

"What?" I had been looking at the dogs again.

"This — this way to live. With the dogs and the sled and the snow. Isn't it better this way than the way you live the other times?"

"Down below?"

He nodded. "How can you live that way? I see it on television and I do not understand how you can live like that. Isn't this better?"

And I nodded. "Yes. It is."

"Good. You finish this thing, and when it is done, you get your woman and come back down the coast and live with us. We'll go hunting seals on the ice, and your children will get fat, and we'll sit and talk."

I smiled.

"You do that now. Come and live with us and leave that other way. It is no good."

It is an invitation that has never left me, and it is still alive whenever I think of the coast, the Bering Sea.

### Ominous Tremor

It Was on Norton Sound, off the Bering Sea, that I came as close to death as I ever have, and the terror I felt I never want to experience again. When I set out on the sea ice, it was still dark, and I could actually see the lights from the next check-point — a small village 75 miles across the ice.

Norton Sound was starkly beautiful. The sun rose and reflected off the ice, making the thin coating of snow brilliant white. I squinted, and I saw Cookie change modes from using her eyes to see the trail to using her nose as the sun blinded her, dropping her head to find a scent, then picking up the pace. We went this way for some time, almost three hours, when things suddenly — within seconds — changed.

I saw Cookie drop back to a much slower pace, almost a walk, and her tail shot up to the question-mark position. When she was confident about things, it hung straight down and to the rear. Now it was straight up, the tip curved over.

At the same time she "got light." I felt my heart freeze. When she went up on her tiptoes and tried to be lighter, it meant only one thing — bad ice.

Half a second later I felt the sled move. It was the same movement an earthquake makes — a shudder, then a wave, a movement of the whole world, a shifting of the base of life.

It had happened so fast.

I had broken through the ice once before, in Minnesota, and had been saved only by luck and Cookie's fast reaction. I know how quickly it happens — suddenly you're gone, and you cannot swim with the weight of all the clothes. You drop like a shot.

And now I was on thin ice, over who knew how many feet of Bering Sea.

Initially there had been no visual indication of the ice changing. I assumed it was six or eight feet thick. But now I studied it closely and saw that it was new, with a dusting of snow blown over it. This ice was only perhaps two inches thick, and it was moving, bending, heaving with underwater surges.

I grabbed the rope and eased back from the sled onto my stomach, my legs open to spread the weight. At the same time I yelled: "Gee around!"

It was an old trapline command and probably wouldn't work on most race dogs. But Cookie knew it meant to swing to the right and bring the team back around to get out of a tight spot.

They fought her a bit, tried to go straight, but she got her nails into the ice and dragged them around, with me skidding on my stomach until I felt a bump as I slid off the new ice and onto the older, thicker ice pan.

I was briefly reported missing on Norton Sound, and my wife feared I was dead. People die every year on sea ice. But when I checked in with the ham-radio operator, he passed along the word that I was all right.

### The Lights of Nome

I Had in mind that it was only 150 more miles to Nome, and now that I had done the interior and Rainy Pass and the Burn and the horrid Yukon (it is *still* that to me) and Norton Sound, now that I had done all that, I had proved something, and it would be a skate in to Nome.

But no part of the race acknowledges any other part. If it is bad on the Yukon, it is not better on the Sound, and can be bad again and still worse yet on the run to Nome. People have scratched there, 50 miles from the finish line. I was to find that you cannot relax, cannot become weak.

We ran along the edge of the ice in a nightmare of craggy cliffs and devastated earth that is the coast. And then the wind came, tearing at us, making it nearly impossible to run. At the top of a mountain we caught strange currents, and I saw Cookie suspended in mid-air, all four feet off the ground, floating on a cushion of high-velocity air as we came over the crest of the mountain.

She hung there for two or three seconds, and it made her so mad that when she landed, she turned and took a chunk out of Wilson, the point dog in back of her. It was the only time I saw Cookie lose her head.

Then down the mountain, tumbling and falling, bouncing off moguls and flying through the air, and onto the sea ice again for the run across a small bay.

By now the wind was vicious. The ice was completely bare, and we weather-vaned so that I was out to the side hanging on the wind, while Cookie and the team ran crablike to keep us moving in the right direction.

At the checkpoint, I signed in and snacked the dogs, but now I couldn't stop, wouldn't stop. I don't know if they sensed it, but the dogs didn't want to rest either. Through the night and into the day we ran, fighting the wind, and in late afternoon, we came to a 40-mile-long beach that leads to Nome.

I pulled Cookie onto the sea ice where there was easier going, and we kept moving until at 20 miles we stopped at the last checkpoint. It was dark, and in the distance through gusts of snow, I could see the lights of Nome.

I didn't want to go in. I thought suddenly of the old man who wanted me to come back and hunt seals and live on the coast, and I wanted to turn back.

But Cookie knew. She saw the lights as well, and she took over. We ran, still fighting the wind, until I heard the siren they set off for every team that comes in, and we left the sea ice on a long ramp used to launch boats.

Front Street in Nome was bare, and my plastic runners were about gone, so I trotted alongside the sled as Cookie pulled the team down the street where a crowd of people waited by the finish line. There were lights and cameras and reporters and my wife and son and the mayor of Nome welcoming me.

"So," a reporter asked, "what have you got to say?"

And I stood in my torn clothing, my ability to think gone, my hips and back wrecked from the jolting of the runners, stood in the wreckage of 17 days, 12 hours and 38 minutes on the trail, stood with spit frozen in my beard, with frostbitten cheekbones, two of my toes black, amid memories of attacking moose, fallen dogs and carnivorous wind, and said with complete belief:

"I'm going to come back and win."

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*Gary Paulsen did go back to run the Iditarod again, although he did not win. He is now retired from dog sledding and lives in New Mexico, where he writes books. Paulsen has won several writing awards, and his most popular work, "Hatchet," which has sold more than a million copies, was made into a movie, "A Cry in the Wild."*

# **The Last Load**

Brother Goates had lost in death four of his family members during the terrible influenza epidemic in 1918, but all of this notwithstanding, the ordinary requirements of life still faced him.

After breakfast dad (Bro. George Goates) said to Franz, "Well, son, we had better get down to the field and see if we can get another load of beets out of the ground before they get frozen in any tighter. Hitch up and let's be on our way."

Francis drove the four-horse outfit down the driveway and dad climbed aboard. As they drove along the Saratoga Road, they passed wagon after wagon-load of beets being hauled to the factory and driven by neighborhood farmers. As they passed by, each driver would wave a greeting: "Hi ya, Uncle George," "Sure sorry, George," "Tough break, George," "You've got a lot of friends, George."

On the last wagon was the town comedian, Freckled-faced Jasper Rolfe. He waved a cheery greeting and called out: "That's all of 'em, Uncle George."

My dad turned to Francis and said, "I wish it was all of ours."

When they arrived at the farm gate, Francis jumped down off the big red beet wagon and opened the gate as we drove onto the field. He pulled up, stopped the team, and paused a moment and scanned the field, from left to right and back and forth — and lo and behold, there wasn't a sugar beet on the whole field. Then it dawned upon him what Jasper Rolfe meant when he called out: "That's all of 'em, Uncle George!"

Then Dad got down off the wagon, picked up a handful of the rich, brown soil he loved so much, and then in his thumbless left hand a beet top, and he looked for a moment at these symbols of his labor, as if he couldn't believe his eyes.

Then father sat down on a pile of beet tops — this man who brought four of his loved ones home for burial in the course of only six days; made caskets, dug graves, and even helped with the burial clothing — this amazing man who never faltered, nor flinched, nor wavered throughout this agonizing ordeal — sat down on a pile of beet tops and sobbed like a little child.

Then he arose, wiped his eyes with his big, red bandanna handkerchief, looked up at the sky, and said, "Thanks Father for the elders of our ward."



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*Attach a pencil that is not sharpened*

# Learn From Out Trials

by William Palmer

Some sharp Criticism of the Church and its leaders was being indulged in for permitting any company of converts to venture across the plains with no more supplies or protection than a handcart caravan afforded.

An old man in the corner sat silent and listened as long as he could stand it, then he arose and said things that no person who heard him will ever forget. His face was white with emotion, yet he spoke calmly, deliberately, but with great earnestness and sincerity.

In substance he said, "I ask you to stop this criticism. You are discussing a matter you know nothing about. Cold historic facts mean nothing here, for they give no proper interpretation of the questions involved. Mistake to send the Handcart Company out so late in the season? Yes. But I was in that company and my wife was in it too. We suffered beyond anything you can imagine and many died of exposure and starvation, but did you ever hear a survivor of that company utter a word of criticism? Not one of that company ever apostatized or left the church, because everyone of us came through with the absolute knowledge that God lives for we became acquainted with him in our extremities.

"I have pulled my handcart when I was so weak and weary from illness and lack of food that I could hardly put one foot ahead of the other. I have looked ahead and seen a patch of sand or a hill slope and I have said, I can go only that far and there I must give up, for I cannot pull the load through it." And a wife with a baby in her arms by his side! "I have gone on to that sand and when I reached it, the cart began pushing me. I have looked back many times to see who was pushing my cart, but my eyes saw no one. I knew then that the angels of God were there.

"Was I sorry that I chose to come by handcart? No. Neither then nor any minute of my life since. The price we paid to become acquainted with God was a privilege to pay, and I am thankful that I was privileged to come in the Martin Handcart Company."

## **The Legend of the First Robin**

A small brown bird looked down from a tree and saw a Man standing beneath a heavy wooden cross. A crown of thorns encircled His head and cruelly pierced the skin. Moved by His suffering, the little bird followed along with the crowd surrounding the Man, and suddenly swooped down and pulled one of the thorns from the Man's forehead. The Man lifted His eyes to the little bird and smiled a silent "thank you." As the bird flew on, a drop of blood fell from the thorn and stained his breast a bright crimson.

And since that day, the humble robin wears a symbol of his mercy for that suffering Man — our Savior.

## **Lessons Learned from Children**

Some time ago, just before Christmas, a friend of mine punished his 3-year-old daughter for wasting a roll of gold wrapping paper. Money was tight, and he became infuriated when the child tried to decorate a box to put under the tree.

Nevertheless, the little girl brought the gift to her father the next morning and said, "This is for you, Daddy." He was embarrassed by his earlier overreaction, but his anger flared again when he found that the box was empty. He yelled at her, "Don't you know that when you give someone a present, there's supposed to be something inside of it?"

The little girl looked up at him with tears in her eyes and said, "Oh, Daddy, it's not empty. I blew kisses into the box. All for you, Daddy."

The father was crushed. He put his arms around his little girl, and he begged her forgiveness. My friend told me that he kept that gold box by his bed for years. Whenever he was discouraged, he would take out an imaginary kiss and remember the love of the child who had put it there. In a very real sense, each of us as parents has been given a gold container filled with unconditional love and kisses from our children. There is no more precious possession anyone could hold.

## Let the Light Shine

He was driving home one evening, on a two-lane country road. Work, in this small Midwestern community, was almost as slow as his beat-up Pontiac, but he never quit looking. Ever since the factory closed, he'd been unemployed, and with winter raging on, the chill had finally hit home. It was a lonely road. Not very many people had a reason to be on it, unless they were leaving. Most of his friends had already left. They had families to feed and dreams to fulfill, but he stayed on. After all, this was where he buried his mother and father. He was born here and knew the country. He could go down this road blind, and tell you what was on either side, and with his headlights not working, that came in handy.

It was starting to get dark and light snow flurries were coming down. He'd better get a move on. You know, he almost didn't see the old lady, stranded on the side of the road, but even in the dim light of day, he could see she needed help. So he pulled up in front of her Mercedes and got out. His Pontiac was still sputtering when he approached her.

Even with the smile on his face, she was worried. No one had stopped to help for the last hour or so. Was he going to hurt her? He didn't look safe, he looked poor and hungry. He could see that she was frightened, standing out there in the cold. He knew how she felt. It was that chill that only fear can put in you. He said, "I'm here to help you ma'am. Why don't you wait in the car where it's warm? By the way, my name is Joe."

Well, all she had was a flat tire, but for an old lady, that was bad enough. Joe crawled under the car looking for a place to put the jack, skinning his knuckles a time or two. Soon he was able to change the tire, but he had to get dirty and his hands hurt. As he was tightening up the lug nuts, she rolled down her window and began to talk to him.

She told him that she was from St. Louis and was only just passing through. She couldn't thank him enough for coming to her aid. Joe just smiled as he closed her trunk. She asked him how much she owed him. Any amount would have been all right with her. She had already imagined all the awful things that could have happened had he not stopped.

Joe never thought twice about the money. This was not a job to him. This was helping someone in need, and God knows there were plenty who had given him a hand in the past. He had lived his whole life that way, and it never occurred to him to act any other way. He told her that if she really wanted to pay him back, the next time she saw someone who needed help, she could give that person the assistance that they needed, and Joe added "...and think of me."

He waited until she started her car and drove off. It had been a cold and depressing day, but he felt good as he headed for home, disappearing into the twilight. A few miles down the road the lady saw a small cafe. She went in to grab a bite to eat, and take the chill off before she made the last leg of her trip home. It was a dingy looking restaurant.

Outside were two old gas pumps. The whole scene was unfamiliar to her. The cash register was like the telephone of an out of work actor - it didn't ring much. Her waitress came over and brought a clean towel to wipe her wet hair. She had a sweet smile, one that even being on her feet for the whole day couldn't erase. The lady noticed that the waitress was nearly eight months pregnant, but she never let the strain and aches change her attitude. The old lady wondered how someone who had so little could be so giving to a stranger. Then she remembered Joe.

After the lady finished her meal, and the waitress went to get her change from a hundred dollar bill, the lady slipped right out the door.

She was gone by the time the waitress came back. She wondered where the lady could be, then she noticed something written on a napkin. There were tears in her eyes, when she read what the lady wrote. It said,

"You don't owe me a thing, I've been there too.

Someone once helped me out, the way I'm helping you.

If you really want to pay me back, here's what you do...

Don't let the chain of love end with you."

Well, there were tables to clear, sugar bowls to fill, and people to serve, but the waitress made it through another day. That night when she got home from work and climbed into bed, she was thinking about the money and what the lady had written. How could she have known how much she and her husband needed it? With the baby due next month, it was going to be hard. She knew how worried her husband was, and as he lay sleeping next to her, she gave him a soft kiss and whispered soft and low, "Everything's gonna be all right. I love you Joe."

## **A Letter From an Arkansas Mother to her Son**

Dear Son,

I'm writing slow because I know you can't read fast.

We don't live where we did when you left. We read in the paper that most accidents happen within twenty miles of home, so we moved. I won't be able to sent you the address because the last family that lived here took the numbers off the house when they moved so they wouldn't have to change their address.

Our new place has a washing machine. The first day we was here I put in four shirts, pulled the chain, and I ain't seen them since.

It's only rained here twice this week. The first time for three days, and for only four days the second time.

You know the coat you wanted me to send you? Well, Aunt Sally said that it would weight a lot and cost a lot of money to send because of the big buttons, so I took them off and put them in the pocket, and then sent it.

We got a letter from the funeral home. They said if we don't make the last payment on Grandma's funeral bill, up she comes.

Your sister had a baby this morning. I ain't heard whether it's a boy or a girl, so I don't know if you're an aunt or an uncle.

Your uncle John fell in the whiskey vat last week. Some men tried to pull him out, but he fought them off, so he drowned. We cremated him and he burned for three days.

Three of your friends went off the bridge in a pick-up. One was driving with the other two in the back. The driver got out. He rolled down the window and swam to safety. The other two drowned because they couldn't get the tailgate down.

That's all I have to say. There's not much news this time. Nothing much has happened.

Love,  
Your Ma

## A Letter From Home

My Dear Child,

I remember well the day you left my side, wandered through the veil, and ventured forth to fulfill your earthly mission. I had a tear in my eye each time I clothed your spirit in a cloak of love and sent you off to school.

Be sure my thoughts are with you now as always. I love you with ALL my heart. I know your lives, the good and the bad, your grief, your sorrow, your disappointments, your handicaps, your unrewarded efforts, your frustrations and temptations...but always remember, all that I have is yours if you will only come home again.

To you, my special children, realize that in each of you, I placed a bit of heaven; none of you were exempt. I love you all.

Each of us has some blessed gift, some talent, some small part of me in you. Search for it, develop it, use it and most importantly, share it with others. If you really love me, then help others find themselves and lead them to me. Show your love by serving others.

Repent of your failings, and humble yourselves. Make yourselves ever teachable and continually strive to improve. I gave you weaknesses to help you to be humble; don't curse me for that. I did it because I love you. Be full of hope; don't let discouragement engulf you. I'll come if you need me.

My children, cease your idle contentions. Be peacemakers for it breaks my heart to see so many of my children fighting.

If they could see what I have hoped, planned and desired for them. My heart breaks as I watch them. But you, my faithful children are my hope. It is through you that my work must proceed. I beg you to get started. Accomplish the mission I gave you before you left me.

I will help you. I am never too busy or too far away to come to you. I am nearer to you always than you might suspect. I have so much I would like to tell you but I can't here. Come to me often in prayer. I love to talk to you, my beloved children. Be diligent in my work and my kingdom shall be yours. I would love to take you in my arms, but, I too, must wait patiently. That time will come.

Till then, I leave you with my blessing, my peace, my love, and never forget I am near by if you need me.



I love you and miss you so very much and oh how I am looking forward to your return again to me and your mother.

With all my love,

Your Heavenly Father

## A Letter To Mother

I didn't understand, until later, the reason for the feeling of sadness that lay so heavily on my heart that particular morning. It had started early, even before I had risen from my bed. Indeed, it must have wakened me from a troubled sleep, and I remained awake, struggling with a feeling of such inexpressible sadness that I had the strangest desire to weep, but I did not know why.

During the remainder of those early hours I tried to recover from the emotional disturbance within me. After I arrived at my office, I closed the door and began to sort papers on my desk that needed my attention: contracts and agreements to be studied, correspondence to be read, letters to be written. Letters! With a sudden twinge of conscience I remembered a letter I had neglected to write, one that I had been telling myself I would write — soon. How easy to promise, and how easy to forget. How natural to put off until a more convenient time that which didn't demand the present time. Well, now was the time, and so I wrote:

Dearest Mom,

I have had such a feeling of loneliness this morning that I feel the need to tell you how much I love you and miss the close companionship I so much enjoyed when I was home with you and Dad. If I neglected to tell you this as often as I should, I hope you will forgive me. And since you are the kind of mother you are, I know forgiveness is in your heart even before I ask for it.

As I think of the words I should write, I remember the years that have passed since my childhood — years of your love and sacrifice that are now so vivid in my memory but which, during those early years, were so much taken for granted. And I know you would not have had it otherwise, for thoughts of obligation of child to parents would have taken away much of the happiness of that world in which I lived. However, if I had known then, or if I had been capable of fully comprehending your sacrifice, the depth of my gratitude and my acknowledgement of it might have been hastened.

For some reason my memory of those years is more vivid this morning than ever before. As I sit here, it is as though you are very near to me. I almost feel your presence by my side. How wonderful is the truth revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith — that our spirits, that eternal part of us, may commune with each other and ignore the distance that separate us!

As I grew older, I began to understand the meaning of the bits of conversation I heard concerning the story of my birth. I began to understand the great physical sacrifice you made that I might possess a body and enter into this phase of my probation. When I learned that for many days after my birth you hovered between life and death, I wondered, and still ask the question: Can anything I do in life compensate for such sacrifice?

I have tried to make compensation, but my efforts fail when compared to the ever-increasing sum of the gifts I have received from you and Dad, the teachings by precept and example that have guided my life and returned me, time after time, to the straight path. Will there be time in the eternities to make payment in full? If not, how sweet the indebtedness and how tender and loving the ones to whom payment is due!

I have been reasonably successful in my business affairs. Were it not that the thought is unkind, I could almost wish that you and Dad needed my help. But even as I think of it, I can almost hear you say, as you have said many times, "Son, your continued progress in the kingdom of God is, to us, more than payment in full for all we have done." Such ties of indebtedness add strength to the seal that binds the children to their fathers and mothers in love and gratitude throughout eternity. There never fails to be an endearing relationship between the giver of the gift and the receiver, if spirits are in tune and hearts are filled with love and gratitude. I know it is so, for I have felt it in my life, and I have seen it in yours. It is one of the few enduring things we can cling to in this sadly mixed-up world.

I hope your understanding heart will fill in those words I grope for and cannot find. And I wish, oh so earnestly, there could be some way to hasten the time when a child begins to fully understand and appreciate the love that lies in a mother's heart!

Your Loving Son,  
Robert

I sat quietly for a moment and then folded the letter. I was placing it in an envelope when my secretary entered, a telegram in her hand. I opened it and read:

Dear Son: Your mother passed away early this morning. We had not known of her heart condition. Her last words were, "Tell Robert I love him."

Dad

## Lettle Bateese

You bad lettle boy, not moche you care  
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'pere  
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day  
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay —  
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?

Leettle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough,  
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow,  
So de milk aint good for not'ing at all —  
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,

Leettle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer tonight?  
Never min', I s'pose it'll be all right,  
Say dem tomorrow — ah! dere he go!  
Fas' asleep in a minute or so —  
And he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,

Leettle Bateese.

Den wake us up right away tout suite,  
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,  
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane,  
Soon as day swaller, day start again.  
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,

Leettle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,  
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;  
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year  
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr,  
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,

Leettle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,  
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack  
On de long partage, any size canoe;  
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do,  
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,

Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget  
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet;  
So chase de chicken an' make dem scare,  
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'pere,  
For when you're beeg feller he won't be dere —

Leetle Bateese!

## Life is Good<sup>5</sup>

Our life holds a balance  
Of sunshine and rain,  
Brightness and sadness —  
Some pleasure and pain.

There often are thorns  
With the loveliest flowers,  
But then there are rainbows  
To follow dark showers.

So lets keep our faith  
That though nights are long,  
There'll always be morning,  
With blue sky and song.

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<sup>5</sup> This was the song mom sang with her sisters just before her death. No one knows for sure what the tune was. When Aunt Wanda returned home after her visit with mom two days before her death, she received a Christmas card with this poem as the message.

## Life's Noblest Profession

One of life's greatest challenges is to be a teacher, for it is not like any ball game that was ever played. Teaching has no tryouts, no practices, no warm ups, no time outs and no replays, but occurs every moment of our lives. Emerson once said, "That which we are, we are all the while teaching, not voluntarily, but involuntarily." A line spoken by Sancho Panza says, in the story of Don Quixote "He teaches well that lives well. That's all the divinity I can understand." Another great teacher, Earl V. Pullias, has said, "An individual can be no greater as a teacher, than he is as a person." David O. McKay stated, "The great influencing factor in the classroom is the teacher, his personality, what he thinks, not just what he says, but what he is, really and truly in his heart — this is what influences his students."

Though one may try, he cannot escape teaching, for his life becomes a teacher before the world. He must, therefore ask himself — What is teaching? What is a teacher? Why is teaching "Life's Noblest Profession?" In answer to these questions, true Latter-day Saints would give but one answer — Living the principles and ordinances of one Jesus of Nazareth toward excellence until those principles are perfected within the soul. Living the good life or just setting a proper example or just disseminating facts during the teaching process, are but rudimentary steps.

H. L. Wayland, on speaking of becoming truly educated, once remarked:

A true education — what is it? It is awakening a love for truth; giving a just sense of duty; opening the eyes of the soul to the great purpose and end of life. It is not so much giving words, as thoughts; or mere maxims, as living principles. It is not teaching to be honest because honesty is the best policy, but because it is right. It is teaching the individual to love good, for the sake of the good; to be virtuous in action, because of being so in heart, to love and serve God supremely, not from fear, but from delight in his perfect character."

Teaching then requires the ultimate from the teacher, both as a person and as an educator. When a person assumes the traditional classroom teaching status without regard for what he is and what he is radiating as a person, he limits his role. He cannot magnify himself, his abilities, or his success with his students. Only as he assumes the full measure of his roles does a teacher begin to share himself just as a friend would do. He can teach self-respect because he lives it by respecting others. He teaches love because he loves.

He teaches empathy because he reaches out and understands as others understand. He doesn't worry about pouring or cramming in the facts, until the key to the student's heart had been found. Somebody once said, "Not so much the facts you teach as the human hearts you reach." Samuel Johnson put it this way; "Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless. Knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful." Amiel states so poetically,

To know HOW to suggest is the great art of teaching. To attain it we must be able to guess what will interest; we must learn to reach the childish soul as we

might a piece of music. Then, by simply changing the key, we keep up the attraction and vary the song.

The great Daniel Webster saw the real crux of teaching when he remarked,

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon the immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity.

The human heart truly must be sparked with the love of God and fellowmen before true education occurs. A teacher succeeds as he places himself in the hands of God and allows that hand to stroke the heart strings of both the student and the teacher.

David O. McKay remarked:

True education does not consist merely in the acquiring of a few facts of science, history, literature, or art, but in the development of character. True education awakens a desire to conserve health by keeping the body clean and undefiled. True education trains in self-denial and self-mastery. True education regulates the temper, subdues passion and makes obedience to social laws and moral order a guiding principle of life. It develops reason and inculcates faith in the living God as the eternal, loving Father of all.

The aim of education is to develop resources in the child that will contribute to his well-being as long as life endures; to develop power of self-mastery that he may never be a slave to indulgence or other weaknesses, to develop virile manhood, beautiful womanhood that in every child and every youth may be found at least the promise of a friend, a companion, one who later may be fit for husband, or wife, an exemplary father or a loving intelligent mother, one who can face life with courage, meet disaster with fortitude, and face death without fear.

Many of us who profess teaching credentials fail to grasp these noble challenges President McKay outlines. We dwell on subject-matter rather than on people and life in all its manifestations and on an eternal relationship of our Eternal Father.

Then What is True Teaching?

1. Teaching is guiding an eternal learning journey. We have a verse of a very special song which goes, "Lead me, guide me, walk beside me. Help me find the way. Teach me all that I must do, To live with Him someday."



2. Teaching is bridge-building. A teacher must make the past live, the present here and the future a reality for all. Generation gaps have to be closed, language barriers removed, and social mores eliminated. False traditions and prejudices cannot be allowed to form gullies and barriers that break communication.

3. Teaching is living the perfect model. A teacher must enter the realm of what-to-do as well as what-not-to-do. He cannot content himself with simply being. Shakespeare missed life's greatest point when he said, "To be or not to be, that is the question." That is precisely not the question. To become or not to become, that is the real question. To perfect one's self, to become a better model and to awaken the sleeping soul of a pupil to greater heights must be the master teacher's goal. Once a person chooses to be a teacher, he is in essence saying, "I'm now committed to the teacher image and can no longer act bizarre or without regard to the effect it may have on my students."

Henry David Thoreau said, "Men will believe what they see. Let them see."

4. Teaching is seeking. A teacher must never profess omniscience, or even give that impression, for omniscience is reserved for God alone. We must make the desire for wisdom and truth so great in our own actions and thoughts that the students we associate with will catch our contagious spirit for education and follow our search. Someone once commented, "If you were graduated yesterday, and have learned nothing today, you will be uneducated tomorrow." Some never desire to learn anything because they know everything too soon. Robert Browning said, "Ignorance is to innocence, but sin." The author's experience in searching has led him to conclude how truly little he really knows and must therefore seek and search that much more diligently for light, and once found must then refine and build on the foundation of truth he has lain. A teacher must be a scientist; that is, he must forever exemplify the spirit of inquiry.

5. Teaching is counselling. Every person sometime, somewhere, needs someone they can talk with in confidence and alone. A student must have the impression of you as a teacher that you will listen; that you can be trusted; and that you care about them. One great thought is, "Nobody cares how much you know until they know how much you care." Problems, wounds and fears are often alleviated or solved simply by a teacher caring enough to listen and show empathy to a troubled student. That student armed with the assurance that at least one person cares about him can often go out into the world and solve his own problems.

6. Teaching is creation. A teacher must release the creative powers within a child's mind that he was endowed with from his maker. One of the greatest sins any teacher may make is to pour every student into a common mould. Creativity, talents and interests will be stifled and eventually killed when we fail to provide experiences for the various talents which can be cultivated, nourished, and fed. Each person he teaches will display traits of ingenious in some area if he but turns the right key. Teaching is creation. It is building the immortal soul. Albert Einstein once remarked, "It is the supreme art of the teacher to awaken joy in creative expression and knowledge."

7. Teaching is inspiring. There was once a sign that read, "Wanted, a teacher." The author has

often thought that sign should have read, "Wanted, a teacher Who Will Pay the Price." Thomas Edison said, "Convince a man of something he wants and he'll move the whole world to get it." Abraham Lincoln, as he recorded in his diary the day he issued his preliminary emancipation proclamation, write, "I promised my God I would do it." Jesus Christ said, "I came to do the will of Him that sent me." Each teacher must inspire every student with a "wanted" sign.

Thomas Edison's sign read, "Wanted, A Man to Light the World."

Abraham Lincoln's sign read, "Wanted, A Man to Free the Slaves."

Jesus Christ's sign read, "Wanted, A Man to Save the World."

The teacher's sign should read, "Wanted, Teachers Who Will Pay the Price."

Teachers matter and a child should not come out of a class with his eyes focused on the ground, but his hand must be placed in the hand of God and his eyes fixed upon the heavens.

When Cicero speaks, the people say, "How eloquent!"

When Demosthenes speaks, the people say, "Come, let us march."

8. Teaching is hard, continuous work. A teacher must ever work toward being the master teacher. Emerson stated, "Work and thou canst not escape the reward." Great accomplishments were never achieved without following a daily routine of positive work. The routine of practice, practice, practice, accomplishes miracles. Deciding to teach a little better than anyone else can teach or teaching a little better today than yesterday will make for success and happiness. Dag Hammarskjöld once said, "You have not done enough, you've never done enough, so long as you have something more to contribute." Edison said, "I never did anything worth doing by accident. They came by work." And finally Calvin Coolidge noted, "Work is not a curse. It is the prerogative of intelligence, the only means to manhood, and the measure of civilization." Teaching as a job is hard work, but as a divine calling, it is wonderful.

9. Teaching is moving and achieving. A teacher must never become bogged down. Success is always measured by the results and never on the intentions or excuses. A teacher is never hired to fail. The student, the parents, the community and the nation want action — positive action. Any child that becomes excited will follow a teacher while boredom will send them seeking elsewhere. When pupils catch the vision of the journey, teaching becomes a joyous adventure. Remember the less teachers move and do, the more they must explain. The more they explain, the less they'll do.

10. Teaching is being a composite. A teacher must be a teacher, a friend, an authority, a storyteller, an actor, a community builder, a learner, an emancipator, a nurse or doctor, an analyzer, a synthesizer, a listener and even a loving person. Teaching is not simple and was never

intended to be by our maker. It takes noble, dedicated souls to mould the human heart into a loving human being. Being successful at teaching means doing the things failures don't like to do. Master teachers find plenty of room where they are because their locality is in the second mile. Great teachers never fear meeting their goliaths because they know they are armed with the stones of faith, loyalty, confidence, righteousness, and love. Any one of these stones properly applied can win a battle, but when used together a complete victory is assured. Noble teachers live through their Gethsemanie and bring eternal joy and love to human hearts. They plant the seeds of eternal life. They nourish those seeds and weed out the tares. They, in the end, reap the joy of success when they return to their Heavenly Father and He pronounces, "Well done, my noble daughter" or, "Well done, my noble son, thou shall receive thy reward. Thou art truly a NOBLE TEACHER. Come be with me."

# Lilies Grow Wild

by Barbara A. Lewis

The children were gone now. The school was empty. Only the echo of their laughter remains hanging in the air, in contrast to a duet of warbling redbirds and mooing cows outside my window. I, too, will be abandoning the school in a few hours, leaving behind the scene of demolition that will commence in the next few days. With ravenous bites, machines will devour this last one-room schoolhouse in Indiana, and the children will be bussed to separate, more advantaged schools. In a few months, in a few years, grass and wild flowers will cover the spot — an appropriate memorial. No one will know or remember.

As I sit at my brown, scarred desk, I scribble down memories while they still pulsate freshly in my mind. Eyes shut tightly, tears squeezing between the lids, I try to sort out the meaning of a barrage of images that converge upon me, images of broken-down hovels, wild flowers, and freckled faces.

I see a barefoot boy, fishing pole slung carelessly across his shoulder. Jeddy! I can still see Jeddy's ruddy face the day I visited him at the creek, an aftermath of that horrible incident at school. I joined him sauntering down Schufflecreek Road on his way to catch some fish, the only thing he could really do well. The scent of earth and fish, which hung in an offensive aura about him, made me wince.

"I giss ya wonder why I don't wear no shoes. Well, mah shoes is missin'," he said, plopping down at the creek. I looked down at the ten brown toes. "An' I don't care. Pa says shoes is fer horses, anyways." He tossed his shaggy head, flipping the cowlick that sprouted rebelliously from his crown while his shirt, stripped of buttons, hung open to his waist.

That was the first time I had felt compassion for Jeddy, as he sat there on the stream's edge making excuses for his bare feet. He was the bottom of the social order and was referred to as "Stinky" and "Fishy" by his peers, although they too came from what was described as the "illiterate hill country."

The school was more rustic than the children. I can recall the first time I stared at this one-room stone building where I was to teach 23 children, grades one through six. Inside, a dusty curtain was strung across the center, a sad apology for the lack of rooms. My eyes passed from the ancient stack of tattered books propped randomly in the corner against a splintery baseball bat to a water-stained piece of tape that was glued to a crack in the window and that ended abruptly at a small hole. A bewildered moth fluttered through the opening, retracing the passage of a small stone thrown by a child on some bygone day.

The children had been my greatest fear. When I had opened the door that first day, they gushed in as though I had removed an obstruction in a pipe, a flood of scabrous, shoving urchins. Freckle-faced Chris sat camouflaged behind a sheep-dog head of hair and spoke out from a sea of nameless faces. "Hey, teacher, yer skirt's unzipped." Amid muffled laughs, I replied, "Thank

you," and glared at him. Then he threw a final harpoon. "An' if I ain't quiet, she'll prob'ly zip mah mouth shut!" The muffled chuckles exploded into guffaws.

As I stalked down the aisles, glowering at each child in an effort to gain control, Jeddy seized this moment to introduce himself by discreetly slipping a brown foot into the aisle. He caught my ankle and sent me to my knees. I silently prayed for last-minute ingenuity to save me from sinking entirely.

Striding to the front, I said, "Who would have suspected that a five-year-old could have such extremely large feet!" Assessing this large ten-year-old in such mistaken terms destroyed his moment of greatness. I felt proud as the children again broke into gales of laughter.

After that they always supported me with laughter. "Jeddy, please pick up Kenny's books and replace his pencils." He shifted his weight in defiance to one side while his hands hung suspended by two thumbs hooked in the corner of each side pocket. "Jeddy! Do it at once!"

He flipped his cowlick and grunted, "Shut up an' lee me alone!"

"Jeddy! If you continue to act this way, I'll have to ask you to leave. Animal behavior belongs in a barn." The children roared.

He did leave later in the month, a consequence of that untimely scene. I had half expected a phone call from the school trustee or Jeddy's father, but that call never came; and as the weeks slipped by, I gradually realized that no one cared what happened inside Creekhollow School. I felt alone.

But Jeddy was more alone than I. In his absence I learned from the children that he was the third child of five who lived secluded at the creek bottom with their father. Their mother had died four years before while giving birth to a sixth child in that small ramshackle house with no running water or indoor bathroom facilities. Because the family refused assistance, neighbors ignored them.

I was not ignoring Jeddy the day of the fight. I had become determined to teach him to read in hopes that this would change his low self-image. Or was it to show what a good teacher I was? Little matter. I had drilled him for long, tedious hours unsuccessfully. Sending the others out to recess, I sat with Jeddy at the blackboard, pointing to some words, my nose twitching at the strong odor of fish. He lounged there, feet extended, with two brown thumbs hung from a hole in the center of his T-shirt, only an occasional smirk darkening the corner of his mouth. My arms stiffened as I gripped the sides of my chair. "Can you read it, Jeddy?" My voice grew louder at his silence. "Can you read it, Jeddy?" I leaned forward almost shouting "Jeddy! Can you read it?"

A small crowd of children collected at the door picked up the chant: "Can you read it, Jeddy? Can you read it, Jeddy? Fishy can't read nothing!" The fire of revenge burned in Jeddy's

eyes. Like a cat he pounced swiftly on the nearest enemy, knocked him to the ground, and sank his claws and teeth into the small boy's arm. Kenny screamed in pain while I pulled and threatened uselessly to get Jeddy to release his victim.

Realizing I had lost total control, I felt my legs would collapse as I searched about the room, dry-mouthed and perspiring, for some form of deliverance. I saw it leaning in the corner — the baseball bat. I walloped a bruising blow across Jeddy's bottom, which sent him sprawling over the floor. Staggering to his feet, arm bent across his face in self-defense, Jeddy stared piercingly at me through dark, squinted eyes, lips curled back in a snarl, and then bolted for the door, disappearing into the trees.

The alcohol must have burned Kenny's wound, but he looked up with a thankful smile. "Jenny runned away," Aritha said, as she twisted a tangled strand of hair around her finger.

"Yes, Aritha, thank you." Looking out the door I asked, "Does he live far from here?"

"No, Mrs. Allen. He just lives down that there holler." I saw new respect in the eyes of the children who sat quietly in their seats, but I bit my lip and shivered in the cool breeze.

Jeddy's seat was empty the next day. And the next. It would remain so until the dust piled high enough to etch his name with a finger upon the desk. An unnatural tension permeated the air and lasted late into the next week, when it exploded in my face with an argument at home plate.

Chris shouted at the catcher and stamped his foot in disagreement. Then he grabbed the bat, brandishing it about his head, and clobbered it squarely across the catcher's shoulder. The children cheered, for they had learned well. I looked with horror on the scene, which appeared to be an imitation of me. Time and space whirled around. "Don't bite him, Jeddy! Oh, please, let go!" Again I felt the frustration, the weight of the baseball bat hanging heavily in my hand.

I clasped my hand to my throat as a chilling thought crept stealthily into my mind. Children! What have I done? Poor Jeddy! It was I who provoked it all. What can I do? I have to find him.

My car lurched over bumps as I wound my way down dusty roads, past patches of gold and vermilion blazing brightly under the light of the autumn sun, until I found him. And in those few moments we sat together at the stream, I heard myself confess that I was sorry. Hesitantly I asked him to please come back. He stared down in the dirt, alone and silent, a straggly, stray animal. I arose in quiet reluctance to return to my car, gazing over my shoulder in expectation. But he didn't come.

The days dragged as I waited out my sentence in anxious anticipation of his return. But he didn't come. I chewed my nails short while I envisioned terrible things. He had run away; he had

drowned himself in the river. It was less dramatic than that.

He reappeared three weeks later, and to my surprise, his two brown, dirty feet were hidden by a new pair of shoes. Shoes he had purchased himself from a catch of 78 fish sold at ten cents each. Mentally I calculated how many fish he would have caught each day and how many endless hours of walking over the hills from house to house.

And as the days grew cooler I gradually outgrew my defensive manner and began to show some positive feelings toward the children, first a warm smile, then a pat on the head. They looked up with hungry eyes.

One morning when I arrived the children spoke in anxious whispers, confiding that one of their classmates had died two years before. Hoping to gain greater confidence from them, I asked, "What would you like to do?" They replied in unison, as though already planned, "We wanna make a wreath and take it to his grave."

We began to fashion a wreath from wild flowers, clothes hangers, and tissue paper. I smiled as I watched Chris clumsily try to wire his lilies into the wreath, and I observed, "Lilies grow wild where I come from, too."

He pursed his lips and asked, "If thir wild, does that mean thir weeds?"

From some corner of my memory I heard distant voices:

"Eleanor, don't keep picking the flowers; they'll die."

"But, Mommy, we can put them in a vase."

"Sweetie, they're just weeds. But if you like. They won't live long though, you know; they need the earth."

"Eleanor, will you read the scripture aloud, please?"

"Yes, Brother Richards. 'Consider the lilies ... Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed ...!'"

"Mrs. Allen, watsa matter? Mrs. Allen?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. It was nothing." I looked down into worried faces and responded. "No, Chris, your flowers aren't weeds. Did you know that every wild flower is important to God?"

Grateful smiles blossomed on their faces.

Aritha questioned, "Er dead people impor'ent ta God, too?"

"Yes, Aritha, everyone is important to him."

"Then I'll make a sign ta tell Joey so. He'd wanna know."

As we ambled over the hills to the grave, we inhaled the mixed perfumes of farm and field, enhanced with the spice of lingering pumpkin patches. Chris gently placed the homemade wreath on the lonely tombstone. On the wreath, in awkward spelling, Aritha had scrawled: "Evryone is emportent."

I clutched my hand to my throat as inwardly I wanted to shout, "Can you read it, Jeddy? Can you read it, Jeddy? Oh, forgive me Jeddy." And as they sang "Old Lang Syne," a brown rough hand slipped quietly between white figures, only momentarily, but I felt it there. We stood several timeless minutes listening to the silence, broken only by the tinkling of cowbells, and then walked reluctantly back to school. I felt strangely comfortable.

And as the wind scattered the leaves and then blew the snow into white mounds, we got acquainted. I read to them, painting panoramas with vivid words that fell like raindrops upon thirsty minds. As the redbuds and dogwoods burst into bloom, the children brought me fresh wild flowers gathered at secret hiding places along the river bottoms and mushrooms found in clusters under the shade of green foliage at covered bridges. I smiled as the children's personalities unfolded before me.

Time passed quickly, bringing the final day of school. A festive but nostalgic feeling hovered over our farewell party. At its conclusion Aritha walked to the front of the class and said, "Mrs. Allen, here's a present from me," and planted a kiss on my cheek. Before I knew what had happened I was surrounded by eager arms reaching up. I stepped back only for an instant and then, leaning forward, hugged and kissed each of them.

As the school bus approached and honked, they pounded their desks and shouted, "We won't go home! We won't go home!" But they did go. And they left behind piles of used paper, an abandoned school, and traces of wet kisses on my cheeks.

Then Jeddy, on a sudden impulse, charged back into the room with a tear in his eye, gave me one more hug, and ran off without a word. As I inhaled the fading aroma of fish, I remembered his life's ambition and wondered if there were still a place in the world for fishermen. Discouraged, I realized I had not succeeded in teaching him to read, but I hoped at least he had learned — as I had — that "evryone is emportent."

And now as I sit here alone in the wake of their laughter and shouts, the redbirds are silent



as the last flicker of sunlight filters through the dust particles and shadows begin to collect about the school. I look down at the tear-stained notes and feel a sense of relief, for confusion is gone, and at last peace replaces it as I bite deeply into the ageless irony — ageless, but new to each person who samples it: in my struggle to teach the children, I learned a new reverence for life.

## **The Little Chap that Follows Me**

A careful man I want to be.  
A little fellow follows me.  
I do not dare to go astray,  
For fear he'll go the self same way.  
I cannot once escape his eyes,  
Whate'er he sees me do he tries.  
Like me he says he's going to be,  
The little chap who follows me.  
He thinks that I am good and fine.  
Believes in every word of mine.  
The base in me he must not see,  
The little chap who follows me.  
I must remember as I go,  
Through summer's sun and winter's snow,  
I'm building for the years to be,  
The little chap who follows me.

# Little Clown Puppet

A little clown puppet began to fret,  
"I'm tired of being a marionette ...."  
So he ran away and slept under a tree,  
And while he was sleeping ... gracious me!

A crow came by on flapping wing  
And picked him up for a ball of string.  
She picked him up in her cawing beak  
But she let him drop when she heard him speak.

He fell through the air and caught on a limb  
And the earth was a long way off from him!  
"Oh dear, I shall never be free again!"  
He wailed, and his tears fell fast as rain.

They fell on a chipmunk, brown and furry,  
Who ran for a toadstool all in a hurry.  
"Well," thought the puppet, "That is cute!  
He thinks the stool is a bumbershoot!

Bring it up here," he called in glee.  
"I'll use it to take me out of this tree."  
So the chipmunk carried it up to him  
Where he hung and swung on a crackling limb.

Then down the tree the chipmunk scooted  
But the little clown puppet, he parachuted!

# Little Master Mischievous

Edgar Guest

Little Master Mischievous, that's the name for you;  
There's no better title that describes the things you do:  
Into something all the while where you shouldn't be,  
Prying into matters that are not for you to see;

Little Master Mischievous, order's overthrown  
If your mother leaves you for a minute all alone.  
Little Master Mischievous, opening every door,  
Spilling books and papers round about the parlor floor,

Scratching all the tables and marring all the chairs,  
Climbing where you shouldn't climb and tumbling down the stairs.  
How'd you get the ink well? We can never guess.  
Now the rug is ruined; so's your little dress.

Little Master Mischievous, in the cookie jar,  
Who has ever told you where the cookies are?  
Now your sticky fingers smear the curtains white;  
You have finger-printed everything in sight.

There's no use in scolding; when you smile that way  
You can rob of terror every word we say.  
Little Master Mischievous, that's the name for you;  
There's no better title that describes the things you do:

Prying into corners, peering into nooks,  
Tugging table covers, tearing costly books.  
Little Master Mischievous, have your roguish way;  
Time, I know, will stop you, soon enough some day.

# The Little Match Girl

adapted by Amanda Stephens

"Matches for sale. Beautiful bundles of matches for sale ..."

The young girl looked hopeful as she held out a bundle of matches tied with a red ribbon. Perhaps the people hurrying by would take pity on her and buy some of her wares. But the passersby barely paid her any mind. After all, it was Christmas Eve, and they had parties to go to, presents to wrap, and trees to trim. They had no time to stop and buy matches from a poor motherless Little Match Girl.

The Little Match Girl pulled her tattered cape around her shoulders and shivered. The bitter wind blew through the holes in her threadbare dress; the snow seeped through the thin soles of her shoes. The little Match Girl sighed. If only she could sell a few of her matches. Then she could buy some food for her father and herself. But sadly, she had not sold one bundle of matches all day. She could not go home without any money — not on Christmas Eve! So ever so slowly she walked on, crying out: "Matches for sale. Beautiful bundles of matches ..."

*Clickety clack ... Clickety clack ...* The Little Match Girl looked up in surprise. A horsedrawn carriage was coming quickly down the road.

"Out of my way, street urchin!" the driver yelled at the Little Match Girl.

The child leaped out of the way of the oncoming carriage. But her shoes were far too big for her feet, and she tripped and fell — spilling her matches all over the freshly fallen snow. As she crawled around picking them up, two cruel boys grabbed her shoes and ran off laughing into the night. The poor little girl had no choice but to walk barefoot through the ice and snow.

The snow was falling very hard now, and the Little Match Girl could hardly see. She found herself some shelter in a corner formed by two large buildings. She huddled against the bricks, trying to keep warm. But the bricks were cold, and the ground was wet. The Little Match Girl looked down at her basket of wooden matches.

*Perhaps I should light just one match,* she thought. *At least I could warm my hands by its flame.* With cold and icy fingers, she took a match from its bundle and struck it.

The little flame flickered at first, and then burst into a glorious pink light. The Little Match Girl looked with surprise at the sight that appeared before her eyes. There was a delicious Christmas dinner, laid out on a brilliant white lace tablecloth. The main course was a fat, crispy roast duckling surrounded by sweet candied yams and tart red cranberry sauce. The Little Match Girl had never seen such a splendid meal! But just as she reached out to take just a bit of the tasty duckling, the candle sputtered and went out, taking the sumptuous banquet with it.

Deep inside, the Little Match Girl knew her father would be angry if she came home without matches or money, but she could not think about that now. Instead, she took another match from the bundle and struck it. Within an instant, the tiny flame burst into a bright-green haze. In the center of the haze was the most beautiful Christmas tree The Little Match Girl had ever seen. The large fir was trimmed with silver, sparkly tinsel. Red and green ornaments hung from every branch, and a hundred candles glowed into the night. Quickly, the Little Match Girl moved toward the candles. But just as quickly, the match sputtered and died out, leaving the Little Match Girl cold and alone once more.

Once again, the child lit a match. And this time she saw the greatest sight of all — her beloved grandmother who had left her and gone to heaven two Christmases before. Frantically, the shivering child reached out to the old woman. "Oh, Grandmother," she called out. "You look so warm and lovely. And I have missed you so. Please, do not leave me."

The child reached into her basket once more. *Perhaps if I light all of the matches*, she thought, *my grandmother will keep me warm for the night*. And with that, she lit all of her matches, one by one.

When she got to the last match, she cried out. "Take me with you, Grandmother. Take me where it is warm and peaceful. But hurry — this last match will soon die out and I shall never see you again."

The old woman swept her granddaughter up in her arms. In a light as bright as ten thousand matches, they soared together up to heaven. The angels greeted them with open arms, wrapping the child's shivering body in warm, woolen fleece. Never again would the poor child be hungry or cold. Now she was home — safe with her grandmother and the angels.

The policeman that patrolled that area of town was startled to see the tiny lifeless body of a small Match Girl. In front of her frozen body, were the remains of dozens of burnt matches. How could the thoughtless crowd have overlooked this poor little pauper on the most joyous and indulgent night of the year?

# Little Things

Julia Fletcher Carney

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land.

So the little moments,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

So our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the path of virtue,  
Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Help to make earth happy  
Like the heaven above.

# **The Little Wise Men**

by Alma J. Yates

My little brother, Joel, and I had been waiting for days to take our friend Robby to see the lights and the manger scene on Temple Square. Ever since we'd mentioned going, Robby had been counting the days.

You see, Robby had never seen Temple Square at Christmas time, and this was his first Christmas outside of a hospital in two years. He still can't walk, and his right hand and arm are all crooked and bent. The only way that he can get around is in his silver wheelchair with someone pushing him.

Robby couldn't go to a lot of places. He didn't go to Primary, so Joel and I tried to take Primary to him. We'd go over to his house, sit by his wheelchair, sing him the songs, and tell him the stories we'd learned in Primary. Robby loved it, and all week long he'd have us repeat what we'd done in Primary. One afternoon in December we told Robby the Christmas story about Jesus being born in the manger. When we finished, he sighed and said, "Oh, I wish I could have been one of the shepherds who visited Jesus on that special night. Or one of the wise Men who later followed the star. I would like to have seen the Baby Jesus and given him gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh."

"There's a manger scene on Temple Square," Joel said. "It's not the real one, but it looks real."

Robby's eyes got big, and his smile seemed to go from the tip of his chin to the ends of his ears. "That's where I'd like to go for Christmas," he said. Then his smile disappeared. "But I don't see how I could," he said, running his good hand over his wheelchair.

Robby had recently moved to Salt Lake City. He was the only child in his family, and his mom and dad traveled a lot. They didn't ever seem to have time to take Robby anywhere. Of course, Robby had Mrs. Helber, who took care of him while his mom and dad were away; but she was older and didn't drive a car.

"We'll take you to Temple Square," Joel declared one afternoon as we all sat at Robby's window and watched a million snowflakes flutter to the ground. "We'll get Dad to help us," he said firmly, "won't we, Jeremy?"

"Do you really think you could?" Robby asked, glancing at me pleadingly. "I'd like going, Jeremy — more than anything else!"

I smiled. "We'll get you to Temple Square," I told him. "That's a promise."



Now it was Friday before Christmas. Joel and I had stopped by Robby's place late in the afternoon to see if he would be ready to go that evening. Robby's mom and dad were gone, and we could hear Mrs. Helber in the kitchen fixing supper. It was getting dark, and Robby asked anxiously, "Your dad won't forget will he?"

I patted Robby on the shoulder. "Don't worry," I said. "We'll be back in an hour and a half to pick you up. Dad won't forget."

But Dad did forget! He was getting ready for a meeting over at the church when we came home.

"To a meeting?" Joel gasped.

"But what about taking Robby to Temple Square?" I cried.

Dad groaned and hit his forehead with his hand. "Oh, no! Was that tonight?"

Joel and I couldn't even nod. We just stared, suddenly feeling sick.

"Brother Thomas asked me to go over to a planning meeting," Dad explained. "When he talked to me this morning, I forgot about our trip with Robby. I'm really sorry, boys. Can we go another time? How about tomorrow?"

"Robby's been counting on going tonight," Joel mumbled. But I don't think Dad heard. I could tell that Dad felt really bad; he doesn't usually forget.

After supper Dad left for his meeting, and Joel and I told Mom we were going over to Robby's. We put on our coats, hats, gloves, and boots and stepped out into the dark night. The snow crunched under our boots, and big puffs of steam blew out of our mouths and noses as we breathed.

"How are we ever going to explain this to Robby?" Joel wanted to know when we were outside. "We just can't let him down. He's been waiting for this for a long time."

"I don't know what we can do. Dad's already gone, and he won't be back till late."

Joel grabbed my arm and whispered, "Maybe we could take him, Jeremy."

"Us?" I said. "That's seven or eight, maybe ten blocks. Who'd we get to drive us down there?"

"We'll push him in his wheelchair. We can do it!" Joel coaxed.

"Most of it's downhill. Besides, we just have to take him, Jeremy! We can't tell him that Dad forgot."

I thought for a minute. "We'll ask Robby," I said. "If he wants to go in his wheelchair, we'll take him."

When we got to Robby's place, he was waiting right by the front door, with his coat and hat on. A scarf was tied around his neck, and a blanket was tucked in around his legs. "Let's go," he greeted us. "I already told Mrs. Helber good-bye."

I pulled off my gloves and stared at the floor. "Dad can't come," I explained. "He had to go to a meeting." I glanced up and saw Robby's smile droop. For a minute I wondered if he was going to cry.

"But we'll take you," Joel blurted out. "We'll push you. Do you still want to go?"

Robby's smile returned, and he nodded furiously.

"It will be cold," I warned. "And it's a long way just walking."

"We can make it!" Robby grinned. "I know we can."

A shiver of excitement tickled the back of my neck as I gripped the handles on Robby's wheelchair and began pushing it down the sidewalk.

We walked block after block. Since it was mostly downhill, it wasn't hard pushing Robby at first, but after a while all that walking made my legs tired. Joel tried to help, but he could barely see over the back of the chair, so I had to do most of the pushing.

I was getting a little worried about whether I'd remembered the way right, because I had never gone to Temple Square without a grownup, when Robby called out, "What's that?"

"What's what?" Joel asked.

"That gold statue lighted up on top of that pointy building."

Joel and I smiled. "That's the Angel Moroni on top of the temple," I said. "That's where we're going."

"You mean that all we have to do is follow the light and we'll find the place?"

"That's all," I said.

Robby smiled back at me and said, "We have our very own angel to show us the way."

Robby wouldn't take his eyes off the gold statue on the top of the temple. And I wasn't worried anymore because I knew we'd soon be there.

A few flakes of snow started to fall as we crossed the last street. We could see most of the spires of the temple now, and we could see the walls around Temple Square.

Joel led the way as we squeezed through the crowds of people and made our way inside the wide gates. My legs were tired, and my cheeks were numb, but I kept pushing, knowing that we were almost to the manger scene. All the while, Robby was straining forward to see the colored lights.

I glanced back toward the street and suddenly realized that it was blocks and blocks back to our house — all uphill! A sick feeling came over me, and I wondered if we would be able to push Robby back home. Then I saw Robby's face as he stared at the Christmas lights that Joel and I had told him about.

Temple Square was sparkling with thousands of lights — in the trees, on the bushes, everywhere. And they all seemed to reflect off Robby's beaming face. "It's beautiful!" he whispered. "More beautiful than you said."

We came to the manger scene in the middle of a big, snow-covered lawn just as a light shone down on a group of shepherds. A voice began to speak, and quiet music began to play.

Robby didn't say anything. He just stared. The voice told the Christmas story almost the way Joel and I had told it to Robby, but it was so much better here, because we could see it almost like it had happened so many years before.

Then the light shone on the manger, and we saw Jesus and Mary and Joseph. Finally the light fell on the Wise Men who were following the special star to see the Baby Jesus. Robby turned around and whispered, "We followed a kind of star too." He pointed above us toward the Angel Moroni. "Tonight we were like the Wise Men."

Three times that night we listened to the Christmas story, standing in the cold and looking at the manger. Even when Robby started to shiver from the cold, he wouldn't let us leave the beautiful manger scene.

But it was getting late, and I knew we'd have to go back. We pushed Robby through the gates, and I stopped and gulped. My feet were numb, my nose and cheeks burned with cold, and an icy wind had started to blow, making tears come to my eyes. I was so tired that I wanted to cry, but I knew that I couldn't, not with Robby and Joel depending on me. Instead, I bowed my head and said a little prayer, asking Heavenly Father to help us get home safely.

After going about a block, a voice called, "Jeremy! Joel! Robby!" I turned, and there was Dad hurrying across the street, waving to us. He rushed up to us and hugged Joel and me and patted Robby on the shoulder. "I thought you were lost for sure," he panted, looking more worried than I had ever seen him. "Then I remembered how much you had been counting on bringing Robby here."

A few minutes later we reached our car. Dad put Robby and Joel on the back seat and set the wheelchair in the trunk. I climbed up front with Dad.

"I hope you're not mad," I said. "We just had to bring Robby." I looked down at my hands. "We won't do it again, but we couldn't let Robby down, not at Christmas time."

Dad took a deep breath as he started the engine. "Sometimes there are more important things than meetings," he whispered. "I learned that tonight." He put his hand on my shoulder and pulled me against him.

"It was so beautiful," I whispered. I could feel a lump in my throat. "We followed the light and went right to the manger, just like the Wise Men." I was quiet for a moment. "But we didn't leave a gift," I mumbled. "Not like the other Wise Men did. We didn't have any gold or frankincense or myrrh."

Dad held me close for a moment while he drove. Then he told me, "Oh, but you gave an even better gift. You gave a gift of love — to Robby. What you gave to Robby, you were really giving to Jesus, and a gift of love is the very best gift of all."

"Are you sure, Dad?" I whispered.

"I'm sure," he said.

# **Lodged**

by Robert Frost

The rain to the wind said,  
"You push and I'll pelt."  
They so smote the garden bed  
That the flowers actually knelt,  
And lay lodged — though not dead.  
I know how the flowers felt.

# Long, Long Ago

By Clara McCarthy

Long, long ago — so I have been told —  
Two Angels met on the street paved with gold,  
"By the stars in your crown," said the one to the other,  
"I see that on earth, you too were a mother:  
And by the blue tinted halo you wear,  
You also, have known sorrow and deepest despair."

"Ah yes," came the answer, "I once had a son;  
A sweet little lad, full of laughter and fun;  
But tell me of your child." "Oh, I know I was blest  
From the moment I first held Him close to my breast  
And my heart almost burst with the joy of that day."  
"Ah, yes," sighed the other, "I felt the same way."

The former continued, "The first step He took ....  
So eager and breathless ... He trusted me so.  
But soon He had grown to a tall handsome boy,  
So stalwart and kind ... and it gave me such joy,  
To have Him just walk down the street by my side."  
"Ah yes," said the other, "I felt that same pride."

"How often I shielded and spared Him from pain;  
Truly I would go through it again.  
When they crucified Him ... and they spat in His face  
How gladly would I have hung in His place!"  
A moment of silence ... "Oh then you are She —  
The Mother of Christ," and she fell to one knee.

But the Blessed One raised her up, drawing her near,  
And kissed from the cheek of the woman, a tear.  
"Tell me the name of the son you loved so,  
That I may share with you the grief and your woe."  
She lifted her eyes, looking straight at the other,  
"He was Judas Iscariot. I was his mother."

# **The Lord Gave Me a Temple**

Donnell Hunter

The Lord gave me a temple to live within on earth.  
Once in Heaven I was spirit, but I left my home at birth.

I'll make my temple brighter; I'll keep my spirit free.  
My body is the temple my Father gave to me.

If I keep my body clean and pure and habit free,  
I may in Father's temple claim blessings promised me.  
On resurrection morning, I'll take my body bright  
And in celestial glory forever live in light.



## The Lord's Prayer

Our Father which art in heaven, —

Yes?

Don't distract me, I'm praying.

But you called me.

Called you, I didn't call you, I'm praying.

Our Father which art in Heaven, —

There, you did it again.

Did what?

Called me. You said, "Our Father which art in Heaven." Here I am. What's on your mind?

I didn't mean anything by it. I was, you know, just saying my prayers for the day. I always say the Lord's prayer. It makes me feel good; kind of like getting my duty done.

Alright, go on.

Hallowed be Thy name.

It means?

Means — good grief, I don't know what it means. How should I know? It's just a part of the prayer. By the way, what does it mean?

It means honored, holy, wonderful.

Hey, that makes sense. I never thought about what hallowed meant before. Thy Kingdom

come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Do you really mean that?

Sure, why not?

What are you doing about it?

Doing? Nothing, I guess. I just think it would be kind of neat if you had control of things down here like you do there.

Have I got control of you?

Well, I go to church.

That isn't what I asked you. What about the habits of lust you have? And your bad temper; you've really got a problem there, you know. And then there's the way you spend your money; all on yourself. And what about the kind of books you read?

Stop picking on me. I'm just as good as some of those other phonies at church.

Excuse me, I thought you were praying for my will to be done. If that is to happen, it will have to start with those who are praying for it, like you, for example.

Oh, alright. I guess I do have some hang-ups. Now that you mention it, I could name some others.

So could I.

I haven't thought about it very much until now. I really would like to cut out some of those things. I'd like to, you know, be really free.

Good. We're getting somewhere. We'll work together, you and I. Some victories can truly be won. I'm proud of you.

Look Lord, I need to finish up here. This is taking a little longer than it usually does. Give us this day our daily bread.

You need to cut out that bread. You are over weight as it is.

Hey, wait a minute! What is this, criticize-me-day? Here I was doing my religious duty. Then, all of a sudden, you break in and remind me of all my hang-ups. Praying is a dangerous thing. I could wind up a changed person, you know.

That's what I'm trying to get across to you. You called me and here I am. It's too late to stop now. Keep on praying. I'm interested in the next part of your prayer.

I'm scared to.

Scared to what?

I know what you'll say.

Try me and see.

Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.

What about Bill?

See! I knew it! I knew you'd bring him up. Why, Lord, he told lies about me, cheated me out of some money. He never paid back the debt he owes me. I've sworn to get even with him.

But your prayers, what about your prayers?

I didn't mean it.

Well, at least you're honest. But it's not so much fun carrying that load of bitterness inside of you, is it?

But I'll feel better as soon as I get even. Boy, have I got some plans for old Bill! He'll wish he never did me any harm.

You won't feel better. You'll feel worse. Revenge isn't sweet. Think how unhappy you really are, but I can change all that.

You can? How?

Forgive Bill and I'll forgive you, and then the hate and sin will be Bill's problem, and not yours. You may lose the money, but you will have settled your heart.

But Lord, I can't forgive Bill.

Then I can't forgive you.

Oh, you're right. You always are. And more than I want revenge on Bill, I want to be right with you. Alright. Alright, I'll forgive him. Help him to find the right road in his life. Lord, he's bound to be awfully miserable now that I think it. Anybody that goes around doing the things he does to others has to be out of it. Some way, some how, show him the right way.

There now. Wonderful! How do you feel?

Hmm ... well not bad, not bad at all. In fact I feel pretty great! You know, I think I won't have to go to bed uptight tonight for the first time I can remember. Maybe I won't be so tired from now on because I'm not getting enough rest.

You're not through with your prayer. Go on.

Oh, alright. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

Good! Good! I'll do that! Just don't put yourself in places where you can be tempted.

What do you mean by that?

Quit hanging around the Pool Halls and staying out late. Change some of your friendships. Some of your so called friends are starting to get to you. Don't be fooled. They advertise they're having fun, but for you it will be your ruin. They'll have you involved in wrong things before you know it. Don't use me for an escape hatch.

I don't understand.

Sure you do. You've done it a lot of times. You get caught in a bad situation and get into trouble. Then you come running to me. "Lord, help me out of this mess and I will promise you I'll never do it again," you say. Do you remember some of those promises you tried to make with me?

Yes, and I'm ashamed, Lord. I really am.

Which promise are you remembering?

Well, when the woman next door saw me backing away from the neighborhood bar, I told my mother I was going to the store. I remember telling you, "O, God, don't let her tell my mother where I've been. I promise I'll be in church every Sunday."

She didn't tell your mother, but you didn't keep your promise, did you?

I'm sorry, Lord. I really am. Up till now I thought that if I just prayed the Lord's prayer every day, then I could be what I liked. I didn't expect anything to happen like it did.

Go ahead and finish your prayer.

For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever, amen.

Do you know what will bring me glory; what will really make me happy?

No, but I would like to know. I want to please you. I can see what a mess I have made of my life. I can see how cool it would be to be one of your followers.

You just answered the question.

I did?

Yes. The thing that would bring me glory is to have people like you truly love me. I see that happening between us now. Now that some of those sins are exposed and out of my way, well, there's no telling what we can do together.

Lord, let's see what we can do. Let's see what we can make out of me.

Let's see. Yes, let's see.

# **Love, A Missionary Experience**

Henry D. Taylor

A lonely young Persian student was in Munich, Germany, struggling to find a meaning to life. He was deeply disturbed by the materialism and selfishness that seemed to fill the world, and especially postwar Europe. He heard a knock at the door, and two humble Mormon elders stood before him. He was not the least interested in religion. In fact, cynicism and doubt had filled his soul until he was very nearly persuaded that there was no God nor any real meaning to life. The only thing that interested him about these two young men was their English accent. He had mastered four languages, but English was not one of them.

He invited them in, but as they started their discussion, he cautioned: "I don't want to hear about your God, nor do I want to hear about how your religion got started. I only want to know one thing: what do you people do for one another?" He waited, and a look of doubt crossed his dark features, as the elders exchanged glances.

Finally, the spokesman for the two said softly, "We love one another."

Nothing he could have said would have been more electrifying than this simple utterance had upon this young Persian, for the Holy Ghost immediately bore testimony to his soul that these missionaries were true servants of the Lord. Shortly thereafter he was baptized, and he presently is in this country receiving his doctorate degree at a local university-all because a young Mormon missionary declared a simple truth, "We love one another."

## Love is a Shining Thing

They sat together on the porch steps, so close that their moon shadow was a single wedge of blackness against the weathered wood. Tomorrow was the wedding, with all the excitement and confusion, tears and laughter. There would be no privacy then. But this quiet hour was their own.

She said, "It's peaceful isn't it?" She was watching the great stately clouds march over their heads and drop from sight into the quick-silver sea. He was watching her, and thought that he had never seen her so beautiful.

The wind blew; the waves made little hush, hush sounds, sighing against the sand. "You know," she said, "I always wondered how I'd feel the night before my wedding. Scared, or thrilled, or uncertain, or what."

"You're not scared, are you?"

"Oh, no," she said quickly. She hugged his arm and put her face against his shoulder in the impulsive way she had. "Just a little solemn, maybe. Solemn, and gay, and young and old, and happy and sad. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes," he said, "I know."

It's love that does it, I suppose," she said. "That old thing; We've never talked about it much, have we? About love itself, I mean."

He smiled a little. "We never had to."

"I'd sort of like to — now," she said. "Do you mind? I'd like to try to tell you how I feel before tomorrow happens."

"Will it be any different after tomorrow?"

"No, but I may not be able to talk about it then. It may go down somewhere deep inside, below the talking level."

"All right," he said, "tell me about love."

She watched a cloud ravel itself against the moon. "Well," she said, "to me it's a shining

thing, like a golden fire or a silver mist. It comes so very quietly; you can't command it, but you can't deny it, either. When it does come you can't quite see it, but you can feel it — inside you and around you and around the person you love. It changes you, it changes everything. Colors are brighter, music is sweeter, full little honeysuckles are heavenly food, funny things are funnier. Ordinary speech won't do — you grope for better ways to express how you feel. You read poetry. Maybe you even try to write it."

She leaned back clasping her hands around her knees, the moonlight bright and ecstatic on her face.

"Oh, it's so many things. Waltzing in the dark; waiting for the phone to ring; opening a box of flowers. It's walking in the rain; It's riding in a convertible with the wind in your hair. It's the quarreling and making up again. It's the first warm drowsy thought in the morning and the last kiss at night."

She broke off suddenly and gave him a desolate look. "But it's all been said before, hasn't it?"

"Even if it has," he told her gently, "that doesn't make it any less true."

"Maybe I'm just being silly," she said doubtfully. "Is that the way love seems to you?"

He did not answer for a while. At last he said, "I might add a little to your definition."

"You mean you wouldn't change it?"

"No, just add to it."

She put her chin in her hands. "Go ahead, I'm listening."

He took out the pen she had given him and looked at it for a moment. "You said it was a lot of little things. You're right. I could mention a few that don't have such glitter. But they have an importance that grows."

She watched his lean fingers begin to move. "Tell me," she said.

"Oh, coming home to somebody when the day is ended — or waiting for somebody to come home to you. Giving, or getting, a word of praise when none is really deserved. Sharing a joke that nobody else understands. Planting a tree together and watching it grow. Sitting up with a sick child. Remembering anniversaries. Do I make it sound terribly dull?"



She did not say anything; she shook her head.

"Everything you mentioned is part of it," he went on. "But it's not all triumphant, you know. It's also sharing disappointment, and sorrow. It's going out to slay the dragon, and finding the dragon too much for you, and running away — but going out again the next day. It's the little chips of intolerance that you finally knock off the granite of your ego, not saying, "I told you so," and not noticing the dented fender of the family car. It's the gradual acceptance of limitations — your own as well as others. It's the discarding some of the ambitions you had for yourself and planting them in your children." His voice trailed off into the glistening night.

"Are you talking," she asked finally, "of living or loving?"

"You'll find," he said, "there's not much of one without the other."

"When did you learn that?"

"Quite a while ago; before your mother died." His hand touched her shining hair. "Better go to bed now baby. Tomorrow's your big day."

She clung to him suddenly. "Oh, Daddy. I'm going to miss you so!"

"Nonsense," he said gruffly, "I'll be seeing you all the time. Run along now." But after she was gone he sat there for a long time, alone in the moonlight.

## Love Thine Enemy

The acid of gunfire embittered the damp air as the lull of battle broke with an explosion. Time collapsed amid the violent roar of the big guns. The earth heaved in torn convulsions. The fading drone of bombers was above as we waited the command to leave the slimy dents we had dug in the earth! Enemy shells and bursting rockets were tipping and tearing in savage mirth. I was full of terror. I hugged the mud until I was apart of it — grimy and cold.

My buddy, whom we had nicknamed "Mormon", was huddled near. He lay flat in the ooze — a dim, shadowy mold. I knew he would be talking to his God — I'd heard him pray before. We sort of had faith in the kid, with his face showing in the flare of battle, lifted to his God. He knew no fear. When the order came to charge, I raced by his side. One couldn't hear him, but I could see his lips praying for us all. As the battle raged, my soul cried out to him — he was hit. I saw him cry with pain, then fall. For two days the jaws of death knew not reason; the fire from her savage throat, struck again and again. Men became demons, defiant of fear, tromping through blood and pain.

I was wounded — slightly — but I fought on. My lips bled for the want of water; my dazed head ached with pain! In my weakness I swore. Yes, I fell in my madness, and was carried back of the lines! Two days later I wandered among the wounded. My heart was torn as I saw my buddies cry and moan in their anguish. And then — I saw Mormon — his head lifeless and pale over a pillow made out of his blood-stained coat. His chest was bandaged in red and white; his hands, gripped in agony, were wet. I knelt by his side and whispered, "Mormon!" His eyes seemed to cry — cry for something.

"What is it Mormon boy?" I pleaded, "please tell me." But his eyes just seemed to look at me as if to say "no".

I saw the chaplain giving courage to the living and praying for the dead — his face full of sorrow. I went to him and begged him to come with me, for I was sure Mormon wouldn't see the morrow. The chaplain beckoned me to his side. "He wants something, and we haven't got it." I knelt down, "Tell me, Mormon boy, please tell me and I'll get it," I sobbed.

Then he whispered, "Find a Mormon Elder of God to pray over me — only that — then my life you will save."

I asked everyone if they knew a man of Mormon faith, and not one did. Our doctor told me Mormon couldn't live. In my gloom I had wandered unknowingly to the gates of our Prison camp. New ones were being recorded that day. A sergeant asked one, what religion he belonged to. I held my breath for his answer — "Mormon". I rushed back to the chaplain. "I've found one, but he's a prisoner of war!" The chaplain rubbed his chin in deep thought. "I don't know" he seemed to say to himself, "But I'll try." They hurried to the prison camp. "Stay where you are," said the chaplain.

The eternity I waited was only an hour, then I saw them coming through the prison gate. The chaplain led the way, while four husky guards — their guns gripped tight — marched the lone prisoner behind. His faded uniform and pale eyes betrayed the proud carriage of his body as they came. He looked sad and ill, I thought to myself, enemy against enemy, today it would be in prayer. Yesterday there was only the will to kill.

A cold sternness was on his face as he walked through the wounded. He was cursed and booed and even spat upon. He neither spoke nor smiled until he reached Mormon's side; then he lifted his eyes, and his voice grew mellow as reverently he prayed: "Dear God, cleanse my soul from all malice, let brotherly love be mine this day." Then he knelt down where Mormon lay. "Our Father, in the name of the Son, let faith in our wounded brother, and faith I have in me, be one. And God, let thy will of heaven be thy will of earth, as we ask that this battle over a wounded soul be won. Bless him with thy strength, dear God, for we are not enemies, but brothers in thy holy priesthood, and by that divine priesthood let health kiss his checks; for I love him, as I pray for all that is good. Let peace be ours, this day, from war; let thy spirit and goodness hallow this blood-stained soul. For, Father, they know not what they do. We thy children cry in our woe, while the wicked fight on in turmoil. May we few who love our enemies be spared this pain of war; Thy grace we ask for them. In His beloved name, Amen."

Tears bedim my eyes as I write these words. For I saw Mormon boy rise from his bed of death to pray again!

# Love Thy Neighbor

Thomas S. Monson

Long years ago I was touched by a story which illustrated love of neighbor between a small boy named Paul and a telephone operator he had never met. These were the days many will remember with nostalgia but which a new generation will never experience.

Paul related the story: "When I was quite young, my father had one of the first telephones in our neighborhood. I remember that the shiny receiver hung on the side of the box. I was too little to reach the telephone, but I used to listen with fascination when Mother would talk to it. Then I discovered that somewhere inside the wonderful device lived an amazing person. Her name was "Information, Please," and there was nothing she did not know. "Information, Please" could supply anybody's number and the correct time.

"I learned that if I stood on a stool, I could reach the telephone. I called "Information, Please" for all sorts of things. I asked her for help with my geography, and she told me where Philadelphia was. She helped me with my arithmetic, too.

"Then there was the time that Petey, our pet canary, died. I called "Information, Please" and told her the sad story. She listened and then said the usual things grown-ups say to soothe a child. But I was unconsolated. "Why is it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to all families only to end up as a heap of feathers, feet up, on the bottom of the cage?" I asked.

"She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly, "Paul, always remember that there are other worlds in which to sing." Somehow I felt better.

"All this took place in a small town near Seattle. Then we moved across the country to Boston. I missed my friend very much. "Information, Please" belonged to the old wooden box back home, and I somehow never thought of trying to call her. the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me; often in moments of doubt and perplexity I would recall the serene sense of security I had then. I appreciated now how patient, understanding, and kind she was to have spent her time on a little boy.

"Later, when I went west to college, my plane made a stop in Seattle," Paul continued. "I called "Information, Please" and when, miraculously, I heard that familiar voice, I said to her, "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during that time?"

"I wonder, she said, "If you know how much your calls meant to me. I never had any children, and I used to look forward to your calls." I told her how often I had thought of her over the years, and I asked if I could call her again when I came back west.

"Please do," She said. "Just ask for Sally."

"Only three months later I was back in Seattle. A different voice answered, "Information," and I asked for Sally. "Are you a friend?" the woman asked.

"Yes, a very old friend," I replied.

"Then I'm sorry to have to tell you. Sally has only been working part-time the last few years because she was ill. She died five weeks ago." But before I could hang up, she said, "Wait a minute. Did you say your name was Paul?"

"Yes," I responded.

"Well, Sally left a message for you. She wrote it down. Here it is — I'll read it. *Tell him I still say there are other worlds in which to sing. He'll know what I mean.*

"I thanked her and hung up," said Paul. "I did know what Sally meant."

Sally, the telephone operator, and Paul, the boy — the man — were in reality good Samaritans to each other.

# The Mailbox

by Florence Doyle Putt

I used to watch her trudging down the lane, head tied up babushka style, heavy shawl and boots, for the path was apt to be soggy with mud. Grandma Meggs took that walk every day of the year except Sundays and holidays, and sometimes she forgot and came even then. Like the mailman himself, "neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night" could stay her from her appointed course.

Even when the lane was deep in snow, she plodded through. I called her over one cold winter day to visit awhile and warm up before walking back. I was her nearest neighbor, but that wasn't very close, for I lived across from her mailbox. Her tiny cottage was down at the end of that long lane.

A friend used to say, "Grandma must have a 'case' on that mailman." But it wasn't funny. It wrenched my heart to see her, for so often the box was empty. She lived alone, and her children were scattered to the four winds. She told me, "They're good children, but they have their own lives to live and they're so busy." She didn't see them all in a year's time.

She had a telephone because the children insisted on it and paid the bill, but she was rather hard of hearing and seldom used it — and never for visiting, the way her neighbors did. Newcomers to the community scarcely knew her house was there, and oldsters like herself rarely went visiting. The bishop called occasionally, but Grandma didn't go to church anymore, since she couldn't hear and wouldn't bother the neighbors to take her.

I told her once that my daughter would bring her the mail and save that long walk. But she wouldn't have it. She wanted that anticipatory stroll herself. Every two weeks Mrs. Vinton took her shopping, but even that was getting to be an ordeal. Everything and everybody moved so fast, and Grandma didn't like to hurry. Mrs. Vinton would say to her teenage daughter, "Now you help Grandma with her shopping, while I do my other errands." The girl would dash from counter to counter and when the list was filled would say, "That's all. Time to check out, Grandma." Grandma wasn't really to check out; she wanted to look around and see things. But she'd come, reluctantly leaving the store and returning home.

In the summer she'd come down the lane wearing her sunbonnet, stopping to pick a wild strawberry or sniff a wild pink rose. Her step was perky, but sometimes when the mailman did not even stop — would just wave his hand and call, "Nothing today, Grandma" — I could see her sort of wilt. She'd begin her slow trek home, showing every one of her 83 years, and then she would report to Mickie the cat.

"Nothin' today, Mick. Guess Lora'd be canning and getting the twins ready for school, and Jack's probably traveling, flying all round the country on his law business — no time to write letters. Wish I knew where Myra was — that paper she works for sends her all over creation. 'Course, with writing all the time and getting paid for it, she don't have no mind to write to me.

Sure would like to know how little Sue is. They were worried about her eyes last year — wonder if she had that operation. Jean must be about ready to graduate. She'll be having boyfriends, and it won't be long till she marries. Better finish that patchwork quilt so I'll have a wedding present handy."

Then it was autumn, and the milkweed and goldenrod and joe pie purple painted the lane. Sticktight and teasel pulled at her long skirts as she passed — there wasn't enough traffic in her lane to keep the weeds down. The sumac was a glory, and the woods were aflame on either side. But the mailbox was still empty. Oh, once a month there was the electric bill, sometimes a catalogue or advertisement folder, but Grandma's purchasing power was limited, and her name was not on many lists.

She'd go back and confide in Mickie, "Nothing worth going after. I do wish one of the children would write me." She sent wavering scrawls to each of them so they'd know she was all right, and she never forgot a birthday nor an anniversary. She couldn't afford presents on her pension unless it was some trifle she had made, but she'd always send a letter in remembrance.

Her children didn't like to have her live there alone. Lora invited her to come to Stillwater — "But what would I be doing in that passel o' kids?" asked Grandma. Myra said she could stay with her in her city apartment, "But I have to travel so much she'd still be alone." Dick said he'd pay somebody to stay with her — his wife was a busy society girl — but Grandma would not fit into their way of life at all. Jack and his wife were willing to take her, but Jack's wife was a working woman, and their house had no extra bedroom.

So they had a round robin discussion of it via mail and telephone, and a rest home seemed to be the answer. That was the intelligent, modern approach to the problem. Mother would have the best of care, and they were all willing to help pay. She would be surrounded by friends of her own age and with her interests, and they wouldn't have to worry anymore.

How to tell her? They knew she loved her home and was painfully independent. Myra, the writer, had better draft the letter and they'd all sign it:

Dear Mother,

We children all feel that it is not safe for you to live alone, especially with winter coming on. Neighbors are not close, and we might not even know if you were sick. So we have investigated all over the country and decided to make arrangements for you to enter the Chimney Corner Rest Home in Camden. They will take you for your pension, and we will pay the balance. Jack and Millie will be out Sunday to help you move. Don't take anything but your clothes. The home provides everything. Just leave everything in the house, and Lora and I will go out someday and take care of things. Mrs. Vinton will probably take your cat.

You will have good meals on time and have lots of friends your own age to talk to. We

can come and see you once in a while, just as we did at home, and you won't even have extra beds to fix or dishes to wash. We will all feel better to know you are in good hands and think you will be happier.

Love

Myra (writing for Lora,  
Dick, Jack, and Millie too)

Winter chill was in the air when the letter was sent. Weeds had become blackened with frost. The milkweed pods had exploded in a white fluff. In the morning there would be ice on the water in the ditch, and it wouldn't melt until the sun got higher.

It was on such a morning that the letter came. The postman had gone on, so she was alone when she found it. She'd wait to read it till she got back to the haven of her rocking chair and spectacles, savoring its anticipation a little longer. She couldn't help hurrying a little, though. Her face glowed with happiness. Someone had at last remembered. She hurried, which is probably why she slipped. The first step of the stoop was still in shadow — the sun had not yet melted the thin film of ice — and Grandma Meggs went down hard, striking her head on the stone beside the step ....

No smoke was coming out of her chimney that morning, and it was cold. I tried to telephone her, but there was no answer, so I decided to go check on her in person. Thus I was the one who found her, just as she had fallen, with Mickie cuddled up close and meowing pitifully. I phoned the hospital, phoned the children, rode beside her in the ambulance, and stayed with her until the end. I was the one who had to report to the children when they came. Grandma regained consciousness a few minutes before she died and left them a message.

"Tell them," she said, "I was so happy to get the letter." It was still clutched unopened in her still hand.



# Mama And The Beautiful Quilt

by Thelma A. Thacker

When Mama decide to have a quilting bee, it took us a whole week to get ready for it. Of course, Mama had already been working for months in her spare time, piecing the blocks with scraps of material she had saved for just that purpose.

There were scraps from our Easter dresses and the school clothes Mama had made for all of us, and the aprons she had made for the ward bazaar. The pieces weren't very large, but they sure looked colorful and bright heaped together on the kitchen table.

Sometimes in the evening, after the supper dishes were done, Mama would bring out her bag of quilt pieces and let us older girls help mark and cut out the patterns. What memories that brought back! Each bright scrap of material reminded us of the dress it came from and the fun we had had in wearing it for the first time.

Finally, though, all the blocks were finished and sewn together to make a quilt top. Surely not even the Queen of Sheba had finer quilts! All the different patterns were beautiful, but we girls especially liked the sunbonnet girls. We could just almost imagine what the tiny faces looked like underneath their little bonnets.

When everything was ready, Mama asked some of the ladies if they could come to a quilting bee. The date was set and then the work began in earnest. Every corner had to be cleaned and polished, and the furniture had to be rearranged to make room to set up the frames and food prepared for a tasty lunch. Early on the appointed morning Grandma and Aunt Peg arrived to help stretch the quilt on the frames, and then came the ladies.

Mama let me stay home from school to help keep the little ones out from under foot and to set lunch on the table. It was so nice just to be there.

In the afternoon Sister Snow asked Mama if she knew that a new family had moved into the old Thompson place. She said they could sure use a neighborly visit, because there were six small children and the father had been ill and out of work for a long time before they moved here. He was better now and trying hard to take care of his family, but it was a struggle.

Even with such expert quilters it takes more than one day to finish a quilt, so by the time the school bus came, all the ladies were bundled into coats and galoshes to get home to their families and the evening meal.

After they had gone, Mama gathered together a loaf of her good bread and some jars of jelly and fruit and pickles, and the two of us set out for the Thompson place.

One of the children opened the door for us and asked us into the chilly front room, which was almost bare of furniture and so shabby and worn it would break your heart, but so clean it nearly squeaked. The mother, whose name turned out to be Sister Pierce, came in from the kitchen, and Mama introduced us and said we were neighbors who had just come to say hello. Sister Pierce invited us into the kitchen and introduced us to her brood of six little ones.

If ever a room could be called threadbare, it was that kitchen. From the cracked plaster in the ceiling to the linoleum that was so worn you couldn't tell the pattern, it was as down at the heels as a room could be — or it would have been, if it weren't for Sister Pierce.

Every inch of the room had been scrubbed with strong soap. Six clean little children in patched and darned clothing, with six pairs of shining eyes, watched while Mama set her jars on the table. The Pierce family might be short on material goods, but they would never go without love and care.

All the way home and all through supper Mama's face was thoughtful and her mind seemed far away.

Next morning Mama's dear friends came again, and by the middle of the afternoon the quilt came off the frames and the edges were bound. Every block had a little sunbonnet girl made of different colored print and outlined with tiny perfect stitches. It was easy to imagine yourself cuddled under it on a cold winter's night.

After Grandma and Aunt Peg and the other ladies left, Mama looked at the quilt for awhile. Then she patted it like an old friend, folded it up, and put on her coat, taking the quilt in her arms. I grabbed my coat and ran to follow her, asking where she was going, but she only said, "You'll see."

It was really no surprise when we got to the Pierces' house and went around to the kitchen door and knocked. Sister Pierce opened the door for us, and Mama handed her the quilt, saying that maybe they could use it with the nights getting so cold and the house so hard to heat.

Sister Pierce spread the quilt over the table top so everyone could see its beauty, and she didn't even try to stop the tears as she thanked Mama. One of the little girls reached out her hand and traced a finger around one of the sunbonnet girl silhouettes, and you could tell that she too almost knew what the tiny face looked like.

As we walked home in the cold winter twilight, I half-whispered, "Oh, Mama, how could you? After all that work!"

Mama just smiled and put her arm around me shoulder and said, "Honey, quilts are just

made of scraps of material, but beautiful homes are made of scraps of heaven — and today we've shared some of both."

# **The Man Who Missed Christmas**

J. Edgar Park

It was Christmas Eve and, as usual, George Mason was the last to leave the office. He walked over to a missive safe, spun the dials, and swung the heavy door open. Making sure the door would not close behind him, he stepped inside.

A square of white cardboard was taped just above the topmost row of strongboxes. On the card a few words were written. George Mason stared at those words, remembering ....

Exactly one year ago he had entered this self-same vault, and then, behind his back, slowly, noiselessly, the ponderous door swung shut. He was trapped — entombed in the sudden and terrifying dark.

He hurled himself at the unyielding door, his hoarse cry sounding like an explosion. Through his mind flashed all the stories he had heard of men found suffocated in time vaults. No time clock controlled this mechanism. The safe would remain locked until it was opened from the outside — tomorrow morning.

The realization hit him. No one would come tomorrow. Tomorrow was Christmas.

Once more he flung himself at the door, shouting wildly, until he sank on his knees exhausted. Silence came. High-pitched singing silence that seemed deafening. More than thirty-six hours would pass before anyone came. Thirty-six hours in a steel box three feet wide, eight feet long, and seven feet high. Would the oxygen last? Perspiring and breathing heavily, he felt his way around the floor. Then, in the far right-hand corner, just above the floor, he found a small, circular opening. Quickly he thrust his finger into it and felt, faint but unmistakably, a cool current of air.

The tension release was so sudden that he burst into tears. But at last he sat up. Surely he would not have to stay trapped for the full thirty-six hours. Somebody would miss him. But who? He was unmarried and lived alone. The maid who cleaned his apartment was just a servant. He had always treated her as such. He had been invited to spend Christmas Eve with his brother's family, but children got on his nerves and expected presents.

A friend had asked him to go to a home for elderly people on Christmas Day and play the piano. George Mason was a good musician. But he had made some excuse or other. He had intended to sit at home, listening to some new recordings he was giving himself.

George Mason dug his nails into the palms of his hands until the pain balanced the misery in his mind. Nobody would come and let him out. Nobody, nobody, nobody ....

Miserably the whole of Christmas Day went by, and the succeeding night.

On the morning after Christmas, the head clerk came into the office at the usual time, opened the safe, and then went on into his private office.

No one saw George Mason stagger out into the corridor, run to the water cooler, and drink great gulps of water. No one paid any attention to him as he left and took a taxi home.

Then he shaved, changed his wrinkled clothes, ate breakfast, and returned to his office where his employees greeted him casually.

That day he met several acquaintances and talked to his own brother. Grimly, inexorably, the truth closed in on George Mason. He had vanished from human society during the great festival of brotherhood, and no one had missed him at all.

Reluctantly, George Mason began to think about the true meaning of Christmas. Was it possible that he had been blind all these years with selfishness, indifference and pride? Was not giving, after all, the essence of Christmas because it marked the time God gave His son to the world?

All through the year that followed, with little hesitant deeds of kindness; with small, unnoticed acts of unselfishness, George Mason tried to prepare himself.

Now, once more, it was Christmas Eve.

Slowly he backed out of the safe, and closed it. He touched its grim steel face lightly, almost affectionately, and left the office.

There he goes now in his black overcoat and hat, the same George Mason as a year ago. Or is it? He walks a few blocks, then flags a taxi, anxious not to be late. His nephews are expecting him to help them trim the tree. Afterwards, he is taking his brother and his sister-in-law to a Christmas play. Why is he so happy? Why does this jostling against others, laden as he is with bundles, exhilarate and delight him?

Perhaps the card has something to do with it, the card he taped inside his office safe last New Year's Day. On the card is written, in George Mason's own hand:

"To love people, to be indispensable somewhere, that is the purpose of life. That is the secret of happiness."

# **The Marriage License**

Phyllis Leonhardt

Cast of Characters:

- A Farmer who is the groom-to-be
- A lady behind a desk at the license office

Setting:

the county courthouse in a small town

Farmer: (talking to himself as he walks into the courthouse and scans a building directory sign in the lobby) I'm glad I told Sally to stay home and do the chores. It seems like we are so far behind with farming again this year! Yea, it will sure help to have the chores done when I get back!  
(pause)

There's no use in both of us spending our time here, answering a lot of foolish questions, when there is so much to be done on the farm ... I think I know all the answers, anyway.

Really, if you just get thinking about this getting a MARRIAGE LICENSE, it is important! But I can handle it!

Oh, uh, let's see now ... LICENSE BUREAU ... that's where I want to go. (He walks into the license bureau office.)

Lady: Want something, young man?

Farmer: Good afternoon, ma'am. Yes, I want a license.

Lady: I'll have to ask several questions. The Government wants to know so much these days. Now let's see ...

Farmer: That's all right. I think I know all the answers ...

Lady: What's your name?

Farmer: George Henry Bottles.

Lady: Now, what's her make?

Farmer: Her make? Her Make? (momentarily puzzled) Oh, I guess she makes \$100 a week.

Lady: No, I mean what's her model — you know, what's her year?

Farmer: Oh, she's a (year of bride to be's birth) model.

Lady: Pretty good shape then, I suppose?

Farmer: Why yes. I think so anyway.

Lady: Does she run all right?

Farmer: Oh yea, she runs like a deer. (Obviously pleased) Why, she just glides over those bumps when we are out chasing cattle. Really smooth.

Lady: Now, I have to ask — have you ever been in trouble for going too fast?

Farmer: Me? I can tell you you don't know me very well. No, never.

Lady: Now, we have to know some numbers.

Farmer: Numbers? I'm sorry, but I don't know what you mean. Where would I look for them?

Lady: Her numbers? You'll find them on her back. (Pausing, waiting) Guess You'll have to bring them in later. She been overhauled lately?

Farmer: No, not exactly. She does really help out with the hauling on the farm, though. But no, she really hasn't been overhauled.

Lady: Now for the appearance — fresh paint job?

Farmer: Well ... yes ... everytime we're going out, anyway.

Lady: (Chuckling) Yes, they do need sprucing up quite often. Now then, does she run economically?

Farmer: In the type of job I have, she has to run economically! I bet she saves me a third of my time in getting a job done!

Lady: Did you have a license for her last year?

Farmer: Why, no. I guess it was 3 months ago I decided I wanted her!

Lady: Mileage?

Farmer: Mileage? (Pause) What do you mean?

Lady: I mean, how much travelling has she done?

Farmer: Into Lethbridge for parts or maybe even as far as Calgary. She's been to Great Falls, Montana now and then ... but other than that, she stays pretty close to minding the farm. (Pause) I guess she's travelled about 35,000 miles, give or take a little.

Lady: Ever had a crack-up?

Farmer: (To himself, speaking softly ...) Hmmm — guess she must mean did we ever break up. (Speaking in normal voice ...) Oh, well, uh ... just a couple of times, nothing serious. Anyway we got things all patched up now.

Lady: Re-tired her lately?

Farmer: Tired? (Pause) Tired ... Yes, one day last week after I used her to help me clean out the barn.

Lady: Now for the brakes ... had them checked lately?

Farmer: No trouble with breaks since the accident last summer. Doing fine, just fine.

Lady: How about the rings?

Farmer: Rings? Rings? Yes, they're taken care of, too. I bought new rings in Lethbridge when I went after tractor parts one day last week. I sure got a good deal, too ...

Lady: Does she choke all right?



Farmer: Well, yes. Just about like everyone else, I guess ... no oftener.

Lady: Guess that about covers everything. Just one more question. What's her weight?

Farmer: Her weight? Oh, around 110 to 120.

Lady: 110 or 120 what?

Farmer: Pounds ... what else?

Lady: (Amazed) You mean to tell me your pickup truck weighs only 110 or 120 pounds?

Farmer: Who's talking about a pickup? I came in here for a MARRIAGE LICENSE!

Lady: (Exasperated) Step to the next desk, sir! This one handles VEHICLE LICENSES.

Farmer: Oh boy — and I thought this would be a simple thing to handle. Hope Sally never hears about this one!

## **The Master is Coming**

They say the Master is coming  
To honor the town today,  
And none can tell at whose house or home  
The Master will choose to stay.  
And I thought while my heart beat wildly,  
What if He should come to mine?  
How would I strive to entertain  
And honor this Guest Divine?

And straight I turned to toiling,  
To make my house more neat;  
I swept and polished and garnished,  
And decked it with blossoms sweet,  
I was troubled for fear the Master  
Might come ere my task was done,  
And hastened and worked the faster  
And watched the hurrying sun,

But right in the midst of my duties  
A woman came to my door;  
She had come to tell me her sorrows,  
And my comfort and aid implore,  
And I said, "I cannot listen,  
Nor help you any today;  
I have greater things to attend to,"  
And the pleader turned away.

But soon there came another —  
A cripple, thin, pale, and gray —  
And said, "O, let me stop and rest  
Awhile in your home, I pray.  
I have traveled far since morning,  
I am hungry, and faint, and weak  
My heart Is full of misery,  
And comfort and help I seek!"  
And I said, "I am grieved and sorry  
But I cannot help you today;  
I look for the great and noble guest.  
And the cripple went away.  
The day wore onward swiftly  
And my task was nearly done,  
And a prayer was ever in my heart  
That the Master to me might come.

And I thought I would spring to meet him,  
And serve him with utmost care,  
When a little child stood by me  
With a face so sweet and fair —  
Sweet, but with marks of tear drops  
And his clothes were tattered and old;  
A finger was bruised and bleeding,  
And his little bare feet were cold,

And I said, "I'm sorry for you,  
You are sorely in need of care;  
But I cannot stop to give it,  
You must hasten on elsewhere,"  
And at the words a shadow  
Swept o'er his blue-veined brow —  
"Someone will feed and clothe you, dear,  
But I am too busy now."

At last the day was ended  
And my toil was over and done  
My house was swept and garnished,  
And I watched, but no footsteps sounded,  
No one e're passed at the gate,  
No one entered my cottage door,  
I could only pause and wait;

I waited until night had deepened,  
And the Master had not come;  
"He has entered some other door," I cried,  
"And gladdened some other home,  
My labor has been for nothing."  
And I bowed my head and I wept,  
My heart was sore with longing,  
Yet in spite of all I slept.

Then the Master stood before me,  
His face was grave and fair;  
"Three times today I came to your door,  
And craved your pity and care;  
Three times you sent me onward,  
Unhelped and uncomforted,  
And the blessings you might have had are lost,  
And your chance to serve had fled, "

"Oh, Lord, dear Lord, forgive me.  
How could I know it was Thee?"  
My very soul was shamed and bowed  
In the depths of humility.  
And he said, "The sin is pardoned  
But the blessing is lost to thee;  
For comforting not the least of mine,  
You have failed to comfort me."

# Maturity

Maturity is the ability to control anger and settle differences without violence or destruction.

Maturity is patience. It is the willingness to pass up immediate pleasure in favor of the long-term gain.

Maturity is perseverance, the ability to sweat out a project or a situation in spite of heavy opposition and discouraging setbacks.

Maturity is the capacity to face unpleasantness and frustration, discomfort and defeat, without complaint or collapse.

Maturity is humility. It is being big enough to say, "I was wrong." And, when right, the mature person need not experience the satisfaction of saying, "I told you so."

Maturity is the ability to make a decision and stand by it. The immature spend their lives exploring endless possibilities; then they do nothing.

Maturity means dependability, keeping one's word, coming through in a crisis. the immature are masters of the alibi. They are the confused and the disorganized. Their lives are a maze of broken promises, former friends, unfinished business and good intentions that somehow never materialize.

Maturity is the art of living in peace with that which we cannot change, the courage to change that which should be changed and the wisdom to know the difference.

# **The Meaning of Feet**

A Teacher once asked her pupils to write an essay on anatomy. One boy wrote:

Starting at the bottom are your feet unless you are sitting down.

Feet are the part of your legs that are turned under. If too much is turned under, you'll be short and have big feet. Toes are the feet's fingers and keep you from falling over frontwards. Nothing keeps you from falling over backwards unless you are a chicken or a cowboy who wears spurs.

Next are the knees that only bend one way on purpose. If they bent the other way, nobody would know how to make furniture.

The hips separate the top half from the bottom. In the middle of the front is the belly button. This is where God used a screw to hold the top and bottom together. If the screw ever comes out, your bottom could fall off.

The chest is right above the hips and has four sides ....

The arms are on each side of the body that has to go sideways. Arms swing from the middle of the shoulder ....

At the shoulders, the body tries to go back down again through the arms but this is stopped when the flow of muscles break out into boney fingers.

The fingers are used to scratch and to write cheques. Otherwise, you would itch and have to pay cash.

The fingers and the shoulders are separated by the elbow which lets the are fold in half and makes it easier to put stuff into your mouth.

The mouth is the biggest hole in your head and the only one you can spit out of.

The head itself sits on the very top of the body on the neck which is the only place you can easily hang a soap-on-a-rope when you take a shower.

Hair is on the very top except for some men whose head grows up through it. It is all colors except for older women. In that case, it will be either gray or blue.

And that's all there is to you except for your insides but nobody is allowed to look in there unless they've been to medical school.

## **Medical Diagnosis Bloopers**

The patient has never been pregnant and denies any reason for this.

The patient left his white blood cells at another hospital.

She slipped on the ice and apparently her legs went in separate directions in early December.

The patient works at Campbell's deboning children.

The patient is married. He lives in Syracuse with his doctor.

The symptoms came on just before her twelve year-old son's pregnancy.

I asked her to go ahead and chart her feelings in a diarrhea.

This 66 year-old woman says she felt better when she was 19 and fell off her roller skates.

The patient fell and broke her hip while lying in bed saying her prayers.

On examination of the neck there were small discrete lymph nodes in the supra pubic region.

Finger-to-nose and nose-to-nose coordination tests were normal.

95 year-old female, who complains of a very sore bottom, which has been there a long time.

The patient lives at home with her mother, father and pet turtle, who is presently enrolled in day care three times a week.

She is numb from her toes down.

Exam of genitalia was completely negative except for the right foot.

He was found by his motorcycle.

She saw me for the first time in her life and started to have headaches.



The patient fell hard while roller-skating on the back of her head.

She has episodes of dizziness, requiring her to sit down at least twice a year.

The patient is the mother of a two year-old daughter who is a heavy equipment operator.

The tumor was excised using a felt tip marker.

She has noted no difficulty in going to the bathroom and has done so since the onset of her symptoms.

The patient had white drainage from her virginia.

Sick as hell anemia.

## **A Memorandum From Your Child**

### **Re: Me**

1. Don't spoil me. I know quite well that I ought not to have all I ask for. I'm only testing you.
2. Don't be afraid to be firm with me. I prefer it. It makes me feel more secure.
3. Don't ignore bad habits. They are danger signs that you and I have problems, and remember that force will not stop them.
4. Don't do for me what I can do for myself. It makes me feel smaller than I am.
5. Don't correct me in front of people in you can help it. I'll take much more notice if you talk quietly with me in private.
6. Don't try to discuss my behavior in the heat of the situation. For some reason my hearing is not very good at this time and my co-operation is even worse. It is all right to take the action required, but let's not talk about it till later.
7. Don't make me feel that my mistakes are sins. It upsets my sense of value.
8. Don't be too upset when I say "I hate you." I don't mean it. But I want you to feel sorry for what you have done to me.
9. Don't protect me from consequences. I need to learn the hard way sometimes.
10. Don't take too much notice of my small ailments. Sometimes they get the attention I need.
11. Don't nag. If you do I shall have to protect myself by appearing deaf.
12. Don't make promises. Remember that I feel badly let down when promises are broken.
13. Don't forget that I cannot explain myself as well as I should like. That is one reason why I am not always very accurate.
14. Don't tax my honesty too much. I am easily frightened into telling lies.

15. Don't be inconsistent. That completely confuses me and makes me lose faith in your guidance.
16. Don't put me off when I ask questions for information. If you do you will find that I stop asking and seek my information elsewhere. If I ask questions for attention this is a different matter.
17. Don't ever suggest that you are perfect or infallible. It gives me too great a shock when I discover that you are neither.
18. Don't ever think that it is beneath your dignity to apologize to me. An honest apology makes me feel surprisingly warm toward you.
19. Don't forget I love experimenting. I couldn't get on without it, so please put up with it.
20. Don't forget how quickly I am growing up. It must be very difficult for you to keep pace with me, but please do try.
21. Don't use force with me. I will respond more readily to being led.
22. Don't worry about the amount of time we spend together. It is how we spend it that counts.

# Men and Women

MEN AND WOMEN - God made men and women to complement each other with the unique traits each were given...

## WOMEN

Women have strengths that amaze men. They carry children, they carry hardships, they carry burdens, yet they hold happiness, love, and joy. They smile when they want to scream. They sing when they want to cry. They cry when they are happy, and laugh when they are nervous.

Women wait by the phone for a "safe at home call" from a friend, after a snowy drive home. They are child care workers, executives, attorneys, stay-at-home moms, biker babes, and your neighbors.

They wear suits, jeans, and uniforms. They fight for what they believe in. They stand up against injustice.

They walk and talk the extra mile to get their kids into the right schools and to get their family the right healthcare! They go to the doctor with a frightened friend. Women are honest, loyal, and forgiving. They are smart; they know that knowledge is power, but they still know how to use their softer side to make a point.

Women want to be the best for their family, their friends, and themselves. Their hearts break when a friend dies. They have sorrow at the loss of a family member, yet they are strong when they think there is no strength left.

A woman can make a romantic evening unforgettable. Women come in all sizes, in all colors and shapes. They live in houses, apartments, and cabins. They drive, fly, walk, run, or e-mail you to show how much they care about you.

The heart of a woman is what makes the world spin! Women do more than just give birth. They bring joy and hope. They give compassion and ideals. They give moral support to their family and friends. And all they want in return is a hug, a smile, and for you to do the same for people you come in contact with.

## MEN

Men are good at lifting heavy stuff and killing bugs.

# Merry "Little Christmas"

by Agness Eligh Turnbull

Margaret Greaves gave a last wave from the front steps as her husband's taxi lurched off down the icy street. Then, shivering, she closed the door and moved dis-spiritedly towards the living room.

Christmas was over again, and she had never before felt quite so weary in body or heart.

This year, as always, she had looked forward to the occasion with eagerness. Penny was coming home from college; Cecily and her husband, Bill, were coming out from the city; the family would be together again — and, pervading all, that beautiful, delicate thrill of happiness which had been a part of Christmas in the past.

But it no longer worked. This year had been worse than usual.

Margaret looked about her. The room had the cheerless, untidy look that falls upon a house at the end of the holidays. She looked at the faded holly, the mistletoe, the tree. She would begin with them, for this was the day to take them down. It was Twelfth Night — or "Little Christmas," as old Anya, who had lived with them when the children were small, had called it.

Suddenly a soft, startled flush rose in Margaret's cheeks. She sat there, thinking, and then she spoke aloud: "Little Christmas! Little Christmas, now, today, and mine if I want it?"

And she knew that she did want it! She craved a second chance this year at keeping Christmas. Excitedly, she began to plan. First, she would take down the withered holly and substitute fresh; remove the absurd glass unicorns and golden balls that Cecily had arranged on the mantel; she would even bring down from the attic the old creche, and the figures of the shepherds and the Wise Men, which in the past had been the mantel decoration each Christmas.

Margaret remembered now the first time that Cecily had found fault with them. It was her first Christmas home from college.

"Mother, do we have to have all that old rubbish again on the mantel? It's so old-fashioned. I'd love to try something original."

As usual they had given in to Cecily, and the effect had been startling. The following year she had begged to trim the tree herself.

"It seems awfully childish to keep hanging up the same old baubles, Mother. O let me try out a new idea, Please!"

Of course they had let her. It would have been hard to refuse her anything that Christmas. She had come home president of her class, with four A's on her report. She was also to have the lead in the sophomore play, and had had a painting in the college art exhibit!

But that was Cecily — beautiful, brilliant, incredible.

It was Penny, their other daughter, who had been the problem. Her hair was dark and straight, her eyes shy and gray, her features too strong to be pretty. Somehow she was always behind in school. She couldn't make one of the "big" colleges — certainly not Cecily's — but she finally managed to enter a smaller one.

Margaret recalled again that first year that Cecily had taken over the trimming of the tree. For some reason she had not connected it before, but she realized now that it was on that Christmas Penny had been so very difficult. Could it have been on account of the tree?

Margaret eyed the small fir that stood on the table now, decked in skillfully devised paper rosettes, behind which all the tiny lights showed purple. It was artistic and original, but it did not look like Christmas. Margaret removed the rosettes, almost wrathful, and put them in the wastebasket.

In the attic she found the old, familiar creche and figures and other decorations. Then, slowly and tenderly, she arranged the room as it always used to be. She loitered as she trimmed the tree again, stopping often to hold the oldest baubles in her hand. The fruit, for instance — the red apple and the golden peach. The children had particularly loved these for some reason.

At last there was nothing left but the star that went on the very top. She thought of Penny, who had always begged to hang the star. Penny, their strange, inscrutable daughter, who was flunking two subjects this first semester!

Penny just didn't seem to care. When she got home, they had discussed it earnestly with her, but as usual could get nothing out of her. She had only mentioned causally that she had

broken a swimming record. This, to her father, had been the last straw. "A swimming record!" he all but yelled. "Do you think we're paying \$2500 a year for you to go swimming?"

Penny had said nothing. She went up to her room. What was to be done about her?

And what, too, about Cecily and Bill? Above everything else, Margaret had always prayed that her children might have happiness and lifelong contentment with their loves, as she and Henry had had. Her heart now was heavy with pain for the young pair. They had told her what threatened, each in characteristic fashion.

"Mother, I can't believe it! It's simply too marvelous!" Cecily had begun when they were alone the day before Christmas. "I've been offered the position of associate editor on the magazine!"

"That's wonderful, darling!"

"Nobody knows how I've wished for this job!" Cecily continued. "And I know I can make a go of it — only Bill is being absolutely mulish!"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, we had decided that I'd take off this coming year to have a baby. Now I can't. I think Bill ought to be reasonable." Cecily's lovely face had stiffened. A new note came into her voice. "I might as well tell you that this may be serious. He's just about issued an ultimatum, and nobody can do that to me."

And that night Bill had followed Margaret up to her room, where she was frantically wrapping the last packages. "We're in trouble, Mom — Cecily and I," he said. "It's bad. She's got to decide now what she wants. In a few years this magazine thing will be a tremendous job. If she goes ahead, there will never be any time in her life for having children and making a — home for them. As a matter of fact," he added slowly, "there may not even be much place for me."

Margaret gave a physical motion now of shaking the anxiety from her. No further word had come from Bill and Cecily. Whether this was good or bad, she did not know. She hurried through her solitary dinner, and then ignited the logs in the fireplace. Then she lit the candles, snapped on the button that illuminated the tree, and sat down, a sense of peace stealing over her.

This one night was all hers, but she suddenly knew that the person who would most enjoy it with her would be Penny. Even though she would say little, she would like it.

"I broke a swimming record," Penny had injected casually the day they had talked with her about her work. What record? In their concern over her studies, they hadn't even asked.

All at once Margaret sat very straight. She saw it now with sudden insight: this was the very first triumph Penny had ever had. She had laid it before them in her own way, and they had ignored it.

Margaret rose with instant decision and called Penny long-distance.

"Hi, Mom," Penny said. "Anything wrong?"

"Not a thing. Penny, I want to know about that record you broke in swimming." "You what?" Margaret could hear the note of pleasure that crept into Penny's voice. "Oh, it wasn't anything much. You see, we don't compete with other colleges, but we keep track of records. And just before Christmas I busted the 100-yard free-style American Women's Intercollegiate."

"Penny! Why, that's tremendous! Darling, I'm so proud of you!"

There was silence at the other end of the line.

"I wish you were here tonight," Margaret went on. "Dad's away on a business trip and I'm all alone, so I'm celebrating what Anya used to call Little Christmas. Remember? I'm having everything just the way we used to when you were children. The creche and the figures are on the mantel, and I put all the old trimmings on the tree."

"Mom, you did?" Her words were quick, incredulous.

"Yes. Does it seem too crazy?"

"Is the bluebird on ... and the rose?"



"Yes"

"And the fruit? The peach was mine. I was always afraid Cecily would want it, but she picked the apple."

"Yes, they're there. And I brought down the old toys, too. You know, the favorites that you children always thought should enjoy Christmas with you — the doll and the bear and the dog.

"This year things weren't just right. I wonder whether you know that Cecily and Bill ...

"Cecily's a fool. If I had as nice a husband as Bill, I'd want to have his children."

"I'm sure you would, dear. I wish Cecily were more like you."

There was another breathless second of silence, and then came a strange, husky voice:  
"Would ... would you say that over?"

"I said," Margaret repeated distinctly, "That I wished Cecily were more like you."

"Mom ...."

"Yes, dear."

"I'm awfully glad you called up."

"So am I."

"And, Mom, tell Dad I'll make up the work, it won't be too much trouble, I ... I sort of feel different now, somehow."

Margaret sat at the desk, her eyes wet, a warm glow in her heart. She had collected the selections she liked best of Christmas literature, and had them beside her. She would read them and play her favorite carols.

She put a fresh log on the fire and sat down again with a deep sigh of contentment. Even as she did so, there was a quick tap-tap on the front door. Then the door opened. She knew at once that it must be Cecily and Bill. Cecily came into the room, her face white. Bill followed her, looking as though he hadn't slept for a week. Margaret knew what they had come to tell her. Now, tonight!

But they were both looking around the room in amazement.

"What on earth!" Cecily cried.

"This is Twelfth Night," Margaret said. "Little Christmas. I wasn't satisfied with our Christmas this year, so I'm celebrating it again."

Bill was over at the mantel, looking at the creche and the figures.

Cecily was at the tree. Her mother couldn't see her face, but she saw her touching the various ornaments.

"Where's my apple?" she asked.

"Up there, higher, to the right."

"My heavens, you even brought down the old toys!"

Bill was beside her now, peering under the shadow of the tree. Cecily picked up the doll, but suddenly put it down and turned away, as though she had been guilty of folly.

Margaret spoke firmly. "I'll now play and sing some carols, and then read some Christmas selections aloud. I ought to warn you."

Bill went over to the fireside chair and sank into it. His face haggard and drawn. Cecily glanced quickly at him, then sat down on the couch. Her beautiful profile was cold and set. "I suppose we can take it," she said.

Margaret played and sang from memory, moving from one old favorite to another, ending

at last with " Silent Night." As she sang, her heart all but broke in yearning over her children, sitting in the same room with her and yet so far away.

Bill was leaning forward now, his head in his hands; Cecily was sitting motionless, her eyes fixed on the tree. Once her mother saw her look at Bill, then glance quickly away.

Margaret picked up the Night Before Christmas and began to read. When she finished, she looked musingly at the burning logs.

"When the children were very small, Bill, we always let them help trim the tree the afternoon before Christmas. Then, after an early supper, they came down in their bathrobes and sat on the rug before the fire while I read them this poem. Do you remember, Cecily?"

"Of course," she said in an odd voice.

Margaret picked up the next book. "Then, when the children grew older, they still liked this Christmas Eve ritual, only we added bits from 'A Christmas Carol'."

As she read from the worm book, she glanced up once or twice to look at the haggard young man and the stony-faced young woman. She found their eyes on each other; Bill's anguished and beseeching his wife's, but she couldn't see into Cecily's.

"And now," she said, "I am going to read the sweetest story of them all."

She picked up the small black book beside her. Her voice was low, and she read slowly  
....

"And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."

Margaret's voice caught. She knew she could never finish the chapter. She closed the book and laid it back on the table. Silence filled the room. She was afraid to look up.

Then at last she sensed that Cecily had risen and gone over to Bill. Margaret raised her eyes then and saw her standing there, her cheeks wet with tears.

"We've got to go, Mother. Bill's awfully tired. He ought to get some rest. It's been wonderful being her tonight. And, Mother, put the toys away carefully. You can't tell what may happen before another year!"

When they had left, Margaret came back into the pine-scented, fire-warmed, candle-lit room. New wisdom and understanding had come to her. On this, the anniversary of the holy night when the Wise Men had come to worship the baby in the manger, her own children had been given back to her. If only Henry were here to rejoice with her, it would be complete.

She raised her head, thinking. She couldn't phone him, for this was the evening of the big banquet. But she could send him a wire!

A little smile played over her lips as she framed it. She could picture Henry receiving it when he came back late to the hotel. He would be startled at first; then, as he read, he would be puzzled. At last he would tuck it into his inner pocket with that familiar quizzical expression in his eyes. He would be thinking, "What's she been up to now?"

Margaret repeated the message three times before the operator got it:

"Merry little Christmas, and all my love."

## **A Message To Garcia**

by Elbert Hubbard Apologia

This literary trifle, A Message To Garcia, was written one evening after supper, in a single hour. It was on the Twenty-second of February, Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, Washington's Birthday, and we were just going to press with the March Philistine. The thing leaped hot from my heart, written after a trying day, when I had been endeavoring to train some rather delinquent villagers to abjure the comatose state and get radioactive.

The immediate suggestion, though, came from a little argument over the teacups, when my boy Bert suggested that Rowan was the real hero of the Cuban War. Rowan had gone alone and done the thing — carried the message to Garcia.

It came to me in a flash! Yes, the boy is right, the hero is the man who does his work — who carries the message to Garcia.

I got up from the table, and wrote "A Message To Garcia." I thought so little of it that we ran it in the Magazine without a heading. The edition went out, and then orders began to come for extra copies of the March Philistine, a dozen, fifty, a hundred; and when the American News Company ordered a thousand, I asked one of my helpers which article it was that had stirred up the cosmic dust. "It's the stuff about Garcia," he said.

The next day a telegram came from George H. Daniels, of the New York Central Railroad, thus "Give price on one hundred thousand Rowan article in pamphlet form — Empire State Express advertisement on back — also how soon can ship."

I replied giving price, and stated we could supply the pamphlets in two years. Our facilities were small and a hundred thousand booklets looked like an awful undertaking.

The result was that I gave Mr. Daniels permission to reprint the article in his own way. He issued it in booklet form in editions of half a million. Two or three of these half-million lots were sent out by Mr. Daniels, and in addition the article was reprinted in over two hundred magazines and newspapers. It has been translated into all written languages.

At the time Mr. Daniels was distributing the "Message To Garcia", Prince Hilakoff, Director of Russian Railways, was in this country. He was the guest of the New York Central, and made a tour of the country under the personal direction of Mr. Daniels. The Prince saw the little book and was interested in it, more because Mr. Daniels was putting it out in such big numbers, probably, than otherwise.

In any event, when he got home he had the matter translated into Russian, and a copy of the booklet given to every railroad employee in Russia.

Other countries then took it up, and from Russia it passed into Germany, France, Spain, Turkey, Hindustan, and China. During the war between Russia and Japan, every Russian soldier who went to the front was given a copy of the "Message To Garcia".

The Japanese, finding the booklet in possession of the Russian prisoners, concluded that it must be a good thing, and accordingly translated it into Japanese.

And, on an order of the Mikado, a copy was given to every man in the employ of the Japanese Government, soldier or civilian.

Over forty million copies of "A Message To Garcia" have been printed. This is said to be a larger circulation than any other literary venture has ever attained during the lifetime of the author, in all history — thanks to a series of lucky accidents.

## "A Message To Garcia"

In all this Cuban business there is one man who stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain vastnesses of Cuba — no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Someone said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan. He will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia — are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and didn't ask, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! There is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing — "Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man — the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing

and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office — six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio. Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go and do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained

how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia — and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not. Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not the K's but you will smile very sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift — these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate — and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory. "Yes; what about him?" "Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for." Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all, often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get drowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving after "help," that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues: only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer — but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best: those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He cannot give



orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot.

Of course I know that one, so morally deformed, is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line rowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds — the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to say, or be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the message, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village — in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed and needed badly — the man who can "Carry a Message to Garcia."

# **The Miracle of the "Messiah"**

by Doron K. Antrim

One night in 1741 a bent old man shuffled listlessly down a dark London street. George Frederick Handel was starting out on one of the aimless, despondent wanderings which had become a nightly ritual. His mind was a battleground between hope, basted on his past glories, and despair for the future. For 40 years Handel had written stately music for the aristocracy of England and the Continent. Kings and queens had showered him with honors. Then court society turned against him; jealous rivals put rowdies to breaking up the performances of his operas. Handel was reduced to penury.

Four years before, a cerebral hemorrhage had paralysed his right side. He couldn't walk, move his right hand or write a note. Doctors held little hope of his recovery.

Handel went to Aix-la-Chapelle to take the healing baths. The doctors warned that staying in the scalding waters longer than three hours at a time might kill him. He stayed in nine hours at a time. Slowly strength crept back into his inert muscles. He could walk, move his hand. In an orgy of creativeness, he wrote several operas in quick succession. Honors were again heaped upon him.

When Queen Caroline, a staunch patroness, died, Handel's income was again reduced. A frigid winter gripped England, and there was no way of heating the theaters, so engagements were cancelled. As Handel sank deeper and deeper into debt, he lost his creative spark. Nearing 60, he felt old and hopelessly tired.

Now, as he walked alone on the London street, the facade of a church loomed dimly in the dark and he paused before it, bitter thoughts welling up in him. "Why did God permit my resurrection only to allow my fellow men to bury me again? Why did He vouchsafe a renewal of my life if I may no longer be permitted to create?" And then that cry from the depths: "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Sadly he returned to his shabby lodgings. Entering, he saw a bulky package on his desk. He broke the seal and clawed off the wrappings. So, a libretto: "A Sacred Oratorio." Handel grunted. From that second-rate, pampered poet, Charles Jennens. There was also a letter. Jennens expressed the wish that Handel start work immediately on the oratorio, adding: "The Lord gave the word."

Handel grunted again. Did Jennens have the effrontery to think he was inspired by God? Handel was not a pious man. He was always helping unfortunates, even when he could ill afford it, but he had a violent temper, was domineering and made enemies right and left. Listlessly Handel leafed through the oratorio and a passage caught his eye: "He was despised and rejected of men .... He looked for some to have pity on Him, but there was no man; neither found He any to comfort Him."

With a growing sense of kinship, Handel read on. "He trusted in God .... Thou didst not leave his soul in Hell .... He will give you rest." The words began to come alive, to glow with meaning: "Wonderful, Counsellor," "I know that my Redeemer liveth ... Rejoice ... Hallelujah." Handel could feel the old fire rekindling. In his mind wondrous melodies tumbled over one another. Grabbing a pen, he started writing. With incredible swiftness the notes filled page after page. Next morning his manservant found Handel bent over his desk. Putting the breakfast tray within easy reach, he slipped quietly out. At noon, when he returned, the tray had not been touched.

An anxious time for the faithful old servant followed. The master would not eat. He'd take a piece of bread, crush it and let it fall to the floor — writing all the while, Jumping up and running to the harpsichord. At times he would stride up and down, flailing the air with his arms, singing at the top of his lungs: "Hallelujah!" the tears running down his cheeks.

"I've never seen him act like this before," confided the servant to a friend. "He just stares at me and doesn't see me. He said the gates of heaven opened wide for him and God himself was there. I'm afraid he's going mad." For 24 days Handel labored like a fiend, with little rest or food. Then he fell on his bed exhausted. On his desk lay the score of the *Messiah* — the greatest oratorio ever written.

Handel slept as though in a coma for 17 hours. His servant thinking he was dying, sent for the doctor. But before the doctor arrived, Handel was up and bellowing for food. Wolfishly he ate half a ham washed down with endless tankards of beer, then lit a pipe. He laughed heartily and joked with the doctor. "If you've come for a friendly visit, I like it," he said. "But I won't have any of your poking over my carcass. There's nothing the matter with me."

Since London would have none of him, Handel took the *Messiah* to Ireland. The Lord Lieutenant had sent him a cordial invitation to come there. He would not accept a shilling for his work; the proceeds of its performance must go to charity. It was a miracle that had lifted him from deepest despondency; now let it be the hope of the world.

Arriving at Dublin for that first occasion, Handel set to work to rehearse the largest body

of singers available. He merged two choirs and rehearsed the work. The combined choirs of the two cathedrals were, by special permission, placed at his disposal. They totalled only six boys and fourteen men in all!

Handel scored the *Messiah* for strings alone — with two trumpets and two kettle drums added for certain numbers. The organ was used as directed by him — but there was no part written for it. He himself conducted the performance from the harpsichord, and kept time by playing, gesticulating and at times shouting. Four oboes and four bassoons were later added to increase the sound. On one occasion Handel further varied the score by asking for 12 more oboes "because the chorus is so small."

We must not be misled, however, into thinking that had we been present at the first performance we would not have been profoundly moved. The magnificent music being heard for the first time was overwhelmingly thrilling, even from so few performers.

Excitement mounted as the date of the first performance neared. All the tickets were quickly sold, and to make more room ladies were requested to come without hoops, gentlemen without swords. On April 13, 1742, crowds waited at the doors hours before the opening. The response of the first audience was tumultuous.

While Handel lived he presented the *Messiah* yearly, the proceeds going to the Foundling Hospital. In his will he gave the royalties from this work to the same charity. Handel later was beset with many difficulties, but he never again succumbed to despair. Age sapped his vitality. He went blind. But his undaunted spirit remained to the last.

On the evening of April 6, 1759 — Handel was 74 — he was present at a performance of the *Messiah*. At the beginning of "The trumpet shall sound," he felt faint and nearly fell. Those nearby steadied him. Friends helped him home and to bed. A few days later he said: "I should like to die on Good Friday." And on Good Friday, true to his wish, the soul of George Frederick Handel departed his body. But his spirit goes marching on in the *Messiah*, the trumpet of hope over despair. Its performance in London's Royal Albert Hall on Good Friday is today a traditional part of the celebration of Easter.

In the *Messiah*, Handel wrote an oratorio to light the dark places of the earth as long as there are voices to lift in song, eyes to look to the hills, hearts to hope.

## **The Mission Call, Find Me**

My friend and I, we knew it well,  
Our home where we had come to dwell  
While we waited for the mission call.  
The place was formed where we should go  
To live our life, to learn and grow.  
To prove ourselves to us and Him.  
To fight to win. Return again.  
And then one day, my call I read.  
My friend was waiting nothing said.  
With tears in Eyes I raise my head.  
I Smiled, and then these words I read.  
"My son, you shall be born to be  
In an eternal family.  
Life's lessons you'll be taught from birth  
By loving parents on the earth.  
You'll grow and serve, and then someday  
Someone will join you on your way.  
Together you'll have every chance  
To live with me forever."

The days were short. My time was nigh,  
And still we waited he and I,  
Until his mission call would show  
The Father's plan; where he should go.  
And then at last his calling came.  
He raised his head. The tears the same,  
But for my friend, those tears he cried  
Were not from joy he felt inside.  
My son, your challenge it will be

To find you pathway back to me.  
Seek out the truth amidst the pain.  
The answer lies in listening.  
The truth will not be handed you  
On paths of gold with skies of blue.  
Trials are found within your call.  
My son, it won't be easy.  
We both embraced, and wept, and cried.  
I felt the pain he held inside,  
But through the tears, his voice did plead,  
And then he plainly asked of me,  
"Find me. Teach me and do all you can to reach me.  
Point to me the way that I must go.  
Restore my memory below  
So I'll progress and grow,  
And learn to live forever.  
Show me, love me, as I seek my home above me.  
Share with me the things that I must know.  
Together, to that place we'll go  
That we knew long ago.  
And then we'll live forever, forever, forever!!!

# Missionary Service

Richard G. Scott

Two missionaries who were aflame spiritually had spent an active day establishing a branch of the church in a remote village. At 5:30 that morning, they had taught a family before the husband left for the fields. Later they had struggled to plaster their adobe walls to keep out bloodsucking insects. During the week they had laid a small cement floor and had hung a five-gallon can with a shower head to keep clean. They had begun a sanitation project and put new gravel and sand in their water filter. For part of the day, they had worked beside men in the fields to later teach them. They were exhausted and ready for welcome rest.

There came an anxious knock at the crude wooden door. A small girl was crying. She had been running and was gasping for air. They struggled to piece together her message, delivered amid sobs in a torrent of words. Her father had suffered a severe head injury while riding his donkey in the darkness. She knew he would die unless the elders saved his life. Men of the village were at that moment carrying him to the missionaries. She pled for her father's life, then ran to him.

The seriousness of their desperate situation began to engulf them. They were in a village with no doctors or medical facilities. There were no telephones. The only means of communication was a rough road up a river bed, and they had no vehicle.

The people of the valley trusted them. The missionaries were not trained in medicine. They did not know how to care for a serious head wound, but they knew someone who did. They knelt in prayer and explained their problem to an understanding Father in Heaven. They pled for guidance, realizing that they could not save a life without His help.

The felt impressed that the wound should be cleansed, closed, and the man given a blessing. One companion asked, "How will he stand the pain? How can we cleanse the wound and bless him while he is in such suffering?"

They knelt again and explained to their Father, "We have no medicine. We have no anesthetic. Please help us to know what to do. Please bless him, Father."

As they arose, friends arrived with the injured man. Even in the subdued candlelight, they could see he had been severely hurt. He was suffering greatly. As they began to cleanse the wound, a very unusual thing occurred. He fell asleep. Carefully, anxiously, they finished the

cleaning, closed the wound, and provided a makeshift bandage. As they laid their hands on his head to bless him, he awoke peacefully. Their prayer had been answered, and his life saved. The trust of the people increased, and a branch of the Church flourished.



## Missionary Work

Now the story goes that the devil, who can always use helpers, sent out a little devil to do his work.

So the little devil perched on the shoulder of a tired business man and whispered in his ear: "It's too hard. It's, too much. You can't do it." That night the business man's wife said: "How did it go?" He put his hands over his face and said: "It's too much, It's too hard, I can't do it." And the little devil returned to Satan and said: "This is so easy!"

The next day the little devil visited a woman with many children, and with a big grin on his face whispered: "It's too hard! It's too much! You can't do it!" And the woman sat down in tears and cried: "It's too hard! It's too much! I can't do it!" ""HO-HO" cried the devil. "This is like taking candy from a baby!"

The next day the little devil saw two Mormon Missionaries busily tracting from door to door. "This will be easy." He said. From one to the other he went, whispering: ""This is too hard! It's too much! You can't do it!" But the missionaries only shrugged him off and went to the next door and the next and never quite.

That night Satan said to the little devil, "Well, how did it go today?" The little devil covered his face with his hands and said: "It's too hard! It's too much! I can't do it!"

## **A Missionary's Gift**

The Christmas season was drawing near and a lady missionary received some extra money from home to do some Christmas shopping. As she entered the store she was going to shop in, she saw a boy standing outside the store. She didn't think much about him and went on into the store.

After she had completed her shopping she started for "home." The small boy was still standing by the door. Kindly she started to talk to him.

"Are you waiting for your parents?" asked the missionary.

"No, they were killed in a car accident."

"Aren't you cold?" she said.

With a bright smile he replied, "Not since you stopped to talk to me!"

She asked him to wait there for a short time while she went back into the store. She hurriedly bought some warm clothes for the boy and quickly went back out to the small boy. She gave the clothes to him and he was very happy to be able to be dressed warmly.

After a short chat together, the boy finally asked, "Are you God's wife?"

"No," was the reply, "but I am one of God's children, and so are you. He loves us very much, too."

After thinking about this for a while, the boy replied, "I knew you were related some way to God, because you are so thoughtful about others."

## Mixed Up Family Night

SCENE: A person is wily-nilly pushing buttons (hence changing stations) on a push button radio. He mixes up the following programs with hilarious effects: A talk on family night, a prize fight, a soap opera, a political speech, and a commercial on corn flakes.

ANNOUNCER: (with restraint) Good evening, friends! Has your family life been all that you wanted it to be? Has it been fun, romantic, genuinely interesting? Does each member stay relaxed and completely at ease? If you are like a great many of us your answer is probably, "No." Too often home life is something to be endured, rather than enjoyed. Family routine becomes just that — routine. If yours is that way, then we have good news for you. Family night is the answer! This plan for happiness is neither costly, complicated, nor copyrighted. And Best of all it can be adapted for use by families anywhere. Yes, family night is a program of fun, facts, food and fancy for children, teen-agers, mothers, fathers, and —

POLITICAL: (passionately) — scoundrels in high places! I say to you we must send to congress men of character and worth, men of sterling integrity, men who will stand up to temptation and say —

SOAP OPERA: (with feeling) — take me in your arms, darling! Yes, my sweet, come close, closer still, and put your strong arms around me and then —

FIGHT: (hard staccato) — a hard looping right to the bread basket! Wow, whatta scrap this is folks! Murphy's coming in slugging now, but the butcher's taking everything Murphy's got. Murphy flicks a left to the jaw, a right to the head, a left, a right, another right, and the butcher goes down, he drops straight back on his —

COMMERCIAL: (brassy and loud) — large, economy-sized package. Yes, friends, ask your grocer today for this big family-sized box of Chlorophyll's Crummier Corn flakes — the only corn flakes with the built in crumb! Once you have tasted chlorophyll's you'll say

POLITICAL: How can they do it? How can these men, these elected servants of the people, put politics before principle in such a brazen and outrageous effect to advance their own cause? There is only one thing, I say, that will put a halt to their cynical tyranny. I mean none other than —

ANNOUNCER: A happy, wholesome family working and playing together. The answer

to this, of course, is to insist on Father taking an active part. Of course, when you ask Father to participate in the family evening, Mother, don't apologize! Just walk up to him and say —

SOAP OPERA: Take your hands off me. Don't you dare come near me! I cannot stand you, you hear? I hate you, I hate you, I HATE YOU!

ANNOUNCER: In this way, of course, he is much more likely to say "yes". And when he does agree to spend an evening, there is only one thing to watch out for —

FIGHT: — another hard looping fight to the breadbasket! Now the butcher is boring in, and Murphy's looking bad, very bad; his nose is bleeding again, and his left eye's swelling fast. In fact, I'd hate to tell you what he reminds me of —

COMMERCIAL: A soggy bowl of leftover corn flakes. So, accept not substitutes! Always choose Chlorophyll's corn flakes for the crumbiness you love to crunch. Start your day, every day, with a big brimful bowl of chlorophyll's, swimming in heavy cream and covered with strawberries, sugar, and large helping of —

POLITICAL: — crooked politicians! Yes, my friends, I repeat to you again and again that dishonesty in government, whether local, state, or national, is a shame and a disgrace to our fair land; and, there is only one thing we can do about it, only one thing that will save our proud and mighty nation —

ANNOUNCER: A family night in every home, every week! Best have each family member reserve one night each week free from other activities, the more to enjoy the fun and benefits of family night! With a family night once a week Father can look Mother in the face and say —

SOAP OPERA: I think I'm going crazy! I can't stand it any longer, do you hear: If you bring that person into this house once more, do you know what you'll get? —

FIGHT: — another hard looping right to the breadbasket! Boy, whatta sock that Murphy's got! The butcher's boring in now, they exchange rights and lefts; now the butcher lands a beauty on Murphy's button, and — WOW! LOOK AT THAT!

COMMERCIAL: — another bowl of soggy, leftover corn flakes. But they'll never be soggy and they'll never be leftover if they're chlorophyll's! Ask your grocer what he thinks of

chlorophyll's. Chances are he'll smile a great big smile at you and say —

POLITICAL: Poison! Yes, political dishonesty, as practiced by my opponent, is poison, a poison to the community, the state, the nation itself. There is only one thing left for a man who steals from the taxpayers —

ANNOUNCER: — he should work out rather well as the family night treasurer. The treasurer is an important member in your family, since he is responsible for the budget and the banking funds. So, when he does a good job be sure to compliment him for it. for example, you might say to him —

SOAP OPERA: Kiss me, you fool! There is only one thing I ever expected from you —

FIGHT: A hard looping right to the breadbasket! And I can see what's coming now —

COMMERCIAL: Another bowl of soggy, leftover corn flakes. So remember, always use Chlorophyll's Corn flakes —

POLITICIAN: I say they're poison, and I mean poison! The only solution to political dishonesty is — this —

ANNOUNCER: More and better FAMILY NIGHTS — EVERYWHERE!!

# **The Modern Little Red Hen**

Submitted by Clara McCarthy

Unknown Author

Once upon a time, there was a little Red Hen who scratched about the barnyard until she uncovered some grains of wheat. She called her neighbors and said, "If we plant this wheat we shall have bread to eat. Who will help me plant it?"

"Not I," said the Cow.

"Not I," said the Duck.

"Not I," said the Pig.

"Not I," said the Goose.

"Then I will," said the little Red Hen, and she did. When the wheat grew tall and ripened into golden grain little Red Hen asked, "Who will help me reap the wheat?"

"Not I," said the Duck.

"Out of my Classification," said the Pig.

"I'd lose my seniority," said the Cow.

"I'd lose my unemployment compensation," said the Goose.

"Then I will," said the little Red Hen, and she did.

At last it came time to bake the bread. "Who will help me make the bread?"

"That would be over-time for me," said the Cow.

"I'd lose my welfare benefits," said the Duck.

"I'm a dropout and never learned how," said the Pig.

"If I'm to be the only helper, that's discrimination," said the Goose.

"Then I will," said the little Red Hen. She baked five loaves of bread and held them up for her neighbors to see.

They all wanted some — in fact they demanded a share, but the little Red Hen said, "No, I can eat all five loaves all by myself."

"Excess profit!" yelled the Cow.

"Capitalist leech," cried the Duck.

"I demand equal rights!" shouted the Goose.

The Pig grunted then they hurriedly painted UNFAIR picket signs and marched around, shouting obscenities.

The Government agent came and said to the little Red Hen, "You must not be greedy."

"But I earned the bread," said the little Red Hen.

"Exactly," said the agent. "That is a wonderful free enterprise system. Any one in the barnyard can earn as much as he wants, but under Government regulations the productive worker must divide their product with the idle."

And they lived happily ever after — but the little Red Hen's neighbors wondered why she never baked bread again.

# **Mom's Present Was Missing!**

Gloria Pope

Kathy worked her way through the holiday crowds. She considered the meager amount in her purse that was to cover Christmas gifts for her seven children and one or two close relatives. The year had not been good for her husband, who like others at the company where he worked had been required to take a pay cut to avoid losing his job.

With the shopping almost done, Kathy found a beautiful blouse, just the color, size, and style that she knew her mother would love. Best of all, it was on sale, and she could buy it and still stay within her budget. She purchased it and felt a glow of excitement, knowing the gift was exactly right.

Having finished her shopping, she gathered the twins and all the packages and headed for the car. Then she discovered that one of the packages was missing — the gift for her mother! She retraced her steps carefully, but her unsuccessful inquiries brought a bitter realization of the truth: no gift for her mother, and no money left to replace it.

Standing amid the holiday crowds, the twins clinging to her package-laden arms, Kathy felt only the burden of the holidays and none of the joy. Her tears flowed freely.

A woman approached and touched Kathy's arm, saying, "Dear, I noticed you talking with one of the clerks about your lost parcel. Please take this, and buy another blouse for your mother. You see, this Christmas I have no mother to buy a gift for. Please, it would mean so much to me." The woman pressed a twenty-dollar bill into Kathy's hand and slipped away before Kathy could speak.

Lost in thought, Kathy walked slowly toward the rack of women's blouses. The crowds of men, women, and children still bumped and jostled her, but she was no longer bothered by them. She knew one of them might be another "angel in disguise."



# Moral Obligation

Elder Marion D. Hanks

Mr. Simon, we understand your message. We believe in those building blocks and enduring principles of which you spoke. We are reinforced and strengthened in our own understanding and commitment. We thank you and pray God's choicest blessings upon you as you stretch forth a hand of great importance in a nation and a world that need you and others like you.

What I have to say is brief and very simple. One of the major purposes of this University during your time here has been the development and enhancement in you of the sense of moral obligation which comes to God's children as a gift from Him and which represents in each of us that which is more than merely human. That gift will, if you will pay attention to it, help you realize your full moral capacity. The best in us, said one of our leaders, is better than we know.

Two thousand years ago an apostle testified to the Romans: "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ" (Romans 8:16-17).

That great truth Christ came to teach and help us understand is how we might live to qualify ourselves as worthy of so noble a heritage. The homes, churches, offices, marketplaces, legislatures, courtrooms, and classrooms of America and every other land urgently need men and women who understand what is meant by moral obligation. We send you forth from here believing and praying that you will pay attention to that God-given gift which is in you, which will bring you, if you will, to intuitively apprehend what is good, great, and noble, and motivate you to spend yourselves for it.

Justice Benjamin Cardozo in 1931 issued a challenge to a graduating group of young rabbinical students which is, I believe, expressly suited to you and your counterparts across the earth today. I bid you listen to these two or three simple sentences:

You are going forth as representatives of the eternal values. You will find mockery and temptation on the highways. And for the values you hold to be eternal, many a tinsel token will be offered in exchange. Sycophants and time servers and courtiers and all the lovers of the flesh pots will assail you with warnings that you are squandering the happy days under the sun and will ask you to tell them to what use. Then will be the time that you will need to bethink yourselves of the values that were chosen by the prophets and saints of Israel and by the goodly and noble of every race and clime.

From your Board of trustees, from many who love you and count on you, we offer you this invitation: Care about principles, keep caring about conscience, care about people, care about individuals.

As we marched in the line I kept thinking for some reason of the news account of the little boy who lost his dog and couldn't find it, and wept and wept. He enlisted his loving mother and all others in the vicinity whom he could find to help him search. All was fruitless. Still weeping in his mother's arms, he heard her say, "Tommy, we have done everything we can do. What else can mother do for you?" He said, "You can cry with me."

God bless you and keep you. In the words of Moroni in farewell we salute you: "And now, I would commend you to seek this Jesus of whom the prophets and apostles have written, that the grace of God the Father, and also the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, which beareth record of them, may be and abide in you forever" (Ether 12:41). God bless you, we pray. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

# Mormon Sunday School

CHORUS:

Young folks, old folks, everybody come.  
Join the Mormon (Happy) Sunday School and help to make it hum.  
Be sure to leave your razors and you chewing gum at the door,  
And you'll hear some scripture stories like you never heard before.

Adam was a gardener and Eve was his spouse.  
Bought a lot in Eden, and went to keeping house.  
Everything was peaceful and happy in the main  
'Til they had a little baby boy and went to raising Cain.

David was a shepherd boy, a lively little cuss.  
Along came Goliath, a looking for a fuss.  
Goliath thought that he would either get the kid or bust,  
So David picked a pebble up and heaved it through his crust.

Noah was a weatherman and he predicted rain.  
The people said, "He's always wrong. We won't be fooled again."  
They all went on a picnic. The rain began to fall,  
But Noah built himself an ark and didn't get wet at all.

Noah was a mariner, the greatest man afloat.  
He got a job as Captain on a freight and cattle boat.  
He bought a full menagerie and stowed them down below  
And sold them all to Barnabas for his greatest earthly show.

Daniel was a naughty boy and wouldn't mind the king.  
And that old king, he said he wouldn't stand for such a thing.  
Put him in a dungeon cell with lions underneath,  
But Daniel was a dentist so he pulled the lions' teeth.

Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego  
Were told by Nebuchadnzzar that they would have to go.  
He put them in a furnace to burn them up like chaff,  
They wore asbestos overcoats and gave the king a laugh.

Jonah was a mariner so goes the ancient tale.  
He tried to cross the ocean in the steerage of a whale.  
Jonah, in the belly of the whale, felt oppressed,  
So he pushed a little button and the whale did the rest.

Soloman was a wise guy. He had a lot of dough.  
The Queen of Sheba came along and Soloman said, "Let's go."  
He needed all the dough he had for shoes and bibs and lids  
For one hundred and fifty thousand wives and half a million kids.

Elijah was a prophet who attended county fairs.  
He entertained the people with a troop of dancing bears.  
He said he'd stop the heavens up so it would never rain  
Until the wicked people said that they'd be good again.

Samson was a strong man who loved the girls there.  
Delila was a wicked gal who cut off Samson's hair.  
Samson got upset without his hair upon his head  
So he knocked the building down and all the people there were dead.

Moses led his people out of Egypt on a hike.  
He walked them through the Red Sea on the bottom sort of like.  
The people were so wicked that the Lord threw the gears  
And they wandered in the wilderness alone for forty years.

Lehi was a prophet of high and mighty station.  
He sailed to America to found himself a nation.  
Half his sons were wicked and would not to what they should.  
He said that they would all be killed unless they all were good.

One of Lehi's oldest sons who's name was Lemuel  
Was his father's problem child and headed straight for \_\_\_\_\_.  
Don't get excited now. We never swear nor curse.  
Lemuel was a son of a gun, but Laman was much worse.

King Benjamin was humble like his subjects that he served.  
He said a life of luxury for the king was not deserved.  
He worked throughout his life time and he taught his people right.  
He said that in the future some bad king would cause a fight.

Ammon was a G-Man, who answered police alarms.  
Caught a bunch of Lamanites and hacked off their arms.  
King Lamoni picked them up and put them in a stack  
And sold them all for souvenirs at fifty cents a whack.

Hagoth was a sailor — a good one too they say.  
He sailed to Honolulu from San Francisco Bay.  
He found the girls so pretty when he reached Hawaii's shore  
That he burned the ship for kindling wood and stayed forever more.

Samuel was a Lamanite who had a special call  
To go and cry repentance from atop the city wall.  
People got upset at him and tried to make him stop,  
But he served his mission faithfully, they hopped down from the top.

Joseph Smith the Prophet was a young boy when he prayed.  
Christ told him that all the people on the earth had strayed.  
He said he would restore the Church of Christ upon the earth  
And that Joseph was prepared to fill that calling from his birth.

# **The Most Beautiful Thing**

The sides of the path were covered with rugs of white snow. But in the center, its whiteness was crushed and churned into a foaming brown by the tramp, tramp of hundreds of hurrying feet. It was the day before Christmas. People rushed up and down the path carrying arm loads of bundles. They laughed and called to each other as they pushed their way through the crowds.

Above the path, the long arms of an ancient tree reached upward to the sky. It swayed and moaned as strong winds grasped its branches and bent them toward the earth. Down below a haughty laugh sounded, and a lovely fir tree stretched and preened its thick green branches, sending a fine spray of snow shimmering downward to the ground.

"I should think," said the fir in a high smug voice, "That you'd try a little harder to stand still. Goodness knows you're ugly enough with the leaves you've already lost. If you move around anymore, you'll soon be quite bare."

"I know," answered the old tree. "Everything has put on its most beautiful clothes for the celebration of the birth of Christ. Even from here I can see the decorations shining from each street corner. And yesterday some men came and put the brightest, loveliest lights on every tree along the path--except me of course." He sighed softly, and a flake of snow melted in the form of a teardrop and ran down his gnarled trunk.

"Oh, indeed! And did you expect they'd put lights upon you so your ugliness would stand out even more?" smirked the fir.

"I guess you're right," replied the old tree in a sad voice. "If there were only somewhere I could hide until after the celebrations are over, but here I stand, the only ugly thing among all this beauty. If they would only come and chop me down," and he sighed sorrowfully.

"Well, I don't wish you any ill will," replied the fir, "But you are an eyesore. Perhaps it would be better for us all if they came and chopped you down." Once again he stretched his lovely thick branches. "You might try to hang onto those three small leaves you still have. At least you wouldn't be completely bare."

"Oh, I've tried so hard," cried the old tree "Each fall I say to myself, 'this year I won't give up a single leaf, no matter what the cause,' but someone always comes along who seems to need

them more than I," And he sighed once again.

"I told you not to give so many to that dirty little paper boy," said the fir. "Why you even lowered your branches a little bit, so that he could reach them. You can't say I didn't warn you then."

"Yes you did at that," the old tree replied. "But they made him so happy. I heard him say he would pick some for his invalid mother,~

"Oh, they all had good causes," mocked the fir, that young girl, for instance, colored leaves for her party indeed! They were your leaves!"

"She took a lot, didn't she?" said the old tree, and he seemed to smile.

Just then a cold wind blew down the path and a tiny brown bird fell to the ground at the foot of the old tree and lay there shivering, too cold to lift its wings. The old tree looked down in pity and then he quickly let go of his last three leaves. The golden leaves fluttered down and settled softly over the shivering little bird, and it lay there quietly under the warmth of them.

"Now you've done it!" shrieked the fir. You've given away every single leaf! Christmas morning you'll make your path the ugliest sight in the whole city!"

The old tree said nothing. Instead he stretched out his branches to gather what snowflakes he could that they might not fall on the tiny bird. The young fir turned away in anger, and it was then he noticed a painter sitting quietly a few feet from the path, intent upon his long brushes and his canvas. His clothes were old and tattered, and his face wore a sad expression. He was thinking of his loved ones and the empty, cheerless Christmas morning they would face, for he had sold not a single painting in the last months.

But the little tree didn't see this. Instead he turned back to the old tree and said in a haughty voice, "At least keep those bare branches as far away from me as possible. I'm being painted and hideousness will mar the background."

"I'll try," replied the old tree. And he raised his branches as high as possible. It was almost dark when the painter picked up his easel and left. And the little fir was tired and cross from all his preening and posing.



Christmas morning he awoke late, and as he proudly shook away the snow from his lovely branches, he was amazed to see a huge crowd of people surrounding the old tree, ah-ing and oh-ing as they stood back and gazed upward. And even those hurrying along the path had to stop for a moment to sigh before they went on.

"Whatever could it be?" thought the haughty fir, and he too looked up to see if perhaps the top of the old tree had been broken off during the night.

Just then a paper blew away from the hands of an enraptured newsboy and sailed straight into the young fir. The fir gasped in amazement, for there on the front page was a picture of the painter holding his painting of a great white tree whose leafless branches, laden with snow, stretched upward into the sky. While down below lay a tiny brown bird almost covered by three golden leaves. And beneath the picture were the words, "The Most Beautiful Thing Is That Which Hath Given All."

The young fir quietly bowed its head beneath the great beauty of the humble old tree.

## **The Most Caring Child**

Author and lecturer Leo Buscaglia once talked about a contest he was asked to judge. The purpose of the contest was to find the most caring child.

The winner was a four year old child whose next door neighbor was an elderly gentleman who had recently lost his wife. Upon seeing the man cry, the little boy went into the old gentleman's yard, climbed onto his lap, and just sat there. When his mother asked him what he had said to the neighbor, the little boy said, "Nothing ... I just helped him cry."

# The Most Creative Job

In the World

It involves —

taste

fashion

decorating

recreation

education

transportation

psychology

romance

cuisine

designing

literature

medicine

handicraft

art

horticulture

economics

government

community relation

paediatrics

geriatrics

entertainment

maintenance

purchasing

direct mail

law

accounting

religion

energy  
and management.  
Anyone who can  
handle all those  
has to be somebody special.  
She is.

She's a homemaker.

# **The Most Dangerous Game**

by Richard Connell

Off there to the right — somewhere — is a large island," said Whitney. "It's rather a mystery —"

"What island is it?" Rainsford asked.

"The old charts call it 'Ship Trap Island,'" Whitney replied. "A suggestive name, isn't it? Sailors have a curious dread of the place. I don't know why. Some superstition —"

"Can't see it," remarked Rainsford, trying to peer through the dank tropical night that was palpable as it pressed its thick warm blackness in upon the yacht.

"You've good eyes," said Whitney, with a laugh, "and I've seen you pick off a moose moving in the brown fall bush at four hundred yards, but even you can't see four miles or so through a moonless Caribbean night."

"Nor four yards," admitted Rainsford. "Ugh! It's like moist black velvet."

"It will be light enough in Rio," promised Whitney. "We should make it in a few days. I hope the jaguar guns have come from Purdey's. We should have some good hunting up the Amazon. Great sport, hunting."

"The best sport in the world," agreed Rainsford.

"For the hunter," amended Whitney. "Not for the jaguar."

"Don't talk rot, Whitney," said Rainsford. "You're a big-game hunter, not a philosopher. Who cares how a jaguar feels?"

"Perhaps the jaguar does," observed Whitney.

"Bah! They've no understanding."

"Even so, I rather think they understand one thing — fear. The fear of pain and the fear of death."

"Nonsense," laughed Rainsford. "This hot weather is making you soft, Whitney. Be a realist. The world is made up of two classes — the hunters and the hunted. Luckily, you and I are hunters. Do you think we've passed that island yet?"

"I can't tell in the dark. I hope so."

"Why?" asked Rainsford.

"The place has a reputation — a bad one."

"Cannibals?" suggested Rainsford.

"Hardly. Even cannibals wouldn't live in such a God-forsaken place. But it's gotten into sailor lore, somehow. Didn't you notice that the crew's nerves seemed a bit jumpy today?"

"They were a bit strange, now you mention it. Even Captain Nielsen —"

"Yes, even that tough-minded old Swede, who'd go up to the devil himself and ask him for a light. Those fishy blue eyes held a look I never saw there before. All I could get out of him was: 'This place has an evil name among seafaring men, sir.' Then he said to me, very gravely: 'Don't you feel anything?' — as if the air about us was actually poisonous. Now, you mustn't laugh when I tell you this — I did feel something like a sudden chill.

"There was no breeze, The sea was as flat as a plate-glass window. We were drawing near the island then. What I felt was a — a mental chill; a sort of sudden dread."

"Pure imagination," said Rainsford. "One superstitious sailor can taint the whole ship's company with his fear."

"Maybe. But sometimes I think sailors have an extra sense that tells them when they are in danger. Sometimes I think evil is a tangible thing — with wave lengths, just as sound and light

have. An evil place can, so to speak, broadcast vibrations of evil. Anyhow, I'm glad we're getting out of this zone. Well, I think I'll turn in now, Rainsford."

"I'm not sleepy," said Rainsford. "I'm going to smoke another pipe up on the afterdeck."

"Good night, then, Rainsford. See you at breakfast."

"Right. Good night, Whitney."

There was no sound in the night as Rainsford sat there, but the muffled throb of the engine that drove the yacht swiftly through the darkness, and the swish and ripple of the wash of the propeller.

Rainsford, reclining in a steamer chair, indolently puffed on his favorite brier. The sensuous drowsiness of the night was on him. "It's so dark," he thought, "that I could sleep without closing my eyes; the night would be my eyelids —"

An abrupt sound startled him. Off to the right he heard it, and his ears, expert in such matters, could not be mistaken. Again he heard the sound, and again. Somewhere, off in the blackness, someone had fired a gun three times.

Rainsford sprang up and moved quickly to the rail, mystified. He strained his eyes in the direction from which the reports had come, but it was like trying to see through a blanket. He leaped upon the rail and balanced himself there, to get greater elevation; his pipe, striking a rope, was knocked from his mouth. He lunged for it; a short, hoarse cry came from his lips as he realized he had reached too far and had lost his balance. The cry was pinched off short as the blood-warm waters of the Caribbean Sea closed over his head.

He struggled up to the surface and tried to cry out, but the wash from the speeding yacht slapped him in the face, and the salt water in his open mouth made him gag and strangle. Desperately he struck out with strong strokes after the receding lights of the yacht, but he stopped before he had swum fifty feet. A certain cool headedness had come to him; it was not the first time he had been in a tight place. There was a chance that his cries could be heard by someone aboard the yacht, but that chance was slender, and grew more slender as the yacht raced on. He wrestled himself out of his clothes, and shouted with all his power. The lights of the yacht became faint and ever-vanishing fireflies; then they were blotted out entirely by the night.

Rainsford remembered the shots. They had come from the right, and doggedly he swam

in that direction, swimming with slow, deliberate strokes, conserving his strength. For a seemingly endless time he fought the sea. He began to count his strokes — he could do possibly a hundred more and then —

Rainsford heard a sound. It came out of the darkness, a high, screaming sound, the sound of an animal in an extremity of anguish and terror.

He did not recognize the animal that made the sound; he did not try to; with fresh vitality he swam toward the sound. He heard it again; then it was cut short by another noise, crisp, staccato.

"Pistol shot," muttered Rainsford, swimming on.

Ten minutes of determined effort brought another sound to his ears — the most welcome he had ever heard — the muttering and growling of the sea breaking on a rocky shore. He was almost on the rocks before he saw them; on a night less calm he would have been shattered against them. With his remaining strength he dragged himself from the swirling waters. Jagged crags appeared to jut up into the opaqueness; he forced himself upward, hand over hand. Gasping, his hands raw, he reached a flat place at the top. Dense jungle came down to the very edge of the cliffs. What perils that tangle of trees and underbrush might hold for him did not concern Rainsford just then. All he knew was that he was safe from his enemy, the sea, and that utter weariness was on him. He flung himself down at the jungle edge and tumbled head long into the deepest sleep of his life.

When he opened his eyes he knew from the position of the sun that it was late in the afternoon. Sleep had given him new vigor; a sharp hunger was picking at him. He looked about him, almost cheerfully.

"Where there are pistol shots, there are men. Where there are men, there is food," he thought. But what kind of men, he wondered, in so forbidding a place? An unbroken front of snarled and ragged jungle fringed the shore.

He saw no sign of a trail through the closely knit web of weeds and trees; it was easier to go along the shore, and Rainsford floundered along by the water. Not far from where he had landed, he stopped.

Some wounded thing, by the evidence a large animal, had thrashed about in the underbrush; the jungle weeds were crushed down and the moss was lacerated; one patch of weeds was stained crimson. A small, glittering object not far away caught Rainsford's eye and he picked



it up. It was an empty cartridge.

"A twenty-two," he remarked. "That's odd. It must have been a fairly large animal too. The hunter had his nerve with him to tackle it with a light gun. It's clear that the brute put up a fight. I suppose the first three shots I heard was when the hunter flushed his quarry and wounded it. The last shot was when he trailed it here and finished it."

He examined the ground closely and found what he had hoped to find — the print of hunting boots. They pointed along the cliff in the direction he had been going. Eagerly he hurried along, now slipping on a rotten log or a loose stone, but making headway; night was beginning to settle down on the island.

Bleak darkness was blacking out the sea and jungle when Rainsford sighted the lights. He came upon them as he turned a crook in the coast line, and his first thought was that he had come upon a village, for there were many lights. But as he forged along he saw to his great astonishment that all the lights were in one enormous building — a lofty structure with pointed towers plunging upward into the gloom. His eyes made out the shadowy outlines of a palatial chateau; it was set on a high bluff, and on three sides of it cliffs dived down to where the sea licked greedy lips in the shadows.

"Mirage," thought Rainsford. But it was no mirage, he found, when he opened the tall spiked iron gate. The stone steps were real enough; the massive door with a leering gargoyle for a knocker was real enough; yet about it all hung an air of unreality.

He lifted the knocker, and it creaked up stiffly, as if it had never before been used. He let it fall, and it startled him with its booming loudness. He thought he heard steps within; the door remained closed. Again Rainsford lifted the heavy knocker, and let it fall. The door opened then, opened as suddenly as if it were on a spring, and Rainsford stood blinking in the river of glaring gold light that poured out. The first thing Rainsford's eyes discerned was the largest man Rainsford had ever seen — a gigantic creature, solidly made and black-bearded to the waist. In his hand the man held a long-barrelled revolver, and he was pointing it straight at Rainsford's heart.

Out of the snarl of beard two small eyes regarded Rainsford.

"Don't be alarmed," said Rainsford, with a smile which he hoped was disarming. "I'm no robber. I fell off a yacht. My name is Sanger Rainsford of New York City."

The menacing look in the eyes did not change. The revolver pointed as rigidly as if the giant were a statue. He gave no sign that he understood Rainsford's words, or that he had even heard them. He was dressed in a uniform, a black uniform trimmed with gray astrakhan.

"I'm Sanger Rainsford of New York," Rainsford began again. "I fell off a yacht. I am hungry."

The man's only answer was to raise with his thumb the hammer of his revolver. Then Rainsford saw the man's free hand go to his forehead in a military salute, and he saw him click his heels together and stand at attention. Another man was coming down the broad marble steps, an erect, slender man in evening clothes. He advanced to Rainsford and held out his hand.

In a cultivated voice marked by a slight accent that gave it added precision and deliberateness, he said: "It is a very great pleasure and honor to welcome Mr. Sanger Rainsford, the celebrated hunter, to my home."

Automatically Rainsford shook the man's hand.

"I've read your book about hunting snow leopards in Tibet, you see," explained the man. "I am General Zaroff."

Rainsford's first impression was that the man was singularly handsome; his second was that there was an original, almost bizarre quality about the general's face. He was a tall man past middle age, for his hair was a vivid white; but his thick eyebrows and pointed military mustache were as black as the night from which Rainsford had come. His eyes, too, were black and very bright. He had high cheekbones, a sharp-cut nose, a square, dark face, the face of a man used to giving orders, the face of an aristocrat. Turning to the giant in uniform, the general made a sign. The giant put away his pistol, saluted, withdrew.

"Ivan is an incredibly strong fellow," remarked the general, "'but he has the misfortune to be deaf and dumb. A simple fellow but, I'm afraid, like all his race, a bit of a savage."

"Is he Russian?"

"He is a Cossack," said the general, and his smile showed red lips and pointed teeth, "So am I."

"Come," he said, "we shouldn't be chatting here. We can talk later. Now you want clothes, food, rest. You shall have them. This is a most restful spot."

Ivan had reappeared, and the general spoke to him with lips that moved but gave forth no sound.

"Follow Ivan, if you please, Mr. Rainsford," said the general. "I was about to have my dinner when you came. I'll wait for you. You'll find that my clothes will fit you, I think."

It was to a huge, beam-ceilinged bedroom with a canopied bed big enough for six men that Rainsford followed the silent giant. Ivan laid out an evening suit, and Rainsford, as he put it on, noticed that it came from a London tailor who ordinarily cut and sewed for none below the rank of duke.

The dining room to which Ivan conducted him was in many ways remarkable. There was a medieval magnificence about it; it suggested a baronial hall of feudal times with its oaken panels, its high ceiling, its vast refectory table where two score men could sit down to eat. About the hall were the mounted heads of many animals — lions, tigers, elephants, moose, bears; larger or more perfect specimens Rainsford had never seen. At the great table the general was sitting, alone.

"You'll have a cocktail, Mr. Rainsford," he suggested. The cocktail was surpassingly good; and, Rainsford noted, the table appointments were of the finest — the linen, the crystal, the silver, the china.

They were eating borsch, the rich, red soup with whipped cream so dear to Russian palates. Half apologetically General Zaroff said: "We do our best to preserve the amenities of civilization here, Please forgive any lapses. We are well off the beaten track, you know. Do you think the champagne has suffered from its long ocean trip?"

"Not in the least," declared Rainsford. He was finding the general a most thoughtful and affable host, a true cosmopolite. But there was one small trait of the general's that made Rainsford uncomfortable. Whenever he looked up from his plate he found the general studying him, appraising him narrowly.

"Perhaps," said General Zaroff, "you were surprised that I recognized your name. You see, I read all books on hunting published in English, French, and Russian. I have but one passion

in my life, Mr. Rainsford, and it is the hunt."

"You have some wonderful heads here," said Rainsford as he ate a particularly well-cooked filet mignon. "That Cape buffalo is the largest I ever saw."

"Oh, that fellow. Yes, he was a monster."

"Did he charge you?"

"Hurled me against a tree," said the general. "Fractured my skull. But I got the brute."

"I've always thought," said Rainsford, "that the Cape buffalo is the most dangerous of all big game."

For a moment the general did not reply; he was smiling his curious red-lipped smile. Then he said slowly: "No. You are wrong, sir. The Cape buffalo is not the most dangerous big game." He sipped his wine. "Here in my preserve on this island," he said in the same slow tone, "I hunt more dangerous game."

Rainsford expressed his surprise. "Is there big game on this island?"

The general nodded.

"The biggest."

"Really?"

"Oh, it isn't here naturally, of course. I have to stock the island."

"What have you imported, general?" Rainsford asked. "Tigers?"

The general smiled, "No," he said.

"Hunting tigers ceased to interest me some years ago. I exhausted their possibilities, you see. No thrill left in tigers, no real danger. I live for danger, Mr. Rainsford."

The general took from his pocket a gold cigarette case and offered his guest a long black cigarette with a silver tip; it was perfumed and gave off a smell like incense.

"We will have some capital hunting, you and I," said the general. "I shall be most glad to have your society."

"But what game —" began Rainsford.

"I'll tell you," said the general. "You will be amused, I know. I think I may say, in all modesty, that I have done a rare thing. I have invented a new sensation. May I pour you another glass of port, Mr. Rainsford?"

"Thank you, general."

The general filled both glasses, and said: "God makes some men poets. Some He makes kings, some beggars. Me He made a hunter. My hand was made for the trigger, my father said. He was a very rich man with a quarter of a million acres in the Crimea, and he was an ardent sportsman. When I was only five years old he gave me a little gun, specially made in Moscow for me, to shoot sparrows with. When I shot some of his prize turkeys with it, he did not punish me; he complimented me on my marksmanship. I killed my first bear in the Caucasus when I was ten. My whole life has been one prolonged hunt. I went into the army — it was expected of noblemen's sons, and for a time commanded a division of Cossack cavalry, but my real interest was always the hunt. I have hunted every kind of game in every land. It would be impossible for me to tell you how many animals I have killed."

The general puffed at his cigarette.

"After the debacle in Russia I left the country, for it was imprudent for an officer of the Czar to stay there. Many noble Russians lost everything. I, luckily, had invested heavily in American securities, so I shall never have to open a tearoom in Monte Carlo or drive a taxi in Paris. Naturally, I continued to hunt — grizzlies in your Rockies, crocodiles in the Ganges, rhinoceroses in East Africa. It was in Africa that the Cape buffalo hit me and laid me up for six months. As soon as I recovered I started for the Amazon to hunt jaguars, for I had heard they were unusually cunning. They weren't," the Cossack sighed. "They were no match at all for a

hunter with his wits about him, and a high-powered rifle. I was bitterly disappointed. I was lying in my tent with a splitting headache one night when a terrible thought pushed its way into my mind. Hunting was beginning to bore me! And hunting, remember, had been my life. I have heard that in America businessmen often go to pieces when they give up the business that has been their life."

"Yes, that's so," said Rainsford.

The general smiled. "I had no wish to go to pieces," he said. "I must do something. Now, mine is an analytical mind, Mr. Rainsford. Doubtless that is why I enjoy the problems of the chase."

"No doubt, General Zaroff."

"So," continued the general, "I asked myself why the hunt no longer fascinated me. You are much younger than I am, Mr. Rainsford, and have not hunted as much, but you perhaps can guess the answer."

"What was it?"

"Simply this: hunting had ceased to be what you call 'a sporting proposition.' It had become too easy. I always got my quarry. Always. There is no greater bore than perfection."

The general lit a fresh cigarette.

"No animal had a chance with me any more. That is no boast; it is a mathematical certainty. The animal had nothing but his legs and his instinct. Instinct is no match for reason. When I thought of this it was a tragic moment for me, I can tell you."

Rainsford leaned across the table, absorbed in what his host was saying.

"It came to me as an inspiration what I must do," the general went on.

"And that was?"

The general smiled the quiet smile of one who has faced an obstacle and surmounted it

with success. "I had to invent a new animal to hunt," he said.

"A new animal? You're joking."

"Not at all," said the general. "I never joke about hunting. I needed a new animal. I found one. So I bought this island, built this house, and here I do my hunting. The island is perfect for my purposes — there are jungles with a maze of trails in them, hills, swamps —"

"But the animal, General Zaroff?"

"Oh," said the general, "it supplies me with the most exciting hunting in the world. No other hunting compares with it for an instant. Every day I hunt, and I never grow bored now, for I have a quarry with which I can match my wits."

Rainsford's bewilderment showed in his face.

"I wanted the ideal animal to hunt," explained the general. "So I said, 'What are the attributes of an ideal quarry?' And the answer was, of course, 'It must have courage, cunning, and, above all, it must be able to reason'."

"But no animal can reason," objected Rainsford.

"My dear fellow," said the general, "there is one that can."

"But you can't mean —" gasped Rainsford.

"And why not?"

"I can't believe you are serious, General Zaroff. This is a grisly joke."

"Why should I not be serious? I am speaking of hunting."

"Hunting? Good night, General Zaroff! What you speak of is murder."

The general laughed with entire good nature. He regarded Rainsford quizzically. "I refuse to believe that so modern and civilized a young man as you seem to be, harbors romantic ideas about the value of human life. Surely your experiences in the war —"

"Did not make me condone cold-blooded murder," finished Rainsford stiffly.

Laughter shook the general. "How extraordinarily droll you are!" he said. "One does not expect nowadays to find a young man of the educated class, even in America, with such a naive, and, if I may say so, Mid-Victorian point of view. It's like finding a snuffbox in a limousine. Ah, well, doubtless you had Puritan ancestors. So many Americans appear to have had. I'll wager you'll forget your notions when you go hunting with me. You've a genuine new thrill in store for you, Mr. Rainsford."

"Thank you, I'm a hunter, not a murderer."

"Dear me," said the general, quite unruffled, "again that unpleasant word. But I think I can show you that your scruples are quite ill-founded."

"Yes?"

"Life is for the strong, to be lived by the strong, and, if need be, taken by the strong. The weak of the world were put here to give the strong pleasure. I am strong. Why should I not use my gift? If I wish to hunt, why should I not? I hunt the scum of the earth — sailors from tramp ships — lascars, blacks, Chinese, whites, mongrels — a thoroughbred horse or hound is worth more than a score of them."

"But they are men," said Rainsford hotly.

"Precisely," said the general. "That is why I use them. It gives me pleasure. They can reason, after a fashion. So they are dangerous."

"But where do you get them?"

The general's left eyelid fluttered down in a wink. "This island is called Ship Trap," he answered. "Sometimes an angry god of the high seas sends them to me. Sometimes, when



Providence is not so kind, I help Providence a bit. Come to the window with me."

Rainsford went to the window and looked out toward the sea.

"Watch! Out there!" exclaimed the general, pointing into the night. Rainsford's eyes saw only blackness, and then, as the general pressed a button, far out to sea Rainsford saw the flash of lights.

The general chuckled. "They indicate a channel," he said, "where there's none: giant rocks with razor edges crouch like a sea monster with wide-open jaws. They can crush a ship as easily as I crush this nut." He dropped a walnut on the hardwood floor and brought his heel grinding down on it. "Oh, yes," he said, causally, as if in answer to a question, "I have electricity. We try to be civilized here."

"Civilized? And you shoot down men?"

A trace of anger was in the general's black eyes, but it was there for but a second, and he said, in his most pleasant manner: "Dear me, what a righteous young man you are! I assure you I do not do the thing you suggest. That would be barbarous. I treat these visitors with every consideration. They get plenty of good food and exercise, They get into splendid physical condition. You shall see for yourself tomorrow."

"What do you mean?"

"We'll visit my training school," smiled the general, "It's in the cellar. I have about a dozen pupils down there now. They're from the Spanish bark San Lucar that had the bad luck to go on the rocks out there. A very inferior lot, I regret to say. Poor specimens and more accustomed to the deck than to the jungle."

He raised his hand, and Ivan, who served as waiter, brought thick Turkish coffee. Rainsford, with an effort, held his tongue in check.

"It's a game, you see," pursued the general blandly. "I suggest to one of them that we go hunting. I give him a supply of food and an excellent hunting knife. I give him three hours' start. I am to follow, armed only with a pistol of the smallest calibre and range. If my quarry eludes me for three whole days, he wins the game. If I find him" — the general smiled — "he loses."

"Suppose he refuses to be hunted?"

"Oh," said the general, "I give him his option, of course. He need not play that game if he doesn't wish to. If he does not wish to hunt, I turn him over to Ivan. Ivan once had the honor of serving as official knouter to the Great White Czar, and he has his own ideas of sport. Invariably, Mr. Rainsford, invariably they choose the hunt."

"And if they win?"

The smile on the general's face widened. "To date I have not lost," he said.

Then he added, hastily: "I don't wish you to think me a braggart, Mr. Rainsford. Many of them afford only the most elementary sort of problem. Occasionally I strike a tartar. One almost did win. I eventually had to use the dogs."

"The dogs?"

"This way, please. I'll show you."

The general steered Rainsford to a window. The lights from the windows sent a flickering illumination that made grotesque patterns on the courtyard below, and Rainsford could see moving about there a dozen or so huge black shapes; as they turned toward him, their eyes glittered greenly.

"A rather good lot, I think," observed the general. "They are let out at seven every night. If anyone should try to get into my house — or out of it — something extremely regrettable would occur to him." He hummed a snatch of song from the *Folies Bergères*.

"And now," said the general, "I want to show you my new collection of heads. Will you come with me to the library?"

"I hope," said Rainsford, "that you will excuse me tonight, General Zaroff. I'm really not feeling at all well."

"Ah, indeed?" the general inquired solicitously. "Well, I suppose that's only natural, after your long swim. You need a good, restful night's sleep. Tomorrow you'll feel like a new man, I'll wager. Then we'll hunt, eh? I've one rather promising prospect —"

Rainsford was hurrying from the room.

"Sorry you can't go with me tonight," called the general. "I expect rather fair sport — a big, strong black. He looks resourceful." "Well, good night, Mr. Rainsford. I hope you have a good night's rest."

The bed was good, and the pajamas of the softest silk, and he was tired in every fibre of his being, but nevertheless Rainsford could not quiet his brain with the opiate of sleep. He lay, eyes wide open. Once he thought he heard stealthy steps in the corridor outside his room. He sought to throw open the door; it would not open. He went to the window and looked out. His room was high up in one of the towers. The lights of the chateau were out now, and it was dark and silent, but there was a fragment of sallow moon, and by its wan light he could see, dimly, the courtyard; there, weaving in and out in the pattern of shadow, were black, noiseless forms; the hounds heard him at the window and looked up, expectantly, with their green eyes. Rainsford went back to the bed and lay down. By many methods he tried to put himself to sleep. He had achieved a doze when, just as morning began to come, he heard, far off in the jungle, the faint report of a pistol.

General Zaroff did not appear until luncheon. He was dressed faultlessly in the tweeds of a country squire. He was solicitous about the state of Rainsford's health.

"As for me," sighed the general, "I do not feel so well. I am worried, Mr. Rainsford. Last night I detected traces of my old complaint."

To Rainsford's questioning glance the general said: "Ennui. Boredom."

Then, taking a second helping of crêpes suzette, the general explained: "The hunting was not good last night. The fellow lost his head. Just made a straight trail that offered no problems at all. That's the trouble with these sailors; they have dull brains to begin with, and they do not know how to get about in the woods. They do excessively stupid and obvious things. It's most annoying. Will you have another glass of Chablis, Mr. Rainsford?"

"General," said Rainsford firmly, "I wish to leave this island at once."

The general raised his thickets of eye-brows; he seemed hurt. "But, my dear fellow," the general protested, "you've only just come. You've had no hunting —"

"I wish to go today," said Rainsford. He saw the dead black eyes of the general on him, studying him. General Zaroff's face suddenly brightened.

He filled Rainsford's glass with venerable Chablis from a dusty bottle.

"Tonight," said the general, "We will hunt — you and I."

Rainsford shook his head.

"No, general," he said. "I will not hunt."

The general shrugged his shoulders and delicately ate a hothouse grape. "As you wish, my friend," he said. "The choice rests entirely with you. But may I not venture to suggest that you will find my idea of sport more diverting than Ivan's?"

He nodded toward the corner to where the giant stood, scowling, his thick arms crossed on his hogshead of chest.

"You don't mean —" cried Rainsford.

"My dear fellow," said the general, "have I not told you I always mean what I say about hunting? This is really an inspiration. I drink to a foeman worthy of my steel — at last."

The general raised his glass, but Rainsford sat staring at him.

"You'll find this game worth playing," the general said enthusiastically. "Your brain against mine. Your woodcraft against mine. Your strength and stamina against mine. Outdoor chess! And the stake is not without value, eh?"

"And if I win —" began Rainsford huskily.

"I'll cheerfully acknowledge myself defeated if I do not find you by midnight of the third day," said General Zaroff. "My sloop will place you on the mainland near a town."

The general read what Rainsford was thinking.

Oh, you can trust me," said the Cossack. "I will give you my word as a gentleman and sportsman. Of course you, in turn, must agree to say nothing of your visit here."

"I'll agree to nothing of the kind," said Rainsford.

"Oh," said the general, "in that case — But why discuss that now? Three days hence we can discuss it over a bottle of Veuve Cliquot, unless —"

The general sipped his wine. Then a businesslike air animated him. "Ivan," he said to Rainsford, "will supply you with hunting clothes, food, a knife. I suggest you wear moccasins; they leave a poorer trail. I suggest too that you avoid the big swamp in the southeast corner of the island. We call it Death Swamp. There's quicksand there. One foolish fellow tried it. The deplorable part of it was that Lazarus followed him. You can imagine my feelings, Mr. Rainsford. I loved Lazarus; he was the finest hound in my pack. Well, I must beg you to excuse me now. I always take a siesta after lunch. You'll hardly have time for a nap, I fear. You'll want to start, no doubt. I shall not follow till dusk. Hunting at night is so much more exciting than by day, don't you think? Au revoir, Mr. Rainsford, au revoir."

General Zaroff, with a deep, courtly bow, strolled from the room. From another door came Ivan. Under one arm he carried khaki hunting clothes, a haversack of food, a leather sheath containing a long-bladed hunting knife; his right hand rested on a cocked revolver thrust in the crimson sash about his waist ....

Rainsford had fought his way through the bush for two hours. "I must keep my nerve. I must keep my nerve," he said through tight teeth.

He had not been entirely clearheaded when the chateau gates snapped shut behind him. His whole idea at first was to put distance between himself and General Zaroff, and, to this end, he had plunged along, spurred on by the sharp rowels of something very like panic. Now he had got a grip on himself, had stopped, and was taking stock of himself and the situation.

He saw that straight flight was futile; inevitably it would bring him face to face with the sea. He was in a picture with a frame of water, and his operations, clearly, must take place within that frame.

"I'll give him a trail to follow," muttered Rainsford, and he struck off from the rude path

he had been following into the trackless wilderness. He executed a series of intricate loops; he doubled on his trail again and again, recalling all the lore of the fox hunt, and all the dodges of the fox. Night found him leg-weary, with hands and face lashed by the branches, on a thickly wooded ridge. He knew it would be insane to blunder on through the dark, even if he had the strength, His need for rest was imperative and he thought: "I have played the fox, now I must play the cat of the fable," A big tree with a thick trunk and outspread branches was near by, and taking care to leave not the slightest mark, he climbed up into the crotch, and stretching out on one of the broad limbs, after a fashion, rested. Rest brought him new confidence and almost a feeling of security. Even so zealous a hunter as General Zaroff could not trace him there, he told himself; only the devil himself could follow that complicated trail through the jungle after dark. But, perhaps, the general was a devil.

An apprehensive night crawled slowly by like a wounded snake, and sleep did not visit Rainsford, although the silence of a dead world was on the jungle. Toward morning when a dingy gray was varnishing the sky, the cry of some startled bird focused Rainsford's attention in that direction. Something was coming through the bush, coming slowly, carefully, coming by the same winding way Rainsford had come. He flattened himself down on the limb, and through a screen of leaves almost as thick as tapestry, he watched. The thing that was approaching was a man.

It was General Zaroff. He made his way along with his eyes fixed in utmost concentration on the ground before him. He paused, almost beneath the tree, dropped to his knees, and studied the ground, Rainsford's impulse was to hurl himself down like a panther, but he saw that the general's right hand held something metallic — a small automatic pistol.

The hunter shook his head several times, as if he were puzzled. Then he straightened up and took from his case one of his black cigarettes; its pungent incenselike smoke floated up to Rainsford's nostrils.

Rainsford held his breath. The general's eyes had left the ground and were travelling inch by inch up the tree. Rainsford froze there, every muscle tensed for a spring. But the sharp eyes of the hunter stopped before they reached the limb where Rainsford lay; a smile spread over his brown face. Very deliberately he blew a smoke ring into the air; then he turned his back on the tree and walked carelessly away, back along the trail he had come. The swish of the underbrush against his hunting boots grew fainter and fainter.

The pent-up air burst hotly from Rainsford's lungs. His first thought made him feel sick and numb. The general could follow a trail through the woods at night; he could follow an extremely difficult trail; he must have uncanny powers; only by the merest chance had the Cossack failed to see his quarry.

Rainsford's second thought was even more terrible. It sent a shudder of cold horror through his whole being. Why had the general smiled? Why had he turned back?

Rainsford did not want to believe what his reason told him was true, but the truth was as evident as the sun that had by now pushed through the morning mists. The general was playing with him! The general was saving him for another day's sport! The Cossack was the cat; he was the mouse. Then it was that Rainsford knew the full meaning of terror.

"I will not lose my nerve. I will not."

He slid down from the tree, and struck off again into the woods. His face was set and he forced the machinery of his mind to function. Three hundred yards from his hiding place he stopped where a huge dead tree leaned precariously on a smaller, living one. Throwing off his sack of food, Rainsford took his knife from its sheath and began to work with all his energy.

The job was finished at last, and he threw himself down behind a fallen log a hundred feet away. He did not have to wait long. The cat was coming again to play with the mouse.

Following the trail with the sureness of a bloodhound, came General Zaroff. Nothing escaped those searching black eyes, no crushed blade of grass, no bent twig, no mark, no matter how faint, in the moss. So intent was the Cossack on his stalking that he was upon the thing Rainsford had made before he saw it. His foot touched the protruding bough that was the trigger. Even as he touched it, the general sensed his danger and leaped back with the agility of an ape. But he was not quite quick enough; the dead tree, delicately adjusted to rest on the cut living one, crashed down and struck the general a glancing blow on the shoulder as it fell; but for his alertness, he must have been smashed beneath it. He staggered, but he did not fall; nor did he drop his revolver. He stood there, rubbing his injured shoulder, and Rainsford, with fear again gripping his heart, heard the general's mocking laugh ring through the jungle.

"Rainsford," called the general, "if you are within sound of my voice, as I suppose you are, let me congratulate you. Not many men know how to make a Malay man-catcher. Luckily, for me, I too have hunted in Malacca. You are proving interesting, Mr. Rainsford, I am going now to have my wound dressed; it's only a slight one. But I shall be back. I shall be back."

When the general, nursing his bruised shoulder, had gone, Rainsford took up his flight again. It was flight now, a desperate, hopeless flight, that carried him on for some hours. Dusk came, then; darkness, and still he pressed on. The ground grew softer under his moccasins; the

vegetation grew ranker, denser; insects bit him savagely. Then, as he stepped forward, his foot sank into the ooze. He tried to wrench it back, but the muck sucked viciously at his foot as if it were a giant leech, with a violent effort, he tore his foot loose. He knew where he was now. Death Swamp and its quicksand.

His hands were tight closed as if his nerve were something tangible that someone in the darkness was trying to tear from his grip. The softness of the earth had given him an idea, He stepped back from the quicksand a dozen feet or so and, like some huge prehistoric beaver, he began to dig.

Rainsford had dug himself in in France when a second's delay meant death. That had been a placid pastime compared to his digging now. The pit grew deeper; when it was above his shoulders, he climbed out and from some hard saplings cut stakes and sharpened them to a fine point. These stakes he planted in the bottom of the pit with the points sticking up. With flying fingers he wove a rough carpet of weeds and branches and with it he covered the mouth of the pit. Then, wet with sweat and aching with tiredness, he crouched behind the stump of a lightning-charred tree.

He knew his pursuer was coming; he heard the padding sound of feet on the soft earth, and the night breeze brought him the perfume of the general's cigarette. It seemed to Rainsford that the general was coming with unusual swiftness; he was not feeling his way along, foot by foot. Rainsford, crouching there, could not see the general, nor could he see the pit. He lived a year in a minute. Then he felt an impulse to cry aloud with joy, for he heard the sharp crackle of the breaking branches as the cover of the pit gave way; he heard the sharp scream of pain as the pointed stakes found their mark. He leaped up from his place of concealment. Then he cowered back. Three feet from the pit a man was standing, with an electric torch in his hand.

"You've done well, Rainsford," the voice of the general called. "Your Burmese tiger pit has claimed one of my best dogs. Again you score. I think, Mr. Rainsford, I'll see what you can do against my whole pack. I'm going home for rest now. Thank you for a most amusing evening."

At daybreak Rainsford, lying near the swamp, was awakened by a sound that made him know that he had new things to learn about fear. It was a distant sound, faint and wavering, but he knew it, It was the baying of a pack of hounds.

Rainsford knew he could do one of two things. He could stay where he was and wait. That was suicide. He could flee. That was postponing the inevitable. For a moment he stood there, thinking. An idea that held a wild chance came to him, and, tightening his belt, he headed away from the swamp. The baying of the hounds drew nearer, then still nearer, nearer, ever



nearer, On a ridge Rainsford climbed a tree, Down a watercourse, not a quarter of a mile away, he could see the bush moving. Straining his eyes, he saw the lean figure of General Zaroff; just ahead of him Rainsford made out another figure whose wide shoulders surged through the tall jungle weeds; it was the giant Ivan, and he seemed pulled forward by some unseen force; Rainsford knew that Ivan must be holding the pack in leash.

They would be on him any minute now. His mind worked frantically. He thought of a native trick he had learned in Uganda. He slid down the tree. He caught hold of a springy young sapling and to it he fastened his hunting knife, with the blade pointing down the trail; with a bit of wild grapevine he tied back the sapling. Then he ran for his life. The hounds raised their voices as they hit the fresh scent. Rainsford knew now how an animal at bay feels.

He had to stop to get his breath. The baying of the hounds stopped abruptly, and Rainsford's heart stopped too. They must have reached the knife.

He shinned excitedly up a tree and looked back, His pursuers had stopped. But the hope that was in Rainsford's brain when he climbed died, for he saw in the shallow valley that General Zaroff was still on his feet. But Ivan was not. The knife, driven by the recoil of the springing tree, had not wholly failed.

Rainsford had hardly tumbled to the ground when the pack took up the cry again.

"Nerve, nerve, nerve!" he panted, as he dashed along. A blue gap showed between the trees dead ahead. Ever nearer drew the hounds. Rainsford forced himself on toward that gap. He reached it. It was the shore of the sea. Across a cove he could see the gloomy gray stone of the chateau. Twenty feet below him the sea rumbled and hissed. Rainsford hesitated. He heard the hounds. Then he leaped far out into the sea ....

When the general and his pack reached the place by the sea, the Cossack stopped. For some minutes he stood regarding the blue-green expanse of water. He shrugged his shoulders. Then he sat down, took a drink of brandy from a silver flask, lit a perfumed cigarette, and hummed a bit from "Madame Butterfly."

General Zaroff had an exceedingly good dinner in his great panelled dining hall that evening. With it he had a bottle of Pol Roger and half a bottle of Chamberlin. Two slight annoyances kept him from perfect enjoyment. One was the thought that it would be difficult to replace Ivan; the other was that his quarry had escaped him; of course the American hadn't played the game — so thought the general as he tasted his after-dinner liqueur, In his library he read, to

soothe himself, from the works of Marcus Aurelius. At ten he went up to his bedroom. He was deliciously tired, he said to himself, as he locked himself in. There was a little moonlight, so before turning on his light, he went to the window and looked down at the courtyard. He could see the great hounds, and he called: "Better luck another time," to them. Then he switched on the light.

A man, who had been hiding in the curtains of the bed, was standing there.

"Rainsford!" screamed the general. "How did you get here?"

"Swam," said Rainsford. "I found it quicker than walking through the jungle."

The general sucked in his breath and smiled. "I congratulate you," he said. "You have won the game."

Rainsford did not smile. "I am still a beast at bay," he said, in a low, hoarse voice. "Get ready, General Zaroff."

The general made one of his deepest bows. "I see," he said, "Splendid! One of us is to furnish a repast for the hounds. The other will sleep in this very excellent bed. On guard, Rainsford." ...

He had never slept in a better bed, Rainsford decided.

## Mr. Nobody

I know a funny little man,  
As quiet as a mouse,  
Who does the mischief that is done  
In everybody's house!  
There's no one ever sees his face,  
And yet we all agree  
That every plate we break was cracked  
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears our books,  
Who leaves the door ajar;  
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,  
And scatters pins afar;  
That squeaking door will always squeak,  
For, prithee, don't you see,  
We leave the oiling to be done  
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire,  
That kettles cannot boil;  
His are the feet that bring in mud,  
And all the carpets soil.  
The papers always are mislaid,  
Who had them last but he?  
There's no one tosses them about  
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger-marks upon the door  
By none of us are made;  
We never leave the blinds unclosed,  
To let the curtains fade.  
The ink we never spill, the boots  
That lying round you see  
Are not our boots; they all belong  
To Mr. Nobody.

## Mr. Owl's Halloween Joke

The home I chose this halloween  
Is in a lofty pine —  
A singing pine that's always green  
And high and wide and fine.

A little boy who lives nearby  
Named Whitman, nicknamed Whit,  
Was wandering near this Halloween  
So I joked with him a bit.

As he walked fearfully along  
I whistled loud, "Hoo-hoo!"  
He said, "Must be a ghost around!  
But who's it calling to?"

I never moved a wing or eye,  
Nor budged a single bit.  
And mournfully I answered him,  
"To Whit! To Whit! To Whit!"

"I haven't done a thing," he said,  
"This Halloween. That's true.  
Whom are you calling, ghost?"  
I shrilled, "To Whit! To Whit! To you—oo!"

## **Mrs. Mike**

THE WORST WINTER in 50 years, the old Scotsman had told me. I'd only been around for 16, but I was willing to take his word for the other 34. The train windows were plastered with snow, and outside great clouds of snow were being whipped along by a 60-mile gale.

"You'll be telling your children you were in the blizzard of 1907," the old man chuckled. "I was speaking to the conductor a while back. It's 40 below and dropping."

We'd left Montreal 18 days before, 18 days spent mostly in pulling the engine out of drifts. I was being sent to Uncle John in Calgary, Alberta, because of my pleurisy. Not so long before Alberta had been part of the great Northwest Territories, and my mother had had her doubts about letting me leave Boston to go into such a wilderness. However, the doctors said the cold dry climate would be good for my lungs. We looked it up on a map and Alberta seemed awfully empty. A couple of thin blue rivers, a couple of crooked lakes, and the map maker was through. My mother found the circle that was Calgary and said: "You'll bear in mind, Katherine Mary O'Fallon, that's as far north as I want you to go. Don't be letting your uncle take you up into this." She waved in the general direction of the North Pole.

We drew into Calgary at last. I put on the red plaid dress I'd been saving for the occasion and the big blue hair ribbon by which Uncle John was to recognize me. A few minutes later I was standing on the platform, and a tall dark lean gentleman with eyes just like my mother's was smiling and saying, "Katherine Mary?"

I put my arms around him and kissed him. "I hope you're my Uncle John," I said.

"Yes, I'm your Uncle John." Then he looked at me hard. "Just like your mother," he said.

Uncle John had a big coon coat for me. I put it on right over my other coat, and climbed into the cutter. My uncle threw a buffalo robe over my knees, picked up the reins, and we were off. It was. Like flying. We startled up the snow on every side, and the wind blew a challenge.

It took us two days to get to Uncle's ranch. We were almost there when I noticed a difference in the air. It seemed warmer, and the sky flushed a deep rose. The glow spread over everything. "Uncle John," I said, "my face feels warm."

Uncle smiled. "It's going to chinook," he said.

"What's that?"

"You'll see soon enough, Kathy." That night at Uncle John's ranch I went to bed with a four-point Hudson's Bay blanket but by morning I had thrown it off. All day it blew hot and warm and the red glow deepened in the sky.

"Uncle," I asked, "what's happened? Overnight it's spring."

"It's a current of air from the west, warmed by the Japanese Current. When it reaches the prairie, the thaw sets in."

In 24 hours the snow was gone. The bare earth appeared with little grass blades pricking at it. What I had thought was field melted, and we saw the ice in the Red Deer River break and disappear. The larger chunks were carried past like white rafts. Everywhere, from all things, there fell a constant drip: from branches, from roots, from boulders, from eaves.

The river rose rapidly. In some places water ran over the prairie. There were thousands of cattle grazing along the riverbanks and Uncle John and the ranch hands were gone all one day driving them to safety. When they came trooping back that night, they were tired and silent. I put some coffee on the stove. It was hot and black, and the men relaxed.

"How many you reckon we lost?" "Hundred head, maybe." "MacDonald's lost more," Uncle John said.

"What happened?"

Uncle John gulped down more coffee. "Stock drowned. Ice jammed. Blocked the river. Flooded the prairie. We were working in three feet of water, and it was rising all the time."

I felt sick. I closed my eyes, trying to shut out the picture of thousands of beasts helpless in the flood. Only that morning I'd seen them in the arroyos, red and white patches of them going on for miles.

"Happens every year, miss," one of the men said. "Most times we get 'em out. Sometimes we don't. It's the chinook does it."

So this was the North....

I was in the kitchen making berry pies out of some dried currants I'd found there when there came an awful knock at the door and in strode a tall young man in a bright red jacket. He carried a man on his back.

"Holy St. Patrick!" I cried. "Is he dead?"

The young man laughed and dumped his burden down on the couch. "Smell him," he said.

I did. The odor reminded me of John L. Sullivan, the fighter, who used to board at our house in Boston. "Who is it?" I asked.

"Johnny Flaherty - your uncle's cook. He needs some black coffee. You'd better be putting it on."

I whirled around. I was five feet, four and one half inches, but I had to look up, way up. "I thank you kindly for bringing him back, and I'll thank you to be on your way again, for I'm taking no orders from an English soldier."

"An English soldier, am I? And what gave you that idea?" He frowned down at me, and he was very good-looking.

"With that red coat, you're either off to a fox hunt or you're a British peeler."

"You little chit -look at the size of you and you insulting the uniform!"

That made me mad. He could have noticed my naturally curly hair or my eyes, instead of my size.

"Well, if you're not an Englishman, who are you?"

"I'm Sergeant Mike Flannigan, of the Northwest Mounted."



I never could really have thought he was an Englishman, not with the lilt he had to his speech.

Johnny Flaherty moaned from the couch.

"Miss O'Fallon," the Sergeant said patiently, "will you get the poor man some coffee?"

The big Mounty had no more than just succeeded in getting Johnny Flaherty to bed when Uncle John came in. He greeted Mike cordially, then his mouth clamped into a line. "Johnny home?" he asked.

Mike nodded.

Uncle John walked into the next room. Presently we could hear them in there going at it. Uncle John would start quiet and end shouting profanity and then Johnny would shout too. I was embarrassed that Sergeant Mike was there to hear such language but every time there was an extra loud oath, he'd throw back his head and laugh. I got so mad at him that I put two sets of spoons on the table and no forks. He noticed and laughed harder.

I stopped squarely in front of him. "What do you find so amusing, Sergeant?"

"A young lady like yourself in Alberta Territory."

My uncle came back presently, and the three of us sat down to dinner. For dessert I served one of the currant pies I'd made. Uncle John took one bite and a strange look came into his eyes. He laid the fork down and pushed back his chair. So did Mike.

"Well, John," said Mike, "when you teach Kathy how to shoot you won't be needing any ammunition." He grinned at me.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, you can use the currants in those pies you baked."

I took a big bite of pie myself. It was as if I had pebbles in my mouth. I made a fake gulp

and tried to hold my mouth naturally as if I had swallowed them.

Mike said good-bye. I didn't answer because I couldn't. He took my hand and leaned toward me till my hair brushed his cheek.

"Spit 'em out," he said softly, "and next time, cook 'em."

THE ONLY OTHER white girl nearby was Mildred MacDonald from the next ranch. She had been in Calgary when I arrived, but as soon as she got back we became friends: She had just been engaged to a young lawyer in Calgary.

"How do you have to feel about someone, to marry him?" I asked her one day when we were out riding together. "I mean, do you think about him all the time and try to remember how he looks and what he's said?..."

Mildred was looking at me in a strange way.

"Are you in love, Katherine Mary?" she asked.

"Of course not. Why, I don't even know what it feels like."

"Well, you gave a pretty good description of it."

"I just thought you'd have to feel something like that if you were going to marry someone." I quit talking and watched the horses munch grass.

"Mike Flannigan and I had a long talk about you in Calgary," Mildred said presently.

"Oh!" I tried to seem casual. "What does he do in Calgary?" "He's on some sort of detail work. Anyway, he said I was going to have a girl friend, a very pretty one, at that."

"Oh, he didn't! He thinks I'm skinny."

"I'm just telling you what he said." "Well, he called me a little chit. As a matter of fact . . ." I pulled two wide grass blades, placed them together and tried to whistle through them, but it

didn't work. "I was just going to say I don't think much of Mike Flannigan."

"Why not?"

I considered. "Well, for one thing, he's too cocky."

"And he's a big brute of a man, too."

"Oh, I like a man to be big." Then I saw she was teasing me. "Mildred," I said, "don't you ever tell him I said that."

She smiled. "I won't, Kathy. Why, I'd bite my tongue off before I'd repeat a thing like that to any man. They're conceited enough as it is." And she squeezed my hand.

ONE DAY when Mike came out to the ranch he stood in the doorway smiling and holding out a present. I opened the package and lifted out a pair of heavy mackinaw pants. "But they're men's," I protested.

"Put them on. I'm not taking you hiking in that." And he pointed scornfully at my blue polka-dot dress.

We tramped along a stream, past the foothills and up into the mountainous country. I liked the way Mike walked. I liked the freedom in his body. I kept up with him too because he had just said that he hated to walk with women who minced along. Mike led the way along the path. Up ahead he stopped and held a brier that would have snapped back and struck me in the face.

"You walk like a boy," he said and I knew that was meant as a compliment.

We came to a stream bed in a forest of silver trees. I noticed one or two and finally a dozen trees that had been felled in the oddest manner. The stumps were not sliced straight across as a saw would leave them, but were whittled into a conical shape, the tip ending in a sharp point.

"Beavers," Mike whispered. "Their dam's just ahead."

We crept forward a few feet more. Mike pulled me down beside him on a rock ledge, and I stared at the blockade of wood, stones, twigs and mud that dammed the stream and turned it into a

large pool.

We were silent a long time, waiting and watching. At last a beaver bobbed up to the surface of the pool. He swam across, using his tail as a rudder. He scampered up on shore, walking on his hind legs. He was carrying stones and pebbles in his paws.

"He looks like a little man," I whispered.

"That's what the Indians call them, 'the little people.'" Suddenly Mike jumped up. He was looking upstream, and his face was angry. Not far away I saw what looked like a fishing pole set low over the water. It had a clamp on the end of it. A beaver had swum into it. The trap had sprung, swinging the pole high into the air. And there the beaver hung by its forepaws, whimpering. A large hawk swooped low, and I cried out. Mike wheeled around.

"Get pack!" I saw then what he did not want me to see. The eyes of the beaver had been torn out of their sockets. Mike broke the pole and laid the animal on the ground. Then he carried me into the edge of the wood where I couldn't see. A moment later I heard a shot, and Mike came back.

He bent over and touched my hand very lightly.

"The hawk did it, and the beaver was still alive!" I sobbed.

"Kathy, don't think about it," Mike said. "It isn't like this, as a rule. Almost all the fellows set traps under water, that either kill the beaver or let it get away without mangling it. These spring poles are nasty contrivances, and not many use them."

He took both my hands in his and I forced a smile. My face was streaked with tears, but he reached down and kissed it.

FOR n WEEK I had been after Uncle John to get his permission to go to the square dance at the O'Malleys' barn with Mike. And all I could get out of him was, "I'm thinking it over."

When Mike came to pick me up, Uncle John was still thinking it over. He said he'd let me know his decision when we came back.

We laughed together as we saddled our horses.

"Your Uncle John," said Mike, "never says anything straight on. Always hits it sideways."

It was quarter to one when we got back. Not once during the whole evening had Mike made a move to try to kiss me, and we rode home mostly in silence.

Uncle John was sitting up. "Mike," he said, "this is going too far."

"I know it is, John," Mike agreed, "and I want to talk to you about it right now." He looked down at me.

"You stay where you are." I stood listening, expecting to hear Uncle John bawl Mike out. But it was Mike who was doing the talking. He was asking Uncle John if he could marry me.

In an instant I had my arms around his neck.

"Mike, do you?-do you? -" "Yes," he said, and put my hands down. He turned to Uncle John. "Well, John?"

"I can't give my consent, Mike. You'll be going back to your wild North, and you can't take a delicate girl like Katherine Mary into a country like that."

Mike looked from me to my uncle. "There's two ways of thinking, when it comes to that. To my mind, the country would harden her, make a strong woman of her."

There was a silence.

Finally Uncle said, "There's no man I'd rather give her to than you, Mike Flannigan, and you know it well. But she was put in my charge by her mother. And her mother would not approve. She's only 16 and she is not well. I'm thinking she should go back to Boston."

"Have I nothing to say about this?" I asked the two of them. Mike looked at me reproachfully. "Your uncle's too good a friend for me to be talking a matter like this behind his back."

"And what am I? I hope at least that you think as much of me as of my uncle."

"Kathy, of course I do."

"Well, then. If you love me, you tell me right here and now. And if you want me to marry you, you ask me, and then maybe I will and maybe I won't."

Mike came over to me. He spoke low so my uncle couldn't hear. "I love you, Kathy. I always have, and I think you've always known it. I'll make you happy, girl. I'll give my life to it. I want you for my wife."

"I'm going to marry him," I said to my uncle. But my uncle was no longer there.

"We are to be married here at the ranch next Sunday," I wrote to my mother. I knew she wouldn't have the money to come on for the wedding-and Mike already had his orders to return to his station at Hudson's Hope, 700 miles by dog sled from the end of the railroad at Edmonton. The trip would take two or three months. I was worried about those 700 miles to Hudson's Hope, but I pushed the fear down inside of me.

"I'm awfully happy," I wrote.

I was. Awfully happy and awfully in love.

We set OUT from Edmonton as part of a dogsled caravan of traders, trappers and Hudson's Bay Company men. From the first day it was cold, sometimes 50 below zero. No amount of covers could keep me warm sitting on the sled and I'd have to get off and run until I was warm.

As we neared Athabaska, the weather changed. There was a tension in the air, and heavy clouds piled in the east. The sun was already low when a circle of pale silvery, light sprang up around it. A little later, within this giant loop, four smaller shining circles appeared. In each circle a small unreal but gleaming image of the sun shone. Looking up at the five tangent suns gave me a weird and alien feeling. I seemed to be on the plains of a distant planet, gazing into a dream landscape. The silver circles became hazy, the mock suns flashed evilly, the daylight seemed to flicker, and then the vision vanished, and the true sun sank into a mountain of dark clouds. Even the dogs seemed upset. We rushed on at a furious pace until we whirled into Athabaska, and I tumbled off the sled, my face still, my eyes dull with staring.

"Sun dogs, they're called," Mike told me. "I've seen as many as 16 surrounding the sun, like puppies around their mother. It means a blizzard."

It did. We were stuck in Arthabaska two days before we could go on.

I began to hate the cold and snow. After two months of it, I also hated the loneliness and the vast emptiness of this barren and frozen country. One day the going was especially slow and Mike was up ahead with the runner. Another mile, and he dropped back to my sled.

"How goes it, Minx?" he asked, and squeezed my hand.

I laughed and said "Fine." But the smile went out of me, for the cold was cutting at my insides with every breath.

He gave me a sharp look and then began telling me what a good rest we'd have that night at a friend's house in Taylor Flats, but the pain was around me like a winding sheet. I sighed and buried my face into the furs, and then I think I slept.

The motion stopped. I sat up and looked around. We were in a clearing. Ahead of us was a house. Mike picked me up and set me down inside, and the sudden heat almost choked me. I remember being put in an iron bedstead, and Mike feeding me soup and then lying down beside me.

The next morning I was better but I had to rest in bed all day. Toward evening I got up and met the Howards, the rough, hospitable family that had taken us in. There were six of them, including four grown sons.

For dinner Mrs. Howard served beans, dried eggs and dried prunes. During the meal I was startled by a low wailing cry that rose to a shriek. No one seemed to notice it or even look up. Then it came again, a low minor wail that built and built until the final shriek tore through you. The cry was taken up and answered again and again in a maniacal crescendo of sound. It was a wolf pack, crying for food.

I shuddered, and then I could bear it no longer. I followed the curve of the rising inflection, and when it reached its shrill wailing peak, I screamed too. The men looked at me

aghast, but I screamed and screamed. Mike leaped to his feet and took me by the shoulder. "Katherine Mary, stop it!" He spoke with a sternness I'd never heard before, and I did stop. But I began first to laugh and then to cry, hysterically.

And then suddenly I knew what it was all about. It hadn't been the wolves. Their cry had loneliness in it, and that was why I had to scream and cry with them. I was lonely, too, because I missed my mother. My family, my sisters - and even my mother's canary-were in my thoughts, but under my feet these two months had been only the trackless white of this dead and frozen land, empty with loneliness.

Later, when Mike and I were alone, I put my arms around his neck. "I'm happy, Mike," I whispered into his jacket. "Really, I love you and I'm happy. I don't know why I act like this."

But Mike's face was full of misery and an unhappy determination. He pushed my head against his shoulder and stroked it.

"I'm taking you back in the morning, Kathy," he said at last.

That night Mike and I lay awake with our own thoughts. And in the morning he took me on, not back. It was then that I really became his wife, for I knew that this white land and its loneliness were a part of Mike. It was a part I feared, that I didn't know or understand. But I told myself, "If you love Mike, you'll love the things that go with him."

The country, as we approached Hudson's Hope, became more beautiful. We traveled up the frozen riverbed, and hills large and small rolled away on either side. Finally we left the river and traveled to higher ground.

"When we reach the top you'll see the flag," said Mike.

There was a flag in front of every Hudson's Bay Company in the Northwest. It meant hot food, rest, fresh supplies, conversation, people; a little oasis of humanity and comfort in the white void. Only this time it would mean more; it would mean home. When the flag came into view, I took Mike's hand without saying a word. There on a plateau was the company store and around it a group of trappers' cabins that hid themselves among the drooping, snow-laden trees. Below, the hills rolled away, carrying white armies of poplar and pines on their backs. To the north the Peace River ran the gauntlet of dark bluffs. It was beautiful.



We stopped at the store, and the storekeeper, a big brawny giant of a man, pounded Mike affectionately and asked him in. "Son of a gun, son of a gun," he kept saying, and he called roughly to his Indian wife, who then shyly prepared and served us a hot meal.

After we had eaten, Mike took me to our house which stood in a forest of pine beyond the store.

"Kathy, I hope you won't be disappointed in it. It's just a house, you know; government-built"

"I'll love it, Mike:" And I did. There was a large front room and two bedrooms. There was a combination stove and heater, the kind they all had in this country. Over the bed was a buffalo skin. The chinks in the wall were stuffed with moss, and through a side window I could see the cabin which served as Mike's office and the Hudson's Hope court and hospital.

"Mike, do people really come to you when they're sick?" I asked. Mike said slowly, "We're 700 miles from civilization or a doctor." "But do you know anything about it?"

"Not much. I bought some books in Calgary."

I looked at this man that I had married. There was more here than a red coat. Evidently he was a big man up here.

I ran around and looked at things and planned the cleaning I would give everything, and how I would have more room by moving the table against the wall, and that I'd make new curtains.

"Like it?" Mike asked, reaching out a sudden hand to me. But how could I answer, with him kissing me so hard?

The rest of the day was spent in cleaning, scrubbing and scouring. Top and bottom, we went over that house and we went to bed very tired and happy. We were too excited to sleep, and lay there whispering our plans for the future.

ONE DAY I was in the house making sandwiches to take to Mike at the office when my door opened and there stood a brave in full Indian dress. He nodded solemnly at me, then stalked

to the best chair in the house and sat down. Behind him followed aunts, sisters, uncles and cousins. Each gave me a nod or a grunt and then they sat in my chairs. When the last chair was occupied, they began seating themselves ceremoniously on the floor.

"Holy St. Patrick!" I said aloud. But I couldn't just stand there with my mouth open. I had to do something. I was Sergeant Flannigan's wife. I had a position to keep up in the community. I thought of a speech, saying I was not settled yet but that we'd all have a nice party soon. But, looking into the rows of swarthy, stolid faces, I was convinced that the only thing they'd understand was food. I began cutting the sandwiches I had made for Mike into enough pieces to go around, and put on tea.

It was the strangest and silentest tea party ever given. When they had eaten all the sandwiches and had all the tea they could drink, the gentleman who had led the procession rose, grunted at me three times; then they all left. I had to keep looking at the crumbs, and the spot in the corner where one old crone had kept spitting, to assure myself that I hadn't been dreaming.

Including the Indians on the reserve, the population of Hudson's Hope came to about 135 people, but when we arrived, most of the men were away trapping. One day a group of sleds suddenly appeared over the hill.

"Mike, Mike, look!"

We watched the men and teams surging over the plains below us. More and more sleds spread out over the valley until there must have been 50 men racing each other over the waste. The sleds were piled with dark furs.

From the other direction came the women, running to greet them. A tingling thrill of anticipation was in me. These women had not seen their men for seven months. But as the two groups neared each other, the women stopped running. Here and there a man ran forward and caught a woman to him. But when that happened, the man was always white, and the woman always young.

For the most part a woman would walk to the man's side and he, many times without a word to her, would throw heavy pelts from the sled into her arms. I watched, horrified, as one Indian unhitched one of his dogs and harnessed his wife to the team. Presently, the woman strained with the beasts, and the sled moved slowly after the others.

"Mike!"

"His dog's gone lame," Mike said. I couldn't answer him.

"Indian women are toughened to it, Kathy. That's all they've known for a thousand years. Why, it's only recently the braves have even turned professional trappers. When the Hudson's Bay Company first came into this territory, it was the squaws they had to hire to bring the furs those 700 miles into Edmonton. They often carried 150 pounds of goods on their backs, over 14-mile portages without a rest. At least the men do that now."

When winter ended I looked forward to getting out of my heavy mackinaw pants and into skirts once more. But I was never to wear skirts in this country; for spring and summer, and all during the mosquito months, I wore overalls as a protection against those vicious swarms of insects. I hadn't realized what mosquitoes could be. I hadn't realized that every act of ours would be governed by them. Mike tacked a fine cheesecloth over every window. The mesh of ordinary screening was not small enough for those tiny, whining pests. The dogs were made miserable. We had to keep smudge pots going, and all day long the dogs huddled about them. Even wild animals were sometimes driven mad by the swarming, biting hordes. The nights were cold, and it was then we had our only relief from mosquitoes.

Mike had given me gloves to wear when I worked in the garden. I decided privately not to be bothered with them but after ten minutes out of doors, my hands were red and swollen twice their size, and thereafter I never went out without them. Another necessary piece of equipment was a big hat with a cheesecloth veil.

At my suggestion, Mike spent a good deal of time instructing the Indians in the use of cheesecloth, explaining patiently that they would have less sickness if they fastened this thin stuff over their windows and across the entrances of their tepees.

"This will make a big difference in the lives of those Indians, won't it?" I said.

"It should," Mike said.

It struck me this wasn't a very enthusiastic reply.

The next week I called on Oo-meme, the wife of the Indian chief. She greeted me with smiling eyes, but no cheesecloth was in evidence. In the corner of the room a baby lay in a nest of

rags. It waved its chubby legs, driving a flock of mosquitoes and flies into the air. On one leg was an open cut, angry and red. When the leg stopped twitching, the insects settled down on it again, biting into the raw flesh. I pointed to the bare windows. "The netting that Sergeant Mike put up, where is it?"

Oo-me-me smiled and left the room. Presently she returned with half a dozen skirts, mostly velvet and velveteen. Each dress was edged with a thin strip of cheesecloth.

"Up here," Mike said, "there are no signposts or traffic cops. During the day you've got the sun, and at night the stars. From them you'll learn to tell time, direction and, to some extent, the weather."

It was my first astronomy lesson in the clear black night of Hudson's Hope, and the stars crowded in on us, a million times brighter, closer and more real than the stars of Boston. I remembered the verse from my mother's Bible, "And God made the firmament. . . ." This was the first time it had really looked like a firmament.

"The Indians call it the sky curtain," Mike told me.

We lay on our backs on a blanket, gazing up into the sparkling holes in the sky-curtain. I suddenly realized that I was healthy and strong, so healthy and strong that for weeks I had forgotten all about my chest and my cough and my pleurisy.

And so I thought this would be a wonderful time to tell him, now that I was well, and the sky was full of stars, and his ear was close against my lips.

"Mike," I said, "we're going to have a baby."

He jumped a little. "Is it true?" "I've known for some time," I said. "Well, you certainly kept it hidden from me," he said.

I laughed. "That wasn't hard."

"You imp," Mike said joyfully, "you have the cunning of three lions."

I 'D BEEN WORKING in the garden all morning. I was a little tired and didn't want to overdo because of the baby. I leaned the hoe against the house and sat on the steps. A wind had sprung up, lifting the grass in rhythmic waves like the waves of an ocean. The air was heavy and full of haze. The sun seemed half obscured, but it shone with a strange, flaming orange. I took in a deep breath. Smoke. That's what it was. Not haze. There was a fire somewhere. I decided to get Mike.

As I ran toward the office, I heard one of the dogs behind me. But it wasn't a dog. It was a giant cat with a tawny coat. I braced myself to meet it. The animal's tongue lolled out over its teeth, its eyes were glazed. It veered slightly and raced on. I fell against a tree, bewildered. A small striped badger scurried after the lynx, and I caught my breath. Only one thing could make the wild things of the forest take suddenly to the paths of men.

The smoke was thicker now and hot ash and cinders sifted down on the path. Mike was running to meet me. He grabbed me tight against him.

"Get to the river, Kathy. Its widest point is just opposite the store. Stay there till I come for you." His hands tightened on my arms. "A forest fire's never any joke, but don't be frightened, and don't leave the river. It's safer there than anywhere else, and the minute it isn't I'll be there to take you out."

He gave me a push. "Hurry, Kathy!"

I watched his red jacket disappear in the direction of the Indian reserve. "Dear God," I prayed, "don't let anything happen to him."

Women, dragging children, pulling children, holding children, were already crowding the riverbanks. Some had waded into the river and were standing waist-deep. The children cried and whimpered and stared with frightened eyes past the store, where clouds of smoke circled up and bright flashes leaped among the pines. I went down to the bank and walked into the river. The water was cold, and I waded up and down the edge until my ankles were used to it.

"Mrs. Mike!" Someone was calling me. It was Lola, the 'breed wife of one of the trappers. She held a baby in either arm. A third dragged at her skirts, crying, and I took him in my arms.

It was terribly hot. I waded deeper into the river. Lola followed. Through the smoke we could make out the tiny black figures of the men, laboring to stop the lire at the lumbered-over

spot behind the company store, but the fire had entered through the back door and the building broke into flames; fire poured from every chink and opening. The river was the next natural barrier.

The wild things, hesitating at the brink of the river, hesitated no longer. A red fox dived into the water from the cliff above. The wind brought us the smell of his scorched coat. He swam until he was just within his depth, and there he stayed completely submerged, with only the top of his nose showing. There were 20 or 30 dogs around, but they paid no attention to him. Moose, deer, otters, mink - even bears and wolves - appeared in the river.

The smoke had thickened. It stung my eyes so I could no longer make out the faces of those near me. The only sky to be seen was a dense, thick, curling, shifting gray.

Flames shot up along the river like a ragged fringe. I closed my eyes, but I couldn't shut away the brightness. The child screamed terribly. I lowered him until the water was at his chin. Hot ashes were falling and burning me, but my body was numb with cold. As the fire danced on the edges of the river the water mirrored the flames glittering red and orange. The world writhed in searing, burning color.

I tried to guess how long I had been in the river. Was it day or was it night? I did not know. I could not see the sky. I only knew the torturing heat and the smoke.

I covered the baby's nose and mouth and ducked both of us under the Water. The child struggled, but I kept my hold until there was no breath in either of us. We came up, gulping, but the air hurt us. I lost count of the times we came to the surface. The child still struggled, so I knew it lived.

I don't know when I realized the air no longer hurt to swallow. I only knew that for some time I hadn't cooled our faces in the water and the river was silvery now with no brightness in it.

Mike picked us up. With his hunting Knife he cut the clothes from me. ' The next thing I remembered I was dressed again, this time in Indian skirts and a man's shirt. I was lying on the open ground wrapped in a blanket and a smudge was burning at my head. It was clay, the next day, Mike said. The baby and I would be all right. His face was black, with streaks of skin showing where the sweat had run down. The red coat had gone and the shirt under it. He applied a compress to my face and throat. "You were just chilled and tired, and you got second degree burns on that pretty face of yours."

I sat up and threw my arms around him.

"Mike, were many -" I stopped. The drawn look on his face told me. It had taken 15 hours to get the fire under control. He had only 47 men and he needed a hundred to stop the fire at the river. The women and children from cabins east of the shore were cut off before they could get to the river. The man he had sent to warn them never reached them. Almost 40 had died, a third of the village.

"It's not your fault, Mike."

"I don't know," he said slowly. "I should have sent two men. One would have gotten through."

"You couldn't spare them." "No."

I put my hand over his big one.

IT WAS witches' country, black, burnt over. Most of the familiar landmarks, including our own home, had burned completely. Trees stood hollowed, empty of their life, with only stark charcoal wrappers left. It was hot underfoot; the fine ash burned through our shoes.

The graves were dug all day. Thirty-seven wooden crosses we made and whitewashed. We cooked mush in the cabins and tepees that were left. The fire had skipped around like a child playing hopscotch. Without reason it had taken, and it had spared. Mike fell asleep while he ate. I shook him and he finished. Mustagan, the Indian chief, had asked us into his cabin. He shook hands with Mike after the custom of white men. "The Sergeant, him save the people of Mustagan."

That was all, but it was enough.

NOT long AFTER the fire, while we were still engrossed in rebuilding our house on a new site, a letter arrived transferring us from Hudson's Hope to Grouard. We started almost at once, for the fire had left us nothing to pack. Everyone came down to the river to see us off, and although they faced a long hungry winter, one by one, "breed and Indian, each left us a gift of food for the trip.

One day, after we had been weeks on the trail, Mike helped me out of the canoe. The

ground felt unsteady under my feet. "Here we are," he said. We mounted a porch that squeaked and moaned with every step. Mike knocked and the door opened a grudging crack.

"What do you want?" The voice was high-pitched and querulous. "It's Sergeant Flannigan, Mrs. Mathers. I've brought my wife to you."

We had hoped to reach Grouard in time for the baby, but the first warning pains had started after we'd gone to bed the night before. Mike had heard that there was a former trained nurse in Peace River Crossing, a Scottish woman named Mrs. Mathers. We had traveled all night to get here.

The door opened farther, and at first sight I didn't like her. She was a woman of 50, with a lot of flesh, loose and gray. The house looked like her -big, rambling and untidy. It smelled of stale food.

She led me to a bedroom and handed me a flannel nightgown which from the size of it was hers. She watched me as I slipped it on.

"You're not built right," she said. "What do you mean?" I felt frightened.

"You're just not. Too small all over." She brought her face against mine. "I doubt if we'll take that baby out of you alive."

Mike stood in the doorway. "Get out!" he said, and his lips barely moved.

For a moment Mrs. Mathers stood and looked at him as though she hadn't heard right. Then she started for the door. "My own house," she muttered. Mike closed the door after her.

"Of all the fool, ridiculous things to tell a girl!"

He took my hands in his and kissed them. "Listen, Kathy," he said, "I didn't know she'd be like that. I'll get Mrs. Carpentier to come up from Grouard and look after you." He smiled. "Mrs. Carpentier is a good witch. You'll love her, Kathy. She's Cree, married to a 'breed trapper. Been midwife to every woman within a 100-mile radius."

Two nights later my pains began in earnest. Mrs. Carpentier was somewhere on the trail. Mrs. Mathers sulked in the next room, and it was Mike who sat with me. When the pain was



worst, I held onto Mike's hands. Then I'd lie panting, gathering my strength to meet it again.

It was one of these times, when I lay exhausted, gasping for breath, that she came. I didn't notice that the door had opened. She was just standing there, looking down at me. Sarah, I thought, it's Sarah from the Bible. She spoke to me. Her voice was like an undertone of river water, slow, strong and clear. I sighed and closed my eyes.

Something fragrant, slightly pungent, was in front of my nose. It smelled of the woods. I opened my eyes to see. She was holding a glass for me to drink. "Root medicine," she was saying. "Make nice baby come fast. Squaw root for help squaw with baby." Then I lost the words, everything.

Mike was kissing me. "Darling, it's all over. We have a girl."

I smiled at him. I could hear Sarah moving. After a long time I was able to turn my head and watch her as she rubbed oil on the tiny mite of a baby. Sarah was big, big as a man. Six feet tall and strong. There was a grace and dignity in her, and a kindness and a knowing that 60 years had brought. I thought of what Mike had called her, the good witch.

I smiled at her. "You must have had a lot of children."

"Seventeen of' my own. Many others, maybe hundreds, I brought into the world. I never lose mother, and I never lose child, except once ... in this house." She paused. "He was dead baby I take from Mrs. Mathers."

Mike's hand tightened over mine. Sarah left for Grouard two days after the baby, Mary Aroon, was born. On the day she went I showed her the name Sarah in my Bible.

"Mrs. Carpentier," I said, "I want to call you Sarah. May I?"

She ran her finger over the name in the book.

"It is the name between us," she said.

In a week I was strong enough to make the trip. Mike brought a cart and padded it with blankets. I lay in it and bounced the long way to Grouard.

As we neared Grouard two men came riding up the trail to meet us. Constable Cameron had seen the smoke of our last campfire. He pulled in his horse, and saluted.

"Constable Cameron, sir. And this"-pointing to the slim youngster of 13 who rode behind him - "is Timmy Beauclaire, and I think, Mrs. Flannigan, he has a present for you."

"A puppy," the boy said. He pulled it out of his jacket. "Like it?"

"Very much," I said, and before I knew what I was doing, I showed him the baby, bundled in her fur bag. "Like it?"

He nodded, and we both laughed. He handed me the puppy. "I'll call it Juno," I said.

As we drove on, we saw a little white cemetery on a hill bright and sparkling with crosses that were whitewashed and salted against the rains. Cabins began to appear, and presently we came to the Hudson's Bay Company store. Just beyond was a most curious building, a gigantic cage made of saplings stuck in a circle in the ground and bent in on them.

"Our jail, Mrs. Flannigan," Cameron said.

We drove up to a little cabin in a hollow. There were half a dozen people standing in front, waiting for us. There were tall trees bending over the house. And there was a garden of the strangest, most beautiful flowers I had ever seen. This was home.

Sarah was the first to greet me and help me out of the cart. She took the baby from my arms and led me into the house.

"You sit down, rest first," she said. "I have soup ready and tea. Plenty of time meet everybody."

I sank back into a chair, but I wasn't tired, just taking everything in - my new home, my new friends ... and the flowers. I could see them through the window, row upon row of colors, soft and bright. And not one of them could I recognize. I wondered who had planted such lovely flowers.

Sarah was introducing my guests. There was Sarah's husband, shy silent Louis Carpentier, and the MacTavish brothers, James and Allan, and a man they called Old Irish Bill, and Timmy Beauclaire's family, his two sisters, Madeleine and Barbette, who were already busily playing with the baby, and his mother and father, Constance and Georges Beauclaire.

Georges Beauclaire grunted something, shook my hand and left, clearly relieved at the chance to join the men outside. He was a heavy, broad-shouldered man, rough and awkward in his movements, though with a certain good-natured big-bear grumpiness about him. Beside him Constance Beauclaire seemed delicate, shadow like, and almost as young as their daughters. There was a foreign grace about the way she stood and walked, and her soft eyes had a veiled, preoccupied 'air that you find in people who live in the past. When her husband left, she drew up a chair and silently took my hand. The light fell more fully on her face, and I saw the strength and character I had missed. I saw a small, proud mouth, a slender straight nose, rare in the North, and deep, brooding eyes of an unearthly blue. This was no trapper's wife.

"Katherine Mary," she repeated my name softly, and it sounded unusual and elegant in her liquid French speech. "I would have wished to know you ten, 20 years ago. You will never understand, I hope, what it is to be one white woman, the one white woman." She smiled. "You must tell me about Winnipeg and Montreal and Boston. They are not the cities I remember, but they will do."

When the guests had gone, I went to the window and looked at my enchanted garden with its rows of flowers that never grew in a garden before.

"It's been lovely," I whispered to Mike. I turned to the garden. "Who planted it?" I'd forgotten to ask.

Mike seemed uncomfortable. "They say it was Mrs. Marlin. She wasn't here tonight. She's not very - she's not very well." Then abruptly he said, "Look, Kathy, don't get upset about those flowers." He started to explain something but I never heard it. I'd fallen asleep in his arms.

The next morning every single flower lay dead and withered on the ground. "Mike," I sobbed, "look!"

"I know, Kathy." He pulled one of the poor faded things up and it came right up out of the ground. It was just a blossom, cut and stuck in the earth.

"She's not right in the head, this Mrs. Marlin," Mike said unhappily. "She thought it would be a pretty welcome, Kathy," he said. "They're mostly wild flowers. They grow in the woods and swamps. She must have spent all day finding them."

I pressed his hand tightly. Suddenly I knew the enchantment hadn't gone. They had all been so sweet to me, even crazy Mrs. Marlin, who had spent a day in the swamps so that I might have a pretty garden for an hour.

Constance bent over the crib and lifted the baby into the air. Mary Aroon laughed, and Constance laughed back. I had never seen her laugh freely before. She smiled across the room at me: "She is very like my Suzanne."

"Suzanne?" I said. I knew she had another son besides Timmy, and then of course the two girls, Madeleine and Barbette, but I hadn't heard of Suzanne.

"It was a long time ago." She laid little Mary gently in the crib. "My first family."

I didn't understand. "Your first family?"

She looked at me with her great lavender eyes. "Katherine Mary, you are so young."

She told me her story. She had come over from France as a young girl. Her family had been wealthy. She had gone to convent school on the Riviera. Then her father speculated and lost everything. He decided to go to America. On the boat going over, the entire family-father, mother, and five brothers and sisters - died of smallpox, leaving Constance alone and penniless. In America she got a position as a housemaid. Then one day, when she was out walking, someone called her name. It was Georges Beauclaire, who had been her family's groom. She was intensely glad to see him, for it seemed that part of her family had been restored to her. She married him that afternoon, and went with him to Canada to make a fresh start from nothing. That had been 25 years ago.

When she had finished, Constance got up and walked to the window.

"Katherine Mary, women up here speak of their first family, their second family, their third family. Counting the baby I lost our first winter, I've had four families. Nine children. All

but four are out there." I knew she meant the little graveyard we'd passed on the Way ill. "What happened?"

"Measles, scarlet fever, once it was typhoid. The winters are hard up here. There is no doctor, but I raised four. You saw my girls. Paul is married; he lives in Edmonton. And Timmy you know."

She turned from the window. "A nice family. It's enough for any woman. But sometimes I think of the others."

That night Constance asked us to go with her to the Mission for midnight mass. It was peaceful walking in the crisp cool air. Timmy and Ned Cameron went with us.

The Mission was the largest building in the region. It had a stockade surrounding it, and inside were gardens.

"There are 80 children living here now," said Mike. "They raise their own food. They took the prize last year in hard wheat. Bishop Grouard is a fine man, Kathy. Grouard's named for him. This Mission was the first building here."

The service had started, and we slipped in quietly. The benches were split logs. Candles made little pools of light, and shadows wavered on the rough-hewn walls. They were strange shadows, pointed and long - an eagle headdress . . . rounded shadows like a turkey's back, made by the women as they pulled their blankets around them. But the dark faces were lifted, their bodies yearned forward. The Bishop stood like a sturdy old oak. Thick hunters' hoots showed beneath his black cassock. But when he prayed, it was a gentle conversation.

I looked up into the face of the Mother of Sorrows. She was carved in wood. The work was crude. It must have been done with a hunting Knife. But the face was not cold, like expensive marble faces. A great beauty was there that made you forget its awkwardness and the strangeness of its proportions. The purity of the expression haunted me, the sorrow of the eyes, the sweetness of the mouth. I knew it. I had seen it before. . . . I turned toward Constance Beauclaire, and her eyes were resting on Timmy. "Mother of Sorrows," I thought.

MIKE wanted me to take a girl from the Mission to help with the house and the baby. Sister Teresa at the Mission had a number of older girls to suggest. She showed me through the large recreation hall, where 30 or 40 children were playing, and introduced me to the big girls

who were minding the babies. Then she opened a door at the back of the room. Wails and sobs came from the dark interior, and I drew back.

"It's punishment row," she explained.

Three small children were sitting on a bench crying their eyes out, and a big Indian girl of 15 sat beside them looking pensively at the floor.

The big girl looked up at me and smiled. Something about her face appealed to me instantly.

The Sister was looking at her, reproachfully. "Anne," she said, "has acted in a very foolish way. We rarely find it necessary to punish the older children." She turned toward the door.

Suddenly I said, "I'd like to take Anne." I turned to the girl. "Would you like to live with me?"

The girl looked at me earnestly. "Yes," she said, "please."

The Sister cleared her throat. "I think it would be best to discuss the matter with the Mother Superior."

The Mother Superior greeted me gravely. "Mrs. Flannigan," she said, "Anne is intelligent, charming and completely capable. Anne has a fault, however, a serious fault. We have no reason to believe that Anne has been immoral. But she imagines herself in love. We discovered they were even meeting inside the Mission walls."

"You know the boy?"

She nodded. "He's Jonathan Forquet. It's quite impossible. His father was Raoul Forquet, a half-breed who led an uprising against the government." There was a pause. "Jonathan is wild; he was raised in squalor by an Indian mother. When I asked him to leave Anne alone, he answered, 'She be my kloodch.'" The Mother Superior paused. "I wonder if you realize what the word kloodch, as Jonathan used it, implies? Tragedy for our Mission-trained girls. Our girls read and write. Can you turn them into pack animals, to live in tepees, to haul and lift all day for a man who kicks and beats them? You see why Anne cannot marry him."

"Yes," I said, "I see."

I knew I was getting into trouble. But I remembered Anne and the expression on her pretty, pleasant face when she looked up at me and said, "Please."

"My husband, Sergeant Mike, can take care of Jonathan," I said. "And I'll look after Anne."

The Mother Superior rose. "Very well, Mrs. Flannigan. I hope both you and Anne will find happiness in the arrangement."

When I told Mike what the Mother Superior had said, he just laughed and said, "I don't think we'll have any trouble."

But he was wrong.

From the first, everyone took to the girl. Her Indian name, we learned, was Mamanowatum, which means "Oh-Be-Joyful," and that is what we called her.

One day I went outside to shake the rugs. I could hardly believe my eyes. There on our doorstep was a pile of the most beautiful skins I'd ever seen. Beaver, mink, otter and lynx were stacked in a neat, gleaming pile. Oh-Be-Joyful came out, gave a little cry and gathered the skins in her arms, burying her head in the soft pelts. She whispered into the warm fur in her Cree language. "Oh-Be-Joyful," I said sternly, "where did these furs come from?"

She looked at me with such happiness that I was troubled.

"From Jonathan," she said, and when she said it the name was the most beautiful I'd ever heard.

"Who's Jonathan?" I asked, to gain time.

"He called Jonathan Forquet. He is maker of canoes. In the almost summer he make the cut beneath the lowest branch of birch tree and another above the roots. With his knife he make

the line between, and with the flat side of his knife lifts the birch bark and takes it away in one piece, without breaking. This I have seen him do."

"When did you see him making canoes?" I asked. "When you were at the Mission?"

She understood. We looked at each other a long time.

"They did not wish me to be joyful," she said.

"No, they didn't wish you to be a klootch."

Her black eyes studied me. "Mrs. Mike, I am klootch. The word, she mean woman, Indian woman."

"Oh-Be-Joyful," I said almost angrily, "are you happy here?"

"I love you," she said.

"Then you must promise me that while you stay here with us you won't see Jonathan, or I'll have to send you back to the Mission. They will keep you for three years yet. We can take the pelts over to the company store. They'll give them to Jonathan the next time he's in."

"No," she said. Oh-Be-Joyful began to sob. I ran back and put my arms around her.

"Do you really love him so much?"

"Yes. "

I felt confused. I wasn't so sure that the Mother Superior had been right. And I wasn't at all sure that Oh-Be-Joyful was wrong. I'd once heard an Indian refer to me as the Sergeant's klootch. If having a baby and a little home made you a klootch, it wasn't such a bad thing to be.

"What's he like?" I asked her.



She caught my hand and pressed it. "He tall and straight as young fir tree. He walk in the ways of our people. He hunt alone, no brother sit at his campfire. He is silent like the woods, and when he speaks it is with knowing. Yet great fierceness is in his soul. I want much, but never him speak love to me. Now today he lay furs before the door as my father lay furs before the tepee of my mother. Should I send them back to the lonely campfire?"

"Oh, dear," I said. "I wish Mike were here."

I packed up a lunch and took it to his office. There was a great deal of loud talk coming from the office, so I decided to wait outside. I took out a sandwich and started to eat. Through the window I glanced in. A swarthy 'breed with a dirty yellow handkerchief knotted around his head was saying, "He try kill me every night."

"Now wait a minute," Mike said. "Why should Jonathan want to kill you, Cardinal? Were you stealing from his trap lines?"

At the name Jonathan, I choked on my sandwich.

"I tell you, no," Yellow Handkerchief was yelling. "Him make up this lie."

"You're sure it's a lie?" Mike asked.

"You think I steal from trap line?" Yellow Handkerchief roared. "You think I thief? Then good-bye!"

"Now look here, Cardinal, let's not be so touchy. If your life's been threatened, I'm on your side; but I've got to know how matters stand before I can take any steps."

"How they stand?" Yellow Handkerchief was beside himself. "That snake Jonathan Forquet come every night to my house and shoot at me with bow and arrows."

"And how close does he come?" "Too close. Last night arrow she hitting between my fingers."

"He might be just trying to scare you," Mike said.

"He try kill me," Yellow Handkerchief said with conviction. "Him say to me, 'I kill you, Cardinal, you dirty clog, you steal from my traps.' It is a lie, but he shoot anyway."

"All right," Mike said. "I'll bring him in."

"Okay, okay, so long you put him in jail."

"I'm not promising that."

The door opened so suddenly that it almost knocked me off the step. Mike looked at me sternly. "Kathy, what's the idea, sitting out here in this rotten weather?"

"I had to talk to you about Jonathan. Is he really a killer?"

Mike laughed.

"Listen, it's no laughing matter. Jonathan dumped a whole bunch of skins on our porch."

Mike looked concerned. "He wants to take her off, huh?"

"Yes," I said. "You've got to talk to him, tell him to keep away, and put the fear of God into him so he'll do it."

"Jonathan doesn't scare easy," Mike said.

"That's too bad for him. Then you'll have to put him in jail as Mr. Cardinal suggested."

"Good God, Kathy, I can't put a man in jail because he's in love!" "But he's dangerous. Suppose he kills Mr. Cardinal, how would you - feel?"

"Kathy, you're working yourself up over nothing. In the first place, I don't believe Jonathan is a potential killer. I think that Cardinal did rob his traps. He's got a reputation that smells like dead fish, a whole stinking trail of it, from here to Calgary. And Jonathan took this way of scaring him off. Trap-stealing is the most serious crime in the Northwest. You can see

why. It's a man's livelihood."

"Then why didn't he come to you?"

"He is Indian, that's why."

Mike had set out the next morning to find Jonathan and bring him in. It was long past suppertime when he returned. At first I didn't realize there was someone with him, standing silent in the dark.

"Come in," I said. The Indian boy followed closely behind Mike. I slammed the door shut against the wind.

"Kathy," said Mike, "this is Jonathan Forquet."

Jonathan nodded courteously, but there was no smile on his lips. His long dark eyes swept over the room. They came to rest on Oh-Be-Joyful, who stood in the farthest corner, hardly breathing. His face did not soften. He gave her no sign, but he looked for a long minute.

I led Mike into the kitchen and closed the door. I turned on him, blazing mad.

"Mike Flannigan, what on earth are you thinking of, bringing that boy here? Didn't you see the way he looked at Oh-Be-Joyful? Oh, you're crazy, just crazy!"

"Kathy, I brought him here because I didn't know what else to do with him. And I think," he added slowly, "that that's what you would have wanted me to do."

"Oh, Mike, if they hear about this at the Mission, they'll take Oh-Be-Joyful back. They'll think you're deliberately encouraging it. And you are."

He grabbed me tight by each shoulder. "Listen to me, you little minx. I brought Jonathan here so you could put a meal into him. The boy is starving. When I found him, he was peeling the bark from a jack pine and sucking at the sap."

I couldn't believe it. "But if he could shoot at Cardinal, why didn't he shoot food for himself?"

"He was hurt," Mike said. "That's why it took me so long to bring him in. He walked along with me quietly enough, and then all at once just crumpled up on the snow. I opened his shirt and found his whole body terribly bruised. He must have been kicked 50 times in the side."

"You think Cardinal beat him up?"

"Yes," Mike said. "I visited Jonathan's trap lines, and there are signs of a scuffle. When he found his traps had been meddled with, he lay in wait. Cardinal came to take a look at the traps, and Jonathan caught him and probably demanded the stolen skins. Cardinal must have knocked him out. I think one blow did it. If there'd been any real tussle, his face would look like his body. It's an ugly picture, Cardinal standing over an unconscious boy and kicking him. But I can't prove it - Jonathan won't talk. It's that devilish pride of his. He wants revenge, and he doesn't want me spoiling it by sending Cardinal to jail."

Jonathan sat through dinner in silence. He ate with his left hand. It was stiff, and he had difficulty raising it, but the other hand hung at his side, unusable. He ate slowly and very little. When he had finished he looked to Mike and me and said gravely, "I have eaten in the house of my friends."

"Yes," Mike said, "you have." Oh-Be-Joyful smiled secret smiles to herself and moved busily around the room. I noticed Jonathan watching her with pleasure.

"She is too young," I whispered. "You will let her stay a while with me." I waited.

The words came so low from him I scarcely heard them. "It is well." There was a rapping at the door. Mike opened it, and Cardinal stepped inside. When he saw Jonathan he grinned in a very unpleasant way and clapped Mike on the shoulder.

He planted himself before Jonathan. He stuck his neck out, bringing his face very close to Jonathan's. The boy did not move.

"So!" Cardinal said. "Sergeant Mike, we did good to arrest this fellow, no?"

"Jonathan is not under arrest," Mike said.

"Him murderer!" Cardinal cried. "Him try to kill me all the time." Again he brought his

face close to Jonathan's. Jonathan watched, apparently indifferent, but Mike was mad.

"I thought I told you to stay away, Cardinal. You're not doing any good here." He turned to Jonathan. "I knew you had shot at Cardinal. I brought you here to get your side of the story, not to arrest you. But I warn you, there's to be no more shooting. I want your word on that."

"His word! What you think he is? Some good schoolboy? Him murderer, murderer."

Jonathan looked fiercely ahead of him at nothing.

"Jonathan," Mike said, "if you shoot at Cardinal again, I'll be forced to arrest you."

Jonathan's gaze rested almost gently on Cardinal. "Then my next shot, she be my last."

It was obviously a threat, that next time he would shoot to kill. Cardinal turned pale, and when Jonathan had gone he fell heavily into a chair. The next morning we heard that Cardinal had left the region.

WINTER was long and quiet. The men were away from the village trapping. The women stayed in their houses. I was busy making friends with Mary Aroon. She had an uncanny eye for spotting things I needed, and yelling till I gave them to her - the end of my red pot holder, my green taffeta ribbon, or my spool of coarse thread. I expected another baby sometime in July. I was determined that this one would be just as strong and healthy as Mary Aroon. The bitter pessimism the women of Grouard had adopted didn't touch me. I wasn't resigned to losing six children to raise three. Every one of mine was going to grow up!

Sarah made me come to her regularly for medicine. In the little sheds next to her cabin that served as her workroom she had remedies for all the ills and afflictions of man. It was a witch's den, a den of white magic. There were bearberry leaves drying on a plank, seaweed soaking in a bucket of water, peels of slippery-elm bark stacked in a corner, stalks of trumpet weed crushed in some stone bowl-remedies for a sore throat, for rheumatism, for a snake bite, for a headache, for a broken leg. On one of my trips to Sarah's I encountered Mrs. Marlin. "Mrs. Marlin!" I had never seen her to thank her for my flowers.

When I did so now she lifted a thin hand to her face and looked at me wonderingly. She had a fragile exotic beauty that comes of the mixing of many races. Her eyes were deep blue, yet the sockets they were set in were slightly slant as though a Russo-Chinese prospector had met the

French-Indian Kloodch that was her great-grandmother. The effect was somehow inharmonious. It was an alien loveliness that delighted the eye but disturbed the soul.

"Flowers?" She paused. "I remember. I planted garden for you, Mrs. Mike. It is pretty, no?"

I stood looking at her, trying to think of something to say.

"They die?" she said. Then, nodding her head, "They die. I knew. What I touch ... it dies."

She spoke the words quietly, but they were like a curse.

LATE that spring Cardinal was reported as having been seen up north in the Blackfeet country. Once again he had been up to his old game of trap-robbing-or rather, a refinement of it. This time he was substituting poor fur for good. It was all Mike needed to know.

I watched Mike strap his things to his horse. He would ride to Peace River Crossing, pick up another Mounty there, and make the rest of the trip north by canoe.

"When will you be back, Mike?" "Two months, Kathy, for sure." I reached out a hand and steadied myself against the porch rail. In two months the new baby was due. I went into the house and closed the door behind me. I leaned my head against the pantry shelf and cried silently. Months didn't mean anything to him. He'd said it just like that . . . "two months."

"Kathy!" It was Mike calling. I rubbed my tears away and took a deep breath before I answered him. "Here," I called, "in the pantry."

He came in and took me in his arms and held me tight.

"Mike, promise me you'll be back."

He spoke softly, his lips against my hair. "I promise. Don't worry, Kathy. I'll be with you. I'll be back. If I wasn't sure that I would be, nothing could drag me away from you now, understand?"

He smiled at me with those blue eyes, and ruffled my hair with those big hands. Then the pantry door banged to, and I was alone.

Mike kept his promise. He was back in six weeks, with Cardinal riding beside him, the same dirty yellow handkerchief knotted around his neck. They put him in the strange cage that served as the jail.

After dinner that night Mike sat in the big arm chair with Mary Aroon on his lap. I curled up on a buffalo robe with my head on his knee. Just then the door burst open, and Cameron stumbled in.

"He's dead! Murdered!"

"Who's dead?" Mike said. "Cardinal. He's sitting on the bench with his head thrown back against the bars. I thought he was sleeping. But when I got close, I see he's been stuck right through the throat and the knife still in him." Mike got into his jacket. "Have you ever seen the knife before? Do you know whose it is?" he asked. "It's got Jonathan Forquet all over it, plain as though it was written. Hunting scene carved on the handle. It's Jonathan's work, all right."

"All right," Mike snapped and gave a quick look at Oh-Be-Joyful. "Let's not jump at conclusions." Mike opened the door. "Come on, we'll take a look at things."

Oh-Be-Joyful continued to stare at nothing long after they had gone.

"Jonathan didn't do it," I said. "He wouldn't kill a defenseless man." But I knew that by tribal law Jonathan had the right. "Besides, he's too clever to leave his knife there." But at the same time I thought: "Isn't that just like Jonathan to boast silently with a knife, to leave it as a taunt?" I tried to reason myself away from the thought. Oh-Be-Joyful said suddenly, "When they bring the knife, it will be Jonathan's."

Later, when Mike and Cameron returned, Jonathan walked between them. The three men entered without a word. Mike reached into his pocket and brought out a carefully wrapped object. He held the paper by a loose edge, and the weight of the knife brought it tumbling out of the wrapping onto the table. "Oh-Be-Joyful," Cameron said, "look at the knife."

Oh-Be-Joyful looked first at Jonathan. But he made no move, gave no hint. Her eyes traveled slowly, unwillingly to the knife, then back to Jonathan.

"Well, it's his, isn't it?" Cameron asked.

She looked beseechingly at Jonathan, but he only smiled at her. She turned to me. "Mrs. Mike!"

I stepped up and put my arm around her. "It's all right, Oh-Be-Joyful." I looked defiantly at Mike. "You don't have to answer if you don't want to."

Turning to the boy, Mike asked, Is it yours?

Jonathan did not hesitate. "Yes," he said.

Mike said, after a pause, "Sometimes you make knives to sell, don't you? Is this one of those?"

"No, it is mine." Jonathan regarded us with a crooked smile. "You think I kill Cardinal?"

"I don't know. Somehow I don't think you'd do it that way. In fact, if you tell me you didn't do it, I'll look elsewhere." Mike paused, but Jonathan said nothing. "Otherwise I'll have to hold you on a murder charge. That will mean spending the summer in the cage."

He waited for a reply.

"All right," said Mike at last. "You're under arrest."

"No!" Oh-Be-Joyful sprang between them. "He did not do it," she said to Mike.

Jonathan looked at her almost tenderly. "You good klootch. You do not want me spend summer in cage with mosquitoes, with bull fly."

"Tell them you did not kill him." Jonathan looked at her thoughtfully. "Did I not?"



Oh-Be-Joyful stood with her head down, and her tears dropped on the floor.

I WATCHED the northern lights dance outside my window. They flashed and quivered, forming arcs and ribbons of colors. Sarah and Oh-Be-Joyful were hovering over me and Sarah kept telling me to relax. It was July and my time had come. I had been very unhappy about Oh-Be-Joyful. In these weeks Jonathan's arrest had lain like a shadow between us. I had tried to tell her how I felt, but she wouldn't let me. When she was not in the house, I knew she was standing before the cage, pressed against the bars.

After a while Sarah brought me something to drink and again I smelled the pungent odor of the woods. I lost consciousness. When I opened my eyes next, my son lay in my arms. Mike was standing over us. He put a big finger down to the tiny bundle, and baby Ralph grabbed hold. With the movement he grabbed hold of my heart too.

Suddenly there came a high, piteous wail. I clutched Mike.

"No, Kathy," he said. "It's nothing. Poor Mrs. Marlin is out there wanting to see your baby."

"She shall see him," I said. "Sarah, let her come in. Please. I want to show him off."

Sarah uttered an Indian grunt of disapproval but opened the door. Mrs. Marlin stood on the threshold, her voice uplifted on a keening note, her body rocking in sorrow. Oh-Be-Joyful held up the baby for her to see.

I sighed a little and watched with half-closed eyes as Mrs. Marlin timidly approached Oh-Be-Joyful. Something about her caught my attention. She moved slowly as one in a trance. Only her eyes were awake and alive. The avid, hungry way they fastened on my baby frightened me. I tried to tell Mike, but I wasn't quick enough. With a darting gesture of the hand she took the baby from Oh-Be-Joyful. She backed toward the door, the baby in her arms. Mike jumped and strode toward her. In her fear she clutched the baby tighter.

"Mike, don't!"

My words stopped him. "Yes," he said, "you're right."

Oh-Be-Joyful looked questioningly at me. I nodded to her. I watched the girl approach. Mrs. Marlin crouched against the wall, ready to spring, to rush them all. Oh-Be-Joyful stopped within five feet of her. She smiled and held out her arms. "Give me the baby."

The woman shook her head. "Mine," she moaned. "Mine." She cradled my son close in her arms, crooning to him. "My baby dead. You are my baby."

Mike edged a little closer and she began to moan again. Her voice was a broken murmur. "Dead, all dead. Baby dead, father dead. Everything I touch dead." She sang it to the tune of an old French nursery rhyme. Suddenly she turned on us.

"I tell him go away, leave alone. I'm widow of American, not klootch for every dirty 'breed put hands on. But when him drunk, come roaring into my house. Then he go trap line, don't come no more. I got baby in me, his baby. I think, when he come back, him marry me in church maybe. When pretty soon Sergeant Mike bring him, put him in cage I go see him tell him. He throw back his head and laugh at me. My knife she lie in my belt. I take, I stick, like I stick my pig, in the throat. I go home, get much sick. My little baby gets dead. Dead, dead, dead." She sang the words as a lullaby to my baby.

"Cardinal," Mike said. "Cardinal," she repeated and spat. "Where did you get the knife?" "Knife?" She no longer remembered what she had told.

Mike said, "He laughed at you. You stabbed him with the knife. Where did you get it? Think. Jonathan Forquet stacked wood for you this winter. "

She began to cry. "He said I could have it."

"Yes," said Mike, "you can have it. If you give me the baby, you can have it."

"To keep?" she asked. "To keep."

She handed him the baby.

NOT LONG AFTER this we lost Oh-Be-Joyful. The Indians had given a great feast celebrating the first fruits of the corn. I lent Oh-Be-Joyful a suit of white caracul which Chief Mustafa had given me as a present when we left Hudson's Hope.

On the evening the feast ended, Mike and I stood watching the ceremonial dance. On toe and heel a line of girls danced forward to the line of boys. Then the line of girls swept back, and the young men surged forward, step, hop, step, in exaggerated rhythm. Oh-Be-Joyful, dancing in her white furs, was transformed with joy and beauty. Jonathan was dancing with the men. Fiercely, exultingly, he leaped and crouched in the prescribed positions of the dance.

Suddenly the line broke. The women wove among the men. As Oh-Be-Joyful passed them, boy after boy called to her. But she stopped in front of Jonathan and, lifting the scarf from her head, threw it around his shoulders. They stood where they were till the drums had stopped. I didn't see him ask the question - but when Jonathan walked across the village, Oh-Be-Joyful went with him.

They had seen little of each other since his release. It was as though he wanted to punish her for not knowing that he would kill Cardinal, but not murder him. Rather than help her to the knowledge he would sit in the cage, proud and haughty. He wanted his woman to understand him directly, soul to soul. It was a strange conception of love, strange and mystic.

But now he had forgiven her. At the edge of the wood they stopped and Jonathan caught some branches from her path. They swung back into place, and she was gone. She had followed her maker of canoes. He would build her a tepee of willow; they would lie on balsam and on furs.

Oh-Be-Joyful, Mamanowatum. It was the last we ever saw of her.

THE Children were in bed, and Mike was laying out his favorite game of solitaire. He never won it. It was winter again. For me there had been little to do except read, or take the children out on the sled Mike had made them out of an old wagon he had found in the back of the store.

Just then an Indian woman came in. "Sergeant Mike," she said, "my baby sick. My baby choke."

I brought Mike's jacket and coat. I hated these nights when pain and death took Mike away: sickness, a woman stolen, or a man shot. The shadows from the firs seemed longer, darker, they moved more violently.

I had just gone to bed and was drowsing off when I heard someone knocking. Mike

wouldn't knock. I got out of bed and into a bathrobe. There was someone at the window - Mike.

"Don't open it, Kathy," he called. "I don't want to come in. Wiya-sha's baby just died of diphtheria. I'll sleep in the office. If this is an isolated case, it will only be for five or six days."

"You're sure it was diphtheria?"

"Pretty sure. Listen, darling. Don't worry. About the only precaution you can take is to swab your throat and the kids' out with iodine. If you need me, just hang a sheet out the window."

By morning broken cries and lamentations drifting in from the village awakened me. Mary Aroon was frightened and began to cry. I shut all the windows and locked the door.

"It's the wind," I told Mary Aroon. I drew pictures for her, and she colored them with her crayons. I washed the breakfast dishes and I splashed the water and rattled the dishes and tried to hum an Irish lullaby, but now and then a wild, despairing cry reached us, and always the moaning underneath I found myself straining to hear it. Maybe it was the wind.

I put on Mike's breakfast. Then I looked out at the office. There was no sign of him. But there was a flash of movement over by the group of birch. It was a man running. He was naked. Naked in below-zero weather. As I stared, he flung himself into the snow, buried his hands in it, pressed it to him like a covering. A woman ran to him, half-raised him. She pulled him to his feet and, supporting him, they walked a few uneven steps. Suddenly he sagged in her arms; his head fell across her shoulder. She lowered him to the ground, and with her hands under his armpits dragged him past scrub brush and trees until they were hidden. I went back to the stove.

Then Mike was at the window knocking.

"Kathy," he said, "it's everywhere. They're lying four in a bed. Those who have food can't stand up to get it. Get out your biggest pots and cook up some beef and rice. When it's done, signal with the sheet and I'll come get it. Put it out on the porch."

I opened the door a crack and set out his breakfast. I told him about the man in the snow.

"Poor devil, fever. Sometimes they do that."

I asked him what he was doing for them.

"Nothing. I passed out all the quinine I had. Now I'm giving them alcohol. It's a stimulant, and that's what's needed. But food is the best. If we can keep their strength up."

He was gone. In an hour he came back for the soup. I passed out the three pots I had made. I dragged them across the floor and set them on the porch.

"Did you swab out the kids' throats?" Mike asked.

"Yes. "

"Well, do it again." And he carried the pots off toward the reserve. The day dragged on. No one came near the house. Mary Aroon and Ralph took their naps early. They'd played hard and were ready for them. I got out my work basket and tried to keep busy. I had determined not to listen, but the low drone was hypnotic. It was grief. They were crying for their dead.

The room darkened and I looked up. There at the window, with her back to the sun, a woman stood looking at me. Her hair was undone, and the wind whipped it against her face and body. She lifted her bundle against the glass of the window. It was a baby. Dead and already stiff.

"Please," I shouted to the woman, "go back home."

She remained motionless, holding out her baby as though that answered me.

"What do you want?"

The woman swallowed. She tried to speak. The effort made her choke. She spat in the snow, saliva with queer gray flecks in it. She pushed the dead baby toward me. Her mouth formed a word, formed it again and again. At last I understood. "Medicine."

"Go to Sergeant Mike."

Her eyes dulled, and she shook her head slowly. She's been to Mike; poor Mike, the liquor must have given out too. The woman still watched me. I was the white woman. I was expected to

do something. I couldn't stand it.

"I can't help you. Go away, go away!"

She turned obediently and walked off my porch. She walked unsteadily and when the choking seized her, she fell forward in the snow, across her child. The wind lifted her hair, it crawled uneasily about her.

I turned away from the two dead people in my front yard.

Ralph woke crying. The glands under his jaw were swollen. His throat looked red. I hung out the sheet. By the time Mike came, there were large grayish patches on his throat.

"Mike," I said, "do something."

Mike kept hot towels on the baby's throat and he had me boil water on the stove so the room would be moist. "Feed him all he'll eat, Kathy." "No, I want some medicine," I said, and shuddered at the word. That other woman, she'd wanted medicine too.

"There's an antitoxin," Mike said, "but it takes two or three months to bring it in, and it has to be fresh."

That night Mary Aroon held onto her throat and cried. I tacked up her pink tree and the purple and red hen where she could see them. I put her gingham bear on her pillow and fed her.

Ralph's body twisted. He was fighting for every breath. Every organ in him strained for air. The hoarse rasping sound gave way to a gurgle. Ralph struggled and lay still. Mike bent over him. When he raised his head, I knew. I guess I'd known before. He put his arms around me, but I broke away.

"NO!" I said. "No, no!"

Seven hours later we lost Mary Aroon.

"Kathy," Mike said.

"But she's never been sick a day in her life!"

He tried to lift me up, but I clung to her, still promising her the puppy, a rag doll, stories.

"Kathy," he said. "Darling, YOU can't do any good here. Constance Beauclaire's girl, Barbette she's been sick since yesterday. Go to Constance."

I packed a basket, I put in the right things; but all the time anger throbbed in me, a terrible anger against this country, this Grouard.

"Mike," I said, and I was careful not to look at him, "if we'd been in a town -"

"Don't, Kathy."

We walked to Constance's house. The fire had gone out. I shivered. Barbette lay on a bed at the far end of the room. Constance was on her knees beside her. She got Lip slowly and smiled a weary smile.

"Yes," she said. "The Food. You brought food. We will take it into the village. There is no need here."

Barbette was dead. I leaned against the door. It seemed natural that it should be so.

Mike went out. He was back in a minute with a couple of sticks.

"If you're going into the village, Kathy, I want you to take these. The dogs are dangerous. They haven't been fed for days." -

I nodded and went out with Constance.

The first house I walked into, they were all dead but an old woman who sat on the floor, her head covered by a blanket, mourning. I put half a loaf of bread beside her and went out.

A dog turned on me. I struck it on the nose and it backed off, whining. Another dog, lean

and gaunt and ragged, crawled up on his belly. The two watched, their saliva dripping, as a young man dragged the body of a girl out of a window and then hoisted her onto the roof of their cabin.

I looked at the roofs of the other cabins, and for the first time saw the rows of feet. There were other bodies lashed to the trees. It was our method of refrigeration.

The young Indian slid down from the roof and turned into the empty house. I put the other half-loaf of bread inside the door. He shook his head. "Where her shadow go, I follow."

The soft Cree words hurt his throat. He choked. Why had I not seen how gray his face was? He stumbled and half-fell onto a bed of skins. I rekindled the fire, went to him, but he motioned me away.

"Mrs. Mike! The dogs. They break in maybe."

"I'll wedge the door."

"Yes," he said, "for I must lie here many days. Sergeant Mike, him have one, two, maybe three men help him. We die too fast . . . is not enough." It was important for the Crees to keep their bodies intact. It would not do to appear in the next world mauled and torn by Huskies.

I came to a tepee where three children lay tossing. I hauled water. I set it to boil. I wrung out compresses. I forced soup down swollen throats. Sometimes the little dark faces blurred, and it was my own two I was fighting for.

A child twisted into a terrible knot and died. The mother covered her head and moaned. It was morning. The dead in the trees looked down at us. Pain, tiredness, nothing touched me. Once a little pair of arms reached out to me and I thought: "Why these?" Something hurt in me when I looked at the two children who were going to live, that were getting better.

An old man came by, carrying the body of an old woman. A moment later there was a cry. A dog was tugging at the small shrunken corpse. The old man pulled and fought, but it was torn out of his hands. The growling dog began rending and tearing it. The old man, sobbing, flung himself on the dog, beating it with feeble hands. By the time I reached him, the old man was mangled.



Sometime after that, Sarah found me. She took me back to Mike. Part of the way she carried me.

The cribs were gone. I never asked Mike what he had done with them. Mary Aroon's crayon drawings were gone, too. I waited until Mike was out and then hunted the house over for them. I guess I was glad that I didn't find them.

Mike was gone every day. He and Tim Beauclaire and old Georges buried half a village that week. It was mostly the children that went, and the old people.

The second night Mike had taken me up the hill. We had walked between the rows of white crosses. A new row had been added. Cut into the wood I read the name, Mary Aroon Flannigan, and next to this,

Ralph Flannigan. My two babies lying on this bare, windswept hill! I knelt down and laid my hands on the snow.

Mike touched my shoulder.

I got up and followed him home. I wanted to reach out to him, but I couldn't. At first I didn't know why, and then I realized that I was blaming him. Did he feel it? He was sweet and kind and patient, only he'd look away from me. And when he thought I was busy with something else, he'd stare at me. There was a bitterness I couldn't force back. He'd known. He'd lived in this country. Every winter he'd seen children die in epidemics. And he knew that in all the Northwest there was no help. He hadn't had the right to bring a wife into this country, to have children.

For two months we sat in the same room and exchanged scarcely a word. In the daytime he kept away from the house. I wanted him, I longed for him, I couldn't stand the loneliness. Sometimes I counted the minutes out loud. Then he'd come.

"Hello, -Mike," I'd say. "Hello, Kathy."

While I fixed dinner, I went over the things I was going to say to him. But when I was sitting facing him, my heart pounded and I would jump up for the salt or the milk. Anyway, what was there to say? Everything led back to the same labyrinth of pain and bitterness.

After dinner I'd sit and listen to him play the accordion. It was an old one he found in the store. He brooded in his music. He was lost to me as surely as the children -were. Night after night I listened to his music, hating it. The sound of that accordion drove me mad.

One night when I saw him reach for it again, I knew I was going to stand up and scream. I didn't because they brought a man in just then on a door. I washed the blood off his face before I saw his eye was almost out, just hanging. I cut the jacket and shirt off him. Mike worked over his face. And somehow Sarah was there and putting on poultices. It was Randy Nolan, new in the territory. When I looked at him again, his eye was in place, and Mike was bandaging it. One of his ribs was broken off and sticking out through the flesh, and across the others were long bloody slashes. An arm hung at an odd angle from the socket.

It wasn't the first time we had seen what a grizzly can do to a man.

The first week he was unconscious most of the time. The second week, he lay moaning. Then he began to talk to me when I came into the room. He thought I was wonderful to take him in and care for him. He didn't know the gap it filled for me. He had a sister in Boston, and I would have slaved day and night just to hear him tell about the concert he'd heard at Symphony Hall, and what the latest thing in clothes was, and that almost everybody had a motor car now, and they went awfully fast, 25 miles an hour.

One day Mike came in with a wire. It was from Randy's sister. She wanted him to come to Boston as soon as he could travel.

A plan formed in my head that excited and frightened me.

"It would be the best thing in the world for him," I said to Mike as we were sitting in front of the fire that evening. "He needs medical treatment."

Mike looked at me for a long time. "He can't go by himself."

"I know." I talked very fast. I didn't look at him. "I thought I'd like to take him out. I haven't been out far almost four years. I'd take him clear through to Boston, and -"

Mike got up. "If you have to do this, Kathy, go ahead. God knows, maybe it's best."

There wasn't much to do. I packed my clothes and the first-aid kit. Mike made a stretcher for Randy. One day Mike got up from his work and walked to the window. He stood looking out.

"I don't want you to go."

"But-"

"Listen, we haven't even talked it out. You haven't told me how long you're going to stay yet, and I have a feeling - " He shrugged. "What's the use? You're going, aren't you?"

In the morning everyone was at the dock. At the last Sarah came up to me.

"Mrs. Mike," she said, "come back."

Mike lifted me into the boat. I turned and waved, but the faces blurred. And the shouting, calling, and the well-wishing reached me as noise from which I could not separate a word. All the time I was thinking: "How could she know?"

It took us two days of hard travel, first by launch and then by horse and wagon, to reach the railroad. But at last there it was. In the midst of nowhere stood an engine, a caboose and a single car for passengers.

Mike carried my things into the car and put them on the seat. Then he pulled out some bills and stuffed them into my hand. Suddenly I realized he was saying good-bye.

"Kathy, I love you. I -" His arm went around me, clumsy and uncertain. And then he was outside. The train jerked forward. My last picture of him was standing alone, against the whole Northwest.

I stared out at the wet dripping country, my heart aching with the things said and things unsaid.

My sister, Anna Frances, was at the Boston station to meet me.

"I want to stay a long time," I told her.

The next day she and my mother gave me a homecoming party. Boys and girls whose faces I vaguely remembered crowded into my mother's living room. Someone played "Alexander's Ragtime Band" on the piano. We danced and my sister served sherbet and small delicate cakes.

Afterward my mother stole into my room. She put her arms around me. "Katie," she said, "you're lonely."

"Mother," I said abruptly, "I love him. I always will."

My mother smoothed my hair.

"Perhaps he could come to Boston." I shook my head. "In Boston, Mike would be just a cop."

"Katherine Mary," my mother spoke in a firm voice, "the last thing I would ever do is to interfere in my daughters' lives. You were married somewhere off in the wilderness to a man I never met, and you've lived hardly like a woman, stuck in a little cabin with not two dresses to your name, and no doctor to care for your babies when they lay dying. It's not good for you, Katie, and it's not right. I believe a woman should stick by her husband. But this time it's different. And I'm not letting you go north again to loneliness and the graves of your children!"

"I don't want to," I murmured. Night after night we went to plays, operettas and musical comedies-Peg o' My Heart and The Pink Lady and Quaker Girl - and one night my mother and I climbed up to the balcony to watch Sarah Bernhardt.

It was wonderful, but it was no use. I knew now how alien this life was to me. Even my mother and sister were irrevocably separated from me. I kept seeing Alike as I'd seen him last, alone against the Northwest. It was the country I was homesick and longing for, the country that made him Sergeant Alike Flannigan. I'd been unjust, I'd been wrong. I knew it now, and I had to tell him.

"Mike," I cried as if he were there to hear. "take me back. I'll never leave you again."

HE MET me at the train. He had put bells on the dogs. Wrapped in a buffalo robe was a

little new Juno the second, whose eyes were hardly open yet. And the big Juno, the team leader, had almost broken the traces to get at me.

And now I was beside Mike in the cutter. Mike! His voice was low and choked up. He'd start to say things, and then he'd stop and just look at me. Then I'd forget what I was saying, and just look at him. I tried to tell him how wrong I'd been. But he kept kissing me, over and between and through all the words.

"We'll start over, won't we, Mike?"

He held me. "Sure."

The snow shone and sparkled. The sun struck here and there among the fine particles, touching them with cold fire. I didn't think how beautiful it was. I thought how many times I had watched it before. And now for the first time it was familiar; I recognized it just as I recognized the way the air smelled.

Mike had been watching me, and now he said, "How does it seem to be home, Kathy?"

That's it, it was home.

We got there late the next day. Icy branches arched like crystal domes above the cabin.

I jumped out of the sled and ran up on the porch, but Mike got to the door first.

"Listen, Kathy. It's in a bit of a mess."

"Don't be silly," I said. "It can all be straightened out." Mike looked dubious, so I prepared myself for the worst and pushed the door open. The house was scrubbed, polished and shining. I looked at Mike to see if he had been joking, but one glance at his face convinced me that he hadn't. Everything was in its place, and on the table was a steaming hot dinner.

Just then I heard the back door close. We ran to the kitchen in time to see Sarah striding off. We called to her, and she raised her arm above her head to show she heard. But she wouldn't call back or even turn to look at me. She understood. This return was Mike's and mine.

AUGUST 1914, and war. Timmy Beauclaire came to say good-bye and to ask Mike to look after his pony. His brother, Paul, in Edmonton, had already enlisted.

By the end of the winter I had delivered five wires, "Missing in action," "Killed in action." One day Sarah came into the office.

"Make me a cup of tea, Mrs. Mike."

That very ordinary request frightened me, for in all the time I'd known her Sarah had never asked anything of anyone. She drank her tea. Then, abruptly, she said: "Constance's girl, Madeleine, she have babies, she die."

"Madeleine died?"

"I take two babies from her. Boy and girl. She bleed. I make it stop outside, but inside she still bleed."

I watched Mike lay down his pen. "She had twins?" he asked.

"Yes. A boy and a girl."

No one said anything. We sat and drank tea.

Three hours later the telegraph began to click. Sarah raised her head and watched Mike closely as he copied the message.

"MARCH 27 - MR. AND MRS. Georges Beauclaire ... REGRET TO INFORM YOU ... KILLED IN ACTION... ' I turned to Sarah. "Does Constance know about Madeleine?"

Sarah nodded. "She was with her. By now she home."

"Why? Why does it happen like this? Why both together, and why to Constance?"

Finally I was there. I knocked and went in. She came toward me. "Constance . . ."

I was going to prepare her, to say wise and gentle things, but all I could do was to hold out the telegram. She spoke through stiff lips. "Which one?"

"Paul," I said.

Next spring it was Timmy. Constance was preparing bottles for the twins. She turned to me smiling and saying, "Kathy."

I stood there where I had stood in the winter, by the corner of the table. Under my hand lay the first wire. It was unopened and thick with dust. She had never touched it. I put the second wire on top of the first and went out.

Mike was staring out the window. Timmy's little cayuse stood in the pasture with her nose laid along the fence.

"Sarah was here. I don't know how she knew, but she asked about Tim."

"Did you tell her?"

"She said, "When they're little, sickness. When they're big, war."

The WORLD outside, the noisy quarreling world that sent us the wires of death, sent us a new death. Born in the dirt of European trenches, in the fall of 1918 the flu had spread into the Canadian Northwest. And our people died, again without doctors, serum, or help.

I followed Sarah into the bedroom of the Beauclaire cabin. Old Georges sat huddled by the bed. It was many hours before Constance moved or spoke. She opened her eyes. "I'm dying, Kathy. But I'm so tired I don't care."

Sarah nodded. "She does not care. I know. At the end there are only the children. When they go . . . nothing."

We sat through the night. But Constance remained motionless. Her lips were parted, and her breath came and went too gently.

I watched it grow light. Mike came to take my place. Constance opened her eyes again, looked at all of us, knew us.

"Mike and Kathy, take the twins." That was all. Georges threw himself across the bed, sobbing. I cried against Mike's coat for one of the dearest friends I ever had.

All the while I was conscious of Sarah moving about, silently doing the things that must be done. She passed me with a kettle in her hands.

Her back was terribly bent, and her motions slow. I had never before seen how old she was.

I shook off my numbness. I opened the door and went into the twins' bedroom. Two little figures stood on the bed, One had a shirt over his head which Mike was trying to pull past his ears. "Here," I said, "you've got to unbutton another button."

"Then you'd have to take the whole thing off," he protested. "There are times when it pays to start all over again, and this is one of them."

We hurried the children through the front room and out of the house. I went back to tell old Georges that he was to come to see them often, that they needed their grandfather. I don't think he heard me. His eyes were sunken and almost closed. I went out as quietly as I could.

That night Mike played he was a bear. And when we went to bed the house was in a litter, a wonderful exciting litter of cutouts and spilled jam and cookie crumbs. Mike caught me around the waist while I was cleaning up. "Well, girl!"

"Oh, Mike -- " I couldn't say anything else because I was crying and getting kissed all at once.

It WAS WONDERFUL having children in the house again. Long after they were in bed, Mike and I would sit discussing them and planning for the future. Mike thought it would be nice for Georges to be a Mounty, and I thought that maybe Connie would be a nurse.

It was one of these evenings when Jonathan Forquet walked into the room, holding in his



arms a solemn eyed baby.

"I come to my friends," he said.

It had been eight years, but he had the same proud way about him. "Is Oh-Be-Joyful with you?" He looked at me and answered slowly. "Can you not see that she is dead?"

Then I did see it. I saw it in the black eyes that looked hopelessly into my own.

"The sickness, it took her, Mamanowatum." He lifted the baby toward me. Jonathan watched me as I held her.

"Mamanowatum, she call her Kathy. She want this winter come show you girl-child. Now she no come never. Only I come, say, 'Keep baby.' No want Mission for keep her. They not like me."

Mike came over to me. "We'll keep her, won't we, Kathy?"

"Yes," I said. "Of course."

Jonathan nodded. "I come once, twice, in the year. Bring furs. You sell. Feed, make clothes for girl child." He hesitated. Then he spoke in Cree: "Tell her of the joyful heart of Mamanowatum!"

Mike patted him roughly on the shoulder. We stood in the doorway and watched him walk into the night. "Alike," I said, "it's very strange.... What does it all mean?"

"Well, there's a pattern," Mike said. "Oh-Be-Joyful was part of your life. Things like that don't just stop."

I knew what he meant. It wasn't something you could put into words, but you could sense it behind everything that happened. Oh-Be-Joyful had cared for and loved my children, and now it was I who was to care for and love hers. Mike was right: the pattern of a life isn't a straight line; it crosses and recrosses, drawing in and tying together other lives.

There was great excitement the next morning when Georges and Connie found out they

had a baby sister. We told them they could celebrate any way they wanted. It wasn't hard for them to decide. They'd been after Mike for days to take them out in the snow.

Mike laughed. "Okay, Kathy, dress 'em up. I'll meet you on the porch." And he went striding off on some errand of his own.

When the last fur mitten was on, I sent them out to wait while I bundled up the baby and dressed myself.

It was a wonderful winter's day, clear and cold and dry, with the sun shining. I came up close to see what Mike was working over. It was our old sled. I thought he had burned it or hacked it to pieces, but evidently it had only been hidden.

"Warm enough?" Mike asked when we were at the top of the hill. "Yes."

The twins were pulling at him, demanding a snow fight, but he still looked at me, unsatisfied.

I tried to tell him. "It hurts a little."

"What hurts you?" Connie asked. "A pin?"

"No," I said. "Happiness."

## **Mrs. Murphy's Fire**

The evening of October 8, 1871, began quietly and uneventfully for Dennis, the drayman. As he drove his wagon toward his home on DeKoven Street, he listened half-dozing to the steady clop-clop of his horse's hoofs on the cobblestone streets of Chicago.

The sun had set behind the city, turning the sky a bright orange-red. Dennis was so impressed with the twilight beauty that he stopped his wagon at a high point of the road just short of his house, so he could look over the town bathed in crimson light. "How dry the trees look," Dennis thought. And the dryness was not surprising for there had been no rain for weeks.

As his gaze swept over the rooftops, Dennis' eyes suddenly stopped on the barn that belonged to his neighbor, Mrs. O'Leary. Was that smoke he saw? He looked again and now he saw tongues of flames reaching upward into the evening shy.

Dennis jumped into action. Cracking his whip, he urged his horse to a gallop and raced toward the burning building. As his wagon rattled over the bumpy streets he guessed at what might have happened. Had the nice old Mrs. O'Leary knocked over the kerosene lamp she always used to light the dark barn when she milked her cow?

By the time Dennis reached the scene, the flames were crackling brightly through the hay. He quickly helped his friend rescue a calf and then went back to the cow just before the wooden wall turned into a sheet of flame. The hungry fire scurried down the high wooden fence, spreading its destruction along the entire alley. It swallowed up one pile of rubbish after another and then moved on to attack another frame house and barn. Within minutes the fire was completely beyond control. Like a giant octopus, it spread its big arms to reach out to house after house, skipping from one shingled rooftop to the next until the whole neighborhood was ablaze. Now a raging inferno, the fire billowed toward the river. The narrow strip of water proved only a temporary barrier. On a sudden gust of wind, the flames and sparks jumped over the water to touch off the north side of town.

Now people were dashing about frantically. With what belongings they could carry, they pushed and screamed as they fled. The few firemen that answered the alarm were no match for the frightened crowds. The small fire pumps were of little use against the raging inferno.

When the sun rose on October 9th, it looked down upon a great bonfire of more than 2,000 burning acres, ninety-eight thousand people were homeless; 17,450 buildings were destroyed; 250 lives were lost. Nearly \$200 million worth of property went up in smoke. What Dennis thought

would be a quiet and uneventful night turned into one of the most terrifying in American history.

# Music

Whereas the violinist or clarinetist needs someone to accompany him, the pianist is able to play both melody and harmony. This self-sufficiency makes the piano an extremely useful instrument.

Joseph Machlis

The piano was perfected in the first decade of the eighteenth century by Bartolomeo Cristofori, a harpsichord maker of Padua. This instrument was called a Piano e Forte (soft and loud), to indicate its dynamic versatility ....

Edwin John Stringham

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus;  
Let no such man be trusted.

William Shakespeare

Music is architecture translated or transposed from space into time; for in music, besides the deepest feeling, there reigns also a rigorous, mathematical intelligence.

Hegel

We must, after having spoken all the words of praise, give to music its only demand, and in the end, its highest praise — we must begin to listen.

Richard Lewis

The woods would be very silent if no bird sang there except those that sing the best.

Henry David Thoreau

The nightingale, ceasing to sing, is nothing, alas, but a green bird.

Onitsura

The English composer, William Byrd (1542-1643) listed the following reasons why everyone should learn to sing:

1. First it is a knowledge easily taught, and quickly learned; where there is a good master, and an apt scholar.
2. The exercise of singing is delightful to nature, and good to preserve health.
3. It doth strengthen all the parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes.
4. It is a singular good remedy for a stuttering and stammering in the speech.
5. It is the best means to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator.
6. It is the only way to know where Nature hath bestowed the benefit of a good voice; which gift is so rare, as there is not one among a thousand that hath it: and in many, that excellent gift is lost, because they want art to express Nature.
7. There is not any music of instruments whatever comparable to that which is made of the voices of men; where the voices are good, and the same well sorted or ordered.
8. The better the voice is, the better it is to honor and serve God therewith: and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end.

Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum

Since singing is so good a thing  
I wish all men would learn to sing.

William Byrd

Nothing on earth is so well suited to make the sad merry, the merry sad, to give courage to the despairing, to make the proud humble, to lessen envy and hate, as music.

Martin Luther

Do you know how to begin?  
Take the string or reed,  
And Grow old with it in your hand.

Richard Church

# Musical Comedy

Radio stations WQXR-AM and -FM in New York distributed a flyer listing the following quotes from grade-school essays on classical music:

- Refrain means don't do it. In music it's the part you better not sing.
- Handel was half German, Half Italian and half English. He was rather large.
- Beethoven wrote music even though he was deaf. He was so deaf he wrote loud music.
- Henry Purcell is a well-known composer a few people have heard of.
- Aaron Copeland is a contemporary composer. It is unusual to be contemporary. Most composers do not live until they are dead.
- Music sung by two people at the same time is called a duel.
- I know what a sextet is, but I'd rather not say.
- Caruso was at first Italian. Then someone heard his voice and said he would go a long way. And so he came to America.



## **Musical Facts**

What is the most musical part of your body?

Your nose. You can pick it and you can blow it.

What is the difference between a violin and a viola?

There is no difference. The violin just looks smaller because the violinist's head is so much bigger.

What is the difference between a violin and a fiddle?

A fiddle is fun to listen to.

Why are viola jokes so short?

So violinists can understand them.

How do you tell the difference between a violinist and a dog?

The dog knows when to stop scratching.

How many second violinists does it take to change a light bulb?

None. They can't get up that high!

String players' motto: "It's better to be sharp than out of tune."

Why is a violinist like a SCUD missile?

Both are offensive and inaccurate.

What's the difference between a fiddle and a violin?

No-one minds if you spill beer on a fiddle.

Why do violinists put a cloth between their chin and their instrument?

Violins don't have spit valves.

Why should you never try to drive a roof nail with a violin?

You might bend the nail.

Jacques Thibault, the violinist, was once handed an autograph book by a fan while in the greenroom after a concert. "There's not much room on this page," he said. "What shall I write?" Another violinist, standing by, offered the following helpful hint: "Write your repertoire."

"Haven't I seen your face before?" a judge demanded, looking down at the defendant.

"You have, Your Honor," the man answered hopefully. "I gave your son violin lessons last winter."

"Ah, yes," recalled the judge. "Twenty years!"

How do you get a cellist to play fortissimo?

Write "pp, espressivo."

How do you make a cello sound beautiful?

Sell it and buy a violin.

Did you hear about the bassist who was so out of tune his section noticed?

How many string bass players does it take to change a light bulb?

None; the piano player can do that with his left hand.

How do you make a double bass sound in tune?

Chop it up and make it into a xylophone.

A double bass player arrived a few minutes late for the first rehearsal of the local choral society's annual performance of Handel's Messiah. He picked up his instrument and bow, and turned his attention to the conductor. The conductor asked, "Would you like a moment to tune?"

The bass player replied with some surprise, "Why? Isn't it the same as last year?"

At a rehearsal, the conductor stops and shouts to the bass section: "You are out of tune. Check it, please!"

The first bassist pulls all his strings, says, "Our tuning is correct; all the stings are equally tight."

The first violist turns around and shouts, "you bloody idiot! It's not the tension. The pegs have to be parallel!"

Two bass players were engaged for a run of Carmen. After a couple of weeks, they agreed each to take an afternoon off in turn to go and watch the matinee performance from the front of the house. Joe duly took his break. Back in the pit that evening, Moe asked how it was. "Great," said Joe. "You know that bit where the music goes 'BOOM Boom Boom Boom' — well there are some guys up top singing a terrific song about a Toreador at the same time."

Lute players spend half their time tuning their instrument and the other half playing out of tune.

Why are harps like elderly parents?

Both are unforgiving and hard to get into and out of cars.

How long does a harp stay in tune?

About twenty minutes, or until someone opens a door.

What's the definition of a quarter tone?

A harpist tuning unison strings.

What do you get when you drop a piano down a mine shaft?

A flat minor.

What do you get when you drop a piano on an army base?

A flat major.

Why is an eleven foot concert grand better than a studio upright?

Because it makes a much bigger kaboom when dropped over a cliff.

The audience at a piano recital was appalled when a telephone rang just off stage. Without missing a note the soloist glanced toward the wings and called, "If that's my agent, tell him I'm working!"

The organ is the instrument of worship for in its sounding we sense the Majesty of God and in its ending we know the Grace of God.

How do you get two piccolos to play in unison?

Shoot one.

Two musicians were walking down the street, and one said to the other, "Who was that piccolo I saw you with last night?"

The other replied, "That was no piccolo. That was my fife."

What is the definition of a half step?

Two oboes playing in unison.

What is the definition of a major second?

Two baroque oboes playing in unison.

How do you get an oboist to play A flat?

Take the batteries out of his electric tuner.

Why did the chicken cross the road?

To get away from the bassoon recital.

What's the difference between a SCUD missile and a bad oboist?

A bad oboist can kill you.

How many clarinets does it take to change a light bulbs?

Only one, but he'll go through a whole box of bulbs before he finds the right one.

What's the definition of "nerd?"

Someone who owns his own alto clarinet.

What do you call a bass clarinet with half a brain?

Gifted.

You might notice that there are very few jokes about the clarinet. This is out of sympathy. The clarinet has already been the butt of so many jokes — the saxophone, for instance.

How many alto sax players does it take to change a light bulb?

Five. One to change the bulb and four to contemplate how David Sanborn would have done it.

What's the difference between a saxophone and a lawn mower?

1. Lawn mowers sound better in small ensembles.
2. The neighbors are upset if you borrow a lawn mower and don't return it.
3. The grip.

What's the difference between a baritone saxophone and a chain saw?

The exhaust.

Small wonder we have so much trouble with air pollution in the world when so much of it has passed through saxophones.

How many trumpet players does it take to change a light bulb?

Five. One to handle the bulb and four to tell him how much better they could have done it.

What's the difference between trumpet players and government bonds?

Government bonds eventually mature and earn money.

How do trumpet players traditionally greet each other?

"Hi, I'm better than you."

How do you know when a trumpet player is at your door?

The doorbell shrieks!

Why can't a gorilla play a trumpet?

He's too sensitive.

In an emergency, a jazz trumpeter was hired to do some solos with a symphony orchestra. Everything went fine through the first movement, when she had some really hair-raising solos, but in second movement she started going improvising madly when she wasn't supposed to play at all.

After the concert the conductor came around looking for an explanation. She said, "I looked in the score and it said 'tacet' — so I took it!"

What is the difference between a bass trombone and a chain saw?

1. Vibrato, though you can minimize this difference by holding the chain saw very still.
2. It's easier to improvise on a chain saw.

How can you make a french horn sound like a trombone?

1. Take your hand out of the bell and lose all sense of taste.
2. Take your hand out of the bell and miss all the notes!

How do you know when a trombone player is at your door?

The doorbell drags.

What is a gentleman?

Somebody who knows how to play the trombone, but doesn't.

What do you call a trombonist with a beeper and a cellular telephone?

An optimist.

What is the difference between a dead trombone player lying in the road, and a dead squirrel lying in the road?

The squirrel might have been on his way to a gig.

How many trombonists does it take to change a light bulb?

Just one, but he'll do it too loudly.

How do you know when there's a trombonist at your door?

His hat says "Domino's Pizza."

How do you improve the aerodynamics of a trombonist's car?

Take the Domino's Pizza sign off the roof.

What kind of calendar does a trombonist use for his gigs?

"Year-at-a-Glance."

How can you tell which kid on a playground is the child of a trombonist?

He doesn't know how to use the slide, and he can't swing.

What is the dynamic range of the bass trombone?

On or off.

It is difficult to trust anyone whose instrument changes shape as he plays it!

How do you get your viola section to sound like the horn section?

Have them miss every other note.

How can you make a trombone sound like a french horn?

Stick your hand in the bell and play a lot of wrong notes.

What is the difference between a french horn section and a '57 Chevy?

You can tune a '57 Chevy.

What do you get when you cross a French Horn player and a goalpost?

A goalpost that can't march.

How many French horn players does it take to change a light bulb?

Just one, but he'll spend two hours checking the bulb for alignment and leaks.

Why is the French Horn a divine instrument?

Because a man blows in it, but only God knows what comes out of it.

How do horn players traditionally greet each other?

1. "Hi. I played that last year."
2. "Hi. I did that piece in Junior high."

What's the range of a tuba?

Twenty yards if you've got a good arm!

How many tuba players does it take to change a light bulb?

Three! One to hold the bulb and two to drink until the room spins.

What's a tuba for?

1½" by 3½" unless you request "full cut."

Note: in the USA, a 2x4 is a two-inch by four-inch piece of wood, which actually measures 1½ inches by 3½ inches.

How do you fix a broken tuba?

With a tuba glue.

These two tuba players walk past a bar ... Well it could happen!

Why are orchestra intermissions limited to 20 minutes?

So you don't have to retrain the drummers.

What do you call someone who hangs out with musicians?

A drummer.



What did the drummer get on his IQ test?

Drool.

How do you know when a drummer is knocking at your door?

The knock always slows down.

How do you get a drummer to play an accelerando?

Ask him to play in 4/4 at a steady 120 bpm.

Why do bands have bass players?

To translate for the drummer.

Did you hear about the time the bass player locked his keys in the car?

It took two hours to get the drummer out.

How many drummers does it take to change a light bulb?

1. "Why? Oh, wow! Is it like dark, man?"
2. Only one, but he'll break ten bulbs before figuring out that they can't just be pushed in.
3. Two. One to hold the bulb, and one to turn his throne (but only after they figure out that you have to turn the bulb).
4. Twenty. One to hold the bulb, and nineteen to drink until the room spins.
5. None. They have a machine to do that.

Why is it good that drummers have a half-ounce more brains than horses?

So they don't disgrace themselves in parades.

What is the difference between a drummer and a drum machine?

With a drum machine you only have to punch the information in once.

Heard backstage: "Will the musicians and the drummers please come to the stage!"

A drummer, sick of all the drummer jokes, decides to change his instrument. After some thought, he decides on the accordion. So he goes to the music store and says to the owner, "I'd like to look at the accordions, please."

The owner gestures to a shelf in the corner and says, "All our accordions are over there."

After browsing, the drummer says, "I think I'd like the big red one in the corner."

The store owner looks at him and says, "You're a drummer aren't you?"

The drummer, crestfallen, says, "How did you know?"

The store owner says, "That big red accordion is the radiator."

How do you get a guitar player to play softer?

Give him some sheet music.

# **My Big Brother**

When I was just a small boy, I had a favorite big brother. He was great to me. He'd put his big arm around me and we'd go scampering down some big path. At times like this I felt ten feet tall. He didn't seem to mind my tagging along one bit, and there was nothing I liked better.

I was so proud of him! When I was with him I felt I was becoming stronger than the sun. He was good at everything. I never could seem to match the mountains he'd make out of sand. Mine would always seem to crumble and sag, but his would stand firm as the Rocky Mountains.

Dad always tried to show how proud he was of him in a hidden way, him being the oldest and all, but his smile always seemed to beam a little brighter when my brother came around.

I felt my world had collapsed when he went on his mission. Dad and Mom both had to fight the tears back. He called up Dad regularly and let us know how much he loved us though. He even told us about how great his mission mother was, so that Mom wouldn't worry.

The persecution was really bad as the church was just getting started there. But he never seemed to let himself get down, even though the people wouldn't believe his message. We'd all share in his joy when he'd get some converts, but I don't mind saying that I was afraid that the non-believers would do something to him. It even got to the point where men were plotting to take his life. But Dad never seemed to worry, for some reason. Then one day we received word that his mission had ended. But not as most men's do. I was struck by the terrifying news.

They finally got hold of my brother. The big brother that never did anything wrong. My big brother that loved everyone he knew and whom most everyone loved.

They beat him and mocked him. He suffered all that they did to him without striking back. Why would anyone want to hurt my big brother? I couldn't understand.

A mob took him and nailed him alive on a wooden cross on a hill just outside of town. My soul moaned as I heard him beg the father to forgive them. Why did he of all my brothers have to die like this?

I felt Dad's strong arm upon my shoulder and heard him say, "He did it for you son, for you and all your brothers and sisters."

Time passed and I was called on my mission. Sometimes I forget what happened so long ago. But every Sunday a small piece of bread and a small cup of water remind me of my big brother and what he did for me, and that I'm assured that he yet lives.

## **My Friend**

The following event took place in Salt Lake City in 1974. It occurred during sacrament meeting and was told by a regional representative of the Twelve Apostles who was in the meeting.

A young man, just before leaving on his mission stood in sacrament meeting and bore, in essence, the following testimony.

Brothers and sisters, as you know, during the past few weeks I have been waiting for my mission call. During the time I was waiting, I had a dream. I dreamed I was in the pre-existence and was waiting my call to come to Earth. I was filled with the same excitement and anticipation that I had before I received my mission call. In my dream I was talking to a friend. He was a dear friend, and I felt a special closeness to him, even though I've never met him in this life. While we were talking, a special messenger arrived with an envelope in his hand. I knew it was my call to Earth. In great excitement, my friend and I opened the letter. I gave it to my friend and asked him to read it aloud. The letter said: "You will be born in the church, and you will have the priesthood of God in your home. You will be raised with many blessings. You will be born in the land of plenty, and the land of freedom. You will go to Earth in the United States of America."

My friend and I rejoiced as we read my call, and while we rejoiced the messenger returned. This time he had a letter for my friend. We knew it was the call to Earth for him. My friend gave his letter to me to read aloud. The letter said: "You have been called to go to Earth in circumstances of poverty and strife. You will not be raised in the church. Many hardships will attend your life. Your land will be fraught with political and social difficulties which will hinder the work of the Lord. You will be born in Costa Rica."

We wept, my friend and I, as we read his call, and my friend looked at me with tears in his eyes and said, "When we are down on earth, you in your choice land and me in Costa Rica, my friend, come and find me."

Then this young missionary, with tears in his own eyes, said, "Brothers and Sisters, I have received my mission call. I am going to Costa Rica."

There is a sequel to this story. About a year after that sacrament meeting, the bishop of the ward received a letter from the missionary in Costa Rica. The letter had one sheet of paper in it, and on the sheet, written in inch-high letters, were only four words ....

**I FOUND MY FRIEND!**

# **My Mother's Great!**

By Johnny Hart

Seems all the time I've sat to write,  
My mom is close at heart.  
She taught me stuff like not to fight,  
And things that make me smart.

She made me so dare smart – in fact...  
'Twas plain for me to see  
Her most superb splendiferous act  
Was giving birth to me.

# **My Native Land**

Sir Walter Scott

Breathes there the 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 be, go, mark him well!  
For him no minstrel's raptures swell.  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
The wretch, concentr'd all in self  
Living shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, un honored, and unsung.



# **My Priesthood Lineage**

Jesus Christ

Peter, James and John

Joseph Smith

The Three Witnesses

Brigham Young

Joseph F. Smith

Joseph Fielding Smith

William Redd

William Smellie Redd

Thomas John Redd

**My Redeemer**  
**A BALLAD**  
**Written for Mary Catherine Redd**  
by John Hardison Redd

While Nature was sinking in stillness to rest,  
The last beams of daylight shone dim in the west.  
O'er fields by the moonlight, with wandering feet,  
Sought in quietude's hour a place of retreat.  
While passing a garden I heard, then drew near,  
A voice of a sufferer affected my heart,  
In agony pleading the poor sinner's part.  
In offering to Heaven his pitying prayer,  
He spoke of the *burden that he chose to bare*.<sup>6</sup>  
His life for a ransom He offered to give,  
That sinners redeemed in glory might live.  
So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers  
That down on his bosom rolled sweat, blood and tears.  
I wept to behold Him. I asked Him His name,  
He answered, "Tis Jesus, from Heaven I came.  
I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die;  
This cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by.  
Thy sins like a mountain are laid upon Me,  
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee."  
I heard with deep anguish the tale of His woe,  
While tears like a fountain of water did flow,  
The cause of His sorrow to hear Him repeat,  
Affected my heart and I fell at His feet.

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<sup>6</sup> *The words in italics were added by Thomas J. Redd. The original words were not able to be read from the original document.*

I trembled with horror and loudly did cry.  
"Lord, save a poor sinner, O save, or I die."  
He smiled when He saw me, and said to me, "live,"  
"Thy sins which are many, I freely forgive."  
How sweet was that moment; He bade me "Rejoice."  
His smile, O how sweet, How charming His voice.  
I flew from the garden, I spread it abroad,  
I shouted, "Salvation, and Glory to God."  
I'm now on my journey to mansions above  
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace and love.  
I think of the garden, the prayer and the tears,  
Of that loving Savior who banished my fears.  
The day of bright glory is rolling around,  
When Gabriel descending, the trumpet shall sound,  
My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise  
To gaze on my Savior with unclouded eyes.

# **My Shadow**

Robert Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,  
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.  
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;  
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow —  
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;  
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball,  
And sometimes he gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,  
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.  
He stops so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;  
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,  
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;  
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,  
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed!

## My Son

Build me a son, O Lord, who will be strong enough,  
To know when he is weak,  
Brave enough to face himself when he is afraid;  
One who will be proud and unbending in honest defeat,  
Humble and gentle in victory.

Build me a son whose wishes  
Will not take the place of deeds;  
A son who will know Thee —  
And that to know himself  
Is the foundation stone of knowledge.

Lead him, I pray, not in the path of ease and comfort,  
But under the stress and spur of difficulties and challenge.  
Let him learn to stand up in the storm;  
Let him learn compassion for those who fail.

Build me a son whose heart will be clear,  
Whose goal will be high;  
A son who will master himself  
Before he seeks to master other men;  
One who will reach into the future,  
Yet never forget the past.  
And after all these things are his,  
Add, I pray, enough of a sense of humor  
So that he may always be serious  
Yet never take himself too seriously.  
Give him humility, the simplicity of true strength.

Then I, his father, will dare to whisper,  
"I have not lived in vain."

# My Son Gets Wheels

By Dave Barry

My son is learning to drive. This terrifies me. He's four years old.

Well, okay, technically he's 15. But from the perspective of an aging parent, there is no major difference between four and 15, except that when your child is four, his motoring privileges are restricted to Fisher-Price vehicles.

Whereas when your child turns 15, the state of Florida lets him obtain a permit that allows him to drive an actual car on actual roads, despite the fact that you can vividly remember when he slept on *Return of the Jedi* sheets.

Of course, there are restrictions: He must be accompanied by a licensed driver age 21 or over. But that does not reassure me. I want the law to say that if my son is going to drive, he must be accompanied by a licensed paramedic and at least two Supreme court justices. Also, I believe that as a safety precaution, his car should be attached via a stout chain to a restraining device such as the Pentagon.

It's not that I think my son is a bad driver. He's actually a pretty good driver, careful to signal his turns. That's what worries me: He'll be driving in Miami, where nobody else, including the police, does this. If Miami motorists were to see a turn signal, there's no telling how they'd react. They could become alarmed and start shooting.

And what if my son actually believes the official Florida state driver's manual when it says that the left lane is for passing only? Not in Miami, it isn't! The driving public here apparently believes that there is some kind of deadly voodoo curse on the right lane, so everybody drives in the left lane, as speeds ranging all the way from Indianapolis 500 down to Car Wash.

This means that if you get behind somebody travelling at, say, Funeral Procession, and you want to pass, you have to disregard the driver's manual, risk the voodoo curse and use the right lane, unless the driver in front of you is talking on a cell phone, because these people frequently receive urgent mandatory instructions from whomever they're talking to, such as "Swerve across all available lanes immediately!" So when you are behind cell-phone drivers, it's generally wise to wait a few moments until they ram into a bridge abutment; then you can pass safely on whichever side has the least amount of flames spewing out.

We veteran drivers know this, just as we know that in the city it's considered acceptable to go through a red light as long as you can still *remember* when it was yellow. But how is my son supposed to know these things?

What really scares me is he'll want to drive *a lot*.. I know this because I remember exactly how I felt when I got my driver's license in 1963, at a time when, if you were a male, cars were extremely important. There were two major religions: Ford and Chevy.

At lunch time we would stand next to the circle in front of the high school and watch guys drive around slowly, revving their engines. Sometimes, if we were especially impressed by a car, we would spit.

I applied for my driver's license the instant I was old enough, and the day it arrived - finally! - in the mail, I borrowed my mother's car, which was a Plymouth Valiant station wagon that could attain a top speed of 85 kilometers an hour if dropped from a bomber. I didn't care: *I had wheels!*

I drove around at random for approximately the next two years. It made no difference to me where I was going. I was happy simply to be in motion, with the AM radio turned up loud, playing something like, "He's So Fine" by the Chiffons:

*He's so fine (Doo-lang doo-lang doo-lang)*

*Wish he were mine (Doo-lang doo-lang doo-lang)*

*That handsome boy over there ....*

And behind the wheel, with my arm draped casually out the window, I imagined that I was that handsome boy, not some dweeb driving his mom's Valiant. I was cool. I was *driving!*

These days when I'm driving, I rarely listen to music. I listen to traffic reports, because I'm always late for some obligatory grown-up thing. I'm never driving just to be driving.

But my son will be soon. He'll be out there every chance he gets, feeling so fine, cruising to nowhere, signaling his turns, playing his music, cranking it up when a good song comes on.

Yup, he'll be on the road a lot - a teenager, but still, in many ways, a human being. Please watch out for him.



# **The Mystery of the Dipper and the Bucket**

By Donald O. Clifton

You have heard of the cup that overflowed. This is the story of a bucket that is like that cup only larger: it is an invisible bucket. Everyone has one. It is always with us. It determines how we feel about ourselves, about others, and how we get along with people. Have you ever experienced a series of very favorable things which made you want to be good to people for a week? When this happens your bucket is full to overflowing.

A bucket can be filled by a lot of things that happen. When a person speaks to you, recognizing you as a human being, your bucket is filled a little — even more if he calls you by name. If he compliments you on your dress or on a job well done, the level in your bucket goes up still higher. There must be a million ways to raise the level in another's bucket.

But remember, this theory is about a dipper and a bucket. Other people have dippers and they can get their dippers in your bucket. Let's say I am at a banquet. Nice tablecloth, china, real silverware, everyone is dressed up — had a bath. While I am visiting I inadvertently upset my coffee. A big brown spot appears, steam coming up from it. I'm embarrassed. I turn redder than I am usually red. The coffee keeps crawling right toward the lady across from me. Finally it does it! Dribbles on her. She just jumps a little, but she is really just being nice because it is HOT!!

Now I am so embarrassed I would like to stop the world and get off. Then "bright eyes" right down the table from me says, "You upset your coffee." I made a mistake; I knew it first; and then he said, "You upset your coffee!" He got his dipper in my bucket!!

Think of the times a person makes a mistake, feels terrible about it, only to have someone tell him about the mistake as though he did not know it had happened.

Buckets are filled and buckets are emptied. When a person's bucket is empty, he is very different than when it is full. You say to a lady whose bucket is empty: "That's a pretty dress you are wearing today," and she may reply in an irritated, defensive way: "What, for goodness sake, was wrong with the dress I wore yesterday?"

The story of our lives is the interplay of the dipper and the bucket. Everyone has both. The mystery of the dipper and the bucket is that the only way we can fill our own bucket is to fill

someone else's bucket.

The next time someone is right about what is wrong with you, and you already know it, you can say, "Hey, you have your dipper in my bucket!" Or better yet, when you hear others "dipping" somebody else you can say, "We are getting our dippers in his bucket. We ought to be filling his bucket instead of dipping." And in doing this, you can experience the mystery of the dipper and the bucket.

# "Needs"

Ramona Demery

You've filled my needs, dear friend.

You've helped me to

Rejoice and live

But we've not reached an end;

For I still have

The need to give.

## A New Exemption!

It wasn't easy, but Dad and Mom proved that the tax man had a heart after all.

The record shows that George Dale Mirical and Mary Octavia Hartwick were married on January 30, 1954. Upon that union Mary's initials would change to M.O.M., and 15 months later, on Easter Sunday, her first son was born.

My parents didn't plan to have many kids. But their was son followed by six daughters. Then they got five more sons and five more daughters. "What's better family planning than to have one child every year?" Dad asked.

Just before their 17th and last child was born in 1974, the Illinois Department of Revenue sent my parents a notice:

*Internal Revenue Service information indicates that you claimed six more exemptions on your 1971 Illinois tax return than on your federal return. Based on this information, your Illinois tax was recalculated. You are consequently being assessed \$211.00.*

Dad, a certified public accountant, was furious. Would he make a mistake on his own tax return? Mom was a mused. It reminded her of the time someone saw all her kids in the backyard and accused her of running an illegal nursery.

Dad gradually yielded to Mom's enjoyment of the irony. One night he came home from work with a sheepish grin and handed her a piece of paper. "I wrote a letter," he said. "What do you think?"

Mom noticed his impish look and peered at the scribbled statement addressed to the Director of the Department of Revenue:

*Dear Sir,*

*We received your communication informing me and my wife that, according to the federal government, we did not have 15 children in 1971 as reported on our state income-tax return, but only had nine children and therefore owe the state \$211.00.*

*I wish to thank you very much for this information. There has always been disagreement between my wife and me about the exact number. We just had our 20th wedding anniversary, and now she says we have 16, all conceived right and proper after we were married.*

*Now I agree with you and the federal government that that's a bit unbelievable. The trouble is that though my wife ain't too bright about some things, she can count pretty good. It may be some pesky neighbor has slipped a few of his into my house and I been boardin' them.*

*I'm at a loss as to how to solve our problem. I'd count them myself but I can't get 'em to stand still long enough in one place. The one thing I can say for sure is that there does seem to be a lot of 'em around. Heck, my wife even claims she's goin' to have another one 'bout April.*

*I reckon the best thing would be to contact the infernal revenoors again and see what evidence they have to support their figures. I hear they are pretty good lately at gittin' confidential information.*

*I hope you don't think I'm disputin' your word — it's my wife I can't convince. I'd send you the \$211.00 if it was up to me, but I can't 'cause she hid my checkbook again.*

*Whatever you find out, you should communicate direct with my wife from now on. I didn't have much to do with this in the first place, and if I ask her how she had so many children, she just says she does it the same way ever'body else does.*

*If I was you, though, I wouldn't send no personal representative to see her just yet. For the past few days she's been stompin' around and mumblin' things about the government like you'd never believe.*

Mom liked the letter so much she typed it up and mailed it right off. Eventually the Tax Processing Center figured out its mistake:

*Our notice to you was generated because of an oversight in our computer program. This has been corrected so that we should not bother you again. Your letter was so unusual that it received special handling. Normally, we are called everything in the world except human beings.*

Two weeks later my sister Mary was born, and Dad kept the saga going by writing again:

*I just thought I would let you know that she did it again, baby girl, 7 lb. 10 oz. I would have invited you into the delivery room so you could see with your own eyes, but there was a lot of moanin' and groanin' in there and I figured you already heard enough of that bein' a tax collector.*

*She was born on April Fools' Day and I don't want that to create any fresh suspicions in your mind.*

A few days later, a special card arrived in the mail, signed by more than 75 employees of the Tax processing Center. The last one to sign was Dan Walker, then governor of Illinois:

*Congratulations on the Birth of Your New Exemption!*

# New Leave Policies

**SICKNESS:** No excuse. We will no longer accept your doctor's statement as proof, as we believe that if you are able to go to the doctor, you are able to come to work.

**MEDICAL LEAVE OF ABSENCE (for an operation):** We are no longer allowing this practice. We wish to discourage any thought that you may have about needing an operation. We believe that as long as you are employed here, you will need all of whatever you have and should not consider having anything removed. We hired you as you are and to have anything removed would certainly make you less than we bargained for.

**RESTROOM BREAKS:** Too much time is being spent in the restroom. In the future, we will follow the practice of going to the restroom in alphabetical order. For instance, those whose names begin with 'A' will go from 8 am to 8:05 am; 'B' will go from 8:05 to 8:10; and so on. If you are unable to go at your time, it will be necessary to wait until the day when your turn comes again.

**Death (Other than your own):** This is no excuse. There is nothing you can do for them, and we are sure that someone else in a lesser position can attend to the arrangements. However, if the funeral can be held in late afternoon, we will be glad to let you off one hour early, provided that your share of work is ahead enough to keep the job going in your absence.

**DEATH (Your own):** This will be accepted as an excuse, but we would like a two-week notice, as we feel it is your duty to teach someone else your job.

## **New Work Rules**

**SICKNESS.** No excuses will be acceptable. We will no longer accept your doctors statement as proof of illness. As we believe that if you are able to go to the doctor, you are able to come to work.

**LEAVE OF ABSENCE** (for an operation) we are no longer allowing this practice. We wish to discourage any thoughts that you may need all of whatever you have, and you should not consider having something removed. We hired you as you are, and to have anything removed would certainly make you less than we bargained for.

**DEATH** (other than your own) This is no excuse if you can arrange for funeral services to be held late in the afternoon, however, we can let you off an hour early, provided all your work is up to date.

**DEATH** (your own) This will be accepted as an excuse, but we would like at least 2 weeks notice, as we feel it is your duty to teach someone else your responsibilities.

Also, entirely too much time is being spent in the wash rooms, in the future, you will follow the practice of going in alphabetical order. For instance, those whose surnames begin with "A" will be allowed to go from 9-9:05 and so on. If you are unable to go at your appointed time, it will be necessary to I wait until the next day when your time comes around again.



# New Year's Day

Ann Landers

Make this coming year better than all the others. Vow to do some things you've always wanted to do but "couldn't find the time."

Call up a neglected friend. Drop an old grudge and replace it with some pleasant memories. Share a funny story with someone whose spirits are dragging. A good laugh can be better than any medicine.

Vow not to make a promise you don't think you can keep. Pay a debt. Give a soft answer. free yourself of envy and malice.

Encourage some youth to do his or her best. Share your experience and offer support. Young people need role models more than they need critics.

Make a genuine effort to stay in closer touch with family and friends. Resolve to stop magnifying small problems and shooting from the lip. Words that you have to eat have no nutritional value and can be hard to digest.

Find time to be kind and thoughtful. All of us have the same allotment — 24 hours a day. Give a compliment. It could provide someone with a badly needed lift. Think things through. Forgive an injustice. Listen more. Be kind.

Apologize when you realize you are wrong. An apology never diminishes a person. It elevates. Don't blow your own horn. If you've done something praiseworthy, someone will notice eventually.

Try to understand a point of view that is different from your own. Few things are 100 percent one way or another. Examine the demands you make on others and lighten up.

When you feel your temper reaching the boiling point, ask yourself, "Will it matter a week from today?" Laugh the loudest when the joke is on you.

The sure way to have a friend is to be one. We are all connected by our humanity and we need each other. Avoid malcontents and pessimists. They drag you down and contribute nothing.

Don't discourage a beginner from trying something risky. Nothing ventured means nothing gained. Be optimistic. The can-do spirit is the fuel that makes things go.

Go to war against animosity and complacency. Express your gratitude. Give credit when it's due — and even when it isn't. It will make you look good.

Read something uplifting. Deep-six the trash. You wouldn't eat garbage, why put it in your head? Don't abandon your old-fashioned principles. They never go out of style. When courage is needed, ask yourself, "If not me, who? If not now, when?"

Take better care of yourself. Remember, you're all you've got. Pass up that second helping. You don't need it. Vow to eat more sensibly. You'll feel better and look better too.

Don't put up with secondhand smoke. Nobody has the right to pollute your air or give you cancer. If someone says, "This is a free country," remind him or her that the country may be free, but no person is free if he has a habit he can't control.

Return those books you borrowed. Reschedule that missed dental appointment. Clean out your closet.

Take those photos out of the drawer and put them in an album. If you see litter on the sidewalk, pick it up instead of walking over it.

Give yourself a reality check. Phoniness is transparent, and it is tiresome. Take pleasure in the beauty and the wonders of nature. A flower is God's miracle.

Walk tall and smile more. You'll look 10 years younger. Don't be afraid to say, "I love you." Say it again. They are the sweetest words in the world. If you have love in your life, this new year can be the best one ever.

## Nobody Has It All Together

I know I am the only mother on the planet who has oily hair, warts, and hairy legs. All the other mothers are sleek and beautiful. If they're not beautiful, they're probably smart, rich, or humble, or they do their genealogy.

That's why I always get a good belly laugh when I'm asked to speak about my books. Invariably, after my talk some soft-spoken woman in the group will approach me hesitantly and say something like, "You have everything so together. You are so calm and composed. I can tell you've been to one of those total-image beauty workshops where they drape you to find out your season, tell you what kind of clothes and makeup to wear, and how to style your hair."

I have to set the record straight. I am not so "together." As a matter of fact, if they quit manufacturing masking tape, I'd fall apart.

When I leave home to give a talk, I throw my husband a soup can, a screaming baby, a toddler with messy pants, and a smile, and say, "He-he-he ... good-bye, dear."

The reason I seem calm and composed when I talk is because speaking to a hundred quiet, attentive adults is a piece of cake after I've been trying to communicate with six inattentive, exasperating children all day.

The truth is, I have never been draped to find out my "season." I consider myself a woman for all seasons. What's more, It's a lot more fun to imagine how much better I would look if I did go through the treatment, than to pay all that money and be disappointed because I still look this bad.

The rest of the truth is, I bought my suit on sale at Lerner's for \$28.59. I did not select it because it was the perfect style for my figure or because it would do wonders for my image. I selected it because it was cheap and because dark gray hides spit-up stains. I don't wear designer pantyhose. I'm still wearing my old maternity pantyhose with a run in the thigh that no one can see. My ten-year-old shoes are held together with masking tape and hair spray.

My mother gave me a home perm and my husband tries to cut my hair. They have grand illusions of turning me into one of those before-and-after beauty studies like the women's magazines love to publish. So far, I am still the perfect specimen for the before photograph.

If not exactly stylish, at least I'm basically clean. Would that I could say the same thing of my children. I tell them often (when their father's not around) that they couldn't have acquired their dirty genes from my side of the family.

I have found, to my regret, that my children came self-equipped with more than dirty jeans. They came with dirty everything. With an uncanny green-thumb ability, they grow moldy socks in the dark crevices underneath their beds. They can take a half hour in the bathtub and still come out with tricycle grease smeared from their foreheads to their chins.

I have seen other people's children with every hair in place, spotless shoes, scrubbed faces, and matching socks. They must know a way to have children and cleanliness in the same place. I wanted to learn their secrets, so I decided to conduct an on-the-spot interview with one of those perfect parents. I sat down by a fountain at the shopping mall and waited.

One young woman walked past me holding her two-year-old daughter's hand. The little girl had blond ringlets dangling from lace barrettes and satin ribbons. Her solidly starched dress stood out from her clean, dimpled knees. The little girl's stockings were not even bagging at the ankles.

"Miracle mother," I said, approaching this woman, "how do you do it?"

She looked around for cameras and replied, "I give her a box of bandages to rip open and plaster all over herself while I curl her hair. Then I give her an extra dose of cough medicine with antihistamine to keep her a little lethargic while I quickly dress her and speed over to the photographer's. But I only do this once every ten years."

The next mother came by with eight children following close behind her like a stepladder. They all resembled each other, so I assumed they were all hers. They were all clean, dressed, alert, and smiling. It was only 9:00 AM on a Saturday.

"How do you do it?" I asked as I stopped this amazing mother. "How do you get eight children up, clean, dressed, and over to the mall by 9:00 AM?"

"Well," she answered, "after I bathe them at night, I simply dress them for the next day and put them to bed that way. When they wake up, they're dressed and ready to go."

I scratched my head.

"It works the other way, too," the mother continued. "If you put them to bed in pajamas, then don't bother getting them dressed in the morning. If they stay in their pajamas all day, you don't have to get them ready to go to bed at night."

Next a mother and father walked by with four spotless young children all dressed in matching raincoats. Funny, I hadn't noticed any storm clouds on my way over. I questioned the father.

"Oh, we're going out to eat," the father said. "When we're through, I just take them all outside and hose them off."

So much for my vision of perfect parents up at dawn to bathe, bake, and bask in their perfection. I guess we're all in the same mud hole after all.

## **No Excuse Sunday**

In order to make it possible for everyone to attend church next week, we are planning a special no-excuse Sunday.

1. Cots will be placed in the Chapel for those who say, "Sunday is my only day for sleeping in."
2. Eye drops will be available for those whose eyes are tired from watching TV too late on Saturday night.
3. We will have steel helmets for those who believe the roof will cave in if they show up at church.
4. Blankets will be furnished for those who complain that the church is too cold. Fans will be on hand for those who say the church is too hot.
5. We will have hearing aids for those members who say, "the speakers don't talk loud enough." There will be cotton for those who say, "the speakers talk too loud."
6. Score cards will be available for those who wish to count the hypocrites.
7. We guarantee that some relatives will be present for those who like to go visiting on Sunday.
8. There will be TV dinners available for those who claim they can't go to church and cook dinner, too.
9. One section of the church will have some trees and grass for those who see God in nature, especially on the golf course.
10. The chapel will be decorated with both Christmas poinsettias and Easter lilies to create a familiar environment for those who have never seen the church without them.

# **No Food For My Children**

Thomas S. Monson

Many years ago, President Harold B. Lee recounted to me an experience of a President Ballantyne who grew up in Star Valley, Wyoming. This is harsh country. The summers are short and fleeting, while the winters linger and chill. President Ballantyne told of a special Christmas season from his boyhood days. He said:

"Father had a large family; and sometimes after we had our harvest, there was not much left after expenses were paid. So Father would have to go away and hire out to some of the big ranchers for maybe a dollar a day. He earned little more than enough to take care of himself, with very little to send home to Mother and the children. Things began to get pretty skimpy for us.

"We had our family prayers around the table; and it was on one such night when Father was gone that we gathered and Mother poured out of a pitcher, into the glass of each one, milk divided among the children — but none for herself. And I, sensing that the milk in the pitcher was all that we had, pushed mine over to Mother and said, 'Here, Mother. You drink mine.'

"'No, Mother is not hungry tonight.'

"It worried me. We drank our milk and went to bed, but I could not sleep. I got up and tiptoed down the stairs, and there was Mother, in the middle of the floor, kneeling in prayer. She did not hear me as I came down in my bare feet, and I dropped to my knees and heard her say, 'Heavenly Father, there is no food in our house. Please, Father, touch the heart of somebody so that my children will not be hungry in the morning.'

"When she finished her prayer, she looked around and saw that I had heard; and she said to me, somewhat embarrassed, 'Now, you run along, son. Everything will be all right.'

"I went to bed, assured by Mother's faith. The next morning, I was awakened by the sounds of pots and pans in the kitchen and the aroma of cooking food. I went down to the kitchen, and I said, 'Mother, I thought you said there was no food.'

"All she said to me was, 'Well, my boy, didn't you think the Lord would answer my prayer? I received no further explanation than that.'

"Years passed, and I went away to college. I got married, and I returned to see the old folks. Bishop Gardner, now reaching up to a ripe age, said to me, 'My son, let me tell you of a Christmas experience that I had with your family. I had finished my chores, and we had had supper. I was sitting by the fireplace reading the newspaper. Suddenly, I heard a voice that said, "Sister Ballantyne doesn't have any food in her house." I thought it was my wife speaking and said, "What did you say, Mother?" She came in wiping her hands on her apron and said, "Did you call me, Father?"

"No, I didn't say anything to you, but I heard a voice which spoke to me."

"What did it say?" she asked.

"It said that Sister Ballantyne didn't have any food in her house."

"Well, then," said Mother, "you had better put on your shoes and your coat and take some food to Sister Ballantyne." In the dark of that winter's night, I harnessed the team and placed in the wagon bed a sack of flour, a quarter section of beef, some bottled fruit, and loaves of newly baked bread. The weather was cold, but a warm glow filled my soul as your mother welcomed me and I presented her with the food. God had heard a mother's prayer."

Heavenly Father is ever mindful of those who need, who seek, who trust, who pray, and who listen when He speaks. "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" (John 3:16). God's gift becomes our blessing. May every heart open wide and welcome Him — Christmas day and always.



# No Transportation Tonight

by Margaret Bromley

Jim Furguson drained his cup, pushed back his chair, and stood up. He listened for a moment to the howling wind as it seared through the lonely valley and clawed at the roof of the old farmhouse in the Australian back country.

"Think the top will stay on, love?" he asked his pretty, brown-haired wife, Mary, as she turned from the glowing wood stove.

"If it doesn't," she replied with a smile, "you'll have to go out and put it back!"

Jim heard the faint trace of apprehension in her voice as she added, "Jim, do you think you'll have the truck fixed tonight?"

His reply was noncommittal as he reached for his damp jacket and shrugged into it, feeling its coldness across his broad shoulders. "Staying indoors won't fix it," he replied abruptly. He gave her a quick kiss as she followed him along the passage to the door, her body heavy and slow in her eighth month of pregnancy. He tried not to let her sense his own worry as he gave her a reassuring hug.

"Jim ...," she hesitated, putting a pleading hand on his arm, "It's the night our home teachers call, remember?"

"Sure," he muttered, as he jerked open the door.

The wind shrieked at him in demoniacal fury as he pushed out into the raging night and fought his way to the barn and the damaged van. Once inside, released from the grip of the storm, he grinned wryly to himself as he switched on the light. Only a fool or a fanatic would make the twenty-five-mile journey in this sort of weather, he thought, and the home teachers were city men, unused to the hazards of a night like this. Jim doubted very much if their dedication would rise to this occasion. If it did, there must be more to the Church than he'd discovered in two years of membership! But he had to give credit to Brother Williams and Brother Marsh for their monthly visit yet, and Jim secretly hoped that somehow they could keep up their record in spite of tonight's storm.

As Jim worked on the damaged vehicle, his thoughts wandered back to the day, two years ago, when he and Mary had joined the Church. He'd been afraid of making a fool of himself as he stood in the water, listening to the words of the baptismal prayer. Afterwards he had a feeling of refreshment — as if he were on the threshold of a new life.

Then he and Mary had been caught up in the whirl of Church activity. He was made a deacon within a month and, soon after, a teacher. A position as Sunday School assistant superintendent had followed. He found himself devoting more and more time and energy to the Church, but it was all worthwhile. Eighteen months after his baptism, Jim was ordained an elder, and Brother Williams, to mark the occasion, presented him with a small phial of consecrated oil. "Now Brother Furguson," he had said, "go out and live your priesthood. Next to life itself, your priesthood is the greatest blessing you can have. Use it well."

Then things had changed — so insidiously that at first it wasn't noticeable. Perhaps it had started when the tractor broke down. With seeding time near, Jim had used his tithing money to repair the tractor, always promising himself that he'd make up the deficit one day. Seeding had taken priority then, and his attendance at meetings became erratic, finally ceasing altogether as he devoted himself to the thousand chores that suddenly became necessary on the farm.

Soon the Sabbath became to Jim just another day of work from sunup to sundown. And once a month, on every second Friday, his zealous home teachers visited the farmhouse, and he endured a conscience-ridden half hour as they humorously chided him for not appearing at church.

Jim had to admit to himself that they were decent enough men, but they didn't seem to realize that farming was a seven-days-a-week, sixteen-hours-a-day job. There simply wasn't time for hymns and sermons. In this job you worshiped God by the sweat of your brow, or you and your family went hungry.

Jim twisted the screwdriver viciously, and the hose clip snapped. He cursed under his breath and foraged around in the toolbox, knowing that he didn't have a spare clip. Disgustedly he flung the screwdriver into the toolbox, where it landed with a clang.

That's that, Jim thought; no transportation tonight.

The wind grabbed him as he forced open the barn door, and sucked him, an unwilling victim, into the sluicing rain. Before he had crossed the yard, his jacket was soaked through again, and he shivered as the cold bit into his back.

He reached the comforting shelter of the farmhouse. As he pushed at the door to shut out the storm, he became aware almost immediately of some evil element in the atmosphere of the house. An instinctive certainty told him that something, somewhere, was not right.

He strode hurriedly into the kitchen. A chair lay overturned, the kettle was on its side on the floor, and Mary lay motionless in a puddle of steaming water.

Time stopped as if suspended in eternity for the seconds it took him to comprehend. Then it struck him, like a blow to some part of him that he hadn't known existed. Panic seized him as he hastily turned Mary onto her back. A livid bruise was already swelling where she had struck her left temple, and large red patches had appeared on her face and arm where the boiling water had scalded her. She was unconscious, her eyes closed under purple-shadowed lids, and Jim knew an unreasoning fear that she had gone away and would not return to him. And the baby — had the life within her gone away too? Forever?

It was a moment before Jim remembered that the only transportation they had was standing useless and broken in the barn, at the one time that he so desperately needed it. He looked around helplessly, then ran and fetched a blanket. His thoughts raced in incoherent panic as he tried to think what to do.

The medicine cabinet! It might hold something that he could use. In two strides he reached the small cupboard and jerked open the door. As he rummaged frantically among bottles and tubes, his fingers closed upon a small, white plastic phial. For a moment he stared at it uncomprehendingly and was about to throw it back into the cabinet when a memory stirred in him. He unscrewed the cap and squeezed a drop of clear oil onto his palm. Then he remembered clearly. This was consecrated oil — the oil given to him by Brother Williams at the time of his ordination. And now it was useless — useless because the tractor had come before tithing and farm chores before church meetings.

Truth came to Jim then: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness ...." And he, Jim Fergusson, had failed. He had failed his God, his priesthood, and his church. He had failed Mary, the person he loved most in all the world. And, most of all, he had failed their unborn child.

Mary was still unconscious, and Jim knew he had to do something. He stared at the phial in his hand; then his fingers closed tightly around it. Prayer! He must pray — and pray hard.

He knelt by Mary, a sudden fear passing over him as he realized what he had to do to call her back from the strange half-world into which she had gone. Now was the time for him to go out and live his priesthood, as Brother Williams had told him six months ago. Jim felt a terrible loneliness and an almost painful longing to hear the reassuring voice of Brother Williams, but a glance at the clock showed that it was already an hour past the home teachers' visiting time. The storm had beaten them after all, and he must go on alone.

Jim felt the salty tears well un his eyes as he tried to remember the words of administration; but they came confused and jumbled in his mind, and he could not sort them out. He made an effort to speak, but the words half-formed, choked him. He gasped for air, filling his lungs in gulping sobs, while the tears streamed down his contorted face. Desperately he raised clenched fists above his head, and his voice finally came.

"Oh, God," he cried, "forgive my sins! I'm sorry, Lord! Help me — oh, please help me!"

Jim drew a shuddering breath and sank back on his heels. Events of the past six months came to him, and he knew the time had come for him to turn once more to the God who had given him life and a place on earth. The home teachers were right — he must return to activity in the true church. Jim knew that it would take determination to go back, but he would try, for Mary's sake and for their child's sake.

Once more he put his hands on Mary's head and closed his eyes. The words came faltering and unsure: "Mary Furguson ...." No, that wasn't right — it had to be her full name. Mary Eleanor Furguson, that was it — Mary Eleanor Furguson.

As Jim opened his mouth to speak again, he felt another pair of hands join with his own upon Mary's head, the fingers warm and reassuring where they touched his hands. Startled, he jerked up his head and found himself looking into the calm, compassionate eyes of Brother Williams. Brother Marsh knelt beside him.

## A Note From The Boss:

Arx You a Kxy Pxrrson?

Xvxn though my typxwritxr is an old modxl, it works quitx wxll, xxcxpt for onx of thx kxys. I havx wishxd many timxs that it workxd pxrfxctly; it is trvx that thxr x forty-six kxys that function wxll xnough, but just onx kxy not working makxs thx diffxrxncx. Somxtimxs it sxxms that cxrtain of our mxmbxrs arx somxthing likx my typxwritxr — not all thx kxy pxopl x working, propxrlly. You may say to yoursxlf, "Wxll, I am only onx pxrrson; I won't makx or brxak thx unit." But, it doxs makx a diffxrxncx bxcausx a unit to bx xffxctivx, nxxds thx activx participation of vxry mxmbxr. So thx nxxt timx you think that you arx not important, that you arx only onx pxrrson and that your xfforts arxn't nxxdxd, rxmxmbxr my typxwritxr and say to yoursxlf: "I am a kxy pxrrson and I am nxxdxd...."

## O Canada

O Canada! Our home and native land.  
True Patriot love in all thy sons command.  
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,  
The true north strong and free  
From far and wide O Canada,  
We stand on guard for thee.  
God keep our land Glorious and free!  
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.  
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada, where pines and maples grow.  
Great Prairies spread, and Lordly rivers flow.  
How dear to us thy broad domain,  
From East to Western sea!  
Thou land of hope for all who toil!  
Thou True North strong and free.  
God keep our land Glorious and free!  
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.  
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies  
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise  
To keep thee steadfast through the years  
From East to Western sea,  
Our own beloved native land,  
Our true North strong and free!  
God keep our land Glorious and free!  
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.  
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! Terre de nos aïeux,  
Ton front est ceint de fleurons glorieux;  
Car ton bras sait porter l'épée,  
Il sait porter la croix!  
Ton histoire est une épopée  
Des plus brillants exploits.  
Et ta valeur, de foi trempée,  
Protègera nos foyers et nos droits,  
Protègera nos foyers et nos droits.

## Oddities of the World

1. Some people are like Slinkies . . . not really good for anything, but you still can't help but smile when you see one tumble down the stairs.
2. I read recipes the same way I read science fiction. I get to the end and think, "Well, that's not going to happen".
3. Health nuts are going to feel stupid someday, lying in hospitals dying of nothing.
4. The other night I ate at a really nice family restaurant. Every table had an argument going.
5. Have you noticed since everyone has a camcorder in the car these days no one talks about seeing UFO's like they used to?
6. You know when you're sitting on a chair and you lean back so you're just on two legs then you lean too far and you almost fall over but at the last second you catch yourself? I feel like that all the time.
7. According to a recent survey, men say that the first things they notice about a woman are their eyes. And women say that the first thing they notice about men is that they're a bunch of liars.
8. Whenever I feel blue, I start breathing again.
9. All of us could take a lesson from the weather. It pays no attention to criticism.
10. Why does a slight tax increase cost you two hundred dollars and a substantial tax cut save you thirty cents?
11. I'm not 50-something. I'm \$49.95, plus shipping and handling.
12. In the 60's people took acid to make the world weird. Now the world IS weird and people take Prozac to make it seem normal.



13. Politics is supposed to be the second oldest profession. I have come to realize that it bears a very close resemblance to the first.

14. There is a theory which states that if ever anybody discovers exactly what the Universe is for and why it is here, it will instantly disappear and be replaced by something even more bizarre and inexplicable. There is another theory which states that this has already happened.

15. How is it that one careless match can start a forest fire, but it takes a whole box to start a campfire?

16. Doctors can be frustrating. You wait a month-and-a-half for an appointment and then they say "I wish you'd come to me sooner."

# O Home Beloved

by Evan Stephens

O home beloved, where'er I wander,  
On foreign land or distant sea,  
As time rolls by my heart grows fonder  
And yearns more lovingly for thee!  
Though fair be nature's scenes around me,  
And friends are ever kind and true,  
Though joyous mirth and song surround me,  
My heart, my soul still yearn for you.

The flowers around me may be fairer  
Than those that bloom upon thy hills;  
The streams, great, mighty treasure bearers,  
More noted may be than thy rills;  
No world renown my humble village  
Like these great towns may proudly claim,  
Yet my fond heart doth thrill with rapture  
When'er I hear thy humble name.

(No) valleys fair (nor) snow capped mountains,  
(No) peaceful hamlets 'mid the trees,  
(No) murmuring streams (nor) crystal fountains,  
Kissed by the cool, soft, balmy breeze,  
Tongue cannot tell how well I love thee  
Nor speak my longing when I roam.  
My heart alone can cry to heaven,  
"God bless my own dear (Prairie) home."

The words in parenthesis were changed to correct the meaning to that which is desired by the reciter.



## Ode to the Morning

When I awoke this morning  
When all good things are born,  
A Robin perched upon my sill  
To welcome in the dawn.  
It was gay and young and fragile,  
And sweetly did it sing.  
Sweet thoughts of joy and happiness  
Into my heart did spring.  
I sweetly smiled at the Robin's song,  
And, leaning from my bed,  
I gently closed the window  
And crushed its stupid head.

## Of Charity

The Lord commandeth it —

"All men should have charity — Which Charity is love"

Without it — We can do nothing — We are nothing!

Clothed with it — We are kind and envieth not

We Suffereth long and are not easily provoked

Rejoice in truth and beareth all things

Have hope and endureth

We abound in good works and possess a fountain of all righteousness

Dressed in a bond of Charity this pure love excels and exceeds — all else

It shall endure forever ....

CHARITY NEVER FAILETH

## Of Marriage

Then the Almitra spoke and said, And what of Marriage, master?

And he answered saying:

You were born together, and together you shall be forevermore.

You shall be together when the white wings of death scatter your days.

Ay, you shall be together even in the silent memory of God.

But let there be spaces in your togetherness,

And let the winds of the heavens dance between you.

Love one another, but make not a bond of love:

Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.

Fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup.

Give one another of your bread but eat not from the same loaf.

Sing and dance together and be joyous, but let each one of you be alone,

Even as the strings of a lute are alone though they quiver with the same music.

Give your hearts, but not into each other's keeping,

For only the hand of live can contain your hearts.

And stand together yet not too near together:

For the pillars of the temple stand apart,

And the oak tree and the cypress grow not in each other's shadow.

# Omie

Omie stood squarely in front of me, nose in the air and hands on his tiny hips. I had tried with no measure of success to explain why a little four year-old brother could not help me beneath the family car. His blue jeans were faded but clean, and I knew Mom would skin us both if he got grease all over his clean clothes.

His nickname came, as most nicknames do, from some obscure beginning that I cannot remember. The most significant thing is that his peculiar nickname sounds like an exasperated expression — Oh me! Nine times out of ten, it was a fitting title for him. Omie plodded around the car, picked up a wrench, and began banging on the hubcap, softly at first, but increasing in loudness and tempo with every beat. In a fleeting moment of anger, I grappled the wrench from his grasp and cuffed his hand. Immediately he began whimpering and trotted dejectedly around the car. He reappeared the next minute, sucking his right index finger while tugging apologetically at his right earlobe with his left hand. For Omie, this was a harboring of extreme fatigue or a sign of hurt feelings

I continued working under the car, trying my best to ignore him. I could see that his hurt feelings were quickly subsiding. He watched me coolly from the corner of his eye; then he swiftly mounted his tricycle and began making slow, lazy circles around my feet, occasionally brushing them with the tricycle wheel and then finally running over them both. Still I ignored him.

"Let's play airplane," he shrieked.

"Let's not," I yelled back.

He paused and then said softly, "I like puppies. Do you?"

I answered grudgingly in the affirmative. It was little brothers that I was having trouble liking at the moment.

Omie stepped quickly, but definitely, on my ankle and was gone for a blissful thirty seconds. Then, from my position underneath the car, I could see him returning. His scuffed cowboy boots, with jeans half tucked in and half pulled out, were plodding menacingly toward me. Once again his tan little face appeared beneath the car.

"Guess what?" he screamed.

"What? I answered as politely as my tattered patience would allow.

"That's what!" he yelled and began laughing hysterically to himself.

"Mother is calling you," I said.

He walked about ten feet away, squatted down, and began rolling marbles down the slight incline of the garage floor. The first two marbles passed me on the right. The third, undoubtedly his biggest, hit me squarely on the head.

My paper-thin patience had finally worn through. I scrambled from beneath the car, bumping my head as I came out. I caught him and delivered a stinging blow to the appropriate place and then sat him down on the back stairs with a little too much vigor. This encounter was followed by tears and whimpering. His all-consoling index finger was once again in his mouth and his left hand fingered his right earlobe. His tan little face was not so tan as I had thought; a tear had washed a lighter path down his cheek.

"Oh, Me, what to do now?" I wondered. "Big cowboys don't cry," I said.

He looked at the floor and wiped his eyes with his forearm.

"You do want to grow up to be a big cowboy, don't you?" I inquired.

"No," he said quietly. This was a surprise, for to ride the range had always been first in his mind.

"Well, what do you want to be?" I asked.

He paused, looking at me with those blue, tear-filled eyes. Then he turned and ran up the stairs. "I want to be like you," he called back.



I had a cold and warm feeling all at once — warm because of a little brother who wanted to be like me, and cold because I had done so very little to deserve such devotion. I went upstairs, gave Omie a big brotherly hug, and together we went down to work on our car.

# On Goals

by Evalyn Bennett

As every young woman approaches marriage and child rearing, she sets up goals, hoping to make her home a little bit of heaven. As the years roll around these specific goals have to be reevaluated and changed with the changing times.

My goals twenty years ago included:

1. Keep an immaculate house which would be an ideal setting for the Spirit of Our Heavenly Father to dwell.
2. Read at least one excellent book a month and become well informed about the world around you.
3. Prepare well balanced, attractive gourmet meals, experimenting with at least one new recipe a week.
4. Bear many children who will be well dressed, well pressed and well behaved.
5. Keep an optimistic outlook on life. At the end of every week try to evaluate what created in you good feelings or frustrations.
6. Tell your husband, once a day, that you love him.

The first two years of our marriage, before children, was like a fantasy. I was so organized, orderly, and adorable. We ate such creations as Cordon Bleu and Capon Under Glass. Our discussions were stimulating and the house was hygienically spotless, not a thing out of place.

Then came the first child.

With the demands of burping, changing, loving, bathing, rocking, washing, praying, some of my goals needed to be modified. I must give up my immaculate house. My revised goals now read:

1. As you pass a table, blow hard on the top to re-arrange the dust.
2. Put the vacuum in the middle of the living room floor so that anyone calling on you will think that sometime soon you intend to get the debris from the floor.

Then came the second child.

With the demands of burping, changing, loving, bathing, rocking, washing, praying, some of my goals need to be modified. I must give up my reading books.

1. But not my newspapers. I still snatch time for a little worthwhile reading of my favorite funny paper characters, Mary Worth and Dr. Rex Morgan, but only every other day. And who can live without Ann Landers.

2. To keep well informed, I rush to the door when I hear the mailman to discuss some pertinent problems. "Has the garbage been picked up down the street yet?"

Then came the third child.

With the demands of burping, changing, loving, bathing, rocking, washing, praying, some of my goals needed to be modified.

1. Instead of preparing well balanced, attractive gourmet meals, experimenting with at least one new recipe a week, my goals now read "Serve one hot dish a day." This means if you serve hot soup for lunch you can get away with peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for dinner.

When I do find an extra hour and decide to go all out on a roast, potatoes, gravy, and baked bread, the children ask, "Who is coming to dinner?" or "Is it Thanksgiving already?"

Then came the fourth child.

With the demands of burping, changing, loving, bathing, rocking, washing, praying, some of my goals needed to be modified.

1. Instead of reading "Well dressed, well pressed, and well behaved" my goals simply read "Dressed."

If the diaper is hanging around the knees by noon, my neighbors know that I pinned it properly earlier in the day. I haven't seen the bottom of my ironing basket for three years, and really don't know when I ever will. Praise be for polyester!

Then came the fifth child.

With the demands of burping, changing, loving, bathing, rocking, washing, praying, some of my goals needed to be modified.

1. My goals no longer read "Keep an optimistic outlook on life. At the end of the week try to evaluate what created in you good feelings or frustrations." It now says "Keep your voice down until noon. At the end of every week count to see if you still have five children. Check your mind to see whether you have lost it or not. Check your varicose veins to see if your legs will take you through another mad week.

My last goal "Tell your husband once a day, that you love him", now simply says, "Try to speak to your husband once a day." With Cub Scouts, Little League, watching football, basketball, baseball, track, violin lessons, PTA board meetings, United Fund drives, Primary Blazers, Relief Society, Visiting Teaching, Bar Auxiliary, Law Wives, University Women's Club, chicken pox, roseola, hepatitis, Asian Flu, and tonsillectomies, I feel lucky to call out to him as we rush past each other going in and out of the front door. "Golly dear, I am overdrawn at the bank again."

Twenty years later my goals are summed up by reading "Sustain life and endure to the end ...."

## **On Perfection**

I am not Burger King, Federal Express, or the Library of Congress. Therefore I do not "Do it your way," "Deliver overnight," or "Know everything."

## **On The Road To Nowhere**

At the age of fifty-seven, Charlie was living in Leavenworth, Kansas — in prison. He had been in many of the United States' high security institutions for most of his life: Alcatraz, Folsom, San Quentin, Terre Haute, McNeil Island, and Atlanta. Charlie had grown up with crime. His father and mother were alcoholics and convicts. He had been on his own since he was six years old. When he was thirteen, the flu epidemic killed all the members of his family. After the funerals, Charlie hopped on a freight train and began a nomadic life across America. His life included crime, beginning with car theft, then burglary, and finally armed robbery.

Charlie had spent the last thirty-five years in prison and realized it was a dead-end existence. He came to realize that he was getting farther and farther along the road to nowhere. In his own words:

"I slowly came to realize I did not like myself. How could I change? If I kept up my criminal acts, I would die in a prison cell and be buried in some unmarked plot on prison property.

"I did not know anything about religion. I began to read and investigate various religions with an open mind, seeking insight, looking for a commitment that was positive in nature for the first time in my life.

"One day in 1976, I picked up a copy of the Book of Mormon in the prison library."

Eventually Charlie studied about the Church and decided that this religion was the only one that made sense. He wrote to Church headquarters in Salt Lake City asking for material and information. Charlie's letter ended up in the Missionary Department. Because he was in a federal penitentiary and could not be baptized, his letter was not answered immediately. However, the Missionary Department did respond and sent materials to Charlie. During the next four years, Charlie studied about the Church of Jesus Christ, writing occasionally to the Missionary Department for books and information.

In 1980, there was a chance for parole, and Charlie wrote again to Church headquarters. He said that if his parole were granted he would start fresh. He wanted to settle in a certain small town and wondered if there was a unit of the Church there.

Charlie had become converted to the gospel. A letter was sent to Charlie regarding the stake, address, and name of the stake president. Another letter was sent to the stake president telling him about Charlie.

The stake president had a business trip planned, but after receiving the letter about Charlie, he altered his travel plans to include a stop at Leavenworth, Kansas, to see Charlie. The stake president and his wife were the first visitors Charlie had had from the "outside" in thirty-two years. The stake president was so impressed with Charlie that he went to the parole officer and guaranteed that he would get him a job and a place to live if Charlie were released from prison.

Charlie was released from Leavenworth. The stake president secured a job and an apartment for him. He also had the missionaries teach him the gospel discussions. After parole was over, on 17 February 1981, Charlie was baptized.

In September 1983, Charlie again wrote to the Missionary Department and said he would be in Salt Lake City for general conference. He wanted to meet the man who answered his first letter. An appointment was made; and late in the afternoon on the Friday of October conference, Charlie, a handsome, quiet, and dignified man, looking much like a stake president himself, walked into the office of the General Authority. They talked for over an hour. Charlie, now the high priest group leader in his ward, quoted scriptures and latter-day prophets and testified of the truthfulness of the gospel.

Charlie was asked how he dealt with the many problems of prison life, such as drugs, homosexuality, alcohol, and gambling. Charlie replied that he became a loner and divorced himself from all group involvement. He said that before he studied the gospel he described himself as a mean person and was transferred from prison to prison because of his rebellious behavior. He said that he had been a "social idiot."

As Charlie gained a testimony of Jesus Christ and the gospel plan, he made a complete change in his behavior. Charlie said he would learn a principle of the gospel, then live it, and become strengthened; then he would learn another principle, live it, and become strengthened; then learn another principle, live it, and become strengthened further.

In his words, "Because of free agency, I had to make the first move in changing my life-style. Repentance is definitely a change of mind. Repentance begins by a desire to scrap all your past by reading, studying, and pondering God's word. Repentance is reaching out from the midst of my pains and negativeness and turning them to joy and positiveness."

As Charlie rose to leave the interview, he said he was going to the tabernacle to stand in line for the conference session the next day. His big dream was to attend general conference. He was told he didn't need to stand in line. He was given a reserved seat ticket for the Saturday conference session. With tears in his eyes, Charlie accepted the ticket and left the office. Saturday morning, while the General Authorities sat in their appointed chairs, one looked into the congregation and saw Charlie in the center section, third row back, between a Regional Representative and a stake president.



## **On TV**

Stop Being a Boob infront of the tube.

Pres. Hinckley

## **One Hundred and One Excuses for Cheating on Your Diet**

1. Everybody says fat people are jolly.
2. I'm allergic to health food.
3. I'm addicted to chocolate.
4. Big is beautiful.
5. Thin may be in, but fat is where it's at.
6. Dieting is cruel and unusual punishment
7. Sugar increases my energy level.
8. Somebody has to keep the dentists in work.
9. If I lose weight my clothes won't fit.
10. My VCR ate my aerobics video.
11. My aerobics record is warped.
12. I don't have time to eat right.
13. Fruits and vegetables carry pesticides.
14. If God had meant for me to eat celery and cottage cheese, He wouldn't have given me taste buds.
15. My pizza coupons are about to expire.
16. The ice cream shop is on my way home.
17. There's more of me to hug.
18. Dieting makes me grouchy.
19. Fast weight loss is counter-productive.
20. Because I'm hungry!
21. Deep dish double deluxe frosted fudge brownies.
22. Cherry cheesecake.
23. Pizza.
24. Somebody made me a cake, and I don't want to hurt their feelings.
25. Dieting is not one of the Ten Commandments.
26. My stomach is growling so loud I can't hear myself think.
27. Cheating makes other fat people feel better.

28. I read that it is better to eat six meals a day.
29. I don't want to make other people jealous.
30. There are so many diets I don't know which to choose.
31. The holidays are coming.
32. Artificial sweeteners aren't good for you.
33. My dog ate my calorie counter guide.
34. The spring on my scale broke.
35. My cat ate the last can of tuna fish.
36. My pantyhose stay up better.
37. My mom always taught me to clean up my plate.
38. If nobody sees me eat it, the calories don't count.
39. I never start a diet on days that end in "y."
40. Because I'm hungry!
41. It's good for the economy.
42. The latest fad diet hasn't hit the tabloids yet.
43. I'm bored.
44. I'm depressed.
45. I'm hungry.
46. I'm sad.
47. I'm being attacked by the munchies.
48. The four basic food groups are: cakes, pies, candy, and pastries.
49. A lot of famous people are fat.
50. Icing is good for my peaches and cream complexion.
51. But I'm drinking a diet pop.
52. I can't count my calories because my calculator only goes to 9,999,999.
53. Valentine candy is half price.
54. Easter candy is half price.
55. Halloween candy is half price.
56. Christmas candy is half price.
57. I'm so hungry I could eat my socks.
58. My jaws need exercise.
59. What's a party without junk food?

60. Because I'm hungry!
61. Cake has fiber, doesn't it?
62. Why eat carrots when I can have carrot cake?
63. I can't exercise because muscle weighs more than fat.
64. I always lose weight in the wrong places.
65. Big hips run in my family.
64. I'm not over-weight. I'm just big-boned.
67. I volunteered to be a taste tester for a marketing survey.
68. Everybody puts sugar in everything.
49. Even the Bible agrees that man can't live by bread alone.
70. It's time to clean out my refrigerator, and I hate to throw anything away.
71. I sleep better on a full stomach.
72. I'm warmer in the winter with a few extra pounds.
73. I don't want to look malnourished.
74. I can't afford a new wardrobe.
75. Who cares about the swimsuit season, anyway?
76. It's not weight gain. It's just water retention.
77. My potato chips will get stale.
78. My ice cream will get freezer burn.
79. My friends are all having birthdays.
80. Because I'm hungry!
81. If I don't eat Aunt Elma's potato salad, who will?
82. Our church is having a pot luck supper.
83. The Ladies Missionary Group is having a bake sale.
84. The Youth Group is selling candy bars.
85. I have to fix it for my family anyway.
86. I have to test this new recipe before I serve it to company.
87. My sister-in-law's cousin's neighbor's best friend said that too much dieting can be bad for you.
88. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.
89. I've already lost 2,487 pounds in my lifetime.
90. I'll just gain it back anyway.

91. My freezer broke, and I have to eat up all my frozen doughnuts.
92. I have to buy ice cream to keep my ice cubes from feeling lonely.
93. Healthy food is too expensive.
94. I have a new recipe I'm dying to try out.
95. I go into sugar withdrawal.
96. I want to use my new dishes.
97. I'm celebrating National Dessert Month.
98. If I lost weight, I'd have to have new pictures taken.
99. I don't want to slow my metabolism.
100. I don't want to be featured in a Before and After picture.
101. Because I'm hungry!

# **One Load of Pinon Wood**

by Albert R. Hawkins

It was December 23, 1894. This had been another bad year for the Culler family, which now included the father, Nathaniel (Nat); his wife, Polina; the children: Elry, 15; Ernest, 14; Ada, 12; Lillie, 10; Cora, 6; Ella, 2; and a six-month-old baby, Asa. Living with them were Nat's parents, Benjamin and Peggy Margaret Spainhower Culler.

The family lived in a three-room log cabin on a hay ranch east of Manassa, Colorado. Here they tried to raise a garden, some grain, and a few head of cattle. The late spring and early fall frost, common in this high mountain valley, created a short growing season, and it was hard to get the crops to mature.

Nat often reflected about the differences, between this high, cold, dry sagebrush-covered mountain valley and the homes they had left in North Carolina. There the climate had been mild, with ample rainfall, fertile land for planting crops, hardwood for fires and building material.

The Cullers had left it all for one reason: they were converts to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They had willingly left homes, property, and relatives to settle near the body of the Church in the mountain valleys of the West. This, then, is the setting for our story.

There was not the faintest glimmer of light on the bedroom window when Nat touched his feet to the rough-sawed cabin floor that December morning. That first touch sent a twinge of pain up his leg. His feet were badly frosted, and the cold floor made him aware that he had forgotten the cold in the warmth of the featherbed.

Nat pulled on his trousers and shirt and softly stepped between the children's pallet beds to the fireplace, where he had left his shoes and sox to dry the night before. The fire had died down during the night, but the heavy log was still alive with glowing coals. Nat could see the faces of his children in this glow, and he bowed his head for a moment to silently thank his Creator for them. How like angels they looked, sleeping there!

Taking some kindling from the wood box, he rekindled the fire until he had a blaze going. Elry had cut the kindling and filled the wood box the night before. He was a good son, Nat thought; he did all he could to provide for the family.

Feeling the warmth of the fire made it harder for Nat to think of going outside. With a deliberate effort, he pulled some grain bags from the side of the wood box and wrapped them about his feet and legs, tying them in place with long, soft leather thongs. Then he took his heavy mackinaw and fur cap from the pegs behind the door and pulled on his mitts.

There had been more snow and a hard southwest wind in the night. Nat knew that the yard would be drifted full. He could see where the snow had sifted through the cracks in the cabin walls.

As Nat unlatched the cabin door and looked out, he could see just the faintest glow of dawn over the Sangre de Cristo range. It was light enough for him to make out the deep snowdrifts. The fierce wind had nearly swept the unprotected ground clear of snow, only to pile it in high drifts around the sheds and stacks. He kicked around in the chicken yard until he found the shovel, then cleared a path from the cabin to the corrals.

He tossed some grass hay over the fence to old Duke and Roanie, but they ignored it. Standing there with their feet close together, icicles hanging from manes and tails, they looked frozen in place. Nat thought of how the livelihood of his family depended on these two horses. They were just ponies, really, known to most of the farmers in the valley as Mexican "broomtails," a tough little breed coming through the early Mexican settlers from the wild Indian ponies. Nat had traded for Duke while he still owned the little grocery store in Manassa. Roanie had been part payment on a credit grocery account, the balance still unpaid.

Nat and Polina had trusted everyone in the community, thinking the townspeople would be as honest as they themselves. Soon, however, their little store was in trouble. They had tried to collect, but everyone pleaded poverty. The funds they had brought from North Carolina were gone, and they had lost their store and home to creditors.

This morning Nat had no time for such thoughts; he had to get a load of pinon wood to the DePriest store. The flour bin was empty, and his family would be without food if he could not get the wood delivered before nightfall. He would leave the milking to Elry, and maybe Grandpa would be able to cut the firewood.

After placing some hay in the log feeder for the cows, Nat took the two lead ropes from the corral post and shook the snow and ice from them. Then he slipped the end of one of the ropes around Duke's neck and made it fast. Duke stood quietly, but not Roanie. He snorted and jumped, slipping on the frozen ground as Nat came near, but it was no use. He wasn't to escape the rope, for Nat was in no mood for games this morning.

After harnessing up the horses, Nat took a large forkful of hay and put it on the back of the wood rack; Then he put a lard bucket of oats into a grain bag for the horses' noon meal.

Daylight arrived, and Nat knew that he must hurry. Looking to the west, he could see that the storm was not over. Dark clouds ringed the western hills, and the wind whipped long snow plumes from the tops of the Mogote peaks. He hurried to the cabin, where he found Polina busy preparing his breakfast and putting a lunch for him in a salt bag. He could see that she had fried an egg for his lunch, and started to say something to her about saving the few eggs they had for the grandparents and the children, but then he thought better of it. Maybe she would be comforted thinking the extra morsel would help him survive the hard work and the cold. If he could just get a good load of wood today, old Mr. DePriest might pay him in groceries, and they needed the supplies desperately.

Grandpa got up to kneel with them for prayer. Though he insisted on going with Nat after the wood, Nat was able to convince him to stay and finish the feeding and the other chores. "Pa, you know how cold it has been," he explained, "and the children are not well. It will take a lot of wood to keep the fire going so the family can be warm. We have burned up all that I cut day before yesterday."

So, with Polina's "Please do be careful and try not to be too late" ringing in his ears, Nat climbed onto the wagon and started out across the field toward the snow-covered hills.

The first sharp snap as his ax bit into the frozen tree trunk made Nat wince. His hands were sore and calloused, but it was the pain just under his left shoulder blade that made him gasp for breath. With each succeeding swing he thought of his youth in the Carolina woods and how his father had taught him to chop a clean cut — never to miss the mark, to remove as large a chip as possible, and to make every lick count. Soon the steady rhythm sent the chips flying over the frozen snow.

Moving along the hillside, he cut, limbed and piled the wood from each tree. Most of the trees were swell-butted, so he had to do a lot of cutting for very little wood. He no longer felt the soreness, but he realized now that his sleepless nights and hard days had robbed him of some of the snap he used to have on the ax handle. By midday he had cut about two-thirds of a load.

Stopping for lunch, he put on his mackinaw and sat down to rest for a few minutes. He knew that he couldn't take long because the time was passing quickly, and he could feel the stiffness coming back.



After he finished cutting the load of trees, he tied the chain twister with a load rope, Suddenly he noticed the sky darkening. The western hills were masked by falling, blowing, drifting snow. Now there was a new urgency in getting his load home before the blizzard hit the eastern hills.

Hoping to save some time, he decided to cut across the snow to the tracks he had made that morning. Ordinarily he would have walked across to make sure the way was clear, but tonight he needed to hurry. He had barely started when the front wagon wheels dropped into a hidden depression in the ground under the snow. The wagon stopped so short and unexpectedly that Nat was thrown from the load and landed just behind old Duke and nearly under the wagon wheel. He scrambled out of the way of the frightened horses, calling, "Whoa, Duke! Whoa, Roanie!"

It was evident from the beginning that no amount of effort on the part of the team could get the wagon out of the ravine, that the banks were as high as the front wheel hubs and straight up in front and back of them. The front wagon hounds were pressed into the frozen earth. Still, Nat had to try.

When he found that the team couldn't move the wagon forward, he took off the binding chain, removed the double-trees, hooked the team onto the back of the wagon, and tried to pull it out backwards. But the wagon wouldn't budge.

Nat started unloading the wood. Finally, when all of it was off but two of the largest poles, he was able to pull the back end sideways and lift out one front wheel at a time.

Now that the wagon was free, Nat thought that he would hitch up the team and go home empty, leaving the wood he had worked so hard to cut there in the snow-covered ravine. But he couldn't give up so easily — he had to have this load of wood. Slowly he pushed each piece up the bank and then climbed out to load the wagon. By now he was covered completely with mud, snow, and ice. One last very heavy chunk remained. It refused at first to yield to his waning strength, but suddenly, from somewhere deep inside, or perhaps from above, came a surge of energy, and he succeeded in finishing the loading.

Now the dancing, whirling snow was all about him, and night was settling fast. He could not see the tracks from the wagon, so he went forward to lead the horses, following the tracks he had made coming in that morning. Finally he knew he was off the hillside and back in the frozen, rutted tracks leading to the river.

The snow was so thick that nothing could be seen. Nat thought that he might just as well ride, so he stopped the team and climbed wearily onto the load. His wet clothes were frozen stiff, and he was beginning to feel sleepy. He knew he must walk. Stopping the horses, he again tied the lines solidly to the load and slipped unsteadily from the wagon, nearly falling when his numb feet hit the frozen snow. Now he stood beside the horses, urging them on. He knew that in some manner not quite understood by men they could find their way home where a man might be utterly lost. He reached for a stake on the side of the rack, and as his hand closed on it, he found himself being half dragged in the deep snow. Then he lost consciousness. He would never remember coming to or crossing over the river.

Grandpa's watch said it was eight o'clock. It had been dark for hours. Elry opened the door and looked out into the spinning flakes, listening, but there was no sound except the moaning of the wind. Ada had lighted a candle and set it in a dish in the window. Grandma sat still in her rocker with her head bowed. Polina clasped her hands tightly in her apron. It was so quiet in the cabin. Only the crackling of the fire and the roar of the storm could be heard.

Finally Grandpa could stand it no longer. Taking the old lantern, he and Elry and Ernest would go as far as the corrals, where they would call and listen for an answer.

A gust of wind blew the lantern out before they got as far as the well, and the flakes were so thick and the wind so strong that they could hardly breathe. They could no longer see the cabin or the candle in the window. Groping through the deep snow, they suddenly stopped. During a lull in the wind they heard the high pitched squeal of iron tires on frozen snow; then the sound was gone. But they knew that the wagon was close by.

Running back to the cabin, they relighted the lantern and covered it with an old cloth to protect it from the wind. Outside, they could hear the tire squeal more plainly now, and they rushed in the direction of the sound. It stopped. Straining, they listened again, then hurried on toward the direction from which they had last heard it.

The team had pulled up to the corral, the horses covered with frozen mud and icicles, the lines tied to the load. But where was Nat? Fear gripped them. They called and called, but only the wind answered. Ernest called again, almost sobbing. "Oh, Pa, where are you?"

Slowly a snow-covered figure came out of the blackness and a low voice said, "Here, my son."

Both boys ran to their father and led him back to their Grandpa.

Grandpa, catching his breath, cried, "Nat, we are so glad you're safe."

"So am I. There was a while there when I didn't know. Can you boys take care of the horses? Take a sack and rub the snow and ice off them and give them some hay and oats and let them go in the cowshed. Just lay the harnesses by the front wagon wheel. We will dig them out in the morning. Come on Grandpa, let's see if we can find the cabin and a fire."

When the family heard the stomping and slapping to remove the snow, the sad faces lighted with smiles. A chorus of small voices cried, "Oh, Papa, we are so glad you're home!"

Lillie, from a pallet bed by the fire, now voiced the thought that all were reluctant to admit before: "Papa, we were afraid you were lost in the storm."

Wearily, Nat changed into some dry clothes. "Polina, I believe my feet are frosted again. Better have the children get a pan of snow to rub them before they start to get warm."

Elry and Ernest, who had just come in from caring for the horses, went right out to get the snow. Then Ada and Cora helped their mother rub Nat's feet with snow as he sat on a small wooden bench before the fire.

Nat stared long into the dancing fire, which warmed his cold and weary body, but it was the love of his family that now warmed his soul. Their loyalty, love, faith, and prayers had brought him safely home through the storm. No matter how hard the struggle or how long the days, the reward of such a homecoming made the effort worthwhile.

That night with all his family kneeling around him, Nat voiced their gratitude. "Our Father in heaven, we thank thee for thy mercy and thy many blessings to us this day."

# One More Car

By J. K. "Trapper" Hatch

I grew up during the Great Depression in the little town of Taylor, Arizona. In those days there were no jobs around Taylor, so when I was seventeen years old, a couple of friends and I decided we would hitchhike the 250 miles to Phoenix to find some kind of work.

It was the first week in December of 1933, and we rode part of the way in the back of a cattle truck. We had to get down between the cows to keep warm.

When we arrived in Phoenix, we found out that there was no work to be had. Many men were standing in lines waiting for the free soup the government was giving out to those in need. You could buy hotcakes for ten cents, but we didn't have a dime; so after a while we joined the soup line.

We looked for work and somehow survived for two weeks; then Christmas drew near. One of my friends had a sister who lived not too far away, and he and my other friend decided to go to her house for Christmas. But I was determined to go home.

Early the next morning, the day before Christmas, I started hitchhiking.

I didn't get to Flagstaff until 5:00 in the afternoon. That was halfway home. The sky was steel gray and it was bitterly cold, with eight inches of snow on the ground. There were holes in both of my shoes, so I found some cardboard and cut pieces to fit inside to keep my feet a little drier. Then I started down the highway again, trying to get another ride.

Since it was Christmas Eve, there wasn't much traffic. It grew darker and colder, and I became more and more dejected as the few cars swished by in the snow and the chill of the night penetrated my thin coat.

By 10:00 I had become so cold and numb that I began to wonder what it would be like to freeze to death. I was so tired that I knew I'd never make it unless someone stopped soon. Several more cars passed me by, and I had to talk to myself to keep going. "One more car," I said. "If the next car doesn't stop, I'll lie down under a tree and let it happen. One more car."

In a short while I could hear an engine in the distance. "This is it," I told myself, taking a deep breath as I held out my thumb. Swish. The car went by me. I closed my eyes and sank to my knees in total despair.

In my misery, everything was shut out of my mind for several seconds; but then I heard a sound. The car had stopped and was backing up! I struggled to my feet, heart pounding. In the car were two men from my hometown of Taylor. They had recognized me as they passed.

At about 1:00 A.M. I was safely deposited at the front door of my home. I could see there was still a light on, and as I came quietly through the door, there sat Dad and Mom with their heads in their hands, praying. When I spoke I was greeted with joyful cries and tears. Mom told me they had been praying all evening and into the night for my well-being and safe return home.

There were no presents that Christmas. Dad killed an old rooster next morning, and that was our Christmas dinner. Yet I have never felt the spirit of Christmas more strongly than I did that day as I sat with Dad, Mom, and my brothers and sisters and felt the warmth and love of our family.

# One Spot To Gladden

by Margaret Woods

I slowly buttoned my coat and walked down the stairs.

"Good night, Mrs. Evans," smiled Rosalind as she passed me on the way up with a handful of letters.

"Good night," I replied.

The late summer sun shone, but a cool evening breeze made me pull up my collar as I joined the home-going crowds that spilled onto the shop-lined pavements of town. Buses, cars, and lorries jostled along the one-way streets, and the clear air rang with city sounds.

I spotted one of the office girls outside the cinema as I ambled toward the bus station. No doubt she was waiting for her boyfriend.

An icy finger crept around my heart. I, too, had waited for Frank like that when we were young. Every day of our courtship and all through our marriage even up to the end, everything had been lovely. Frank and I had always been together after working hours. Frank!

My soul shriveled in despair, and suddenly I didn't feel like going home. Not yet. What was there to go to? An over tidy shell? I bit my lip and turned my back on the bus station.

Widow. I'd never imagined myself as one. Some people prepare themselves, but I never had. My strength had come from Frank. Life with him seemed something that never could end. At least, not so soon nor so suddenly. Married to the best of men for nearly thirty years — and now faced with an empty existence.

I stopped to buy an evening paper from a newsstand and discovered that my keys were gone. For a moment I felt a sickly annoyance, but then I remembered taking them out of my bag and putting them on my office desk.

I must have left them there, I thought. I would have to go back for them.

The cleaning woman let me in and I found my keys under the typewriter cover. Then I noticed an official-looking letter addressed to me lying on the desk. Someone had put it there after I left. I slit the envelope and scanned the page. Financial setbacks in the company compelled the management to dismiss some of the employees — I was one of them. I was stunned. How could I possibly face yet another change, new faces, personalities, routines, questions?

People don't realize what loneliness is like until it happens to them. I had no relatives to speak of. Our only son had died, and my few friends seemed to have avoided me since the funeral almost as if they believed sorrow was contagious.

The air on the street was even cooler, and I was thankful for it as my breath came in spasms.

Be calm, be calm, I cried inside myself. Don't make a scene. It can't help you.

The breeze slowly cleared my head as I walked along the pavement. I thought of seeing a film to kill two or three hours, but the titles advertised some strange, modern shows.

Then I remembered May. It might help to call on an old school friend. She and her husband were the caretakers of an institute and lived in a flat inside the main building. The institute was a semi-permanent affair that had been put up shortly after the war. Originally made of prefabricated materials, it had later boasted a few brick walls. It was a curious place and not the least inviting. Entering the windowless foyer, I came to a corridor where doors were labeled kitchen, clubroom, cloakroom, and so on. One said caretaker.

A musical sound wafted toward me as I walked down the corridor. It was the sound of children's voices singing. I listened:

"Little purple pansies touched with yellow gold  
Growing in a corner of the garden old,  
We are very tiny but must try, try, try,  
Just one spot to gladden, you and I."

Someone spoke to the children, and they sang the verse again. I was listening intently now, attracted by the words and the reedy voices.

"In whatever corner we may chance to grow,  
Whether cold or warm the wind may ever blow,  
Dark the day or sunny, we must try, try, try,  
Just one spot to gladden, you and I."

Something — I couldn't tell what because it was just a feeling — reached out and warmed me. Then it was gone. I stayed awhile, but the children stopped singing. Passing down the corridor, I rang the caretaker's bell.

Surprise registered on May's face when she saw me, but I couldn't be sure if I detected disappointment too.

"Lil! It's been a long time. Come in for a minute or two and sit down." She smoothed the skirt of her party dress.

"I was just passing through and thought I'd look you up." I sat on the edge of the chair she indicated.

It was a comfortable enough room, but it did not say "Welcome."

"You're just in time," May said, reaching for cups and saucers. "I was just leaving. It's my Lonely Hearts Club night, you know."

"Don't let me hold you up." I rose, pulled on my gloves, and my hands trembled a little.

"Now you sit down a minute. You look a little tired." May frowned, then smiled. "I'll tell you all about the club I help to run."

"Lonely Hearts?"

"That's not its official name, but it's just the thing for you. You would meet lots of people like yourself and make new friends."



"You know I lost my husband."

"Read about it in the local paper, dear. But you have to take up life again, don't you?" she confided. "That's what I always tell our new members. Take a grip on yourself, I say, and pull yourself together. You have to do it sometime, and it might as well be now as later. You're missing loads of pleasure if you delay, so stop being sorry for yourself, I tell them."

I winced. How little she understood!

"Do you have many members?"

"About a hundred or more. Of course, we don't get that many every week. It depends on the program. Sometimes it's dancing and games. Sometimes we have films and other weeks we visit the theater. In the summer we have two or three bus trips into the country."

She looked pleased as she added, "In September, I'm organizing a long weekend on the continent — Paris! You'll have to be quick if you want to come with us; we're almost fully booked for that."

I thought of the pleasant holidays that Frank and I had spent. Sometimes we had walked in the Lake District or toured the old fishing coves of the west country. Occasionally we had gone abroad. But this weekend that May was arranging would be a far cry from the creative hours we had spent either in Versailles or the fairy tale Rhineland or discovering the Dutch bulb fields in full bloom.

I sipped warm liquid from the cup she pushed toward me. The action steadied me a little. "It sounds as though you're keeping busy. Does your husband go to the club too?"

"No! He's not bothered about it, but he doesn't mind my going. It's my friend who runs the club, you see. She asked me to help her when she first started it. I enjoyed it so much that I kept going."

"What time does it begin?"

About eight. But I've promised to be there early tonight. We're having special refreshments because a couple of members are moving away. We're giving them a send-off party."

She pulled a simulated fur coat over her glittering dress. "That's it. Now we're ready."

As I preceded her into the windowless corridor, a shaft of sunlight suddenly sprang through the clubroom door and several children poured out.

"Quietly! Remember where you are," a gentle voice half scolded, half encouraged. Then I heard the speaker, a young woman, call out, "why, Mrs. Evans! Hello!"

I turned and discovered it was one of the girls from work. "Rosalind! You look as if you have your hands full." I felt an unmistakable sense of relief flood over me at the sight of the girl. Perhaps it was because May didn't understand me and I dreaded the lonely hearts. Here was a possible alternative.

"They're not really a handful," smiled the girl, "and there are plenty of us to cope. We've been holding Primary. I love it. But of course children always burst with energy."

"I'm sure of it. Are you going home now? I catch the same bus as you, I think."

I must have sounded pleading, because she looked a little worried as she replied, "I'm sorry. We have MIA in half an hour and I stay for that."

I was going to ask what MIA stood for when May tugged my sleeve. "We'd better go, Lil."

I held my hand across my eyes for a moment. I wanted to be inside my own four walls. The thought of being jollied around and encouraged to pull myself together was unthinkable. An impossible situation. The sight of a roomful of lonelies burying their true feelings under a thin coating of glamour made me feel sick. But to be fair to May, I felt she might be helping some of the people and finding friendships for others.

"Not tonight, May." I saw her disappointment and promised, "Another time."

When I got home, I switched on the television and settled in a cozy chair to eat the omelette I had prepared. It should have been delicious with its chopped mushrooms and bits of smoky bacon, but like all food, it lacked Frank's presence to bring out the flavor. Eating had become mechanical.

I put the plate aside. Machine-made laughter rattled the TV set. Summer rain spattered glistening drops against the window.

Oh, Frank, Frank. My heart seemed to twist inside me. Frank! I wept for a long time.

Later, I heard a blackbird singing and saw that the shower was over. I hadn't noticed the birds this year. This one sat in a silver birch tree halfway down the garden, his golden beak contrasting his rounded, black body. The sun shone still. There would perhaps be a rainbow.

Suddenly I needed to smell the damp earth and feel the wet grass under my feet, to be part of the tangible world again. I flung open the French windows. For a long time I had just existed, wanting to run away from myself and my smothering situation. But running was useless, I had quickly discovered. Chasing off to London or the seaside only magnified the stifling awareness of being alone. My problem followed at my heels.

The garden had been Frank's pride. We had worked in it together, enjoying the results on warm days by lounging in garden chairs. Frank would read the paper and snooze while I sewed or knitted. But I had neglected everything this year. I made a promise to remedy the fault. This weekend I would begin by tidying the flower borders.

The blackbird sang mightily. I smiled, silently thanking him for his welcome cheer. Away, across the sky, I caught the suggestion of a rainbow.

Something snagged my leg. Bending to disentangle a thorny branch from my stocking, I noticed suckers on the rosebushes. It was unforgivable of me to have ignored them. I pulled at a few grassy weeds but stopped. Pansies — little purple pansies, touched with yellow gold. I remembered Frank sowing the seeds and promising me, "Pansies are for thoughts, love."

A single tear fell on an open-faced flower, but I was smiling. "Thank you, Frank. Thank you, my dearest." A great deal of him was still here with me, I realized. Picking one of the flowers, I held it to my cheek.

A tune haunted me. Where had I heard it? The children, of course. Rosalind's Primary children singing about pansies. I couldn't remember the words, but their message was still with me. The children were to be cheerful and brighten dark places.

I seemed to recall a bit of another song. Somewhere in the depths of my mind, it was stored away. I had sung it as a child in Sunday School. What was it? "You in your small corner and I in mine," but how did it begin?

"Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light,  
Like a little candle burning in the night  
In this world of darkness, we must shine,  
You in your small corner and I in mine."

My soul suddenly wanted to sing like the bird in the tree. "Thank God," I cried, "for the Rosalinds of this world and the fund of precious truths they implant in children's minds!"

I could remember my Sunday School teacher. She had had a smile but it wasn't so all-embracing as Rosalind's glow. That was it — a glow! Rosalind carried it everywhere. I scooped up a handful of dark earth and let it flow through my fingers. What was it May had said so furtively as we left the institute?

"They give us no trouble. Tidy and respectable, but strange in their ways. Mormons, you know. But they always pay on the dot."

Poor May. She had a great deal to learn. I hoped it wouldn't be the hard way. She meant well and did her best, I could tell. No doubt she brought a ray of sunshine to many lonely folk.

"But tomorrow," I decided, as I made a final tour of the garden, "I'll talk to Rosalind. I'll see if I can discover the source of her light."

"I'll have to chase up another job too," I remembered. Frank had left me well provided for, but I needed to be occupied. The doctor said so.

Later that evening I was looking down the help-wanted column of my evening paper when Rosalind paid me a visit.

"I do hope you don't mind me coming," the girl apologized, "but I may not have an opportunity to see you tomorrow."

"Come in, come in." I was amazed to see her. She had never called before. "How nice of you to come!"

"I mustn't be long, though," went on the girl, glancing toward the car in the road. "Jimmy and Val are waiting."

"Bring them in too."

When the young people were seated, I offered them refreshment, but all they would take was orange juice.

You're easy to please," I commented as I made them comfortable in the living room.

"I suppose it's a bit of a cheek," began Rosalind, "but I had the job of typing the redundant notices today and one was for you."

"I know. I've already seen it. But last in, first out is always the rule at such times," I said.

"That's true. But you see, I think I can suggest a new job, if you are interested. Someone I know has a little firm that he runs himself at his home. But now that it's growing, he needs someone to look after the office side of things, do the bookkeeping, and so on."

Her nervousness had gone and she went on eagerly. "I saw him tonight and told him about you. He suggested that you see him tomorrow evening if that's suitable for you."

"Well ..."

"Oh, I do hope you don't mind, but I'm sure you're just the person he is looking for."

"It's all so kind of you," I said, smiling, "and so sudden. I didn't know I was being observed."

She blushed, so to avoid further embarrassment, I said, "I'd be so pleased to visit your friend. Thank you for being so thoughtful."

"Actually, he's our MIA president," she went on. "His wife has been helping him a little but now they have a new baby, she hasn't the time to spare."

"You'll like him," said Val.

Jimmy added, "Terrific man."

"He sounds popular," I laughed.

And when the young people had left, I laughed again and then again. It was a good feeling. It lifted my load. The dark tunnel I'd been traveling for so long was coming to an end. I could see the pinpoint of light in the distance; and one day soon, I would burst into the daylight with a rush.

Though the sun had set, I declined turning on the electric lamps. The day would disappear the moment the switch clicked down. Taking a candle from the kitchen cupboard, I set it beside the tiny vase of pansies. I was glad I had gathered a few. The glow from the candle and the sweetness of the flowers filled me with a deep peace. Someone did care about me after all. I was very lonely still and would always be aware of that cavernous gap in my life, but these simple tokens and a girl who was concerned about other people had sought out a dark corner of my heart. They had made me remember things long forgotten. If they could gladden one spot, why couldn't I gladden others?

Tonight I would sleep. An almost forgotten pleasure. Tomorrow? There was something afoot; the feeling was unmistakable. Something good was in store for me. A new life, perhaps? Surprised at myself, I looked forward to it.

# The Origins of the Christmas Tree

The custom of a Christmas tree, undecorated, is believed to have begun in Germany, in the first half of the 700s.

The earliest story relates how British monk and missionary St. Boniface (born Winfrid in A.D. 680) was preaching a sermon on the Nativity to a tribe of Germanic Druids outside the town of Geismar. To convince the idolaters that the oak tree was not sacred and inviolable, the "Apostle of Germany" felled one on the spot. Toppling, it crushed every shrub in its path except for a small fir sapling. A chance event can lend itself to numerous interpretations, and legend has it that Boniface, attempting to win converts, interpreted the fir's survival as a miracle, concluding, "Let this be called the tree of the Christ Child." Subsequent Christmases in Germany were celebrated by planting fir saplings.

We do know with greater authority that by the sixteenth century, fir trees, indoors and out, were decorated to commemorate Christmas in Germany. A forest ordinance from Ammerschweier, Alsace, dated 1561, states that "no burgher shall have for Christmas more than one bush of more than eight shoes length." The decorations hung on a tree in that time, the earliest we have evidence of, were "roses cut of many-colored paper, apples, wafers, gilt, sugar."

It is a widely held belief that Martin Luther, the sixteenth-century Protestant reformer, first added lighted candles to a tree. Walking toward his home one winter evening, composing a sermon, he was awed by the brilliance of stars twinkling amidst evergreens. To recapture the scene for his family, he erected a tree in the main room and wired its branches with lighted candles.

By the 1700s, the Christbaum, or "Christ tree," was a firmly established tradition. From Germany the custom spread to other parts of Western Europe. It was popularized in England only in the nineteenth century, by Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's German consort. Son of the duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (a duchy in central Germany), Albert had grown up decorating Christmas trees, and when he married Victoria, in 1840, he requested that she adopt the German tradition.

The claim of the Pennsylvania Germans to have initiated the Christmas tree custom in America is undisputed today. And it's in the diary of Matthew Zahm of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, under the date December 20, 1821, that the Christmas tree and its myriad decorations received their first mention in the New World.

It is not surprising that, like many other festive Christmas customs, the tree was adopted so late in America. To the New England Puritans, Christmas was sacred. The Pilgrims second governor, William Bradford, wrote that he tried hard to stamp out "pagan mockery" of the observance, penalizing any frivolity. The influential Oliver Cromwell preached against "the heathen traditions" of Christmas carols, decorated trees and any joyful expression that desecrated "that sacred event."

In 1659, the General Court of Massachusetts enacted a law making any observance of December 25 (other than a church service) a penal offense; people were fined for hanging decorations. That stern solemnity continued until the nineteenth century, when the influx of German and Irish immigrants undermined the Puritan legacy. In 1856, the poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow commented: "we are in a transition state about Christmas here in New England. The old Puritan feeling prevents it from being a cheerful hearty holiday; though every year makes it more so." In that year, Christmas was made a legal holiday in Massachusetts, the last state to uphold Cromwells philosophy.

Interestingly, Godeys Ladys Book, the womens publication of the 1800s that did so much to nationalize Thanksgiving, also played a role in popularizing festive Christmas practices. Through its lighthearted and humorous drawings, its household-decorating hints, its recipes for Christmas confections and meals, and its instructions for homemade tree ornaments, the magazine convinced thousands of housewives that the Nativity was not just a fervent holy day but could also be a festive holiday.

Xmas. The familiar abbreviation for Christmas originated in the Greeks. X is the first letter of the Greek word for Christ, Xristos. By the sixteenth century, "Xmas" was popular throughout Europe. Whereas early Christians had understood that the term merely was Greek for "Christs mass," later Christians, unfamiliar with the Greek reference, mistook the X as a sign of disrespect, an attempt by heathen to rid Christmas of its central meaning. For several hundred years, Christians disapproved of the use of the term. Some still do.

From an book called, Panati's Extraordinary Origins of Everyday Things by Charles Panati: Harper & Row.



# **Our Christmas Came Back**

Ronald R. Grimes

It had been a hard year for our family. I found myself working long hours to pay our bills on my meager salary. I was near exhaustion.

My wife and I prayed each night that our financial burdens would somehow be lifted and that our children would not be negatively affected by my absence and our constant denials of their requests for things that their friends had.

Less than a week before Christmas, I managed to resurrect an old plastic Christmas tree. We purchased two inexpensive gifts for each of our children. My eight-year-old son had been longing to own his own basketball, and his excitement over one box measuring approximately nine inches square nearly consumed him.

Then something happened in our lives that would change each one of us forever. Ronald and his oldest sister, Heather, had become good friends with a family up the street who had children their same ages. Eyes wide with concern, our little children told us of the family's situation: There wasn't a Christmas tree or presents in their friends' home. The family wasn't going to celebrate Christmas this year because the father was out of work.

I discussed the matter with our bishop, who said he would look in to the matter personally. At first I felt relieved, but I returned home feeling there was more to be done, but not knowing what it should be. We already had spent all of our tiny budget.

After supper, we started our family home evening and shared our feelings. We decided to offer a special prayer for our neighbors and asked Heavenly Father to let us know what we could do to help them. When we arose from our prayers, two little faces bore a determined excitement as they simultaneously suggested the obvious solution to our problem: why not share our Christmas with our neighbors? There was precious little to share, but as our eyes met, we each felt a surge of excitement at the suggestion. We took a box of candy we had been given and a pumpkin pie my wife had baked earlier and met at the Christmas tree.

Then it happened! We each began to select one of our gifts to take with us. My eyes fell immediately upon my son. He sat before his gifts as if in shock. It was obvious that he was having difficulty deciding which gift he would take: the large box or the soft little package. In silence his eyes passed back and forth between the two. He looked up at his mother and then over

to me. Then he looked back at the presents. He passed from one to another for a few more moments and then, quite abruptly, picked up the large box and said, "I think Jimmy would like this one best."

With full hearts we gathered the gifts and treats and headed for the door. I stepped out first and almost stumbled over a tiny tree someone had left for us. We brought the tree inside, and Mother and the children removed some of the lights and trimming from our plastic tree while I went to the garage to make a tree stand. We hurried up the block with our bounty. We left the decorated tree and gifts with our friends and bid them a Merry Christmas.

The next evening a surprising thing happened. The bishop called and said, "I have some packages that need delivering to some of the families in the ward and wondered if you could use your station wagon to help us deliver them."

I agreed to meet the bishop at his office as soon as possible and hung up the phone. The car was out of gas and I could find no money for gas. I remembered seeing a few dusty pop bottles in the garage that could be returned to the store for the deposit, and the children had seen more in the trash down the alley. So we gathered the bottles, and I bought a gallon of gas with the proceeds, and headed for the church.

When I arrived, the bishop had already carried many large boxes and bags of groceries to the curb. We loaded them all into the station wagon. They barely fit inside. When we were finished, he handed me an envelope and instructed me to deliver the packages to the names on the list. I agreed and opened the envelope. On a slip of paper was a single name — mine. My eyes filled with tears as I turned to the bishop and said, "Oh, Bishop, there are so many families that need this worse than we do."

"I know," he acknowledged, "but we have already taken care of them, and the Lord wants your family to have this." He embraced me, shook my hand, and sent me home.

When I arrived, I called for the family to help me in with the boxes and bags. There were several brightly wrapped presents for each member of the family. At the bottom of one bag was a special gift, wrapped in a box measuring approximately nine inches square.

A special warmth and glow filled our home that night. We knew that our prayers had been answered and that Christmas that year was going to be special for each member of our family. And yes, the bishop had been aware of our friends up the street — someone had visited their home, too, and left many packages of food and gifts at their door.

Each year as we dismantle our little plastic Christmas tree and put it into its cardboard box, we threaten to replace it with a real tree. But each Christmas we keep putting it back up just one more time. Our little tree, which once shared its lights and ornaments and glory with another family, still captures for us the true meaning of the season. It was our best Christmas ever.

# Our Garden

by Laurel H. Redd

My husband and I have a garden,  
A garden that's easy to weed.  
We're perfectly sure of the harvest,  
Though it was planted without any seed.

"Let's go look at the garden,"  
Is a language between him and me.  
It means: "My burdens are heavy.  
Please, come and listen to me."

We might want to look at the garden  
Any time during day or the night.  
No matter what hour, it's refreshing  
And you can see in the dark or the light.

It might take hours of walking  
To come to the place where it grows.  
It's there and we know we will find it.  
"Heart to heart talks" are the plants in the rows.

So hand in hand together  
We've walked to this place of release.  
We're grateful to God for his blessing —  
Our own sweet garden of peace.

## **Our Heavenly Goals**

"We must cherish one another, watch over one another, comfort one another, and gain instruction, that we may all sit down in heaven together."

Lucy M. Smith

March 24, 1842

Nauvoo

## **Our \$325 Salvation**

My family was desperate. Who could lend  
us so much money?

By Marvin J. Wolf

I stood on tiptoe and handed the card from my school's help-wanted board to the tall ruddy-faced man behind the counter of Mort's Deli in Los Angeles. He wore a starched chef's hat and a clean white apron. Even before I opened my mouth to speak, he was frowning and shaking his head.

"This is a tough job for any high-school kid," the man said. "I need somebody big and strong."

At 16, I looked younger and was barely five feet tall. "I worked last summer washing dishes in a boys camp," I said. "I'm not afraid of hot water, dirty dishes or heavy lifting."

"We need someone bigger," he said. "You'll find something easier than this, kid."

It was September 1957, and my family had just arrived in California. Without seniority in the local union, my father, a sheet-metal worker, was lucky to get work two or three days a week. Our meager savings were gone, and as the oldest boy of what would soon be six kids, I was the only one able to help. I'd applied at retail stores, but without local references shopkeepers were reluctant to let me handle cash.

"Tell you what," I said. "Let me work the rest of the week, and if you don't like the way I do the job, don't pay me."

The tall man stared at me, then nodded. "I'm Mort Rubin. What's your name?"

At Mort's, a river of soiled utensils, trays, pots and pans flowed into my sinks. I washed and rinsed and scoured. By the end of my first after-school shift, sharp pains were shooting up my legs from standing for four solid hours.

As closing time approached on Saturday, I was in agony. I also had no idea whether Mort would pay me. Near the end of the day, he called me up front. "How much did that card at school say this job paid?" he asked.

"Dollar an hour," I murmured. "The minimum wage." I was willing to take less.

"That's not enough for someone who works as hard as you," Mort said. "You start at \$1.25."

Over the next few weeks, I learned a lot about Mort. A few years older than my dad, he was from Chicago and had a daughter my age. When things were slow, he often shared stories from his army days. Early in World War II, he was nearly killed in a savage battle in New Guinea. He'd spent some time recuperating from the terrible head wound he had suffered.

We were closed Sundays, so every Saturday evening Mort urged me to take home the leftover soup in a huge jar. A rich broth of turkey, rice and vegetables, it was a meal in itself, a treat for my struggling family.

My father usually picked me up after work those days because the soup was too difficult to lug home on my bike. Then one Saturday he let me take the family car.

After work I drove home and parked. With the warm jar in my arms, I crossed the lawn and passed the living-room window. As I glanced inside, I almost dropped the jar. In my father's chair -- my father's chair! -- was a large bald man. He was cursing my father in a voice dripping with contempt. My brothers and sisters sat like statues. Dad's face was stone; Mom wept.

I crept into the kitchen and listened through the door. The man wanted to take our car. Dad offered to make the three payments that were in arrears, but the man demanded the entire sum --\$325 -- or the car.

I had been in Los Angeles just long enough to understand how essential a car is. I slipped out the door, pushed the car down to the corner, started the engine and circled the neighborhood, thinking furiously. Who might have \$325? Who would even consider lending me such a princely sum?

The only person I could think of was Mort.

I drove back to his deli, rapped on the rear door, then waited until the window shade went up. I found myself staring down the barrel of an army .45. "What do you want?" Mort growled, lowering the gun.

I stammered out my tale: the bald man, his foul cursing, the outrageous demand. "So could you possibly loan my father \$325?" I finished, realizing how absurd it sounded.

Mort's eyes bored holes into my face. Realizing he was still clutching the gun, I took a step backward. At that, he smiled. "I'm not going to shoot you," he said, placing the pistol on his tiny desk. Then he knelt, pried a worn red tile from the floor to reveal a safe and began to twist the dial.

He counted the money twice and placed it in an old envelope. "This is \$325," he said. "When school is out, you'll work full time. I'll take back half your wages until it's repaid."

"Thank you," I said, trembling at this responsibility. "Do you want my father to sign something?"

He shook his head. "No son. I'm betting on you."

I went in the back door like the lord of the manor and Dad came rushing into the kitchen, the bald man on his heels. "Quick!" my father cried. "Drive the car away!"

I calmly handed the man the envelope. "Count it, give my father a receipt, and get out of our house," I said, a speech I'd rehearsed all the way home.

That night I was a hero to my family. But the real hero was Mort Rubin, who not only saved us from certain penury but also quietly raised my salary every month until, by summer, I was earning \$2.50 an hour, double the original wage.

I worked for Mort until I graduated two years later and joined the army. We stayed in touch for many decades, but I lost track of him several years ago and don't even know if he's still alive.

But this I do know: Mort Rubin made the world a better place.



# Out-of-Doors

Edgar Guest

The kids are out-of-doors once more;  
The heavy leggins that they wore,  
The winter caps that covered ears  
Are put away, and no more tears  
Are shed because they cannot go  
Until they're bundled up just so.  
No more she wonders when they're gone  
If they have put their rubbers on;  
No longer are they hourly told  
To guard themselves against a cold;  
Bareheaded now they romp and run  
Warmed only by the kindly sun.  
She's put their heavy clothes away  
And turned the children out to play,  
And all the morning long they race  
Like madcaps round about the place.  
The robins on the fences sing  
A gayer song of welcoming,  
And seems as though they had a share  
In all the fun they're having there.  
The wrens and sparrows twitter, too,  
A louder and a noisier crew,  
As though it pleased them all to see  
The youngsters out of doors and free.  
Outdoors they scamper to their play  
With merry din the livelong day,  
And hungrily they jostle in  
The favor of the maid to win;

Then, armed with cookies or with cake,  
Their way into the yard they make,  
And every feathered playmate comes  
To gather up his share of crumbs.  
The finest garden that I know  
Is one where little children grow,  
Where cheeks turn brown and eyes are bright,  
And all is laughter and delight.  
Oh, you may brag of gardens fine,  
But let the children race in mine;  
And let the roses, white and red,  
Make gay the ground whereon they tread.  
And who for bloom perfection seeks,  
Should mark the color on their cheeks;  
No music that the robin spouts  
Is equal to their merry shouts;  
There is no foliage to compare  
With youngsters' sun-kissed, tousled hair:  
Spring's greatest joy beyond a doubt  
Is when it brings the children out.

## Outlook

Forget each kindness that you do  
As soon as you have done it.  
Forget the praise that falls on you  
The moment you have won it.  
Forget the slander that you hear  
Before you can repeat it.  
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer  
Wherever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done  
To you, whatever its measure.  
Remember praise by others won  
And pass it on with pleasure.  
Remember every promise made  
And keep it to the letter.  
Remember those who lend you aid  
And be a grateful, debtor.

Remember all the happiness  
That comes your way in living.  
Forget each worry and distress.  
Be hopeful and forgiving.  
Remember good, remember truth.  
Remember heaven is above you,  
And you will find through age and youth  
True joys and hearts to love you.

# The Oyster

Author Unknown

There once was an oyster  
Whose story I'll tell,  
Who found that some sand  
Had worked under his shell.  
Just one little grain  
But it gave him a pain,  
For oysters have feelings  
That are very plain.  
Now did he berate  
This work of fate,  
That left him in such a  
Deplorable state?  
Did he curse the government  
Call for an election,  
And say that the sea  
Should have some protection?  
No! He said to himself  
As he sat on the shelf,  
"Since I cannot remove it,  
I think I'll improve it."  
Well, years passed by  
As years always do,  
Till he came to his destiny,  
Oyster Stew!  
But the small grain of sand  
That bothered him so,  
Was a beautiful pearl  
All richly aglow.

Now this tale has a moral,  
For isn't it grand,  
What an oyster can do  
With a small grain of sand?  
And what couldn't we do  
If we only begin  
With all of the things  
That get under our skin?

# **The Page Turner**

The following program notes are from an unidentified piano recital:

Tonight's page turner, Ruth Spelke, studied under Ivan Schmertnick at the Boris Nitsky School of Page Turning in Philadelphia. She has been turning pages here and abroad for many years for some of the world's leading pianists.

In 1988, Ms. Spelke won the Wilson Page Turning Scholarship, which sent her to Israel to study page turning from left to right. She is winner of the 1984 Rimsky Korsakov Flight of the Bumblebee Prestissimo Medal, having turned 47 pages in an unprecedented 32 seconds. She was also a 1983 silver medalist at the Klutz Musical Page Pickup Competition: contestants retrieve and rearrange a musical score dropped from a Yamaha. Ms. Spelke excelled in "grace, swiftness, and especially poise."

For techniques, Ms. Spelke performs both the finger-licking and the bent-page corner methods. She works from a standard left bench position, and is the originator of the dipped-elbow page snatch, a style used to avoid obscuring the pianist's view of the music. She is page turner in residence in Fairfield, Iowa, where she occupies the coveted Alfred Hitchcock Chair at the Fairfield Page Turning Institute.

Ms. Spelke is married, and has a nice house on a lake.

# **The Parable Of The Popper**

by Jacob de Jager

1. Behold at the time of harvest the ears of corn did bring forth kernels which were dried and prepared for the popper's hand.
2. And the popper did take the kernels, all of which appeared alike unto him, and did apply the oil and the heat.
3. And it came to pass when the heat was on, some did explode with promise and did magnify themselves, yea, even an hundred fold.
4. And some did burst forth with whiteness which did both gladden the eye of the beholder and satisfy the taste of the popper.
5. And likewise, some others did pop, but not too much. But lo, there were some that did just lie there and even though the popper's heat was alike unto all, they did bask in the warmth of the oil and kept everything they had for themselves.
6. And so it came to pass that those which had given of themselves, did bring joy and delight to many munchers, but those which kept of the warmth and did not burst forth, were fit only to be cast out, and were thought of with hardness and disgust.
7. And thus we see that in the beginning all appear alike, but when the heat is on, some come forth and give their all, while others fail to pop and become as chaff on the threshing floor, to be discarded and forgotten.

## **A Parable: The Talker, The Entertainer, The Teacher**

And it came to pass ....

That three Latter-day Saints went out from their homes and made their way to the chapel at the appointed hour, where they had been called to teach. One was a TALKER, the second an ENTERTAINER, and the third a TEACHER. All three bore strong testimonies of the Gospel and had a sincere desire to build testimonies in the learners.

The TALKER came well prepared, cited scriptures, read from books, and verily beseeched his learners with many words. For a few, the words fell on fertile soil and they went straightway from the class enriched. For the many, the words were not enough and visions of roasts in the oven, skiing on powdered sloped, and the excitement of bright colors and taffetas, silks, and laces gradually drowned out the words, words, words, until they had comfortably become a part of the background making way for more pressing matters.

The ENTERTAINER, familiar with the effect of some talkers on some learners, bore testimony; cited scriptures; showed pictures, maps, charts, filmstrips, films; played tapes and records. Surely the learners' interest was captured by the wonders of the instructional media. Roasts, skis, and apparel became of little concern and the hour of instruction was all too soon over. The learners left the ENTERTAINER and went their various ways only to be dismayed by the proverbial question, "Well, what did you learn today?" They were unable to answer because the instruction of the lesson was now without form and void — so much gloss and tinsel, without real substance.

The third Latter-day Saint, the TEACHER, bore no stronger testimony than the others nor was he any more dedicated to his calling. He just realized that if his learners didn't actually change their behavior, increase their testimonies, and start living richer and more productive lives, he had failed. He faced his many communication problems squarely and he defined his instructional objectives. He used a variety of instructional materials for the right reasons ... to overcome the barriers to effective communication and to reach his objectives. He used tape recordings to bring general authorities into his classroom in order to reach the inactive and the active members at the same time, for he has both in his class. When appropriate he used the motion picture to dramatize important ideas and the chalkboard for key scriptures. In order to communicate with both the learner who attends under social pressure and the class member who is sincerely interested, he used these and other instructional materials to reach the new convert as well as the returned missionary, for he knows that they will greatly increase learning as well as interest. And his learners went out into the land for another week, filled with the spirit, their lives



enriched, and with a feeling that they really learned, and for the present they were satisfied with their new knowledge and insight.

# The Paramedic

by Gene Windsor

The Savior's love for us is so great that he was willing to lay down his life for us. This kind of love was illustrated in an incident on January 13, 1982, when an airliner crashed in the Potomac River near Washington, D.C. A paramedic, Gene Windsor, described what happened.

Shortly after 4:00 pm, the phone rang. The man answering it called out: "Washington National Airport thinks it may have lost an aircraft!"

"Where?"

"Nobody knows yet!"

Don and I rushed to the helicopter as another paramedic heaved open the hangar door and plowed the snow from the ramp.

Another call came through. "They've confirmed it was a 737 airliner," said the man on the phone. "But they're still not sure where it's down!"

With a roar we lifted into the blinding whiteness; billions of flakes beating the plexiglass on which rain was freezing.

As *Eagle I's* nose dipped in acceleration, I prayed for the people in the downed aircraft, that God would give us the ability to help as many as possible.

The radio sputtered: "It's somewhere in the river. Haven't got a fix on it yet."

But where? Then we saw something near the bridge. Jutting up from the icy water was a twisted remnant of a plane's tail section.

Some people were clinging to it. Don called the Washington National tower: "We have survivors in sight and are going in."

As we dropped closer, the tragic reality of what had happened became clear: In taking off from the airport, the plane had stalled in the air. As it fell, its tail struck the bridge, breaking off as the rest of the ship flipped over into the river, sinking immediately.

We swooped down to the tail wreckage and hovered at 15 feet; three men and three women were in the water clinging to it, their frightened eyes looking up. Only one, a woman, had a life vest. As Don and I talked on the intercom, I slid open our big side door. I dropped the life vests that were grabbed in the rush out of the hangar.

Gyrating in our rotor wash, the rope settled into the arms of an alert-looking man who seemed to be in his 50s. He had a mustache and a graying fringe of hair around his bald head. But what he did with the rope surprised us.

Instead of grabbing it, he gallantly passed it to the women next to him. One of them got her arms into the loop.

"Okay, we got one," I told Don.

With a roar we lifted and carried the woman to the snow-covered shore crowded with fire trucks, ambulances and firemen. Someone on shore flung up to me another rope with a life ring, and we zoomed through the whirling snow back to the wreckage.

This time I dropped both ropes. Again I found it hard to believe what I saw. In the water the bald man with the mustache caught the ring and again passed it to a woman next to him. She seemed dazed — unable to hold it. A younger man took the ring and grasped the two women in his arms while another man clutched the other rope. It was all we could manage.

"Lift!" I yelled. The engine strained and the helicopter shuddered as we rose just high enough to pull the four people through the water toward shore.

Relieved at how well it had gone, we rushed back to the wreckage and the bald man with the mustache.

He was gone. Disappeared beneath the water.

We circled low over the crushed aluminum, intently searching for a glimmer or shadow in the depths below. If I saw anything, I was determined to leap in and swim down to it, so badly I wanted him. But there was nothing but a crumpled silver spire and icy black water.

We searched.

Ten minutes passed. "Do you see anything?" Don asked. There was a catch in his voice. I couldn't hardly answer. Nothing. No sign of the bald man with the mustache.

I shall never forget his pale, upturned face watching us moving away with the others, knowing, probably, that he would not be there when we got back.

It was a terrible tragedy in which 78 people lost their lives. Yet out of it something was won — the memory of this selfless man. In helping those he saved, he has helped all of us. For the memory will sustain me and millions of others. And as long as we know that there are those like him among us, I don't think we have to worry about what this world is coming to.

When Jesus said, "Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," I know that He was speaking of the man in the water.

## Pardon, Your Slip is Showing

Notice in a Florida Church bulletin reprimanding parents for driving too fast when dropping children off at parish functions: "We want everyone to know that safety is one of our priorities. Driving slowly on church property is a necessity or we may have to install bums on the driveways."

In response to a batch of poems I had submitted, a poetry magazine sent me a rejection letter saying that my work "does not fit our nerds at this time."

From Illinois State University's *Daily Vidette*: "Correction: It was incorrectly reported that today is T-shirt Appreciation Day. In fact, it is Teacher Appreciation Day."

From the Prescott Arizona *Daily Courier*: "Arizona's fifth-largest bank is seeking experienced bankers to stuff a downtown office."

From a card in a Moroccan hotel room: "Males and snacks may be served in your room at any time. Please call room service."

Spotted in the White Plains, New York *Reporter Dispatch*: "Ed and Ruth Owen celebrated their 50th anniversary on May 26. They renewed their rows at St. Patrick's Cathedral."

In the *Idaho Statesman* classifieds: "For sale — steamer drunk with drawers."

In a letter from a summer-camp director: "Dear parents: We are pleased to announce the opening of registration. We are working hard and looking forward to the ultimate bumper experience for everyone."

And here are some of the slips that have been in Church bulletins. Thank goodness for church ladies with typewriters. These sentences (with all the BLOOPERS) actually appeared in church bulletins:

1. The Fasting and Prayer Conference includes meals.

2. The sermon this morning: "Jesus Walks on Water." The Sermon tonight: "Searching for Jesus."
3. Ladies, don't forget the rummage sale. It's a chance to get rid of those things not worth keeping around the house. Bring your husbands.
4. Remember in prayer the many who are sick of our community. Smile at someone who is hard to love. Say 'Hell' to someone who doesn't care much about you.
5. Don't let worry kill you off - let the Church help.
6. Miss Charlene Mason sang 'I will not pass this way again,' giving obvious pleasure to the congregation.
7. For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.
8. Next Thursday there will be tryouts for the choir. They need all the help they can get.
9. Irving Benson and Jessie Carter were married on October 24 in the church. So ends a friendship that began in their school days.
10. A bean supper will be held on Tuesday evening in the church hall. Music will follow.
11. At the evening service tonight, the sermon topic will be 'What Is Hell?' Come early and listen to our choir practice.
12. Eight new choir robes are currently needed due to the addition of several new members and to the deterioration of some older ones.
13. Scouts are saving aluminum cans, bottles and other items to be recycled. Proceeds will be used to cripple children.
14. Please place your donation in the envelope along with the deceased person you want remembered.

15. The church will host an evening of fine dining, super entertainment and gracious hostility.
16. Potluck supper Sunday at 5:00 PM - prayer and medication to follow.
17. The ladies of the Church have cast off clothing of every kind. They may be seen in the basement on Friday afternoon.
18. This evening at 7 PM there will be a hymn singing in the park across from the Church. Bring a blanket and come prepared to sin.
19. Ladies Bible Study will be held Thursday morning at 10 AM. All ladies are invited to lunch in the Fellowship Hall after the B. S. is done.
20. The pastor would appreciate it if the ladies of the Congregation would lend him their electric girdles for the pancake breakfast next Sunday.
21. Low Self Esteem Support Group will meet Thursday at 7 PM. Please use the back door.
22. The eighth-graders will be presenting Shakespeare's Hamlet in the Church basement Friday at 7 PM. The congregation is invited to attend this tragedy.
23. Weight Watchers will meet at 7 PM at the First Presbyterian Church. Please use large double door at the side entrance.
24. The Associate Minister unveiled the church's new campaign slogan last Sunday: 'I Upped My Pledge - Up Yours.'

# Patience

Elder Neal A. Maxwell noted:

"Patience is not indifference. Actually, it means caring very much but being willing, nevertheless, to submit to the Lord and to what the scriptures call the 'process of time.'

"Patience is tied very closely to faith in our Heavenly Father. Actually, when we are unduly impatient we are suggesting that we know what is best — better than does God. Or, at least, we are asserting that our timetable is better than His ....

"We read in Mosiah about how the Lord simultaneously tries the patience of His people even as He tries their faith (Mosiah 23:21) ....

"There is also a dimension of patience which links it to a special reverence for life. Patience is a willingness, in a sense, to watch the unfolding purposes of God with a sense of wonder and awe, rather than pacing up and down within the cell of our circumstance. Put another way, too much anxious opening of the oven door and the cake falls instead of rising ....

"When we are impatient, we are neither reverential nor reflective because we are too self-centered. Whereas faith and patience are companions, so are selfishness and impatience ....

"In life, however, even patiently stretching out sweetness is sometimes not enough; in certain situations, enjoyment must actually be deferred. A patient willingness to defer dividends is a hallmark of individual maturity ....

"There is also in patience a greater opportunity for that discernment which sorts out the things that matter most from the things that matter least ....

"In our approach to life, patience also helps us to realize that while we may be ready to move on, having had enough of a particular learning experience, our continued presence is often needed as a part of the learning environment of others. Patience is thus closely connected with: two other central attributes of Christianity — love and humility ....

"Clearly, patience so cradles us when we are in the midst of suffering ....



"Patience permits us to cling to our faith in the Lord when we are tossed about by suffering as if by surf. When the undertow grasps us, we will realize that even as we tumble we are somehow being carried forward; we are actually being helped even as we cry for help.

"One of the functions of the tribulation of the righteous is so that 'tribulation worketh patience' (Romans 5:3) .... Patience in turn brings about the needed experience, as noted in the stunning insight the Lord gave to the Prophet Joseph Smith: 'All these things shall give thee experience, and shall be for thy good' (D&C 122:7) ....

"The longer I examine the gospel of Jesus Christ, the more I understand that the Lord's commitment to free agency is very deep — indeed, much deeper than is our own. The more I live, the more I also sense how exquisite is His perfect love of us. It is, in fact, the very interplay of God's everlasting commitment to free agency and His everlasting and perfect love for us which inevitably places a high premium upon the virtue of patience. There is simply no other way for true growth to occur."

(Neal A. Maxwell. "Patience," in *Speeches of the Year*, 1979, pp. 215-18).

## **Patriot's Oath**

I am only one —

But I am one;

I cannot do everything

But I can do something.

And what I can do

That I ought to do;

And what I ought to do

By the grace of God,

I will do.

# Pattern of Love

by Jack Smith

I didn't question Timmy, age nine, or his seven-year-old-brother, Billy, about the brown wrapping paper they passed back and forth between them as we visited each store.

Every year at Christmas time, our Service Club takes the children from poor families in our town on a personally conducted shopping tour. I was assigned Timmy and Billy, whose father was out of work. After giving them the allotted \$4.00 each, we began our trip. At different stores I made suggestions, but always their answer was a solemn shake of the head, no. Finally, I asked, "Where would you suggest we look?"

"Could we go to a shoe store, Sir?" answered Timmy. "We'd like a pair of shoes for our Daddy so he can go to work."

In the shoe store the clerk asked what the boys wanted. Out came the brown paper. "We want a pair of work shoes to fit this foot," they said. Billy explained that it was a pattern of their Daddy's foot. They had drawn it while he was asleep in a chair.

The clerk held the paper against a measuring stick, then walked away. Soon, he came back with an open box, "Will these do?" he asked. Timmy and Billy handled the shoes with great eagerness. "How much do they cost?" asked Billy. Then Timmy saw the price on the box. "They're \$16.95," he said in dismay. "We only have \$8.00."

I looked at the clerk and he cleared his throat. "That's the regular price," he said, "but they're on sale; \$3.98, today only." Then, with shoes happily in hand the boys bought gifts for their mother and their two little sisters. Not once did they think of themselves.

The day after Christmas the boy's father stopped me on the street. The new shoes were on his feet, gratitude was in his eyes. "I just thank Jesus for people who care," he said. "And I thank Jesus for your two sons," I replied. "They really taught me more about Christmas in one evening than I had learned in a lifetime."

# Perfect Forgiveness

Bishop H. Burke Peterson

During World War II there were terrible examples of man's inhumanity to man. After the war was over and the concentration camps were opened, there was much hatred among the weak and emaciated survivors. In one camp, observers noticed a native of Poland who seemed so robust and peaceful they thought he must have only recently been imprisoned. They were surprised to learn that he had been there over six years! Then, they reasoned, he must not have suffered the terrible atrocities to his family members that most of the prisoners had. But in questioning him, they learned how soldiers had come to his city, lined up against a wall his wife, two daughters, and three small sons, then opened fire with a machine gun. Though he begged to die with them, he had been kept alive because of his knowledge and ability in language translation.

This Polish father said, "I had to decide right then whether to let myself hate the soldiers who had done this. It was an easy decision, really. I was a lawyer. In my practice I had seen what hate could do to people's minds and bodies. Hate had just killed the six people who mattered most to me in the world. I decided then that I would spend the rest of my life — whether it was a days or many years — loving every person I came in contact with."

And speaking of Christ:

All his life he had been the victim of ugliness. As a newborn infant he had been spirited away to save his life at the instruction of an angel in a dream .... At the end of a hectic life he had stood in quiet, retrained, divine dignity ....

They pushed him around and jostled him and buffeted him. Not an angry word escaped his lips. What mastery of self! They slapped him in his face and on his body .... Yet he stood resolute, unintimidated. Literally did he follow his own admonition when he turned his cheek so that it too could be slapped and smitten.

Words, too, are hard to take. Incriminations and recriminations and their blasphemy of things, persons, places and situations sacred to him must have been hard to take .... Yet he stood his ground, never faltering. No cringing, no denials, no rebuttals. When false, mercenary witnesses were paid to lie about him, he seemed not to condemn them. They twisted his words and misinterpreted his meanings, yet he was calm and unflustered. Had he not been taught to pray for them "Which despitefully use you?"

He was beaten, officially scourged. He wore a crown of thorns .... He was mocked and jeered. He suffered every indignity at the hands of his own people .... He was required to carry his own cross .... Finally, with the soldiers and his accusers down below him, he looked upon the Roman soldiers and said these immortal words: "Father forgive them; for they know not what they do." (Luke 23:34)

# Pleasant Afternoons

by Dixie Davis

(Rewritten for elementary age children)

Sunday afternoons for many people is nothing more than a live or boob tube version of Sports Illustrated. It's a day for sitting in an over-stuffed chair with a can of [pop] and shouting bad words at the poor team that is losing in whatever sport that television happens to be showing. For others it is a day for "Participaction", a day to jog, fish, play tennis, do aerobics and so on. Though I don't have any real bad feelings about taking part in sports, either from an armchair or in person, I can't help feeling sorry for those who have never know our kind of Sunday afternoon.

We were taught to limit our work and active play to six days of the week, saving Sunday for rest and quiet activities. That made time to talk that likely would never have been scheduled in our "live life to the fullest" routine. After the weekly church attendance had been enjoyed, one by one, family members would end up occupying their favorite spot in the livingroom for an otherwise rare opportunity to truly relax and talk about whatever came to mind. These were times of unity building, of sharing, and of discovery as we really got to know each other; and frequently we had glimpses into the past through our "I remember when ..." stories.

One such Sunday afternoon Mom was crocheting in her favorite armchair. I was perched on the back of the chair, my legs draped over her shoulders, engrossed in a family ritual of styling Mom's hair to develop my creativity and provide Mom with some massage like relaxation. Dad leaned back, totally relaxed in his easy chair, head tipped forward, chin on his chest, eyes shut, with periodic puffs of air making his lips quiver.

In the corner was a lumpy heap of blanket with a hand holding a novel sticking out. Two eyes peeped at the book out of a black opening. George was stretched out spread eagle on the floor, engrossed in a make-believe scenario with plastic people and animals. Something from his imaginary happenings prompted him to inquire as to whether or not geese were mean. And that was all it took.

Mom's reply came; "I've seen some really mean geese; in fact, before you and Ilo were born, when Dad and Ann and Glen and Dixie and I lived on the farm in Saskatchewan, we had a gander who loved to scare the pants off Ann. The silly thing would lie in wait for the chance to chase her.

"Day after day, Ann would hesitantly go out to do her chores, watching over her shoulders and turning quickly at the least sound, to see if the demon fowl was attacking. Almost everyday

Dad or I would have to drop and run to rescue a screaming Ann, running as fast as she could, with the gander hot on her tail, wings a flappin' and honking his pleasure. He pinched mercilessly at any part of her anatomy he could reach with his powerful beak. Sometimes he would pinch repeatedly, and other times, he would get a good hold and ride along behind her."

A head now poked out of the blanket to see what George was rolling on the floor laughing about, and Mom went on. "Day after day, I nursed Ann's black and blue, and very tender bottom. We tried to give her ideas of how to avoid the attacks but to no avail. After one particularly severe assault, Dad got really mad. He went out to the willow patch and cut a good strong willow and cleaned it. He told Ann that he would set it by the door and whenever she went to do her chores she could carry the willow to fend off the ornery gander.

"Well, the next day I was singing quietly as I was fixing supper, when my serenity was interrupted by the ominous sound of wings beating the air (and anything else that got in the way), the formidable honking, and Ann screaming to the top of her lungs. It was another ambush, so I dropped the potato I was peeling, and ran to save Ann from that cussed goose.

"As I ran through the door and onto the step, I stopped dead in my tracks at what I saw. There was the goose running full tilt with wings a flappin' and honkin' his heart out in fear, and Ann with a look of sheer delight on her face. She was running behind him, swinging the willow weapon back and forth whipping his legs out from underneath him, forcing him to use his wings to keep ahead of his very unexpected adversary. All the pent-up memories of bruises now gave way to merciless revenge as they disappeared around the back of the barn, only to reappear in full volume around the other side. Around and around they went until both goose and girl were exhausted.

"Ann flopped down on the ground, wiped out breathless, but very pleased with herself. The goose retreated to the shady side of an outbuilding far enough away to ensure a degree of safety, but close enough to arrive before collapsing, wings spread, head drooping, gasping for breath and in a state of shock at the unexpected turn of events."

By now, Ilo had shed the blanket completely and parked in front of Mom on the floor. I had left my hair-styling perch to join her and George so we could see Mom's face while she related the events. Our hee-hawing over Mom's description had aroused Dad from his snooze and he sat there with a grin of remembering on his face. Mom assured us that Ann was never again afraid to go out to do her chores, nor did she ever need to be.

When George quieted his giggles enough for Ilo to get a word in, she asked if all the geese the family ever owned were mean. It was Dad who answered, "Gandy wasn't. Gandy was Glen's favorite goose. He always used to ...." And a new episode began.



## **Pointing as Hunting Dogs**

Be good hunting dogs. Come to the Point like a second dog will do even if he does not spot the animal being hunted. When the first dog comes to the point the second will freeze in place and help. If someone is trying to help another person, freeze in your tracks and support them in their effort.

## **Politically Correct Terms For Modern Living**

1. People are not old. They are chronologically gifted.
2. People are not fat. They possess an alternate body image.
3. At a funeral a person is not dead. He/she is terminally inconvenienced.
4. People are not drunk. They are sobriety deprived.
5. A woman is not pregnant. She is parasitically oppressed.
6. There is no such thing as an addiction. There is pharmacological preference.
7. Dirty old men are really to be called sexually focused chronologically gifted individuals.

# Pop Hates the Beatles

(to the tune of Pop Goes the Weasel)

My daughter needs a new phonograph,  
She wore out all the needles.  
Besides, I broke the old one in half.  
I hate the beatles!

She says they have a Liverpool beat.  
She says they used to play there.  
Four nice kids from off of the street —  
Why didn't they stay there?

What is all the screaming about —  
Fainting and swooning?  
Sounds to me like their guitars  
Could use a little tuning.

The Boys are from the British Empire.  
The British think they're keen.  
If that is what the British desire,  
God save the Queen.

No daughter of mine can push me around.  
In my house I'm the master,  
But when the Beatles came into town,  
Gad, what a disaster!

Little girls in sneakers and jeans  
Destroyed the territory.  
T'was like some of the gorier scenes

From West Side Story.

Of course my daughter had to go there,  
The tickets are cheap she hollers.  
I was able to pick up a pair  
For Forty-seven dollars.

When the Beatles come on the stage,  
They scream and shriek and cheer them.  
Now I know why they're such a rage —  
It's impossible to hear them!

Ringo is the one with the drum.  
The others all play with him.  
It shows you what a boy can become  
Without a sense of rhythm.

There's Beatle books and T-shirts and rings,  
And one thing and another.  
To buy my daughter all of these things,  
I had to sell her brother.

Back in 1776,  
We fought the British, then, folks.  
Parents of America,  
It's time to do it again folks.

If they come back, here's how we'll begin,  
We'll throw them in Boston Harbor,  
But first before we toss them all in,  
Let's take them to a barber!

# **Pop-up Trailer Messed Up**

## **Pop's Vacation**

Robert Kirby

We just got back from the Grand Canyon. It was our first vacation of the year and came quite close to being our last.

Because past family vacations have resulted in near death and actual financial ruin, we decided to upgrade our vacation habits. We bought a pop-up tent trailer.

The modern pop-up tent trailer is about the size of a saltine box. It's half trailer and half tent and not much different from the handcart my great-grandfather Korihor Kirby pulled across the plains. The biggest difference is that I pull mine with a GMC while Grandpa Korihor used a team of wives.

Because our trip to the Grand Canyon was cold and rainy, I discovered that the new pop-up trailer sets up exactly like our old tent. To Wit: While my wife and daughters wait in the car, I am out in the rain and dark, fighting with the canvas like a sailor on a clipper ship rounding the Horn.

My wife reciprocates by cooking me a hot meal on the propane stove inside our new pop-up trailer. Although nothing happened, I suspect the propane stove is where tent trailers like ours get the "pop-up" nickname. Mismanaged, a propane stove will quickly turn a tent trailer into something resembling a fully inflated pan of Jiffy Pop.

According to the manufacturer, our pop-up trailer "sleeps five." This is true if the aforementioned five sleepers happen to be really short and comatose dwarfs. I spent the entire first night trying to figure out who came up with the number five. After all, in terms of complete honesty, the manufacturer could just as easily have claimed "sleeps 200." So why five?

It came to me along about dawn that "sleeps five" was one of those foreign metric figures. To get the accurate American number of sleepers, you had to divide the Japanese "sleeps five" by a U.S. conversion factor of 4.5 to get "sleeps one and a small dog."

A tent trailer is supposed to be sturdier than a tent. Since none of the pop-ups on the market today can be carried in a backpack without giving you a hernia the size of a hot-air balloon, I guess this part is true.

The sturdy argument was in doubt, however, when a high wind came up Friday night. When that happened, I started wishing for our old tent. See, a tent is at least anchored to something that's hard for the wind to move around — the ground.

In a high wind, the bottom half of a tent trailer squirms and bucks just like the top half, which is to say like Dorothy's house in the "Wizard of Oz," only more so. We spent Friday night wailing for Auntie Em.

But the main reason we bought the tent trailer was the bug factor. If a pop-up does nothing more, it at least puts women 4 feet higher than most bugs, none of which is dangerous unless you happen to be caught in the retreat path of a woman who suddenly sees one.

This is not to say that the bug factor is not an important consideration in family camping, especially if it's being bugged that bugs you most. After about five hours, a pop-up tent trailer feels as restricted as a straight-jacket into which two people are stuffed. This leads to "pop-up fever," which, in our family at least, progresses directly to a high rate of injury among teen-agers.

At \$5000 a piece, it's hard to afford two tent trailers. This is why a family should never get rid of the tent when buying a tent trailer. It gives Dad someplace to sleep.

# **Pork the Porcupine**

by Brian Nelson

The animal I would like would be a porcupine. But you might say it would cause problems.

Now here is the story:

One day David and I were hunting. Dave saw a porcupine. He raised his gun.

I yelled, "Wait! I've always wanted a porcupine. Let's pick it up and bring it home."

"Pick that thing up? No way!" said Dave.

"Yes way!" I said. "Youch! Maybe you're right, Dave."

I got the shovel from the horse and picked it up.

"Now how are you going to take this on a horse?"

"You'll see." I jabbed the quills into the horse's belly. The horse took off like a rocket.

"You're hurting the horse, Brian!"

"Woops," I said. "Well at least we are getting home faster, Pig Face."

"Be quiet, Dumbo Ears," he yelled.

"See, we're home, Dave."

"Ya, and the horse is dead."

"Boo Hoo." Sob. "Well, at least we got our porcupine!"

"Be quiet, Dumbo Ears."

"Hay, Dave. Listen!" Meow. "The porcupine's stabbing the cat." Click. "What are you doing, Dave?"

"I'm shooting Pork!"

"No-o-o-o!"

Just as he shot, I lifted the gun. It shot the window and shot my sister. "That thing has killed a horse, a cat, a window, and a sister." We let him go and lived happily ever after.



# **Poverty**

Loneliness and the feeling of being unwanted are the most oppressive poverty.

## The Practical Jokers

Bill Anderson was a big, awkward, homely guy. He dressed oddly with ill-fitting clothes. There were several fellows noticed a small tear in his shirt and gave it a small rip. Another worker in the factory added his bit, and before long there was quite a ribbon dangling. Bill went on about his work and as he passed too near a moving belt the shirt strip was sucked into the machinery. In a split second the sleeve and Bill were in trouble. Alarms were sounded, switches pulled, and trouble was avoided. The foreman, however, aware of what had happened, summoned the men and related this story:

"In my younger days," he told them, "I worked in a small factory. I remember big Mike Travis who liked to play jokes on others. He especially liked to torment Jake, who was a little older than the rest of us and stayed apart from us. He ate his lunch by himself and wore the same patched trousers for three years straight. He was different."

"The men, along with Mike delighted in putting a live frog in Jake's dinner pail, or a dead mouse in his hat, but he always took it in good humor.

"One fall Mike and Pete went hunting and promised that if they got anything they would bring each of us a piece. So we were all quite excited when we heard they got a big buck. We also heard they had a good joke to play on Jake. Mike had cut a nice piece for each of us, but had saved the ears, the tail, and the hoofs for Jake's package. It would be funny when Jake opened the package."

"Mike distributed the packages during the noon hour and we each opened ours and thanked him. He had saved Jake's package until the last and pushed it over where Jake could reach it. We all waited. Jake was never one to say much. In his three years on the job I suppose he had never said a hundred words, so we were all quite hypnotized by what happened."

"He took the package and rose slowly to his feet. He smiled broadly at Mike and swallowed to get control of his emotions and said, 'I knew you'd come through. You're big and playful, but I knew all along you had a good heart! He swallowed again and then went on. I know I haven't seemed too chummy with you men, but I never meant to be rude. You see, I've got nine kids at home and a wife that's been an invalid, bedfast now for four years. She ain't never going to get any better, and sometimes I have to sit up all night to take care of her. Most of my wages go for Doctors and medicine. The kids do all they can to help out, but at times it's been hard to keep food in their mouths. Maybe you think it's funny that I go off by myself to eat my dinner. Well, I guess I've been a little ashamed, because you see, I don't have any meat between

my sandwich. Or like today, maybe there's only a raw turnip in my dinner bucket. But I want you to know that this meat really means a lot to me for tonight my kids will have a real ...' And he tugged at the string.

"Mike and Pete both tried to grab the package, but it was too late, Jake had already seen what it contained. It should have been funny, but no one laughed. The hardest part came when Jake looked up and tried to smile."

## **PRAYER**

Whenever I am troubled  
And lost in deep despair  
I bundle all my troubles up  
And go to God in prayer,  
I tell him I am heartsick  
And lost and lonely too,  
That my mind is deeply burdened  
And I don't know what to do,

For I know He stilled the tempest  
And he calmed the angry sea  
And I humbly ask if in his love  
He will do the same for me,  
And then I just keep quiet  
And think only thoughts of peace  
And if I abide in stillness  
My restless murmurings cease.

Unknown

## A PRAYER FOR CHILDREN

We pray for children

Who sneak popsicles before supper,  
Who erase holes in math workbooks  
Who can never find their shoes

And we pray for those

who stare at photographers from behind barbed wire  
who can't bound down the street in a new pair of sneakers  
who never "counted potatoes"  
who are born in places we wouldn't be caught dead  
who never go to the circus  
who live in an X-rated world.

We pray for children

who bring us sticky kisses & fistfuls of dandelions  
who hug us in a hurry and forget their lunch money.

And we pray for those

who never get dessert  
who have no safety blanket to drag behind them  
who watch their parents watch them die  
who cant find any bread to steal  
who dont have any rooms to clean up  
whose pictures arent on anybodys dresser  
whose monsters are real

We pray for children

who spend all their allowance before tuesday  
who throw tantrums in the grocery store & pick at their food

who like ghost stories  
who shove dirty clothes under the bed and never rinse out the tub  
who get visits from the tooth fairy  
who dont like to be kissed in front of the carpool  
who squirm in church or temple & scream in the phone  
whose tears we sometimes laugh at and whose smiles can make us cry

And we pray for those  
whose nightmares come in the daytime  
who will eat anything  
who have never seen a dentist  
who arent spoiled by anybody  
who go to bed hungry and cry themselves to sleep  
who live and move but have no being

We pray for children who want to be  
carried and for those who must  
for those we never give up on and  
for those who dont get a second chance

For those we smother....  
and for those who will grab the hand of anybody kind enough to offer it.

## PRAYERFUL LOOK

Take a look at yourself and what do you see.  
Do you catch a glimpse of all you can be.  
There's a child of God looking back at you  
With worlds to conquer — great deeds to do.

With eyes to see and ears to hear  
And lips to pray so there's nothing to fear.  
There's strength and understanding and greatness in that face  
Enough to warrant freely the confidence we place.

For we place in your hands a world of strife  
Yet a world of beauty, of hope, and life.  
Take it young friends, take it carefully  
You can conquer its evil prayerfully.

You have Godhood perfection right in your grasp  
If you hold to the rod with a firm steady clasp  
Yes, take it young friends, take it carefully  
You can conquer its evil, prayerfully.

# **The Present**

by Mary Hunter

If I gave my love a present  
    of a tinkling silver bell,  
Could it chime the hour I met him  
    that my heart remembers will?

If I gave my love a present,  
    a chain of gilded gold,  
Could it bind and entwine him  
    better than my love could hold?

If I gave my love a present  
    of a bluebird and his song,  
Would his call entrance and thrill him  
    more than my voice ere long?

If I gave my love a present  
    it will be of my heart.  
For bird can't sing, nor bell can toll,  
    nor golden chain can bind,

That which is not freely given  
    with the heart, the soul, and mind.



## **Prim**

Once when girls went out to swim  
They dressed like Mother Hubbard.  
Now when swimming, they're not so prim.  
They dress more like her cupboard.

## Protruding Pregnancy

Why do women have to carry their unborn children in such an obvious place? When you're good and pregnant, no one ever notices your face anymore. They look straight at that protruding middle and address your belly button. I've known pregnant women who have been tempted to glue facial features onto their maternity tops and learn to be ventriloquists.

If you are going to speak to a mother-in-waiting, please look at her face and watch your language. Do not say, "Haven't you had your baby yet?" If an expectant mother has had her baby, she will be holding it in her arms.

Do not say, "My, haven't you blossomed." Flowers blossom; women don't.

Do not say, "Do you want a girl or a boy?" Most all human mothers want a girl or a boy. I've never met anyone who wanted a dog or a cat.

Do not say, "How are you feeling?" Pregnant women feel pregnant ... twenty-four hours a day.

Do not say, "How much longer do you have?" Pregnant women are frequent calendar gazers. They would love to tell you exactly how much longer - down to the second, if they knew. But nature does funny things to due dates. If a pregnant woman says she has a month to go, she'll probably have her baby that night. If she says she's going to have the baby that night, she probably has months to go.

Now, if you are wondering what to say, they these ...

"Would you like my chair?"

"May I tie your shoes?"

"May I pick that up for you?"

"May I scrub your bathtub?"

Most obstetricians will gladly discuss weight gain, diet, and embryo growth with pregnant women. But they always leave out the really important stuff every pregnant woman should know. For instance, no doctor will ever tell you that your usually depressed belly button will suddenly become protruding.

Doctors get hung up on things like weight gain. Scales are the most important part of a professional intimidation plan for expectant mothers. this torture is inflicted on a very vulnerable portion of the female population every month. It is more commonly referred to as "weighing in."

I'll never forget the day I went to the obstetrician's office for my very first pregnant-lady visit. Boy, was I naive.

The first thing I noticed when I entered the doctor's office was a waiting room full of very nervous patients. I took a seat next to an obviously pregnant lady. I noticed she was nervously making checks on a list in front of her.

"Let's see now," she said. "Water pill ... Check! Remove nail polish ... Check! Remove all jewelry and shoes ... Check! Haircut ... Check!"

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I'm going over my list of precautions before I step on the scales," she replied. "I haven't eaten anything for two days."

"Don't you think that's a little rash?" I asked. "I mean, after all, you are pregnant, and you're supposed to gain a little, aren't you?"

"Boy, are you naive!" the woman on the other side of me said. "You don't know what sort of intimidation they put you through in there. Why, I've even considered having my appendix removed and my tonsils taken out before I step on one of those things. My dentist refused to take out my fillings. I'd hate to get in an accident on the way here. It's not that I'm wearing holey underwear; it's that I'm not wearing any at all. Every little bit helps. I even check for lint in my belly button."

Suddenly I heard my name being called by a nurse. I left the waiting room with the farewell wishes of my new friends.

"Step on the scales," the nurse ordered, pointing to the scales in military fashion.

"Don't you want to prick my finger, or take my blood pressure, or operate first?" I asked, suddenly understanding my new friends in the waiting room.

The nurse shook her head and tapped her pen impatiently on the chart.

At this point I removed any article of clothing that was not absolutely necessary for modesty.

More pen tapping.

I stepped as lightly as possible on that giver of secrets, hardly breathing as the insensitive nurse continued to push the pound gauge up and up. I felt like slapping her hand.

"You have gained," the nurse said sternly.

"Well," I answered, trying to think of some kind of excuse, "I didn't want to tell anyone, but I think I'm pregnant."

"I've heard that one before," she replied. "It's to the examination room with you."

When I left the doctor's office that day, I asked the woman in the waiting room for her checklist.

There has got to be a more humane way to treat pregnant women. You can ask them to do almost anything else that is impossible: find their feet, fit in a booth, scrub a bathtub, or suck in. But please don't ask them to step on the scales.

# **Quieting a Child**

*Anonymous*

If a child annoys you, quiet him by brushing his hair. If this doesn't work, use the other side of the brush on the other end of the child.

## Quotable Quotes

There is no such thing as security, only opportunity

Douglas MacArthur

Opportunity is always dressed in work clothes.

Prayer is the key to the day and the lock of the night.

Pray as though everything depended on the Lord. Then get up and go about it as though everything depended upon you.

Prayer does not change things — it changes people. People change things.

Live among men as though God were watching. Talk to God as though men were listening.

Practice in life whatever you pray for and God will give it to you abundantly.

If you have a special problem, consult someone who has a special knowledge about it — and do it on your knees.

A smart girl is one who can hold a man at arms length and not lose her grip on him.

Duty makes us do things well, but love makes us do things beautifully.

True love is the most illogical logic in the world.

Strive always to be a good watch — open faced, with busy hands, pure gold, well regulated, full of good works.

No one is so humble or so lowly but that someone looks up to him.

A man's worth is determined by what he accomplished, not by what he knows.

As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.

You do not have to be in a key position to open the door to opportunity.

We make our lives unhappy worrying about the difficulties of our opportunities.

There are no office hours for leaders.

You can't push something that is going faster than you.

Life is God's gift to you. What you do with life is your gift to God.

Life is a grindstone; whether it grinds you down or polishes you up depends on what you are made of.

Do not put off living today because this is the only time we have.

Endeavor to so live that when you die even the undertaker will be sorry. — Mark Twain

The entire sum of existence is the magic of being needed by just one person.

Absence diminishes little passions and increases great ones, just as the wind blows out a candle and fans a fire.

LaRochefoucauld

Beware of what you want, for you will get it.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

The architect of the universe didn't build a staircase leading nowhere.

Happiness is like jam — you can't spread even a little without getting some on yourself.

Much happiness is overlooked because it doesn't cost anything.

Happiness doesn't come from doing what we like to do but from liking what we have to do.



We judge others by their actions, yet we would like to be judged by our intentions.

We are all judged and classified by appearance and conduct.

Kindness is the golden charm by which society is bound together.

Kindness is like fresh-fallen snow; it makes beautiful everything that it covers.

A Friend is one who knows all about you and loves you just the same.

Real Friends are those who, when you've made a fool of yourself, don't feel that you've done a permanent job.

Erwin T. Randall

There is nothing that two men can't do if one of them is God.

Set your goals and then work to exceed them.

When a man does not know what harbor he is making, no wind is right.

An obstacle is something you see when you take your eyes off the goal you are trying to reach.

If you look back too much, you will soon be headed that way.

No man has become a failure without his own consent.

There is an election going on all the time ... the Lord votes for you and Satan votes against you, and you must cast the deciding vote.

Our Friends see the best in us, and that very fact calls forth the best from us.

Black

Friendship, consists in forgetting what one gives, and remembering what one receives.

Dumas the Younger

Friendship, one soul in two bodies.

Pythagoras

Friendship is love without its wings.

Byron

A friend is someone you can be alone with and have nothing to do and not be able to think of anything to say and be comfortable in the silence.

Sheryl Condie

Be careful how you act. You may be the only standard work people may read.

Advise is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

Coleridge

Why do you do what you do when you know what you know?

Sterling W. Sill

When men speak ill of thee, live so that nobody will believe them.

Plato

A friend once wrote, "Give me your faith, not your doubts."

Ours is not to wonder why Ours is but to do or die.

Free will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done, even in the very face of otherwise overwhelming impulse. There lies freedom, indeed.

Anyone who says something is impossible is always being interrupted by someone doing it.

When the going gets tough, the tough get going.

When the Lord commands, I do it!

Joseph Smith

Convince a man of what he wants and he will move heaven and earth to get it.

The determined man finds a way, the other finds an excuse or alibi.

Courage is fear that has said its prayers.

Living a good life is like shaving — no matter how well you do today, you still have to do it again tomorrow.

All endeavors call for ability to tramp the last mile, shape the last plan, endure the last hour's toil.

Life is a mirror. If you frown at it, it frowns back at you. If you smile at it, it returns your fondest dreams.

To belittle is to be little.

A mind is like a parachute. It functions only when open.

Be the labor great or small, do it well, or not at all.

The definition of a foot: a device for finding furniture.

The definition of a Pedestrian: A man who has two cars, a wife, and one or more teenage children.

We can measure the Values of a community by looking at its tallest buildings. Long ago the Churches were the tallest. Then the Government buildings, and now the Banks.

A Rut is just a grave with the ends kicked out.

Crisis equals Danger plus Opportunity.

Attitude is a little thing that makes a Big difference.

Risk: You cannot discover new oceans unless you have the courage to lose sight of the shore.

Success is a journey, not a destination.

Perseverance: Sometimes, success is just a matter of hanging on.

Teamwork: It is a fact that in the right formation, the lifting power of many wings can achieve twice the distance on any bird flying alone.

Teamwork is the ability to work together towards a common vision. The ability to direct individual accomplishments toward organizational objectives. It is the fuel that allows common people to attain uncommon results.

Opportunity: You will always miss 100% of the shots you don't take.

Perseverance: The difference between a successful person and others is not a lack of strength, not a lack of knowledge, but rather in a lack of will.

Determination: The race is not always to the swift ... but to those who keep on running.

Achievement: Unless you try to do something beyond what you have already mastered, you will never grow.

Leaders are like eagles. They don't flock. You find them one at a time.

Teamwork: Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed people can change the world. Indeed, it is the only thing that ever will.

Teamwork: Coming together is a beginning ... keeping together is progress ... working together is a success.

Goals: No one can predict to what heights you can soar. Even you will not know unless you spread your wings.

Change: A bend in the road is not the end of the road ... unless you fail to make the turn.

Momentum: A push in the right direction can make a big difference.

Change: If you're not riding the wave of change ... you'll find yourself beneath it.

Innovation: The best way to predict the future is to create it.

Attitudes are contagious. Is yours worth catching?

Success: Some people dream of success while others wake up and work hard at it.

Risk: You can't reach your goals without occasionally taking some long shots.

Passion: There are many things in life that will catch your eye, but only a few will catch your heart. Pursue those.

Opportunity: There is an island of opportunity in the middle of every difficulty.

Focus: Obstacles are those frightful things you see when you fail to focus on your goals.

Successful is the person who lived will, laughed often and loved much, who has gained the respect of children, who leaves the world better than they found it, who has never lacked appreciation for the earth's beauty, who never fails to look for the best in others or give of themselves.

Passion is powerful ... nothing was ever achieved without it, and nothing can take the place of it. No matter what you face in life, if your passion is great enough, you will find the strength to succeed. Without passion, life has no meaning, so put your heart, mind, and soul into even your smallest acts ... this is the essence of passion, this is the secret to life.

This is the beginning of a new day. You have been given this day to use as you will. You can waste it or use it for good. What you do today is important because you are exchanging a day of your life for it. When tomorrow comes, this day will be gone forever; in its place is something that you have left behind ... let it be something good.

It does not take sharp eyes to see the sun and the moon, nor does it take sharp ears to hear the thunderclap. Wisdom is obvious. You must see the subtle and notice the hidden to be victorious.

We can't spell success without U.

Some people dream of worthy accomplishments while others stay awake and do them.

We are what we repeatedly do. Excellence then, is not an act, but a habit.

Integrity is one of several paths. It distinguishes itself from others because it is the right path, and the only one upon which you will never get lost.

If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.

Clarity of purpose exposes the foundation of the inner heart.



Every obstacle is a stepping stone to your success.

Far away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations. I may not reach them, but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.

In the confrontation between the stream and the rock, the stream always wins ... not through strength, but through persistence.

A hundred years from now, it will not matter what my bank account was, the sort of house I lived in, or the kind of car I drove ... but the world may be different because I was important in the life of a child.

Snowflakes are one of nature's most fragile things, but just look at what they can do when they stick together.

In life what sometimes appears to be the end is really a new beginning.

You become successful the moment you start moving toward a worthwhile goal.

Yesterday is but a dream. Tomorrow a vision of hope. Look to this day for it is life.

Accept the challenges so that you may feel the exhilaration of victory.

Dare to soar. Your attitude almost always determines your altitude in life.

A true leader has the confidence to stand alone, the courage to make tough decisions, and the compassion to listen to the needs of others. He does not set out to be a leader, but becomes one by the quality of his actions and the integrity of his intent. In the end, leaders are much like eagles ... they don't flock, you find them one at a time.

The only limits are those of vision.

the key to happiness is having dreams ... the key to success is making dreams come true.

Winners never quit. Quitters never win.

Never quit! There is nothing less important than the score at half-time.

Every job is a self-portrait of the person who did it. Autograph your work with excellence.

Together everyone achieves more.

Risk: Don't be afraid to go out on a limb. That's where the fruit is.

Change: Remember this; when you're through changing, you're through.

Imagination: A mind once stretched by anew idea, never regains its original dimensions.

The one who complains about the way the ball bounces is likely the one who dropped it.

Do it now! You can't build a reputation on what you're going to do.

Some succeed because they are destined to, but most succeed because they are determined to.

Nothing in this world is impossible to a willing heart.

Keep your head and your heart in the right direction and you'll never have to worry about your feet.

If you do not believe in yourself, chances are that nobody will.

The distance between success and failure can only be measured by one's desire.

The quality of a person's life is in direct proportion to their commitment to excellence.

## The Race

"Quit: Give up: You're beaten:"  
They shout at me and plead,  
"There's just too much against you now,  
This time you can't succeed."

And as I start to hang my head,  
In front of failures face,  
My downward fall is broken by  
The memory of a race.

And hope refills my weakened will,  
As I remember well.  
For just the thought of that short race  
Rejuvenates my being.

A childrens race; young boys, young men  
Now, I remember well.  
Excitement? Sure: But, also fear,  
It wasn't hard to tell.

They all lined up so full of hope  
Each thought to win the race,  
Or, tie for first, or if not that,  
At least take second place.

And fathers watched from the side,  
Each cheering for his son.  
And each boy hoped to show his dad  
That he would be the one.

The whistle blew and off they went  
Young hearts and hopes a fire.  
To win, to be the hero there  
Was each young boys desire.

And one boy in particular,  
Whose Dad was in the crowd,  
Was running near the lead and thought,  
"My Dad will be so proud."

But as they speeded down the field  
Across a shallow dip,  
The little boy who thought to win,  
Lost his step and slipped.

Trying hard to catch himself,  
His hand flew out to brace.  
And mid the laughter of the crowd  
He fell flat on his face.

So down he fell and with him hope  
he could not win now —  
Embarrassed, sad, he only wished,  
To disappear somehow.

But as he fell his Dad stood up,  
and showed his anxious face,  
Which to his boy so clearly said,  
"Get up and win the race."

He quickly rose no damage done,  
— behind a bit that's all—  
And ran with all his might and mind  
To Make up for his fall.

So anxious to restore himself,  
To catch up and to win —  
His mind went faster than his legs  
He slipped and fell again.

He wished then, he had quit before  
With only one disgrace.  
"I am hopeless as a runner now,  
I shouldn't try to race."

But in the laughing crowd he searched  
And found his fathers face,  
That steady look that said again,  
"Get up and win the race."

So he jumped up to try again  
— Ten yards behind the last —  
"If I am going to gain those yards," he thought  
"I've got to move real fast."

Exceeding every thing he bad  
He gained eight or ten,  
But trying so hard to catch the lead  
He slipped and fell again.

DEFEAT. He lay there silently,  
— a tear dropped from his eye —  
"There's no sense running anymore,  
Three strikes I'm out, why try?" —

The will to rise had disappeared  
All hope had fled away.  
So far behind; so error prone,  
Failure all the way,

"I've lost so what's the use," he thought,  
"I'll live in my disgrace."  
But then he thought about his Dad,  
Who'd soon he'll have to face.

"Get up:" An echo sounded low.  
"Get up:" And take your place.  
"You were not meant for failure here,  
Get up and win the race."

# **"The Race To Death"**

by

John Baker

Many thoughts race through my mind

As I step up to the starting line.

Butterflies thru my stomach fly,

And as I free that last deep sigh,

I feel that death is drawing near,

But the end of the race I do not fear.

For when the string comes across my breast,

I know it's time for eternal rest.

The gun goes off, the race is run,

And only God knows if I've won.

My family and friends and many more

Can't understand what it was for.

But this "Race to Death" is a final test,

And I'm not afraid, For I've done my best.



(This poem was written by John Baker during his freshman year at the University of New Mexico, six years prior to his death.)

## Radio Mix-up

1. Preacher
2. Talk on Baby Chicks
3. Road report

Now Ezekiel tells us that baby chicks should detour west of Burdett and listen to the words of the prophet saying use great care in the selection of your eggs and you will run into few mud holes between here and Fincastle.

We find in Genesis that the roads are soft and treacherous just west of the hen house, but if you will take them out, and clean them thoroughly each day and place clean straw in the nests you will be well repaid, otherwise your soul is in danger after you leave Grassy Lake. Purchase your chicks from a reliable hatchery and make a detour where Baalim was spoken of by the prophets for baby chicks are apt to get the pip and the Alberta Government is spending ten million dollars on new highways. There is a washout in the highway near Taber and the road to salvation is undergoing repairs, making it necessary to keep an even brooder heat of about 70 degrees. Unless you do these things, the wrath of God will make the pinfeathers drop just south of the cemetery. Many are called but few have any luck unless the graveled road just west of Purple Springs is mixed with bran. With 500 pullets one should get as far as Bow Island where Noah was commanded to build an ark. Remember my friends, the commandment was given to use whitewash very liberally at the first sign of lice before the trumpet of Gabriel sounds and it is too late to watch the ditches at the side of the road going to Purgatory where the wicked are continually laying eggs and the hens are knashing their teeth and weeping at every detour and railroad crossing. Watch for soft shoulders and curves on old hens. Remember, when culling leave the 90 and 9 and seek the one that is straying on the hard surface between Grassy Lake and Lethbridge. For broad is the gate and narrow the way that leadeth behind the henhouse. Black leave 40 will kill lice and mites, yea, even, the Widow's mite. The road through Grassy Lake is bad and Judas went straightway and hung himself on the detour sign. Go thou and do likewise.

Very effective and humorous — but read slowly!

With all the new phone conveniences, it's easier now to ...

## **Reach Out and Bug Someone**

by Ralph Schoenstein

I recently got a phone call from a computer. It said a generic hello and then began to ask me questions about the toothpaste I use. Because I do not normally discuss toiletries even with callers who happen to be alive, this electronic intimacy was dismaying.

After hanging up, I said to my wife, "Honey, do you remember when the ringing of a phone didn't make us cringe? When even wrong numbers were fun?"

In those lovely low-tech days, the telephone was user-friendly. It was there to tell me that Sam had an extra ticket to a ball game or that Jill had just had a baby. And when I called Jill's home, I got her husband, not "Hi, this is Jill. I'm in labor right now, but at the sound of the beep ...."

Today computers dial me at random to sell things or to poll what is left of my mind. Or they find other ways to reach out and bug someone — such as when I make a call. The day after that computer wondered how I brush my teeth, I phoned a medical-insurance company about a claim.

"Thank you for calling," said a recorded voice. "If you have a touch-tone phone, press one now."

After pressing one, I heard, "If you are calling about a claim, press one. If you are ...."

Again I pressed one, and now the voice said, "If you live east of Topeka, press one. If you live west of Topeka, press two. If you live in Yokohama ...."

At least, I think that was what the voice said. I have a short attention span when receiving directions from something not of my species.

With nimble fingers, I spent a maddening minute in a desperate attempt to reach life, not a databank, database or submarine base. Twice I found myself returning to press one again. At last I heard, "Spell the first few letters of the last name of the party you want."

And I spelled HELP.

"Your party is not available," said the voice. "If this is the correct name, press one. To hear the next name in the directory, press two."

Just as maddening are computers that put you on hold with music to fume by. One night I called our train service and found myself listening to "As Time Goes By," the first appropriate piece I've heard in my years of attending concerts on hold.

Just as aggravating is "call waiting," or conversation interruptus. Whenever I talk to people today, I have the feeling they're waiting for a better call.

"One minute — my other line," someone will tell me.

"Don't leave me," I beg, yearning for the time when I was never alone on the phone.

I don't mean to live in the past, but do you remember when call waiting meant waiting for a call? Do you remember the sweet anticipation of a call that might light up your life? Today the phone has become an instrument of intimidation. There are times when it even turns us into unwilling broadcasters.

"Ralph, you're on my speaker-phone," a friend will say, and I suddenly feel as though I should be doing traffic and weather.

"This is personal," I plead. "I'd prefer that this call didn't get ratings."

"We're all connected," the telephone company likes to sing; but I don't want to be connected to a computer in Kansas or the Beach Boys in L.A. I want to be able to have a quiet dinner with my wife, listening only to her and not to the voice of Citibank offering a Visa card.

To escape these oppressive connections, my wife and I went to a movie, where I abandoned myself to a tale of 18th-century France. Suddenly I heard a beep, beep, beep, beep.

"Marie Antoinette has a beeper?" I asked my wife.

"It's in the audience," she replied, looking around. "Either a doctor, or a teen-ager."  
I told this story to my daughter, who said, "Oh, sure. I know kids with beepers."

"Why does a teen-ager need a beeper?" I asked.

"To be reached at the mall, of course."

This I had to see for myself. On the drive to the mall, another car suddenly swerved into my lane. As I hit the brakes, I saw that the driver had a telephone in his hand.

Of course, I reasoned, if someone puts telephoning ahead of driving, he does have an advantage: he won't have to leave his car to call for a tow. And when he reaches the towing service, I hope he hears, "If you're in a ditch, press one. If you're in a canal, press two ...."

## **Reading in School**

Because Canadian schools disdain old-fashioned teaching methods, more and more eight-year-olds can't read. Maureen's six-year-old son, Adam, was not reading by the end of Grade I, she was told not to worry. "They learn when they're ready," said his teacher at South Monaghan Public School, Peterborough County, Ont. But at the end of Grade III, in 1991, Adam was no further ahead.

The school had been using the "whole language" approach to reading used in most Canadian schools today. Children are required to recognize whole words by their shape, with cues such as pictures and story lines to help them. Adam was not the only one in his class whose reading skills were stunted on entering Grade IV. Distressed parents demanded their children be assessed.

The results were shocking. Twelve out of 24 nine-year-olds who had started school together were reading at a Grade II level or below. Some couldn't even spell cat. Over the next two years Somers spent \$6,000 to have Adam privately tutored up to grade level.

## **Failing Our Children**

MAUREEN SOMERS'S experience is not unique. Survey after survey confirms an alarming decline in reading standards in Canada's schools:

A 1993-94 assessment of British Columbia children found that 20-25 percent of Grade III students "had difficulty responding independently to formal reading and writing tasks."

Last October the results of an Ontario-wide study of reading and writing skills among Grade III students were released. The test used a scale from level 1 -- considered unacceptably low -- to level 4. Thirty-nine percent of students could read only at level 1 or 2. In London, Ont., the proportion of children at risk for reading failure nearly doubled from five percent in 1985 to 9.4 percent today.

In January, after 5,300 Grade III children in Alberta failed to meet reading standards, Alberta Premier Ralph Klein announced a specially funded literacy program.

In 1992 the Economic Council of Canada reported that more than 28 percent of 16- to 24-year-olds born in Canada were functionally illiterate. The report predicted that if trends did not improve, our schools would produce well over one million new functional illiterates by the year 2000.

In 1996 a Statistics Canada report revealed that 48 percent of Canadians aren't literate enough to function effectively at work or at home; half have serious difficulties dealing with any printed materials, and the rest can read only if material is simple and clearly laid out.

MAUREEN SOMERS blames the whole-language approach for her son's problems, and experts agree with her. "The vast majority of kids who are not learning to read," says Dr. Carl Kline, a Vancouver child psychiatrist, "are the victims of poor methodology -- largely the whole-language approach."

Traditionally, kids were taught to read by the phonics approach. Teachers showed them how to associate the 44 standard English sounds with letters. Then they explained how to decode words by sounding out the letters, as in "k-a-t" for cat.

But in the 1970s Harvard-educated psychologist Frank Smith dismissed what he saw as the mechanical rote learning of phonics and championed the whole-language method in Canada. By the mid-'80s it was widely used in our schools.

Researchers soon realized that this new method was seriously flawed. In 1985 University of Guelph psychology professor Mary Ann Evans compared children's reading skills in 20 Toronto Grade I class-rooms. In half, teachers used a traditional phonics approach; in the other half, "language experience," a method similar to whole language. The children with the lowest average scores were in the language-experience classrooms -- fully ten percentage points behind their peers in the lowest-ranked traditional classroom.

But whole language continued to be used across Canada. In 1992 Marvin Simner, a psychologist at the University of Western Ontario, found that seven out of ten provinces used only whole-language textbooks. Backed by the Canadian Psychological Association, he urged education ministries to include phonics-based textbooks on the lists of approved materials -- to no avail.

Says Ontario reading research specialist Deborrah Howes, author of *The Lost Generation*, a study of Canada's literacy problems: "You will not find one beginning-reading phonics-based program on ministry-approved lists."

According to Howes: "There is absolutely no reason at all why any child should not learn to read by the end of Grade I. There is overwhelming evidence of the success of beginning-reading phonics programs."

In September 1994 Mary Scime, a learning resource teacher at Mount-view School in Hamilton, was given a challenging assignment. Twelve children out of the school's Grade II students could not read. Some of them had already repeated Grade I. Scime's job was to get them reading.

She tried a variety of whole-language approaches; she read to the children, did co-operative writing with them, used pattern books to improve their ability to predict text. Nothing worked. Then in November she began using a more balanced approach to reading called the Open Court Series for Young Scholars.

"Open Court systematically taught phonics and spelling patterns, and also used good literature," Scime says. "Three weeks later, it was as if a light went on. The kids realized that they could read." By the end of the year, all the children were reading.

In September 1995 Scime's colleagues decided to use Open Court to teach their Grade I classes. By June, 94 percent of the children finished Grade I at or above grade level. Says Scime, "It was the first time in my 19 years experience that every child was reading by the end of the year."

Maple Leaf elementary school in inner-city Toronto has had similar success. When the North York School Board tested the reading skills of its students four years ago, Maple Leaf was 89th out of 89 schools. Says Elizabeth Sinclair, the school principal: "We had to do something." She chose Open Court. Last year, when North York conducted another test, Maple Leaf came top in the district.

The Open Court series is now being used in 200 of Ontario's 4,300 elementary schools and in a scattering of schools from Manitoba west to British Columbia. Published in the United States, it is unlikely to be approved by Canadian ministries of education. A similar program called Language Patterns, published in Canada, went out of print in 1988. It has not been reissued.

The preference for whole language extends to teachers' colleges. Says Maggie Bruck, a developmental psychologist at McGill University: "Faculties of education are tied to the provinces they serve. Where you have a curriculum dedicated to whole language, that's what the teachers' colleges are going to teach."



## Spreading the Word

ELEMENTARY schools that do offer phonics instruction have to organize their own teacher training. And such schools are in high demand. Last year Aurora elementary, a public school that teaches phonics-based reading in Edmonton, had a waiting list of 600 children for 300 places.

Parents have also turned to private tutoring. Seven-year-old Graeme Shaw lived in a Coquitlam, B.C., home where literacy was prized. His mother, Kim, a family physician, loved to read to him. But one day in November 1996 he put his face in his hands and sobbed, "I'm so stupid." Graeme could not read.

Tests showed his intelligence was normal, even above average, but his literacy skills were at kindergarten level. In April, Shaw found a tutor, retired teacher Dorothy Ross. Ross quickly realized that Graeme, who had been taught by the whole-language method, hadn't learned to blend sounds. When he saw "sh", he sounded the letters out individually. Patiently, she taught him how to do it. Now he's reading one grade level higher than his classmates.

## Time for Action

MINISTRIES of education are slow to move towards reform. When Ontario developed a new curriculum last June, Maureen Somers, now co-chair of the Coalition for Education Reform, hailed one change: All children must be able to read by the end of Grade I. But there are no guidelines about how to achieve that goal.

The western provinces and the territories have also developed a new common curriculum. Says Carol Hryniuk-Adamov, the Manitoba Ministry of Education consultant who helped formulate the curriculum for the primary grades: "It advocates a balanced approach to the teaching of reading -- using syntactic, semantic and grapho-phonetic cues."

Retorts Andrew Nikiforuk, a Calgary-based former teacher who writes extensively on education issues: "A balanced program is just more of the same. There's no commitment to phonics training for kids in schools. There's no commitment to catching kids early and making sure that nobody falls in the cracks."

Marvin Simner agrees. "We know what kind of phonics instruction is successful. All education ministries should change their curriculum guidelines to include it."

## **What Else Must Be Done?**

Trainee teachers must receive a thorough grounding in phonics-based tuition. Says Odette Bartnicki, vice principal of John XXIII elementary school in Mississauga and a 1997 winner of a provincial Teacher of the Year award: "Some of our younger teachers, as enthusiastic and good as they are, have never been taught anything about phonics."

Parents, too, have a crucial role to play. Jim Anderson, associate professor of language education at the University of British Columbia, advocates reading to children. "Encourage your children to talk about a story, and help them relate it to what's happening in their own lives."

Nancy Freckleton of Wentworth County, Ont., decided to teach her two sons to read before they entered Grade I. In 1993 she bought *Hooked On Phonics* (US\$249.95, Gateway Learning Corporation, Menlo Park, Calif.) and began teaching them. Within six months, they could read.

Above all, parents should find out what's going on in their children's schools. In British Columbia School District 83 (North Okana-gan-Shuswap) during the 1992-93 school year, several parents complained to school trustees that their children were not reading well. In response, Dawn Benson, director of instruction for the district, helped organize a public forum. Four hundred parents attended. Their concerns spurred Benson to look for new ways to teach reading.

At Armstrong Elementary, for instance, Grade I teachers now use a phonics program called Companion Reading. If a child has difficulty, he is grouped with others for extra instruction three times a week. Any still at risk receive individual coaching. Virtually all children who have been at the school since kindergarten read fluently by the end of Grade III.

Don't hesitate to ask searching questions at your child's school: How does it teach reading? Does it start with intensive phonics training? Does it give regular, standardized tests to check the child's precise reading age? In these tests, what proportion of pupils emerge as above or below average?

Below is a simple passage which the average eight-year-old should be able to read. A child of that age who struggles with more than two or three of the words, or appears to be guessing many of them, may have a problem, and it is worth discussing it with his teacher.

## **"Can your eight-year-old read this?"**

"Teachers should expect all children to be reading by the end of Grade I or early into Grade II," says Dawn Benson. "Children who don't are at risk for dropping out of high school. Early reading has to be a priority for teachers."

Are you concerned about the way your children are being taught to read? To post your views, use the submission box in Join the Debate. Your comments may be used in a future issue of Reader's Digest magazine.

## **Real Estate has its Lighter Side**

Dear Ann Landers:

I enjoyed your column about the ridiculous questions asked by lawyers in the courtroom. I have been in the real estate rental business for over 40 years and have kept a record of unusual phone calls we have received. Your readers might enjoy them.

Dear Henry Berks:

Thank you, friend. I didn't realize the real estate business could be so amusing. Here are my favorites from your collection.

Agent: What is your address?

Client: Just a minute. I'll ask my husband.

Client: Because Christmas comes so close to New Year's this year, we will be a little late with the read.

Agent: Do you have any pets?

Client: Oh no! I can't use nothing that can't go to the bathroom by itself.

Agent: How many are in your family?

Client: None. Just me and my wife.

Agent: Do you have any pets?

Client: Just my son. He's two.

Agent: In what area are you interested?

Client: I don't care about the area. It's the vicinity I'm concerned about.

Agent: Where are you employed?

Client: At the naval hospital.

Agent: In what capacity?

Client: Hold on a minute. Hey, Joe, what's the capacity of the naval hospital?

Agent: In what area are you looking?

Client: I don't want to live in the South, North, East or West.

Agent: Where do you want to live?

Client: Fifteen minutes from the job.

Agent: Where do you work?

Client: Who Me? I don't work.

Agent: What area are you living in now?

Client: Well, we sleep in Philadelphia with some relatives and we bathe in Bristol with other relatives.

Client: I'd like to make an appointment to see you on Saturday.

Agent: Saturday is our busiest day. Can you come in during the week?

Client: Sure, no problem. How about Saturday?

Agent: Do you have any pets?

Client: Why? Are pets required to get an apartment these days?

Agent: What kind of dog do you have?

Client: He's part bagel and part lavender.

Agent: What price range are you looking for?

Client: I want a two bedroom apartment in the price range of a three-bedroom apartment.

Agent: What is your approximate yearly income?

Client: I don't know. I've only been working here seven months.

Agent: What is your name? (Silence.) Ma'am, what is your name, please.

Client: Don't rush me! I'm thinking.

Agent: You say you are living with your son? How old is he?

Client: He is 60.

Agent: And how old are you?

Client: I am 30.

Agent: So you want your name removed from our list of renters?

Client: I'm giving notice to move from my townhouse because I just bought a condom in New Jersey.

## **Real Mothers Endure**

Everybody has a mother. That cross, forty-six-year-old, pot-bellied neighbor of your was once carried for nine months beneath someone's heart. That obnoxious co-worker once had fat pink toes that someone cradled and kissed. As difficult as it is to realize, every stranger we see on the street, and each person in all the masses that cover the earth, is separately and uniquely someone's child.

Every mother soon learns for herself that each child comes with the message that God is not entirely discouraged with us -- that life should go on. Each time a new baby is born, a mother is created. But real mothering goes far beyond the process of birth. Birth is only the beginning point for two unique, separate individuals, the mother and child, to grow, change, and mature together.

Real mothers, contrary to many Sunday School Mother's Day tributes, are not always heroic and strong. Real mothers are not perfect examples of every human virtue.

Real mothers burn the toast and undercook the roast. Real mothers sometimes lose their patience and their minds. Real mothers sometimes feel overwhelmed and discouraged.

But real mothers endure. Real mothers hang in there. Their love is not conditional. Real mothers seldom send in their resignations, stating, "This is too hard. I don't want to be a mother anymore. I quit."

Real mothers seldom exchange even their most difficult children because they are not pleased with the merchandise.

Real mothers spend their lives providing roots, then allowing their children to branch out and flower into their own lives. For real mothers know that this is the only way fruit will come to provide the good seed for the next generation.

People who have read my books for parents of young children sometimes ask me when I'm going to write one about teenagers. I laugh and they laugh. Then we pat each other on the back and part company. But there have been times when our conversations have gone deeper. What I often find in these conversations is a very discouraged, disheartened parent behind the facade.

Almost without exception these parents have a child who has chosen to abandon their rules and values. My children aren't teenagers yet, so I don't know if they will choose to follow my way of life. That is the most disquieting thing about this parenthood business. There is no certainty. Some of us will struggle through colic, potty training, birthday parties, Little League, and dating, only to find our child has grown up to be a drunken wife abuser.

Although in the majority of cases good parenting produces relatively stable, trouble-free adults, there are no guarantees. Even in the best cases, most of the rewards of parenting are long in coming. In the worst cases, the rewards don't seem to come at all.

We parents are all amateurs. But I do believe that all our effort, loving, and caring do count, if not for the child, then unknowingly for ourselves.

Parents aren't allowed to choose their children. They don't get to go to the market and purchase the nicest package, with a "return if not fully satisfied" guarantee label. But most parents still make the conscious choice to accept whatever they get, no questions asked. Most choose to love, to care, to never give up.

Parents are not logical or practical with their emotions, their time, or their resources. They give all they have to every child. So, in spite of what the child becomes, the parents have unknowingly transformed themselves.

The parents I have talked to have had real, tangible, deep pain in their eyes and quiet humility in their voices. These parents have changed from people knowing all the answers to people asking the questions. They have become what we all should be: searching, questioning, nonjudgmental human beings.

Their child may not have chosen to follow their way of life, and so they feel like failures. They do not see what I see in them. I see parents who have not given up their values. Those values have led them to never give up, to never quit hoping, to ever keep loving their child. In that loving, a love that expects no acceptance, no return or repayment, they have attained the greatest quality of character in mankind.

In these parents, I see true greatness. And if I ever write a book about teenagers, it will be your stories and your courage that will give it life.



## Reluctant Santa Claus

Paul Santos walked down the street, shivering and muttering, "A fine way to spend Christmas Eve," he complained. "What do they think I am anyway, Santa Claus?" Pulling the wagon was humiliating, and the packages were heavy. His boots crunched the ice as he trudged along the gutter to avoid the shoving on the pavement where the crowds rushed. "Rats, rats, rats! Bah, Humbug! Christmas is bunk!" Pleased with his observation, he walked faster.

Paul Santos was the youngest of the five sons of Antonio Santos, a prosperous grocer from a suburb of the big city, where Antonio was a man of some importance. The proud affluence of his good father and the patient Old World capabilities of his kind mother made no impression on Paul. He was an angry young man, sick of being taunted by his well-to-do schoolmates. And now, to be playing fairy god-brother on Christmas Eve to some trash over whom his parents had placed themselves as charitable benefactors! The taunts pounded in his head; he grumbled in time with them, accompanied by "Deck the Halls," which came weakly through the crisp evening from somewhere far off.

"Too bad the Wop can't come to the party with us, eh, guys? Gotta take a package somewhere for the mama, eh, Santos Claus? Santos Claus — get it?"

Now there were tears in his eyes. He ran. His icy breath knifed his lungs and made him cough. He kicked the curb. It got darker and more dismal, and his frustration grew as he entered the shabby district where his destination was. But Paul wasn't a bad boy, nor did he lack character entirely. When his father had said, "You will go and do this for your mama and me, son," he went.

Now he thought of what else his Papa had told him: "It is a very young little family, Paulo. The father is dead these two years, and the mother is very weak and very poor, with two young ones who know no happiness like yours, my son. Take these few things to them, but do not tell from where you come. It's best when giving to be silent.

"What happiness?" Paul wondered. "I'm not happy at all."

Here was the place. It was so small and so old that it startled him. He shuddered and thought of his warm, solid home as he pulled his wagon to the door. From inside came the sound of a sweet voice singing, "Away in a Manger, no crib for a bed, the Little Lord Jesus ...." A lump rose and caught in Paul's throat.

He knocked on the door. The singing stopped, and after a brief shuffle within, the door opened. The woman who opened it was not as tall as he nor half as thick. The little ghosts that clung to her tattered clothing seemed to be mostly eyes. "Yes?"

Paul gulped and said, "I am sent from a friend who wishes you Merry Christmas and may God bless you."

The woman, astonished, moved aside as Paul carried the several packages in and laid them on the floor.

As he left and looked back for the last time, the three figures that had seemed frozen by the doorway suddenly moved. The small girl tore open one package, her brother another.

"Mother, food! Oh, Mother, Mother, a dress for me! And for you a coat! Santa has come after all!"

Their little mother, crying and too overcome to protest the bounties in her barren room, cried after Paul, "The Lord bless you. You are an answer to my prayers. Bless you! Bless you! Bless you!"

"Mama, come here!"

She closed the door.

People stared at Paul Santos, son of Antonio, as he with a burning glow shining from his face ran down the street pulling an empty red wagon and singing, "Joy to the World, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King!"

## **Remember the Sabbath**

The people in a small town were complaining that they could not get enough work done. Production at the factory had fallen below average, and much time was being wasted. It was with this concern that the town council met to discuss the matter and form a committee to study the problem.

The committee discovered that everyone in town was troubled by the ineffective use of time. They concluded that the citizens were worn out from work and stress. They suggested an ordinance creating more free time or a shorter workweek with extra time for play. They also recommended that new entertainment and recreation centers be built, making available a variety of recreation for workers on their days off.

Being impressed and pleased with the report from the committee, the town council immediately adopted an ordinance for a shorter workweek. A heavy fine was imposed on those citizens working on their days off. Play seemed the answer to more productivity. The townspeople were excited about the new ordinance. All the people cooperated and played as hard as they could.

After a period of time, the town council began receiving complaints. Production sank lower than before. Students did not attend classes, housewives were gone from home, small children were neglected, farmers sold their farms, businessmen closed their shops, and the factory was ready to shut down. It was clear that play was not the answer to more production.

A different committee was appointed. The new committee members were men and women with high degrees and many diplomas. They were expertly trained and served the town with distinction. After time had passed and many hours of research had been spent, the committee delivered a report to the town council. Their answer to secure more production was not play, but even more work than before. The townspeople had not worked hard enough.

The committee recommended the repeal of the play ordinance and replaced it with a work ordinance that included fines upon those not in compliance.

Immediately, production went up. Small children had to work; students had to work; housewives and farmers worked around the clock; businessmen and factory workers extended their work hours. As time went by, it became clear that the high momentum of work could not be maintained. People were ill and discouraged. They made poor judgements and too many errors.

They were often cross. Overworked citizens were as dangerous to the town as under worked ones. The town council was confused.

One day an old gentleman entered city hall. He had a solution to the problem written on a small piece of paper that he handed to the mayor. It read "Exodus 20:8."

"Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy."

# **Remembrance Day**

by Karen Hornberger

I watch on TV as events move toward war. Why can't they just get along, quit arguing, and work it out? I know I would if I was there.

My sister comes and asks to borrow my sweater.

Of course not! You just borrowed it last week, got it all dirty, and didn't return it.

My mother comes in and says, "Why can't you girls just get along, quit arguing, and work it out? I know I would if I were you!"

## **Richard Wagner**

Richard Wagner ( 1813-1883) was born the ninth child of a Leipzig police official. He lost both his father and his stepfather, the actor Ludwig Geyer, at an early age (in 1813 and 1821, respectively). He attended St. Thomas' School in Leipzig, an institution rich in musical tradition, but found himself in a continual state of conflict with the school authorities. Wagner learned the musician's trade partly under C.T. Weinlig, Cantor of St. Thomas's Church, and partly through autodidactic study of the works of Beethoven and Weber. He was admitted to the university without having taken his school-leaving examinations. Glowing with ambition and a thirst for fame, he soon left the university and spent several years of travel as orchestral conductor in the small theaters of Magdeburg, Königsberg and Riga. In those years the diminutive man (166.5 cm tall) with the characteristically-shaped head began to live in a style which resulted in decades of financial straits. Finding that he could be productive only in luxurious clothing and surroundings and not endowed with the financial means to afford them, he repeatedly borrowed money, paid off old debts by taking out new loans and was almost constantly fleeing his creditors. After three years of bitter impoverishment in Paris, he enjoyed a certain amount of peace and financial stability as Court Conductor in Dresden (1842-1849). But after participating in the May Revolution of 1849, Wagner was forced to leave the city. A warrant issued for his arrest, he fled to Zürich, spending several years in political exile. There the "master", brimming over with self-confidence and incessantly talking, was given a domicile by Otto Wesendonck. That arrangement, however, came to an abrupt end in 1859 when Wesendonck discovered that Wagner was involved in a love affair with his wife Mathilde. After several more years of restless travel, Wagner met the nineteen-year-old King Ludwig II of Bavaria in 1864. The enthusiastic Wagnerian made huge sums of money available for his idol's further lofty plans and provided the composer with financial support during six happy years spent in the town of Tribschen (near Lucerne). The king also largely financed the festival house in Bayreuth, where to this day not a single note of music by any composer other than Wagner has been heard.

## **Richly Blessed**

Escape poverty: Pay tithing and Fast Offerings, and have a temple recommend, and the Lord will richly bless you. He will prosper you in every way for your temporal well being.

Elder Larsen

# **The Road Not Taken**

by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth,

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,  
Though as for that, the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I —  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.



## **Roles And How We Play Them**

Whenever I'm disappointed with my spot in my life, I stop and think about little Jamie Scott. Jamie was trying out for a part in a school play.

His mother told me that he'd set his heart on being in it, though she feared he would not be chosen.

On the day the parts were awarded, I went with her to collect him after school. Jamie rushed up to her, eyes shining with pride and excitement. "Guess what Mum," he shouted, and then said those words that will remain a lesson to me: "I've been chosen to clap and cheer!"

# **The Rough Little Rascal**

Edgar Guest

A smudge on his nose and a smear on his cheek  
And knees that might not have been washed in a week;  
A bump on his forehead, a scar on his lip,  
A relic of many a tumble and trip:  
A rough little, tough little rascal, but sweet,  
Is he that each evening I'm eager to meet.  
A brow that is beady with jewels of sweat;  
A face that's as black as a visage can get;  
A suit that at noon was a garment of white,  
Now one that his mother declares is a fright:  
A fun-loving, sun-loving rascal, and fine,  
Is he that comes placing his black fist in mine.  
A crop of brown hair that is tousled and tossed;  
A waist from which two of the buttons are lost;  
A smile that shines out through the dirt and the grime,  
And eyes that are flashing delight all the time:  
All these are the joys that I'm eager to meet  
And look for the moment I get to my street.

## **Rudolph - That Amazing Reindeer**

On a December night in Chicago several years ago, a little girl climbed onto her father's lap and asked a question. It was a simple question, asked in children's curiosity, yet it had a heart-rending effect on Robert May.

"Daddy," four-year old Barbara asked, "Why isn't my Mommy just like everybody else's mommy?"

Bob May stole a glance across his shabby two room apartment. On a couch lay his young wife, Evelyn, racked with cancer. For two years she had been bedridden; for two years, all Bob's income and smaller savings had gone to pay for treatments and medicines.

The terrible ordeal already had shattered two adult lives. Now Bob suddenly realized the happiness of his growing daughter was also in jeopardy. As he ran his fingers through Barbara's hair, he prayed for some satisfactory answer to her question.

Bob May knew only too well what it meant to be "different." As a child he had been weak and delicate. With the innocent cruelty of children, his playmates had continually goaded the stunted, skinny lad to tears. Later at Dartmouth, from which he was graduated in 1926, Bob May was so small that he was always being mistaken for someone's little brother.

Nor was his adult life much happier. Unlike many of his classmates who floated from college into plush jobs, Bob became a lowly copy writer for Montgomery Ward, the big Chicago mail order house. Now at 33 Bob was deep in debt, depressed and sad.

Although Bob did not know it at the time, the answer he gave the tousled haired child on his lap was to bring him to fame and fortune. It was also to bring joy to countless thousands of children like his own Barbara. On that December night in the shabby Chicago apartment, Bob cradled his little girl's head against his shoulder and began to tell a story...

"Once upon a time there was a reindeer named Rudolph, the only reindeer in the world that had a big red nose. Naturally people called him Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer." As Bob went on to tell about Rudolph, he tried desperately to communicate to Barbara the knowledge that, even though some creatures of God are strange and different, they often enjoy the miraculous power to make others happy.

Rudolph, Bob explained, was terribly embarrassed by his unique nose. Other reindeer laughed at him; his mother and father and sister were mortified too. Even Rudolph wallowed in self pity.

"Well," continued Bob, "one Christmas Eve, Santa Claus got his team of husky reindeer - Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, and Vixen ready for their yearly trip around the world. The entire reindeer community assembled to cheer these great heroes on their way. But a terrible fog engulfed the earth that evening, and Santa knew that the mist was so thick he wouldn't be able to find any chimney.

Suddenly Rudolph appeared, his red nose glowing brighter than ever. Santa sensed at once that here was the answer to his perplexing problem. He led Rudolph to the front of the sleigh, fastened the harness and climbed in. They were off! Rudolph guided Santa safely to every chimney that night. Rain and fog, snow and sleet; nothing bothered Rudolph, for his bright nose penetrated the mist like a beacon.

And so it was that Rudolph became the most famous and beloved of all the reindeer. The huge red nose he once hid in shame was now the envy of every buck and doe in the reindeer world. Santa Claus told everyone that Rudolph had saved the day and from that Christmas, Rudolph has been living serenely and happy."

Little Barbara laughed with glee when her father finished. Every night she begged him to repeat the tale until finally Bob could rattle it off in his sleep. Then, at Christmas time he decided to make the story into a poem like "The Night Before Christmas" and prepare it in bookish form illustrated with pictures, for Barbara's personal gift. Night after night, Bob worked on the verses after Barbara had gone to bed for he was determined his daughter should have a worthwhile gift, even though he could not afford to buy one...

Then as Bob was about to put the finishing touches on Rudolph, tragedy struck. Evelyn May died. Bob, his hopes crushed, turned to Barbara as chief comfort. Yet, despite his grief, he sat at his desk in the quiet, now lonely apartment, and worked on "Rudolph" with tears in his eyes.

Shortly after Barbara had cried with joy over his handmade gift on Christmas morning, Bob was asked to an employee's holiday party at Montgomery Wards. He didn't want to go, but his office associates insisted. When Bob finally agreed, he took with him the poem and read it to the crowd. First the noisy throng listened in laughter and gaiety. Then they became silent, and at the end, broke into spontaneous applause. That was in 1938.

By Christmas of 1947, some 6,000,000 copies of the booklet had been given away or sold, making Rudolph one of the most widely distributed books in the world. The demand for Rudolph sponsored products, increased so much in variety and number that educators and historians predicted Rudolph would come to occupy a permanent place in the Christmas legend.

Through the years of unhappiness, the tragedy of his wife's death and his ultimate success with Rudolph, Bob May has captured a sense of serenity. And as each Christmas rolls around he recalls with thankfulness the night when his daughter, Barbara's questions inspired him to write the story.

# **Rules for Raising Misfits**

by Commissioner McClellan  
of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police

Instead of giving the usual catalogue of virtues to be cultivated, Commissioner McClellan sharpened his lesson by listing ten effective methods to use so that a child will become an antisocial misfit:

1. Do not have any rules for child behavior or obedience in the home. This will ensure that the child has no clear concept of right or wrong.
2. If you have any rules, enforce them intermittently. Ignore them when you are in good humor and knock the kid sill if he breaks the rules when you are tired and out of sorts. This will confuse him thoroughly. He won't know what is expected of him and will eventually resent all discipline.
3. Air your domestic disputes right out in front of the children, preferably with a little name-calling. This will ensure that he has no respect for either of his parents.
4. Never give a child any chores or regular duties around the home. This will convince him that you and the world owe him a living, without effort on his part.
5. If his is disciplined at school, always go to the school and tear a strip off the teacher or the principal in front of the child. This will create an excellent contempt for authority at any level.
6. Later, when he has trouble with the police, which is most likely, bawl out the officer, or, better still, the chief, being always sure to refer to the "dump cop." This procedure will earn the child a diploma in contempt for authority.
7. When you are out driving with the family, exceed the local speed limit, but slow down when you see a police car. Be sure to speed up as soon as the police car is out of sight. This will show the child that the law is to be observed only if there is any danger of being caught.

8. If you are stopped by the police for speeding, and you are speeding, always deny flatly that you were exceeding the speed limit. Make a big fuss over it. Your child will then know that cheating and lying are acceptable procedures.

9. If you have managed to chisel a few dollars on your income tax, be sure and tell the family at the dinner table that night how smart you are. This should convince the youngster that stealing is alright if you can get away with it.

10. Never check up on where your youngsters are in the evening. Never mind what time they get home. Never, never, try to learn anything about their friends. (This one is almost sure fire delinquent success!)

## **Rules for Teachers — 1872**

1. Teachers each day will fill lamps, trim the wicks and clean chimneys.
2. Each morning teacher will bring a bucket of water and a scuttle of coal for the day's session.
3. Make your pens carefully. You may whittle nibs to the individual taste of the pupils.
4. Men teachers may take one evening each week for courting purposes, or two evenings a week if they attend church regularly.
5. After ten hours in school, the teacher may spend the remaining time reading the Bible or any other good books.
6. Women teachers who marry or engage in unseemly conduct will be dismissed.
7. Every teacher should lay aside from each pay a goodly sum of his earnings for his benefit during his declining years so that he will not become a burden on society.
8. Any teacher who smokes, uses liquor in any form, frequents pool or public halls, or gets shaved in a barber shop will give good reason to suspect his worth, intention, integrity and honesty.
9. The teacher who performs his labor faithfully and without fault for five years will be given an increase of twenty-five cents per week in his pay, providing the Board of Education approves.



## **A Sabbath Breaker**

Dear God,

I know you meant will, but you have created Sunday on the worst day of the week. I have a sincere desire to attend my church meetings, and I would if your day came some other time.

You have chosen the morning after Saturday to start your day. Surely you must know what Saturday night is like for a teen-ager. By the time we get through the movies, ball games, parties, dances, and such, it's always after midnight before I get home. I am sure you can understand how difficult it is to get up early the next morning and go to church.

I certainly don't mean any disrespect, dear God, but you must realize you have picked the day on which we have the biggest meal of the week. Of course that makes it the best possible time to invite my friends over. We have such fun together. As you could guess, this takes most of the afternoon.

By the time sacrament meeting comes around, it's time to hit the books. I have to study, and with mowing the lawn, cleaning the house, working at my part-time job, and associating with my friends, Friday night and Saturday are pretty well taken up. Oh, I could study later Sunday night but, as you know, that's when the very best TV programs are on and — well, I just couldn't miss those!

I'm telling you these things, dear Lord, because I want you to get a teen-ager's point of view. I'm sure you can appreciate the awkward position it puts us in when you have your day on Sunday. Obviously, it's not my fault that I am not able to get to church on Sunday. I would like to go, and I know I should go and need to go; but it must now be clear to you that the real reason I don't go is because you have chosen the wrong day.

If you will kindly select another day, I shall be glad to attend my meetings and be more faithful.

As Always,

*A Sabbath Breaker*

# **To My Husband Sand Paper Hands**

By Laurel Redd

Sand paper hands I love,  
Rough with honest toil.

Clear, simple truth I love  
Free from flattery's guile.

Pure honest thought I feel  
Emanating from a worthy soul.

Solitary heart I know  
Faith in God hath made you so.

Powerful faith I love  
God's gift for earnest effort.

Fearless courage I love  
To stand by ones convictions.

Divine Duty I love  
Assignments from God in heaven.

Unfettered service I've seen  
It's reward the love of giving.

The Humble belief in God  
The true joy of living.

Real humility I love  
Not just another trick  
Sand paper heart I love  
Not false, or smooth, or slick.

Rough — Yes, if standing  
for right is rough.  
To this I cling.  
Dear God May we grow together  
In this rough thing.

## **A SANDPIPER TO BRING YOU JOY**

She was six years old when I first met her on the beach near where I live. I drive to this beach, a distance of three or four miles, whenever the world begins to close in on me. She was building a sandcastle or something and looked up, her eyes as blue as the sea.

"Hello," she said.

I answered with a nod, not really in the mood to bother with a small child. "I'm building," she said.

"I see that. What is it?" I asked, not caring.

"Oh, I don't know, I just like the feel of sand."

That sounds good, I thought, and slipped off my shoes.

A sandpiper glided by. "That's a joy," the child said.

"It's a what?"

"It's a joy. My mama says sandpipers come to bring us joy." The bird went glissading down the beach. "Good-bye joy," I muttered to myself, "hello pain," and turned to walk on. I was depressed; my life seemed completely out of balance.

"What's your name?" She wouldn't give up.

"Ruth," I answered. "I'm Ruth Peterson."

"Mine's Wendy...I'm six."

"Hi, Wendy."

She giggled. "You're funny," she said.

In spite of my gloom I laughed too and walked on. Her musical giggle followed me. "Come again, Mrs. P," she called. "We'll have another happy day."

The days and weeks that followed belong to others: a group of unruly Boy Scouts, PTA meetings, and an ailing mother. The sun was shining one morning as I took my hands out of the dishwater. "I need a sandpiper," I said to myself, gathering up my coat. The ever-changing balm of the seashore awaited me. The breeze was chilly, but I strode along, trying to recapture the serenity I needed. I had forgotten the child and was startled when she appeared.

"Hello, Mrs. P," she said. "Do you want to play?"

"What did you have in mind?" I asked, with a twinge of annoyance. "I don't know, you say."

"How about charades?" I asked sarcastically. The tinkling laughter burst forth again.

"I don't know what that is."

"Then let's just walk." Looking at her, I noticed the delicate fairness of her face. "Where do you live?" I asked.

"Over there." She pointed toward a row of summer cottages.

Strange, I thought, in winter. "Where do you go to school?"

"I don't go to school. Mommy says we're on vacation."

She chattered little girl talk as we strolled up the beach, but my mind was on other things. When I left for home, Wendy said it had been a happy day. Feeling surprisingly better, I smiled at her and agreed. Three weeks later, I rushed to my beach in a state of near panic. I was in no mood to even greet Wendy. I thought I saw her mother on the porch and felt like demanding she keep her child at home.

"Look, if you don't mind," I said crossly when Wendy caught up with me, "I'd rather be alone today."

She seems unusually pale and out of breath. "Why?" she asked.

I turned to her and shouted, "Because my mother died!" and thought, my God, why was I saying this to a little child?

"Oh," she said quietly, "then this is a bad day."

"Yes, and yesterday and the day before and-oh, go away!"

"Did it hurt?"

"Did what hurt?" I was exasperated with her, and with myself.

"When she died?"

"Of course it hurt!" I snapped, misunderstanding, wrapped up in myself. I strode off.

A month or so after that, when I next went to the beach, she wasn't there. Feeling guilty, ashamed and admitting to myself I missed her, I went up to the cottage after my walk and knocked at the door. A drawn looking young woman with honey-colored hair opened the door. "Hello," I said. "I'm Ruth Peterson. I missed your little girl today and wondered where she was."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Peterson, please come in. Wendy talked of you so much. I'm afraid I allowed her to bother you. If she was a nuisance, please, accept my apologies."

"Not at all-she's a delightful child," I said, suddenly realizing that I meant it. "Where is she?"

"Wendy died last week, Mrs. Peterson. She had leukemia. Maybe she didn't tell you."

Struck dumb, I groped for a chair. My breath caught.

"She loved this beach; so when she asked to come, we couldn't say no. She seemed so much better here and had a lot of what she called happy days. But the last few weeks, she declined rapidly..." her voice faltered. "She left something for you...if only I can find it. Could you wait a moment while I look?"

I nodded stupidly, my mind racing for something, anything, to say to this lovely young woman.

She handed me a smeared envelope, with MRS. P printed in bold, childish letters. Inside was a drawing in bright crayon hues-a yellow beach, a blue sea, and a brown bird. Underneath was carefully printed: A SANDPIPER TO BRING YOU JOY. Tears welled up in my eyes, and a heart that had almost forgotten to love opened wide. I took Wendy's mother in my arms.

"I'm so sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," I muttered over and over, and we wept together. The precious little picture is framed now and hangs in my study. Six words-one for each year of her life- that speak to me of harmony, courage, undemanding love. A gift from a child with sea-blue eyes and hair the color of sand-who taught me the gift of love.

NOTE: I hope you have a few Kleenex tissues in that box. The above is a true story sent out by Ruth Peterson. It serves as a reminder to all of us that we need to take time to enjoy living and life and each other. "The price of hating other human beings is loving oneself less."

## Santa's Decision

It was the day before Christmas at the North Pole, and things were in a terrible fix! Santa Claus had decided not to make his usual sojourn into the world this year. He was tired, he was getting old, and a lot of boys and girls he visited hadn't been too well behaved during the past year, so he figured he'd just sit this one out. Like a lot of adults in the world, he sort of felt that the annual fuss about Christmas was more wear and tear than it was worth.

So Santa settled back in his easy chair and tried to picture what his Christmas Eve would be like at home this year, instead of over the treetops and down chimneys. He thought he might read a good book, or watch Television, or even turn in early after a short walk to the stables where his reindeer lived. It was the first time he had ever played hooky, and old Santa just wasn't sure what to do.

Santa was annoyed at his helpers in the toy factory who had just kept right on working in spite of his decision not to distribute toys on Christmas Eve. And the thing that bothered him most was the huge pile of letters that had come into the North Pole post office from all the Dannys and Jimmys and Kathys and Michaels and Betsys, who didn't know that Santa had washed his hands of the whole deal this year.

As the time remaining before Christmas grew shorter and shorter, the tension at the North Pole was at a breaking point. Word had gotten around about Santa's decision, and even the reindeer couldn't believe it. This was the most awful thing that could happen to the whole world.

Well, as the magic time drew near when the Big Trip usually began, Santa got restless, and he couldn't get interested in a book, so he decided to inspect the stables. Well, what do you know! Blitzen, the most boisterous of the reindeer, was SITTING DOWN — something he hadn't done since the Christmas twenty-two years before when he had stubbed his foot on a new-fangled skyscraper. Santa examined the big reindeer carefully. There wasn't a sign of any symptom — he just sat there. And suddenly a curious thing happened: Donner and Dancer and Prancer and all the rest of the reindeer sat down in the straw, with their backs turned toward Santa. And, believe it or not — they all snorted at him!

Well, Santa was crushed! In all his life he had never had a sit-down strike by the reindeer. Staggering with shock, Santa sat down on the nearest object — which just happened to be his faithful sleigh. As he eased himself into the drivers seat, the bell-strung harness fell to the floor. All at once there was the most miraculous melody you ever heard. Every single bell of the harness tinkled in harmony with all the other bells. And they kept right on ringing merrily.



That did it! Blitzen sprang up with his antlers thrown high. Donner and Prancer followed. And ALL the reindeer, hearing those wonderful sleigh bells again, galloped delightedly into their accustomed positions.

Well, there sat Santa. He happened to have his best suit on, and it just HAPPENED that the toy packers had packed up the sleigh with everything that had been ordered — just to see if they would fit in. Well, what would you have done?

And that is just what Santa did! Quick as a wink those reindeer were hitched up, and with a cheery shout Santa was on his way, waving merrily to all the relieved toy makers as he circled low over the North Pole. And maybe it's just as well that Santa couldn't see Blitzen as he turned the string of reindeer toward the south, because the big fellow glanced slyly back at the other animals — and winked!

## Santa's Funny Ride

1. \_\_\_\_\_ The name of a holiday.
2. \_\_\_\_\_ A building.
3. \_\_\_\_\_ A kind of animal.
4. \_\_\_\_\_ An article of clothing.
5. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of a house.
6. \_\_\_\_\_ A famous person.
7. \_\_\_\_\_ A piece of furniture.
8. \_\_\_\_\_ An article of food.
9. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
10. \_\_\_\_\_ An article of clothing.
11. \_\_\_\_\_ An article of clothing.
12. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of a property.
13. \_\_\_\_\_ A piece of furniture.
14. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of a house.
15. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of a house.
16. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of a house.
17. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
18. \_\_\_\_\_ A transportation vehicle.
19. \_\_\_\_\_ A kind of animal.
20. \_\_\_\_\_ A famous person.
21. \_\_\_\_\_ A kind of animal.
22. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of a house.
23. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of a house.
24. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of a plant.
25. \_\_\_\_\_ A transportation vehicle.
26. \_\_\_\_\_ A famous person.
27. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
28. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
29. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of a house.

30. \_\_\_\_\_ A famous person.
31. \_\_\_\_\_ A type of material.
32. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
33. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
34. \_\_\_\_\_ An article used for entertainment.
35. \_\_\_\_\_ A type of container.
36. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
37. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
38. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
39. \_\_\_\_\_ A type of decoration.
40. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
41. \_\_\_\_\_ A food.
42. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
43. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
44. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
45. \_\_\_\_\_ A color.
46. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
47. \_\_\_\_\_ A decoration.
48. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
49. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
50. \_\_\_\_\_ A food.
51. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
52. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
53. \_\_\_\_\_ An article of clothing.
54. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
55. \_\_\_\_\_ A part of the body.
56. \_\_\_\_\_ A transportation vehicle.
57. \_\_\_\_\_ A Holiday.

## **Correct Answers for Santa's Funny Ride**

- (1) Christmas
- (2) house
- (3) mouse
- (4) stockings
- (5) chimney
- (6) Saint Nicholas
- (7) beds
- (8) sugarplums
- (9) heads
- (10) kerchief
- (11) cap
- (12) lawn
- (13) bed
- (14) window
- (15) shutters
- (16) sash
- (17) eyes
- (18) sleigh
- (19) reindeer
- (20) Saint Nick
- (21) eagles
- (22) porch
- (23) wall
- (24) leaves
- (25) sleigh
- (26) Saint Nicholas
- (27) hoof
- (28) head

(29) chimney

- (30) Saint Nicholas
- (31) fur
- (32) head
- (33) foot
- (34) toys
- (35) pack
- (36) eyes
- (37) dimples
- (38) cheeks
- (39) roses
- (40) nose
- (41) cherry
- (42) mouth
- (43) beard
- (44) chin
- (45) white
- (46) teeth
- (47) wreath
- (48) face
- (49) belly
- (50) jelly
- (51) eye
- (52) head
- (53) stockings
- (54) finger
- (55) nose
- (56) sleigh
- (57) Christmas

# The Night Before Christmas

by Clement C. Moore

T'was the night before (1) \_\_\_\_\_ when all through the (2)

Not a creature was stirring, not even a (3) \_\_\_\_\_.

The (4) \_\_\_\_\_ were hung by the (5) \_\_\_\_\_ with  
care.

In hopes that (6) \_\_\_\_\_ soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their (7) \_\_\_\_\_,

While visions of (8) \_\_\_\_\_ danced in their (9)

And Mamma in her (10) \_\_\_\_\_ and I in my (11)

Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,

When out on the (12) \_\_\_\_\_ there arose such a clatter,

I sprang from my (13) \_\_\_\_\_ to see what was the matter.

Away to the (14) \_\_\_\_\_ I flew like a flash,

Tore open the (15) \_\_\_\_\_ and threw up the (16)

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow

Gave a luster of midday to objects below.

When, what to my wondering (17) \_\_\_\_\_ should appear,

But a miniature (18) \_\_\_\_\_ and eight tiny (19)

With a little old driver so lively and quick,

I knew in a moment it must be (20) \_\_\_\_\_.

More rapid than (21) \_\_\_\_\_ his coursers they came,

And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!

On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donner and Blitzen!

To the top of the (22) \_\_\_\_\_, to the top of the (23)

\_\_\_\_\_!

Now, dash away! Dash away! Dash away, all!"

As dry (24) \_\_\_\_\_ that before the wild hurricane fly,

When they beet with an obstacle mount to the sky,

So up on the housetop the coursers they flew

With a (25) \_\_\_\_\_ full of toys and (26) \_\_\_\_\_,  
too.

And then in a twinkling I heard of the roof

The prancing and pawing of each little (27) \_\_\_\_\_.

As I drew in my (28) \_\_\_\_\_ and was turning around,

Down the (29) \_\_\_\_\_ (30) \_\_\_\_\_ came with a  
bound.

He was dressed all in (31) \_\_\_\_\_ from his (32)  
\_\_\_\_\_ to his (33) \_\_\_\_\_,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.

A bundle of (34) \_\_\_\_\_ he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his (35) \_\_\_\_\_.

His (36) \_\_\_\_\_ — how they twinkled! His (37)  
\_\_\_\_\_ — how merry!

His (38) \_\_\_\_\_ were like (39) \_\_\_\_\_, his (40)  
\_\_\_\_\_ like a (41) \_\_\_\_\_.

His droll little (42) \_\_\_\_\_ was drawn up like a bow,

And the (43) \_\_\_\_\_ on his (44) \_\_\_\_\_ was as  
(45) \_\_\_\_\_ as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his (46) \_\_\_\_\_,

And the smoke, it encircled his head like a (47) \_\_\_\_\_.

He had a broad (48) \_\_\_\_\_ and a round little (49)  
\_\_\_\_\_

That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of (50) \_\_\_\_\_.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,

And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.

A wink of his (51) \_\_\_\_\_ and a twist of his (52)  
\_\_\_\_\_

Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,



And filled all the (53) \_\_\_\_\_; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his (54) \_\_\_\_\_ aside of his (55)  
\_\_\_\_\_,

And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his (56) \_\_\_\_\_, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,

"Happy (57) \_\_\_\_\_ to all and to all a good night!"

## **School**

I don't like the teacher;  
The subject is too deep.  
I'd quit this class  
But I need the sleep.

# **School Report Bloopers**

from Richard Lederer's "Anguished English"

Having one wife is called monotony.

Each thanksgiving it is a tradition in my family to shoot peasants.

A virgin forest is a place where the hand of man has never set foot.

Although the patient had never been fatally ill before, he woke up dead.

I expected to enjoy the film, but that was before I saw it.

Arabs wear turbines on their heads.

When there are no fresh vegetables, you can always get canned.

It is bad manners to break your bread and roll in your soup.

The problem with intersexual swimming is that the boys often outstrip the girls.

Running is a unique experience, and I thank god for exposing me to the track team.

A triangle which has an angle of 135 degrees is called an obscene triangle.

The dog ran across the lawn, emitting whelps all the way.

A virtuoso is a musician with real high morals.

We had a longer holiday than usual this year because the school was closed for altercations.

The vowels are a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y.

A passive verb is when the subject is the sufferer, as in "I am loved."

In Great Expectations, Miss Havisham puts herself into conclusion.

The first scene I would like to analyze occurs in Heart of Darkness.

At the start of The Grapes of Wrath, Oklahoma has been hit by a dust bowl.

At the end of The Awakening, Edna thinks only of herself. Her suicide is selfish because she leaves all who care about her behind.

In The Glass Menagerie, Laura's leg keeps coming between her and other people.

The death of Francis Macomber was a turning point in his life.

The Gorgons had long snakes in their hair. They looked like women, only more horrible.

Zwingli's followers all smashed their organs.

Zanzibar is noted for its monkeys. The British governor lives there.

The Puritans thought every event significant because it was a message from God.

The divine wind protected Japan by sinking the fleet of invading Mongrels.

During the years 1933-38, there were domestic problems at home as well as abroad.

The President of the United States, in having foreign affairs, has to have consent of the Senate.

The difference between a king and a president is that a king is the son of his father, but a president isn't.

To collect sulphur, hold a deacon over a flame in a test tube.  
H<sub>2</sub>O is hot water, and CO<sub>2</sub> is cold water.

Three kinds of blood vessels are arteries, vanes, and caterpillars.

A fossil is an extinct animal. The older it is, the more extinct it is.

The human is more intelligent than the beast because the human brain has more convulsions.

Artificial insemination is when the farmer does it to help the cow and not the bull.

To be a good nurse, you must be absolutely sterile.

When you breathe, you inspire. When you do not breath, you expire.

Many women believe that an alcoholic binge will have no ill effects on an unborn fetus, but that is a large misconception.

Rural life is lived mostly in the country.

Heredity means that if your grandfather didn't have any children, then your father probably wouldn't have any, and neither would you, probably.

Last year, many lives were caused by accidents.

Abstinence is a good thing if practiced in moderation.

The amount of education you have determines your loot in life.

Necessity is the mother of convention.

Adolescence is the stage between puberty and adulthood.

## Season's Greetings!

The recent announcement that Donner and Blitzen have elected to take the early reindeer retirement package has triggered a good deal of concern about whether they will be replaced and about other restructuring decisions at the North Pole.

Streamlining was appropriate in view of the reality that the North Pole no longer dominates the season's gift distribution business. Home shopping channels and mail order catalogues have diminished Santa's market share, and he could not sit idly by and permit further erosion of the profit picture.

The reindeer downsizing was made possible through the purchase of a late model Japanese sled for the CEO's annual trip. Improved productivity from Dasher and Dancer, who summered at the Harvard Business School, is anticipated and should take up the slack with no discernible loss of service. Reduction in reindeer will also lessen airborne environmental emissions for which the North Pole has been cited and received unfavorable press.

I am pleased to inform you and yours that Rudolph's role will not be disturbed. Tradition still counts for something at the North Pole. Management denies, in the strongest possible language, the earlier leak that Rudolph's nose got that way not from the cold, but from substance abuse. Calling Rudolph "a lush who was into the sauce and never did pull his share of the load" was an unfortunate comment, made by one of Santa's helpers and taken out of context at a time of year when he is known to be under executive stress.

As a further restructuring, today's global challenges require the North Pole to continue to look for better, more competitive steps. Effective immediately, the following economy measures are to take place in the "Twelve Days of Christmas" subsidiary:

The partridge will be retained, but the pear tree never turned out to be the cash crop forecasted. It will be replaced by a plastic hanging plant, providing considerable savings in maintenance.

The two turtle doves represent a redundancy that is simply not cost effective. In addition, their romance during working hours could not be condoned. The positions are therefore eliminated.

The three French hens will remain intact. After all, everyone loves the French.

The four calling birds were replaced by an automated voice mail system, with a call waiting option. An analysis is underway to determine who the birds have been calling, how often and how long they talked.

The five golden rings have been put on hold by the Board of Directors. Maintaining a portfolio based on one commodity could have negative implications for institutional investors. Diversification into other precious metals as well as a mix of T-Bills and high technology stocks appears to be in order.

The six geese-a-laying constitute a luxury which can no longer be afforded. It has long been felt that the production rate of one egg per goose per day is an example of the decline in productivity. Three geese will be let go, and an upgrading in the selection procedure by personnel will assure management that from now on every goose it gets will be a good one.

The seven swans-a-swimming is obviously a number chosen in better times. Their function is primarily decorative. Mechanical swans are on order. The current swans will be retrained to learn some new strokes and therefore enhance their outplacement.

As you know, the eight maids-a-milking concept has been under heavy scrutiny by the EEOC. A male/female balance in the workforce is being sought. The more militant maids consider this a dead-end job with no upward mobility. Automation of the process may permit the maids to try a-mending, a-mentoring or a-mulching.

Nine ladies dancing has always been an odd number. This function will be phased out as these individuals grow older and can no longer do the steps.

Ten lords-a-leaping is overkill. The high cost of lords plus the expense of international air travel prompted the compensation committee to suggest replacing this group with ten out-of-work congressmen. While leaping ability may be somewhat sacrificed, the savings are significant because we expect an oversupply of unemployed congressmen this year.

Eleven pipers piping and twelve drummers drumming is a simple case of the band getting too big. A substitution with a string quartet, a cutback on new music, and no uniforms will produce savings which will drop right down to the bottom line.



We can expect a substantial reduction in assorted people, fowl, animals, and other expenses. Though incomplete, studies indicate that stretching deliveries over twelve days is inefficient. If we can drop ship in one day, service levels will be improved.

Action is pending regarding the lawsuit filed by the attorneys' association seeking expansion to include the legal profession ("thirteen lawyers-a-suing").

Lastly, it is not beyond consideration that deeper cuts may be necessary in the future to stay competitive. Should that happen, the Board will request management to scrutinize the Snow White Division to see if seven dwarfs is the right number.

Happy Holidays!

## **The Secretary's Prayer**

Dear Lord, help me to do my work well, to have the memory of an elephant and by some miracle to be able to do five things at once: answer four telephones while typing a letter that "must go out today." When the letter doesn't get signed until tomorrow, please give me the strength to keep my mouth shut.

Dear Lord, never let me lose my patience, even when the boss has me searching files for hours for the report that later is discovered on his desk.

Give me the intelligence of a college professor, although my education is limited to a high school diploma and secretarial training.

Help me to read his mind and his handwriting and carry out all instructions without explanation.

Let me always know exactly where my boss is and when he'll be back, even though he never tells me these things.

And Lord, when the year ends, please give me the foresight not to throw out records that will be asked for in a couple of days even though I was told emphatically, "Destroy these; they are cluttering up the place."

I ask these blessings, dear Lord, in the name of secretaries everywhere. Amen.

# Serve

It's not so important WHERE you serve,

But HOW you serve.

It's not so important WHAT you do,

But HOW you do it.

It's not so important WHERE you live,

But HOW you live.

J. Rueben Clark

# **Service**

Suppose that today was your last day on earth,

The last mile of the journey you've trod.

After all of your struggles, how much are you worth?

How much can you take home to God?

Don't count as possessions your silver and gold.

Tomorrow you leave these behind.

All that is yours to have and to hold

Is the SERVICE you've rendered mankind.

## **Service Is ....**

(An excerpt from a talk at Tony's Farewell)

by Dennis Wilson

S — Sacrifice. Giving of one's self to others unconditionally.

E — Example. Being the example others can turn to and follow.

R — Responsibility. Being responsible for your actions and the actions of others.

V — Valiant. We must live a good life and endure to the end.

I — Inspired. We must be inspired by the spirit so we can help others.

C — Converted. We must be converted to the gospel of Christ to serve others.

E — Energized. Be alive, and face life with gusto.

Only if we can do these things will we truly be of service to the Lord, and our fellow men.  
May we do so is my prayer.

# **The Service**

by Burges Johnson

I was the third man running in a race,  
And memory still must run it o'er:  
The pounding heart that beat against my frame;  
The wind that dried the sweat upon my face  
And turned my throat to paper creased and sore;  
The jabbing pain that sharply went and came.

My eyes saw nothing save a strip of road  
That flaunted there behind the second man:  
It swam and blurred yet still it lay before.  
My legs seemed none of mine, but rhythmic strode  
Unconscious of my will that urged, "You can!"  
And cried at them to make one effort more.

Then suddenly there broke a wave of sound —  
Crowds shouting when the first man struck the tape;  
And then the second roused that friendly din;  
While I — I stumbled forward and the ground  
All wavered 'neath my feet, while men agape,  
But silent, saw me as I staggered in.

As sick in heart and flesh I bent my head,  
Two seized me and embraced me, and one cried,  
"Your thudding footsteps held me to the grind."  
And then the winner, smiling wanly, said,  
"No dream of records kept me to my stride —  
I dreaded you two thundering behind!"

# Shower Power

by Happy Howard

How often do you see women more than 6 feet tall when you go camping? Those who install shower heads in public campgrounds must believe all women possess that height. Furthermore, I'm convinced that one of the qualifications for public-campground plumbers is a solid knowledge of Chinese water torture.

When campgrounds started including such comforts as electricity and hot water, women, tired of spending weekends alone, decided to join their husbands in the great outdoors. Maybe men felt that was a drastic decision. Maybe men thought women should rethink this plan and, in order to get us to do so, a conspiracy was born to deal out just a wee bit of punishment for the invasion of their domain. What better place than the women's showers? This way a woman's husband — who is not directly involved with the building or maintenance of such facilities — could not be held accountable. They could indulge their satisfaction of justice being served without suffering deprivation of any creature comforts they've grown accustomed to.

I first became suspicious when no matter which campground we stayed at, my husband was always smugly satisfied with his shower. Plenty of good hot water, he always claimed; which made me think about sneaking out in the middle of the night and changing the MEN and WOMEN signs on the showers. I figured that might be one way I could get a good shower with lots of water. At the very least I would be able to figure out if he was getting preferential treatment or if he was lying.

One thing women can always count on is a surprise in every shower stall. For example each shower head has its own personality. There's the high one that sprays in a wide circle. The water hits all four walls missing you completely — unless you move around in a circle hugging the walls to get wet, step back in the middle to soap up and then hug the walls again to rinse off. Forget about washing your hair.

Almost like it is the shower head that sprays water out of one side, hitting the wall up high. By pressing your body up against that wall you might be able to stand in the run-off, which will give you a slight degree of cleanliness, even if you do miss some parts. No point in soaping or rinsing, and definitely no shampooing.

How about the shower head that sprays straight up so that all you get are big soft drops from the ceiling? No soap, no rinse, no shampoo ... just dampness.

And then there's the one that bursts forth with a powerful jet stream. It's great for washing your hair; as for your body, if you are not nimble of foot, it will beat you to death.

When I see a mother taking her children to the shower, I ask myself, how is she going to get them clean with a shower head that's more than 6 feet high and sprays everywhere but on flesh? Yet half an hour later she emerges with clean children. Either she is washing them in the sink or she has devised a way to suspend them from the shower head while she scrubs them. I decided it might not be safe to ask since the mothers themselves always look frazzled, have crazed eyes and are definitely unwashed.

But it's always a good idea to check with other women campers as they are leaving the showers before you select which stall you want to use. You're not likely to find shiny, smiling faces, but you will get good advice — or proper warning.

Warning: Don't use the middle shower, it has the hiccups.

Meaning: It spits on you in hot and cold spurts.

Warning: Don't use shower No. 2; it's wounded and bleeding.

Meaning: Rusty water.

Warning: Stay away from the end shower. It's a Rambo.

Meaning: Water explodes from the shower head with machine-gun force.

Warning: That shower is bashful.

Meaning: It dribbles in a delicate trickle.

Ornery shower heads are not the only problems women face in the shower room. Most of us arrive with our little satchel of soaps, shampoos, combs, brushes, hair spray, deodorant, toothpaste, toothbrush, cosmetics, jewelry, towels and clean clothing, only to discover that there is no place to put all this stuff because the once-existing hooks and shelves have been torn from the wall. (This may have been caused by an irate plumber or an unwashed woman gone berserk.)



Being a resourceful woman, I came up with what I call the Basic Public Campground Shower Kit. It includes a folding kitchen stool, styrofoam cups, duct tape, a hook with suction-cup backing (the hook will have to be straightened), 4 feet of heavy cord, a pair of thongs and a large terry cloth bathrobe with a hood and deep pockets. All of these items can be purchased at Wally-World. For those not living in the Ozarks, that's Wal-Mart.

Pre-shower preparations:

1. rake the 4-foot cord and tie your shampoo to one end and your rinse to the other end. Place in one robe pocket.

2. Cut a 1-inch hole in the bottom of the styrofoam cup and slit one side from top to bottom.

3. Impale a bar of soap on the straightened hook.

4. Place cup and soap device in other robe pocket.

5. Cut a 4-inch strip of duct tape and affix to stool.

6. Undress. Put on robe and thongs.

7. Grab stool and march to the shower with determination.

Shower preparations:

1. Place stool under shower head and climb up.

2. Place styrofoam cup over the shower head with the top pointing down and secure it with the duct tape. (Any water coming out of the shower head will, no matter the direction, hit the sides of the cup and spray downward upon you. As for the possibility of the cup not fitting the shower head, don't worry. All public campground shower heads are the same size and shape, having been obtained from Army surplus directly after World War II.)

3. Drape the 4-Foot cord with shampoo and rinse over the shower head behind cup.
4. Attach hook-and-soap device by its suction cup to shower wall within easy reach.
5. Take shower. Wash hair.

After shower:

1. No need for towels. Just slip back into the robe and pull the hood over wet hair.
2. Put the cord, shampoo and rinse in one pocket.
3. Take down cup.
4. Put hook-and-soap unit inside other pocket.
5. Slip into thongs, grab stool and march triumphantly back to campsite.
6. Look at your husband with a broad smile and say, "Ahhh, nothing beats a great shower."

Someone will ask why don't I just use the shower in the rig? Because there seems to be an unwritten law that you do not use the shower in the rig when camping in a campground that has showers. It would fill up the holding tank. Then the husband would have to stop his fishing, unhook the camper, drive it to the dump station, empty it, drive it back and hook it up again. And, of course, while he is doing all that, the people camped next to you will catch the "big one."

The next question is, "Then why buy a rig with a shower in it?" The male response is basic and has nothing to do with cleanliness: "Rig has a better resale value."

Once, when we camped in a private campground, I became so enamored with the private shower that they had to send in a team with a battering ram to drag me out. They claimed showering for four hours was too long.

Maybe I'll see you in a campground In the future. I'll be the clean one in the hooded robe carrying a kitchen stool and prancing smugly back to camp with a smile on my face.

Oh, and don't worry about storage space for the stool and shower kit ... it fits nicely in that unused shower in the camper.

# Showing Love for Mother

by Olive Plants

"I love you, Mother," said little John;  
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on  
And he was off to the garden swing  
And she had the wood and water to bring.

"I love you, Mother," said Rosy Nell;  
"I love you more than tongue can tell."  
Then she teased and pouted half the day  
Till her mother was glad when she went to play.

"I love you, Mother," said little Nan;  
"Today I'll help you all I can;  
My doll and playthings I know will keep!"  
Then she rocked the baby fast asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she brought the broom,  
And she swept the floor and tidied the room;  
Busy and happy all day was she,  
Helpful and good as a child could be.

"I love you, Mother," again they said,  
Three little children going to bed.  
How do you think the mother guessed  
Which of them really loved her best?

# Silence, Ye Fiends

Parley P. Pratt

In one of those tedious nights we had lain as if in sleep till the hour of midnight had passed, and our ears and hearts had been pained, while we had listened for hours to the obscene jests, the horrid oaths, the dreadful blasphemies and filthy language of our guards, Colonel Price at their head, as they recounted to each other their deeds of rapine, murder, robbery, etc., which they had committed among the "Mormons" while at Far West and vicinity. They even boasted of defiling by force, wives, daughters, and virgins, and of shooting or dashing out the brains of men, women, and children.

I had listened till I became so disgusted, shocked, horrified, and so filled with the spirit of indignant justice that I could scarcely refrain from rising upon my feet and rebuking the guards; but had said nothing to Joseph, or anyone else, although I lay next to him and knew he was awake. On a sudden he arose to his feet, and spoke in a voice of thunder, or as the roaring lion, uttering, as nearly as I can recollect, the following words:

"SILENCE, ye fiends of the infernal pit! In the name of Jesus Christ I rebuke you, and command you to be still; I will not live another minute and hear such language. Cease such talk, or you or I die THIS INSTANT!"

He ceased to speak. He stood erect in terrible majesty. Chained, and without weapon; calm, unruffled and dignified as an angel, he looked upon the quailing guards, whose weapons were lowered or dropped to the ground, whose knees smote together, and who, sinking into a corner, or crouching at his feet, begged his pardon, and remained quiet till a change of guards.

# **Simple Guidelines for Hiring New Teachers**

Since school boards are looking for new teachers to add to their depleted but dedicated staff, we publish the following criteria which will no doubt greatly assist educational committees in their search for topnotch educators. It was submitted to us by one of our subscribers.

A good teacher must ...

keep spellbound 30 kids who the night before watched Magnum PI and Simon and Simon ...

be 20-years of age so that he/she can relate to the younger generation and have 30 years experience ...

give him/herself completely to the students but not get emotionally involved and lose perspective or get too close lest there be talk ...

do what is best for the student but not if it upsets the community ...

be an authority on French, Math, Art, Bible, History, Geography, English and Science but not sound so know-it-all when the students have questions ...

speak out boldly on ethical and social issues but never become politically involved or contradict what parents and the pastor believe ...

be firm and use strong disciplinary measures, "but don't touch my Johnny" ...

be satisfied with \$250 a week, but dress smartly, drive a decent car, live in a respectable neighborhood, send children to the Christian school and set an example in tithing to church and other kingdom causes ...

work from 8 a.m. till midnight (burning the candle on both ends makes such a lovely light), look fresh the next morning, and acknowledge that 7 to 3 workers are the only ones who deserve their pay check and understand the meaning of work ...  
sympathize with the kids but never take their side against adults ....

A good teacher is ...

smart but not clever  
funny but not silly  
happy but not superficial  
devout but not pious  
particular but not finicky  
scholarly but not difficult  
moral but not moralistic  
firm but not strict  
relaxed but not slow  
friendly but not buddy-buddy  
fair but not neutral

If there be any other paradox let it apply to the recruits for the upcoming year. There may be instructors, masters, pedagogues, tutors, preceptors and educators, but none of these compare to a superhuman, sinless teacher who is "no different from us."

A retired teacher  
(and retired for very good reasons!)

# Smile

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

It's easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows like a song  
But the man worthwhile  
Is the man who can smile  
When everything goes dead wrong  
For the test of the heart is trouble  
And it always comes with the years  
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth  
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It's easy enough to be virtuous  
When nothing tempts you to stray  
When without or within no voice of sin  
Is luring your soul away  
But it's only a negative virtue  
Until it is tried by fire  
And the life that is worth the honor of earth  
Is the life that resists desire,

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen  
Who had no strength of the strife  
The world's highway is cumbered today  
They make up the item of life  
But the virtue that conquers passion  
And sorrow that hides in a smile  
It is these that are worth the homage of earth  
For we find them but once in awhile.



# Smoking

by Gordon B. Hinkley

I recently read the results of a study on high school students in the United States: "Religion plays a prominent role in the lives of high school students who earn top grades and participate in extracurricular activities, a recent poll reports. The poll ... surveyed 55,000 juniors and seniors from 22,000 public, private, and parochial high schools across the nation .... By an 84 percent margin, high achievers ... reject the use of cigarettes and illegal drugs. Only 4 percent have used marijuana, and 89 percent have never smoked cigarettes."

You see, you who are members of the Church are not alone. Those who indulge in cigarettes, alcohol, and drugs would try to make you believe that you are "square" because you do not. But the fact is that there are tens of thousands just like you. Most of the youth of the Church refrain from these substances. And beyond these are the thousands of students who earn top grades and participate in extracurricular activities in their high schools, 85 percent of whom come from good homes where formal religion is practiced, and 89 percent of whom have never smoked cigarettes. It is a fact that you are with the majority of the achievers when you leave these things alone."

## **So As a Child Might Learn ...**

- ... That love begins when Acceptance is present.
- ... That Patience thrives where Tolerance exists.
- ... That Confidence grows when Encouragement smiles.
- ... That Apprehension shows wherever Fear abounds.
- ... That Condemnation follows where Criticism has ruled.
- ... That Appreciation is an award shown by Praise.
- ... That Recognition is given when Goals are met.
- ... That Aggression cannot live without Hostility.
- ... That Education is a way of overcoming Ignorance.
- ... That Discipline is a series of sound investments in Character.
- ... That Truth is ever present where Honesty lives.
- ... That Faith in himself and others starts with Security.
- ... That Justice has a way of finding its foundation of Fairness.
- ... That Forgiveness is a Privilege extended to all but enjoyed by few.
- ... That Kindliness is a priceless Commodity found in abundance among all peoples.
- ... That Friendliness is a boundless Freedom offered by the world in which we live.
- ... We learn from living.

# **So you want to be a Parent**

Thinking about having children.....

True preparation for parenthood at any age.

## **Lesson 1**

Go to the supermarket. Arrange to have your salary paid directly to their head office. Go home. Pick up the paper. Read it for the last time.

## **Lesson 2**

Before you finally go ahead and have children, find a couple who already are parents and berate them about their...

1. Methods of discipline
2. Lack of patience
3. Appallingly low tolerance levels
4. Allowing their children to run wild

Suggest ways in which they might improve their child's sleeping habits, toilet training, table manners and overall behavior. Enjoy it. It will be the last time in your life that you will have all the answers.

## **Lesson 3**

To discover how the nights will feel...

1. Walk around the living room from 5 pm to 10 pm carrying a wet bag weighing approximately 8-12 pounds, with a radio turned to static (or some other obnoxious sound) playing loudly.
2. At 10 pm, put the bag down, set the alarm for midnight, and go to sleep.
3. Get up at 12 and walk around the living room again, with the bag, until 1 am.
4. Set the alarm for 3 am.
5. As you can't get back to sleep, get up at 2 am and make a drink.
6. Go to bed at 2:45 am.
7. Get up at 3 am when the alarm goes off.
8. Sing songs in the dark until 4 am.
9. Put the alarm on for 5 am.

10. Get up. Make breakfast. Keep this up for 5 years. Look cheerful.

## **Lesson 4**

Can you stand the mess children make? To find out...

1. Smear peanut butter onto the sofa and jam onto the curtains.
2. Hide a piece of raw chicken behind the stereo and leave it there all summer.
3. Stick your fingers in the flower bed,
4. Then, rub them on the clean walls.
5. Cover the stains with crayons. How does that look?

## **Lesson 5**

Dressing small children is not as easy as it seems:

1. Buy an octopus and a small bag made out of loose mesh.
2. Attempt to put the octopus into the bag so that none of the arms hang out. Time allowed for this---all morning.

## **Lesson 6**

1. Take an egg carton. Using a pair of scissors and pot of paint, turn it into an alligator.
2. Now take the tube from a roll of toilet paper. Using only Scotch tape and a piece of foil, turn it into an attractive Christmas candle.
3. Last take a milk carton, a ping-pong ball, and an empty packet of Cocoa Pops. Make an exact replica of the Eiffel Tower.

## **Lesson 7**

Forget the BMW and buy a station wagon. And don't think that you can leave it out in the driveway spotless and shining. Family cars don't look like that.

1. Buy a chocolate ice cream cone and put it in the glove compartment. Leave it there.
2. Get a dime. Stick it in the cassette player.
3. Take a family size package of chocolate cookies. Mash them into the back seat.
4. Run a garden rake along both sides of the car. There. Perfect.

## **Lesson 8**

Get ready to go out.

1. Wait outside the bathroom for half an hour.
  2. Go out the front door.
  3. Come in again.
  4. Go out.
  5. Come back in.
  6. Go out again.
  7. Walk down the front path.
  8. Walk back up it.
  9. Walk down it again.
  10. Walk very slowly down the road for five minutes.
  11. Stop, inspect minutely, and ask at least 6 questions about every cigarette butt, piece of used chewing gum, dirty tissue, and dead insect along the way.
  12. Retrace your steps.
  13. Scream that you have had as much as you can stand until the neighbors come out and stare at you.
  14. Give up and go back into the house.
- You are now just about ready to try taking a small child for a walk.

## **Lesson 9**

Repeat everything at least, if not more than, five times.

## **Lesson 10**

Go to the local supermarket. Take with you the nearest thing you can find to a preschool child.... a full-grown goat is excellent. If you intend to have more than one child, take more than one goat. Buy your week's groceries without letting the goats out of your sight. Pay for everything the goats eat or destroy. Until you can easily accomplish this, do not even contemplate having children.

## **Lesson 11**

1. Hollow out a melon.
2. Make a small hole in the side.
3. Suspend it from the ceiling and swing it from side to side.

4. Now get a bowl of soggy Cheerios and attempt to spoon them into the swaying melon by pretending to be an airplane.

5. Continue until half the Cheerios are gone.

6. Tip half into your lap...the other half just throw up in the air.

You are now ready to feed a 12-month-old baby.

## **Lesson 12**

Learn the names of every character from Sesame Street, Barney, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, and Disney. Watch nothing else on T.V. for at least five years.

## **Lesson 13**

Move to the tropics. Find or make a compost pile. Dig down about halfway in and stick your nose in it. Do this 3-5 times a day for two years.

## **Lesson 14**

Make a recording of Fran Drescher ("The Nanny") saying "Mommy" repeatedly. Important... No more than a four second delay between each "mommy". Occasional crescendo to the level of a supersonic jet is required. Play this tape in your car everywhere you go for the next four years. You are now ready to take a long trip with a toddler.

## **Lesson 15**

Start talking to an adult of your choice. Have someone else continually tug on your skirt hem, shirt sleeve, or elbow while playing the "mommy" tape made from Lesson FOURTEEN above. You are now ready to have a conversation with an adult while there is a child in the room.

## **Lesson 16**

Put on your finest work attire. Pick a day in which you have an important meeting.

1. Take a cup of cream, and put 1 cup lemon juice in it.

2. Stir.

3. Dump it on your nice shirt. Also, saturate a towel with this mixture.

4. Attempt to wipe it off with this towel.

5. Do NOT change. You have no time.

6. Go directly to work.

## **Lesson 17**

Go for a ride, but first....

1. Find one large tomcat and six pit bulls.
2. Borrow a child safety seat and put it in the back seat of your car.
3. Put the pit bulls in the front seat of your car, the cat into the child seat. For the really adventurous ... run some errands, remove and replace the cat at each stop.

If you can successfully complete each of these lessons, and you long to start all the lessons over again and again, then it is a sure bet that you are ready to have children. If you can't complete the lessons, and wish they never began, then it would be best to say that you are not cut out for the pressures of child rearing. Go by a sweet little puppy and raise it instead. Perhaps you would even enjoy a dozen of the cute little things, and I can assure you that it would be easier to train all twelve of them than to have children of your own!

## Soap

This is some correspondence which actually occurred between a London hotel's staff and one of its guests. The London hotel involved submitted this to the Sunday Times. No name was mentioned.

### What to do With All Those "Free" Soaps When Travelling

Dear Maid,

Please do not leave any more of those little bars of soap in my bathroom since I have brought my own bath-sized Dial. Please remove the six unopened little bars from the shelf under the medicine chest and another three in the shower soap dish. They are in my way. Thank you,

S. Berman

Dear Room 635,

I am not your regular maid. She will be back tomorrow, Thursday, from her day off. I took the 3 hotel soaps out of the shower soap dish as you requested. The 6 bars on your shelf I took out of your way and put on top of your Kleenex dispenser in case you should change your mind. This leaves only the 3 bars I left today. My instructions from the management are to leave 3 soaps daily. I hope this is satisfactory.

Kathy,  
Relief Maid

Dear Maid...

I hope you are my regular maid. Apparently Kathy did not tell you about my note to her concerning the little bars of soap. When I got back to my room this evening I found you had added 3 little Camays to the shelf under my medicine cabinet. I am going to be here in the hotel for two weeks and have brought my own bath-sized Dial so I won't need those 6 little Camays which are on the shelf. They are in my way when shaving, brushing teeth, etc. Please remove them.

S. Berman



Dear Mr. Berman,

My day off was last Wed. so the relief maid left 3 hotel soaps which we are instructed to leave by the management. I took the 6 soaps which were in your way on the shelf and put them in the soap dish where your Dial was. I put the Dial in the medicine cabinet for your convenience. I didn't remove the 3 complimentary soaps which are always placed inside the medicine cabinet for all new check-ins and which you did not object to when you checked in last Monday. Please let me know if I can be of further assistance.

Your regular maid,  
Dotty

Dear Mr. Berman,

The assistant manager, Mr. Kensedder, informed me this A.M. that you called him last evening and said you were unhappy with your maid service. I have assigned a new girl to your room. I hope you will accept my apologies for any past inconvenience. If you have any future complaints please contact me so I can give it my personal attention. Call extension 1108 between 8AM and 5PM.

Thank you.  
Elaine Carmen,  
Housekeeper

Dear Miss Carmen,

It is impossible to contact you by phone since I leave the hotel for business at 745 AM and don't get back before 530 or 6PM. That's the reason I called Mr. Kensedder last night. You were already off duty. I only asked Mr. Kensedder if he could do anything about those little bars of soap. The new maid you assigned me must have thought I was a new check-in today, since she left another 3 bars of hotel soap in my medicine cabinet along with her regular delivery of 3 bars on the bathroom shelf. In just 5 days here I have accumulated 24 little bars of soap. Why are you doing this to me?

S. Berman

Dear Mr. Berman,

Your maid, Kathy, has been instructed to stop delivering soap to your room and remove the extra soaps. If I can be of further assistance, please call extension 1108 between 8AM and 5PM.

Thank you,  
Elaine Carmen,  
Housekeeper

Dear Mr. Kensedder,

My bath-size Dial is missing. Every bar of soap was taken from my room including my own bath-size Dial. I came in late last night and had to call the bellhop to bring me 4 little Cashmere Bouquets.

S. Berman

Dear Mr. Berman,

I have informed our housekeeper, Elaine Carmen, of your soap problem. I cannot understand why there was no soap in your room since our maids are instructed to leave 3 bars of soap each time they service a room. The situation will be rectified immediately. Please accept my apologies for the inconvenience.

Martin L. Kensedder  
Assistant Manager

Dear Mrs. Carmen,

Who the hell left 54 little bars of Camay in my room? I came in last night and found 54 little bars of soap. I don't want 54 little bars of Camay. I want my one damn bar of bath-size Dial. Do you realize I have 54 bars of soap in here. All I want is my bath-size Dial. Please give me back my bath-size Dial.

S. Berman

Dear Mr. Berman,

You complained of too much soap in your room so I had them removed. Then you complained to Mr. Kensedder that all your soap was missing so I personally returned them. The

24 Camays which had been taken and the 3 Camays you are supposed to receive daily. I don't know anything about the 4 Cashmere Bouquets. Obviously your maid, Kathy, did not know I had returned your soaps so she also brought 24 Camays plus the 3 daily Camays. I don't know where you got the idea this hotel issues bath-size Dial. I was able to locate some bath-size Ivory which I left in your room.

Elaine Carmen  
Housekeeper

Dear Mrs. Carmen,

Just a short note to bring you up-to-date on my latest soap inventory. As of today I possess: - On shelf under medicine cabinet - 18 Camay in 4 stacks of 4 and 1 stack of 2. - On Kleenex dispenser - 11 Camay in 2 stacks of 4 and 1 stack of 3. - On bedroom dresser - 1 stack of 3 Cashmere Bouquet, 1 stack of 4 bath-size Ivory, and 8 Camay in 2 stacks of 4. - Inside medicine cabinet - 14 Camay in 3 stacks of 4 and 1 stack of 2. - In shower soap dish - 6 Camay, very moist. - On northwest corner of tub - 1 Cashmere Bouquet, slightly used. - On northwest corner of tub - 6 Camays in 2 stacks of 3. Please ask Kathy when she services my room to make sure the stacks are neatly piled and dusted. Also, please advise her that stacks of more than 4 have a tendency to tip. May I suggest that my bedroom window sill is not in use and will make an excellent spot for future soap deliveries. One more item, I have purchased another bar of bath-sized Dial which I am keeping in the hotel vault in order to avoid further misunderstandings.

S. Berman

## Somebody's Mother

The woman was old and ragged and gray  
And bent with the chill of the Winter's day.  
The street was wet with a recent snow,  
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.  
She stood at the crossing and waited long,  
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng  
Of human beings who passed her by,  
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.  
Down the street, with laughter and shout,  
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"  
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,  
Hailing the snow piled white and deep ....

[One] paused beside her and whispered low,  
"I'll help you cross, if you wish to go." ...  
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,  
For all she's aged and poor and slow.  
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand  
To help my mother, you understand,  
If ever she's poor and old and gray,  
When her own dear boy is far away."  
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head  
In her home that night, and the prayer she said  
Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,  
Who is somebody's son, and pride and joy!"

# Someone

Walter de la Maure

Someone came knocking  
At my wee, small door;  
Someone came knocking.  
I am sure-sure-sure;

I listened, I opened,  
I looked from left to right,  
But not there was a-stirring  
In the still dark night;

Only the busy beetle  
Tap Tapping in the wall,  
Only from the forest  
The screech-owl's call,

Only the cricket whistling  
While the dew drops fall  
So I know not who came knocking  
At all, at all, at all.

## Someone Who Understands

A store owner was tacking a sign above his door that read "Puppies For Sale."

Signs like that have a way of attracting small children and sure enough, a little boy appeared under the store owner's sign.

"How much are you going to sell the puppies for?" he asked.

The store owner replied, "Anywhere from \$30 to \$50."

The little boy reached in his pocket and pulled out some change. "I have \$2.37," he said. "Can I please look at them?"

The store owner smiled and whistled and out of the kennel came Lady, who ran own the aisle of his store followed by five teeny, tiny balls of fur.

One puppy was lagging considerably behind. Immediately the little boy singled out the lagging, limping puppy and said, "What's wrong with that little dog?"

The store owner explained that the veterinarian had examined the little puppy and had discovered it didn't have a hip socket. It would always be lame. The little boy became excited. "That is the puppy that I want to buy."

The store owner said, "No, you don't want to buy that little dog. If you really want him, I'll just give him to you."

The little boy got quite upset. He looked straight into the store owner's eyes, pointing his finger, and said, "I don't want you to give him to me. That little dog is worth every bit as much as all the other dogs and I'll pay full price. In fact, I'll give you \$2.37 now, and 50 cents a month until I have him paid for."

The store owner countered, "You really don't want to buy this little dog. He is never going to be able to run and jump and play with you like the other puppies."

To his surprise, the little boy reached down and rolled up his pant leg to reveal a badly twisted, crippled left leg supported by a big metal brace. He looked up at the store owner and softly replied, "Well, I don't run so well myself, and the little puppy will need someone who understands!"

We ALL need someone who Understands!!

## **A Son Dies**

"One of the greatest sorrows we have experienced in our married lives was the death of our oldest son, LeGrand. We had four daughters before he was born. Two months before he turned sixteen, we lost him through an accident at the Santa Monica Beach, in California.

"At the time, I was serving as President of the Hollywood Stake, and I told my counselors that I was sure we could adjust our thinking and find comfort if we only knew that the Lord wanted him and that his mission here upon the earth had not been cut short because of our having let him go to the beach that day with his friends. We had read his Patriarchal Blessing, and we could not feel that it was time for him to go.

One Saturday evening, shortly after his death, I invited my wife to take an auto ride and we invited LeGrand's younger brother, Lamont, to accompany us, but he said he would rather remain home. While at home he got out LeGrand's and his blessings and read them. I am sure the Lord gave him the interpretation of the blessings for our comfort, for that next morning being Sunday, we did not arise as early as usual, and LaMont came into our bedroom holding these two blessings in his hands and said, "You have not understood these blessings." Then he proceeded to explain then as he had received the understanding. He read from LeGrand's blessing as follows:

"You shall be privileged to preach the gospel in strange lands and unto strange people." Then he commented that there are no strange lands or people here upon this earth. Then he read from his own blessing as follows:

"You shall be called to preach the gospel at home and abroad." Then he explained that this refers to this world ....

Then he read from LeGrand's blessing: "In the own due time of the Lord your home will be the fit abode for the spirits of your loved ones." Then he explained that that meant in the next life when he would have spirit children. Then he read from his own blessing as follows: "You shall be privileged to see your children grow up around you and honor you in the same manner that you have honored your parents." This, he explained had reference to his family here upon this earth.

This explanation brought us great comfort for we felt with this explanation we could hardly reach any other conclusion than that the Lord had not intended to leave him with us for long here upon this earth. Yet, when he and his brother obtained their blessings the same day



from the same Patriarch, the Lord had to give both of the boys promises, even though in words they could not fully understand at that time.

(Just to Illustrate [Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1961, pp. 214-15])

## **A Song For Elizabeth**

December 1995 by Robin Cole, Veradale, Washington

December snow swept across the parking lot of Crescent Manor Convalescent Home. As the youngest nurse on the staff, I sat with the charge nurse at the North Wing station, staring out the double-glass doors and waiting for the first wave of evening visitors. At the sound of bedroom slippers flapping against bare heels, I turned to see Elizabeth, one of our patients, striding down the corridor.

“Oh, please,” groaned the charge nurse, “not tonight! Not when we’re shorthanded already!”

Rounding the corner, Elizabeth jerked the sash of her tired chenille robe tighter around her skinny waist. We hadn’t combed her hair for a while, and it made a scraggly halo around her wrinkled face.

“Doop doop,” she said, nodding quickly and hurrying on. “Doop doop,” she said to the man in the dayroom slumped in front of the TV, a belt holding him in his wheelchair.

The charge nurse turned to me. “Can you settle her down?”

“Shall I go after her or wait till she comes around again?”

“Just wait. I may need you here before she gets back. She never does any harm. It’s just that ridiculous sound she makes. I wonder if she thinks she’s saying words!”

A group of visitors swept through the front doors. They came in, scraping feet on the rug, shaking snow from their coats, cleaning their glasses. They clustered around the desk, seeking information, and as they did Elizabeth came striding by again. “Doop doop,” she said happily to everyone. I moved out to intercept the purposeful strider.

“Elizabeth,” I said, taking her bony elbow, “I need you to do something for me. Come and sit down and I’ll tell you about it.” I was stalling. This wasn’t anything I had learned in training, but I would think of something.

The charge nurse stared at me and, shaking her head, turned her attention to the group of visitors surrounding the desk. Nobody ever got Elizabeth to do anything. We counted it a good day if we could keep her from pacing the halls.

Elizabeth stopped. She looked into my face with a puzzled frown. “Doop doop,” she said.

I led her to a writing table in the dayroom and found a piece of paper and a pencil.

“Sit down here at the desk, Elizabeth. Write your name for me.”

Her watery eyes grew cloudy. Deep furrows appeared between her brows. She took the stubby pencil in her gnarled hand and held it above the paper. Again and again she looked at the paper and then at me questioningly. “Here. I’ll write it first, and then you can copy it, okay?”

In large, clear script, I wrote, “Elizabeth Goode.”

“There you are. You stay here and copy that. I’ll be right back.”

At the edge of the dayroom I turned, half expecting to see her following me, but she sat quietly, pencil in hand. The only sound now came from the muffled voices of visitors and their ailing loved ones.

“Elizabeth is writing,” I told the charge nurse. I could hardly believe it.

“Fantastic,” she said calmly. “You’d better not leave her alone for long. We don’t have time to clean pencil marks off the walls tonight.” She turned away, avoiding my eyes. “Oh, I almost forgot—Novak and Sellers both have that rotten flu. They’ll be out all week. Looks like you’ll be working Christmas Eve.” She pulled a metal-backed chart from the file and was suddenly very busy.

I swallowed hard. Until now I had loved my independence, my own small trailer. At 22 I was just out of nurse’s training and on my own. But I had never spent Christmas Eve away from my parents and my brothers. That wasn’t in the picture at all when I moved away from home. I planned to go home for holidays.

Words raced through my head: They'll go to the candlelight service without me! They'll read the stories, and I won't be there to hear! What kind of Christmas can I have in a little trailer with nothing to decorate but a potted fern? How can it be Christmas if I can't be the first one up to turn on the tree lights? Who'll make the cocoa for the family?

Tears burned my eyes, but I blinked them back. Nodding slowly, I walked toward the dayroom.

Elizabeth sat at the writing table staring down at the paper in front of her. Softly I touched my hand to her fragile shoulder, and she looked up with a smile. She handed me the paper. Under my big, bold writing was a wobbly signature.

"Elizabeth Goode," it read.

"Doop doop," said Elizabeth with satisfaction.

Later that night, when all the visitors were gone and the North Wing was dark and silent, I sat with the charge nurse, completing charts. "Do you suppose I could take Elizabeth out tomorrow?" I asked. In good weather, we often took the patients for walks or rides, but I didn't know about snowy nights. "I'd like to go to Christmas Eve service, and I think she'd like to go with me."

"Wouldn't she be a problem? What about the doop doop?"

"I think I can explain it to her. You know, nobody else talks during church, so she'd probably be quiet too. Look how well she did this afternoon when I gave her something to do."

The charge nurse looked thoughtful. "Things would be a lot easier around here if you did take her. Then you could get her ready for bed when you got back. There'll be visitors to help with the others, but nobody has been here for Elizabeth in a long time. I'll ask her doctor for you."

And so it was that a first-year nurse and a tall, skinny old lady arrived at First Church on Christmas Eve just before the service began. The snow had stopped and the stars were brilliant in the clear, cold sky.

“Now, Elizabeth,” I said, “I don’t know how much you can understand, but listen to me. We’re going in to sit down with the rest of the people. There’ll be music and someone will read. There’ll be kids in costumes too. But we aren’t going to say anything. We’ll stand up when it’s time to sing, and we’ll hold the hymnal together.”

Elizabeth looked grave. “Doop doop,” she said.

Oh, Lord, I hope she understands! I thought. Suppose she gets up and heads down the aisle wishing everyone a doop doop?

I wrapped Elizabeth’s coat and shawl around her and tucked my arm under hers. Together we entered the candlelit church. Elizabeth’s watery old eyes gleamed, and her face crinkled in a smile. But she said nothing. The choir entered singing. The pastor read the Christmas story from the Bible: “And there were in the same country, shepherds . . .”

Costumed children took their places at the front of the church – shepherds and wise men, angels and the holy family. Elizabeth watched, but she said nothing. The congregation rose to sing “Joy to the World.” Elizabeth stood, holding the hymnal with me, her mouth closed. The lights in the sanctuary dimmed, and two white-robed angels lit the candelabra. Finally the organ began the introduction to “Silent Night,” and we stood again.

I handed the hymnal to Elizabeth, but she shook her head. A cold dread gathered at the back of my neck. Now what? Would this be the moment when she started wandering down the aisle? I looked at her wrinkled face out of the corner of my eye, trying to guess her thoughts. The singing began. I sang as loudly as I could, hoping to attract Elizabeth’s attention. As I paused for breath, I heard a thin, cracked voice.

“Sleep in heavenly peace,” it sang. “Sleep in heavenly peace.”

Elizabeth! Staring straight ahead, candlelight reflected in her eyes, she was singing the words without consulting the hymnal.

Oh, Lord, forgive me, I prayed. Sometimes I forget. Of course it can be Christmas with only a fern to decorate. Of course it can be Christmas without a tree or the family or cocoa. Christmas is the story of love. It’s the birth of the Son of God, and it can live in the heart and memory of a gray-haired old woman.

“Christ the Savior is born,” sang Elizabeth. “Christ the Savior is born.”

“Merry Christmas, Elizabeth,” I whispered, gently patting her arm.

“Doop doop,” Elizabeth replied contentedly.

## Song of Survival<sup>7</sup>

The music liberated us from

Our bleak surroundings

By Helen Colijn

The 1997 movie *Paradise Road*, starring Glenn Close and Frances McDormand, touched viewers with its portrayal of women in a World War II prison camp who freed their spirits through song. The film had special meaning to me, however, because I lived through it.

In the early 1940s my parents, two sisters and I were living in the Netherlands East Indies, where my father was the manager of a Dutch oil facility. When the Japanese occupied the islands, my family was separated: My sisters and I were sent to a prison camp for women and children on the island of Sumatra. We were told that Father was taken to a men's prison camp nearby, but Mother's whereabouts were unknown.

I was 22 years old, my sister Alette was 16 and Antoinette, 21. Our filthy camp in the humid Sumatran jungle consisted of a rectangle of barracks in a space the size of a football field, surrounded by barbed-wire fences. The brutal guards and scant, bad food were taking a toll on everyone. Over a period of one year, the women and children in our group became increasingly thin and frail, and were falling to diseases such as dysentery, beriberi and malaria. Our spirits desperately needed a lift.

In December 1943 the camp began buzzing with anticipation. For weeks a choir recruited from the English speaking and Dutch prisoners — including Alette and Antoinette — had been practicing in a shed off the kitchen. All they would say was that we were in for a surprise.

When the day of the concert arrived, there was a festive air at the camp. I joined the throng of women and children walking to the open-air "pavilion," a railed-in space in the center of our compound. A tall wooden crate, presumably a podium, stood in the empty space. Scratched into the dirt floor on one side was the word ORCHESTRA. The "ushers" were keeping that area clear. Was someone trying to be funny? I wondered. There was not a single musical instrument in the camp.

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<sup>7</sup> "Song of Survival: Women interned," Copyright 1995 by Helen Colijn, is published in Paperback at \$13.95 by White Cloud Press, P.O. Box 3400, Ashland, Ore. 97520, 1-800-380-8286.

Soon the floor of the pavilion was filled with spectators, and people were standing in rows outside. Excitement grew as the 30 women in the chorus filed in behind the conductor, an Englishwoman named Norah Chambers who had studied at London's Royal Academy of Music. They were wearing their patched and ragged camp clothes. Many had their hair cropped short on account of head lice. Most were barefoot and had grubby bandages around their legs or feet to cover the tropical sores that plagued us all. Each choir member carried papers in one hand and a little stool in the other. I saw no instruments.

As the women sat down on their stools, another Englishwoman, Margaret Dryburgh, stepped forward. She was a Presbyterian missionary who had also played organ at her church in Singapore. When I first met her, she had struck me as rather dull: eyes peering through thick, round lenses, brownish hair in a tight bun. But I was soon to discover she was anything but dull.

Now she stood before us, her faded dress hanging loosely around her emaciated shape. "This evening," she began, "we are asking you to listen to something new: a choir of women's voices producing music usually performed by an orchestra. The idea of making ourselves into a vocal orchestra came to us when we longed to hear again some of the wonderful melodies that uplifted our souls in days gone by. So close your eyes — and imagine you are in a concert hall hearing a world-famous orchestra."

Miss Dryburgh then took her place in the alto section. Norah, standing on the "podium" with her back turned to us, raised her hands.

Very softly the first measures of the largo from Antonin Dvorak's *New World* Symphony came floating through the pavilion in four part harmony. The singers used no words but sang musical syllables as *ah* or *loo* to imitate the sound of an orchestra. Soon a solo joined in — the deep voice of Margaret Dryburgh.

As the music soared into a rich crescendo, I felt a shiver go down my back. I could imagine I heard violins and an English horn. The music sounded ethereal in our bleak surroundings. I had never heard anything so beautiful.

"Huuh-huuh," I suddenly heard behind me. It was the grunt of a guard. As I stepped aside to let him pass, I saw he had the bayonet on his rifle, and he was clearly furious. Norah must have heard him, too, but she did not stop conducting, nor did the singers stop singing.

The line of women closed behind the guard, and soon he disappeared from view. I feared he would explode, face to face with the choir. But as the largo moved toward its glorious climax,



I heard no more of his grunts. Could he be listening to the music? The crowd shifted, and I caught a glimpse of him. He was still and attentive — so uncharacteristic of the guard we'd known only to be rough and crude.

I lost myself in the sounds, overtaken with intense memories. Chopin's *Raindrop* Prelude recalled a concert in the Netherlands, where I met the boy who took me on my first date. The *Pastoral* Symphony from Handel's *Messiah* evoked a Christmas spent with friends in England. Debussy's *Reverie* took me back to a long-ago evening out, with Father in a tuxedo and Mother, my sisters and me in long dresses.

The last piece of music ended. Applause was hesitant at first, constrained by the guard's presence. But behind his stony face he, too, must have been savoring memories. Now I think he may have been as lonely as we were. Our applause surged into a loud outpouring.

In the barracks that night, Antoinette, Alette and I whispered about the concert. They showed me their music — written on paper scraps, the notes so tiny I marveled they could be read. Margaret Dryburgh had recalled each intricate composition from memory, and she and Norah had arranged the music for voices without even one instrument as a guide.

Over the next year the choir gave three or four more concerts, each of which seemed like a miracle. Amid the rats and the stink of latrines, the music renewed our hope and sense of human dignity. As a woman wrote to me years later, "When I sang, I forgot I was in the camp. I felt free."

Liberated from the camp in 1945, we were reunited with Mother but not with Father, who had died in the men's camp. We three girls moved to America, married and had children and grandchildren. Mother lived near me until her death at age 95.

One day in 1980, rummaging in her attic, Antoinette came upon her 68-page booklet of vocal orchestra scores. To preserve this extraordinary music, she donated it to Stanford University in Palo Alto, Calif., where she had once sung in a church choir.

When Stanford's archivist saw the manuscripts, she said, "If only a choir could sing some of the pieces." Soon the Peninsula Women's Chorus of Palo Alto began rehearsing the vocal orchestra music. Then in 1983 nine of the original prison-camp singers flew to California from Europe, Asia and across the United States to attend a "Song of Survival" concert presented by the Peninsula Women's Chorus.

The former camp prisoners sat in a church pew, listening to the music they had made so long ago. Gray-haired Norah Chambers tapped a fist in her hand, keeping time with the music. At times her face crumpled, and tears came to her eyes. Later she told me she was seeing her battered singers in the camp, half of whom died before release. Margaret Dryburgh was one of those who perished.

Today women's choirs in various lands perform "Song of Survival" music. And the 1997 movie *Paradise Road* brought our story to a mass audience.

Mother once told me that before Father was taken away, the last thing he said to her was, "Whatever happens, don't feel bitter. Bitterness will destroy you."

Not to feel bitter — to forgive — is a difficult task. But for the survivors of this Sumatran prison camp, the task is made easier by the knowledge that out of such an ugly place came music that still brings joy and solace throughout the world.

## **The Song of the Popcorn**

"Pop-pop-pop!"

Says the popcorn in the pan.

"Pop-pop-pop!"

You may catch me if you can.

"Pop-pop-pop!"

Says each kernel, hard and yellow.

"Pop-pop-pop!"

I'm a dancing little fellow!

"Pop-pop-pop!"

How I scamper through the heat!

"Pop-pop-pop!"

You will find me good to eat!

"Pop-pop-pop!"

I can whirl and skip and hop!

Pop-pop-pop-pop!

Pop-pop-pop!"

# Speaking on Temples

Gordon B. Hinckley

Those who come to these holy houses are arrayed in white as they participate therein. They come only on recommendation of their local authorities, having been certified as to their worthiness. They are expected to be clean in thought, clean in body, and clean in dress as they come to the temple of God. As they enter the temple they are expected to leave the world behind them and concentrate on things divine.

Surely these temples are unique among all buildings. They are houses of instruction; they are places of covenants and promises. At their altars we kneel before God our Creator and are given promise of His everlasting blessings. Within the sanctity of their walls we commune with Him and reflect on His Son, our Savior and Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ, who served as proxy for each of us in a vicarious sacrifice in our behalf. Here we set aside our own selfishness and serve for those who cannot serve themselves. Here we are bound together in the most sacred of all human relationships — as husbands and wives, as children and parents, as families under a sealing that time cannot destroy and death cannot disrupt.

## Spelling Checkers

I have a spelling checker  
I disk covered four my PC.  
It plane lee marks four my revue  
Miss steaks aye can knot see.

Eye ran this poem threw it.  
Your sure real glad two no.  
Its very polished in this weigh,  
My checker tolled me sew.

A checker is a blessing.  
It freeze yew lodes of thyme.  
It helps me right awl stiles two reed,  
And aides me when aye rime.

Each frays come posed up on my screen  
Eye trussed too bee a joule.  
The checker pours o'er every word  
To cheque sum spelling rule.

Bee fore wee rote with checkers  
Hour spelling was inn deck line,  
Butt now when wee dew have a laps,  
Wee are not maid too wine.

And now bee cause my spelling  
Is checked with such grate flare,  
There are know faults in awl this peace,  
Of nun eye am a wear.

To rite with care is quite a feat  
Of witch won should be proud,  
And wee mussed dew the best wee can,  
Sew flaws are knot aloud.

That's why eye brake in two averse  
Cuz Eye dew want too please.  
Sow glad eye yam that aye did bye  
This soft wear four pea seas.

# Spiritual Voices

by Boyd K. Packer

One of our sons has always been interested in radio. When he was a little fellow, his Christmas present was a very elementary radio construction set.

As he grew, and as we could afford it, and as he could earn it, he received more sophisticated equipment.

There have been many times over the years, some very recently, when I sat with him as he talked with someone in a distant part of the world.

I could hear static and interference and catch a word or two, or sometimes several voices at once.

Yet he can understand, for he had trained himself to tune out the interference.

It is difficult to separate from the confusion of life that quiet voice of inspiration. Unless you attune yourself, you will miss it ....

... You can train yourself to hear what you want to hear, to see and feel what you desire, but it takes some conditioning.

There are so many of us who go through life and seldom, if ever, hear that voice of inspiration, because "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

# Star Across The Tracks

by Bess Streeter Aldrich

Pa Kurtz sat in the kitchen with his feet in the oven and discussed the world. His audience moving from the kitchen sink to the pantry caused his voice to rise and fall with its comings and goings.

His audience was Mama. She never stopped her housework during his nightly discourses.

Pa was slight and wiry — all muscle and bounce .... Mama was different. Her walk might have been called a waddle.

Kurtz lived in a little brown house on an unpaved road called Mill Street on the creek. The town was built by the pioneers on the creek and thus got its name of River City.

For three days a week Pa worked at home plowing gardens, cutting alfalfa and hauling lumber from the mill — For the other three days he was engaged permanently as a handy man for the families of Scotts, Dillinghams and Porters who lived on High Drive — far away from Mill Street — economically, geographically, and socially — And what mama hadn't learned about these three homes in the last few years wasn't worth knowing.

The Porter's house was a brick colonial. They had four children school age. They had a big avenue of evergreens in which the grackle birds tried to out do the children's noise. Pa liked it here. It reminded him of his home on the farm and was so like the country.

Mr. Porter was a lawyer and a councilman.

Mrs. Porter was a member of the garden club and knew everything about flora and fauna. She bossed the place. In the spring she'd say she wanted this bed of flowers over here — as though it was on a spring mattress to be shoved around.

Mrs. Scott knew nothing of plants. In the spring she'd throw him some packages of flower seeds which would contain rutabeggars, etc, but Pa couldn't be too hard on her, for their only child was a cripple and she had to spend much of her time with him.



Mr. Scott was a Doctor. He was very pleasant if he ever had the time to stop and talk.

The Dillinghams yard was Pa's favorite. It was not only informal but all woodsy — sort of part of their old farm home. They had no children and because of loneliness, Mrs. Dillingham would sometimes put her gloves on, and dig in the flower beds. She'd drive him to the country and they'd bring back wild flowers — shooting stars, swamp candles, dutchman's britches, and wood violets. Pa's hand was so tender with the little wild plants.

Mr. Dillingham owned a big department store. Sometimes he was very critical about the work that was done around their home.

In the winter, the work at these homes was just as hard and far less interesting — storm windows, snow to be shoveled, basements to be cleaned .... It was good to get home and sit with his wet feet in the oven and tell mama the days experience. And Mama was always sympathetic.

Tonight there was more than usual to tell. There had been great goings on in High View. Tomorrow night was Christmas Eve. There was unspoken rivalry among these families for the prize for outside decorations. Pa could sense it. Mrs. Porter had asked him offhandedly, as if it was a matter of no concern, what the other two families were doing, but Pa wasn't caught. He just said, "Hitching up a lot of wires."

But Pa knew what each was doing. Tomorrow night everyone would know. The Porters were putting long strings of blue lights in their evergreens as though blue birds instead of black ones were settling there until Christmas.

The Dillingham's had gone in for reindeer. Tonight the eight reindeer with artificial snow were prancing up the porch steps, while a search light on the ground threw them into relief.

The Scotts had a fat Santa with one foot in the chimney and a phonograph playing "Jingle Bells" as if Santa himself was singing it. It made the little crippled boy laugh and clap his hands when Pa had finished it.

All this and much more, Pa told Mama as she ambled about getting supper.

Lillie came home. Youngest of their three children. She worked at Dillingham's department store in the remodeling department. She made her own dresses at home and tried them on Maizie the manikin. That was one of the stores moronish looking models that had lost an

arm and other features. She had asked for it when she found they were going to throw it away. She hung her skirts on it for length only for she was fully three times as big as Maizie.

As they ate supper Pa told Lillie about the blue lights, the reindeer, and Santa with one foot in the chimney.

They talked about Carrie, the married daughter Bert, and the two little boys. They'd be home tomorrow for Christmas. Then they'd all go see the decorations.

After supper Lillie started the dishes. Pa went to take care of Bell and Bird, the team, and the cow. Mother followed him to pick out two fat hens for Christmas dinner.

Mama looked at things then wished that something might have been done. The place was exactly the same as when Carrie was here a year ago.

"This rickety old shed. I remember you telling Carrie you'd have new lumber on it when she came again."

This made Pa mad. He worked all day everyday. He rushed to the tool shed, got his hammer and started to tear off rotten boards. "I'll get this done before Carrie comes," he shouted, "if it's the last thing I do." Yes, it bothered Pa. He yanked and jawed more, madder than ever that Ma had walked away and was not hearing him.

The boards soon lay in a rotten heap. There stood Bird and Bell snatching at bits of hay. Their nostrils quivering, looking disdainfully at the proceedings. The cow chewed her cud in a loose jawed way and stared into space. Pa loved those animals. He admitted to himself he needn't have gotten in such a rush, but Mama made him so mad. Suddenly he wasn't angry any more because he was remembering when Carrie was here with the boys last Christmas and Ernie had told them the cow was chewing bubble gum. They had waited fully an hour to see when the big bubble would come out. They'd be here again tomorrow night. The world was light again.

Mama came toward him with two hens under her arms, as though she wanted to make up, but he fussed among the boards not wanting to seem too pleasant too suddenly.

His flashlight lay on the ground highlighting the open shed. An old hen flew down squawking out of the hay. The pigeons swooped down from the roof.

Mama stood looking for a long moment then chucked the hens under a box and disappeared into the house.

Pa finished his work and his conscience began to hurt him more to leave the animals exposed that way so he got the old tarp and hung it over the opening, then went into the house.

"Where's Mama, Lillie?"

"Oh, she got her arms full of stuff and went out the door mumbling something about a surprise for the boys that they would remember all their lives."

Ernie drove up. It took him a little longer than necessary to get into his supper. It was finally over, and everyone went to bed waiting for the big day tomorrow.

The next day Pa worked at High View, and Mama was so busy finishing things, cooking, etc, that almost before they knew it Christmas Eve had come and brought Carrie, Bert, and the little boys.

There was the usual greetings — then after Carrie had her things in the house, Pa told them they'd drive to High View and see the decorations — not letting them forget his part in making them. Mother slipped quietly away to take the tarp off her surprise for the boys.

They got into the cars. Ernie took his girl friend and her brother. Lillie rode with them. Carrie and Bert took the rest of the family in their car. Bert led the way. In the cars they relaxed and Pa's heart swelled ... It was good to be well and have all the family home ....

The decorated houses were beautiful along the streets. Soon they got to High View. They parked across the street from the Porters. The evergreens with their blue lights seemed part of an enchanted forest. Carrie said she had never seen anything so beautiful in her life, and Pa again told her of his part in making it beautiful.

Next they went to the Dillingham's. There were cars parked in front of the house already. Pa said likely the judges were here right now. The little boys were so excited about the reindeer — "Yes," Pa said. "It was worth all the work they'd put on it."

Then the Scott's — Here the little boys practically turned inside out. For Santa himself was on the roof as plain as day and singing "Jingle Bells." When he stopped, they clapped their hands and yelled, "Sing more. Sing More!" The grown-ups asked for more, too.

Then they swung back into their own part of town where everything became smaller; yards, houses, and Christmas trees.

"Look," Mama said happily, "ain't it nice. There ain't no patent on it. Everyone can have a good time. The little ones as well as the big ones."

The trip was over. They parked out in from and dashed into the front room to see the Christmas tree all lighted up.

Inside they grew merry and argued noisily about the prize places for the decorated houses, betting one with another which would win. Carrie and Lillie said the blue lights. Ma and Ernie's girl friend were sure the reindeer couldn't lose, and the boys and Ernie held out for Old Santa. Pa sat neutral, thinking of all the work of his hands.

Christmas Eve supper was rather elaborate at the Kurtz' house. It was when everyone was so satisfied with the tastes of good things to come that the radio news came on and the announcement of the prizes — So they pulled back their chairs to listen. The girls cautioned, "Now stick to what you bet, and don't anyone cheat by changing."

The announcer introduced the committee and then the prizes. Third prize of \$10.00 to Dr. Amos R. Scott, 1821 High View Drive. Santa in the chimney — Ernie and the boys groaned their disappointment. The others laughed at them for their poor bet.

The second prize — \$25.00 — Mr. Ramsey E. Porter, 1484 High View Drive — The blue lights. What on earth were the judges thinking about to only give them second the girls wanted to know, but Mama was jubilant, because it left only the reindeer at the Dillingham's for the first prize.

Then a strange thing happened.

The first prize — for it's simplicity, for using materials at hand without expense — for its sacred note and personifying the Christmas story of which we sometimes lose sight — The first prize of \$50.00 is unanimously awarded to Mr. Harm Kurtz, 623 Mill Street.

A bomb couldn't have been more devastating. For a long moment they sat stunned, mouths open, without speech, and only the little boys saying, "He said you, Grandpa. He said you."

Then the spell broke — Ernie yelled, "Fifty bucks, Pa, fifty bucks."

Mama sat with a curious look on her face. "No, that couldn't be. It couldn't be. I only did it for the little boys." And still dazed like a mournful raven, kept repeating, "I just did it for the little boys."

"Let's see it. The surprise for the boys." Then came the rush to see the surprise for the boys that had been forgotten in the excitement. There with the side of the shed torn away, Bird and Bell pulling at the heavy, the cow gazing moodily into space, the pigeons on the ridge pole, and Maizie, the manikin draped in sheets leaning over the manger with the pale light of the flashlight coming from the manger and above the old star that Dillingham's had given to Pa seemed to hang by itself in the sky.

Everything got quiet — then Carrie said, "It kind of turns my heart over." It looks for all the world like the Bible story."

"When is the bubble going to come out?"

Then the neighbors started coming to share their joy. Mama changed her apron twice — "Somebody might come by," she said by way of apology.

Mama was right. Somebody did come by. All of River City came by. The cars began to drive by in an unending stream. Traffic was as thick as it had ever been down town.

You could hear laughter and talk and maybe a few strong words about the mud holes. Then in front of the yard the talk and laughter would die down and only low spoken words — or silence. Bird and Bell pulling at the hay, the cow gazing moodily into space, the pigeons on the ridge pole, white Mary bending over the faint glow on the manger and the star overhead.

In silence the cars would drive away and more come to take their places.

Three of them didn't drive away. They swung in closer to the fence. Pa suddenly went pale. What would the Scotts, Porters, and Dillinghams say. He was embarrassed and worried. The joy had gone out of winning the prize. The joy had gone out of the day.

The people got out of the cars and came into the yard. Of all things. There come the Scotts, Porters, and Dillinghams. Pa was too excited to know what he was doing but Mama went out to meet them.

The Scotts lifted the wheel chair out of the car. "Mr. Kurtz," Mrs. Porter said, "You're the sly one. Helping us all the time, then copping the prize yourself."

Pa let it go. They would have to believe it was his doings and just for a fleeting moment he saw himself in a rage jerking the boards off the shed.

Mrs. Scoot said, "It's the sweetest thing I ever saw. It made me feel like crying when I saw it."

And Mrs. Dillingham said their decorations looked cheap by the side of this. And Mr. Dillingham, who had not won a prize at all, said "Kurtz, congratulations on a fine job!"

Pa felt he couldn't take any more praise with Mama standing there so he said, "It was Mama's idea. She's always getting ideas."

The big cars drove on. A few more cars came by, then no more. Pa turned out the lights. Finally the house was quiet — waiting for Santa.

Pa couldn't get to sleep. Twice he heard the clock strike the hour. He would try it.

"Mama," he called softly.

"What," she said instantly.

"Can't get to sleep."

"What's the matter."

"Keep thinking of everything. All that money. So much company. Children all home. Folks I work for here and not a bit mad. You'd think I'd feel good, but I don't. Something hangs over me. Like there'd been something real out there in the shed all this time. Like we'd been leaving them stay out when we ought to had 'em come in. Fool notion, but it keeps bothering me."

And then Mama gave her answer — comforting, too, just as he knew it would be. "I get the same feeling. I guess people's been like that every since it happened. Their conscience always hurting 'em a little because there wasn't no room for Him in the inn."

# Stick-together Families

by Edgar A. Guest

The stick-together families are happier by far  
Than the brothers and sisters who take separate highways are.  
The gladdest people living are the wholesome folks who make  
A circle at the fireside that no power on earth can break.

And the finest of conventions ever held beneath the sun  
Are the little family gatherings when the busy day is done.  
There are rich folk, there are poor folk, who imagine they are wise  
And they're very quick to shatter all their precious family ties.

Each goes searching after pleasure in his own selected way.  
Each, with strangers, likes to wander; and with strangers, likes to play.  
But it's bitterness they harvest, and it's empty joy they find,  
For the children that are wisest are the stick-together kind.

There are some who seem to fancy that for gladness they must roam,  
That for smiles that are the brightest, they must wander far from home;  
That the strange friend is the true friend, and they travel far astray  
And they waste away their lives in striving for a joy that's far away,

But the gladdest sort of people, when the busy day is done,  
Are the brothers and sisters who together share the fun.  
It's the stick-together family that wins the joys of earth,  
That hears the sweetest music and that finds the finest mirth;

It's the old home roof that shelters all the charm of life around;  
There you find the gladdest playground, there the happy moments found,  
And, O weary, wandering brother, if contentment you would win,



Come you back unto the fireside and be comrade with your kin.

# A Story For Christmas

by Jody Shields

We were not, as my brother Fred used to say, "exactly the poorest family in the community," then he would add, "but it's for certain we aren't the richest, either." We had most of the necessities, but the extras were few and spaced far between. So it was that, by average comparison, our Christmases were rather lean.

I remember we used to stare wide-eyed with awe and wonder at the stacks of packages under the Christmas trees at our cousins' homes. All around the bases of their trees would be richly and fashionably wrapped presents — and it wouldn't even be Christmas for another week.

At our house, Santa brought everything on Christmas Eve. There just weren't any other presents to be had, except what we gave each other. These were usually things we made ourselves and we kept them secreted away until Christmas Eve. Then we would get them out and place them in a chair near the tree so Santa could distribute them with the bounty he brought when he came.

On Christmas Day we would open our presents, wild with excitement and delight. As soon as everything had been opened, inspected, and given an initial breaking-in, we were off for our cousins' houses to see how they had fared. Somehow, looking at all their treasures, made ours seem pale by comparison.

We always took fruitcakes, homemade candy and cookies to them. Almost always they gave us grocery boxes of oranges, nuts, and canned goods.

The Christmas I remember best was just before I turned eight. My older sister, Marcia, was ten, and she had learned to crochet during the summer. She announced with a great deal of pride that she was going to crochet Mom a pair of hot pads made like little girls' dresses. She had been saving her allowance for the thread, and she had asked her Primary teacher to help her with the pattern.

I was really impressed and wished I knew how to do something really beautiful like that. All I could do was some embroidery, but I didn't really enjoy doing it. Besides, I didn't have the kind of money it would take for a scarf or a pair of pillow slips to work.

Christmas was drawing closer, and we were busy getting things ready. Almost every night we would shut ourselves in our bedroom and work on the gifts we were making for everyone. Marcia would be crocheting as swiftly as she could, being very careful to keep her stitches even and not to miss any. I would sit on our bed and watch her and wish that I had something special for Mom, but I could think of nothing.

One day I had gone through some boxes on the back porch to see if I could find some odds and ends to trim the book tote I was making for Marcia. Mom had said she would help me sew them on if I could find some scraps and cut out the designs.

In one of the boxes I found an old picture frame. The glass had been broken out, but there were still the backing pieces of cardboard and a torn, yellowing piece of paper in it.

I recognized it immediately, and it gave me a sharp twinge of regret when I remembered how it had come to be hidden away in the scrap box.

On the paper was a poem, surrounded with drawings of flowers, birds, a small house, clouds, and grasses. It had hung in the kitchen ever since I could remember, and we children had read and re-read the poem so many times that we all had it memorized. Then, one day, we had been fighting and chasing each other with the broom, and I had accidentally knocked the picture to the floor. The glass broke into a hundred pieces, and some of them had torn the paper on which the poem was written.

Mom had come quickly. At first she didn't say anything. She just stood for a minute with a strange look on her face. Then she quickly shooed us out of the room so we wouldn't get cut on the broken glass. It was so unusual for her not to say something that we went in a hurry but lingered at the doorway.

We looked back to see her on her knees picking up the broken pieces of glass, and we could tell that she was crying.

She never said anything about it. Not even when Daddy got home from work that night. He didn't seem to notice its absence from the wall, either. All during dinner we could not keep from stealing guilty glances at the spot where it had hung, all the time expecting Mother to mention it and Father to take proper disciplinary measures. But nothing was said, and the frame and torn paper had just disappeared as if it had never existed.

Now, as I held them in my hands with a wave of memories sweeping over me, I knew what I was going to do for my gift to Mom this year. Very carefully I wrapped the frame in the scraps I had picked out for the book tote and carried it to my room. I hid it in the bottom of my drawer underneath my pajamas, until I could assemble the materials I would need.

I would have to have Daddy or Wayne, my oldest brother, cut a new piece of glass for me. In order to get the right size, I would have to measure the cardboard backing. I made a mental note to do that first thing. Then I would have to have a piece of paper to do the printing and drawings on. It had to be special paper, heavier than most, with a silky finish. It never occurred to me to doubt if I could copy the printing and the drawing accurately enough to be acceptable. I just knew that this was what I had to do for my mother for Christmas.

The next time we went to town for groceries, I went away from the family and hurried to the dime store where Mom did much of her shopping. I knew they had a stationary department, and I was sure that was where I would find the paper I needed. The clerk was very helpful and, together, we found just the right piece of paper. But it came in a package, and if I bought the whole package, I would not have enough money for the gold ink I would need. I had to have gold ink, because that is what was on the other one. It was such a good idea that only to do it half way would be worse than not to do it at all. I would just have to get more money. But how, this close to Christmas?

A fat wet tear slipped from my eye and ran down my cheek.

"What's wrong?" asked the kindly clerk. "Isn't this paper what you wanted?"

"Yes, yes," I replied, trying vainly to hold back the other tears that were pushing to spill out after the first, "only, only I don't have enough money to buy a whole package and gold ink, too." I sobbed.

"Hmmm." The clerk tapped her chin with a forefinger. "Would it help if you bought only one sheet?" she smiled. "I could sell you one sheet for a nickel."

"Oh, yes!" I breathed happily, wiping my tears on the sleeve of my coat. I handed her my money, and she took one sheet of paper from the package and put the rest of the package in a special place under the counter. She got a small jar of gold ink and rang up the sale on her cash register.

Clutching the sack she had handed me, I hurried back to the grocery store just as the family was about to launch an all out search for me.

"Where have you been?" they asked. "We were terribly worried about you."

"I was just doing some shopping," I said.

Since everyone was feeling the spirit of Christmas, no one said any more about it, and we went home.

I went straight to the bedroom where I had been assembling all the things I would need. I had only two days left until Christmas. I would have to hurry. I would have to be very careful in my haste to keep from spoiling it. To make mistakes would be worse than not to do it at all, I told myself as I got out pencil, pen, and scrap paper. School was out for the Christmas holiday, so I would be able to spend most of the day working on my gift. Marcia had finished her hot pads and had them wrapped and hidden away until Christmas. She was free to play in the snow, or ice skate, or whatever her fancy dictated. And her fancy certainly did not relish watching me prepare my gift. She did not know what it was going to be, and I did not want her to know. I didn't want anyone to know. I wasn't sure they wouldn't laugh and say it was silly.

Very carefully I practiced each drawing over and over until I felt I could do it well enough to set it down on the silk-surfaced sheet. I drew them lightly in pencil and then outlined them in India ink. The gold would provide accents and be the finishing touch.

The next day I began the lettering. First I practiced copying each line over and over until my fingers hurt. Then I rested for awhile before I started lightly penciling the letters on the sheet with the drawings.

I had some doubt about my ability to print the letters small enough and neatly enough, but as I stared at the torn original, I realized that it, too, had been printed by hand, and I felt that if they (whoever "they" may have been) could do it, so could I.

I dipped the pen in the ink and sent up a silent prayer, "Dear, dear God, please don't let me spoil it now." I drew the first letter with its fancy curlicues and thicker lines, and sighed audibly as it came out perfect. The other letters were plainer, but smaller, and they must be kept of uniform size. I paused to rest, dipped the pen, uttered my prayer silently in my mind, and set down the other letters in the first word ... then the rest of the first line ... and so on. Very carefully and cautiously I drew over each letter with black ink, praying that it wouldn't smear; praying that it wouldn't drip; praying that the lines wouldn't waver; praying that it would be a worthy gift.

At last it was finished. I put on the touches of gold and left it to dry for a minute while I got out the frame and the new glass and the wrapping paper. Then, I slipped the glass into the frame, set the sheet with the poem against the glass, placed the cardboard backing in place, and tapped the small nails into the holes to hold it all in place.

I wrapped tissue paper around it, then placed it in an emptied Christmas card box and wrapped it. It was Christmas Eve and my fingers hurt, my shoulders ached, and my eyes burned from the strain, but my gift for Mom was ready, and my heart was light as I left the bedroom and closed the door softly behind me.

The next morning I could hardly open my presents, I was so excited and somewhat apprehensive. I kept close watch on Mom as she opened her gifts. She smiled a big smile and gave Marcia a special hug when she unwrapped the hot pads. They really were something, I thought with a twinge of uncertainty.

At last she was opening the package that held my gift. My breath caught in my throat. It seemed everyone was watching, and I couldn't help wishing they wouldn't pay any attention. Mom carefully drew aside the tissue paper and looked at the framed poem, the crude drawings, the rough printing. For a long moment she sat staring at it, then she slowly threw back her head and I sensed, more than heard, a sob catch in her throat.

I was intently avoiding looking at her. My full attention was concentrated on the new pair of ice skates I had received for Christmas, yet I knew that she threw me a look out of the corner of her eye, as she rose and carried the gift, box and all, into the kitchen.

"She's crying," Marcia said softly, "why?"

"I don't know," Fred answered easily, not bothering to take his eyes off the electric train set he was trying to assemble around the base of the Christmas tree.

I assiduously avoided answering and I looked the other way as I wiped a tear from my own cheek. Suddenly, I couldn't stay there any longer. I grabbed my new skates and my coat and ran outside. Everyone would think I had gone to try the skates out. I ran through the snow with tears blinding my eyes. My precious, rotten, horrible gift had been rejected, and it served me right! I collapsed sobbing on the tree trunk where we sat to change our skates, the image of Mother throwing my gift, box and all, in the trash vivid in my mind.

Daddy found me there. He had followed Mom into the kitchen, then had followed me outside.

"What's wrong, Kitten?" he asked gently as he pressed my head against his shoulder so the rough weave of his jacket could absorb my tears. "She didn't like it!" I sobbed in my misery.

"Nonsense!" he replied, quickly, "Honey, she loved it. Believe me, Kitten. I don't think she has ever received a gift that pleased her more."

"Then why is she crying?"

"I doubt you'd understand." He paused so long I was afraid he wasn't going to try and explain. After a long moment which I spent drying my eyes and blowing my nose, he went on, "You see, Kitten, that poem was given as a gift to your grandmother many years ago. When our first baby was born, Grandma gave it to your Mom. She said that Mama should always remember the message of the poem and that, if she did, it would help and inspire her as much as it had helped and inspired Grandma. Mama had me hang it in the kitchen where she would be able to see it and read its message. She loved it very much."

"Then, why didn't she get it fixed when we broke it?" I asked, not yet convinced.

"Well, it bothered Mama to love that particular picture so much. She hated to make a big fuss over it. You see, Kitten, she was the one who gave it to Grandma in the first place."

He took my hand, and together we walked slowly to the house. Inside it was cozy and warm, and the Christmas turkey was beginning to spread its fragrance from the oven. There was Mama, her eyes shining as she stood against the sink peeling potatoes. Marcia was gathering the wrapping paper and ribbon from the living room floor. Fred and Wayne were arguing (quietly yet) over the electric train, and there was my gift, hanging on the wall in the exact spot it had hung for so long, ever since I could remember.

# **The Story Of Silent Night**

by Dr. Ralph F. Wilson

The young priest was worried. Within 24 hours he was supposed to lead a Christmas Eve service, but he had no music. The Salzach River that flowed near the village church of Oberndorf, Austria, caused chronic moisture which had rusted the pipe organ. Without the organ there would be no music. And what was Christmas Eve without music?

Father Josef Mohr had but recently come to this tiny village. The night of December 23 he had attended the town Christmas play. But instead of going home afterwards, he had climbed the small mountain overlooking the town and soaked in the beauty and quiet of the darkness. It was nearly midnight before he reached his room. And so in the wee hours of December 24, 1818, he sat down to pen a new song, one which could be played on a guitar — at least that wasn't broken.

"Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!" he wrote. Silent night, holy night. The nighttime peacefulness of Oberndorf was fresh in his mind; beyond it he could imagine Bethlehem, bathed in moon glow:

All is calm, all is bright.  
Round yon Virgin Mother and child!  
Holy Infant so tender and mild,  
Sleep in heavenly peace.

The words were flowing now. He could visualize shepherds quaking, shaken from the quietness of their vigil by the glories streaming from heaven. He could see the child's countenance:

Son of God, love's pure light,  
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,  
With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

It wasn't long 'til the simple poem was finished. Now, perhaps he could sleep.



The next morning he brought the poem to his organist, Franz Gruumlber. I know it's the last minute, he must have said, but could you put a tune to this song for the service tonight? Something simple that I could accompany on the guitar? Father Mohr was new to the parish, and to the church's chief musician. But then, Gruumlber was being paid, and at that moment his beloved organ wouldn't work. Gruumlber set about the task quickly and in a couple of hours he was done, just in time to rehearse with the choir before the service. Mohr sang tenor, Gruumlber sang bass, and the service went off beautifully with the new song. "Stille Nacht! Heilige Nacht!"

A master organ builder eventually came to Oberndorf to repair the rusted organ, and there learned of the carol. He copied the song and doubtless sang it as he worked on organs in the neighboring villages. From him, two families of traveling folk singers, similar to the Trapp Family Singers of "Sound of Music" fame, learned of the song and sang it in concerts all over Europe. In 1834 the Strasser family performed it for the king of Prussia, who ordered it sung every Christmas Eve by his cathedral choir. The Rainer family singers brought it to America in 1839. By mid-century it had become popular around the world, but no one could recall its composer.

The story of its fame was long to reach the tiny villages of Austria. But in 1854, Franz Gruumlber sent a letter to the leading musical authorities with his claim to have written the tune. In 1848 Father Mohr had died of pneumonia, but Gruumlber still had the original manuscript to show, and gradually he was recognized as composer.

Sometimes the smallest churches make the biggest contributions. In this case, God presented a most wonderful carol to the world from a tiny congregation, one that just happened to be called St. Nicholas' Church of Oberndorf.

## **The Story of the Mule**

A certain farmer purchased a mule from a man who promised the mule would be a good worker if treated with loving care and kindness.

The farmer was very kind to the mule, but the beast, when hitched to a plow, would not move.

The farmer called the mule's former owner and said, "I thought you said the mule would work if I treated it kindly. Well I did, and he won't!"

The man replied, "I will come over to see if I can help."

The man came to the farmer's field with a two-by-four in his hand, whereupon he hit the mule over the head with it. The mule started to pull the plow.

"But," said the farmer, "I thought you said the mule would work if I treated him with loving care and kindness."

"Yes," said the man. "But first, you have to get his attention."

# Strictly Germ Proof

by Arthur Guiterman

The Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup  
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gambolled up;  
They looked upon the creature with a loathing undisguised;  
It wasn't disinfected, and it wasn't sterilized.

They said it was a Microbe, and a Hotbed of Disease;  
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand-odd degrees;  
They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope  
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

In sulphurated hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears;  
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;  
They donned their rubber mittens and the took it by the hand  
And 'lected it a member of the Fumigated Band.

There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they play;  
They bathe in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;  
And each imbibes his rations from a hygienic Cup —  
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.

# Successful Parents Share Their Knowledge

October 23, 1995

Dear Ann Landers: My husband and I have three children, ages 23, 17 and 15, who are decent and successful. Many relatives and friends have commented on what great kids we have, and several of our younger friends have told us they admire our parenting skills.

With so many young parents without extended families, perhaps our alphabet for child-raising ideas can help. I did not include "Love" or "Honesty" because I assume those are already in place. Please share it with your readers if you feel it is worth printing. — Jo Frisbie von Tiehl in Pasadena.

Dear Jo: With pleasure. Thanks for a unique contribution.

A is for Accountability. Hold your children accountable for their behavior.

B is for Boundaries. Set specific limits, and make clear the repercussions if those limits are exceeded.

C is for Consistency. Hold to the same principles and practices.

D is for Discipline. Make the punishment fit the crime. Never discipline in anger.

E is for Example. Children are in greater need of models than critics. Set a good example.

F is for Forgiveness. Practice it, and teach the importance of forgiving.

G is for Giving. Teach the joy of giving, not only to family and friends, but to strangers in need.

H is for sense of Humor. Keep your sense of humor. Promote laughter with your children.

I is for Imagination. Be creative, and play with your children. Make up stories or songs when you read and sing with them.

J is for Justice. Be fair, and insist that they be fair, also.

K is for Knowing your children's friends and their parents as well as their teachers.

L is for Listening. Listen to your children. It will teach them how to listen to others, and their thoughts will give you insights.

M is for Morals. Be sure your own standard of conduct is sound.

N is for No. Use it, and mean it.

O is for Outdoors. Provide as much outdoor activity as possible. Teach respect for nature.

P is for Pressure. Reduce the pressure on your children, but insist they maintain high standards.

Q is for Questions. Pay close attention to their questions, and give simple answers unless they demand more.

R is for Respect. Show respect, teach respect and earn respect.

S is for Source of Strength. Share your own faith or beliefs with your children. Faith can be their port in the storms of life later.

T is for Togetherness. Have special, designated times to be together as a family — but know when to let go, too.

U is for Uniqueness. Understand the uniqueness of each child, and let that child be who he or she is.

V is for Voice. Tone of voice can convey more to a child than the words spoken.

W is for Words. Keep your word. Promises broken destroy trust.

X is for eXamine. Examine constantly, and be aware.

Y is for You. Take care of yourself mentally, physically and spiritually. A happy parent helps a child to be happy.

Z is for Zowie! Who would have thought they would grow up so quickly?

# Swan Song

Pat Brosz

The banquet had been exceptionally fine, the speeches were inspiring, the presentations were under way. Commander Washburn, the master of ceremonies rose once more to his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen, as our graduation ceremonies draw to a close, we come to that part of the program that we have all awaited with great interest. Ensign Pedersen, who received an award earlier this evening, has been working during his spare time on a private project which has created much curiosity, and he has promised to reveal it to us today. I would like all of you seated here to move to the port side of the upper deck, for the unveiling."

As chairs scraped, feet shuffled and the sound of conversation buzzed, my heart panicked and missed a beat, the time had come. I rushed below to get my treasure. It was ready, mounted upon a velvet cushion and veiled by a persian-silk scarf. I carried it as quickly as dignity permitted to the port station, where the dignitaries and our guests waited for me.

"Well folks, the moment has arrived," announced Commander Washburn. "I wonder if, before you unveil your project, you would mind telling us, Ensign Pedersen, how your project came into being?"

"Certainly, Commander Washburn, I'd be glad to. You see, ever since I can remember I have wanted to succeed at something. When I was eight I wanted to be a great cyclist. I saved my money, little by little, and when I finally had enough I walked twenty-four miles to town to buy my shining black bicycle. I raced that bike up and down the roads until it was riding, literally, on its rims. When I was fourteen my bike collapsed, and I knew that I wouldn't become a famous cyclist.

"However, the next year I entered grade ten and was introduced to the wonders of that course known as industrial arts.

"Boys, I want you to look over this list of ideas for projects. Take your time, study it carefully, and once you have chosen your project, let nothing change your mind until you have successfully completed it.' So saying, the shop instructor gave each of us a list. I studied mine carefully, discarding proposal after proposal as being too commonplace. I wanted to be different. I wanted to make something unique.

"Waiting for the school bus next morning, I stood thinking about possibilities for shop projects. As I discarded each idea, I kicked another gravel into the irrigation ditch. Finally in desperation, I kicked an old pop can into the ditch and watched it as it went, gurgle ... gurgle ... gurgle ... right down to the bottom of the ditch. That's when I knew what I was going to make for shop.

"When I got to school I discussed my project with our instructor. 'Only one thing bothers me, Mr. Woods. How do we manage to finance our projects?,' I asked.

"Well, generally the school supplies the materials, Gus, and when your project is completed, we total up the complete cost and you pay for it then.'

"Hey man, that's great! I'll see you in class this afternoon, Mr. Woods,' I shouted, as I ran off to assembly.

"And so I threw myself into my project. As Christmas drew near my friends tried to find out what I was making, but I kept it secret. My project was not nearly complete but my bill was already \$97.62. By the end of the year it had reached \$135.65.

"Mr. Woods', I asked anxiously towards the end of the year, 'Didn't you say that once we chose our project we should not let anything change our mind until we had successfully completed it?'

"Why yes, I did say that Gus. Will your project be finished soon?'

"No sir, that is why I asked. Can I work on it again next year?'

"Well, Gus, that is unusual, but in your case, I feel an exception could be made.' And so, I worked on my project again in grade eleven and by the end of that year my shop bill was \$275.98.

"Curiosity about my project grew, and now, not only other students were bothering me, but the local press was also trying to find out about my secret project.

"One day I drew Mr. Woods aside. 'Do you think it would be possible for me to use that storage room off your office for working on my project?' I asked him.



"Why of course, Gus. I realize how difficult it is to concentrate on your project with the attention necessary, when there is so much curiosity about it. You may use the shop if you store my things in the north cupboard.'

"And so, happily and without interference, I spent all of my spare time working on my project. However by the time of my graduation, I still had not quite finished my project, so when I joined the navy three years ago, I got permission to bring my project on this ship with me. My bill had now grown to \$586.54 plus \$100.00 transportation charges. By this time I was already achieving a taste of success, for the Vancouver Sun featured an article about my secret project on its front page, along with my graduation picture.

"Today, I want to thank my officers for their understanding and my fellow classmates for doubling for me in times of necessity. I certainly appreciate your assistance. Without your cooperation I could not have realized my dream.

Carefully, I lifted the silk scarf from my project. People strained and stretched to get a look at it. Their lungs expanded in one united gasp as I slowly tipped the velvet cushion, letting my project slide smoothly, majestically, from the pillow and into the sea.

"Quiet!" I yelled, "listen!"

And sure enough! It went gurgle ... gurgle ... gurgle ... right down to the bottom of the sea.

# Sweet Dreams

By Dixie Davis

I lay snuggled in the warm and cozy covers, sleeping too deeply to realize just how enjoyable it was. The bed wasn't fancy, just a box spring and mattress with no headboard, but it had the most important things. It was big enough to be roomy, firm enough to give support to my poor aching back, and it had just enough covers to keep me warm and comfortable. As I lay there, doped with slumber, I never even noticed my hair gently brushing against the wall at my head when I rolled over in the night. It was kind of like ... well, you know how you never really notice how your big toe feels — you just don't notice it — unless somebody steps on it, of course.

From deep within my slumber, an inside warning alarm clanged and my body responded automatically without waiting to wake. An unfamiliar feeling ... movement in my hair was the trigger ... something small, tugging, turning ... NESTING? In one swift, defensive movement my hand went to my hair, grabbed a warm, small, furry, wiggling little creature. In a fraction of a second, my fingers deftly separated creature and hair and sent the little critter flying across the room to make a muffled thud in the drapes on the window.

By this time I was sitting up straight as a poker in mortified shock, shaking so hard that my husband thought it was an earthquake. My slumber had been rudely and instantly disrupted and my 'once believed-to-be-safe-and-comfortable bed' no longer felt peaceful. As I lay there in the dark, trying to sleep, my mind would not stop imagining. Even the sound of a fly, doped by fall weather, floundering senselessly against the lamp shade in the dark, was enough to set off my newly fine tuned inside alarm system, sending me in one fell swoop to the center of the bed with visions of little, gray, furry things dancing in my head.

Until I could carry out a good extinction program, I had different ideas about what a good bed would look like. I still wanted it to be firm and have lots of warm covers, but now I wanted more. First, I wanted my bed to be three feet higher off the floor so that little gray creatures couldn't reach the covers to climb up on my bed to visit me in the night. I'd have to use a ladder to climb up and then I could push the ladder away until morning. The second was I wanted my bed to be in the center of the room with no walls close. That way those furry little critters can't crawl between the wall and the end of the bed to nest in my hair. With a bed like that I thought that maybe I would be able to sleep peacefully again.

## **Taken from Tests of Fifth and Sixth Graders:**

The law of gravity says no fair jumping up without coming back down.

You can listen to thunder and tell how close you came to getting hit. If you don't hear it you got hit, so never mind.

Someday, we may discover how to make magnets that can point in any direction.

A vibration is a motion that cannot make up its mind which way it wants to go.

There are 26 vitamins in all, but some of the letters are yet to be discovered.

There is a tremendous weight pushing down on the center of the Earth because so many people are stomping around up there these days.

Genetics explains why you look like your father, and if you don't, you should.

Vacuums are nothings. We only mention them to let people know they're there.

The cause of perfume disappearing is evaporation. Evaporation gets blamed for a lot of things people forget to put the top on.

I'm not sure how clouds are formed, but clouds know how to do it, and that's the important thing.

Water vapor gets together in a cloud. When it is big enough to be called a drop, it does.

Rain is saved up in cloud banks.

It is so hot in some places that people there have to live in other places.

Mushrooms always grow in damp places, which is why they look like umbrellas.

Momentum is something you give a person when they go away.

The spinal column is a long bunch of bones. The head sits on the top, and you sit on the bottom.

The word "trousers" is an uncommon noun because it is singular at the top and plural at the bottom.

To keep milk from turning sour, keep it in the cow.

Some people can tell what time it is by looking at the sun, but I have never been able to make out the numbers.

When planets run around and around in circles, we say they are orbiting. When people do it, we say they are crazy.

In some rocks, you can find the fossil footprints of fishes.

For asphyxiation, apply artificial respiration until the person is dead.

Blood circulates through the body by flowing down one leg and up the other.

Thunder is a rich source of loudness.

The four seasons are salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar.

The alimentary canal is located in the northern part of Indiana.

One of the main causes of dust is janitors.

The inhabitants of Moscow are called Mosquitoes.

A census taker is a man who goes from house to house increasing the population.

A city purifies its water supply by filtering the water and then forcing it through an aviator.

# A Tale of a Tub

by Jack Scott

Friends of mine who know me for the suave, debonair man-of-the-world, contemptuously tapping a Murad on my wrist and ignoring the envious glances of peasants passing in the street, might be just a little startled if they dropped in some Saturday night and caught me unaware in my galvanized tub. It is not a pretty sight.

I am, I confess, more than a little surprised, myself.

How often I've chuckled in a superior way as mother reminisced about the Saturday night baths on her parents' home-stead near Dead Horse Creek, Manitoba. Little did I realize, as the saying goes, that I would find myself immersed weekly in a reasonable facsimile of the same wretched pot that grandad knew.

It is just two months since our well went dry, Secretly, I was delighted. It gave me a chance to write a scornful little essay about city folks who, as I put it in my devilishly clever way, are so "porcelain-minded" that they lose sight of the finer things in life.

How joyfully I wrote of the serenity of the little house out at the back, built there for just such emergencies. No water? What matter that, out here in the good green acres of the country?

As the dry autumn continued — the worst, they say down at the feed shed, in the memory of man — my sham began to evaporate.

Haven't seen the lousy good green acres in weeks. Been staring morosely at that beautiful porcelain bath and scanning the cold and cloudless sky for the stuff that will fill it and make me the happiest boy alive.

Meantime I have just about run the gamut with the galvanized tub.

It's no wonder that those early farm families bathed only on Saturday nights. There is nothing so hazardous to the human body or so degrading to the human spirit as a galvanized tub.

Let the Russians sneer if they will about our materialistic mania for appliances and creature comforts. When they outmoded the galvanized tub, Tovarich, that was the revolution of them all. You cheer Lenin, I'll cheer Pembroke.

You do not just "take" a bath in a galvanized tub, you organize it.

First, while the water is heating on the stove, you cover the kitchen floor with several layers of newspapers to absorb the overflow.

You do, that is, if it is your second bath. On your first bath — clumsy oaf! — you have discovered that your big old displacement has caused the water to spill silently over the lip of the tub, quickly flooding the kitchen and most of the hall.

You'll also have discovered the big surprise that awaits you in the bottom of the tub.

Having tested the water's temperature until it is just right and placed the tub on the floor you may decide, as I did, to lower yourself by the flank, as it were, into the water.

You do this because obviously there isn't room in there for everything. Thus you have decided to experiment first with what I call the "legs out" method.

Neighbors a half mile away are still talking about the scream of pain that ensued when I made contact with the red hot bottom of that tub. In this way you learn why the farm families heated their water in other containers and not in the tub itself.

It is a physical impossibility to find a posture that will be suited to a circular tub. Elasto, the India Rubber Man, himself, would be unequal to the challenge.

The "legs out" method, which I mentioned earlier, is not only extremely painful, but there's always the chance that your legs may be neatly decapitated at the knee by the tub's sharp edge.

To put the legs in the tub means assuming a jack-knife posture with the head between the knees, a position which allows you to wash the shins and the forehead and nothing else.

Having abandoned these and the "praying" method in which you sink reverently to your knees on the tub's corrugated bottom, I made the fatal mistake of trying the Yogi system with the legs curled underneath.

I was congratulating myself on this gambit when I realized, to my horror, that I was hopelessly trapped.

I was unable to lever myself out with my arms since they were pinned in a vise-like grip to my sides. My legs were molded somewhere under me in an Indian death-lock. I had horrible visions of the police arriving to cut me free with acetylene torches. At that precise moment there was a knock on the door and I heard my wife greeting one of the neighbors who'd come over to borrow some sugar.

It seemed like several hours before she was free to haul me from the tub like an enormous pretzel, My pride was gone, my spirit broken forever.

It was then I began searching the ads for a small, ultra-modern apartment linked to the miracle of a city water main.



# **The Tale of Three Trees**

A Readers' Theater

Narrator

Tree 1

Tree 2

Tree 3

Woodcutter 1

Woodcutter 2

Woodcutter 3

Mary

Joseph

Narrator: Once upon a mountain top three little trees stood and dreamed of what they wanted to become when they grew up. The first tree looked up at the stars twinkling like diamonds above him.

Tree 1: I want to hold treasure. I want to be covered with gold and filled with precious stones. I will be the most beautiful treasure chest in the world.

Narrator: The second little tree looked out at the small stream trickling by on its way to the ocean.

Tree 2: I want to be a strong sailing ship. I want to travel mighty waters and carry powerful kings. I will be the strongest ship in the world.

Narrator: The third little tree looked down into the valley below where busy men and women worked in a busy town.

Tree 3: I don't want to leave this mountaintop at all. I want to grow so tall that when people stop to look at me, they will raise their eyes to heaven and think of God. I will be the tallest tree in the world..

Narrator: Years passed. The rains came. The sun shone, and the little trees grew tall. One day three woodcutters climbed the mountain. The first woodcutter looked at the first tree and said:

Woodcutter 1: This tree is beautiful. It is perfect for me.

Narrator: With a swoop of his shining axe, the first tree fell.

Tree 1: Now I shall be made into a beautiful chest. I shall hold wonderful treasure.

Narrator: The second woodcutter looked at the second tree and said:

Woodcutter 2: This tree is strong. It is perfect for me.

Narrator: With a swoop of his shining axe, the second tree fell.

Tree 2: Now I shall sail mighty waters. I shall be a strong ship fit for kings.

Narrator: The third tree felt her heart sing when the last woodcutter looked her way. She stood straight and tall and pointed bravely to heaven. But the woodcutter never even looked up.

Woodcutter 3: Any kind of tree will do for me.

Narrator: With a swoop of his shining axe, the third tree fell.

Tree 1: The first tree rejoiced when the woodcutter brought him to a carpenter's shop, but the busy carpenter was not thinking about treasure chests. Instead his work worn hands fashioned the tree into a feed box for animals. The once beautiful tree was not covered with gold or filled with treasure. He was coated with sawdust and filled with hay for hungry farm animals.

Tree 2: The second tree smiled when the woodcutter took him to a shipyard, but no mighty sailing ships were being made that day. Instead, the once strong tree was hammered and sawed into a simple fishing boat. Too small and weak to sail an ocean or even a river, he was taken to a little lake. Every day he brought in loads of dead, smelly fish.

Narrator: The third tree was confused when the woodcutter cut her into strong beams and left her in a lumberyard.

Tree 3: What happened? All I ever wanted to do was stay on the mountaintop, be tall and beautiful, and guide peoples eyes and hearts to God.

Narrator: Many days and nights passed. The three trees nearly forgot their dreams. But one night, golden starlight poured over the first tree as a young woman placed her newborn baby in the feed box.

Joseph: I wish I could make a cradle for him.

Mary: Yes, Joseph, that would be nice.

Narrator: The mother squeezed his hand and smiled as the starlight shone on the smooth and sturdy wood.

Tree 1: And suddenly the first tree knew he was holding the greatest treasure in the world.

Tree 2: One evening a tired traveler and his friends crowded into the old fishing boat. The traveler fell asleep as the second tree quietly sailed out into the lake. Soon a thundering and thrashing storm arose. The little tree shuddered. He knew he did not have the strength to carry so many passengers safely through the wind and rain. The tired man awakened. He stood up, stretched out his hand, and said, "Peace." The storm stopped as quickly as it had begun.

Narrator: And suddenly the second tree knew he was carrying the King of Heaven and earth.

Tree 3: One Friday morning, the third tree was startled when her beams were yanked from the forgotten woodpile. She flinched as she was carried through an angry, jeering crowd. She shuddered when soldiers nailed a man's hands to her. She felt ugly and harsh and cruel.

Narrator: But on Sunday morning, when the sun rose and the earth trembled with joy beneath her, the third tree knew that God's love had changed everything.

Tree 1: It had made the first tree beautiful.

Tree 2: It had made the second tree strong.

Three 3: And every time people thought of the third tree, they would think if God. That was better than being the tallest tree in the world.

# **A Tale of Two Cities**

by Charles Dickens

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way--in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

## Teach the Children

Just a week before Christmas, I had a visitor. This is how it happened. I had just finished the household chores for the night and was preparing to go to bed when I heard a noise in the front of the house. I opened the door of the front room, and to my surprise, Santa Claus himself stepped out from behind the Christmas tree. He placed his fingers over his mouth so I would not cry out.

"What are you doing ...," I started to ask, but the words choked up in my throat as I saw he had tears in his eyes. His usual jolly manner was gone — gone was the eager, boisterous soul we all know.

He then answered me with a simple statement of "Teach the children." I was puzzled. What did he mean? He anticipated my question and with one quick movement brought forth a miniature toy bag from behind the tree. As I stood there bewildered, Santa said again, "Teach the children. Teach them the old meaning of Christmas — the meanings that Christmas nowadays has forgotten."

I started to say, "How can I ...," when Santa reached into the toy bag and pulled out a brilliant shiny star.

"Teach the children the star was the heavenly sign of promise long ages ago. God promised a savior for the world and the star was a sign of the fulfillment of that promise. The countless shining stars at night — one for each man — now show the burning hope of all mankind." Santa gently laid the star upon the fireplace mantle and drew forth from the bag a glittering red Christmas tree ornament.

"Teach the children red is the first color of Christmas. It was first used by the faithful people to remind them of the blood which was shed for all the people by the Savior. Christ gave His life and shed His blood that every man might have God's gift of Eternal Life. Red is deep, intense, vivid — it is the greatest color of all. It is the symbol of the gift of God."

"Teach the children," he said as he dislodged a small Christmas tree from the depths of the toy bag. He placed it before the mantle and gently hung the red ornament on it. The deep green of the fir tree was a perfect background for the ornament. Here was the second color of Christmas.

"The pure green color of the stately fir tree remains green all year round," he said. "This depicts the everlasting hope of mankind. Green is the youthful, hopeful, abundant color of nature. All the needles point heavenward — symbols of Man's returning thoughts toward heaven. The great green tree has been man's best friend. It has sheltered him, warmed him, made beauty for him." Suddenly, I heard a soft tinkling sound.

"Teach the children that as the lost sheep are found by the sound of the bell, it should ring for man to return to the fold — it means guidance and return. It further signifies that all are precious in the eyes of the Lord. As the soft sound of the bell faded into the night, Santa drew forth a candle. He placed it on the mantle and the soft glow from its tiny flame cast a glow about the darkened room. Odd shapes in shadows slowly danced and weaved upon the walls.

"Teach the children," whispered Santa, "that the candle shows man's thanks for the star of long ago. Its small light is the mirror of starlight. At first, candles were placed on the trees — they were like many glowing stars shining against the dark green. The colored lights have now taken over in remembrance."

Santa turned the small Christmas tree lights on and picked up a gift from under the tree. He pointed to the large bow and said, "A bow is placed on a present to remind us of the spirit of the brotherhood of man. We should remember that the bow is tied as men should be tied, all of us together, with the bonds of good will toward each other. Good will forever is the message of the bow."

Santa slung his bag over his shoulder and began to reach for the candy cane placed high on the tree. He unfastened it and reached out toward me with it.

"Teach the children that the candy cane represents the shepherd's crook. The crook on the staff helps bring back the strayed sheep to the flock. The candy cane represents the helping hand we should show at Christmas time. The candy cane is the symbol that we are our brothers' keepers."

As Santa looked about the room, a feeling of satisfaction shone in his face. He read wonderment in my eyes, and I am sure he sensed admiration for this night.

He reached into his bag and brought forth a large holly wreath. He placed it on the door and said, "Please teach the children the wreath symbolizes the eternal nature of love; it never ceases, stops, or ends. It is one continuous round of affection. The wreath does double duty. It is

made of many things and in many colors. It should remind us of all the things of Christmas.  
Please teach the children."



# **The Teacher**

by Goldie B. Despain

The teacher looked ahead with misgivings but with hope.

"Would the way be smooth or rough?

Would it end in success or failure?"

The teacher stood and looked and wondered.

And a voice said, answering: "There will be no end."

And the teacher smiled and said:

"I know it will end. I may teach one year, two years,

Or possibly many more years

But this I know: Someday it will end."

And the teacher went forward to teach.

Those who gathered around the teacher had need to learn.

And the teacher looked into their eyes and desired to fill their needs

And taught them with mind and heart and voice —

A mind filled with knowledge from continued study,

A voice speaking this knowledge in wisdom,

And a heart filling the mind and voice with

Conviction and power.

The teacher learned from mistakes made

And received happiness from lessons taught with inspiration.

Then life changed, and the teacher could not teach.  
"It has ended," said the teacher, continuing on the road  
Of life. "This is really the end of my teaching."  
And the teacher believed this until a person of good position  
Stood and said: "I am here because this teacher  
Taught me thus."  
And the teacher was happy and said, "It was not the end back there —  
This is the end.  
And it could not have ended better.  
I am glad I taught in love and faith and prayer."

Time passed; and the teacher grew old and slept and awakened and  
Stood before the Maker.  
And the teacher looked and was surprised, for there  
Stood also those who had been taught.  
And He before whom they stood questioned them and then  
Sent them to a high place.

And the teacher said, "It was not the end back there —  
This is the end. And it is a more glorious end than  
I ever could have hoped for."  
And joy filled the teacher's heart, as a great celestial light.

And the teacher looked ahead of those who had been taught  
And saw the continued steps of progress and work before each one  
And then said: "This is not the end — there is no end.  
I have just realized, there is no end to my teachings!"

And a voice spoke: "When first you were called to teach, I tried to warn you  
Of your great responsibility.  
But you can be thankful you taught well,  
In humility, in faith, in testimony —

For there is no end to your teachings."

## **"Teacher, Do You Love Me?"**

A number of years ago a little nine-year-old boy named Mark moved into the ward with his parents. He started coming to primary. It wasn't long, however, until a serious problem had developed. Mark disrupted his class so much that no teacher would stay with the class more than a few weeks.

After a few months of frustration, the Primary President prayed about the matter and felt impressed to ask the bishop for a release so she could teach Mark's class. Together they prayed and fasted, and then the bishop released her to be the teacher of the class Mark was in.

Sister Olsen was a very experienced, capable teacher, and she entered Mark's class with considerable preparation and prayer. But within minutes, the generally well-behaved children were whistling, jumping over chairs, kicking, spitting — doing everything Mark was doing.

When she went home that night, she told her husband that she had made a mistake. She couldn't handle the class. If it kept up, she, too, would have to quit. Her husband listened to her tale, then challenged her to try a little harder.

Weeks went by, some better than others. At times sister Olsen felt encouraged when she could give part of the lesson before Mark ruined it.

Then one day, at the end of the lesson on love, she told each child that Heavenly Father loved him and that she did too, putting her hand on each small head. But Mark would have none of it. He jumped up screaming, "No you don't! You don't love me! Nobody does!" Then he ran from the room. She managed to hold together until all the children had left; then she sat down and cried. She knew deep down that she didn't love Mark. She tolerated him, but feelings of love had never really grown.

She began anew. She worked and prayed and fasted some more. She talked to Mark after Primary one day. "I love you, Mark. You don't have to love me, but I love you very much."

He didn't say anything, but walked away.

She wrote a special letter telling his parents some of the things she liked about him. She took pictures of all the children in class and put them on a poster with a brief comment about each

child written below each picture. She asked Mark to help her return supplies to the library. She sent him a birthday card, signed with her name and the words, "Mark, I love you." She arranged to be where he would be and said hello and visited with him briefly. She did everything she could to let him know she loved him.

The love she had developed for Mark started to make a difference. Eventually things changed in class. He was her ideal student.

Then one spring evening Mark came running to her home and flew into her arms sobbing, "Oh, teacher! My folks are moving and they say I have to go too! What am I going to do? Who will love me now?"

She waited until his sobs died down. Then she took his tear-stained face in her hands and said, "Mark, I want you to always remember one thing. Heavenly Father loves you. And no matter where you go, he will always love you, and there will be a primary teacher waiting who will love you just as I do."

Mark did move. Three years later the teacher answered the telephone and heard a voice on the other end say, "Teacher, do you love me?" It was Mark.

He was passing through town and his parents had allowed him five minutes to make a phone call while they put gas in the car. Mark said, "Teacher, it's just like you told me it would be. They did love me! But this year I left Primary and I was really worried I wouldn't get to go to Scouts because we live a long way from the church. But my Scoutmaster called and asked me to go with him. He cared about me, too."

As the years passed, the bond between Mark and Sister Olsen deepened. And every Mother's Day Sister Olsen receives a card on which Mark has written, "Teacher, do you love me?"

# Teachers' Convention Notes

School Report Card

22% of parents give schools in general an A or B grade.

75% of parents give their own school an A or B grade.

Welfare should be sharing for survival — not survival of the fittest.

Children have now become value added products.

40% of Children come to school so damaged they can't learn.

The wealth of the top 10% of families equals the wealth of the bottom 60% of families.

150 countries in the world are smaller than big companies.

You are lunch, or you do lunch.

The richest 358 Billionaires have the same amount of money as the bottom 40% of humanity.

To change the world, we have to get to the teachers and the preachers.

Teachers lead the culture. The Government does not.

# Teddy

Jean Thompson stood in front of her fifth-grade class on the very first day of school in the Fall and told the children a lie. Like most teachers, she looked at her pupils and said that she loved each of them the same, that she would treat them all alike. And that was impossible because there in front of her, slumped in his seat on the third row, was a little boy named Teddy Stoddard.

Mrs. Thompson had watched Teddy the year before and noticed he didn't play well with the other children, that his clothes were unkempt and that he constantly needed a bath. And Teddy was unpleasant. It got to the point during the first few months that she would actually take delight in marking his papers with a broad red pen, making bold X's and then highlighting the "F" at the top of the paper biggest of all. Because Teddy was a sullen little boy, no one else seemed to enjoy him either.

At the school where Mrs. Thompson taught, she was required to review each child's records and delayed Teddy's until last. When she opened his file, she found a surprise. His first-grade teacher had written, "Teddy is a bright, inquisitive child with a ready laugh. He does his work neatly and has good manners. He is a joy to be around."

His second grade teacher had penned, "Teddy is an excellent student, well-liked by all his classmates, but he is troubled because his mother has a terminal illness and life at home must be a struggle."

His third-grade teacher had noted, "Teddy continues to work hard but his mother's death has been hard on him. He tries to do his best but his father doesn't show much interest and his home life will soon affect him if some steps aren't taken."

Teddy's fourth-grade teacher had commented, "Teddy is withdrawn and doesn't show much interest in school. He doesn't have many friends and often falls asleep in class. He is tardy and could become a more serious problem."

By now Mrs. Thompson realized the extent of the problem, but Christmas was coming fast. It was all she could do, with the school play and all, until the day before the holidays began and she was suddenly forced to focus again on Teddy Stoddard.

Her children brought her presents, all in beautiful ribbon and bright paper, except Teddy's, which was clumsily wrapped in the heavy, brown paper of a scissored grocery bag.

Mrs. Thompson took pains to open it in the middle of the other presents. Some of the children started to laugh when she found a rhinestone bracelet with some of the stones missing, and a bottle that was one-quarter full of cologne. She stifled the children's laughter while she exclaimed how pretty the bracelet was, putting it on, and dabbing some of the perfume behind the other wrist.

Teddy Stoddard stayed behind after class just long enough to say, "Mrs. Thompson, today you smelled just like my mom used to." After the children left, she cried for at least an hour. On that very day, she quit teaching reading, and writing, and speaking. Instead, she began to teach children.

Jean Thompson paid particular attention to one they all called "Teddy." As she worked with him, his mind seemed to come alive. The more she encouraged him, the faster he responded. On those days when there would be an important test, Mrs. Thompson would remember that cologne. By the end of the year he had become one of the highest achieving children in the class and, well, he had also somewhat become the "pet" of that teacher who had once vowed to love all of her children exactly the same.

A year later she found a note under her door, from Teddy, telling her that of all the teachers he'd had in elementary school, she was his favorite.

Six years went by before she got another note from Teddy. He then wrote that he had finished high school, third in his class, and she was still his favorite teacher of all time.

Four years later after that, she got another letter, saying that while things had been tough at times, he'd stayed in school, had stuck with it, and would graduate from college with the highest of honors. He assured Mrs. Thompson she was still his favorite teacher.

Four more years passed and yet another letter came. This time he explained that after he got his bachelor's degree, he decided to go a little further. The letter explained that she was still his favorite teacher but that now his name was a little longer. The letter was signed, Theodore F. Stoddard, M.D.

The story doesn't end there. You see, there was yet another letter that Spring. Teddy said he'd met this girl and was to be married. He explained that his father had died a couple of years



ago and was wondering if Mrs. Thompson might agree to sit in the pew usually reserved for the mother of the groom.

And on that day, she wore that bracelet, the one with several rhinestones missing. And on that special day, Jean Thompson smelled just like the way Teddy remembered his mother smelling on their last Christmas together.

**THE MORAL:** You never can tell what type of impact you may make on another's life by your actions or lack of action. Consider this fact in your venture through life.

# **Tell us a Joke**

Laurie Baker

A third-grade teacher caught one of her students saying a most unsuitable word.

"Johnny," she said angrily, "wherever did you hear that word?"

"My Daddy said it," he replied, sheepishly.

"Do you know what it means?" the teacher asked him.

"Yup," he said, "It means the car won't start."

# Test

Answers follow but don't peak...

1. The maker doesn't want it; the buyer doesn't use it; and the user doesn't see it. What is it?
2. A child is born in Boston, Massachusetts to parents who were both born in Boston, Massachusetts. The child is not a United States citizen. How is this possible?
3. Before Mount Everest was discovered, what was the highest mountain on Earth?
4. Clara Clatter was born on December 27th, yet her birthday is always in the summer. How is this possible?
5. Captain Frank and some of the boys were exchanging old war stories. Art Bragg offered one about how his grandfather led a battalion against a German division during World War I. Through brilliant maneuvers he defeated them and captured valuable territory. After the battle he was presented with a sword bearing the inscription "To Captain Bragg for Bravery, Daring and Leadership. World War One. From the Men of Battalion 8." Captain Frank looked at Art and said, "You really don't expect anyone to believe that yarn, do you?" What's wrong with the story?
6. What is one thing that all wise men, regardless of their religion or politics, agree is between heaven and earth?
7. In what year did Christmas and New Year's fall in the same year?
8. A woman from New York married ten different men from that city, yet she did not break any laws. None of these men died and she never divorced. How was this possible?
9. Why are 1990 American dollar bills worth more than 1989 American dollar bills?
10. How many times can you subtract the number 5 from 25?

11. A taxi driver was called to take a group of passengers to the train station. The station is normally an hour away, but with traffic being extra heavy, it took a full hour and a half. On the return trip the traffic was still as heavy and yet it took only 90 minutes. Why?
12. How could you rearrange the letters in the words "new door" to make one word? Note: There is only one correct answer.
13. Even if they are starving, natives living in the Arctic will never eat a penguin's egg. Why not?
14. Which is correct to say, "The yolk of the egg are white" or "The yolk of the egg is white"?
15. In Okmulgee, Oklahoma, you cannot take a picture of a man with a wooden leg. Why not?
16. There were an electrician and a plumber waiting in line for admission to the "International Home Show". One of them was the father of the other's son. How could this be possible?
17. After the new Canon Law that took effect on November 27, 1983, would a Roman Catholic man be allowed to marry his widow's sister?

THE ANSWERS: 1. a coffin 2. the child was born before 1776 3. Mount Everest, it just hadn't been discovered! 4. Clara lives in the southern hemisphere. 5. World War I wasn't called "World War I" until World War II. 6. The word "and". 7. They fall in the same year every year, New Year's Day just arrives very early in the year and Christmas arrives very late in the same year. 8. The lady was a Justice of the Peace. 9. One thousand nine hundred and ninety dollar bills are worth one dollar more than one thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine dollar bills. 10. Only once, then you are subtracting it from 20. 11. An hour and a half IS 90 minutes. 12. "one word" 13. Penguins live in the Antarctic. 14. Neither, the yolk of the egg is yellow. 15. You have to take a picture of a man with a camera, not with a wooden leg. 16. They were husband and wife. 17. He can't because he's dead.

# Test Time Activities

(a survey)

By T Gary

Three hours for a final — loads of time! However, years of careful test-hall observation have revealed how the average student spends his or her time during an exam:

| Activity   | Time<br>(min) |
|--|---------------|
| sniffing, snuffling, scratching and wiggling.....      | 8             |
| looking for dropped pens, pencils, papers, etc. ....   | 6             |
| combing hair, adjusting clothing or makeup .....       | 7             |
| craning to observe other papers .....                  | 8             |
| praying for inspiration .....                          | 10            |
| praying to be stricken with a sudden illness .....     | 3             |
| getting fresh gum.....                                 | 3             |
| sticking old gum in or under desk .....                | 5             |
| staring vacantly into space .....                      | 15            |
| chewing pens, pencils, erasers, etc. ....              | 11            |
| doodling, writing obscenities on desk, etc. ....       | 5             |
| flirting with student across the aisle .....           | 14            |
| yawning, sleeping, rubbing eyes, etc.....              | 18            |
| wishing he/she'd gone to the bathroom before test..... | 12            |
| wishing he/she'd studied .....                         | 5             |
| head-scratching, hair-tugging, nail-biting, etc.....   | 6             |
| silently cursing teachers .....                        | 15            |
| writing drivel, nonsense, and BS.....                  | 24            |
| erasing correct answers .....                          | 4             |
| thinking.....  | 1             |
|  | -----         |
| TOTAL  | 180 min.      |

# **Thank God For Little Ones**

David O. McKay

Thank you, God, for little things That often come our way -  
The things we take for granted But don't mention when we pray -  
The unexpected courtesy, The thoughtful, kindly deed -  
A hand reached out to help us In the time of sudden need -  
Oh make us more aware, dear God, Of little daily graces  
That come to us with sweet surprise from never-dreamed-of places.

I believe that discipline in the class-room, which implies self-control, and which connotes consideration for others, is the most important part of teaching . . .

The best lesson a child can learn is self-control, and to feel his relationship to others to the extent that he must have respect for their feelings. Self-denial is so important and self-control such a valuable quality in human nature, that one man has truly said that the worst education that teaches self-denial is abetter than the best which teaches everything else and not that.

## **The Thanks of a Boy**

Robert W. Woodruff, a prominent business leader of a former time, toured the United States giving a lecture which he entitled "A Capsule Course in Human Relations." In his message, he said that the two most important words in the English language are these: "Thank you."

"Gracias, danke, merci"--whatever language is spoken, "thank you" frequently expressed will cheer your spirit, broaden your friendships, and lift your lives to a higher pathway as you journey toward perfection. There is a simplicity--even a sincerity--when "thank you" is spoken.

The beauty and eloquence of an expression of gratitude is reflected in a newspaper story of some years ago:

The District of Columbia police auctioned off about 100 unclaimed bicycles Friday. "One dollar," said an 11-year-old boy as the bidding opened on the first bike. The bidding, however, went much higher. "One dollar," the boy repeated hopefully each time another bike came up.

The auctioneer, who had been auctioning stolen or lost bikes for 43 years, noticed that the boy's hopes seemed to soar higher whenever a racer-type bicycle was put up.

Then there was just one racer left. The bidding went to eight dollars. "Sold to that boy over there for nine dollars!" said the auctioneer. He took eight dollars from his own pocket and asked the boy for his dollar. The youngster turned it over in pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters--took his bike, and started to leave. But he went only a few feet. Carefully parking his new possession, he went back, gratefully threw his arms around the auctioneer's neck, and cried.

When was the last time we felt gratitude as deeply as did this boy? The deeds others perform in our behalf might not be as poignant, but certainly there are kind acts that warrant our expressions of gratitude.



# **That Others May Know**

(I married a non-member)

anonymous

A poignantly told account of a life  
in and yet out of the church.

What does life hold for an active Latter-day Saint who marries a person of another faith or one who feels he "does not need religion?" Without having lived through the experiences this course of action brings, one could never know; one could guess, perhaps, but never really know.

I know. I have been married under these circumstances for twenty years, and in that time have felt many emotions and experienced many things.

Because I feel deeply for anyone facing the decision of whether or not to date a nonmember with the hope of conversion, let me draw back the curtain and reveal pictures from my married life — happenings one cannot foresee, reactions one cannot guess, dimensions of emotion one can never know without actual experience or without looking through the eyes and listening to the tunes played on the heartstrings of another who has experienced such a marriage.

For nearly two years I had been writing to a missionary; we were not engaged but serious about each other. In my heart I carried some doubt. I respected my missionary boy friend and loved him in some ways but knew somehow my love was not complete. I had dated now and then during his absence, according to our arrangement, I was to be free.

My missionary friend returned home, and I still awaited confirmation from my own heart. He had no doubts, evidently, for he encouraged our becoming engaged.

In the midst of my indecision two decisive events occurred: My boy friend enlisted in the service and left the area, and I met a nonmember from a large city in the Midwest, whom I will call Fred.

I was a sophomore student at a Utah university, so was he. We met in a psychology class. I was impressed with his intellect, his bearing, his ambitious progressive attitude.

We began to date. I thought it would be a casual relationship. I didn't intend that anything serious should come of it. I was an active church member and had no intention of marrying out of my faith. My father was deceased but had been active in the Church and was very much alive in my memory. Mother was living and had always been active in the auxiliaries of the Church. In fact, during many of my childhood and teen years she had been Relief Society stake president. Together, my parents had set a valiant example in the home for us children. Mother counseled me against dating a nonmember and had others counsel with me, but I continued to delude myself into thinking it would never become a serious relationship, until it was too late.

When I had come to love Fred, nothing doubting, I rationalized that I was not "throwing over" my excellent home and church training. I was naive enough to believe because he attended church with me and seemed very interested that within a few months he would be converted. Because I believed the principles of the gospel wholeheartedly myself and found them so logical and workable I thought that anyone with any degree of intelligence would soon be converted and that when the Holy Ghost bore witness to him, the truth of it would be confirmed to him. Suffice it to say that at this point in life my experience with nonmembers had been practically nil.

Each courtship is so individual, yet I am sure there are common tendencies, one of the strongest of which is for the young couple to be firmly convinced that their "special love" is the most unique, the most sincere, the deepest yet known to man, that without doubt it can surmount any problem. Oh, the yearning of young hearts is most poignant!

Counselors and relatives entreated me to postpone marriage until the opportunity to investigate the gospel thoroughly had been his and the outcome determined. My mother endeavored to help me see that she had nothing against him personally, in fact, liked him very much, but with two different sets of basic values we would run into difficulty sooner or later and both be hurt.

World War II was well under way. Fred was in the ROTC, and the unit was to remain at school until graduation but the war worsened, and they were hustled off on a few days' notice to active training. From then on, Fred was on the move, and I saw him only occasionally a few days at a time. Then the decision came. Were we to wait until he returned from overseas or marry first? We decided to marry — on condition.

The conditions I set down were: 1. We were to be married by an LDS bishop. 2. Our children were to be trained in the LDS faith and baptized members when of age. 3. I was to be free to serve in callings in my church. 4. The Word of Wisdom was to be practiced in our home. These stipulations were major in my mind, and they were a sacrifice on Fred's part inasmuch as the first two were in direct opposition to the faith he espoused and caused his excommunication from his church. I reasoned that my sacrifice was waiting for awhile for temple marriage.

We were together only a few weeks. After he left I learned I was pregnant. I attended school another quarter and then went home to live with my mother and await the birth of our baby.

Mother was solid as a brick. Cheerful and helpful, she was all and more than she had been all through my growing-up years — friend, adviser, sympathizer, confidante. It was she who waited in the hospital while I gave premature birth to a tiny five-pound girl.

The first time Fred saw our child, she was nearly three years old.

We now have three children, the youngest two being sons.

### Church Activity

I am grateful to Fred that he kept his agreement to refrain from interfering with my activity in the Church. I have held many callings through the years, and our bishops and stake presidents have called me to positions which required a minimum of attention during the hours Fred was at home. Thus, I have grown in understanding and deep love of the gospel through my activity.

At various times Fred displayed an interest in the gospel. He went through the missionary lessons three different times, only to turn away afterward. Once in a while he halfheartedly attended church with us. For most of our married life we have lived in the same friendly ward, and our friends have loved him, prayed for him, and carried him in their hearts as they have gone through the temple. As a family we have loved him, invited him to go with us, showed boundless delight when he accepted but tried to be pleasant when he refused, tried not to exert pressure upon him. Perhaps the latter is hard to achieve, for surely our yearning could not be masked.

It is impossible to describe the emotions that well up within you as you rise each Sunday morning, prepare the children and yourself for church services, and look once more before leaving your bedroom at your husband who is still sleeping or, having risen, is sitting with a morning cup of coffee and the newspaper and seemingly couldn't care less that he is not a part of the family group departing for church. It is one of the loneliest feelings I've ever known and one to which familiarity lends no softening.

It is emphasized more so when your eldest son, who now holds the priesthood, sets his alarm clock, arises, and goes off alone to priesthood meeting faithfully Sunday after Sunday.

What are his thoughts and what does he feel as he sees other boys arriving in the company of their fathers?

With this feeling of tumult in your heart, you find your seat in church and with the opening announcements hear there is to be a temple excursion or an elders' party. You know again the yearning realization that you are excluded because of lack of priesthood and temple marriage. As your eyes wander over the congregation to the faces of your friends, you realize they are included, and you sense their incomparable sense of peace, of oneness, and belonging, in contrast to your own limitations.

It would be a Herculean task to find words to convey your frustration and emptiness when, upon finding in a Relief Society or Primary lesson a beautifully-taught truth, you desire to share it with your mate and he answers, "I don't care to talk about it," or "I've never thought of that and don't care to now," or still worse, "Someday the crazy things you believe will drive me out of my mind!"

Have you thought of your despair when your sick child cries out in faith in the night for a blessing from the priesthood, and your husband stands by, helpless and unqualified?

### Home and Children

Think of fast day or occasions which call for a special fast when you must prepare food for your mate and he feels inclined to flaunt before you his appetite. How would you train your children to observe the principles of the kingdom when one parent does one thing and one another? Have you considered how you would explain your mate's behavior to your children without making them lose respect for him? It is indeed a touchy, delicate responsibility. I say responsibility because it cannot be ignored if you are to train and teach them gospel principles.

What would you do if your husband saw nothing wrong in taking his sons to a Sunday ball game or movie, thus failing to keep the Sabbath day holy?

Here again it is evident that different basic values in parents cause conflict, making necessary a stream of constant decisions which would be unnecessary if unity of purpose reigned.

Also it is true that one does not marry just his or her mate, but the beloved's family as well. It is useless to believe they will hold sacred the things you believe when your beliefs are at variance with theirs. Let me illustrate. Having been reared in a home where gracious

consideration of guests knew no bounds, I happily, trustingly invited my in-laws to visit us, only to have one of my children whisper to me, "Grandmother says she feels sorry for me because I was born of a Mormon mother! What does she mean? What is wrong with that?"

After one such visit, I found apostate Mormon literature had been placed in the hands of my eldest child. As like incidents continued, I felt that my loving hospitality had been betrayed. Fred said he was ashamed of his parents' behavior, but he made no effort to set them straight. It became my task to undo the damage of each situation patiently with the help of Heavenly Father.

Reluctantly, I had to admit that as much as I desired and needed a sweet family relationship with my in-laws, they were enemies to the children and me — enemies in a different camp who sought every opportunity to thwart my children's testimonies of the gospel. This called up another responsibility — to teach the children to love their grandparents but to disregard their attempts to defeat their testimonies. What a paradoxical assignment!

Occasionally I have been privileged to attend general conference in Salt Lake City. Once I waited one evening for friends who were going through the temple. As I stood there alone, I felt a failure because of the choice I had made when young. My heart was full of regret which was all the harder to bear because I knew I had only myself to blame.

My daughter knows my heart is always full when I am near the temple. As I left home, she handed me a note, saying, "Read this, Mother, when you are on Temple Square."

I took the note from my purse and read the following:

"Dear Mother,

"I'm writing this note to you because I know I am going to miss you very much. Sometimes we don't realize our blessing until they're taken away for a short time. Your tender care of me when I was a baby, your loving concern for me as I have grown, have always made me love you more than ever. Even if you didn't do extra things for me, I would feel it the greatest honor of my life to live with you.

"I can't comprehend a mother's love yet, but I feel you have exceeded the limits with yours. I'm glad I covenanted to be your daughter before this life. I have need of you, your spirit and character, to help me along in my life.

"You make me happy when depressed;

"You kindle the light when I'm in the dark;

"You prepare my soul for its work here on earth;

"And you, as a daughter of God, brought me into the world.

"Sometimes, it's easier to write than tell all the things you've had in mind for a long time.

"Have a wonderful, inspiring trip.

Your loving daughter,

---

My heart swelled with love; gratitude and new hope and strength surged through my being, and I renewed my resolve to carry on as a dedicated mother and teacher of the gospel in our home.

### The Broken Word of Wisdom

As a young woman I held to a strict standard of never dating young men whose standards were not the best, and I made it a point to enlighten anyone who was in doubt as to my ideals.

Fred and I had dated for quite some time, and I had found him to be clean in every respect. There was no smoking, foul language, drinking, or anything but the best of behavior until one night at a college dance. When he took me in his arms to dance, I thought I smelled liquor on his breath. At first, I couldn't be sure, so I waited until I was certain. My heart sank, but I knew what I must do. I had so looked forward to this special date, but I told Fred that he must take me home. He looked shocked and inquired the reason, and I replied that I had always adhered to the standard of not dating anyone who drank intoxicating beverages. He apologized, pointing out that he certainly was not drunk, that he had indulged in only one cocktail before leaving the fraternity house. I insisted that he take me home. On the way I told him I would have to break the dates we had made for the future. I could see he felt terrible. He left me at the door and went home.

Several days later, he met me after class and again apologized and asked me to reconsider. He said drinking meant nothing to him, that he never would touch it again if only I would date him again.

After meditating about this, I decided to give him another chance. Insofar as I know, he never did take another drink again until some years after we were married. I truly believed him, and I believed he believed it himself.

However, I have seen that if one does not have the gospel in his heart and those standards for his own, other pressures exert themselves and can become more important. This is what happened to Fred as he began rising in the business world in the metropolitan area where we live — his business associates and colleagues included him in their cocktail parties, in their noon luncheons which included cocktails. He began by having one drink. He was honest enough to tell me about it. I felt very badly, reminded him of his promise, and suggested that he drink non-alcoholic drinks. He told me there were times when he did this, but somewhere along the way he decided it wasn't worth it.

There was a time when he drank with his business associates, not when he was in my company. Then that phase ended, and he would sheepishly order a soft drink for me and an alcoholic drink for himself. Then it progressed to two for himself, and on upward. When I asked him to try to curtail the number for his own sake as well as mine and the children's, he answered by snapping his fingers in my face to summon the waiter, ordering what he pleased and as much as he pleased, and telling me to live my life and let him live his. "Living his own life" now includes smoking, I learned.

My thoughts constantly returned to our courting days and early days of marriage and how completely I had believed in his well-meant promises — and how I had relied on his love and mine to mean so much, to be so complete that living the Word of Wisdom would never be a problem. I was heart-breakingly wrong.

In order to be "compatible" with my husband socially, I attended numerous cocktail parties, night clubs, and the type of entertainment that appealed to him. Occasionally he attended church parties with me, but these less and less as years went by. At first, I felt strong enough to be untouched by the environment in which I found myself, but a steady diet of it finally had a telling effect. It is difficult to associate often and become truly friendly with people whose standards are so foreign to one's own, when your husband's "best friend" tries to kiss you behind your husband's back when sober and openly when drunk, when everyone but you is becoming more and more intoxicated, and the pace grows faster and more frantic.

Invariably during those endless evenings I would mentally picture the righteous men in our ward and think of the priesthood and its power and how well they honored and valued it and how, through observance of gospel principles and priesthood training, ordinary men become superior; how none of that caliber would consider taking his beloved wife into places where drunkenness, profanity, and insults to her womanhood were the common rule. The contrast burned alive within me as I watched and evaluated, and I came to appreciate and love the gospel more than ever, and to cling to it, and to see the so-called sophisticated night life for the sensuous, degrading thing these people made of it.

I decided I could not go on in this manner and explained calmly to my husband my reasons for desiring to find our entertainment more within church activities or in places where the children could accompany us. I expected at least a degree of co-operation. His answer was that it I would not go with him, he would attend cocktail parties without me. I tried it, and he did go, and I spent miserable evenings at home with the children, trying to pretend to them all was well while my mind raced wildly to the environments where I pictured Fred without me. It is agony, I learned, not to have a basic trust and belief.

I consulted the bishop, and he advised me to continue to go with Fred or to invite a situation where he would be tempted to take someone else in my stead. He gave me a blessing to provide me with additional strength to save my marriage and still be true to my ideals. It helped immeasurably. Shortly thereafter, my husband suffered a setback in his career which left us short of extra funds. Thus our entertainment was curtailed. I looked upon it as a blessing, rather than a hindrance, and rejoiced.

### Recognition of Truth

Probably every person who faces the decision of whether or not to marry a nonmember thinks, "My love and I are different. I look at him and see the potential, and I know with us it will be different."

I remember how my mother pointed out to me instances of people who had made the decision to marry out of their faith and how, in most cases, the results were disillusioning. Some were divorced; some were living out their lives together in quiet desperation. There were many more marriages of this nature than those in which the partner had been converted and had proved valiant through the years. Statistics prove this point.

As young people we are not qualified to judge the potential. Upon what basis, except the desires of our hearts and a few outward indications in the beloved whom we are bound to see with



"rose-colored glasses," can we claim that our marriage will be successful? Without the testimony that only the Holy Ghost can give us of the worthiness of a prospective mate, our opinions could be nothing more than wishful thinking.

The tremendous odds one faces, then, are these: If there is no conversion or only a partial one, the couple will be pulled apart, especially if the member adheres to the teachings of the gospel, for in doing so, growth of the spirit is bound to occur through study and practice and through the influence of the Holy Ghost. Especially is this true of a person who hungers and thirsts after righteousness and through growing comes to a lively hope of eternal life.

The spiritual contrast in the two marriage partners becomes frightening to both parties.

The nonmember does not bask in the protective shadow of the believer and doer. Instead, the influences he invites into his life mold him and if these are unrighteous, he is pulled in the other direction, making the gap between the two practically irreconcilable.

The word I would leave with the young is this: Mark well my experience, for it is not unique. Right around me are several men and women in our ward whose marriages, because they married nonmembers, are patterned much like ours, varying only in detail and degree. How many are there throughout the Church, then?

We not only ache at the negative experiences we must bear, but also for the loss of the positive blessings a unified living of the gospel generates in the home.

I now face another grave decision. The strain of this un-unified living had its effect, and not long ago, I suffered a heart attack. After a slow recuperation period, my doctor informed me that I must remove myself from the emotional pressure under which I live or recognize the possibility of not living to raise our three lovely children.

Even in consideration of this, my husband is unrepentant.

If you were in my place, what would you do?

# **There's Such A Thing As Joey**

by Elaine S. McKay

My mom says if I don't write this story she will. But if anybody tells it, I should, because nobody else know how it was to be a seven-year-old boy like me. I can still remember even though that was five years ago and most of the hurt is gone.

Getting started is the hardest. I asked Mother where the beginning of this story was, and she smiled and said, "Well, Rulon, why don't you begin in the middle?"

That's a little joke between us because I'm in the middle of her children. No matter which way she counts, I'm third. "My anchor man," she calls me, "keeping your brothers and sisters from drifting off course."

Now I can see how I've helped Kent who's only eight and Maria just turned four because they've never thought I was a dumb kid, but I can't see that I've made any difference to my big brothers. Tom is four years older than I and Scott is two years older. (Those aren't their real names, but they've always said they don't want to be in any story of mine. And you can't blame them for that.)

If I had been tough at football and clever at the piano like Tom or smart in school and awfully handsome like Scott, this story wouldn't have happened. Because I wouldn't have wanted a dog so much, I don't think. And even if I'd wanted one, I wouldn't have asked.

Scott had asked. He had begged. When he was in first grade he'd worn out the dog pages in our encyclopedias. He'd bought books on dogs, too, and read them from cover to cover. (Scott could do that because he'd been reading since he was four.) But he never got a dog.

Daddy and Mother explained to him a dozen times maybe how dogs belonged in the country, how they were a nuisance in the city, and how it wasn't fair to dogs or people to have dogs cooped up. "And besides," they'd finally say, "Tom wanted a dog once, and he had to learn that a boy can't always have everything he wants."

Scott begged a whole year full, but all he got was a rabbit. He kept him a few months and then gave him to Uncle George's kids who live on a farm. But I didn't want a rabbit. Rabbits don't love you back the way a dog does. Scott's rabbit hopped away without a backward glance when we turned him loose in Uncle George's field.

"Joey's dog would have howled his head off if he'd been turned out and left like that," I said as the rabbit disappeared behind a haystack.

"There's no such thing as Joey," Scott snapped. Whenever I said anything to Tom or Scott about Joey, they'd always blurt out, "There's no such thing as Joey." It was a habit with them.

Then we'd argue, and they'd try to trick me with questions like, "Where does Joey live?" and "Who are Joey's parents?" and "How come no one but you ever sees Joey?" I'd almost always have an answer for them, and if ever I didn't I'd just say, "Daddy and Mother know there's such a thing as Joey — so there!"

Mother knew more about Joey than anyone else in the world except me. Once when I was five years old, she and I were lying on her bed, and after she'd read me half a dozen nap-time stories I decided to tell her I had a friend named Joey. Mother thought that was just wonderful and wanted to know all about him.

I told her how one day I'd gone exploring in the hills above our house. Tom and Scott hadn't come because they were playing kick soccer with a bunch of kids in our backyard. At first I was going to play, but when they chose up sides I was the last one to be chosen, and then there was a fight to see who had to take me on their team. So I said I didn't want to play, but I really did, but I'm glad I didn't. Because that was the day I met Joey. He was just my age, but smarter. Almost every day after that we'd play in the hills hunting lizards or digging in the sand. Sometimes though I'd meet him other places.

Mother was amazed at the things we'd do, so every day before my nap I'd wait until her voice sounded sleepier and sleepier while she was reading me stories, and then I'd say, "Now I'll tell you about Joey and me." Once in a while Mother would get up and write something down. She wrote down the lion hunt, and the time we were lost at sea, and our exploration of the new planet.

Joey was a joke to Tom and Scott, but Mother thought Joey was magnificent — that was her very word. And she said some day she would write a book about him if I didn't. Mother was always thinking about writing, but she never got around to it much.

"You are a remarkable boy," my mom would say to me. I wasn't sure just what she meant by that, but it made me feel strong and warm both together. And when I finally wrote my first story I signed it, "Remarkable Rulon."

Probably I won't be a writer though. It's too much trouble bringing things down to word without squeezing the life out of them. And now comes the hardest part of this story here.

You'd have to have been me that day, lying on my bunk bed, before you could feel how I wanted a dog. I'd sneaked into the house and was lying there for about an hour before Mother knew. She stood in my bedroom doorway for a minute or so before she came over and lay down beside me and asked, "What's the matter, son?"

Sometimes you can say, "Oh, nothing," when Mother asks that. And other times you can't. This was one of those other times. It was as if she had her arms around me and was looking into my eyes with all her might. Only she was just lying there beside me, waiting.

So I told her all about how I'd got into a fight up at Barney's, and Tom and Scott said it I couldn't play fair I could just go home. So I went. Talking about it to my mom made me cry. So while I was at it I told her what the real trouble was. "All this wouldn't have happened," I bawled, "if I only had a dog."

Mother didn't ask me whether or not I'd really been playing fair and what a dog had to do with it. She just lay there very still and listened. So I said some more. I told her that I hated school and that nobody liked me. I asked her how she would like to be seven years old and dumb and ugly and awkward and have people laugh at her when she used big words. I said I didn't fit in this world anyplace, and God must have sent me to the wrong planet. The more I talked the more things I thought of. It was as wild and wonderful as any of my stories about Joey, and I don't know when I've enjoyed howling so loud and feeling so miserable. Finally, I blurted out something I hadn't really meant to say, "Besides," I yelled, "There's no such thing as Joey!"

Mother's eyes filled with tears, and I was so sorry. I stopped crying right off and said quickly, "Please don't tell Daddy — he'd be just sick." That was a lucky thing to say because it made Mother smile right through her tears. And it struck me that this was the time to ask about a dog.

"Mother," I said, wiping my eyes, "I'll do anything in all my life if you'll only get me a dog. I'll do housecleaning forever. I'll practice my piano lesson night and day. I'll never ask for any more candy. I'll do anything!" I was trying hard not to cry again because my mom never gives us what we bawl for. "I need a dog to love," I whispered, "and most of all I need a dog to love me back."

Mother started to explain once more about dogs in the city, and when she got to where she says that Tom and Scott had both wanted dogs, my mind was jumping with words, and I hoped the right ones would come out. And they did. They were magic words that changed everything.

"Mother," I said, "I'm Rulon. And I'm a different kind of boy."

She stopped right in the middle of what she was saying, and this time she did put her arms around me and looked into my eyes with all her might. She looked for so long I could hardly breathe. Then she said quietly, "Rulon, we will get you a dog."

We got him the next day at a pet shop — a brown and white Pomeranian puppy, round and furry, with great, dark eyes and a waggly tail. You should have seen Tom and Scott when we brought him home.

"Spoiled kid! How come Rulon gets a dog?" they said almost together.

Mother seemed baffled for an answer, so I tried the words that had worked once before.

"Because I'm a different kind of boy," I answered.

Their mouths dropped open. And they just stood there staring at me and my pup. Then Scott said to Tom, "He can say that again." And they both snickered. So I did say it again.

"I'm a different kind of boy," I sang out, "and Joey is a different kind of dog. He's really mine. All mine. But you can pet him. And maybe when you say three times, 'There's such a thing as Joey' he will be your dog too."

They weren't snickering anymore. They were laughing a real laugh, and I laughed too all the while they were saying, "There's such a thing as Joey. There's such a thing as Joey. There's such a thing as Joey."

Boy, did they love my dog! Everybody did. Guys who didn't like me before came to see him almost every day. Mother bragged to the neighbors about how polite Joey was, how he didn't ask to come into the house and never barked for nothing. Tom and Scott thought Joey was the smartest thing alive. And Scott said how I ever got him for us was something he'd never figure out.

Sometimes after school we'd spend hours playing with that dog. Before long he would sit up, roll over, dance on his hind legs, and fetch a ball. And when Daddy would come home from work, Joey would run to him. And my dad would lean down and scoop him up next to his chest. "Hello, Such-a-Thing-As-Joey," he'd boom. Then he'd scratch Joey's ears and talk to him like he was a human.

It was as though Joey had always been part of our family. Everybody said so. He was an easy dog to share because as little as he was, there was somehow enough of him for everyone. But deep down inside, Joey and I both knew he was mine. And nobody loved him the way I did.

That's why it hurt so much when we had to bury him. One minute he was racing across the street to meet me. And then he was in Tom's arms, quiet and broken and looking at me with large sad eyes as if to say, "I'm sorry." His dying didn't take long. The car had hit him a mean whack.

"Killed by a bunch of long-haired hippies who didn't even stop after they ran over him," Tom sobbed when Mother came running out of the house. The boys had been long-haired all right, but I don't think that had anything to do with it. Tom's letting his hair grow now, and it hasn't changed him much. I don't think those guys meant to kill Joey, or to leave him lying there. They were scared maybe, because they came so close to hitting me.

For a long time after that, I'd go to bed at night and live it all over again. Sometimes I'd imagine that Joey didn't get hit at all. Other times he'd only break a leg. But most of the time it would all happen the same way, "We got 'im. Let's dig outa here." They'd stop and say how sorry they were. And I'd say, "It's all right fellows, I know it was an accident."

My dad says it's easy for kids to want to drive a car fast when school first lets out. I can see how that would be because I used to start running right from the school steps and never stop till I could see Joey with his nose poked through the hole in our fence, waiting for me. He never ran into the street even though it was hard for both of us to wait until I could hug him up again.

That day I couldn't wait. "Here, Joey," I yelled from the top of the street. "Come on, Joey." He gave a leap through the fence and we both ran full speed. It seemed Joey was just a touch away when the car hit. And then he was gone forever.

Once in a while I still need to talk with someone about my dog. Like the Saturday afternoon before my twelfth birthday. Tom and Scott and I were helping my dad with yard work.

Kent and Maria had been read to sleep, and I knew Mother was somewhere alone. So after I weeded the flowers over Joey's grave, I went in to look for her. Not just to get out of yard work either.

I tiptoed in where she was resting on her bed, slipped off my shoes and lay down beside her. It had been years since I'd quit having naps, but the memory of those times covered me like a soft blanket.

"Why do you think Joey was such a good dog, Mother?" I asked. "The Smith's dog chews everything up. And the Johnson's dog barks at cars. Why was Joey perfect?"

Mother was silent for a long while and then she whispered, "Maybe it was because you loved him so much."

I thought about that and decided it was true.

"It was wonderful to love a dog so much," I sighed. "But it was risky. Same as with loving people," I decided. "Just look at Mrs. Fielding."

Mrs. Fielding had a grown-up son who was flying home from Vietnam when his plane crashed and burned. They never even found him.

The morning after the accident a bunch of us boys were playing basketball in our backyard. I was on Tom's team and the score was 14 to 12, our favor, which was pretty good since Kent was half of me. "Let him play guard along side me," I said. So that's the way it went — with Kent giggling and getting underfoot.

When Mother came out to say that she was going to the Fieldings I asked if I could go. That's one thing Tom still can't figure out about me. Even though I'm not so clumsy now when it comes to sports, I can take them or leave them. That day I left them.

Mrs. Fielding was worse off than I had been when Joey died. Being there made me remember how it had been after my dad and I had buried him and Mother had tucked me into bed. "There's no such thing as Joey," I sobbed over and over into my pillow.

Of course, I know better than that now. Scott said he was sure that a dog as good as Joey would go straight to paradise, and that sounds reasonable to me. That's where Mrs. Fielding's grown-up boy is too. I told her so one day after we got to be friends.

"You are a remarkable young man," she said, sounding just like Mother. It was summer, and we were sitting out on her patio. I knew that once in a while she liked me to come to drink lemonade or play with Stormy, her big German shepherd. And I liked being there.

Sometimes she'd show me scrapbooks of when she was young and pictures of her children and grandchildren and her Mr. Fielding who had died. Sometimes I'd read her one of my stories. Then she'd laugh and fuss over me, "Oh the happy, carefree days of youth!" she'd beam, "Happy, carefree days," she'd say again, making the day seem happier and freer than ever.

Everything she said to me seemed strong and right, maybe because I'd seen pictures of her life when she was young and then a little older and then old. Maybe it was that I knew that Mrs. Fielding had healed a hundred hurts. Anyway, to me one of her sentences was worth a dozen of somebody else's.

Before she moved away to live near her youngest daughter, I finally told her about Joey's accident. "You're lucky to be alive," was all she said. Not a word about my dog.

But that one sentence zinged across my mind, clear and moving and full of sunlight. "It's true! It's true!" something sang to my soul. "I am lucky to be alive." And just for a second there, I could feel myself stretching across the years. And I thought, someday I'll be old like Mrs. Fielding. And on, some summer afternoon or winter evening I'll remember these carefree days. Then I will smile and whisper, "There's such a thing as Joey."



# Things I Believe

I believe-

that we don't have to change friends if we understand that friends change.

I believe-

that no matter how good a friend is, they're going to hurt you every once in a while and you must forgive them for that.

I believe-

that true friendship continues to grow, even over the longest distance. Same goes for true love.

I believe-

that you can do something in an instant that will give you heartache for life.

I believe-

that it's taking me a long time to become the person I want to be.

I believe-

that you should always leave loved ones with loving words. It may be the last time you see them.

I believe-

that you can keep going long after you can't.

I believe

that we are responsible for what we do, no matter how we feel.

I believe-

that either you control your attitude or it controls you.

I believe-

that regardless of how hot and steamy a relationship is at first, the passion fades and there had better be something else to take its place.

I believe-

that heroes are the people who do what has to be done when it needs to be done, regardless of the consequences.

I believe-

that money is a lousy way of keeping score.

I believe

that my best friend and I can do anything or nothing and have the best time.

I believe-

that sometimes the people you expect to kick you when you're down, will be the ones to help you get back up.

I believe-

that sometimes when I'm angry I have the right to be angry, but that doesn't give me the right to be cruel.

I believe-

that just because someone doesn't love you the way you want them to doesn't mean they don't love you with all they have.

I believe-

that maturity has more to do with what types of experiences you've had and what you've learned from them and less to do with how many birthdays you've celebrated.

I believe-

that it isn't always enough to be forgiven by others. Sometimes you have to learn to forgive yourself.

I believe-

that no matter how bad your heart is broken the world doesn't stop for your grief.

I believe-

that our background and circumstances may have influenced who we are, but we are responsible for who we become.

I believe-

that just because two people argue, it doesn't mean they don't love each other And just because they don't argue, it doesn't mean they do.

I believe-

that you shouldn't be so eager to find out a secret. It could change your life forever.

I believe-

that two people can look at the exact same thing and see something totally different.

I believe-

that your life can be changed in a matter of hours by people who don't even know you.

I believe-

that even when you think you have no more to give, when a friend cries out to you you will find the strength to help.

I believe-

that credentials on the wall do not make you a decent human being.

I believe-

that the people you care about most in life are taken from you too soon.

Send this to all the people YOU BELIEVE In...

# Things to Think About

Lynne Morris

Good advice for living:

I've learned that I like my teacher because she cries when we sing "Silent Night". Age 6

I've learned that you can't hide a piece of broccoli in a glass of milk. Age 7

I've learned that when I wave to people in the country, they stop what they are doing and wave back. Age 9

I've learned that just when I get my room the way I like it, Mom makes me clean it up. Age 13

I've learned that if you want to cheer yourself up, you should try cheering someone else up. Age 14

I've learned that although it's hard to admit it, I'm secretly glad my parents are strict with me. Age 15

I've learned that silent company is often more healing than words of advice. Age 24

I've learned that brushing my child's hair is one of life's great pleasures. Age 26

I've learned that wherever I go, the worlds worst drivers have followed me there. Age 29

I've learned...that if someone says something unkind about me, I must live so that no one will believe it. Age 39

I've learned that there are people who love you dearly but just don't know how to show it. Age 41

I've learned that you can make someone's day by simply sending them a little card. Age 44

I've learned that the greater a person's sense of guilt, the greater his need to cast blame on others. Age 46

I've learned that children and grandparents are natural allies. Age 47

I've learned that singing "Amazing Grace" can lift my spirits for hours. Age 49

I've learned that motel mattresses are better on the side away from the phone. Age 50

I've learned that you can tell a lot about a man by the way he handles these three things: a rainy day, lost luggage, and tangled Christmas tree lights. Age 52

I've learned that keeping a vegetable garden is worth a medicine cabinet full of pills. Age 52

I've learned that regardless of your relationship with your parents, you miss them terribly after they die. Age 53

I've learned that making a living is not the same thing as making a life. Age 58

I've learned that if you want to do something positive for your children, try to improve your marriage. Age 61

I've learned that life sometimes gives you a second chance. Age 62

I've learned that you shouldn't go through life with a catchers mitt on both hands. You need to be able to throw something back. Age 64

I've learned that if you pursue happiness, it will elude you. But if you focus on your family, the needs of others, your work, meeting new people, and doing the very best you can, happiness will find you. Age 65

I've learned that whenever I decide something with kindness, I usually make the right decision. Age 66

I've learned that everyone can use a prayer. Age 72

I've learned that it pays to believe in miracles. And to tell the truth, I've seen several. Age 73

I've learned that even when I have pains, I don't have to be one. Age 82

I've learned that every day you should reach out and touch someone. People love that human touch-holding hands, a warm hug, or just a friendly pat on the back. Age 85

I've learned that I still have a lot to learn. Age 92

# **This is Your Life**

Author Unknown

No matter what else you are doing,  
From cradle right down to the end  
You are writing your Life's secret story  
Each night, a new page is penned.  
The pages are stored up in heaven.  
Each year the end of a part.  
And never a word is misstated,  
Not even a wish of the heart.

Each morn when you awake, the book opens,  
Revealing a page clean and white.  
Each thought, each word, and each act  
Revealed on its pages by night,  
God leaves that to you, you're the writer,  
And never a word will be dimmed,  
Until someday you write the word "finish"  
And give the book back to Him.



# Thoughts

People who think they know everything are very irritating to those of us who do.

If I'd known I was going to live this long, I'd have taken better care of myself.

A Hippie is someone who looks like Tarzan, Walks like Jane and smells like a Cheeta.

Seventy-nine percent of the earth's surface is water. That only leaves twenty-one percent to pave over.

True or False? Peacocks lay eggs. False. Pea Hens lay eggs.

There is no trap so deadly as the trap you set for yourself.

A rabbit can reach speeds of 54 Km/h. Top speed for a fox is about 43 km/h.

When I grow up, I want to be a little boy.

Elevators and Excalators are the second-most-used means of transportation in the world. Walking is the number one.

It's discouraging to think how many people are shocked by honesty, and how few by deceit.

To escape criticism, do nothing, say nothing, be nothing.

What is written without effort is in general read without pleasure.

The modern superstition is that we are free of superstition.

There are a lot of people who haven't got the brains for their college education.

That's the point of quotations, you know; one can use another's words to be insulting.

A barking dog is often more useful than a sleeping lion.

A chain is only as strong as its weakest link.

A friend is a present you give yourself.

A good education prepares you for the game of life.

A good laugh is sunshine in the house.

A ship in port is safe, but that's not what ships are built for.

$A=R+P$ ; Adventure equals Risk with a Purpose.

Action is the proper fruit of knowledge.

Apathy kills .... Who cares?

Are you going places or just being taken?

As time passes we all get better at blazing a trail through the thicket of advice.

At the end of the rainbow, there is always some gold.

Bright is the ring of the right words when the right man rings them.

By helping somebody climb a mountain of problems, I solved some of mine too.

Common sense is not so common.

Communications is a process of sharing experience till it becomes a common possession.

Don't look back, look forward to your new objective.

Dreams are necessary to life.

Education is ... hanging around until you've caught on.

Even if you are on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there.

Even with a dull ax you can blaze a trail.

Every team has its 'stars'. It's not enough to bask in their light — be prepared to let them be stars.

Few things are more satisfying than seeing your children have teenagers of their own.

Fly and you will catch the wind; dream and you will reach your goal.

Genius is initiative on fire.

Happiness is contagious. Be a carrier!

He has the right to criticize who has the heart to help.

He who makes excuses accuses himself.

Help multiplies rather than divides our abilities.

Home is where the heart is. Home is also where the work is.

I can live for two months on a good compliment.

I take it you haven't used a chain saw before.

Ideas are the very coinage of your brain.

If the very old will remember, the very young will listen.

If you admit you're wrong when you are, you're all right.

In similar waters, similar fish are found.

It is easier to love humanity as a whole than to love one's neighbor.

It's better to apologize than to remain silent.

It's great to be great, but it's greater to be human.

It's not the quantity of words that counts, but the quality of thoughts behind them.  
Joy and courage make a handsome face.

Keep a diary and one day it will keep you.

Laughter is the shortest distance between two people.

Let's not concentrate on disabilities; let's focus on abilities.

May you live all the days of your life.

Mom, you sat on the camera.

Most of the things worth doing in the world had been declared impossible before they were done.

Nature, to be commanded, must be obeyed.

No one is truly disabled who affords another the opportunity to help.

Nothing produces such odd results as trying to get even.

Pinch yourself and you know how others feel.

Practice is the best of all instructors.

Progress always involves risks.

Protest long enough that you are right, and you will be wrong.

Quarrels would not last long if the fault were on one side only.

Society attacks early when the individual is helpless.

Society is no comfort to one not sociable.

Spring is a natural resurrection, an experience in immortality.

Success can become habit forming. That's one habit we can all get into!

Success is a journey, not a destination.

The city has a face. The country has a soul.

The difficulties of life are intended to make us better, not bitter.

The first step on a long and difficult journey is always the hardest.

The first to volunteer has the least to fear.

The future is today.

The heart of the melody can never be put down on paper.

The more trivial a school program, the more pretentious the jargon used to justify it.

The opposite of talking isn't listening. The opposite of talking is waiting.

The optimist thinks this is the best of all possible worlds, and the pessimist knows it.

The person who helps another, helps himself as well.

The race is not always to the swift but to those who keep on running.

The trouble with mornings is they come when you're not awake.

A ship in port is safe, but that's not what ships are built for.

Don't just count your blessing, make your blessing count!

We came to earth with Heavenly Father's phone number.

The work will wait while you show the child the rainbow, but the rainbow won't wait while you do the work.

There are a lot of people who haven't got the brains for their college education.

There are hundreds of languages in the world, but a smile speaks them all.

There are two freedoms: The false where a man is free to do what he likes; the true where a man is free to do what he ought.

This is what my sister looks like — not only in the morning, but all day long?

Time is nature's way of keeping everything from happening at once.

To complete a dream I start with a plan.

To make the team, you must act like a player.

To see more is to become more.

To soar like an eagle, you must first learn to fly.

To support another person does not weaken you, but strengthens both.

To teach is to learn twice over.

Truth is great and its effectiveness endures.

Two voices are there: one is of the sea, one of the mountains; each a mighty voice.

Vision is the art of seeing things invisible.

We do not err because truth is difficult to see. It is visible at a glance. We err because this is more comfortable.

We must use time as a tool, not as a couch.

We must use time creatively and forever realize that the time is always ripe to do right.

What is that strange growth on you neck? Oh! It's your head!

When you're right, no one remembers. When you're wrong, no one forgets.

When you've in danger of letting go, reach out to another to help you.

Where there is an open mind, there will always be a frontier.

Where you come from is not nearly as important as where you are going.

Winners don't set limits, they set goals ...

Without our cares our joys would be less lively.

Words are loaded pistols.

You are what you think.

You can make a difference, even if it is a small one.

You can't steal second base and keep your foot on first.

You cannot do a kindness too soon, for you never know how soon it will be too late.

You might as well fall flat on your face as lean over too far backward.

Do what you can, with what you have, where you are.

— Theodore Roosevelt

Too many people kepp looking forward to the good old days.

— Arnold H. Glasow

A pedistal is as much a prison as any small space.

— Gloria Steinem

A baby is born with a need to be loved — and never outgrows it.

— Frank A. Clark

Worry never robs tomorrow of its sorrows; it only saps today of its strength.

— A. J. Cronin

How softly speeds an afternoon while lazing in the lap of June.

— Elinor K. Rose

These things I do despise: hypocrisy and lies, and anything at all that dims the light in children's eyes.

— Ruth T. Stamper

No one is rich enough to do without a neighbor.

— Danish proverb

School is a building that has four walls — with tomorrow inside.

— Lon Watters

Even if you're on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there.

— Will Rogers

You grow up the day you have your first real laugh — at yourself.

— Ethel Barrymore

To ease another's heartache is to forget one's own.

— Abraham Lincoln

*Thoughts — Joan's Favorite*



*With the whole armour of God on, we cannot become damaged goods.*

*The measure of pleasure is not leisure. The measure pleasure is accomplishment. Be extensively involved in meaningful work.*

*Always put off until tomorrow what you shouldn't do anyway.*

*Live your life so you wouldn't be embarrassed to sell your parrot to the town gossip.*

*Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbours and let every new year find you a better person.*

*Each of us should daily resolve that with God's help we will not allow careless words from others to shape our destiny or control our daily course.*

*Where there is no tale bearer, the strife ceaseth.*

*There is time in every day to do what the Lord wants you to do and to do it gloriously.*

# Thoughts and Feelings of a Wild Horse

by Brett William

Beautiful, mane streaming in the wind.  
Hooves flying through the sand with  
A Black leading them towards the hills.

Horses, churning water and mud as they  
Stampede through the waters. Tough creek,  
Lees Creek. Lovely, shining black and brown.

Dashing, to escape from hunters.  
With a black in the lead.  
Never being tamed, and never wanting to be.

Only one friend, a boy who set them free.  
A fence was put around them. The boy set them free.  
We know the boy will not betray us. We know him.

It is one for all and all for one.  
We find the boy. He is lost and dying of thirst.  
He climbs on to my back. We carry him to a water hole.

We stay there until the boy is well again.  
Then I go alone.  
I am the leader.

I took him to a village. It was his home town.  
I am his now.  
He is the only one that can ride me.

# Three Marbles

by W. E. Petersen

During the waning years of the depression in a small southeastern Idaho community, I used to stop by brother Miller's roadside stand for farm-fresh produce, as the season made it available. Food and money were still extremely scarce, and barter was used extensively.

On one particular day, as Brother Miller was bagging some early potatoes for me, I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily appraising a basket of freshly picked green peas. Upon paying for my potatoes I moved to leave, but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes. Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Brother Miller and the ragged boy next to me.

"Hello, Barry, how are you today?"

"H'lo, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas — sure look good."

"They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?"

"Fine. Gittin' stronger alla' time."

"Good. Anything I can help you with?"

"No sir, jus' admirin' them peas."

"Would you like to take some home?"

"No sir, got nuthin' to pay for 'em with."

"Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?"

"All I got's my prize aggie — best taw around here."

"Is that right? Let me see it."

"Here 'tis. She's a dandy."

"I can see that. Hmmmm, only thing is, this one is blue. I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?"

"Not 'zackly — but almost."

"Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you, and next trip this way let me look at that red taw."

"Sure will. Thanks, Mr. Miller."

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a sly smile, she said:

"There are two other boys like him in our community — all three are in very poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes, or whatever. When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all, and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble, or orange, perhaps."

I left the stand, smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Utah, but never forgot the story of this man and the boys — and their bartering.

Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while there, learned that Brother Miller had died. They were having his viewing that evening, and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them.

Upon our arrival at the mortuary we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased, and to offer whatever words of comfort we could. Ahead of us in the line were three young men. One was in an army uniform and the other two wore short haircuts, dark suits, and white shirts, obviously potential or returned Mormon missionaries. They approached Sister Miller, standing smiling and composed by her husband's casket. Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket. Her misty, light blue eyes followed them as, one by one, each young man stopped briefly, placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket, and left the mortuary awkwardly wiping his eyes.

As our turn came to meet Sister Miller, I told her who I was, and mentioned the story she had told me about the marbles. Eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket.

"This is an amazing coincidence," she said. "Those three boys that just left were the boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim 'traded' them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size, they came to pay their debt. We've

never had a great deal of the wealth of this world," she confided, "but right now Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho."

With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three magnificent, shiny red marbles.

# **Tithing**

President David O. McKay

I thank my earthly father for the lesson he gave to two boys in a hay field at a time when tithes were paid in kind. We had driven out to the field to get the tenth load of hay, and then over to a part of the meadow where we had taken the ninth load, where there was 'wire grass' and 'slough grass.' As we started to load the hay, father called out, "No, boys, drive over to the higher ground."

There was timothy and redtop there.

One of the boys called back, "No, let us take the hay as it comes!"

"No, David, this is the tenth load, and the best is none too good for God."

That is the most effective sermon on tithing I have ever heard in my life, and it touches, I found later in life, this very principle of the law of sacrifice. You cannot develop character without obeying that law.

The man who is honest with the Lord is honest with himself and is blessed exceedingly.

But aside from the social and temporal benefits resulting from a compliance to this law ... tithing makes its greatest appeal to the sincere mind because of its spiritual significance. It is an unfailing source of spiritual power. True and constant obedience to this law will give as much spiritual development as will obedience to any other principle of the gospel.

# **Tithing with Faith**

Joseph Fielding Smith

My mother was a widow, with a large family to provide for. One spring when we opened our potato pits she had her boys get a load of the best potatoes, and she took them to the tithing office; potatoes were scarce that season. I was a little boy at the time, and drove the team. When we drove up to the steps of the tithing office ready to unload the potatoes, one of the clerks came out and said to my mother, "Widow Smith, it's a shame that you have to pay tithing." ... My mother turned upon him and said: "William, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Would you deny me a blessing? If I did not pay my tithing I should expect the Lord to withhold His blessings from me; I pay tithing, not only because it is a law of God but because I expect a blessing by doing it. By keeping this and other laws, I expect to be able to provide for my family." Though she was a widow, you may turn to the records of the Church ... and you will find she never received a farthing from the Church to help her support herself and her family; but she paid in thousands of dollars in wheat, potatoes, corn, vegetables, meat, etc.

## To All Parents

I'll lend you, for a little while, a child of mine, He said,  
For you to love while he lives, and mourn when he is dead.  
It may be six or seven years, or twenty-two, or three,  
But will you, 'til I call him back, take care of him for me?

He'll bring his charms to gladden you, and shall his stay be brief,  
You'll have his lovely memories as solace for your grief.  
I cannot promise he will stay, as all from earth return,  
But there are lessons taught down there I want this child to learn.

I've looked the wide world over in my search for teachers true,  
And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes, I have selected you.  
Now will you give him all your love — not think the labor vain,  
Nor hate me when I come to call to take him back again.

I fancied that I heard them say, "Dear Lord, they will be done."  
For all the joy this child shall bring, the risk of grief we'll run.  
We'll shower him with tenderness and love him while we may,  
And for the happiness we've known, forever grateful stay.

And should the angels call for him much sooner than we planned,  
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes, and try to understand.



## To Another Yellow Bird

I'm all alone  
with nothing  
nobody.  
Nobody to hold  
to be close to

I can't even describe  
my loneliness  
to put it on a sign  
carry it around  
on my back  
for everyone to see.  
and understand  
that I'm alone.

I said I didn't need  
anybody  
or anything.  
I was wrong.  
I need to be loved  
completely smothered  
with loving  
no matter how much it hurts  
at first

I need to be touched  
a part  
of something  
not different  
unique (however prized)  
alone

I need to be happy

not afraid of  
of being hurt  
by love  
not alone  
and cold  
and always on the outside  
fringes

feeling only used emotions  
second-hand  
half-price  
(mothers and their babies —  
lovers  
and friends).  
left out  
with a painted smile  
on my frozen face  
how sweet  
how cute

how painful the envy  
why not me?  
and frustration.  
and the pride  
that makes me turn away,  
smiling  
I don't need that

And a little more of me  
tears itself away  
and floats  
into the sunset  
to a distant warm  
breeze  
that comforts

I want a warm breeze  
to comfort me  
before I'm gone  
empty.  
shell.

a warm breeze  
and a laughing heart  
to make me happy  
and safe  
secure  
with a love of my own

## To The Temple

In July 1959 the plans were completed. Thirty faithful Tahitians had worked, saved, and sacrificed to raise the money necessary to finance a trip to the Hawaii Temple. It had taken much work to bring the mission yacht (their transportation) into dry dock, to repair it, and repaint it. Then there had been the problem with the French government. The officials had argued against the proposed boat trip to Hawaii. They questioned why Mormons didn't want to head southwest to New Zealand to attend the temple there. "You like the Americans," they taunted. "That is the only reason why you want to go to Honolulu." Raituia T. Tapu (the skipper of the mission yacht) had difficulty convincing the French officials that the trip north over the Pacific Ocean to Hawaii would be safer than the trip across wide expanses of open water to New Zealand because of the many islands that could be used as shelter in case of storms. When Brother Tapu insisted, "I will have 30 passengers with me, and I won't take them to New Zealand and face the weather that way," he convinced the harbor master and the two of them convinced the French governor that the Saints should be allowed to sail to Hawaii.

Brother Tapu not only obtained permission from the French officials, but he also wrote to Salt Lake City to get permission from David O. McKay. That permission had been granted and everything was ready.

Then a fateful call came from the mission office. Everyone anticipating the voyage was to gather for a meeting at the mission home before the departure.

The President of the French Polynesian Mission was nervous about the forthcoming meeting. True, permission to take a group of Saints to the temple in Hawaii had been granted by President McKay, but that day a special messenger had arrived direct from President McKay in Salt Lake City. The news he brought was stunning. The saints had been asked not to make their long-sought voyage.

According to Brother Tapu, President McKay gave no explanation. He merely asked the messenger to "Go and stop them. They won't make it, and if we allow them to come, we'll be in trouble with the French government. We'll be responsible for them. So you go and stop them."

Then, according to the skipper, Brother Tapu, "I laid off everybody except my first mate. I left him on board and told him to keep an eye on the boat and to repair the sail."

"Well, a couple of days later I got a call. The call was from the harbor master. He said, 'Hey, your boat is sinking!' So I rushed to the harbor and the boat was halfway down. My first mate was underneath the boat checking what was going on. He found that the exhaust pipe from the kitchen was rotten. The repairmen had painted over some very rotten wood and rusty pipe. It had broken and the water went in."

At the time when the Saints in Tahiti had accepted the counsel of the prophet, they could not understand President McKay's reason for concern. But now they understood the ways of God. (Taken from R. Ganier and JoAnn M. British, "A Prophet's Warning," New Era, Mar. 1976, pp. 12, 14.)

# **To the Youth**

President Gordon B. Hinckley

From a Priesthood talk in General Conference:

Permit me now to speak of another matter. I wish to speak to every boy who is listening tonight. And I express appreciation for what the other Brethren have said to them.

First, let me say that we honor and respect you young men. You represent a marvelous generation in this Church. I have said again and again that I believe this is the best generation we have ever had. You and the young women are tremendous. You study the scriptures. You pray. You attend seminary at sacrifice to yourselves. You try to do the right thing. You have testimonies of this work, and most of you live accordingly. I compliment you most generously! I express to you our great love for you. I wish only to say one or two things, adding to the things I have previously said, which I hope will be encouraging as you go forward with your lives.

I could wish for you nothing better than to see in your lives total loyalty to the Church, total faith in its divine mission, total love for the work of the Lord with a desire to move it forward, and total dedication in performing your duties as members of the Aaronic Priesthood.

You live in a world of terrible temptations. Pornography, with its sleazy filth, sweeps over the earth like a horrible, engulfing tide. It is poison. Do not watch it or read it. It will destroy you if you do. It will take from you your self-respect. It will rob you of a sense of the beauties of life. It will tear you down and pull you into a slough of evil thoughts and possibly of evil actions. Stay away from it. Shun it as you would a foul disease, for it is just as deadly. Be virtuous in thought and in deed. God has planted in you, for a purpose, a divine urge which may be easily subverted to evil and destructive ends. When you are young, do not get involved in steady dating. When you reach an age where you think of marriage, then is the time to become so involved. But you boys who are in high school don't need this, and neither do the girls.

We receive letters, we constantly deal with people who, under the pressures of life, marry while very young. There is an old saying, "Marry in haste, repent at leisure." How true that is.

Have a wonderful time with the young women. Do things together, but do not get too serious too soon. You have missions ahead of you, and you cannot afford to compromise this great opportunity and responsibility.

The Lord has said, "Let virtue garnish thy thoughts unceasingly" (D&C 121:45).

Stay away from alcohol. Graduation from high school is no reason for a beer bust. Better stay away and be thought a prude than go through life regretting it ever afterwards. Stay away from drugs. You cannot afford to touch them. They will utterly destroy you. The euphoria will

quickly pass, and the deadly, strangling clutches of this evil thing will embrace you in its power. You will become a slave, a debauched slave. You will lose control of your life and your actions. Do not experiment with them. Stay free of them!

Walk in the sunlight, strength, and virtue of self-control and of absolute integrity.

Get all the schooling you can. Education is the key that unlocks the door of opportunity. God has placed upon this people a mandate to acquire knowledge "even by study and also by faith" (D&C 88:118; see also D&C 109:7, 14).

You are a peculiar people. Of course you are. You have bypassed the things of the world. You are on your way to something higher and better. You have education to be obtained. You have marriage before you as a great and sacred opportunity in the house of the Lord.

You have missions to perform. Each of you should plan for missionary service. You may have some doubts. You may have some fears. Face your doubts and your fears with faith. Prepare yourselves to go. You have not only the opportunity; you have the responsibility. The Lord has blessed and favored you in a remarkable and wonderful way. Is it too much to ask that you give two years totally immersed in His service?

My young brethren, you are something special. You must rise above the ordinary. You must put on the whole armor of God and walk with virtue. You know what is right. You know what is wrong. You know when and how to make the choice. You know that there is a power in heaven on which you can call in your time of extremity and need. Pray with fervency and with faith. Pray to the God of heaven whom you love and who loves you. Pray in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, who gave His very life for you. Stand up and walk as becomes the sons of God.

We love you. We pray for you. We count on you so very, very much. May you be watched over and safeguarded and blessed of the Lord.

Now I wish to say something to bishops and stake presidents concerning missionary service. It is a sensitive matter. There seems to be growing in the Church an idea that all young women as well as all young men should go on missions. We need some young women. They perform a remarkable work. They can get in homes where the elders cannot.

I confess that I have two granddaughters on missions. They are bright and beautiful young women. They are working hard and accomplishing much good. Speaking with their bishops and their parents, they made their own decisions to go. They did not tell me until they turned their papers in. I had nothing to do with their decision to go.

Now, having made that confession, I wish to say that the First Presidency and the Council of the Twelve are united in saying to our young sisters that they are not under obligation to go on

missions. I hope I can say what I have to say in a way that will not be offensive to anyone. Young women should not feel that they have a duty comparable to that of young men. Some of them will very much wish to go. If so, they should counsel with their bishop as well as their parents. If the idea persists, the bishop will know what to do.

I say what has been said before, that missionary work is essentially a priesthood responsibility. As such, our young men must carry the major burden. This is their responsibility and their obligation.

We do not ask the young women to consider a mission as an essential part of their life's program. Over a period of many years, we have held the age level higher for them in an effort to keep the number going relatively small. Again to the sisters I say that you will be as highly respected, you will be considered as being as much in the line of duty, your efforts will be as acceptable to the Lord and to the Church whether you go on a mission or do not go on a mission.

We constantly receive letters from young women asking why the age for sister missionaries is not the same as it is for elders. We simply give them the reasons. We know that they are disappointed. We know that many have set their hearts on missions. We know that many of them wish this experience before they marry and go forward with their adult lives. I certainly do not wish to say or imply that their services are not wanted. I simply say that a mission is not necessary as a part of their lives.

Now, that may appear to be something of a strange thing to say in priesthood meeting. I say it here because I do not know where else to say it. The bishops and stake presidents of the Church have now heard it. And they must be the ones who make the judgment in this matter.

That is enough on that subject.

Now in closing, I simply want to express my love for each of you. You men and boys provide the leadership for this great organization, which is moving across the world in a marvelous and miraculous manner. I have not the slightest concern about the future. This Church has become a great builder of leaders. One sees them everywhere. Converts of only a few years are serving as bishops and stake presidents and in other capacities. What a wonderful thing you are doing, my brethren.

Husbands, live the gospel, be kind to your wives. You cannot serve acceptably in the Church if there is conflict at home. Fathers, be kind to your children. Be companionable with them. As hard as you may labor in gathering the necessities of the world, no asset you will ever have will compare with the love and loyalty of the woman with whom you joined hands over the altar in the temple, and the affection and respect of your children.

May each of you be blessed in your vocational pursuits whatever they may be, so long as they are honorable. May you look upon the Church as your great and good friend, your refuge when the world appears to be closing around you, your hope when things are dark, your pillar of fire by night and your cloud by day as you thread the pathways of your lives. May the Lord be



mindful of you and merciful and kind to you. May you find great joy in that which you do in His service is my humble prayer, with an expression of love and affection for each of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

Prepared: October 8, 1997

# Together

by Smellie Redd

One was tall like a Jackpine tree.  
One like a thorn bush three foot three.  
Each said, "I'm going alone to see  
What's in the dark black woods for me."

Three three trudged off with a shrug.  
Stubbed his toe, saw an ugly bug.  
Six eight stared at a speck in the sky  
And griped, "Taint fair! Why can't I fly?"

Across the forest again they met.  
Each complained, "Haven't seen much yet.  
Let's go back through the trees again.  
Let's go together. Let's be friends.

Maybe the woods will have more charm  
If we see it together, arm in arm.  
Yes, maybe the world will have more charm,  
If we see it together, arm in arm."

Now that bug has bright colored wings.  
Look how it rubs them. That's how it sings.  
Taste this honey that the wild bee brings.  
It's honey tastes yummy, but ouch it stings!

Three three yelled, "A bear cub's down here!"  
Six Eight screamed, "The mother's right there!"  
Six Eight and Three three make Nine eleven.  
When a guys got a friend, he's nearer to heaven.

Up on your shoulder I can see a lot more.  
The sky is full of birds galore.  
With feathers blue and gold and bronze.  
Behind that bush, a doe with fawns.  
Oh the wood holds more excitement and charm  
When you see it together, arm in arm.  
And we love each other from city and farm  
As we learn together, arm in arm.

One was tall like a soft fir tree.  
One like a rose bush three foot three.  
Life holds more excitement and charm  
Now we trust each other, arm in arm.

# Tommy Gough

by Frances Camp

When first the new boy came to school,  
His name was not announced.  
The children knew how it was spelled,  
But not how 'twas pronounced.

"Twas easy to decide," quoth one,  
"Of course it rhymes with Rough,  
I'm positive in my own mind,  
That that boy's name is Gough!"

"You may be right," a second said,  
"'Tis possible, although  
I rather think, if he were asked,  
He'd say his name is Gough."

"Pooh, pooh!" a loud voice called in scorn,  
"With nonsense let's be through,  
That I am right you must allow  
We'll call the new boy Gough."

"That's as you please," replied a fourth,  
While swinging on a bough,  
"And yet I see no reason why  
His name should not be Gough."

But here the boy himself appeared,  
And said with bashful cough,  
"Say, fellows, can I play with you?  
My name is Tommy Gough!"

## **TOP TEN USES FOR AN OLD CD-ROM**

10. Use it as a lemonade coaster.
9. Make the developer swallow it.
8. Flash messages with it from the top of a hill in your next cowboy movie.
7. Glue them to a beach ball, and hang it from the ceiling over your disco dance floor.
6. Use it as an ostentatious nose ring.
5. Glue it to your bathroom wall for a shaving mirror.
4. Stick two of them together to make a pair of wacky shades.
3. Duct-tape it to your forehead, and play dentist.
2. Practice skeet shooting with it.
1. Sew them together to make a dress for the New Year.

# Touch Me

I'd like to have you touch me.

Touch me in the morning when the night still clings,  
At mid-day when confusion crowds upon me,  
In the evening when I see you and hear you best of all,  
And at night when I can't see you, but I know you're there.

Touch me with your hands, but also with your eyes,  
With your words, with your thoughts, with your presence in my room.

Touch me like a child who is strong enough to give,  
Like a mother who has brought life into this world,  
Like a father who's gnarled and callused hands often touch things instead of people.

Touch me when I ask you to,  
And touch me when I'm afraid to ask you to.

Touch me gently, for I am so fragile.  
Touch me firmly, for I am really strong,  
But most importantly, touch me often,  
For without your touch, I find myself alone.

## The Touch of the Master's Hand

'Twas battered and scarred and the  
Auctioneer thought it scarcely worth his while  
To waste such time with the old violin,  
But he held it up with a smile.  
"What am I bidden, good folks?" he said.  
"Who will start the bidding for me?"  
A dollar, a dollar ... now two, only two,  
Two dollars and who'll make it three?"  
"Three dollars once, three dollars twice,  
Going for three" ... But no.  
From the back of the room a grey haired man  
Came forward and picked up the bow.  
Then wiping the dust from the old violin  
And rightening up all the strings,  
He played a melody pure and sweet,  
As sweet as the angels sing.  
The music ceased and the auctioneer  
With a voice that was quiet and low  
Said, "What am I bid for the old violin?"  
And he held it up with the bow.  
"A thousand dollars ... and who'll make it two?  
Two thousand and who'll make it three?  
Three thousand once, three thousand twice and going  
And gone," said he.  
The people cheered, but some of them cried,  
"We don't quite understand.  
What changed its worth?"  
The man replied, "The touch of the masters hand."

And many a man with his life out of tune  
And battered and torn with sin,  
Is auctioned cheap by a thoughtless crowd  
Much like the old violin.

A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,  
A game and he travels on.  
He's going once, and going twice.  
He's going and almost gone.  
But the master comes and the foolish crowd  
Never can quite understand,  
The worth of a soul and the change that's wrought,  
By the touch of the master's hand.



# **Toward More Involvement**

by Wallace E. Allred

A sailor, reluctantly fulfilling his required obligation of the time honored KP potato peeling, accidentally cut his forefinger. Upon reporting to the dispensary, he was confronted with two doors which were labeled:

INJURIES — ILLNESS

Without hesitation he chose the door marked "injuries" and entered. Once inside, he found himself facing two other doors with labels which read:

BODY — APPENDAGES

Noting that the finger was still appended to his hand, he went through the door intended for such extremities and now saw two additional doors with their attached signs:

CUTS — BRUISES—ABRASIONS

Looking again at the finger, and with a bit of apprehension, he slowly opened the door marked "cuts" and was greatly dismayed when he saw before him still two more doors marked:

BLEEDING — NOT BLEEDING

Although frustrated and somewhat exasperated, the sailor observed that by this time the blood had stopped flowing. He dejectedly gave the "not bleeding" door a shove — and found himself back out in the street.

# **The Train**

President Thomas S. Monson

We always remember that Christmas day when giving replaced getting. In my life, this took place in my tenth year. As Christmas approached, I yearned as only a boy can yearn for an electric train. My desire was not to receive the economical and everywhere-to-be-found windup model train; rather, I wanted one that operated through the miracle of electricity. The times were those of economic depression; yet Mother and Dad, through some sacrifice I am sure, presented to me on Christmas morning a beautiful electric train.

For hours I operated the transformer, watching the engine first pull its cars forward, then push them backward around the track. Mother entered the living room and said to me that she had purchased a windup train for Mrs. Hansen's son, Mark, who lived down the lane. I asked if I could see the train. The engine was short and blocky, not long and sleek like the expensive model I had received. However, I did take notice of an oil tanker car that was part of his inexpensive set. My train had no such car, and pangs of envy began to be felt. I put up such a fuss that Mother succumbed to my pleadings and handed me the oil tanker car. She said, "If you need it more than Mark, you take it." I put it with my train set and felt pleased with the result.

Mother and I took the remaining cars and the engine down to Mark Hansen. The young boy was a year or two older than I. He had never anticipated such a gift and was thrilled beyond words. He wound the key in his engine, it not being electric like mine, and was overjoyed as the engine and two cars, plus a caboose, went around the track.

Then Mother wisely asked, "What do you think of Mark's train, Tommy?"

I felt a keen sense of guilt and became very much aware of my selfishness. I said to Mother, "Wait just a moment. I'll be right back."

As swiftly as my legs could carry me, I ran home, picked up the oil tanker car plus an additional car from my train set, and ran back down the lane to the Hansen home, joyfully saying to Mark, "We forgot to bring two cars that belong to your train." Mark coupled the two extra cars to his set. I watched the engine make its labored way around the track and felt supreme joy, difficult to describe and impossible to forget. The spirit of Christmas had filled my very soul.

# **Travelers' Translations**

Lynne Morris

This is a funny for all of you travelers. It is a compilation of signs from around the world. Enjoy!

In a Beijing Hotel:

Is forbidden to steal hotel towels please. If you are not a person to do such a thing is please not to read notice.

In a Bucharest Hotel lobby:

The lift is being fixed for the next day. During that time we regret that you will be unbearable.

In a Leipzig elevator:

Do not enter lift backwards, and only when lit up.

In a Belgrade Hotel elevator:

To move the cabin, push button for wishing floor. If the cabin should enter more persons, each one should press a number of wishing floor. Driving is then going alphabetically by national order.

In a Paris Hotel elevator:

Please leave your values at the front desk.

In a Hotel in Athens:

Visitors are expected to complain at the office between the hours of 9 and 11 A.M. daily.

In a Yugoslavian Hotel:

The flattening of underwear with pleasure is the job of the chambermaid.

In a Japanese Hotel:

You are invited to take advantage of the chambermaid.

In the lobby of a Moscow Hotel across from Russian Orthodox Monastery:

You are welcome to visit the cemetery where famous Russian and Soviet composers, artists, and writers are buried daily except Thursday.

In an Austrian Hotel catering to skiers:

Not to perambulate the corridors during the hours of repose in the boots of ascension.

On the menu of a Swiss restaurant:

Our wines leave you nothing to hope for.

On the Menu of a Polish Hotel:

Salad a firm's own make; limpid red beet soup with cheesy dumplings in the form of a finger; roasted duck let loose; beef rashers beaten up in the country people's fashion.

Outside a Hong Kong tailor's shop:

Ladies may have a fit upstairs.

In a Bangkok dry cleaner's shop:

Drop your trousers here for best results.

Outside a Paris dress shop:

Dresses for street walking.

In a Rhodes tailor's shop:

Order your summer suit. Because in big rush we will execute customers in strict rotation.

From a Soviet Weekly:

There will be a Moscow Exhibition of Arts by 150,000 Soviet Republic painters and sculptors. These were executed over the past two years.

A sign posted in Germany's Black Forest:

It is strictly forbidden on our black forest camping site that people of different sex, for instance, men and women, live together in one tent unless they are married with each other for that purpose.

In a Zurich hotel:

Because of impropriety of entertaining guests of the opposite sex in the bedroom,  
it is suggested that the lobby be used for this purpose.

In an advertisement by a Hong Kong dentist:

Teeth extracted by the latest Methodists.

In a Rome laundry:

Ladies, leave you clothes here and spend the afternoon having a good time.

In a Czechoslovakian tourist agency:

Take one of our horse-driven city tours — we guarantee no miscarriages.

Advertisement for donkey rides in Thailand:

Would you like to ride on your own ass?

In a Swiss mountain inn:

Special today — no ice cream.

In a Bangkok temple:

It is forbidden to enter a woman, even a foreigner, if dressed as a man.

In a Copenhagen airline ticket office:

We take your bags and send them in all directions.

On the door of a Moscow hotel room:

If this is your first visit to the USSR, you are welcome to it.

In a Norwegian cocktail lounge:

Ladies are requested not to have children in the bar.

In a Budapest zoo:

Please do not feed the animals. If you have any suitable food, give it to the guard on duty.

In the office of a Roman doctor:

Specialist in women and other diseases.

In an Acapulco hotel:

The manager has personally passed all the water served here.

In a Tokyo shop:

Our nylons cost more than common, but you'll find they are best in the long run.

From a Japanese information booklet about using a hotel air conditioner:

Cooler and Heater: If you want just condition of warm in your room, please control yourself.

From a brochure of a car rental firm in Tokyo:

When passenger of foot heave in sight, tootle the horn. Trumpet melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage then tootle him with vigor.

Two signs form a Majorcan shop entrance:

- English well speaking.
- Here speeching American.

# Treasures

Claire Richcreed Thomas

Overalls hung on the hook by his hat,  
And I noticed his pockets were bulging out fat.  
I emptied them out in a pile on the chair,  
And I tenderly touched every treasure with care:

There were three rubber bands, a parking lot ticket,  
Two paper clips and a shining cricket,  
A camphor ball and an empty match box,  
A half dozen nails and a couple of rocks,

A yellow golf tee, two lollypop sticks,  
A marble, a spool and three tooth picks,  
A knife and a pencil, some dry corn silk,  
A wire and a cap from a bottle of milk,

A rusty door key and a white chicken feather,  
An old clock gear and a piece of leather,  
A flash-light bulb and three or four strings,  
A broken dog biscuit and two hair springs.

Then I gathered them up, all his "treasures"  
so ev'ry rock, ev'ry nail and each rubber band,  
And I put them all back, then I kissed him good-night,  
And he smiled in his sleep as I turned out the light.

And I thrilled as I thought of the fun and the joy  
Trivial things could give to a boy.

# TREE HOUSE

Shel Silverstein

A tree house, a free house,  
A secret you and me house,  
A high up in the leafy branches  
Cozy as can be house.

A street house, a neat house,  
Be sure and wipe your feet house  
Is not my kind of house at all —  
Let's go live in a tree house.



# **The Trial of Billy Fisher**

by Ray Goldrup

Billy Fisher pushed his cap off his forehead and wiped the beads of sweat off his warm brow. It was a good five miles from Horse Water Junction to his place on the flats, and the road under his feet was hot. But aching as he was to stop and rest under the shade of a big cottonwood tree, he knew he'd best keep traveling the rutted stage trail that pointed toward the sod house.

The sun was more down than up, and Billy had chores waiting for him, and he needed to study for a big test the following day at school. Mr. Beecher's a tolerable enough schoolmaster, Billy pondered, but he's awfully strict — especially toward me. "Is it because I'm a Mormon, Ma?" he had asked one day as he helped fetch water for wash day.

"We are the only Mormons in all of Spillman County, but only God and Mr. Beecher know for sure, Billy," his mother had replied as she dragged the huge black kettle into the yard.

"Why do the Saints get so trampled on sometimes, ma? It doesn't seem right."

Billy's mother had walked with him back down to the creek that trickled by the family's vegetable garden. "Now, Billy," she had started, with gentle wisdom that the boy often stood in awe of, "the Lord doesn't backhand a good person, but He just might bless him with a little trial and tribulation every now and again to keep him meek and humble. Like the bumps on the road between our place and town, there's just enough of them to keep a body watchful."

Billy's mother had sat down on a fallen tree by the creek and pushed a loose strand of hair out of her eyes. Billy had plopped down beside her and let his bare feet dangle in the cool water.

"I do believe," she had continued, "that if the righteous could stack all their hard times under them, they could rise almost to heaven." She had brushed at the tangles in the boy's matted hair. "I suspect a rose without a thorn is only half a rose, honey. And if the rain can make the flowers grow, why not the rest of us too?"

Billy sighed as he plodded along toward home. What his mother had said made sense just as it had when she'd talked about a light shining its brightest when surrounded by the blackest black and about having to fight and maybe even die for what's right. Yet, the knowledge that what Ma said was true didn't always make life any easier.

Billy stopped to rest a moment and to pat his dog, Banjo. The dog was hitched to a travois loaded with supplies from J. D. Hollins's mercantile store. Billy dug into his buck shirt and withdrew a crumpled list his mother had given him. "I'd better make double sure we got everything Ma wanted, Banjo," Billy said. "It'll be a long walk back to town if we forgot anything, and I just have to study for that test Mr. Beecher is giving us tomorrow. Let's see. We

got the flour, hardtack, dried beef, salt, four yards of gingham, the new bullet pouch for Pa, the whetstone, and the — "

"Hey, Holy Joe!" a derisive voice shouted. "You haven't shown me your horns yet!"

Billy whirled around. The voice belonged to Silas Marsh. Twelve-year-old Silas had taunted Billy on more than one occasion, and the jeers were usually followed by shoving and blustery threats. Besides being considerably larger than Billy and most of the other children in and around Horse Water, Silas had a mean streak in him. Billy had seen the effect of that meanness more than once. He stiffened as Silas swaggered up, grabbed him by the shirtfront with one hand, and rumbled his hair with the other. "Where'd you stash those horns, Mormon?"

Banjo growled.

"You'd better let go of me," Billy sputtered weakly, "or my dog will — "

What could that mutt do," Silas snarled, pulling a knife from his boot, "with this toadsticker between his ribs?"

"Please don't hurt him, Silas," Billy pleaded.

Gloating because he had the upper hand, Silas slit the leather straps binding the mercantile goods to the travois and dumped the bundles out onto the road. "Looks like you had a little accident, Mormon," he sneered, grabbing Billy by the arm. "And you're going to have an even bigger one tomorrow after school if you don't give me the answers to that test. I'll pound you so far into the ground that they'll have to drop a light to find you!" Giving Billy one last shove, Silas tromped off down the road.

Billy kicked his foot in the dirt. He didn't like the idea of looking at the world through a couple of black eyes. He'd seen it happen to Stanley Jackson, the boy who sat three seats behind him. Silas had told Stanley to give him the piece of cherry cobbler packed in his lunch. Without thinking, Stanley had said no, and Silas had blackened both Stanley's eyes and had taken the cobbler too.

Won't slipping Silas a few answers be better than taking a beating? Billy wondered.

In school the next day Billy felt a breeze on the back of his neck from the open window. It was a welcome relief as he sweated over the test questions. He had studied the night before, and although the questions were difficult, he was prepared.

Then Billy felt something else on the back of his neck — Silas Marsh's eyes.

Silas sent a note saying, "Write the answers on this paper and slip it back to me. Or else!"

Sweat trickled off Billy's forehead and salted his eyes. He blinked back the sting and stared numbly at the slip of paper, then glanced at Mr. Beecher. The schoolmaster was seated at his desk, busy with paperwork. Billy's heart pounded, and his lips were dry.

The memory of Stanley Johnson getting a beating skittered across Billy's mind. Still, Billy thought, if I cheat, I'll have to live with my conscience a lot longer than with two closed eyes and a swollen lip. Then he remembered what Ma had told him about trials and tribulations. Finally he wrote on the back of the note, folded it, and slipped it back to Silas.

Silas, grinning from ear to ear with cocky assuredness, opened the paper. His grin disappeared as quickly as Billy wished he could after school. On the paper Billy had written, "I won't give you any answers. It's just not right. I'll meet you out back after school. I know what you are going to do to me. I can't stop you. But I won't let you do it without fighting back. Billy."

An hour later the class began to file out of the sweltering one-room building. As Billy reached for his cap hanging on a wooden peg by the door, a hand rested firmly on his shoulder. Billy's muscles tensed and he turned around, expecting to see Silas's fist. Instead, it was Mr. Beecher grasping him. "William Fisher," he intoned.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Beecher," Billy responded with an unmanageable lump in his throat.

The schoolmaster displayed a piece of crumbled paper. "I procured this from the trash bucket. Silas Marsh passed this note to you."

"You saw him pass it?" Billy blurted out with surprise. "But you were —"

"Mr. Fisher," the schoolmaster clipped, "there are two things that rarely elude me: "One is mischief, and the other is good judgment — though in relation to the latter, I must admit I have badly misjudged you." He gestured toward the paper, and a smile trickled across his face. "I also read your response to Mr. Marsh's demands. You did well, William. Very well indeed." He started to turn away, then hesitated, looked back at Billy, and added, "May God be with you. Judging from the tone of that note, you'll be needing Him."

"Yes, sir," Billy replied. He put on his cap, girded himself up, and walked out.

Mr. Beecher sat back down at his desk and stared at the door that closed behind Billy. That boy has more gumption than I thought he did, he mused. Then he smiled and went back to his work.

Silas was waiting for Billy when he came walking around the corner of the schoolhouse. Billy stopped a few feet from his adversary, doubled up his fists, and looked the big, brawly youth right in the eye. "Well," Billy got out in an as bold as he could muster voice, "let's get it over with. I have chores waiting for me at home."

Silas just stared at him. Then he twisted his face up like a tree knot and stared some more. "Just what is it with you Mormons?" he finally said, looking as perplexed as anyone could be. "Don't you remember what I said I was going to do to you?"

Billy nodded.

"Well, aren't you afraid?"

Billy nodded again. "My ma says that the time comes when a body has to face up to his fears. So here I am."

Silas shook his head. "You're really something, you know that?" He threw up his arms and started to walk away.

"You mean you're not going to beat me up?"

Silas looked back, scratched his head, and said, "Maybe tomorrow." Then he fidgeted a little and looked questioningly at Billy.

"What is it?" Billy asked.

"Nothing," Silas returned, "except ... well, you and me, we take the same road home. I was wondering if we could walk together."

Billy tried to swallow his surprise. "Sure, I don't mind. I don't mind at all."

# Trip to the Moon

Your spaceship has just crash-landed on the moon. You were scheduled to rendez-vous with the mother ship 200 miles away on the lighted surface of the moon, but the rough landing has ruined your ship and destroyed all the equipment on board, except for 15 items.

Your crew's survival depends on reaching the mother ship, so you must choose the most critical items available for the 200-mile trip. You have in your hand a list of the 15 items left intact and undamaged after the landing. Your task is to rank order them in terms of their importance for survival. In the column labeled "Your Rank" place the number 1 by the most important, the number 2 by the second most important, and so on through number 15, the least important. You have 8 minutes to complete this task.

| AVAILABLE<br>ITEM                             | YOUR<br>RANK | YOUR<br>SCORE | TEAM<br>RANK | TEAM<br>SCORE | NASA<br>RANK |
|---|--------------|---------------|--------------|---------------|--------------|
| Box of matches                                | _____        | _____         | _____        | _____         | _____        |
| Food concentrate                              | _____        | _____         | _____        | _____         | _____        |
| Fifty feet of nylon rope                      | _____        | _____         | _____        | _____         | _____        |
| Parachute Silk                                | _____        | _____         | _____        | _____         | _____        |
| Solar-powered portable<br>heating unit        | _____        | _____         | _____        | _____         | _____        |
| Two 45-caliber Pistols                        | _____        | _____         | _____        | _____         | _____        |
| One case dehydrated milk                      | _____        | _____         | _____        | _____         | _____        |
| 2 100-lb tanks of oxygen                      | _____        | _____         | _____        | _____         | _____        |
| Stellar map (of the moon's<br>constellation)  | _____        | _____         | _____        | _____         | _____        |
| Self-inflating life raft                      | _____        | _____         | _____        | _____         | _____        |
| Magnetic compass                              | _____        | _____         | _____        | _____         | _____        |
| Five gallons of water                         | _____        | _____         | _____        | _____         | _____        |
| Signal flares                                 | _____        | _____         | _____        | _____         | _____        |
| First aid kit containing injection<br>needles | _____        | _____         | _____        | _____         | _____        |
| Solar-powered FM receiver-<br>transmitter     | _____        | _____         | _____        | _____         | _____        |

Your Total Score \_\_\_\_\_

Average Individual Score \_\_\_\_\_

Team's Total Score \_\_\_\_\_

To score your rankings, subtract your rank for each item from the rank that NASA gave that item, and write the difference in the "Your Score" column. Then add up your total score and write it on the line below the items.

Next, get together in your assigned groups and discuss the items and rank them as a team. Enter the team rank in the "Team Rank" column. Score the team in the same way you did your own score.

The smaller the score, the closer you are to the ranking that NASA gave. Therefore, the larger you are, the less likely you are survive the mission. Good luck.

| AVAILABLE<br>ITEM                             | NASA<br>RANK |
|---|--------------|
| Box of matches                                | 15           |
| Food concentrate                              | 4            |
| Fifty feet of nylon rope                      | 6            |
| Parachute Silk                                | 8            |
| Solar-powered portable<br>heating unit        | 13           |
| Two 45-caliber Pistols                        | 11           |
| One case dehydrated milk                      | 12           |
| Two 100-pound tanks of oxygen                 | 1            |
| Stellar map (of the moon's<br>constellation)  | 3            |
| Self-inflating life raft                      | 9            |
| Magnetic compass                              | 14           |
| Five gallons of water                         | 2            |
| Signal flares                                 | 10           |
| First aid kit containing injection<br>needles | 7            |
| Solar-powered FM receiver-<br>transmitter     | 5            |

# Trouble At The Inn

by Dina Donahue

For years now whenever Christmas pageants are talked about in a certain little town in the Midwest, someone is sure to mention the name of Wallace Purling. Wally's performance in one annual production of the Nativity play has slipped into the realm of legend. But the old-timers who were in the audience that night never tire of recalling exactly what happened.

Wally was nine that year and in the second grade, though he should have been in the fourth. Most people in town knew that he had difficulty in keeping up. He was big and clumsy, slow in movement and mind. Still, Wally was well liked by the other children in his class, all of whom were smaller than he, though the boys had trouble hiding their irritation when the uncoordinated Wally would ask to play ball with them.

Most often they'd find a way to keep him off the field, but Wally would hang around anyway — not sulking, just hoping. He was always a helpful boy, a willing and smiling one, and the natural protector, paradoxically, of the underdog. Sometimes if the older boys chased the younger ones away, it would always be Wally who'd say, "Can't they stay? They're no bother."

Wally fancied the idea of being a shepherd with a flute in the Christmas pageant that year, but the play's director, Miss Lumbard, assigned him to a more important role. After all, she reasoned, the Innkeeper did not have too many lines, and Wally's size would make his refusal of lodging to Joseph more forceful.

And so it happened that the usual large, partisan audience gathered for the town's Yuletide extravaganza of the crooks and creches, of beards, crowns, halos, and a whole stage full of squeaky voices. No one on stage or off was more caught up in the magic of the night than Wallace Purling. They said later that he stood in the wings and watched the performance with such fascination that from time to time Miss Lumbard had to make sure he didn't wander on stage before his cue.

Then the time came when Joseph appeared, slowly, tenderly guiding Mary to the door of the inn. Joseph knocked hard on the wooden door set into the painted backdrop. Wally the innkeeper was there, waiting.

"What do you want?" Wally said, swinging the door open with a brusque gesture.



"We seek lodging."

"Seek it elsewhere." Wally looked straight ahead but spoke vigorously. "The inn is filled."

"Sir, we have asked everywhere in vain. We have traveled far and are very weary."

"There is no room in this inn for you." Wally looked properly stern.

"Please, good innkeeper, this is my wife, Mary. She is very heavy with child and needs a place to rest. Surely you must have some small corner for her. She is so tired."

Now, for the first time, the innkeeper relaxed his stiff stance and looked down at Mary. With that, there was a long pause, long enough to make that audience a bit tense with embarrassment.

"No! Begone!" the prompter whispered from the wings.

"No!" Wally repeated automatically. "begone!"

Joseph sadly placed his arm around Mary and Mary laid her head upon her husband's shoulder and the two of them started to move away. The innkeeper did not return inside his inn, however. Wally stood there in the doorway, watching the forlorn couple. His mouth was open, his brow creased with concern, his eyes filling unmistakably with tears.

And suddenly this Christmas pageant became different from all others.

"Don't go, Joseph," Wally called out. "Bring Mary back." And Wallace Purling's face grew into a bright smile. "You can have MY room ...."

# **The Trouble Tree**

By Author Unknown

The carpenter I hired to help me restore an old farmhouse had just finished a rough first day on the job. A flat tire made him lose an hour of work, his electric saw quit and now his ancient pickup truck refused to start. While I drove him home, he sat in stony silence. On arriving, he invited me in to meet his family. As we walked toward the front door, he paused briefly at a small tree, touching the tips of the branches with both hands.

When opening the door, he underwent an amazing transformation. His tanned face was wreathed in smiles and he hugged his two small children and gave his wife a kiss. Afterward he walked me to the car. We passed the tree and my curiosity got the better of me. I asked him about what I had seen him do earlier.

"Oh, that's my trouble tree," he replied. "I know I can't help having troubles on the job, but one thing for sure, troubles don't belong in the house with my wife and the children. So I just hang them up on the tree every night when I come home. Then in the morning I pick them up again.

"Funny thing is," he smiled, "when I come out in the morning to pick 'em up, there ain't nearly as many as I remember hanging up the night before."

# **The True Meaning of Christmas**

(Taken from Woman's Day, December 18, 1979)

by Patricia Polansik

It was but a few short days until Christmas in 1966. Two young elders of the Mormon church walked the streets of Laredo, Texas, knocking on doors in search of someone who would listen to their gospel message. No one, it seemed, in the entire city had time to hear the teachings of the Savior, so intent were they that the celebration of His Birth should suit their own social purposes.

Filled with discouragement, the two young men turned their backs to the approaching twilight and began the long walk home. Retracing their steps of the afternoon, they came upon a low, windswept riverbank. Jutting from its brow stood the barest means of a shelter, constructed of weathered wooden slats and large pieces of cardboard. Strangely, they felt moved to go to the door and knock. A small olive-skinned child with tangled black hair and large dark eyes answered. Her mother appeared behind her, a short, thin woman with a tired but warm smile. In her rich Spanish alto she invited the young men to come in and rest awhile. They were made welcome and seated on the clean swept floor. The little one-room shanty seemed to be filled with shy, smiling dark-eyed children. The mother proudly introduced each of them — eight in all — and each in turn quickly bobbed his or her head.

The young men were deeply moved at the extreme poverty they saw. Not one in the family had shoes and their clothes were ill fitting and in a condition beyond mending. The walls of the little home showed daylight between the wooden slats, and eight little rolls of bedding were pressed tightly into the cracks to help keep out the draft until they were needed for sleeping. A small round fire pit dug in one corner marked the kitchen. An odd assortment of chipped dishes and pots were stacked beside a old ice chest, and a curtained-off section with a cracked porcelain tub served as the bathing area. Except for these — the room was barren.

The mother told how her husband had gone north to find employment. He had written that he had found a job of manual labor and that it took most of his small wage to pay his board and room. But, she told the young men, he had managed to save fifty cents to send to them for Christmas, with which she had purchased two boxes of fruit gelatin. It was one of the children's favorites and would make a special treat on Christmas day.

Later, long after the young men had left the family, they still asked each other incredulously, "Fifty cents? ... Fifty cents for eight children for Christmas?" Surely there must be something they could do to brighten Christmas for such children.

The next morning, as soon as the local shops opened, the young men hurried to the dime store and purchased as many crayons, cars, trucks and little inexpensive toys as they could afford. Each was carefully wrapped in brightly colored paper and all were put in a large grocery bag. That evening the two young men took their gifts to the shanty on the riverbank. When they knocked, the mother swung the door open wide and invited them in. They stepped inside and in halting Spanish explained to the children that they had seen Santa and he had been in such a hurry he'd asked if they would deliver his gifts to the children for him.

With cries of delight the children scrambled for the bag, spilling its contents upon the floor and quickly dividing the treasured packages. Silently the mother's eyes filled with tears of gratitude. She stepped forward to clasp tightly one of each of the young men's hands in hers. For long moments she was unable to speak. Then, with tears still welling from her eyes, she smiled and said, "No one ever has been so kind. You have given us a special gift, the kind of love that lights Christmas in the heart. May we also give you a special gift?" From the corner of the room, she drew out the two small boxes of fruit gelatin and handed them to the young men. Then all eyes were moist. All knew the true meaning of giving, and none would ever forget that at Christmas the greatest gift of all was given.

## **The True Spirit of Christmas**

It was only four days before Christmas. The spirit of the Season had not yet caught up with me even though cars packed the parking lot of our Local Discount Store. Inside the store, it was worse. Carts and last minute shoppers jammed the aisles. Why did I come today? I wondered. My feet ached almost as much as my head.

My list contained names of several people who claimed that they wanted nothing but I knew their feelings would be hurt if I didn't buy them something. Buying for someone who had everything and deploring the high costs of items, I considered gift buying anything but fun.

Hurriedly I filled my shopping cart with last minute items and proceeded to the long lines. I picked the shortest but it looked as if it would mean at least twenty minutes. In front of me were two small children – a boy of about 5 and a younger girl. The boy wore a ragged coat. Enormously large, tattered tennis shoes jutted far out in front of his much too short jeans. He clutched several crumpled dollar bills in his grimy hands. The girl's clothing resembled her brother's. Her head was a matted mass of curly hair. Reminders of an evening meal showed on her small face. She carried a beautiful pair of shining gold house slippers.

As the Christmas music sounded in the store stereo system the girl hummed along, off key, but happily. When we finally approached the checkout registers, the girl carefully lace the shoes on the counter. She treated them as though they were a treasure. The clerk rang up the bill....

"That will be \$6.99," she said. The boy laid his crumpled dollars atop of the said counter while he searched his pockets. He finally came up with \$3.12. "I guess we'll have to put them back," he bravely said. "We will come back some other time, maybe tomorrow." With that statement, a soft sob broke from the little girl. "But Jesus would have loved these shoes," she cried. "Well, we'll go home and work some more. Don't cry. We'll come back," he said. Quickly I handed \$3.00 to the cashier. These children had waited in line for a long time, and after all, it was Christmas.

Suddenly a pair of arms came around me and a small voice said, "Thank you lady." I looked down and asked the child, "What did you mean when you said Jesus would like these shoes?"

The child answered, "Our mommy is sick and going to Heaven. Daddy said she might go before Christmas to be with Jesus." The girl spoke, "My Sunday School teacher said that the

streets in Heaven are shiny gold, just like these shoes. Won't mommy be beautiful walking on those streets to match these shoes?"

My eyes flooded as I looked into her tear streaked face. "Yes," I answered, "I am sure she will."

Silently I thanked God for reminding me of the "true Spirit of Giving."

# **The True Story of the 3 Little Pigs**

by A. Wolf

As told by Jon Scieszka

Everybody knows the story of the three little pigs. Or at least they think they do. But I'll let you in on a secret. Nobody knows the real story, because nobody has ever heard my side of the story.

I'm the wolf. Alexander T. Wolf.

You can call me Al.

I don't know how this whole Big Bad Wolf thing got started, but it's all wrong.

Maybe it's because of our diet.

Hey, it's not my fault wolves eat cute little animals like bunnies and sheep and pig. That's just the way we are. If cheeseburgers were cute, folks would probably think you were Big and Bad, too.

But like I was saying, the whole Big Bad Wolf thing is all wrong. The real story is about a sneeze and a cup of sugar. This is the real story.

Way back in Once Upon a Time time, I was making a birthday cake for my dear old granny. I had a terrible sneezing cold.

I ran out of sugar. So I walked down the street to ask my neighbor for a cup of sugar. Now this neighbor was a pig. And he wasn't too bright, either. He had built his whole house out of straw. Can you believe it? I mean who in his right mind would build a house of straw?

So of course the minute I knocked on the door, it fell right in. I didn't want to just walk into someone else's house. So I called, "Little Pig, Little Pig, are you in?" No answer.

I was just about to go home without the cup of sugar for my dear old granny's birthday cake. That's when my nose started to itch. I felt a sneeze coming on. Well I huffed. And I

snuffed. And I sneezed a great sneeze. And you know what? That whole darn house fell down. And right in the middle of the pile of straw was the First Little Pig — dead as a doornail. He had been home the whole time.

It seemed like a shame to leave a perfectly good ham dinner lying there in the straw. So I ate it up. Think of it as a big cheeseburger just lying there.

I was feeling a little better. But I still didn't have my cup of sugar. So I went to the next neighbor's house.

This neighbor was the First Little Pig's brother. He was a little smarter, but not much. He had built his house of sticks.

I rang the bell on the stick house. Nobody answered. I called, "Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?"

He yelled back, "Go away wolf. You can't come in. I'm shaving the hairs on my chinny chin chin."

I had just grabbed the doorknob when I felt another sneeze coming on. I huffed. I snuffed. And I tried to cover my mouth, but I sneezed a great sneeze. And you're not going to believe it, but this guys house fell down just like his brother's. When the dust cleared, there was the second Little Pig — dead as a doornail. Wolf's honor.

Now you know food will spoil if you just leave it out in the open. So I did the only thing there was to do. I had dinner again. Think of it as second helpings. I was getting awfully full. But my cold was feeling a little better. And I still didn't have that cup of sugar for my dear old granny's birthday cake. So I went to the next house.

This guy was the first and second little pig's brother. He must have been the brains of the family. He had built his house of bricks.

I knocked on the brick house. No answer. I called, "Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?" And do you know what that rude little porker answered?

"Get out of here, Wolf. Don't bother me again."



Talk about impolite! He probably had a whole sackful of sugar. And he wouldn't give me even one little cup for my dear old granny's birthday cake. What a pig!

I was just about to go home and maybe make a nice birthday card instead of a cake, when I felt my cold coming on.

I huffed. And I snuffed. And I sneezed once again.

Then the Third little pig yelled, "And your old granny can sit on a pin!"

Now I'm usually a pretty calm fellow. But when somebody talks about my dear old granny like that, I go a little crazy. When the cops drove up, of course I was trying to break down this Pig's door. And the whole time I was huffing and puffing and sneezing and making a real scene. The rest, as they say, is history.

The news reports found out about the two pigs I had for dinner. They figured a sick guy going to borrow a cup of sugar didn't sound very exciting. So they jazzed up the story with all of that "Huff and puff and blow your house down." And they made me the Big Bad Wolf.

That's it. The real story. I was framed.

But maybe you could loan me a cup of sugar.

# **Truth from Elijah**

Vanja Y. Watkins

The hearts of the children have turned to their fathers,  
Have turned, have turned, have turned,  
Because of the truth they have learned from Elijah,  
Have learned, have learned, have learned.

And we as the children can seek out our loved ones,  
Preserving their names and their memory.

We can strive to be worthy to kneel in the temple  
And bind them to us for eternity.

The hearts of the children have turned to their fathers,  
Have turned, have turned, have turned.

## **'Twas the Night Before Jesus Came**

'Twas the night before Jesus came and all through the house  
Not a creature was praying, not one in the house.  
Their scriptures were laid on the shelf without care  
In hopes that Jesus would not soon come there.

The children were dressed to crawl into bed  
Not once ever kneeling or bowing the head.  
And Mom in her rocker with baby in lap  
Was watching the late show while I took a nap.

When out of the east there rose such a clatter,  
I sprang to my feet to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash!

When what to my wondering eyes should appear  
But angels proclaiming that Jesus was here.  
With a light like the sun sending forth a bright ray  
I knew in a moment this must be the day!

The light of his face made me cover my head.  
It was Jesus returning just like He had said.  
And though I possessed worldly wisdom and wealth,  
I cried when I saw Him in spite of myself.

In the book of life, which He held in His hand,  
Was written the name of every saved man.  
He spoke not a word as He searched for my name.  
When He said, "It's not here," my head hung in shame.

The people whose names had been written with love,  
He gathered to take to His Father above.  
With those who were ready He rose without sound,  
While all of the rest were left standing around.

I fell to my knees then, but it was too late.  
I had waited too long and thus sealed my fate.  
I stood and I cried as they rose out of sight.  
Oh! If only I, too, had been ready tonight.

In the words of this poem the meaning is clear.  
The coming of Jesus Christ truly is near.  
There's only one life. Then comes the last call.  
We'll find that the scriptures were true after all!

Be ready to follow the Lord when He's here.  
Don't leave out your prayers or your scriptures this year.  
Do all that He asks you to do every day.  
That way you'll be ready if He comes today.

You'll want to go with him; to go home to heaven  
With all of your children — perhaps there's eleven.  
Prepare now to meet him. Don't hold off too long.  
You'll truly be singing the happiest song

If you're name can be found in his great book of life  
And it says that you never caused toil and strife.  
"Come home to your Father," he'll say at that time.  
"Come enter my kingdom where life is sublime."

# **The Twelve Thank-you Notes of Christmas**

Note: to be recited against appropriate musical background

Author Unknown

December 25

My dearest darling Edward,

What a wonderful surprise has just greeted me! That sweet partridge, in that lovely little pear-tree; what an enchanting, romantic, poetic present! Bless you, and thank you.

Your deeply loving  
Emily

December 26

Beloved Edward,

The two turtle-doves arrived this morning, and are cooing away in the pear-tree as I write. I'm so touched and grateful!

With undying love, as always,  
Emily

December 27

My darling Edward,

You do think of the most original presents! Who ever thought of sending anybody three French hens? Do they really come all the way from France? It's a pity we have no chicken coops, but I expect we'll find some. Anyway, thank you so much; they're lovely.

Your devoted Emily.

December 28

Dearest Edward,

What a surprise! Four calling birds arrived this morning. They are very sweet, even if they do call rather loudly - they make telephoning almost impossible - but I expect they'll calm down when they get used to their new home. Anyway, I'm very grateful, of course I am.

Love from Emily

December 29

Dearest Edward,

The mailman has just delivered five most beautiful gold rings, one for each finger, and all fitting perfectly! A really lovely present! Lovelier, in a way, than birds, which do take rather a lot

of looking after. The four that arrived yesterday are still making a terrible row, and I'm afraid none of us got much sleep last night. Mother says she wants to use the rings to *wring* their necks. Mother has such a sense of humor. This time she's only joking, I think, but I do know what she means. Still, I love the rings.

Bless you,  
Emily

December 30

Dear Edward,

Whatever I expected to find when I opened the front door this morning, it certainly wasn't six socking great geese laying eggs all over the porch. Frankly, I rather hoped that you had stopped sending me birds. We have no room for them, and they've already ruined the croquet lawn. I know you meant well, but let's call a halt, shall we?

Love,  
Emily

December 31

Edward,

I thought I said NO MORE BIRDS. This morning I woke up to find no more than seven swans, all trying to get into our tiny goldfish pond. I'd rather not think what's happened to the goldfish. The whole house seems to be full of birds, to say nothing of what they leave behind them, so please, please, stop!

Your Emily

January 1

Frankly, I prefer the birds. What am I to do with eight milkmaids? And their cows! Is this some kind of a joke? If so, I'm afraid I don't find it very amusing.

Emily

January 2

Look here, Edward,

This has gone far enough. You say you're sending me nine ladies dancing. All I can say is, judging from the way they dance, they're certainly not ladies. The village just isn't accustomed to seeing a regiment of shameless viragos, with nothing on but their lipstick, cavorting round the green, and it's Mother and I who get the blame. If you value our friendship, which I do (less and less), kindly stop this ridiculous behavior at once!

Emily

January 3



As I write this letter, ten disgusting old men are prancing up and down all over what used to be the garden, before the geese and the swans and the cows got at it. And several of them, I have just noticed, are taking inexcusable liberties with the milkmaids. Meanwhile the neighbors are trying to have us evicted. I shall never speak to you again.

Emily

January 4

This is the last straw! You know I detest bagpipes! The place has now become something between a menagerie and a madhouse, and a man from the council has just declared it unfit for habitation. At least Mother has been spared this last outrage; they took her away yesterday afternoon in an ambulance to a home for the bewildered. I hope you're satisfied.

G. Creep  
Attorney at Law  
589 6500 South  
Legalville, CA 54987

January 5, 1997

Edward Persis Tance  
4967 S. 4700 E.  
Pesterville, CA 34095

Sir,

Our client, Miss Emily Wilbraham, instructs me to inform you that with the arrival on her premises at 7:30 this morning of the entire percussion section of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and several of their friends, she has no course left open to her but to seek an injunction to prevent you importuning her further. I am making arrangements for the return of much assorted livestock.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

*G. Creep*

G. Creep

Attorney at law

## Two Babies

In 1994, two Americans answered an invitation from the Russian Department of Education to teach morals and ethics (based on biblical principles) in the public schools. They were invited to teach at prisons, businesses, the fire and police departments and a large orphanage. About 100 boys and girls who had been abandoned, abused, and left in the care of a government-run program were in the orphanage.

They related the following story in their own words:

It was nearing the holiday season, 1994, time for our orphans to hear, for the first time, the traditional story of Christmas. We told them about Mary and Joseph arriving in Bethlehem. Finding no room in the inn, the couple went to a stable, where the baby Jesus was born and placed in a manger. Throughout the story, the children and orphanage staff sat in amazement as they listened. Some sat on the edges of their stools, trying to grasp every word.

Completing the story, we gave the children three small pieces of cardboard to make a crude manger. Each child was given a small paper square, cut from yellow napkins I had brought with me. (No colored paper was available in the city.)

Following instructions, the children tore the paper and carefully laid strips in the manger for straw. Small squares of flannel, cut from a worn-out nightgown an American lady was throwing away as she left Russia, were used for the baby's blanket. A doll-like baby was cut from tan felt we had brought from the United States. The orphans were busy assembling their manger as I walked among them to see if they needed any help. All went well until I got to one table where little Misha sat - he looked to be about 6 years old and had finished his project.

As I looked at the little boy's manger, I was startled to see not one, but two babies in the manger. Quickly, I called for the translator to ask the lad why there were two babies in the manger. Crossing his arms in front of him and looking at this completed manger scene, the child began to repeat the story very seriously. For such a young boy, who had only heard the Christmas story once, he related the happenings accurately - until he came to the part where Mary put the baby Jesus in the manger.

Then Misha started to ad-lib.

He made up his own ending to the story as he said, "And when Maria laid the baby in the manger, Jesus looked at me and asked me if I had a place to stay. I told him 'I have no mamma and I have no papa, so I don't have any place to stay.' Then Jesus told me I could stay with him. But I told him I couldn't, because I didn't have a gift to give him like everybody else did."

"But I wanted to stay with Jesus so much, so I thought about what I had that maybe I could use for a gift. I thought maybe if I kept him warm, that would be a good gift. So I asked Jesus, 'If I keep you warm, will that be a good enough gift?' And Jesus told me, 'If you keep me warm, that will be the best gift anybody ever gave me.' So I got into the manger, and then Jesus looked at me and he told me I could stay with him---for always."

As little Misha finished his story, his eyes brimmed full of tears that splashed down his little cheeks. Putting his hand over his face, his head dropped to the table and his shoulders shook as he sobbed and sobbed.

The little orphan had found someone who would never abandon nor abuse him, someone who would stay with him-FOR ALWAYS. I've learned that it's not what you have in your life, but who you have in your life that counts.

## **Two Nickels and Five Pennies**

When an ice cream sundae cost much less, a boy entered a coffee shop and sat at a table. A waitress put a glass of water in front of him.

"How much is an ice cream sundae?"

"Fifty cents," replied the waitress.

The little boy pulled his hand out of his pocket and studied a number of coins in it.

"How much is a dish of plain ice cream?" he inquired.

Some people were now waiting for a table, and the waitress was impatient.

"Thirty-five cents," she said angrily.

The little boy again counted the coins. "I'll have the plain ice cream."

The waitress brought the ice cream and walked away. The boy finished, paid the cashier, and departed. When the waitress came back, she swallowed hard at what she saw. There, placed neatly beside the empty dish, were two nickels and five pennies -- her tip.

## The Typographical Error

The typographical error is a slippery thing and sly.  
You can hunt it till you're dizzy but it somehow will get by  
Till the forms are off the presses. It is strange how still it keeps.  
It shrinks into a corner, and it never stirs or peeps.

That typographical error, too small for human eyes  
Till the ink is on the paper, when it grows to mountain size.  
The boss, he stares with horror. Then he grabs his hair and groans.  
The copy reader dorps his head upon his hands and moans.

The remainder of this issue may be as clean as clean can be,  
But the typographical error is the only thing you see.

## **An Unfinished Diary**

October 5 — Today my life began. My parents don't know it yet. I am smaller than the seed of an apple, but already I am I. And unformed as I am right now, I'm going to be a girl. I shall have blond hair and azure eyes, and I know I'll love flowers.

October 19 — I've grown a little, but I am still too small to do anything by myself. Mother does just about everything for me. And what's funny, she still doesn't even know that she is carrying me right here under her heart. And feeding me with her own blood.

October 23 — My mouth is just beginning now. Just think. In a year or so I will be laughing. Later I will be able to speak. I know what my first word will be — Mother. Who says I'm not a real person yet? I am, just as the tiniest crumb of bread is still truly bread.

October 27 — My heart began to beat today all by itself. From now on it will gently beat all the rest of my life. Without ever stopping to rest. Then after many years it will tire and stop and I shall die. But now I am not at the ending but the beginning.

November 2 — Every day I grow a bit. My arms and legs are beginning to take shape. But I'll have to wait so long before my legs will carry me running to my mother's arms, and before my arms can embrace my father.

November 12 — Now tiny fingers are beginning to form on my hands. Strange how small they are. Yet how wondrous they will be! They'll pet a puppy, throw a ball, pick a flower, touch another hand. My fingers. Someday they may play a violin or paint a picture.

November 20 — Today the doctor told Mother for the first time that I am living here under her heart. Aren't you happy, Mother? Before long I'll be in your arms.

November 25 — My mother and father don't even know I'm a little girl. Perhaps they expect a boy. Or twins maybe. But I'll surprise them. And I want to be called Catherine, like Mother.

December 10 — My face is completely formed. I hope I turn out to look like Mother.

December 13 — Now I'm just about able to see, but it's still dark all around me. But soon my eyes will open on the world of sunshine and flower and little children. I've never seen the sea, or a mountain, or a rainbow, either. How do they really look, Mother?

December 24 — Mother, I can hear your heart beating. I wonder if you can hear the whispering beat of mine. It's so even — tap-tap, tap-tap. You'll have a healthy little daughter, Mother. I know some babies have difficulty entering the world, but there are kind doctors to help mothers and babies. I know, too, some mothers don't even want their babies. But I can hardly wait to be in your arms, touch your face, look into your eyes. You're waiting for me, just as I'm waiting for you, aren't you?

December 28 — Mother, why did you let them stop my life? We would have had such a lovely time together ....



# Unknown City

Forgotten State

Dear Honeychild,

As I have time because I ain't busy, I thought I would write you a few lines, eight to ten pages, to let you know the up to date news about six months old.

We're all as well as can be expected for the condition we're in. We ain't sick, just ain't feeling well. I am fine. Aunt Sue is dead. I hope this letter finds you the same.

I suppose you will want to hear about us moving from Polewood, California to Montana. We never started till we left. Never turned off till we came to a crossroad that went there. It didn't take us any longer than the time we left until the time we got there. The trip was the best part of it all. If you come up don't miss it. They didn't expect us until we arrived and most of the people we don't know seem like strangers. We still live in the same place we moved last, which is beside our nearest neighbor. Jim thinks we will stay here till we move. We are very busy farming. We have three cows, but we are going to sell one because we can't milk him. Eggs are at a grand price now this year. That's why they're price is so high. We just bought 25 old roosters and an old hen, so I hope we get a lot of them. We planted a dozen eggs as well, and that should help. Some of our land is so bad you can't raise an umbrella on it, but we have a fine crop of spuds. Some of them are as big as hickory nuts and some are the size of peas, and then there are some small ones. We also have a fine crop of corn. I think we'll make about 5 gallons to the acre. Sis was taking the cows to the pasture and took them across the bridge and one fell and strained her own milk, and now she gets hiccups once a week and churns her own butter. The dog died last week. Jim said he swallowed a tape measure and died by inches. Sis said he went out in the back alley and died by the yard. Mom said he went and crawled under the bed and died by the foot. So I don't know who to believe.

My mother-in-law is sick and near deaths door. We are hoping the doctor can pull her through. Eve fell off the back step and bruised her somewhere and skinner her elsewhere. The baby swallowed a roll of film, but we don't think anything will develop. Every time Jim gets sick, he starts feeling bad. The doctor gave him some medicine and said if he doesn't get worse he'll stay about the same. Pat has a garter in his stomach. The doctor said he was drinking too much knee-high pop and it has moved up on him. I would have sent you the \$5.00 I owe you, but I had the letter sealed before I thought of it. I sent the overcoat though. I cut off the buttons so it wouldn't weigh so much. You'll find them in the left front pocket. I am putting the address of the inside so it won't rub off. I must close now. If you can't read my writing try making a copy of it

in your own writing, and then you can read it yourself. It took me three days to write this letter since you are a slow reader. Write me, if nothing but a cheque.

Your Friend

Tina

P.S. I would like to describe our new home. It has a kitchen, a living room and two bedrooms. Then there is a little room upstairs that we just found last week. It's got a big thing like we water the horses in, only more fancy. Then there is a little thing about three feet high with hot and cold water in it, only it is no good because there's a hole in it. There is a little thing over in the corner that is the handiest of all. You can wash one foot in it and then pull the lever and have fresh water for the other foot. It has a lid too. Grandpa went to get a drink from it, and the lid fell on his head. Ma took the lid off to roll the pie dough on. It is just the perfect size, and good and smooth. The other lid had a hole in it so we framed Grandpa's picture in it, and everybody says it looks just as natural as if he were sitting there.

P.P.S. If you don't get this letter, write and tell me and I'll send you another.

P.P.P.S. I can't read the number on the mail box out at our driveway, so I can't tell you our address. Just tell the mailman to put the letter in the mailbox on our street that has a red flag on it. That should be sure and get the mail to us.

# **The Vermonter's Guide to Computer Lingo**

Modem: What you did to the hayfields.

Keyboard: Where you hang your keys.

Windows: What to shut when it's 30 below.

Log On: Making the word stove hotter.

Hard Drive: Getting home during mud season.

Microchips: What are left in the bag when the big chips are gone.

Download: Getting the firewood off the pickup.

Megahertz: What you get when you're not careful downloading.

# **The Victor**

C. W. Longenecker

If you THINK you are beaten, you are,  
If you THINK you dare not, you don't  
If you like to win, but THINK you can't  
It is almost certain you won't!

If you THINK you'll lose, you're lost  
For out in the world we find,  
Success begins with a fellow's WILL —  
It's all in the state of MIND.

If you THINK you're outclassed, you are,  
You've got to THINK high to rise,  
You've got to be sure of yourself before  
You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go  
To the stronger or faster man,  
But sooner or later the man who wins  
Is the man who THINKS he can!!

# The Violin Solo

David B. Haight

When I was about 11 years old, a man came to our little town to teach at the Church academy. He played the violin a little, and we hadn't had anyone there for a long time that had played the violin. My mother was impressed and picked up a little violin, I guess at some little rummage sale somewhere, and decided that I should learn to play the violin.

Even though I had never seen anyone play the violin in public, he came to our house and started giving me some little simple lessons on playing the violin. I was coming along fairly well by the time we graduated from the eighth grade in grammar school, and for the graduation exercises held in the high school I was asked to play a violin solo.

I'd carefully practiced the little number "Traumerei," as I remember the name. My sister who was four years older than I and was then one of the popular girls in high school was my pianist. At the graduation exercises, Connie McMurray was the valedictorian. Girls are always smarter in school than boys. As she was giving the valedictory address, there was a little pedestal with a pitcher of water and a glass on it for the school board. The school board was on the stand, plus a little handful of us who were graduating from the eighth grade.

As Connie McMurray was giving her famous valedictory address, near the end of it we noticed the little doily under the pitcher of water on the pedestal was moving over a little bit towards the edge, and over it fell with the pitcher and glass of water! Connie McMurray fell in a dead faint.

In the scurrying around of cleaning the water off the stage and rearranging the chairs, they announced that we would now have the violin solo from David Haight. I walked over to the little old piano, and my sister came up from the audience. I took that little simple violin out of that wooden case as my sister sat down at the piano and sounded an A. I said, "Go ahead and play."

She said, "David, you'd better tune it."

I said, "No, no, I tuned it at our piano at home." We had an old Kimball piano at home. You know, homes in those days--if you had a piano and books, that's all you needed for the family. I had carefully tuned the strings by twisting those ebony pegs of that violin, but I didn't know that all pianos weren't the same. So as my sister said, "You'd better tune it," I said, "No, no, it's all tuned. I tuned it at home."

So she went ahead and played the introduction, and then I came down on the first note. We were off about two notes.

As she slowed down, I said, "Keep playing," because I couldn't imagine anyone would take the time of a famous audience like I was playing to--you know, 100 people in that little high school auditorium. You wouldn't hold up Carnegie Hall while you tuned your violin! That would be shop work. You would do that in the back room so that when you would start to play, why, you'd be all ready to play.

She slowed down. I said, "Keep playing." We finished it, and she didn't speak to me for days following that show.

## Visit From Jesus

Ruth went to her mail box and there was only one letter. She picked it up and looked at it before opening, but then she looked at the envelope again. There was no stamp, no postmark, only her name and address. She read the letter:

Dear Ruth,

I'm going to be in your neighborhood Saturday afternoon and I'd like to stop by for a visit.

Love Always,

Jesus

Her hands were shaking as she placed the letter on the table. "Why would the Lord want to visit me? I'm nobody special. I don't have anything to offer." With that thought, Ruth remembered her empty kitchen cabinets. "Oh my goodness, really don't have anything to offer. I'll have to run down to the store and buy something for dinner." She reached for her purse and counted out its contents. Five dollars and forty cents. "Well, I can get some bread and cold cuts, at least." She threw on her coat and hurried out the door. A loaf of french bread, a half-pound of sliced turkey, and a carton of milk...leaving Ruth with grand total of twelve cents to last her until Monday. Nonetheless, she felt good as she headed home, her meager offerings tucked under her arm.

"Hey lady, can you help us, lady?" Ruth had been so absorbed in her dinner plans, she hadn't even noticed two figures huddled in the alleyway. A man and a woman, both of them dressed in little more than rags. "Look lady, I ain't got a job, ya know, and my wife and I have been living out here on the street and, well, now it's getting cold and we're getting kinda hungry and, well, if you could help us, lady, we'd really appreciate it."

Ruth looked at them both. They were dirty, they smelled bad and, frankly, she was certain that they could get some kind of work if they really wanted to. "Sir, I'd like

to help you, but I'm a poor woman myself. All I have is a few cold cuts and some bread, and I'm having an important guest for dinner tonight and I was planning on serving that to Him."

"Yeah, well, okay lady, I understand. Thanks anyway." The man put his arm around the woman's shoulders, turned and headed back into the alley. As she watched them leave, Ruth felt a familiar twinge in her heart.

"Sir, wait!" The couple stopped and turned as she ran down the alley after them. "Look, why don't you take this food. I'll figure out something else to serve my guest."

She handed the man her grocery bag. "Thank you lady. Thank you very much!"

"Yes, thank you!" It was the man's wife, and Ruth could see now that she was shivering.

"You know, I've got another coat at home. Here, why don't you take this one." Ruth unbuttoned her jacket and slipped it over the woman's shoulders. Then smiling, she turned and walked back to the street... without her coat and with nothing to serve her guest. "Thank you lady! Thank you very much!"

Ruth was chilled by the time she reached her front door, and worried too. The Lord was coming to visit and she didn't have anything to offer Him. She fumbled through her purse for the door key. But as she did, she noticed another envelope in her mailbox. "That's odd. The mailman doesn't usually come twice in one day." She took the envelope out of the box and opened it.

Dear Ruth,

It was so good to see you again. Thank you for the lovely meal. And thank you, too, for the beautiful coat.

Love Always

Jesus



The air was still cold, but even without her coat, Ruth no longer noticed.

# The Voice In Our Heads

As a teacher of origami (the ancient Japanese art of paper folding) the LaFarge Lifelong Learning Institute in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Art Beaudry was asked to represent the school at an exhibit at a large mall in Milwaukee. He decided to take along a couple hundred folded paper cranes to pass out to people who stopped at his booth.

Before that day, however, something strange happened - a voice told him to find a piece of gold foil paper and make a gold origami crane. The strange voice was so insistent that Art actually found himself rummaging through his collection of origami papers at home until he found one flat, shiny piece of gold foil. "Why am I doing this?" he asked himself. Art had never worked with the shiny gold paper. It didn't fold as easily or neatly as the crisp multicolored papers. But that little voice kept nudging. Art harrumphed and tried to ignore the voice. "Why gold foil anyway? Paper is much easier to work with." He grumbled.

The voice continued, "Do it! And you must give it away tomorrow to a special person."

By now Art was getting a little cranky..... "What special person?" he asked the voice.

"You'll know which one," the voice said.

That evening Art very carefully folded and shaped the unforgiving gold foil until it became as graceful and delicate as a real crane about to take flight. He packed the exquisite bird in the box along with about 200 colorful paper cranes he'd made over the previous few weeks.

The next day at the mall, dozens upon dozens of people stopped by Art's booth to ask questions about origami. He demonstrated the art. He folded, unfolded and refolded. He explained the intricate details, the need for sharp creases.

Then there was a woman standing in front of Art. The special person. Art had never seen her before, and she hadn't said a word as she watched him carefully fold a bright pink piece of paper into a crane with pointed, graceful wings. Art glanced up at her face, and before he knew what he was doing, his hands were down in the big box that contained the supply of paper cranes. There it was, the delicate gold-foil bird he'd labored over the night before. He retrieved it and carefully placed it in the woman's hand. "I don't know why, but there's a very loud voice inside me telling me I'm supposed to give you this golden crane. The crane is the ancient symbol of peace." Art said simply. The woman didn't say a word as she slowly cupped her small hand around the fragile bird as if it were alive.

When Art looked up at her face, he saw tears filling her eyes, ready to spill out. Finally the woman took a deep breath and said, "My husband died three weeks ago. This is the first time I've been out. Today...." She wiped her eyes with her free hand, still gently cradling the golden crane with the other. She spoke very quietly, "Today is our golden wedding anniversary." Then this stranger said in a clear voice. "Thank you for this beautiful gift. Now I know that my husband is at peace. Don't you see? That voice you heard. It's the voice of God and this beautiful crane is a gift from Him. It's the most wonderful 50th wedding anniversary present I could have received. Thank you for listening to your heart."

## Walk A Little Plainer, Daddy

Walk a little plainer, Daddy  
Said a boy so frail,  
'Cause I follow in your steps  
And I don't want to fail.

Sometimes yours steps are very large  
And sometimes hard to see,  
So walk a little plainer, Daddy,  
You are leading me.

I know that once you walked this way  
So many years ago,  
And what you did along the way  
I'd really like to know.

Sometimes I'm tempted as I walk  
And don't know what to do,  
So walk a little plainer, Daddy,  
I must follow you.

One day when I am all grown up  
You're how I want to be,  
And I will have a little child  
Who'll want to follow me.

I sure do want to lead him right  
And help him to be true.  
So walk a little plainer, Daddy,  
We must follow you.

# Walking By Faith

Susan Madison

Susan Madsen tells the story of Agnes Caldwell in the Willie Handcart Company. They were caught in heavy storms and suffered terrible hunger and cold. Relief wagons came to deliver food and blankets, but there were not enough wagons to carry all the people. Even after rescue, the majority of the people still had to trudge on many more miles to the safety of the valley.

Little nine-year-old Agnes was too weary to walk any farther. The driver took notice of her determination to keep up with the wagon and asked if she would like a ride. She tells in her own words what happened next:

"At this he reached over, taking my hand, clucking to his horses to make me run, with legs that . . . could run no farther. On we went, to what to me seemed miles. What went through my head at that time was that he was the meanest man that ever lived or that I had ever heard of. . . . Just at what seemed the breaking point, he stopped [and pulled me into the wagon]. Taking a blanket, he wrapped me up . . . warm and comfortable. Here I had time to change my mind, as I surely did, knowing full well by doing this he saved me from freezing when taken into the wagon" [in *I Walked to Zion* [1994], 59].

The driver of that relief wagon made the little girl run as far and as fast as she could to push blood back into her frozen feet and legs. He saved her legs, possibly her life, by letting her help herself.

Our children today have journeys as terrible and taxing as the westward migration. They are faced with every calamity along the trail. We need to build their backs to bear their burdens and legs for dancing under starry skies. Sometimes we must run to keep up with our children's faith.

# **The Waltz**

by Dorothy Parker

"Why thank you so much, I'd love to dance" ....

I don't want to dance with him. I don't want to dance with anybody .... A few minutes ago I was feeling sorry for that poor girl he was dancing with. Now I'm the poor girl .... Here I was just minding my own business when he comes into my life all jiggles and jerks. What do you say when a man asks you to dance? Do you say, "I most certainly will not dance with you," or do you say, "I'd love to dance with you but I've just broken my leg." When a man asks you to dance, there is nothing you can do but say, "I'd love to dance with you." (or I'd adore to)

I think its more of a waltz isn't it? Let's listen to the music a moment (hmmmm). Yes it is a waltz. Mind? Why I'd love to dance with you ....

Love to dance with you, love to have my tonsils out. I'd love to be a midnight fire at sea .... Oh this is even worse than I thought it was going to be .... I'm glad I told him it was a waltz. What would have happened if he thought it was anything faster. Oh! ... why does he always have to be somewhere he isn't! Oh! Ow ow for pete sake, don't kick, you idiot. Oh! My poor shin, my poor shin.

Oh no no no no no goodness no, it didn't hurt me one little bit. Anyway, it was my fault ....

I wonder what I had better do, kill him this instant, or let him die in his traces. I guess I can put up with it. He can't last forever. He's only made out of flesh and blood. And brother when you kick me, again you smile.

Oh yes, it is a lovely waltz isn't it! ....

Look at the spirit he gets into a dreary waltz. He makes the other dances look like a herd of turtles but never let it be said I hung back. Come on Buster, right through 'em. Who wants to live forever (Stumbles).

Oh oh no.

Oh thank goodness he is alright. For a while I thought they would have to carry him off the field ....

Oh think nothing of it. I remember once at a dance when I tripped and fell flat on my back ....

Ow ow get off my instep you bulky peasant. What do you think I am, a gangplank? Ow ow ....

Oh no no, it didn't hurt one little bit. It was all my fault. It was that little extra step you got in there .... It's lovely, but it's tricky .... Oh you worked it up all by yourself ... Effective.

Effective! I bet I look effective — hair hanging down, dress all twisted around, and a cold damp sweat on my brow ... and he worked it up all by himself did he. It's tricky alright, but I've got it now. I stumble, a slip, and a 25 yard dash. I've got it alright along with several other things, including a split shin, a bruised instep, and a bitter heart ... oh how I hate this creature I've been chained to the past 35 years ... Isn't that orchestra ever going to stop ....

Oh, they're going to play an encore. Oh goodie. Tired? Me tired? I should say I'm not! I could go on waltzing forever ....

Tired! I should say I'm tired! I'm dead tired that's what I am. I wish I had suggested going to a table and listening to the music. If we had, that would have been the first time all night he paid any attention to it ... oh well, if we were at the table, I'd have to talk to him ... I guess I'm as well off here as any where. As well off as if I were in a cement mixer in full action .... When I think back to the day I had my head bashed in in that car accident and when my boat kept capsizing on the lake last summer, Oh what easy peaceful times they were compared to galloping Gus here ....

Oh they've stopped the music. Oh darn — do you think they would — If you gave them \$50.00. That would be lovely, and do tell them to play the same thing. I'd simply adore to go on waltzing.

# **The Warm Storm**

By John Jacobs

When I go outside to play,  
I hope that it is warm.  
As soon as I start playing guns,  
There always is a storm.  
I say, "What do I do today  
To deserve this storm?"  
And then five minutes later,  
It's really really warm.  
I say, "YaHoo," and shout, "hurray!"  
And say it's really fun.  
But it stopped so suddenly.  
The cold warm storm was done.



# Washed Clean

by Boyd K. Packer

In ancient times the dry "Unclean!"  
Would warn of lepers near.  
"Unclean! Unclean!" the words rang out;  
Then all drew back in fear,

Lest by the touch of lepers' hands  
They, Too, would lepers be.  
There was no cure in ancient times,  
Just hopeless agony.

No soap, no balm, no medicine  
Could stay disease or pain.  
There was no salve, no cleansing bath  
To make them well again.

But there was One, the record shows,  
Whose touch could make them pure;  
Could ease their awful suffering,  
Their rotting flesh restore.

His coming long had been foretold.  
Signs would precede His birth.  
A Son of God to woman born,  
With power to cleanse the earth.

The day He made ten lepers whole,  
The day He made them clean,  
Well symbolized His ministry

And what His life would mean.

However great that miracle,  
This was not why He came.  
He came to rescue every soul  
From death, from sin, from shame.  
For greater miracles, He said,  
His servants yet would do,  
To rescue every living soul,  
Not just heal up the few.

Though we're redeemed from mortal death,  
We still can't enter in  
Unless we're clean, cleansed every whit,  
From every mortal sin.

What must be done to make us clean  
We cannot do alone.  
The law, to be a law, requires  
A pure one must atone.

He taught that justice will be stayed  
Till mercy's claim be heard  
If we repent and are baptized  
And live by every word. ...

If we could only understand  
All we have heard and seen,  
We'd know there is no greater gift  
Than those two words — "Washed clean!"

# Washing

by John Drinkwater

What is all this washing about,  
Every day, week in, week out?  
From getting up till going to bed,  
I'm tired of hearing the same thing said.

Whether I'm dirty or whether I'm not,  
Whether the water is cold or hot,  
Whether I like or whether I don't  
Whether I will or whether I won't —  
"Have you washed your hands, and washed your face?"  
I seem to live in the washing place.

Whenever I go for a walk or ride,  
As soon as I put my nose inside  
The door again, there's someone there  
With sponge and soap, and a lot they care  
If I have something better to do,  
"Now wash your face and your fingers too."

Before a meal is ever begun,  
And after ever a meal is done,  
It's time to turn on the water spout.  
Please, what is all this washing about?

## Water Closet

An English lady, while visiting Switzerland, was looking for a room and asked the schoolmaster if he could recommend one. He took her to see several rooms, and when everything was settled, the lady returned to her home to make the final preparations to move, her home being in Great Britain. When she arrived home the thought suddenly occurred to her that she had not seen a W.C., water closet, or toilet around the home. So she immediately sent off a note to the school master, asking him if there was a W.C. around. The Swiss school master was a very poor student of English, so he asked the Parish Priest if he could help him translate the matter. Together they tried to discover the meaning of W.C. The only solution they could find was that the letters W.C. meant Wesleyan Chapel. So the schoolmaster wrote the following note to the lady:

Dear Madam,

I take great pleasure in informing you that the W.C. is nine miles from the house. It's in the center of a beautiful grove of pine trees, surrounded by beautiful grounds. It is capable of holding 229 people and it is open Sundays and Thursdays only. As there are a great number of people expected during the summer months, I would suggest that your ladyship come early, although there is plenty of standing room. This is an unfortunate situation, particularly if you are in the habit of going often.

You will, no doubt, be glad to hear that a good number bring their lunch and make a day of it. Others who can afford to go by car arrive just in time. I would especially recommend that you go on Thursdays when there's organ accompaniment. The acoustics are excellent and even the most delicate sound can be heard anywhere on the grounds.

It may interest you to know that my daughter was married in the W.C. and it was there that she met her husband. I can remember the rush for seats that day. It was wonderful to see the expressions on the faces of the people attending.

The newest attraction is a bell, donated by a wealthy resident of the district, who has spent many happy hours there with his family and friends. It rings forth every time a person enters or leaves the W.C.

A bazaar will be held there in the near future to provide plush seats for all since their absence has been a felt need.

My wife is rather delicate so she can't attend regularly. It has been almost a year since she was last there, so naturally it pains her a great deal not to be able to go there more often.

I will be delighted to reserve the best seat for you, if you wish, where you will be seen by all.

For children there is a special time and place so they will not disturb their elders.

Hoping to have been of service to you, I remain,

Sincerely Yours,  
The School Master

## **We Are Survivors!!! ...**

Consider the changes we have witnessed since 1945!

We were born before television, before penicillin, before polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, plastic, contact lenses, Frisbees and the PILL. We were before radar, credit cards, split atoms, laser beams and ballpoint pens. Before pantyhose, dishwashers, clothes dryers, electric blankets, air conditioners, drip-dry clothes . . .and before man walked on the moon.

We got married first and then lived together. How quaint can you be? In our time, closets were for clothes, not for "coming out of". Bunnies were small rabbits, and rabbits were not Volkswagens. Designer Jeans were scheming girls names Jean, and having a meaningful relationship meant getting along with our cousins.

We thought fast food was what you ate during lent, and Outer Space was the back of the Riviera Theater. We were before house husbands, gay rights, computer dating, dual careers and commuter marriages. We were before day-care centers, group therapy and nursing homes.

We never heard of FM radio, tape decks, electronic typewriters, artificial hearts, word processors, yogurt and guys wearing earrings. For us, time-sharing meant togetherness . . .not computers or condominiums. A chip meant a piece of wood. Hardware meant hardware, and software wasn't even a word.

Back then, "Made in Japan" meant junk and the term "making out" referred to how you did on your exam. Pizzas, McDonalds and instant coffees were unheard of. We hit the scene where there were 5 and 10 cent stores, where you bought things for five and ten cents. Sanders or Wilsons sold ice cream cones for a nickel or a dime. For one nickel you could ride a street car, make a phone call, buy a Pepsi or enough stamps to mail one letter and two postcards. You could buy a new Chevy coupe for \$600 . . . but who could afford one? A pity too, because gas was 11 cents a gallon!

In our day, GRASS was mowed, COKE was a cold drink and POT was something you cooked in. ROCK MUSIC was a Grandma's lullaby and AIDS were helpers in the Principal's office. We were certainly not before the difference between the sexes was discovered, but we were surely before the sex change. We made do with what we had. And we were the last generation that was so dumb as to think you needed a husband to have a baby.

No wonder we are so confused and there is such a generation gap today.

# **We Got A Princess, Too**

by R. Ross Annett

From the kitchen window, Uncle Pete saw the car turn into the farmyard. It was a new car, and the tall man who got out of it was smartly dressed. He carried a bulging briefcase. Because of his still, Uncle Pete was suspicious of all strangers and he fidgeted uneasily while Miss Hans went to the door in answer to the knock.

He felt a sharp relief when he heard Miss Hans cry out:

"Why, it's Doctor Melby! Come right in, doctor!"

"Well — Miss Hans!" said the stranger in a deep cultured voice. He was a tall man with an austerity of manner slightly reminiscent of President Wilson. "It's a surprise, indeed, to find you here," he said.

He turned to confront Uncle Pete, who was oozing stealthily past him toward the door. Miss Hans was obliged to introduce them, but she did it with an air that said plainly that the less said about Uncle Pete the better. Uncle Pete's purple-veined face was a well-written page whereon were recorded the dubious practices of a misspent life.

"This is Doctor Melby," said Miss Hans. "Doctor, this is —"

"Glad to meet you, doc," Uncle Pete interrupted in his wheezy, asthmatic voice. "I'm real glad you called. Fact is, I been havin' a discomfort in my stomach lately."

"Doctor Melby is not a medical doctor," Miss Hans said sharply. "He's a doctor of philosophy."

Uncle Pete, who knew only two kinds of doctors, was properly apologetic.

"Well, don't get shirty about it," he said. "How was I to know he was a horse doctor?"

Miss Hans flushed painfully.



"Doctor Melby is the school inspector," she said icily.

And the doctor said: "I heard there were children here of school age, and no school operating in the neighborhood. I didn't expect to find Miss Hans here."

"So many schools were closed on account of the drought that I couldn't get a regular teaching job," Miss Hans explained. "So I came here last summer as tutor to the children."

"Any port in a storm," murmured the inspector sympathetically. "We are having difficult times, certainly, I've often wondered what happened to you."

"She's the best tooter I ever seen," Uncle Pete declared. "She can sure make good flapjacks, doc."

The remark seemed to fall flat. Vaguely aware that Miss Hans found his presence embarrassing, Uncle Pete mumbled something about finding the kids and slouched outside. He was kind of peeved. He felt that even a horse doctor might have suggested something for his stomach.

"There's a vet in the house," he reported to Big Joe. "Come to see about the kids' schoolin'."

Big Joe and the kids started for the house at once.

"Silly gover'nment's hirin' horse doctors for school inspectors," grumbled Uncle Pete, who disliked the government. "Ain't that politics for yuh!"

But Big Joe and the kids found Doctor Melby pleasant and helpful. The kids reacted shyly.

"Baby's six past," said their father, "an' Little Joe here's nine and a half. They ain't never been to school but they're doin' real good since Miss Hans came. You oughta hear Baby read The Little Red Hen."

But the inspector refused to examine Babe and Little Joe. Miss Hans had already told him of their progress, and he said confidently, "Their education couldn't be in better hands," which made Miss Hans' sharp features flush with pleasure. Doctor Melby promised to send them some readers and other supplies that Miss Hans needed.

"Or you can call for them," he suggested as he climbed into his car. "You'll all be in Sanford Wednesday, no doubt."

"Wednesday?" echoed Big Joe blankly.

"Wednesday noon. Didn't you hear about it? The King and Queen are coming. The royal train will stop at Sanford for fifteen minutes."

That was news to Big Joe and the family.

"We don't take a newspaper," Big Joe explained. "Cripes, you can't have everything, these times."

Doctor Melby lingered a few minutes to tell them about the royal visit.

"We want to make it a memorable day — for the children, especially," he said. "It's the event of a lifetime and you wouldn't want your children to miss it."

"I guess not," Big Joe agreed doubtfully. He certainly did not want Babe and Little Joe to miss anything worth while.

"I'm on the committee," Doctor Melby said. "Look me up and I'll get you a good place to see Their Majesties and the parade."

Then he drove away, leaving the family in a ferment.

"The King and Queen!" cried Babe breathlessly. "And soldiers and generals! Can we go, pop?"

"I guess so, Baby."

"Will he have a crown on?" Little Joe wondered.

"Sure," said Big Joe. "He's the King, ain't he?"

But Miss Hans said that the King only wore his crown on special state occasions. It was surprising how much Miss Hans seemed to know about the King. She brought out a picture she kept on the wall of her room, a picture of the King and the Queen and the little princesses, and exhibited it with a fervor that was almost religious in its intensity.

In fact, she spent most of the evening giving a sort of lecture about the royal family and answering the kids' eager questions. Big Joe was astonished at her enthusiasm. It seemed to him sort of girlish, not quite proper in a woman of her considerable age.

Big Joe and Uncle Pete were Dakota-born and raised. Even twenty years' domicile in Canada had given them no background of affection for the royal family. If the President of the United States had been coming, or the governor of North Dakota, they might have been interested. But they were distinctly apathetic about the royal visit.

Not so the kids. They plied Miss Hans with questions and Babe, in particular, studied the picture of the little princesses with adoring eyes.

"I think they're lovely," she breathed.

"Too bad the King ain't got a son," Little Joe said. "I bet he could have a .22 rifle an' everything he wanted."

Doctor Melby had given Miss Hans a special edition of a city paper and she read whole columns from it — descriptions of the royal family, their palaces, estimates of the cost of upkeep of cars, stables, wine cellars. Miss Hans stumbled upon that last item without warning and wished she had left it out. She glanced hastily across at Uncle Pete, hoping he had not heard it.

He was sitting in his usual place by the kitchen window, morosely uninterested, apparently. But he perked up at the mention of wine cellars.

"Cripes!" he wheezed enviously. "The King's quite a lad, ain't he!"

Any complacent sense of achievement Uncle Pete might have had over the way he kept himself in liquor despite drought and poverty was knocked cockeyed when he heard about the King's annual expenditure for liquor. It sure made Uncle Pete look like a piker with his crude home-made still and its throat-searing product.

Babe was so thrilled about the King's visit that Big Joe practically had to drive her off to bed.

"I wish the princesses were coming, too," she said. She had cut a picture of the princesses from the newspaper and pinned it to the bedpost. "What do you have to do to be a princess, pop?" she asked.

"Nothin'," said Big Joe. "If your mom's a queen — why, you're just naturally a princess. That's why you're a princess yourself, Baby."

Babe's blue eyes narrowed the way they did when she thought her father was kidding.

"Don't be silly, pop."

"Your Mom was a queen an' you're my little princess," Big Joe insisted.

"Did Mom have a crown?" Babe asked.

"Sure, Baby. Her hair. It was all goldy, like yours."

"Did she have pretty clothes?"

"Darn tootin'! We had plenty of money them days."

"And she was beautiful," Babe said with certainty. Nearly every night, before she went to sleep, Big Joe told her about Emmy. Indeed, the two of them loved to talk about her.

"She was a queen," Big Joe repeated with a reminiscent reverence in his voice.

Babe slipped her arms around his neck in a convulsive tenderness.

"Then you're a king, pop," she declared.

"The heck I am!" growled Big Joe humbly.

The very next morning, Miss Hans launched into a feverish campaign of preparation for the gala day. She cleaned and pressed everybody's clothes and tried to talk Uncle Pete into buying a new pair of pants. Miss Hans called them "trousers."

"Shucks!" Uncle Pete scoffed. "The 'King ain't goin' to bother about my pants."

Of them all, he was the least impressed by the approaching occasion. "I seen Teddy Roosevelt once," he boasted, as though nobody thus favored could expect anything further in the way of thrills. Big Joe could not help succumbing to the mounting excitement with which Miss Hans and the kids were charged. And eventually, even Uncle Pete was affected. He still kept reiterating that he had seen Teddy Roosevelt once, but he was to be observed occasionally scanning the pictures in Doctor Melby's paper with a grudging interest. To his very great regret, there were no pictures of the royal wine cellars.

With Babe, Miss Hans sure let herself go. She made Babe a new dress out of some blue gauzy stuff, with a white slip to go under it. She bought blue ankle socks to match, and little strap slippers. Big Joe thought that Babe looked like a princess in the dress, and a fairy princess at that.

Babe herself was feverishly busy. From the remnants left over from her own dress, she was making two doll dresses. It was a job that entailed infinite care and much pricking of unskillful fingers, and much help from Miss Hans.

No one suspected the dreams Babe kept dreaming while she worked. And the final wrapping-up she did by herself because she had a feeling that the grown-ups would not approve. She wrapped the dresses in the nicest paper she could find, tied the parcel securely, and decorated it with two seals she had saved from a parcel Miss Hans had got last Christmas. It said Merry Christmas on the seals and it was now early summer, but Babe thought the seals looked pretty anyway. She got a pencil and painstakingly printed on the parcel:

"For the Princesses — from Babe."

The s's sort of ran wild on her, and the printing was a bit smudgy, but Babe was happily unconscious of that. Babe was the "givingest" kid, Big Joe always said. To her, loving meant giving; and she had taken the princesses to her heart.

Unfortunately, on the Wednesday morning, Miss Hans got up with one of her infrequent but paralyzing sick headaches. Doggedly she got the breakfast, but she could not eat anything herself. Her face was drawn and white. She had done her stringy hair up in curlers the night before, and Miss Hans in curlers was a sight to startle even Uncle Pete, who had seen plenty in his time.

She brought out some shoe polish and insisted that the men blacken their boots, an effeminate procedure to which they consented only because Miss Hans looked so ill that it seemed cruel to argue the point with her. And when she pointed despairingly at Uncle Pete, whose shapeless blue denim pants had a light-colored patch a foot long on each knee, and said with a sort of moan, "Look at his trousers!" Big Joe promised hastily: "We'll get him a new pair in town."

Uncle Pete felt real sorry for her. She had looked forward so eagerly to this day. He even brought her a not-too-generous shot of his potato liquor in a battered old metal cup.

"That'll fix you up," he assured her, shaken at his own generosity. Likely, if the King himself had come along and cried, "My kingdom for a drink!" Uncle Pete wouldn't have parted with a drop.

Miss Hans, however, was not appreciative. At the first whiff of the potent stuff in the cup, she gasped indignantly and hurled the liquor right through the screen door. Uncle Pete gaped wistfully at the drops on the screen. A couple of flies that had been prospecting about there went wheeling dizzily away.

"Wilful waste makes woeful want," he reproved her angrily.

Miss Hans kept on her feet until she had everyone ready and the democrat was at the door. Then she cried despairingly:

"I can't do it! You'll have to go without me."

They sure felt bad about leaving her. In fact, it cast a gloom over them all until they came in sight of Sanford and saw all the flags flying and heard distant band music.

"Gee!" cried Little Joe. "That sure is a powerful phonograph!" He, of course, had never heard a band.

There was a noisy uproar coming from the direction of the railway station where the ceremonies were to take place during the brief stop that the royal train would make there.

"Hurry, pop," begged Babe, holding her parcel with the printing down, so nobody could read the address on it.

True to his promise, however, Big Joe pulled up in front of Sol Strunsky's General Store. He gave Uncle Pete two dollars and told him: "Get yourself a good pair of pants an' put 'em on. An' hurry!"

Uncle Pete went into the store and the kids fidgeted impatiently. Little Joe said: "I bet the King wouldn't ever have to have patches on his pants."

And Big Joe scoffed: "Gosh, no! Likely he gets a new pair as soon as his old ones get wore a bit."

In a few moments Uncle Pete reappeared with the new pants over his arm and a sheepish look in his bleary eyes.

"Nobody there but a woman clerk," he explained bashfully.

"Cripes!" cried Big Joe in exasperation. He turned the horses up the alley back of the livery stable, halted them there and rushed Uncle Pete in the back door. In the cool semi-darkness of the livery stable, Uncle Pete stripped off his old pants and donned the new ones.

"Goodness!" growled Big Joe. "They'd fit a couple of men like you." In his embarrassment when confronted with the woman clerk, Uncle Pete had bought just about the largest size Sol Strunsky had. He turned the pant legs up, but the cuffs reached practically to his

knees. However, there was no time to go back and change them. From in front of the livery stable, on the street leading to the railway station, came the uproar of the crowds.

Big Joe made Uncle Pete sit down on the floor and hold one foot up. He pulled the pant leg down over the boot, bunched it up tight and, holding it against one of the stall posts, sawed it off with his pocketknife. When he had finished, it looked kind of scalloped around the bottom but it was at least of ankle length.

"Gimme the other leg," Big Joe demanded. Rapidly he amputated part of the other leg and Uncle Pete stood up.

"Ow!" he gasped angrily. "Look what you done!"

Big Joe was shocked to find he had cut the other leg too short. It reached barely an inch or two below Uncle Pete's knee. But it was too late to do anything about it.

"Pull up your sock an' let's go," he ordered, hastening out to the democrat. Uncle Pete slouched unwillingly in his wake. He was by no means fussy about clothes, but the pants did not look good, even to him. He felt kind of lop-sided.

A train whistled loudly.

"That's the King's train," cried Little Joe, and Babe begged: "Hurry, Uncle Pete!"

So Uncle Pete climbed into the back seat and Big Joe shouted to the horses. They emerged from the alley with the horses on the run. But when they tried to reach the street that led to the railway station they were blocked by a crowd of people that filled the cross street from side to side.

To stay where they were was to see practically nothing. To get out of the democrat and try forcing their way through the dense crowd seemed hopeless. With mounting apprehension, they hurried from block to block, but everywhere their approach to the station was blocked by mobs of people.

"I want to see the Queen," wailed Babe.



"Shucks, Baby!" big Joe growled. "We're doin' our best, ain't we?"

The street leading to the station was being kept clear for the parade. Indeed, the parade itself was coming, for band music blared suddenly a few blocks away. Big Joe figured if he could just push through the crowd and reach the cleared street ahead he could get down somewhere near the station.

All at once he pulled the horses around and headed back toward the livery stable. From the back alley he could — and did — drive right into the livery stable. Only the big double front doors separated them from the street, and the crowd outside those doors would only be sidewalk deep.

At Big Joe's command, Uncle Pete opened the doors, and as they swung inward half a dozen spectators fell in with them.

"Gangway!" bellowed Big Joe. He urged the horses through the crowd on the sidewalk and Uncle Pete scrambled into the back seat as the democrat went past. People fought back out of the way and yelled indignantly, but Big Joe did not care. He was out in the clear at last and the way to the railway station lay open before him.

As the horses moved down the street, however, his exultation gave way to dismay. It was like getting out of the frying pan into the fire. Ahead of him, indeed, the street was open all the way to the station, but it was banked by a solid wall of people. There was no clear place where he could park the democrat. And there was no going back, because the parade was approaching noisily, the band in the lead.

It looked almost as though their old democrat was leading the procession. Spectators began to jeer at them and their rickety outfit. The horses were rawboned and decrepit. The band music set them prancing awkwardly. The democrat itself was a much-patched vehicle, held together by hay-wire. On the back seat slouched Uncle Pete, acutely embarrassed because of his knee-length pant leg. He tried turning the other leg up to match, but that seemed to look worse.

"Folks'll think I'm a boy scout," he muttered.

Big Joe and the kids sat on the front seat, with Babe in the middle. She sat erect and sparkling with excitement, dainty and fairylike in her loveliness. She was like a small Cinderella whose fairy godmother had forgotten to transform her pathetically inadequate equipage into something appropriate.

The crowd's good-natured jeers increased.

"It's the state carriage!" somebody cried, and a Cockney voice piped shrilly: "Lumme! See the 'andsome 'orses!"

Big Joe's face reddened as they ran the gauntlet of bantering comment for a couple of blocks. They were rapidly drawing ahead of the band when a dazzling personage came galloping up on a beautiful black horse. He wore a uniform as gorgeous as the one the King had in Miss Hans' picture, and he had a sword too. A row of medals tinkled at the ends of bright ribbons on his left breast. He was an awesome sight. Majesty was in his mien, but his eyes were blazing mad.

"Get that old rattletrap off the street!" he roared.

Even Uncle Pete was impressed. He raised his hand to his battered hat in what he fancied was a smart salute and said: "Okay, chief!"

"Cripes!" gasped Big Joe in a shamed voice as the personage galloped on. "You don't want to call him 'chief,' you fool! You gotta say, 'Your Majesty.'"

"Anyway, we seen him," said Uncle Pete with considerable satisfaction. "I even spoke to him!"

He wished that he had thought to report to the King about the crazy government hiring horse doctors for school inspectors. But the chance was gone now.

"But I want to see the Queen, too," Babe cried.

"Goodness, Baby, we can't have everything," her pop said.

And it was easy enough for the King to say, "Get off the street," but, short of driving plumb over a bunch of people, it was impossible to do it.

In fact, the only clear place Big Joe could see in which to pull up the democrat was half a block away, in front of the railway station itself. He lashed the horses to a gallop and stopped in front of the building. There they all piled out of the democrat and stood at the horses' heads, with Big Joe hanging on to old Dan's bridle. The blare of the band made the horses fidgety.

Even there, apparently, they were not welcome. In front of the main doorway were a lot of men and women. Some of the men wore uniforms, splendid to look upon, and others had long coats and silk hats. Doctor Melby was prominent among them, and Uncle Pete called, "Hiya, doc!"

He was just a horse doctor, of course, and likely a political heeler at that; but it was not a time for personalities, Uncle Pete thought.

And there were mounted police everywhere in their scarlet tunics. Several of them darted toward the awkward group by the democrat, but a little man got there first — a little man with a long coat and a wizened-up face that looked like a peanut under his silk hat.

"You c-can't stay here!" he stuttered indignantly. "You s-simply can't s-stay!"

"Please let them stay," said a quiet voice, and Big Joe saw that another man had detached himself from the group of swells and was approaching with Doctor Melby at his elbow. A nice, quiet man, he seemed, but his voice had an authoritative ring for all its pleasantness. Old Peanut-face retired, still stuttering, and the Mounties halted, warily alert.

Doctor Melby introduced them, but they couldn't catch the name because the band was making such a racket.

"There was no place else to go," Big Joe shouted apologetically.

"It's quite all right," the man shouted back, smiling. He thought that Uncle Pete was a cripple, because Pete was standing sort of one-sided in a vain effort to make both pant legs look the same length.

"Are you a war veteran?" the man asked.

Uncle Pete shook his head, and Big Joe explained: "It's his pants. We cut one leg too short."

The man shook hands with Babe and Little Joe. "You can stay right here and see the parade," he assured them.

"But we didn't see the Queen!" piped Babe, "I wanted to see the Queen!"

The friendly man went back to the group of uniforms and stuffed shirts.

"Who's he?" Babe demanded.

"Oh, the mayor or somebody like that," Big Joe said. "Nice fellow, ain't he!"

"He's comin' back," cried Little Joe. "Him an' his wife."

Big Joe remembered to take off his hat and was surprised and gratified to note that Uncle Pete did too. Fortunately, Little Joe was bareheaded.

The mayor's wife was a lovely lady. The band was getting close now, but the mayor shouted to Big Joe for a moment about crop conditions, and his wife leaned over and said things to Babe, who responded shyly but animatedly.

Then there was a sudden lull in the band music and Babe's voice piped loudly: "We've got a little calf at home — and some cute little baby chickens!"

"Have you really, dear?" exclaimed the lady.

"And we saw the King!" Babe cried. "It would sure be nice to see the princesses."

The lady smiled across at Big Joe, and Big Joe said: "We got a princess, too," resting a hand on Babe's yellow hair while with the other he still clung to old Dan's bridle.

"I brought a present for the princesses," Babe said, and showed the lady the parcel with the Christmas seals on it.

"Gosh, Baby! You can't do that," cried Big Joe. "She don't know no better, ma'am," he explained.

But the lady took the parcel from Babe and said she would see that it reached the princesses. She bent swiftly and kissed Babe, too. Babe had never seen such a nice lady.

Then the parade was upon them. The mayor stood at attention and took the salute as the soldiers marched past. The local militia, they were — just young fellows, some of whom Big Joe knew. The fathers of many of them, veterans of the Great War, marched after them. Then came hundreds of school children, marching two by two and carrying flags and banners. Little Joe made outrageous faces at them as they marched past until Big Joe noticed and thumped him angrily in the back.

It was sure thrilling while it lasted, but it was all over in a few minutes.

"Good-by!" called the mayor as he and his wife and the uniforms went through the station door.

"So long, chief!" Uncle Pete called. "Lookit," said Big Joe in disgust, "when you're talkin' to the mayor, you say 'Your Worship.' Don't you know nothin'? Maybe if we go through the station we can see the King's train."

"And the Queen!" said Babe eagerly.

But old Peanut-face came back again, his face working furiously.

"You — you —," he stammered. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Now, listen," growled Big Joe. "You heard the mayor say we could stag right here. So push off!"

"I," cried Peanut-face indignantly, "I am the mayor!"

"You are!" ejaculated Big Joe. "Then who was that fellow we talked to?"

"That," gargled the Mayor, his voice rising almost to a scream, "that, you unutterable nincompoop, was the King! The King and Queen!"

Big Joe's mouth fell open and they all stood there for a moment, paralyzed with surprise. Then Uncle Pete croaked:

"Let's get outa here. We'll get pinched or somethin'."

"You deserve to be boiled in oil!" shrieked the Mayor.

Uncle Pete was already scrambling into the democrat. His sock had sagged down beneath the short pant leg so that his bare leg showed. Big Joe and the kids piled in, and they departed with all the speed they could make, the street being crowded with people hurrying for a look at the royal train.

"Will they pinch us, pop?" little Joe inquired anxiously.

"Naw," said Big Joe. "He was a nice fellow."

Just the same, he breathed more easily when he turned the horses into a quiet street and urged them to a trot.

"There's a soldier comin' after us," Uncle Pete growled suddenly from the back seat. "That fellow on the black horse that we thought was the King."

"Good night!" gasped Big Joe. He whooped at the horses so that they broke into a gallop while visions of dark dungeons and torture chambers danced before his eyes.

But the horseman rapidly overhauled them. They could hear him shouting. He had something shiny in his hand, too. Big Joe was afraid he might shoot at them and hurt the kids, so he pulled the horses to a halt.

The soldier came galloping up. The thing in his hand turned out to be a roll of white paper — a summons, likely.

"Now lookit, general," Big Joe protested. "How could we know it was the King?"

The officer held the paper out to Babe.

"This is for the little girl," he said haughtily. "By Her Majesty's express command!"

"Oo!" gasped Babe. Round-eyed and fluttering, she unrolled the paper. Then she gasped again with delight.

It was a picture of the King and Queen. It was in full color, too. The King was wearing a gorgeous uniform with such an array of gold braid and medals as to make the uniform of the officer sitting on his horse there beside the democrat look like just nothing at all. The Queen looked even nicer in the picture than she had back there when she was talking to Babe, and she had a crown on her head.

Across the bottom of the picture was written: "For a little princess — from the Queen."

Speechless with amazement and delight, they all sat there admiring the picture, Uncle Pete craning his neck from the back seat. When the officer saluted stiffly and wheeled his beautiful horse, they were all too absorbed to notice — all, that is, except Uncle Pete.

Pete waved his hand affably and called: "Well, so long, Your Worship!"

# Weight Gainer

Edgar A. Guest

Bang on your platter  
And tinkle your glass!  
Here is a matter  
Too joyful to pass!  
Here is good news  
I am proud to relate:  
Ellen Elizabeth's  
Gaining in weight!

Ellen Elizabeth's  
Added an ounce!  
More of her daily  
To cuddle and bounce!  
Hark to her grandpa,  
Who stops you to state:  
Ellen Elizabeth's  
Gaining in weight!

Cheeks growing lumper  
And legs getting stout;  
Isn't that something  
To babble about?  
Draining her bottles  
At furious rate,  
Ellen Elizabeth's  
Gaining in Weight!



Cheer now for Ellen,  
Who's gaining in weight.  
Twenty years later,  
'Twill all be to late.  
Twenty years later,  
As fat as a goose,  
She'll go on a diet  
And want to reduce!

## What a Baby Costs

"How much do babies cost?" said he  
The other night upon my knee;  
And then I said: "They cost a lot;  
A lot of watching by a cot,  
A lot of sleepless hours and care,  
A lot of heart-ache and despair,  
A lot of fear and trying dread,  
And sometimes many tears are shed  
In payment for our babies small,  
But every one is worth it all.  
"For babies people have to pay  
A heavy price from day to day --

There is no way to get one cheap.  
Why, sometimes when they're fast asleep  
You have to get up in the night  
And go and see that they're all right.  
But what they cost in constant care  
And worry, does not half compare  
With what they bring of joy and bliss  
-- You'd pay much more for just a kiss.  
"Who buys a baby has to pay  
A portion of the bill each day;  
He has to give his time and thought  
Unto the little one he's bought.  
He has to stand a lot of pain  
Inside his heart and not complain;  
And pay with lonely days and sad  
For all the happy hours he's had.

His smile is worth it all, you bet."

## What About You?

In 1923, a group of the world's most successful financiers met at the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago. Present were:

1. The president of the largest independent steel company;
2. The president of the largest utility company;
3. The greatest wheat speculator;
4. The president of the New York Stock Exchange;
5. A member of the United States President's Cabinet;
6. The greatest "bear" in Wall Street;
7. The president of the Bank of International Settlements;
8. The head of the world's greatest monopoly.

These men controlled more wealth than there is in the United States Treasury. Newspapers and magazines printed their success stories and urged the youth of the nation to follow their example. Twenty-five years later let us see what happened to these men:

1. The president of the largest independent steel company — Charles Schwab, died a bankrupt and lived on borrowed money for five years before his death.
2. The president of the greatest utility company — Samuel Insull, died a fugitive from justice and penniless in a foreign land.
3. The Greatest wheat speculator — Arthur Cutten, died abroad insolvent.

4. The president of the New York Stock Exchange — Richard Whitney, has been released from Sing Sing penitentiary.

5. The member of the President's Cabinet — Albert Fall, was pardoned from prison so he could die at home.

6. The greatest "bear" in Wall Street —Jesse Livermore, died a suicide.

7. The president of the Bank of International Settlements — Leon Frazer died a suicide.

8. The head of the greatest monopoly — Ivar Krueger, died a suicide.

All of these men learned well the art of making money, but not one of them learned how to live.

— Cypress Temple News

## What an Awful Thing is Work

Oh, I often lie in bed and think  
What an awful thing is work.  
So many men have started it  
And ended with a jerk!

There's (Bomby Bob) who got a job  
To drive a motor car.  
Said "Blow the police, I'll show them birds  
I know what motors are."

So an hundred miles an hour he went  
And quite enjoyed the fun.  
'Till a load of hay got in the way,  
And his days work was done.

When (Salty Jack) was fifty six,  
He ran away to sea.  
The first day out the Captain said,  
"We have no cream for tea.

"Who'll go ashore?" "I will," Said Jack  
"I'll never act the goat."  
So while the sea ran mountains high,  
He went out in a boat.

And when the boat began to fill  
This brave young mother's son  
Cut holes about to let it out.  
And his days work was done.

To be a strong man was the aim  
Of (Jimmy Mckintire)  
So just to keep his muscles trim  
He let himself on hire.

He got a job the other day  
Some heavy things to shift.  
And just to show the other boys  
What great weight he could lift,

With a Grand Piano on his back  
Upstairs he tried to run  
Trod on a stair that wasn't there  
And his day's work was done.

A Shooting competition  
Was the end of (Jimmy Duff)  
Who got a job as marker  
For the first time in his puff

But, he didn't understand the game  
And when he heard the shots  
He thought the time had come for him  
To go and mark the spots.

He went in front of the target,  
To see which man had won.  
He stopped a shot in a tender spot.  
And his day's work was done.

(A man) was up a ladder.  
Washing windows was his job.  
But all the while was spooning  
With Mrs. Thing-a-me-bob.

Her husband came along just as  
Their lips in kisses met.  
But he didn't stomp and start about.  
He didn't get upset.

He simply pulled the ladder out  
And waited for the fun.  
The man at the top came down ker-plop.  
And his days work was done.

(Young Johnny) got a football.  
So to make his playmates stare.  
He pumped it up with gas  
Instead of filling it with air.

A policeman took it from him  
For playing in the street.  
And later in the evening  
He went to take a seat.

He sat down on that football.  
It went off like a gun.  
They found his feet blocks up the street.  
And his days work was done.



(Sam) got a job the other day  
Some cabbages to pull.  
He just got fairly started  
When he saw a balmy bull.

With his rudder cocked up in the air  
Horns swinging from and to.  
Said he, "I'll turn my back on him  
And see what he will do."

So he closed his eyes and waited.  
The bull came on the run.  
He got a shock that stopped his clock,  
And his days work was done.

(Young Suzie Smith) she got a job  
In a menagerie (zoo).  
'Twas just to feed the animals  
As simple as can be.

But she didn't know their appetites  
And that's the funny part.  
So when the feeding time came round  
She had to make a start.

She went into the lion's den  
To offer him a bun.  
The lion smiled and then got wild.  
And her days work was done.

Young Dustin was a Doctor.  
He's smart as smart can be.

He sat down on his patient,  
And broke his patient's knee.

He butchers with a scalpel.  
He gives it all he's got.  
And then he pokes a needle  
Into a tender spot.

The patient got excited.  
And then he got quite mad.  
The boss came in and fired him.  
His job he no more had.

We came to help this program out  
By singing this dumb song.  
By the look on all your faces,  
We've carried on too long.

And if we go on singing  
It'll go from bad to worse.  
To end this song, I'll run along.  
Or we'll need to call the hearse.

N.B. This song is best sung with an English accent. Friend's names may be substituted for the names in brackets.

# **What Are Fathers Made Of?**

Paul Harvey

A Father is a thing that is forced to endure childbirth without an anesthetic.

A Father is a thing that growls when it feels good and laughs loud when it is scared half to death.

A Father is sometimes accused of giving too much time to his business when the little ones are growing up.

A Father never feels entirely worthy of the worship in his child's eyes. He is never quite the hero his daughter thinks he is and never quite the man his son believes him to be. This worries him sometimes, so he works too hard to try and smooth out the rough places in the road for his son who will follow him.

A Father is a thing that gets very angry when school grades aren't as good as he thinks they should be.

He scolds his son although he knows it's the teacher's fault.

Fathers grow old faster than other people.

While mothers can cry where it shows, Fathers have to stand there and die inside.

Fathers have very stout hearts, so they have to be broken sometimes or no one would know what is inside.

Fathers give daughters away to other men who aren't nearly good enough so they can have grandchildren that are smarter than anybody's.

Fathers fight dragons almost daily.

They hurry away from the breakfast table, off to the arena which is sometimes called an office or a workshop ... where they tackle the dragon with three heads — weariness, work and monotony.

Fathers make bets with insurance companies about who will live the longest.

Though they know the odds, they keep right on betting.

Even as the odds get higher and higher, they keep right on betting more and more.

And one day they lose.

But Fathers enjoy an earthly immortality and the bet is paid off to the part of him he leaves behind.

I don't know where Fathers go when they die.

But I have an idea that after a good rest, wherever it is, he won't be happy unless there is work to do.

He won't just sit on a cloud and wait for the girl he's loved and the children she bore.

He'll be busy there, too ... repairing the stairs ... oiling the gates ... improving the streets, smoothing the way.

## **What Are You Worth?**

A well known speaker started off his seminar by holding up a \$20.00 bill. In the room of 200, he asked, "Who would like this \$20.00 bill?" Hands started going up. He said, "I'm going to give this \$20.00 to one of you but first, let me do this." He proceeded to crumple the twenty dollar bill up.

He then asked, "Who still wants it?" Still the hands were up in the air. "Well," he replied, "what if I do this?" And he dropped it on the ground and started to grind it into the floor with his shoe. He picked it up, now crumpled and dirty. "Now who wants it?"

Still the hands went into the air. "My friends, you have all learned a very valuable lesson. No matter what I did to the money, you still wanted it because it did not decrease in value. It was still worth \$20.00. Many times in our lives, we are dropped, crumpled, and ground into the dirt by the decisions we make and the circumstances that come our way. We feel as though we are worthless. But no matter what has happened or what will happen, you will never lose your value in God's eyes. To Him, dirty or clean, crumpled or finely creased, you are still priceless to Him. the worth of our lives come not in what we do or who we know, but by **WHO WE ARE!**"

You are special -- Don't ever forget it! Count your blessings, not your problems! God bless you and have a great week!

## What Do You Make?

We were all sitting around the dinner table discussing life and the man across from me decided to show his brilliance. He says the problem with teachers is, "What's a kid going to learn from someone who decided his best option in life was to become a teacher?" He reminds the other dinner guests that it's true what they say about teachers: Those who can, do; those who can't, teach.

I decide to bite my tongue and resist the temptation to remind the dinner guests that it's also true what they say about lawyers. Because we're eating, after all, and this is polite company.

"I mean, you're a teacher, Taylor," he says. "Be honest. What do you make?" And I wish he hadn't done that (asked me to be honest) because, you see, I have a policy about honesty: if you ask for it, I have to let you have it.

"You want to know what I make?

"I make kids work harder than they ever thought they could. I can make a C+ feel like a Medal of Honour, and an A- feel like a slap in the face. How dare you waste my time with anything less than your very best?"

"I make parents tremble in fear when I call home: I hope I haven't called at a bad time, I just wanted to talk to you about something Billy said today. Billy said, "Leave the kid alone, I still cry sometimes, don't you?" And it was the noblest act of courage I have ever seen. I make parents see their children for who they are and what they can be."

"You want to know what I make? I make kids wonder, I make them question. I make them criticise. I make them apologise and mean it. I make them write. I make them read, read, read. I make them spell 'definitely beautiful', 'definitely beautiful', 'definitely beautiful' over and over and over again until they will never misspell either one of those words again."

" I make them show all their work in math. And hide it on their final drafts in English. I make them understand that if you have brains then you follow your heart and if someone ever tries to judge you by what you make, you pay them no attention."

Let me break it down for you, so you know what I say is true: I make a difference in the lives of hundreds of children. Now what about you? What do you make?"

# What I Want My Children to Know

by Thomas D. Murray

"Wait till you have children; your life will never be the same." I always assumed the meaning behind those words to be nothing more than a magnificent grasp of the obvious, a warning of the predictable price of time, care and attention one must pay for pink, paper-thin ears, for button noses, for high white shoes and soft, round bottoms, for the utter pricelessness and loveliness of little people.

I knew I would have to teach my child a million things - balance a bike, tie his shoelaces. I guess I assumed that having a child would involve no more than these little lessons, and lots of love. I know differently now, because I have children.

I know that when you teach a child to divide five into ten, the lesson has a beginning and an end. But when you teach a girl to become a woman, or a boy to become a man, the lesson is as long as your life.

And to forget to teach, or to be too tired to teach or to elect not to teach, doesn't do away with the job. It simply changes the lessons, for teaching nothing teaches indifference or apathy more clearly or quickly than indifference and apathy.

If I teach my children nothing else, I want them to understand the absolute and profound relationship between happiness and love. But I plan no long lectures on love. In the first place, I know of no way to tell them why I love their mother. And how much I love her is not something I can say, but something they must see.

I'll tell my children that human happiness is too often measured in unrealistic lengths of time. I want them to realize that life is not lived in lifetimes or even seasons, but in sunny mornings and snowy afternoons, in picnics in the yard, in waiting for a child's fever to break, and sitting quietly with your husband or wife on a Wednesday night or picking up her dress or his suit at the cleaners. That if they can't find happiness here, they won't find it next week or next month somewhere over the horizon.

I think a parent owes a child a good grasp on the subjects of honesty and integrity. I believe they are difficult virtues to understand and apply, and a young man or woman dealing as they someday will with money, ambition and ego in the world of making a living will no doubt face a few troublesome trials. I want my children to know that honesty and integrity are good



companions that help us like ourselves, and they seem to attract others to us. Human integrity has the advantages of structural integrity - both hold things together through hell and high water.

I want my children to understand that the world is about people that we'll get from them no more than we give, that we will always be happier human beings when we love than when we hate, when we help than when we hurt.

I want my children to know that there is only one bit of real magic in the life that can truly move mountains and turn dreams into things they can touch and feel and see and enjoy. And that magic is called "Believing in Yourself."

I want them to know that almost everyone can achieve whatever he thinks he can achieve, that great doctors are great doctors, that great carpenters are great carpenters, and great failures are great failures because they believed exactly that much in themselves. That bad luck or big brains are rarely factors.

I want them to understand that, if they believe in themselves, they can use their energy to work toward what they want to be or do, and not in wondering whether they're good enough to try. For worry will wear them out, and worse, will tie them to the starting line.

I realize that making my children begin to believe in themselves is up to me, that it is not as simple as getting them to say it. I know it never stops, that when they can't seem to throw a ball straight, there's a big difference between laughing and saying: "You really are throwing it far, and as soon as we straighten it out, every team in town will want you."

I will try to give my children a sense of security, and hope that they develop enough of a willingness and ability to think, that they will feel comfortable with an open mind. For I want them to have happy lives, which I believe will call for a constant supply of good friends of all kinds. And I don't think, unless they learn to listen and to hold new ideas up to the light, that they can ever hope to hold onto half the good and thoughtful people they'll want to be with. I must teach them that conclusions, like cars, need to be tested and inspected at frequent intervals. Every so often, they may even need to be traded for new ones.

Doctors may tell my children that their health and the length of their life will depend to a great extent on what they eat. I'm going to tell them that I believe they depend even more on what they think, that the people among us with the most open minds - the real thinkers, the great artists and philosophers - often seem to live a very long time.

I would guess that attitudes more than age or energy levels, make people seem old or young; people who never close their minds, never mentally retire, seldom seem to let down. They never lose a kind of childlike appetite for what comes next, and always seem to be listening to a little voice that keeps prodding and pushing them never to miss a sunrise.

# **What is a Grandmother**

by a Grade Three Student

A grandmother is a lady who has no children of her own. A grandfather is a man grandmother. He goes for walks with the boys and they talk about fishin' and tractors and stuff like that.

Grandmothers don't have to do anything except be there. They are old so they shouldn't run or play hard. It's enough if they drive us to the market where the pretend horse is and have lots of quarters ready. Or if they take us for walks, they slow down past things like pretty flowers and caterpillars. And they never say, "Hurry up."

Usually grandmothers are fat, but not too fat to tie your shoes. They wear glasses and funny underwear. They can take their teeth and gums off. Grandmothers don't have to be smart; only answer questions like "Why isn't God married?" and "How come dogs chase cats?"

Everyone should try to have a grandmother, especially if you don't have a television, because they are the only grown-ups who have time.

# What Is A Vet?

Some veterans bear visible signs of their service: a missing limb, a jagged scar, a certain look in the eye. Others may carry the evidence inside them: a pin holding a bone together, a piece of shrapnel in the leg - or perhaps another sort of inner steel: the soul's ally forged in the refinery of adversity.

Except in parades, however, the men and women who have kept America safe wear no badge or emblem.

You can't tell a vet just by looking.

What is a vet?

He is the cop on the beat who spent six months in Saudi Arabia sweating two gallons a day making sure the armored personnel carriers didn't run out of fuel.

He is the barroom loudmouth, dumber than five wooden planks, whose overgrown frat-boy behavior is outweighed a hundred times in the cosmic scales by four hours of exquisite bravery near the 38th parallel.

She - or he - is the nurse who fought against futility and went to sleep sobbing every night for two solid years in Da Nang.

He is the POW who went away one person and came back another - or didn't come back AT ALL.

He is the Quantico drill instructor who has never seen combat - but has saved countless lives by turning, slouchy hill-billy rednecks and no-account gang members into Marines, and teaching them to watch each other's backs.

He is the parade - riding Legionnaire who pins on his ribbons and medals with a prosthetic hand.

He is the career quartermaster who watches the ribbons and medals pass him by.

He is the three anonymous heroes in The Tomb Of The Unknowns, whose presence at the Arlington National Cemetery must forever preserve the memory of all the anonymous heroes whose valor dies unrecognized with them on the battlefield or in the ocean's sunless deep.

He is the old guy bagging groceries at the supermarket - palsied now and aggravatingly slow - who helped liberate a Nazi death camp and who wishes all day long that his wife were still alive to hold him when the nightmares come.

He also was my father, your father, grandfather, husband, brother, uncle, cousin, and yes , all the females who bravely served and are serving their country, for OUR freedom .

He is an ordinary and yet an extraordinary human being - a person who offered some of his life's most vital years in the service of his country, and who sacrificed his ambitions so others would not have to sacrifice theirs.

He is a soldier and a savior and a sword against the darkness, and he is nothing more than the finest, greatest testimony on behalf of the finest, greatest nation ever known.

So remember, each time you see someone who has served or is serving our country, just lean over and say "Thank You." That's all most people need, and in most cases it will mean more than any medals they could have been awarded or were awarded.

Two little words that mean a lot, "THANK YOU".

# **What is the Value of a Man?**

by Bert Gibb

Men Wanted. This statement is as old as time. We read in the bible how centuries ago, an old prophet once said, "Run ye to and from through the streets of Jerusalem and seek in broad places thereof if ye can find a man."

What is a man anyway? Scientists tell us that an average size man has enough chlorine in his body to sanitize five swimming pools, enough sulphur to treat a dog for fleas, enough salt to season 25 chickens, enough gluten to make five pounds of glue, enough iron for a six penny nail, enough lime to whitewash an average chicken coop, and enough glycerin to explode a heavy shell. Add to this enough fat to make 10 bars of soap, 31 pounds of carbon, and about 1/4 pound of sugar, 1400 cubic feet of oxygen. All this together makes a man.

What is the value of a man? Before the war the chemical content of a man's body was worth about 98 cents. Today nuclear scientists tell us that the atoms in a man's body contain potential energy of more than eleven million kilowatt hours per pound of body weight. This would make the average man worth about 85 million dollars.

We are told that man is as God once was, and that man may become as God now is. There are many fine attributes which we associate with our creator; love, forgiveness, selflessness, loyalty, sacrifice, service, Thoughtfulness.

A scientist says that if a man weighs 175 pounds, in 24 hours, his heart will beat 104,000 times, he will breath 2,400 times, he will inhale 433 cubic feet of air, he will eat 3 1/4 pounds of food, drink 3 pounds of liquid, he will perspire 1 1/2 pints, gives off heat equal to a 60 watt bulb, generate in energy 450 foot tons, speaks 4,800 words, moves 750 major muscles, and exercises 7,000,000 brain cells.

What really is a man? How do we judge a man?

Do we judge him by his size? They tell of a man born in Tennessee who was 7 feet 6 inches tall, weighed over 1,000 pounds, and measured 6 1/2 feet around his waist. It took 17 men to place him in the casket when he died, but actually his size was his only claim to fame.

Do we judge a man by his mind and memory? Christian Heineken, born in Lubeck, Germany in 1721, was reported to have known the Bible by heart when he was 15 months old. At

two, he spoke German, Latin, and French, and at three he was an authority on history and geography. He died at the age of 4 1/2 years.

Do we judge a man for his ability to talk, to organize, to judge, or for his leadership abilities?

Lionism wants men and needs men. Why? Not just to be able to call the roll of Who's Who and boast that they are members. Names regardless of lustre mean little without deeds.

Lionism wants, from its members, part of the mind, part of the body, his influence and part of his money. Lionism wants his word, his good will, and his willingness to help those less fortunate. Most of all, I believe it is his spirit that Lionism asks for. His unyielding faith, his fighting determination, and his sense of purpose.

A good Lion and a good golfer have one thing in common. They both throw all their weight behind their club.

## **What It Means to Be Adopted**

Teacher Debbie Moon's first graders were discussing a picture of a family. One little boy in the picture had a different color hair than the other family members.

One child suggested that he was adopted and a little girl named Jocelynn Jay said, "I know all about adoptions because I was adopted."

"What does it mean to be adopted?" asked another child.

"It means," said Jocelynn, "that you grew in your mommy's heart instead of her tummy."



# **What Was In Jeremy's Egg?**

The Lesson of Easter from an Unlikely Child

by Ida Mae Kempel

Jeremy was born with a twisted body and a slow mind. At the age of 12 he was still in second grade, seemingly unable to learn. His teacher, Doris Miller, often became exasperated with him. He would squirm in his seat, drool and make grunting noises.

At other times, he spoke clearly and distinctly, as if a spot of light had penetrated the darkness of his brain. Most of the time, however, he was a frustration to his teacher. One day Miss Miller telephoned his parents and asked them to come to St. Theresa's for a consultation.

As the Forresters sat quietly in the empty classroom, Doris said to them, "Jeremy really belongs in a special school. It isn't fair to him to be with younger children who don't have learning problems. Why, there is a five-year gap between his age and that of the other students!"

Mrs. Forrester cried softly into a tissue, while her husband spoke. "Miss Miller," he said, "there is no school of that kind nearby. It would be a terrible shock for Jeremy if we had to take him out of this school. We know he really likes it here."

Doris sat for a long time after they left, staring at the snow outside the window. Its coldness seemed to seep into her soul. She wanted to sympathize with the Forresters. After all, their only child had a terminal illness. But it wasn't fair to keep him in her class. She had 18 other youngsters to teach, and Jeremy was a distraction. Furthermore, he would never learn to read and write. Why waste any more time trying?

As she pondered the situation, guilt washed over her. "Oh God," she said aloud, "here I am complaining when my problems are nothing compared to that poor family! Please help me to be more patient with Jeremy!"

From that day on, she tried hard to ignore Jeremy's noises and his blank stares. Then one day, he limped to her desk, dragging his bad leg behind him.

"I love you, Miss Miller," he exclaimed, loud enough for the whole class to hear. The other students snickered, and Doris' face turned red. She stammered, "Wh-why that's very nice, Jeremy. N-now please take your seat."

Spring came, and the children talked excitedly about the coming of Easter. Doris told them the story of Jesus, and then to emphasize the idea of new life springing forth, she gave each of the children a large plastic egg. "Now," she said to them, "I want you to take this home and bring it back tomorrow with something inside that shows new life. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Miller!" the children responded enthusiastically — all except for Jeremy. He just listened intently; his eyes never left her face. He did not even make his usual noises.

Had he understood what she had said about Jesus' death and resurrection? Did he understand the assignment? Perhaps she should call his parents and explain the project to them.

That evening, Doris' kitchen sink stopped up. She called the landlord and waited an hour for him to come by and unclog it. After that, she still had to shop for groceries, iron a blouse, and prepare a vocabulary test for the next day. She completely forgot about phoning Jeremy's parents.

The next morning, 19 children came to school, laughing and talking as they placed their eggs in the large wicker basket on Miss Miller's desk. After they completed their math lesson, it was time to open the eggs.

In the first egg, Doris Found a Flower. "Oh yes, a flower is certainly a sign of new life," she said. "When plants peek through the ground we know that spring is here." A small girl in the first row waved her arm. "That's my egg, Miss Miller," she called out.

The next egg contained a plastic butterfly, which looked very real. Doris held it up. "We all know that a caterpillar changes and grows into a beautiful butterfly. Yes, that is new life, too." Little Judy smiled proudly and said, "Miss Miller, that one is mine!"

Next, Doris Found a rock with moss on it. She explained that moss, too, showed life. Billy spoke up From the back of the classroom, "My Daddy helped me!" he beamed.

Then Doris opened the Fourth egg. She gasped. The egg was empty! Surely it must be Jeremy's, she thought, and of course, he did not understand her instructions. If only she had not Forgotten to phone his parents! Because she did not want to embarrass him, she quietly set the egg aside and reached For another.

Suddenly Jeremy spoke up. "Miss Miller, aren't you going to talk about my egg?"

Flustered, Doris replied, "But Jeremy, your egg is empty!" He looked into her eyes and said softly, "Yes, but Jesus' tomb was empty, too!"

Time stopped. When she could speak again, Doris asked him, "Do you know why the tomb, was empty?"

"Oh yes!" Jeremy said, "Jesus was killed and put in there. Then His Father raised Him up!"

The recess bell rang. While the children excitedly ran out to the school yard, Doris cried. The cold inside her melted completely away.

Three months later, Jeremy died. Those who paid their respects at the mortuary were surprised to see 19 eggs on top of his casket, all of them empty.

## **What Went Wrong**

This is the story of four people.

Everybody, Somebody, Anybody, and Nobody.

There was an important job to be done and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it.

Anybody could have done it but Nobody did it.

Somebody got angry because it was Everybody's job.

Everybody thought that Somebody would do it.

But Nobody asked Anybody.

It ended up that the job wasn't done and Everybody blamed Somebody, when actually Nobody asked Anybody.

# What Would Jesus Do?

by Brenda Hedin

My best friend hit me yesterday.  
I didn't know what to do.  
My daddy tells me not to hit —  
But boy, I wanted to!

I stood there with a bright red face.  
My fists were clenched real tight.  
Anger welled within my heart —  
My best friend shook with fright.

I could have punched her out right then —  
I really wanted to —  
But in my head a soft voice said,  
"Now, what would Jesus do?"

I prayed a silent prayer for help,  
Then looked into her face.  
The anger quickly left my heart.  
Love came and took its place.

I told my friend it wasn't nice  
To hit or start a fight.  
I told of Heavenly Father's love;  
I taught her what was right.

Now she and I are better friends  
Than we were yesterday.  
And we will do as Jesus says:

We'll listen and obey.

## What You See

Anybody who as read real-estate classified ads is aware that the descriptions seldom to justice to the property when you see it. There seems to be a Real-Estate Code that allows agents to translate cryptic key phrases into plain English. Here are some decoded terms:

*Sophisticated city living.* Next to a noisy bar.

*Old World charm.* Has some woodwork. Needs cleaning.

*Contemporary feeling.* Has no woodwork. Needs cleaning.

*Close to lakes.* Impossible to park on the street from April to October.

*Picturesque setting.* Abandoned cars and waist-high weeds on neighbouring lots.

*Wide-open floor plan.* Previous owner removed supporting walls.

*Updated kitchen.* Sink no longer overflows.

*Security system.* Neighbour has dog.

*Needs TLC.* Major structural damage.

*Motivated seller.* Has been on the market for 14 years.

*Convenient.* Located on freeway entrance ramp.

*Mint.* Someone has spilled mouthwash on carpet.

*Neutral décor.* No murals or nudes or Elvis.

*Move-in condition.* Front door missing.

*Cozy.* No room larger than 9-by-6.

*Lower-level family room.* Ping-Pong table over sewer opening.

*Light, open spaces.* Many holes in walls.

*Outstanding.* Sticks out like a sore thumb.

# What's a Mother?

Wanda Beal

Mothers look different from other women. Their hair isn't always done in the latest style, and sometimes, it isn't done at all.

A mother is a woman who can bake a cake with six other hands helping her and still have it turn out fine.

A mother's shoulders sometimes smell of sour milk, and if you are very observant, you'll notice safety-pin holes in her clothes — even her Sunday best.

Mothers frequently have runs in their stockings. Likely as not, Junior didn't park his trike off the sidewalk.

A mother is different. She likes chicken wings and backs and the hamburger that is slightly burned — things the kids and Daddy don't care for. She never takes the last chop on the plate, and she always saves the candy from her tray at the club to bring home to the children.

A mother may not have ulcers, but she has versatile tears. They show anger, weariness, hurt, or happiness. Once, when Daddy forgot an anniversary, Mother cried. One Saturday, he brought home chocolates when it wasn't her birthday or anything, and she cried then, too.

A mother is someone who can repair the kitchen sink with only her hands — after Daddy has spent a lot of time trying with tools and plenty of cuss words.

When a mother dies, she must face Him with her record of accomplishments. If she's done a good job of caring for her children, she'll get the most sought-after position in heaven, that of rocking baby angels on soft white clouds and wiping their celestial tears with the corner of her apron.



# When Janet Goes To Bed

by Edgar A. Guest

When little Janet goes to bed  
We seem to heave a sigh,  
At last the paper may be read  
And all the toys put by.  
Now may we settle down and hear  
The things the others say.  
A lovely sense of calm seems near  
When Janet's tucked away.  
When Janet's up and on her feet  
The home's at her command.  
For one so innocent and sweet  
She rules with tyrant hand.  
If I have something to relate  
Of what's been done and said,  
I find it always best to wait  
Till Janet goes to bed.  
Now should I sit me down to read,  
Or lie me down to rest,  
She'll keep at me until I heed  
Her latest strange request.  
And have I several tasks to do  
By which I earn our bread,  
I never hope to see them through  
Till Janet goes to bed.  
Ah, well, this roguish little lass  
Too soon will older grow;  
Too soon these days of joy will pass  
And calm be ours to know.

So let her romp and let her shout  
-- The coming years I dread  
When we shall sit alone, without  
A child to put to bed.

# Where's Mary?

Ivy O. Eastwich

Is Mary in the diary?  
Is Mary on the stair?  
What? Mary's in the garden?  
What is she doing there?  
Has she made the butter yet?  
Has she made the beds?  
Has she topped the gooseberries  
And taken off their heads?  
Has she the potato peeled?  
Has she done the grate?  
Are the new green peas all shelled?  
It is getting late!  
What! She hasn't done a thing?  
Here's a nice to-do!  
Mary has a dozen jobs  
And hasn't finished two.  
Well, here is a nice to-do!  
Well, upon my word!  
She's sitting on the garden bench  
Listening to a bird!

## Who Am I?

My name is Linda. I am a convert to the church. My ancestors had been peasants in Europe. I envied my friend's Mormon heritage and the endless pages of pedigrees, biographies, and stories in his book of remembrance.

"Linda, I envy you!" Jarring my self-indulgent reverie, my friend closed his book of remembrance and continued, "All the work that's here was done by somebody else .... But you — You get to start fresh and snoop around for yourself! Just think how close that will bring you to your mothers and fathers! You'll really get to know them!"

Knowing my mothers and fathers! I had never thought of it that personally before. Mothers and fathers don't have to be glamorous or royal — they just have to be mine and I theirs! I repented of my envy and scurried home with the spirit of Elijah fluttering around me and some blank pedigree charts in my hand.

I filled in the information for my parents and me but didn't have much beyond names for my grandparents. Then I remembered some old boxes of family things my mother mentioned once. In the basement covered with dust and smelling like the 19th century, two cigar boxes lay wedged in behind some old tires. I had found treasure chests! I sat down on the cold concrete, surrounded by hardware and hoses and mould, and began to get acquainted with my ancestors. In those boxes I found a 1907 newspaper clipping of my great-grandfather's obituary, my granduncle's report card from Sweden in 1883, a 14-inch swatch of my grandmother's golden hair, an envelope with five generations of parents' names diagrammed on the back, lots of unlabelled photographs, and a small, brittle bundle of Swedish letters from my great-grandfather to my great-grandmother when they were courting in the 1860s. I offered a teary prayer of gratitude there in that damp, musty sanctuary, and I knew I was not alone in that prayer or that place.

I studied those treasures in the months that followed. I pumped my mother for anything she could recall about her family. She helped me label photographs and sort out relationships. I studied old Swedish customs. I examined old maps of the areas where my family had lived. I listened to Swedish folk music. I even learned a little of the language. I discovered what kinds of people my ancestors really were: Gerda, my mother's mother — the sensitive, industrious, beautiful nurse; Carl Johan — the stationmaster with the flowing beard who would give advice and settle disputes like a lawyer; Maria Christina — the sturdy, stocky, devoted wife to Carl Johan and a diligent student of the scriptures; Agnes Sigrid Alfreda who had volunteered for the earliest experimental polio immunization and was unfortunately left crippled; and my dear great-great-grandfather Anders who wrote in 1880, "If I am now welcome I intend to travel to see you if

the Lord will grant me health, and take with me my fishing yarn and the material for wooden clogs." I loved them all as living people, as my parents.

But still the pedigree charts were blank. The time had come to take what dates and places I had and verify them for the ordinance work. Reel after reel of microfilmed birth records zoomed by. After a day and a half of wrong states, wrong counties, wrong towns, wrong years, and the queasy discomfort of motion sickness from the microfilm reader, I spied some familiar names: Gerda Regina, 22 Mars, 1880, far — Carl John Nilsson, mor — Maria Christina Andersdotter." I had found my grandmother's birth record! Again I offered a prayer of gratitude. Again I knew I was not alone. After several other wrong reels and long hours, I collected new names to investigate and verifications for all the names I could. I filled out the entry forms, had them checked, and sent them off to Salt Lake to be processed for these people I loved so much ....

As members of the church of Jesus Christ what a wonderful privilege we have to offer our ancestors the chance to partake of the rewards we enjoy in the sealing power of the priesthood ordinances! I know the sweet dignity of the spirit of Elijah, and I know and love my mothers and fathers. I sensed their presence when I stood white and wet and a good man proclaimed again and again, "Sister Linda Kay Hoffman, on behalf of Gerda Regina Nelson who is dead, Having been commissioned of Jesus Christ ...." I have been assured in sacred ways that some have accepted the work done in their behalf. My mothers and fathers were not glamorous or royal, but now — for eternity — they are mine and I theirs.

## Who Loves Michael?

Michael was three. He had twin sisters, Mary and Anna, who were six years old. One morning Michael said, "Mama, I lost the pocket on my new shirt."

Mother looked and laughed, "Michael you have your shirt on inside out. That puts the pocket on the inside where you can't see it."

So Michael took the shirt off, and sure enough there was the pocket. Then he put the shirt on, and the pocket was gone again. Michael said, "Mary, will you help me get my pocket outside?"

"I can't," Mary answered, "I have to brush my teeth."

"Here, I will help you, Michael," said Anna. She helped him take off his shirt again and put her hand down into the sleeve and pulled the sleeve outside out. Then she put her hand into the other sleeve and pulled it outside out. Michael put the shirt on and, sure enough, the pocket was outside.

"Oh, thank you, Anna," Michael said. She buttoned his shirt, and he gave her a big hug.

That afternoon Michael was playing with the kitten. He pulled a string around the room and the kitten chased it. But the string caught on the leg of a chair and got tangled.

"Help me, Mary," Michael said, "please."

"I can't," answered Mary as she ran outside. "Jane is waiting to play with me."

"I will," offered Anna. She soon had the string untangled, and Michael was having fun with the kitten again.

## **Why Ask Why?**

Why do you need a driver's license to buy liquor when you can't drink and drive?

Why isn't phonetic spelled the way it sounds?

Why are there interstate highways in Hawaii?

Why are there flotation devices under plane seats instead of parachutes?

Why are cigarettes sold in gas stations when smoking is prohibited there?

Do you need a silencer if you are going to shoot a mime?

Have you ever imagined a world with no hypothetical situations?

How does the guy who drives the snowplow get to work in the mornings?

If 7-11 is open 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, why are there locks on the doors?

If a cow laughed, would milk come out her nose?

If nothing ever sticks to TEFLON, how do they make TEFLON stick to the pan?

If you tied buttered toast to the back of a cat and dropped it from a height, what would happen?

If you're in a vehicle going the speed of light, what happens when you turn on the headlights?

You know how most packages say "Open here"; What is the protocol if the package says, "Open somewhere else"?

Why do they put Braille dots on the keypad of the drive-up ATM?

Why do we drive on parkways and park on driveways?

You know that little indestructible black box that is used on planes, why can't they make the whole plane out of the same substance?

Why is it that when you're driving and looking for an address, you turn down the volume on the radio?

Why is it that when you transport something by car, it's called a shipment, but when you transport something by ship, it's called cargo?



# Why did the Chicken Cross the Road?

The following are some famous people's perspectives on how to answer this timeless and very important question.

Question:

Why did the chicken cross the road?

Answers:

Pat Buchanan:

To steal a job from a decent, hard-working American.

Timothy Leary:

Because that's the only kind of trip the Establishment would let it take.

John Locke:

Because he was exercising his natural right to liberty.

The Bible:

And God came down from the heavens, and He said unto the chicken, "Thou shalt cross the road."  
And the Chicken crossed the road, and there was much rejoicing.

Fox Mulder:

It was a government conspiracy. You saw it cross the road with your own eyes. How many more chickens have to cross the road before you believe it?

Freud:

The fact that you thought that the chicken crossed the road reveals your underlying sexual insecurity.

Darwin:

Chickens, over great periods of time, have been naturally selected in such a way that they are now genetically dispositioned to cross roads.

Machiavelli:

The point is that the chicken crossed the road. Who cares why? The end of crossing the road justifies whatever motive there was.

EINSTEIN:

Whether the chicken crossed the road or the road moved beneath the chicken depends upon your frame of reference.

Richard M. Nixon:

The chicken did not cross the road. I repeat, the chicken did not cross the road.

Oliver Stone:

The question is not "Why did the chicken cross the road?" but is rather "Who was crossing the road at the same time whom we overlooked in our haste to observe the chicken crossing?"

Jerry Seinfeld:

Why does anyone cross a road? I mean, why doesn't anyone ever think to ask, "What the heck was this chicken doing walking around all over the place anyway?"

Louis Farrakhan:

The road, you will see, represents the black man. The chicken crossed the "black man" in order to trample him and keep him down.

Martin Luther King, Jr.:

I envision a world where all chickens will be free to cross roads without having their motives called into question.

Grandpa:

In my day, we didn't ask why the chicken crossed the road. Someone told us that the chicken had crossed the road, and that was good enough for us.

Bill Gates:

I have just released the new Chicken 2000, which will both cross roads AND balance your checkbook, though when it divides 3 by 2 it gets 1.4999999999.

George Orwell:

Because the government had fooled him into thinking that he was crossing the road of his own free will, when he was really only serving their interests.

Aristotle:

To actualize its potential.

Karl Marx:

It was a historical inevitability.

Nietzsche:

Because if you gaze too long across the Road, the Road gazes also across you.

Albert Einstein:

Whether the chicken crossed the road or the road crossed the chicken depends upon your frame of reference.

Buddha:

If you ask this question, you deny your own chicken nature.

Emily Dickenson:

Because it could not stop for death.

Ralph Waldo Emerson:

It didn't cross the road; it transcended it.

Ernest Hemingway:

To die. In the rain.

Saddam Hussein:

This was an unprovoked act of rebellion and we were quite justified in dropping 50 tons of nerve gas on it.

Saddam Hussein #2:

It is the Mother of all Chickens.

Joseph Stalin:

I don't care. Catch it. I need its eggs to make my omelette.

Dr. Seuss:

Did the chicken cross the road?

Did he cross it with a toad?

Yes the chicken crossed the road,  
but why it did, I've not been told!

O.J.:

It didn't. I was playing golf with it at the time.

Colonel Sanders:

I missed one?

# Why do I Love You?

Why do I love you?

I love you not only for what you are but for what I am when I am with you.

I love you not only for what you have made of yourself but for what you are making of me.

I love you for ignoring the possibilities of the fool in me and for laying firm hold of the Possibilities of the good in me.

Why do I love you?

I love you for closing your eyes to the discords in me and for adding to the music in me by worshipful listening.

I love you because you are helping me to make of the lumber of my life, not a tavern but a temple,

And of the words of my everyday not a reproach, but a song.

I love you because you have done more than any creed to make me happy.

You have done it without a word, without a touch, without a sign.

You have done it by just being yourself.

Perhaps, after all, that is what love means.

## Why God Made Little Boys

God made a world out of his dreams,  
of magic mountains, oceans and streams  
prairies and plains and wooded land.

Then paused and thought,  
"I need someone to stand on top of the mountains  
to conquer the seas,  
explore the plains,  
and climb the trees.  
Someone to start out small and grow,  
sturdy and strong like a tree" so ...

HE created BOYS, full of spirit and fun  
to explore and conquer  
to romp and run  
with dirty faces, banged up chins  
with courageous hearts and boyish grins.  
That's a job well done!

## **Why God Made Little Girls**

God made the world with its towering trees  
Majestic mountains and restless seas  
Then paused and said, " It needs one more thing...  
Someone to laugh and dance and sing  
To walk in the woods and gather flowers  
To commune with nature in quiet hours."

So God made little girls  
With laughing eyes and bouncing curls  
With joyful hearts and infectious smiles  
Enchanting ways and feminine wiles  
And when He'd completed the task He'd begun  
He was pleased and proud of the job He'd done  
For the world, when seen through a little girl's eyes  
Greatly resembles PARADISE.

# Why I Won't Be Coming to Work Today

1. If it is all the same to you I won't be coming in to work. The voices told me to clean all the guns today.
2. When I got up this morning I took two Ex-Lax in addition to my Prozac. I can't get off the john, but I feel good about it.
3. I set half the clocks in my house ahead an hour and the other half back an hour Saturday and spent 18 hours in some kind of space-time continuum loop, reliving Sunday (right up until the explosion). I was able to exit the loop only by reversing the polarity of the power source exactly  $e \cdot \log(\pi)$  clocks in the house while simultaneously rapping my dog on the snout with a rolled up Times. Accordingly, I will be in late, or early.
4. My stigmata's acting up.
5. I can't come in to work today because I'll be stalking my previous boss, who fired me for not showing up for work. OK?
6. I have a rare case of 48-hour projectile leprosy, but I know we have that deadline to meet...
7. I am stuck in the blood pressure machine down at the Food Giant.
8. Yes, I seem to have contracted some attention-deficit disorder and, hey, how about them Skins, huh? So, I won't be able to, yes, could I help you? No, no, I'll be sticking with Sprint, but thank you for calling.
9. Constipation has made me a walking time bomb.
10. I just found out that I was switched at birth. Legally, I shouldn't come to work knowing my employee records may now contain false information.



11. The psychiatrist said it was an excellent session. He even gave me this jaw restraint so I won't bite things when I am startled.
12. The dog ate my car keys. We're going to hitchhike to the vet.
13. I prefer to remain an enigma.
14. My mother-in-law has come back as one of the Undead and we must track her to her coffin to drive a stake through her heart and give her eternal peace. One day should do it.
15. I can't come to work today because the EPA has determined that my house is completely surrounded by wetlands and I have to arrange for helicopter transportation.
16. I am converting my calendar from Julian to Gregorian.
17. I am extremely sensitive to a rise in the interest rates.
18. I refuse to travel to my job in the District until there is a commuter tax. I insist on paying my fair share.

## **Why Is Farming So Tough Today**

It all started back in '66 when they changed from English pounds (£) to dollars — that doubled my overdraft at the bank. Then they brought in kilograms instead of pounds — my cows milk production dropped in half. After that they changed rain to millimeters and we haven't had an inch of rain since. If that wasn't bad enough, they brought in Celsius and we got frost in August. No wonder my wheat won't grow. Then they changed acres to hectares and I ended up with only one-half of the land I had before. By this time I'd had enough and I decided to sell out. I put the property on the market and then they changed from miles to kilometers. Now I'm too far out of town for anyone to buy the place.

They also changed from feet to meters. It just goes to show that the government can make it too expensive to live, and too expensive to die. If I died, they'd have to dig my grave six meters deep, and who could afford that kind of mining?

## **Why Not be a Steeplejack?**

Here's a list of unusual jobs. Can you guess what these people do?

1. Steeplejack
2. Fletcher
3. Haberdasher
4. Luthier
5. Cooper
6. Chandler
7. Collier
8. Wainwright
9. Gaffer
10. Glazier

Here are the correct answers:

1. Steeplejack — Chimney repairer.
2. Fletcher — Arrow maker.
3. Haberdasher — Men's clothing salesperson.
4. Luthier — Maker of stringed instruments.
5. Cooper — Barrel maker.
6. Chandler — Candle maker.
7. Collier — Coal miner.
8. Wainwright — Wagon maker.
9. Gaffer — A lighting person for TV or movies.
10. Glazier — Glass installer.

# Why The Bells Chimed

by Raymond Macdonald Alden

There was once, in a far-away country where few people have ever traveled, a wonderful church. It stood on a high hill in the center of a great city; and every Sunday, as well as on sacred days like Christmas, thousands of people climbed the hill to its great archways, looking like lines of ants all moving in the same direction.

When you came to the building itself, you found stone columns and dark passageways, and a grand entrance leading to the main room of the church. This room was so long that one standing at the door-way could scarcely see to the other end, where the choir stood by the large altar. In the farthest corner was the organ, and this organ was so loud that sometimes when it played, the people for miles around would close their shutters and prepare for a great thunderstorm. Altogether, no such church as this was ever seen before, especially when it was lighted up for some festival, and crowded with people, young and old.

But the strangest thing about the old building was the wonderful chime of bells. At one corner of the church was a great, grey tower, with ivy growing over it as far up as one can see. I say as far as one can see because the tower was quite grand enough to fit the grand church, and it rose so far into the sky that it was only in fair weather that anyone claimed to be able to see the top. Even then one could not be certain that it was in sight. Up and up climbed the stones and the ivy, and, as the men who built the church had been dead for hundreds of years, everyone had forgotten how high the tower was supposed to be.

Now, all the people knew that at the top of the tower was a chime of Christmas bells. They had hung there ever since the church had been built, and were the most beautiful bells in the world. Some thought it was because a great musician had cast them and arranged them in their place; others said it was because of the great height, which reached up where the air was cleanest and purest. However that might be, no one who had ever heard the chimes denied that they were the sweetest in the world. Some described them as sounding like angels far up in the sky; others, as sounding like strange winds singing through the trees.

But the fact was that no one had heard them for years and years. There was an old man living not far from the church who said that his mother had spoken of hearing them when she was a little girl, and he was the only one who was sure of as much as that. They were Christmas chimes, you see, and were not meant to be played by men or on common days. It was the custom on Christmas Eve for all the people to bring to the church their offerings to the Christ-child; and when the greatest and best offering was laid on the altar, there used to come sounding through the music of the choir the Christmas chimes far up in the tower. Some said that the wind rang them,

and others that they were so high that the angels could start them swinging. But for many years they had never been heard.

It was said that people were growing less careful of their gifts for the Christ-child, and that no offering was brought great enough to deserve the music of the chimes. Every Christmas Eve the rich people still crowded to the altar, each one trying to bring some gift better than any other, without giving anything he wanted for himself, and the church was crowded with those who thought that perhaps the wonderful bells might be heard again. But although the services were splendid and the offerings plenty, only the roar of the wind could be heard, far up in the stone tower.

Now, a number of miles from the city, in a little country village where nothing could be seen of the tower when the weather was fine, lived a boy named Pedro, and his little brother. They knew very little about the Christmas chimes, but they had heard of the service in the church on Christmas Eve, and had a secret plan, which they had often talked over when by themselves, to go and see the beautiful celebration.

"Nobody can guess, Little Brother," Pedro would say, "all the fine things there are to see and hear; and I have even heard it said that the Christ-child sometimes comes down to bless the service. What if we could see Him!"

The day before Christmas was bitterly cold, with a few lonely snowflakes flying in the air, and a hard white crust on the ground. Sure enough, Pedro and Little Brother were able to slip quietly away, early in the afternoon; and although the walk was hard in the frosty air, before nightfall they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just ahead of them. Indeed, they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it when they saw something dark on the snow near the path, and stepped aside to look at it.

It was a poor woman who had fallen just outside the city, too sick and tired to get in where she might have found shelter. The soft snow made of a drift a sort of pillow for her, and she would soon be so sound asleep in the wintry air that no one could ever waken her again. All this Pedro saw in a moment, and he knelt down beside her and tried to rouse her, even tugging at her arm a little as though he would have tried to carry her away. He turned her face toward him so that he could rub some of the snow on it, and when he had looked at her silently a moment, he stood up again and said:

"It's no good. Little Brother. You will have to go on alone.

"Alone?" cried Little Brother, "And you not see the Christmas Festival?"

"No," said Pedro, and he could not keep back a bit of the choking sound in his throat. "See this poor woman. She will freeze to death if nobody cares for her. Everyone has gone to the church now, but when you come back you can bring someone to help her. I will rub her to keep her from freezing, and perhaps get her to eat the bun that is left in my pocket."

"But I cannot bear to leave you, and go on alone," said Little Brother.

"Both of us need not miss the service," said Pedro, "and it had better be I than you. You can easily find your way to the church; and you must see and hear everything twice, Little Brother, -- once for you and once for me. I am sure the Christ-child must know how I should love to come with you and worship Him; and oh! if you get a chance, Little Brother, to slip up to the altar without getting in anyone's way, take this little silver piece of mine, and lay it down for my offering when no one is looking. Don't forget where you have left me, and forgive me for not going with you."

In this way he hurried Little Brother off to the city, and winked hard to keep back the tears as he heard the crunching footsteps sounding farther and farther away in the twilight. It was pretty hard to lose the music and splendor of the Christmas celebration that he had been planning for so long, and spend the time instead in that lonely place in the snow.

The great church was a wonderful place that night. Everyone said that it had never looked so bright and beautiful before. When the organ played and the thousands of people sang, the walls shook with the sound and little Pedro, outside the city wall, felt the earth tremble around him, for the sound was so great.

At the close of the service came the procession with offerings to be laid on the altar. Rich men and great men marched proudly up to lay down their gifts to the Christ-child. Some brought wonderful jewels, some baskets of gold so heavy that they could scarcely carry them down the aisle. A great writer laid down a book that he had been making for years and years.

And last of all walked the king of the country, hoping with all the rest to win for himself the chime of the Christmas bells. There went a great murmur through the church. As the people saw the king take from his head the royal crown, all set with precious stones, and lay it gleaming on the altar as his offering to the holy Child. "Surely," everyone said, "we shall hear the bells now, for nothing like this has ever happened before."

But still only the cold old wind was heard in the tower, and the people shook their heads, and some of them said, as they had before, that they never really believed the story of the chimes, and doubted if they ever rang at all.

The procession was over, and the choir began the closing hymn. Suddenly the organist stopped playing as though he had been shot, and everyone looked at the old minister who was standing by the altar holding up his hand for silence. Not a sound could be heard from anyone in the church, but as all the people strained their ears to listen there came softly, but distinctly swinging through the air, the sound of the chimes in the tower. So far away and yet so clear the music seemed -- so much sweeter were the notes than anything that had been heard before, rising and falling away up there in the sky, that the people in the church sat for a moment as still as though something held each of them by the shoulders. Then they all stood up together and stared straight at the altar to see what great gift had awakened the long-silent bells.

But all that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of Little Brother, who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking, and had laid Pedro's little piece of silver on the altar.

Why the Chimes Rang and Other Stories, Raymond Macdonald Alden, The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc.

### Christmas Is For Love

Christmas is for love. It is for joy, for giving and sharing, for laughter, for reuniting with family and friends, for tinsel and brightly decorated packages. But mostly, Christmas is for love.

I had not believed this until a small elf-like student with wide-eyed innocence and soft rosy cheeks gave me a wondrous gift one Christmas.

Mark was an 11 year-old orphan who lived with his aunt, a bitter middle-aged woman greatly annoyed with the burden of caring for her dead sister's son. She never failed to remind young Mark, if it hadn't been for her generosity, he would be a vagrant homeless waif. Still, with all this scolding and chilliness at home, he was a sweet and gentle child.



I had not noticed Mark particularly until he began staying after class each day (at the risk of arousing his aunt's anger, I later found) to help me straighten up the classroom. We did this quietly and comfortably, not speaking much, but enjoying the solitude of that hour of the day. When we did talk, Mark spoke mostly of his mother. Though he was quite small when she died, he remembered a kind, gentle, loving woman, who always spent much time with him.

As Christmas drew nearer, however, Mark failed to stay after school each day. I looked forward to his coming and when, as the days passed, and he continued to scamper hurriedly from the room after class, I stopped him one afternoon and asked why he no longer helped me in the room. I told him how I had missed him, and his large gray eyes lit up eagerly as he replied, "Did you really miss me?" I explained how he had been my best helper. "I was making you a surprise," he whispered confidentially. "It's for Christmas." With that, he became embarrassed and dashed from the room. He didn't stay after school anymore after that.

Finally came the last school day before Christmas. Mark crept slowly into the room late that afternoon with his hands concealing something behind his back. "I have your present," he said timidly when I looked up. "I hope you like it." He held out his hands, and there lying in his small palms was a tiny wooden box.

"It's beautiful, Mark. Is there something in it?" I asked, opening the top to look inside.

"Oh you can't see what's in it," he replied, "and you can't touch it or taste it, or feel it. But Mother always said it makes you feel good all the time, warm on cold nights, and safe 'when you're all alone."

I gazed into the empty box. "What is it, Mark," I asked gently, "that will make me feel so good?"

"It's love," he whispered softly, "and Mother always said it's best when you give it away." And he turned quietly and left the room.

So now I keep a small box made of wood on the piano in my living room and only smile as inquiring friends raise quizzical eyebrows when I explain to them that there is love in it.

Yes, Christmas is for gaiety, mirth and song, for good and wondrous gifts. But mostly. Christmas is for love.

## **Why Worry?**

There are only two things to worry about. Either you are well or you are sick.

If you are well, there is nothing to worry about, but if you are sick, there are two things to worry about. Either you will get well or you will die.

If you get well, there is nothing to worry about. If you die, there are only two things to worry about. Either you go to heaven or hell.

If you go to heaven, there is nothing to worry about. But if you go to hell, you'll be so busy shaking hands with friends, you won't have time to worry.

# **The Woman's Role**

The following is from a 1950's Home Economics textbook intended for the High School girls, teaching how to prepare for married life. The second part is the 90's version of the same thing. Enjoy! It's a trip.

1. Have dinner ready: Plan ahead, even the night before, to have a delicious meal - on time. This is a way of letting him know that you have been thinking about him, and are concerned about his needs. Most men are hungry when they come home and the prospects of a good meal are part of the warm welcome needed.

2. Prepare yourself: Take 15 minutes to rest so you will be refreshed when he arrives. Touch up your make-up, put a ribbon in your hair and be fresh looking. He has just been with a lot of work-weary people. Be a little gay and a little more interesting. His boring day may need a lift.

3. Clear away the clutter: Make one last trip through the main part of the house just before your husband arrives, gathering up school books, toys, paper, etc. Then run a dust cloth over the tables. Your husband will feel he has reached a haven of rest and order, and it will give you a lift too.

4. Prepare the children: Take a few minutes to wash the children's hands and faces if they are small, comb their hair, and if necessary, change their clothes. They are little treasures and he would like to see them playing the part.

5. Minimize the noise: At the time of his arrival, eliminate all noise of the washer, dryer, dishwasher, or vacuum. Try to encourage the children to be quiet. Greet him with a warm smile and be glad to see him.

6. Some DON'Ts: Don't greet him with problems or complaints. Don't complain if he's late for dinner. Count this as minor compared with what he might have gone through that day.

7. Make him comfortable: Have him lean back in a comfortable chair or suggest he lie down in the bedroom. Have a cool or warm drink ready for him. Arrange his pillow and offer to take off his shoes. Speak in a low, soft, soothing and pleasant voice. Allow him to relax and unwind.

8. Listen to him: You may have a dozen things to tell him, but the moment of his arrival is not the time. Let him talk first.

9. Make the evening his: Never complain if he does not take you out to dinner or to other places of entertainment; instead, try to understand his world of strain and pressure and his need to be home and relax.

10. The Goal: Try to make your home a place of peace and order where your husband can relax.

### NOW THE UPDATED VERSION FOR THE 90's WOMAN

1. Have dinner ready: Make reservations ahead of time. If your day becomes too hectic just leave him a voice mail message regarding where you'd like to eat and at what time. This lets him know that your day has been crappy and gives him an opportunity to change your mood.

2. Prepare yourself: A quick stop at the "Lancome" counter on your way home will do wonders for your outlook and will keep you from becoming irritated every time he belches at the table. (Don't forget to use his credit card!).

3. Clear away the clutter: Call the housekeeper and let her know you'll need her for an extra day this week. Tell her that any miscellaneous items left on the floor by the children can be placed in the Goodwill box in the garage.

4. Prepare the children: Drop them off at grandma's!

5. Minimize the noise: When he arrives home remind him that the washer and garbage disposal are still not working properly and the noise is driving you crazy (but do this in a nice way and greet him with a warm smile...this way he might fix it faster).

6. Some DON'Ts: Don't greet him with problems and complaints. Let him speak first, and then your complaints will get more attention and remain fresh in his mind throughout dinner. Don't complain if he's late for dinner. Simply remind him that the last one home does the cooking and the cleanup.

7. Make him comfortable: Remind him where he can find a warm fuzzy blanket if he's cold. This will really show you care.

8. Listen to him: But don't ever let him get the last word!

9. Make the evening his: A chance to get the washer and garbage disposal fixed.

10. The Goal: To try to keep things amicable without reminding him that you make more money than he does...

# WordPerfect Facts

The first DOS Version of WordPerfect was WordPerfect 3.0.

The first version of WordPerfect to include graphics was WordPerfect 5.0 for DOS.

WordPerfect was written for the City of Orem, Utah.

There were three 4.x versions of WordPerfect — 4.0, 4.1, and 4.2.

The release date for 5.0 was 5/5/88.

The first WordPerfect Magazine issue was January 1989.

A Candy Bar was Marketed by WordPerfect for the release of WordPerfect for Windows 5.1 release. It was called the "Button Bar."

The "Format" Menu in 6.1 and 7.0 was called "Layout" in 6.0.

The key stroke for selecting a Paragraph in Wordperfect is Shft-Cntl-Up or Down.

WordPerfect had a "child" called WordPerfect Junior.

To get a regular dash, press and release the home key, and then press the dash key.

The first Chinese version of WordPerfect was 5.2 for DOS released January 1994.

Miss America, Sharlene Hawks, made a tutorial video for WordPerfect.

The average number of Customer Calls per day is 10,500.

DrawPerfect was first advertised as Mystery Perfect.

WordPerfect is the world's best selling word Processor.

The original name of DataPerfect was SSI Data.

WordPerfect 5.0 was written in the Assembly Programming Language.

The longest word in the Spelling Dictionary is pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconioses.

# Words to Handel's "*Messiah*"

Adapted from the King James Version of the Bible by Charles Jennens, 1741

## First Part: The Nativity

### 1. Overture

### 2. Recitative — Tenor (Isaiah 40:1-3)

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned ... The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the LORD, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

### 3. Air — Tenor (Isaiah 40:4)

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill ... made low: ... the crooked ... straight, and the rough places plain:

### 4. Chorus (Isaiah 40:5)

And the glory of the LORD shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the LORD hath spoken it.

### 5. Recitative — Bass (Haggai 2:6,7; Malachi 3:1)

Thus saith the LORD of hosts; Yet once, ... a little while, ... I will shake the heavens, and the earth, ... the sea, and the dry land; And I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come ... The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, he shall come, saith the LORD of hosts.

### 6. Air — Bass (Malachi 3:2)

But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? For he is like a refiner's fire ...

### 7. Chorus (Malachi 3:3)

And he shall purify the sons of Levi ... that they may offer unto the LORD an offering in righteousness.

### 8. Recitative — Contralto (Isaiah 7:14; Matthew 1:23)

Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel ... God with us.

### 9. Air — Contralto and Chorus (Isaiah 40:9; 60:1)

O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee.



10. Recitative — Bass (Isaiah 60:2,3)

For, behold, ... darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the LORD shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

11. Air — Bass (Isaiah 9:2)

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

12. Chorus (Isaiah 9:6)

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.

13. Pastoral Symphony

14. Recitative — Soprano (Luke 2:8,9)

There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

15. Recitative — Soprano (Luke 2:10,11)

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

16. Recitative — Soprano (Luke 2:13)

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

17. Chorus (Luke 2:14)

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

18. Air — Soprano (Zechariah 9:9,10)

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: ... He is the Righteous Saviour, and he shall speak peace unto the heathen ...

19. Recitative — Contralto (Isaiah 35:5,6)

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf ... unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing ...

20. Air — Contralto (Isaiah 40:11)

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and ... gently lead those that are with young.

Air — Soprano (Matthew 11:28,29)

Come unto him, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and he will give you rest. Take his yoke upon you, and learn of him; for he is meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

21. Chorus (Matthew 11:30)

His yoke is easy, and his burden is light.

## Second Part: the Passion and Resurrection

22. Chorus (John 1:29)

Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.

23. Air — Contralto (Isaiah 53:3)

He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. He gave his back to the smiters, and His cheeks to them that plucked off the hair: He hid not His face from shame and spitting.

24. Chorus (Isaiah 53:4,5)

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows ... He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him ...

25. Chorus (Isaiah 53:5)

And with his stripes we are healed.

26. Chorus (Isaiah 53:6)

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the LORD hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

27. Recitative — Tenor (Psalms 22:7)

All they that see him laugh him to scorn: they shoot out their lips, and shake their heads, saying,

28. Chorus (Psalms 22:8)

He trusted in God that he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him.

29. Recitative — Tenor (Psalms 69:20)

Thy Rebuke hath broken his heart; he is full of heaviness: he looked for some to have pity on him, but there was no man, neither found he any to comfort him.

30. Air — Tenor (Lamentations 1:12)

Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow ...

31. Recitative — Tenor (Isaiah 53:8)

He was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgression of thy people was he stricken.

32. Air — Tenor (Psalms 16:10)

But thou didst not leave his soul in hell; nor didst thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption.

33. Chorus (Psalms 24:7-10)

Lift up your head, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The LORD of hosts, he is the King of glory.

34. Recitative — Tenor

Unto which of the angels said He at any time, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee?

35. Chorus

Let all the angels of God worship Him.

36. Air — Bass

Thou art gone up on high, Thou hast led captivity captive, and recieved gifts for men; yea, even for Thine Enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

37. Chorus

The Lord gave the word: great was the company of the preachers.

38. Air — Soprano (Romans 10:15)

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

39. Chorus

Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

40. Air — Bass (Psalms 2:1-2)

Why do the nations so furiously rage together, and why do the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together, against the LORD, and against his anointed ...

41. Chorus (Psalms 2:3)

Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast away their yokes from us.

42. Recitative — Tenor (Psalms 2:4)

He that dwelleth in the heaven shall laugh them to scorn: the Lord shall have them in derision.

43. Air — Tenor (Psalms 2:9)

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

44. Chorus (Revelation 19:6; 11:15; 19:16)

Hallelujah: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. The kingdoms of this world is become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever. KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS. Hallelujah!

### Part III

45. Air — Soprano (Job 19:25,26; I Corinthians 15:20)

I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: And though ... worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: For now is Christ risen from the dead, ... the firstfruits of them that sleep.

46. Quartet (I Corinthians 15:21)

Since by man came death,

Chorus (I Corinthians 15:21)

By man came also the resurrection of the dead.

Quartet (I Corinthians 15:22)

For as in Adam all die ...

Chorus (I Corinthians 15:22)

Even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

47. Recitative — Bass (I Corinthians 15:51,52)

Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.

48. Air — Bass (I Corinthians 15:52-53)

The Trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

49. Recitative — Alto

Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written: Death is swallowed up in victory.

50. Duet — Alto and Tenor

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law.

51. Chorus

But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

52. Air — Soprano

If God be for us, who can be against us? Whom shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is at the right hand of God, who makes intercession for us.

53. Chorus (Revelation 5:12,13)

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. Blessing, and honor ... glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.

# **The World According to Student Bloopers**

Richard Lederer

St. Paul's School

One of the fringe benefits of being an English or History teacher is receiving the occasional jewel of a student blooper in an essay. I have pasted together the following "history" of the world from certifiably genuine student bloopers collected by teachers throughout the United States, from eight grade through college level. Read carefully, and you will learn a lot.

The inhabitants of Egypt were called mummies. They lived in the Sarah Dessert and traveled by Camelot. The climate of the Sarah is such that the inhabitants have to live elsewhere, so certain areas of the dessert are cultivated by irritation. The Egyptians built the Pyramids in the shape of a huge triangular cube. The Pramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain.

The Bible is full of interesting caricatures. In the first book of the Bible, Guinnesses, Adam and Eve were created from an apple tree. One of their children, Cain, asked "Am I my brother's son?" God asked Abraham to sacrifice Issac on Mount Montezuma. Jacob, son of Issac, stole his brother's birthmark. Jacob was a partiarich who brought up his twelve sons to be partiarichs, but they did not take to it. One of Jacob's sons, Joseph, gave refuse to the Israelites.

Pharaoh forced the Hebrew slaves to make bread without straw. Moses led them to the Red Sea, where they made unleavened bread, which is bread made without any ingredients. Afterwards, Moses went up on Mount Cyanide to get the ten commandments. David was a Hebrew king skilled at playing the liar. He foughth with the Philatelists, a race of people who lived in Biblical times. Solomon, one of David's sons, had 500 wives and 500 porcupines.

Without the Greeks, we wouldn't have history. The Greeks invented three kinds of columns Corinthian, Doric and Ironic. They also had myths. A myth is a female moth. One myth says that the mother of Achilles dipped him in the River Stynx until he became intolerable. Achilles appears in "The Illiad", by Homer. Homer also wrote the "Oddity", in which Penelope was the last hardship that Ulysses endured on his journey. Actually, Homer was not written by Homer but by another man of that name.

Socrates was a famous Greek teacher who went around giving people advice. They killed him. Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock.

In the Olympic Games, Greeks ran races, jumped, hurled the biscuits, and threw the java. The reward to the victor was a coral wreath. The government of Athen was democratic because the people took the law into their own hands. There were no wars in Greece, as the mountains were so high that they couldn't climb over to see what their neighbors were doing. When they fought the Parisians, the Greeks were outnumbered because the Persians had more men.

Eventually, the Ramons conquered the Geeks. History call people Romans because they never stayed in one place for very long. At Roman banquets, the guests wore garlic in their hair. Julius Caesar extinguished himself on the battlefields of Gaul. The Ides of March killed him because they thought he was going to be made king. Nero was a cruel tyranny who would torture his poor subjects by playing the fiddle to them.

Then came the Middle Ages. King Alfred conquered the Dames, King Arthur lived in the Age of Shivery, King Harlod mustarded his troops before the Battle of Hastings, Joan of Arc was cannonized by George Bernard Shaw, and the victims of the Black Death grew boobs on their necks. Finally, the Magna Carta provided that no free man should be hanged twice for the same offense.

In midevil times most of the people were alliterate. The greatest writer of the time was Chaucer, who wrote many poems and verse and also wrote literature. Another tale tells of William Tell, who shot an arrow through an apple while standing on his son's head.

The Renaissance was an age in which more individuals felt the value of their human being. Martin Luther was nailed to the church door at Wittenberg for selling papal indulgences. He died a horrible death, being excommunicated by a bull. It was the painter Donatello's interest in the female nude that made him the father of the Renaissance. It was an age of great inventions and discoveries. Gutenberg invented the Bible. Sir Walter Raleigh is a historical figure because he invented cigarettes. Another important invention was the circulation of blood. Sir Francis Drake circumcised the world with a 100-foot clipper.

The government of England was a limited mockery. Henry VIII found walking difficult because he had an abbess on his knee. Queen Elizabeth was the "Virgin Queen." As a queen she was a success. When Elizabeth exposed herself before her troops, they all shouted "hurrah." Then her navy went out and defeated the Spanish Armadillo.

The greatest writer of the Renaissance was William Shakespear. Shakespear never made much money and is famous only because of his plays. He lived in Windsor with his merry wives, writing tragedies, comedies and errors. In one of Shakespear's famous plays, Hamlet rations out

his situation by relieving himself in a long soliloquy. In another, Lady Macbeth tries to convince Macbeth to kill the King by attacking his manhood. Romeo and Juliet are an example of a heroic couplet. Writing at the same time as Shakespeare was Miquel Cervantes. He wrote "Donkey Hote". The next great author was John Milton. Milton wrote "Paradise Lost." Then his wife dies and he wrote "Paradise Regained."

During the Renaissance America began. Christopher Columbus was a great navigator who discovered America while cursing about the Atlantic. His ships were called the Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Fe. Later the Pilgrims crossed the Ocean, and the was called the Pilgrim's Progress. When they landed at Plymouth Rock, they were greeted by Indians, who came down the hill rolling their was hoops before them. The Indian squabs carried porposies on their back. Many of the Indian heroes were killed, along with their cabooses, which proved very fatal to them. The winter of 1620 was a hard one for the settlers. Many people died and many babies were born. Captain John Smith was responsible for all this.

One of the causes of the Revolutionary Wars was the English put tacks in their tea. Also, the colonists would send their pacels through the post without stamps. During the War, Red Coats and Paul Revere was throwing balls over stone walls. The dogs were barking and the peacocks crowing. Finally, the colonists won the War and no longer had to pay for taxis.

Delegates from the original thirteen states formed the Contented Congress. Thomas Jefferson, a Virgin, and Benjamin Franklin were two singers of the Declaration of Independence. Franklin had gone to Boston carrying all his clothes in his pocket and a loaf of bread under each arm. He invented electricity by rubbing cats backwards and declared "a horse divided against itself cannot stand." Franklin died in 1790 and is still dead.

George Washington married Matha Curtis and in due time became the Father of Our Country. Them the Constitution of the United States was adopted to secure domestic hostility. Under the Constitution the people enjoyed the right to keep bare arms.

Abraham Lincoln became America's greatest Precedent. Lincoln's mother died in infancy, and he was born in a log cabin which he built with his own hands. When Lincoln was President, he wore only a tall silk hat. He said, "In onion there is strength." Abraham Lincoln write the Gettysburg address while traveling from Washington to Gettysburg on the back of an envelope. He also signed the Emasculation Proclamation, and the Fourteenth Amendment gave the ex-Negroes citizenship. But the Clue Clux Clan would torcher and lynch the ex-Negroes and other innocent victims. On the night of April 14, 1865, Lincoln went to the theater and got shot in his seat by one of the actors in a moving picture show. The believed assinator was John Wilkes Booth, a supposedl insane actor. This ruined Booth's career.



Meanwhile in Europe, the enlightenment was a reasonable time. Voltare invented electricity and also wrote a book called "Candy". Gravity was invented by Issac Walton. It is chiefly noticeable in the Autumn, when the apples are flaling off the trees.

Bach was the most famous composer in the world, and so was Handel. Handel was half German, half Italian and half English. He was very large. Bach died from 1750 to the present. Beethoven wrote music even though he was deaf. He was so deaf he wrote loud music. He took long walks in the forest even when everyone was calling for him. Beethoven expired in 1827 and later died for this.

France was in a very serious state. The French Revolution was accomplished before it happened. The Marseillaise was the theme song of the French Revolution, and it catapulted into Napoleon. During the Napoleonic Wars, the crowned heads of Europe were trembling in their shoes. Then the Spanish gorillas came down from the hills and nipped at Napoleon's flanks. Napoleon became ill with bladder problems and was very tense and unrestrained. He wanted an heir to inheret his power, but since Josephine was a baroness, she couldn't bear him any children.

The sun never set on the British Empire because the British Empire is in the East and the sun sets in the West. Queen Victoria was the longest queen. She sat on a thorn for 63 years. He reclining years and finally the end of her life were exemplary of a great personality. Her death was the final event which ended her reign.

The nineteenth century was a time of many great inventions and thoughts. The invention of the steamboat caused a network of rivers to spring up. Cyrus McCormick invented the McCormick Raper, which did the work of a hundred men. Samuel Morse invented a code for telepathy. Louis Pastuer discovered a cure for rabbis. Charles Darwin was a naturailst who wrote the "Organ of the Species". Madman Curie discovered radium. And Karl Marx became one of the Marx Brothers.

The First World War, cause by the assignation of the Arch-Duck by a surf, ushered in a new error in the anals of human history.

# **Worth While**

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

It is easy enough to be pleasant,  
When life flows by like a song,  
But the man worth while is one who will smile,  
When everything goes dead wrong.  
For the test of the heart is trouble,  
And it always comes with the years,  
And the smile that is worth the praise of the earth  
Is the smile that shines through the tears.

# **The Year of the Flexible Flyers**

by Aney B. Chatterton

The year was 1932 and the nation's economy was at an all-time low. The disastrous crash of '29 had left its mark, and we were experiencing a time that was to become known as the Great Depression.

I was in the eighth grade, and we all started school that fall with few clothes and school supplies. There was no lunch program, and for many students there was no food to bring. So those of us who could bring something to eat shared whatever we had.

I remember that whenever any of us had an extra penny, we would put it in an envelope and hide it; when we had twenty pennies saved, we would take them to the store and buy two cans of Vienna sausage, a treat far better than candy. Then we would find a secluded area, put all our lunches together, open the cans of sausage, and divided everything equally. Those were special days.

As Christmas time approached that year, we didn't feel the excitement that usually comes with the holiday season. We understood about the Depression and knew there would be very little for any of us.

But there was one desire we all had, though none of us would have mentioned it to our parents. A new sled had appeared on the market called the Flexible Flyer. With its sleek finish, sharp runners, and smooth handlebars that steered it easily and gracefully, it was the Roll-Royce of all sleds.

We all marched to the hardware store one day after school to see the new wonder sled. "How much are the sleighs, Mr. Evens?" one of the boys asked.

"Well," he replied, "I think I can sell them for \$4.98."

Our hearts sank. But that didn't stop us from dreaming the impossible dream.

School was finally dismissed for the holidays, and when Christmas eve came we had our usual Christmas play and party. We returned to our homes, happy, yet sad, feeling keenly the weight of those depressed times.

I awoke early Christmas morning but was not anxious to get up. My mother finally called, so I dressed and we all went to the living room where the tree was. I was surprised to see that the tree had been redecorated and was more beautiful than ever. But the biggest surprise was still in store. There underneath the tree, with a big red ribbon tied around it, was a shiny new sled — a Flexible Flyer!

I let out a startled cry and dropped to the floor, sliding my fingers along the satiny finish, moving the handlebars back and forth, and finally cradling the precious sled in my arms. Tears rolled down my cheeks as I looked up at my parents and asked, "Where did you get the money for it?"

My Mother wiped away a tear with the corner of her apron and replied, "Surely you believe in Santa Claus. Open your other present."

I opened another box and there was a beautiful dress, and though I loved it, my eyes were on the sled. I could only stand and gaze in awe. I was the owner of a Flexible Flyer.

After our midday Christmas dinner, Mother announced, "Put on your boots and bundle up warm. We're going to town. We have another surprise for you." I didn't think anything could compare to the surprise I already had.

Dad hitched up the team to our big sleigh, I loaded in my new sled, and we went to town. As soon as we crossed the bridge I saw what the surprise was. Kids were everywhere, and so were Flexible Flyers. Main Street had been roped off so that we could start at the top of the hill and glide all the way down across the bridge without danger from cars. The entire community had turned out. Boys and girls were all jumping up and down, some were crying, most were throwing their arms around each other and shouting, "You got one too!"

Our parents finally got us calmed down long enough to listen to instructions. Three farmers with their horses and sleighs would take turns pulling us to the top of the hill where we would start. The older boys went first, running and then flopping "belly first," as we called it, onto their sleds. We watched as they glided effortlessly over the crusted snow. Faster and faster they went, crossing the bridge and coming to rest amid the cheers and clapping of parents. We all took turns, and as the day wore on we got braver and wilder. The boys discovered they could do tricks by dragging their feet in a certain way, causing their sleds to turn around and tip over. We all got caught up in adventure, tumbling in a tangle of arms and legs, laughing helplessly as we slipped around, ending up in a pile of bundled bodies.

As night drew near, our parents called for us to stop — it was time to return home for chores. "No, no," we cried. "Please let us stay." Reluctantly they agreed, releasing us from chores for this one time only. When they returned it was dark, but the moon shone brightly, lighting the hill. The cold wind blew over our bodies; the stars seemed so brilliant and close, the hill dark and shadowy as we made our last run for the day. Cold and hungry, but happy, we loaded our Flexible Flyers and returned home with memories that would last a lifetime.

Everywhere I went in the days that followed, my Flexible Flyer went with me. One night I decided to go to the barn, as I often did, just to watch Dad at work. I noticed that one of the stalls was empty, and I asked, "Where's Rosie? She isn't in her stall."

There was an awkward silence, and my dad finally replied, "We had to sell her. She cut her foot in the fence."

"Sell Rosie?" I thought. "Gentle, friendly Rosie?"

"But the cut would have healed," I said. "Why didn't you sell Meanie? She never does anything we want, but Rosie always leads the herd into the barn."

Dad didn't say anything, and suddenly I knew. Rosie had been sold to buy my Flexible Flyer. She was the best and would bring more money; and my parents had given the best they had — for me. I had always understood that my parents treasured me dearly, but until that moment I had never known a love so great. I ran from the barn in tears and hid myself behind the haystack.

I returned to the hill the next day and told my best friend about Rosie. "Yes, I know," she said. "My dad took ten bushels of apples from our cellar and took them to Pocatello and sold them door to door. He's never had to do that before. That's how I got my Flexible Flyer."

A growing amazement overtook me. "But how did they know?" I asked. "I didn't ask for a sled, so how did all the parents know we all wanted Flexible Flyers?"

Little by little we began to put the pieces together like a jigsaw puzzle. Everyone had a similar story to tell. Then we began to realize how the entire community had united in one monumental effort of sharing, trading, peddling, extra working, and most of all, caring, to buy the Flexible Flyers. None of us ever had the slightest hint of what was going on right under our noses. That had to be the best-kept secret of all time in so small a community.

When school resumed and we marched into our classroom and stood by our desks waiting for the teacher to say those familiar words, "You may be seated," it seemed we all stood just a bit taller. Not that we had grown in stature, but we had grown in a different way. Nothing had really changed, yet everything had changed. The economy was still the same and we still shared our lunches and saved our pennies for the sausages, but inside we had all changed. We were happier, we played harder, and we studied more diligently. It was as if we had all committed ourselves to be the best we could be, to make our parents and community proud of us. It was the only way we knew to say "thanks."

When the snow finally melted and it was time to store the sleds, we were reluctant to part with them. We clung to them as a child clings to a favorite blanket. They had given meaning to our lives and provided us with a sense of identity. That terrible monster, the Great Depression, no longer seemed such a threat to us. Somehow we knew there would be better times, a brighter tomorrow, and a more prosperous future.

Many years later, long after I married, I asked my mother how they had pulled that secret off, and who started it. Her eyes twinkled. She gave me one of those warm, loving smiles that only a mother can give and replied, "My dear daughter, you must never stop believing in Santa Claus."

## Yet Shall We Live

When I was a young child, our family was anxious for the return of Uncle Orson. My mother had deep feelings about the matter, which she implanted in her children. For some reason I always watched for Uncle Orson to come to the back door of our home. I remember on a number of occasions when a peddler would come to the back door, I would pull on my mother's dress to get her attention and ask, "Is this Uncle Orson, huh?" But the answer was always no.

It was many years later that mother shared the story with me of her younger brother. Uncle Orson was born in 1881. Fourteen months later his father died, leaving him without the guidance of a father during those critical early years. When he was 17 years old, he, with a group of other boys his own age, went to Saltaire, a dance pavilion on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. Before the evening was over, they became drunk and ended up in the county jail.

The following morning, parents and family members came to the jail house and obtained their sons' releases. Many of them put their arms around their sons and built them into pillars in the community. But unknown to my grandmother, Uncle Orson was released from jail, given a one-way ticket to the Northwest, and told never to return.

Mother said that on occasions she would hear her mother sobbing in her bedroom during the night. When she went to her mother's side, her mother would say, "I wonder where my wandering boy is tonight."

Uncle Orson likely worked in the lumber camps of the Northwest in an atmosphere that was not conducive to living the principles of the gospel. If he were living today, he would be very old. It is most likely that he has gone to the world of spirits by now ....

My good friend, Joseph S. Nelson, died a few months ago at the age of 86. He was a great missionary during his life. He served four missions .... I've been searching in the scriptures to find him — and here he is:

"I beheld that the faithful elders of this dispensation, when they depart from mortal life, continue their labors in the preaching of the gospel of repentance and redemption, through the sacrifice of the Only Begotten Son of God, among those who are in darkness and under the bondage of sin in the great world of the spirits of the dead" (D&C 138:57) ....

I have loved Uncle Orson from childhood because I inherited a longing for him. I want so much to buy him a return ticket home to his eternal family ....

I wonder if my good friend Joe Nelson might find Uncle Orson and teach him the gospel truths that his father would have taught him in mortality had he been here to do so ....

Please, dear friend Joseph, find (him) and teach (him) these precious truths of salvation.



## **You Can't Tell a Kid by His Age**

Maturity is the ability to control anger, and settle differences without violence and destruction.

Maturity is patience — willingness to pass up immediate pleasure for long-term gain.

Maturity is perseverance — sweating out a project in spite of opposition and discouraging setbacks.

Maturity is unselfishness — responding to the needs of others.

Maturity is the capacity to face unpleasantness and disappointment without becoming bitter.

Maturity is humility. A mature person is able to say, "I am sorry." And when he is proved right he doesn't have to say, "I told you so."

Maturity means dependability, integrity, keeping one's word. The immature have excuses for everything. They are the chronically tardy, the no-shows, the gutless wonders who fold in the crises. Their lives are a maize of broken promises.

Maturity is the ability to live at peace with that which we cannot change.

# **You Might Be in Education If...**

by Heather Heffernan

1. You believe the staff room should be equipped with a Valium Salt Lick.
2. You want to slap the next person who says, "Must be nice working from 8 to 3 and having your summers free!"
3. You believe chocolate is a food group.
4. You believe "shallow gene pool" should have its own box on the report card.
5. You can tell it's a full moon without ever looking outside.
6. You believe that an unspeakable evil will befall you if anyone says, "Boy, the kids sure are mellow today."
7. When out in public you feel the urge to talk to strange children and correct their behavior.
8. You have no time for a life from August to June.
9. You pop aspirin and grade papers when the rest of the world actually eats lunch.
10. When you mention "vegetable" you're not talking about a food group.
11. You think people should be required to get a government permit before being allowed to reproduce.
12. You wonder how some people ever MANAGED to reproduce.
13. You laugh uncontrollably when other people refer to the staff room as the "lounge."

14. You believe in the aerial spraying of Prozac.
15. You encourage an obnoxious parent to check into charter schools or home schooling.
16. You believe no one should be permitted to reproduce without having taught in an elementary setting for at least five years.
17. You've had your profession planned by someone who would never DREAM of doing your job.
18. You can't have children because there's no name you could give a child that wouldn't bring on high blood pressure the moment you heard it uttered.
19. You think caffeine should be available to staff in IV form.
20. You know you're in for a MAJOR project when a parent says, "I have a great idea I'd like to discuss. I think it would be such fun!"
21. You smile weakly, but want to choke a person when he/she says, "Oh, you must have such FUN every day. It must be like playtime for you."
22. Your personal life comes to a screeching halt at report card time.
23. Meeting a child's parents instantly answers the question, "Why is this kid like this?"

## **A Young Man Prepared**

Though a boy I may appear,  
Yet a man I soon will be.  
If I prepare and live clean  
in ev'ry thought, word, and deed,  
I will be worthy to hold  
The sacred priesthood of God.

So I now prepare myself;  
I will serve my fellow-men.  
Being armed with the truth,  
With the scriptures my guide,  
I'll go forward, a young man prepared,  
I'll go forward, a young man prepared.

# **Your Name**

Edgar Guest

You got it from your father, 'twas the best he had to give.  
And right gladly he bestowed it. It's yours, the while you live.  
You may lose the watch he gave you and another you may claim.  
But remember, when you're tempted, to be careful of his name.

It was fair the day you got it, and a worthy name to bear.  
When he took it from his father, there was no dishonor there.  
Through the years he proudly wore it, to his father he was true.  
And that name was clean and spotless when he passed it on to you.

Oh, there's much that he has given that he values not at all.  
He has watched you break your playthings in the day when you were small.  
You have lost the knife he gave you and you've scattered many a game,  
But you'll never hurt your father if you're careful with his name.

It is yours to wear forever, yours to wear the while you live,  
Yours, perhaps, some distant morning, another boy to give.  
And you'll smile as did your father — with a smile that all can share.  
If a clean name and a good name you are giving him to wear.

It is our great  
Pleasure  
To Present to you

## **Your Pet Rock**

(instruction booklet)  
a REDD FAMILY product.

Now, after millions of years in production, the Redd Family Research Foundation is pleased to present you with your very own, personal pet rock. Your Pet Rock needs a name. Just as you enjoy hearing the sound of your own name, your pet rock does, so be sure that you call it by name often. It will soon learn to respond to its new name.

### **HELPFUL HINTS:**

To help you and your pet rock get the most out of your relationship, we suggest that you carefully follow these twenty-six simple instructions:

1. Rocks, by nature, and in nature, are very shy, so chances are that unless you treat your pet rock very nicely, it won't talk to you very often. When it does talk, praise him for being so intelligent; then call your Psychiatrist.
2. Give your Pet Rock lots of TLC (Tender Loving Care).
3. Wash your rock daily, preferably with fresh mountain stream water or fresh rain water.
4. Play some "Rock" music for your pet every once in a while. Squeeze it to feel if it wants "Soft Rock" or "Hard Rock" music.
5. Place it where it will get plenty of sun and fresh air.
6. Put your rock with some other rocks at least once a week so that it can keep up its social life.

7. Turn it over every few days to avoid sun-burn. This is especially important with very light colored rocks.

8. Completely avoid talking about mountains in your rock's presence. You don't want it to get an inferiority complex, do you?

9. Avoid talking about Red Rock, or Rock Canyon in front of your rock. It might get homesick.

10. Remember that an education is very important to everyone. Your rock would like to be well educated too. Therefore it is important to softly hit your rock once in a while, to ensure that it learns through the school of hard knocks. Perhaps the best way to do this, is to quickly hit your head with your pet rock repeatedly.

11. Reading to your rock may be helpful in its education since it has difficulty reading to itself. Who knows? This may prove to be helpful to both your pet rock and you!

12. Doing math with your rock will also help its education. Be especially careful that it doesn't multiply, however, or you may be accused of having rocks in your head!

13. Since your rock is extremely shy, it is always polite to introduce it to all the people you meet. You might want to hold it up to your friends ear after the introduction, and see if they can hear it say, "How are you?" If they say they can hear it talking, take them to the doctor immediately. There is definitely something wrong with your friend.

14. Be sure to brush your pet rock's teeth after each meal. Sometimes it is difficult to have your pet rock open its mouth. Speak softly and quietly to it, remembering to call it by name, and you may convince it to open up, but be sure you talk to it in private. You wouldn't want to embarrass it. Some people might think that you are crazy talking to a rock, and that wouldn't be nice either.

15. Be sure that your pet gets plenty of exercise. Tie it on a length of string and take it for a run each day. If you will do this, it will be healthy. (Your mental health may be questioned, however.)

16. Good grooming is important for your Pet rock's sense of well-being. Remember, God created a beautiful world, and your rock was a part of it. Let your rock maintain that dignity. If you

notice that its hair is in need of combing, comb it, but do it in private! Combing a rock would be a sure sign that you have lost your marbles.

17. Feed and water your rock at least three times daily. Even though it is able to go for very long periods of time without food or water, you would not want to be reported to the Humane Society for abuse of a pet, would you? If you figure out how to feed and water your rock, chances are that YOU should see YOUR doctor immediately!

18. Be sure to wrap your Pet Rock up warmly when you take it outside in the winter. Since it has so little blood, it is very hard for it to keep warm. If you don't believe it has little blood, I'd like to see you squeeze some blood out of a rock. (be sure not to squeeze the blood out of your pet. You would not want to hurt it, would you?)

19. Never mention "gravel pits" in your rock's presence. How would you like someone calling your home a "pit"?

20. Avoid letting your rock see "crushed gravel". It is very hard on your pet to see his brothers and sisters broken to pieces so ruthlessly. How would you like to have someone do that kind of job on your family members?

21. Never mention gravel crushing machines in your pet rock's presence. The thought of such a machine is enough to scare seven year's growth out of your rock, or it could bring on a fatal heart attack.

22. Only on the most rare occasions should you ever throw your pet rock. How would you like to go hurling through the air, with no thought of where you may land? However, your pet rock won't mind coming to your rescue by being thrown at an attacker.

23. Never take your rock swimming. It truly does swim like a rock, and is deathly afraid of being drowned in the bottom of the swimming pool.

24. Avoid sharp blows to your pet rock's head. These injuries could cause hardening of the arteries, or, even worse, paralysis. How would you like it if you couldn't move around on your own?

25. Take your pet rock for walks, or bike rides. It likes to see the country as much as you do, and it can't get around too quickly on its own.



26. Do not sit on your pet rock. You will either smother your pet, or you will hurt YOUR tender feelings!

### **USES FOR YOUR PET ROCK**

1. Great as a paper weight.
2. Fun to play with when you are nervous.
3. Invite a few of your rock's friends over and have a "Rock Dance" in your very own room. Your parents will be happy with how quiet the "Rock Music" is.
4. Can be used for protection against aggressive people on dark nights. It works rather well against aggressive brothers and sisters, or friends, as well. Take care of your rock, and your rock will take care of you!
5. Talk to your rock when you are lonesome. It may not often respond, but it always listens well.
6. When life gets you down, and you want to beat up someone, hit your rock. It's tough and can take it. (You'll hurt only yourself.)
7. It can be used as a prayer rock. Place it on your pillow when you get up in the morning, and it will remind you to say your evening prayers when you go to bed. Then place it where you will step on it getting out of bed in the morning, and it will remind you to say your morning prayers.
8. Use it as a meat tenderizer. Strike your meat repeatedly with your rock, and it is guaranteed to mangle the meat. Please note that the meat should be dead before you start striking it.
9. Always keep your pet rock in your pocket. It may come in handy if you ever meet Goliath. Goliath will think that a thing like that would never enter his head!
10. Carry your pet rock with you to help you get over bad habits. You wouldn't want to use bad language, or do something bad in front of your trusty friend. Your pet rock is completely honest, and will tell everything it sees and hears.

11. Use your pet rock for a punishment for mis-behavior. Hit yourself over the head with your pet rock five times every time you mis-behave. Either you will improve, or you have an awfully thick head!

12. Use your pet rock as a cooler for your drinks. Place your rock in the deep freeze for twenty four hours prior to use, and then drop it into a cool drink. Be careful when you drop it into a glass container, or your mother may get upset with the mess. It works better than an ice cube, and it is guaranteed not to float to the top of your drink and hit your lips while you drink.

### **GUARANTEE**

We at the REDD FAMILY RESEARCH FOUNDATION certainly hope that you have a lasting relationship with your pet rock. This model has a life-time guarantee. If your pet rock breaks at any time, just return it to the REDD FAMILY RESEARCH FOUNDATION and it will be cheerfully repaired or replaced (at our option) free of charge.

Merry Christmas  
and  
Happy New Year!!

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