# Weekly Short Story

By ELLA CLINE

## TEA IN A TUMBLER

Mr. Seligman sat at his dining room table one evening, the voluminous sections of the Sunday papers covering all of the table's darkly shining mahogany. Invariably, whenever the four young Seligmans entertained, their father retreated, with book or papers, to the dining room.

The long living room had been cleared for dancing. Card tables, each with its quota of chairs, tallies, ash trays, et cetera, filled the music room and the sunroom. Gloria and Irma were arranging flowers and attending to the final details of the party; their brothers, Harold and Albert, had gone in the car to fetch some of the guests. Mrs. Seligman, handsome and still youthful, an apron over her black lace dress, was in the kitchen giving directions to the maid and the extra waitress about the preparation and serving of refreshments.

Yet in the midst of these festive activities, soft lights and appetizing odors, Mr. Seligman sat, frowning slightly, looking at the paper before him, but not seeing it. Instead he saw, more clearly than anything in that comfortable home, a slender young man—a boy really—with despairing eyes that looked hurt and hopeless from his lean unhappy face, while the long, thin fingers of his hand held his coat collar close about his throat as if he tried to hide as much of himself as possible. Mr. Seligman sighed deeply.

A slender girl in rose chiffon came with dancing step from the living room on some errand to the kitchen. Mr. Seligman stopped her.

"Irma, are you too busy to get me some tea?"

"Of course not, darling. I shall tell—"

"Please don't tell anyone—get it yourself. You know how I like it—"

"I should by this time, dad," her blue eyes filled with mischievous laughter. She put her white hands, rosy tipped, on her slender hips and recited, "In a glass, a slice of lemon, raspberry or cherry jam, thin cookies—" Then, with a quick change of voice, "I wish you would confess, Mr. Samuel Seligman, senior partner of Seligman and Traube, Importers, why you must have your tea in a tumbler. The most devoted adherent to the accepted forms of etiquette could find no faut with your behaviour otherwise. Perhaps we should have you psychoanalyzed?"

"Bring the tea, professor," Mr. Seligman replied, smiling, "and I shall tell you all. It concerns a—ghost."

"Splendid! How thrilling! I go but to return."

Irma brought a silver tray filled with the tea essentials she had mentioned and daintily arranged them before her father; then said:

"The gang will not be here for some time yet, dad darling. Unburden your soul. Your child is listening."

Mr. Seligman dropped a slice of lemon into his hot, fragrant tea and slowly stirred the amber liquid until a few dark leaves danced in the tumbler. Then slowly, thoughtfully, chosing his words as one who is not certain he can tell what is in his mind, he began:

"I was fifteen when I left Poland, I am nearly fifty now. In my home, in my business, in scarcely any of my contacts, is there much to remind me of my birthplace, or of the conditions I faced when I came to this country. Tea in a glass always reminds me of my father's study, books everywhere, of the black skull cap he used to wear, of the pride he took in his son who was soon to be Bar Mitzvah—asking the boy to bring him tea—to have tea with him. And often when you children entertain, I see again an unhappy youth, whom I never may hope to see otherwise—"

"Never? And you a pillar of the synagogue?"

"Never, child. So long as a person is alive, one may hope to get into communication. Our religion gives us assurance that death is not the final parting. Yet there is one I wish to comfort whom I may never reach—"

"Not living, not dead—how intriguing!" But laughter had vanished from Irma's sweet eyes as she felt her father's earnestness.

"Just a haunting memory of myself at twenty when the world was suddenly bereft of all happiness. It had to do with the joyous sounds of a young folks' party—a sort of ghost of a desperate state of mind that tested my courage to continue to live at all—If I could but reach to him across the years—"

"That is poetic, dad, honey. Has a poet lost his way into the importing business?"

"That other, he was a poet. His teachers encouraged him, praised his compositions. For nearly a year he worked on a poem, in Hebrew, that he was to read at his Bar Mitzvah, as a surprise to his father, whom he loved dearly. But his father died a week before the boy was thirteen, and never knew that the poem had been written. Something vital in the boy died then too. He never wrote poetry again.

"Two years later he was in New York, having stolen out of Poland one gray dawn, traveling steerage, coming to indifferent, distant relatives, bewildered; a stranger in a terrifying world. Knowing that somewhere, somehow, he must earn money for his widowed mother and orphaned sister; a child shouldering the responsibilities of a man.

"His relative gave him a basket filled with an assortment of merchandise and told him to go from door to door, point to the basket and smile pleasantly. For a beginner, the boy did very well, and he smiled delightedly at his customers as he thought of the profits, and the money he would send to his mother, until—

"One day a kindly woman answered his ring, gave him a silver from his basket. With a pitying coin but would not take anything look, she closed the door in the boy's face. Suddenly, overwhelmingly, the truth came to him: He had not been peddling, he had been begging . . .

"He rang the bell of that house again, violently, angrily, and when the woman came hurriedly to see what was wanted, he thrust a package into her hand, something worth more than the coin she had given him, and ran back to the miserable tenement his relative called home and waited for him to return from the tailor shop where he worked.

"The man laughed at the boy's bitter disillusionment. 'Nu, when you will have enough saved up, then you can become a regular merchant. And till then, better put your pride in your pocket.'

"There was nothing the boy could say. He, who cherished such high ambitions, such pride of race, who dreamt so nobly for the future, a beggar . . . He left the basket of goods and his relative's home and walked the streets of New York until he was exhausted. At midnight he found himself in a market place, crawled into a wagon and fell asleep among the bags and bundles it contained. He awoke on a country road, near a farmhouse, when the driver stopped for breakfast next morning, not knowing where he was or how long he had been traveling.

"When the driver returned, the boy explained, and offered to work his way. He carried bundles and crates, took care of the horses, cleaned the driver's boots, sharing the driver's meals, sleeping in the wagon, and so was brought to Boston. From that first honest job to a partnership in an importing business, is a long story, so let's return to the tea and the ghost.

"He worked unbelievably hard every waking hour; his evenings in night school being his only diversion. Driven by the ambition to bring his mother and sister to America before he was demanded for military service in Poland. His mother being widowed, his military period might be short, or he might be altogether exempt, but he would have to be in the place of his birth to prove his claims.

Thief! Thief!

THE JEWISH ADVOCATE, FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1939

# Tale of a Theft Which Quite Upset This Little Community

By ELLA CLINE

Hilanlake, N. Y.,
November 7, 1938.

Dear Grandmamma:

I can see you reading this letter, eated in your comfortable chair n the sunroom of our home in Newton, surrounded by the flowering plants you love. This letter is or the entire household: for you, ear; for Grace and Arthur, my outhful parents; for Horace, my rother, poet of the family and enior at Harvard, and for little ulie. Also for any of our numerus relatives in Newton, Brookline, Dorchester, Belmont, Chelsea, and ll intermediate points, who may vidence an interest in our welfare, night want to know how Irving nd Elsa are spending their time ince they recently married and left he environs of Greater Boston to nake their home in the Adirondack wilderness, far from the madding crowd (so they think) way up orth, near Canada.

Nevertheless, Granny dear, this eck of the woods has been a very xciting place the last two months. We were simply stunned to learn hat old Deborah Feurflam, after ntertaining our young student abbi at dinner before the high olydays, on an ordinary Wednesay, immediately afterwards took o crime. Her maid, Bridget, was er only accomplice. But Mrs. Feurflam planned the theft, did he actual stealing, and, later, admitted as much.

### No Bridge

My Tuesday afternoon bridge lub were so tensely interested in he crime, took so much time discussing the Feurflams, two-three enerations in this country, merhants mostly and with no criminal record so far, that during several sessions we did not get to play ven one round of contract. It was o very exciting to realize that a ich, old widow should be the first o break that perfect record.

Very few in the back pews of the emple during the high holydays ave proper attention to the serice. The music was lovely, the ulpit was decorated with many utumn flowers, our young rabbi onducted the services with digity, but every time the doors pened, we thought the police had ome to arrest Mrs. Feurflam who in one of the front pews with son, Dr. Theodore Feurflam, his very haughty wife, and their nineteen-year-old daughter, Diane. We speculated in whispers on what the dignified Dr. Feurflam would do when his mother was arrested. Diane must have shared our apprehensions, for she too looked back towards the doors every time someone entered.

Strolling on the sunny streets of our little city, the red and gold leaves of maples and elms slowly drifting down, all the world glowing with the splendor of autumn, we talked of the audacity of a woman whose hair was snow-white, who deliberately took four books from our public library, destroyed them, and refused most stubbornly either to pay for them, or, behutte Gott, to replace them. And who had, furthermore, declared that she would willingly spend the few remaining years of her life defending her action, if need be. We hardly mentioned the younger Mrs. Feurflam's marvelous clothes, or Diane's latest hair-do. And there was no doubt in anyone's mind that the amiable Dr. Feurflam did appear rather worried.

### But Why?

"Plaudersak!" I can hear you exclaim, as you adjust your glasses, "What is all this schmoos about arresting a good Jewish woman, a mother and a grandmother? Why should she steal books? Come to the point!"

So I shall, Grandmamma dear, right away. But please bear in mind, my sweet, that many subtle questions had to be put at the right time; there had to be much patient listening, a considerable amount of putting two and two together to get four, in order fully to grasp the remarkable facts of this crime that caused more discussion than any other single theft anyone remembers. I have heard so much about the Feurflams and Hilanlake, it seems to me I too have lived here about fifty years instead of merely six months.

The Feurflams settled here nearly fifty years ago, have prospered and been highly respected right along. Feurflam's is still the best department store here. Mrs. Feurflam lives in the large home she and her husband built about forty years ago. It is on the main street and business is reaching up to it, but she prefers it to a more modern house in a fashionable neighborhood. She is served by one maid, and is very charitable. Her only son is a successful nerve specialist in New York. Does not sound at all like the background of a thief.

### The Rabbi's Discovery

Our rabbi started it, really. He arrived at the beginning of September, was enthusiastic about our Temple, admired the town. While strolling among the back shelves of our library he was greatly distressed to see there four books decidedly not to his liking. With dignified restraint, as is becoming to a young man not yet a fully ordained rabbi, he spoke to the librarian about these books, suggesting that the library would be better off without them. The librarian told him courteously that the books in question had been on the shelves about twenty years and so far no one had complained about them. He promised to take the matter up with the committee. Two weeks passed, the books were still on the shelves and our rabbi began to grow impatient.

He told the presidents of the congregation and of the Jewish Brotherhood that four volumes of abstracts of the Dearborn Independent which contained about all of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion were on the circulating shelves of the library. Their lying, scurrilous contents could be read by any one, a source of contamination and a menace to the good will that existed between Jew and Gentile in the vicinity. Beside Henry Ford had long ago apologized for his connections with the mess, had affirmed many times that he was mistaken, and that he regretted the entire matter. Those books certainly have no business to be in an otherwise nearly perfect little library.

Both presidents agreed with the rabbi and promised seriously to discuss what could be done about the matter with their boards of directors. Time passed; and still the four obnoxious books remained on the shelves. Men in business, with good will to consider, do not like to be too irritating. . . . The books had been on the shelves twenty years already and no one had been poisoned by them, so why raise such a holler now?

Our young rabbi began to feel bitter about the situation, and helpless. Dining with Mrs. Feurflam, he told her all about his failure to rid the town of those books. Mrs. Feurflam felt deeply for him. The librarian had refused to carry "Jurgen" even after Mrs. Feurflam had assured him it was the most poetic book she ever read. Bridget, in plum-colored silk and white muslin, heard all the rabbi had to say as she waited on table. Her merry blue eyes hardened, the red glowed in her graying hair, her broad figure stiffened with war-like firmness as she passed the food, and took her time about clearing the table. When the rabbi left, she came to her mistress, wiping her red hands, and said:

# A Horrible Curse Becomes Man's Greatest Blessing

(Continued from Page 15)

and Darien said, "Where were we with our story?"

"About ten years ago when Utrecht's laboratory in the mountains was discovered." said Arnold.

### A Hidden Laboratory

"The first time it was discovered was more than 20 years ago," corrected Darien. "The countries at war were deeply alarmed by a peculiar impact on their receiving and sending apparatus that lasted exactly 20 seconds each day, but never at the same hour. Each suspected an enemy sending station and a terrific search began to locate it. A month passed in a vain search when spies reported a peculiar wireless station where a gaunt giant, one arm hanging useless by his side, painfully limping, lived with a sick old man. They lived in a sort of hovel filled with intricate apparatus, not identified as anything known by the spies who kept at a distance, awaiting orders.

"Orders were: Shoot the men and destroy everything. Axes smashed the complicated mechanism and delicate crystal. Manuscripts and books were torn and thrown in the middle of the shack. The bodies of Utrecht and his associate were added to the pile. Fire made the destruction complete. The puzzling radio disturbance stopped that day and was never felt since.

"Ten years ago a scientific expedition discovered what the elements had left of that ruin—a few twisted wires of an unknown metal, a few bits of crystal and some human bones. And a huge human skull—probably Utrecht's. The bones and skull were taken to Jerusalem and buried in holy land.

"Odd to think how very much the world has changed since the beginning of reconstruction," Darien stopped his story to comment, "Minorities used to be despised and rejected for the very same reasons that now they are honored and looked up to, superior mental ability! That little strip of land, Palestine, was like a narrow bone of contention—never at peace. Now it is the world's garden spot with the university on Mount Scopus, greatly enlarged, as its center; a beacon of learning and of justice to the peoples of the earth. And from it comes the good tidings that all will yet be well with mankind."

"Yet nothing definite is known about the rays Utrecht must have used those thirty days before he was killed."

"No Arnold. While Utrecht had been in the concentration camp and in prison, many of his colleagues had committed "suicide", Several of his associates had been executed as traitors after they had joined the illegal movement. Two of the men quite close to him had found sanctuary on Mount Scopus. These gave mankind the hope that the affliction would last about as many years as the ray had vibrated seconds. They based their belief on certain statements made by Utrecht when he brought forward his fantastic means for correcting man-made evils. The exact nature of the ray and why and how it worked, was beyond their understanding; and, they claimed, would be beyond the understanding of any man other than Utrecht. And right they are."

Darien looked about the tower, on the shining walls, his hands hovered over the many buttons and levers of the table.

"Soon be time to make the rounds again, Uncle. Good news may be heard. All you have told me, I already knew, but I am happier, somehow, less fearful of the future. But is there not grave danger that with the growth restored to populations, the old order may return too, war, poverty, and all that?"

"Not at all likely, Arnold. The human count on the earth is about one third less than it was 20 years ago. Where congestion was densest, the percentum of loss was relatively larger, because adequate care for the well being of the population was not present, and took some time to install. Children about to be born will be precious not only to their immediate family, but to all men.

### A New Era

"It is unthinkable, after this breathing space of two decades, that little ones in kindergarten will be trained to use gas masks; that drill with bayonets and rifles. even machine guns, should again be part of the normal work for youngsters in the elementary schools; that boys of high school age should kill—and be killed in war. Other unpleasant conditions may arise of which we have not the slightest inkling at present; but war, poverty and most of the penal code have been made obsolete as cannibalism or slavery. If any persist, it will be a vestige to be obliterated quickly and thoroughly.

The world has changed since reconstruction began in 45, Arnold, Races have learned to know one another, to respect their differences. Where once to differ was to arouse suspicion and hate, now we study peoples that differ radically, and attempt to understand them. Philosophy, science, art, have been greatly enriched by the new point of view.

"Wisdom and a heartening philosophy flows from reconstructed India and China; the tender glow of sustaining faith from Palestine. Peace and good will have become the rule, not merely an unattainable ideal. Now that it is quite certain that man is not doomed to disappear—in spite of you young pessimists who insist that dread fate may still be ours—now that man has cast off his childish bickering and become adult at last, a new, a golden era has begun."

Thoughtfully Arnold considered the matter. "The growth of population will be very slow," he said. "It will take many decades, possibly a full century, to bring it up to the pre-construction count. With industrialization and distribution improving all the time, I hardly see how the former troubles can possibly return—" His face brightened, we may surprise you, Uncle. Anther Rudolph Utrecht may rise from our group—"

"Well, Arnold, if one does, he will surely receive different treatment from the first Utrecht, nor will there be so much man-made misery for him to agonize over. But look!"

Both men rose to their feet in awed, delighted surprise. A soft whirring sound filled the room as several messages brought the happy tidings. On the milky-white walls of the tower room white-clad forms of nurses crowded each other, happy faces from the fairest blonde to the darkest brown, happy eyes shone with excitement, while within the tender crook of each pair of loving arms rested, wrapped in its soft blanket, a precious, newly born child.

"Nevertheless, some one small item you may have noticed may have escaped all others," pleaded Arnold, "may help in the final solution. We twenties, thirties, forties even, who have had access to all available knowledge, have been honored with many degrees, have decided to begin a search for knowledge not contained in books, not scientific, while we may . . ." A sombre light darkened the fine eyes of the youth, a sad expression aged his handsome features.

### Lonely World

"Each one of us," he continued seriously, "is to discuss the occurences of the forties, and since, with an intelligent person who had keenly observed that period, had taken part as you have. Preferably a person in the sixties, or older. Later all facts gleaned will be carefully compared, deductions arrived at to supplement scientific findings. We shall have plenty of time—as the world grows lonelier each year . . ."

"Yes, it will be rather lonesome for you young ones in another decade or two," sadly admitted Darien. "Even with the utmost care for the health of each person, folk do succumb between the ages of ninety and a hundred. Many much younger, in spite of every precaution. But you will be extremely comfortable," he spoke more cheerfully, "All the work practically done by machines . . ."

"Uninterrupted leisure in a lovely world—just waiting for the certain coming of old age, senility, and extinction! A menacing horror that will drive the final survivors mad!"

Except for a distant humming of an airship far overhead, there was no sound for a little while in the tower. Arnold was steeped in gloomy contemplation of the future; Darien looked with compassionate understanding at him. After a few minutes of silence, Darien said:

"All right, then. I'll begin at the forties and tell you what you probably know as well as I do, or better." Before he began, with swift, skilled hands, he tested the intricate machinery of the tower, listened attentively to the answering whirr or hum as he pushed buttons, pulled levers, and in many other ways satisfied himself that all was in perfect working order. Then he sat back in his comfortable arm chair and began leisurely.

### The Fire Spread

"In 1940 wars kept on, no warring nations willing, or able, to make overtures of peace. From nation to nation the lurid fire spread, and there was no way to check it. Minorities were ground into the bloody earth; majorities fared hardly better. Dictators grew in power and arrogance. Within the realm of each dictator there developed a strong, hidden illegal movement as ruthless as the ruler and built tremendous armaments against a day of reckoning.

"Czechoslovakia and a large slice of Poland had shared Austria's fate. The Russian bear was at death grips with a greater Germany. The nations not yet involved were helping, secretly they believed, the side that suited each best. By the spring of forty-four, every nation was at war, openly or by supplying men and war necessities; so deeply involved, that the conflict was about to rage openly on all fronts, beyond any possible control."

"Yes Uncle Darien, that much is well known," said Arnold who had shaken off his gloomy thoughts and listened attentively, "it seems hardly credible that a few lines in a medical journal should have put a stop to it." "It did exactly that," assented Darien, "but it took some time. Just a small item in a Baltimore medical journal that a certain maternity hospital had received remarkably few reservations during the past month. A newspaper reporter saw it in an idle hour, telephoned a few other hospitals and found the same puzzling condition. The very next edition of his paper carried on the front page in large print: NO MORE BABIES.

"At first there was only a desultory interest, greatly overshadowed by news from the many war fronts. Little Japan was still trying to conquer big China. For each man who fell in battle, at least two score men, women and children died of starvation and plague; untold millions perished in the floods. Spain was still fighting, each side unsparingly destroying the other, neither aware they were fighting for practically the identical cause; fighting regardless of any cause, consumed by flaming hatred. Russia and Germany were fighting, and preparing for war on an unprecedented scale. So the probable lack of a few babies did not arouse any anxiety, at first.

### The Alarm

"Medical and scientific men looked into the matter seriously, and were genuinely alarmed. The condition in maternity hospitals in Baltimore and New York was universal. Suspicion at once pointed to Rudolph Utrecht. He only, with his great knowledge and understanding of the science of biology, his uncanny control of electricity, his ability to cause effects with rays of invisible light, incomprehensible even to his closest associates, added to his well known passion for social justice, he only could have had something to do with the strange phenomenon. But Utrecht had been shot fully five years before.

"Within a few months, the alarm spread. Maternity hospitals were preparing to put their emptying wards to other uses, to receive war derelicts. Even war lords had to stop in their ruthless lust for power. A danger loomed more threatening than any war.

can man last if no more are born. What has caused this state; what can be done? became the burning questions of the hour. Just as news of war left the front page, so men lost interest in guns and poison gas, in submarines, dreadnoughts and fighting planes. A search began in universities, in research centers, for scientists to explain the strange phenomenon of universal human sterilization.

"Men of science formed new affiliations, built new centers, to delve into the problem adequately. The first command was to safe-guard the health of every human being, with especial care of the health of youth and of the children.

### All the Living

"Within a year of the appearance of the item in the medical journal, the vast wealth formerly used for war and the preparations for still greater wars, was being diverted to the care of the living. Mortality lists continued about as before—not counting former war casualties—but there were no more newly born to replace the dead. Demobilized armies were reformed into units to clear the slums as the building of a new civilization began. Most important of all loomed the task of giving to the underprivileged and wild children the care so long denied them.

"A certain proportion of the adult and growing population in every land had been enjoying the best possible care right along. This was signally true of the democratic countries who, by forty-five, had still managed to evade open war. Yet even in the more fortunate lands, conditions were uncovered that were appalling.

"Each child, fortunately placed or otherwise, had a guardian appointed who became 'uncle' or 'aunt', and in many cases did more for the youngster than a real aunt or uncle. Just as our relationship has been since I was appointed your extra-paternal guardian, Arnold." "And a most satisfactory relationship it has been right from the start, Uncle Darien," said Arnold. "I missed you when you were sent abroad on child welfare, and no one could take your place."

"In your case a guardian was appointed merely as a precautionary measure. Hundreds of thousands of guardians got charges whose work proved harrowing. Even in our favored land, there were children living who were uncared for, thwarted, pitifully warped in every way, mentally, morally and physically. They swarmed in the underworld of the cities, the mining districts and cotton fields. These, as they grew older, would have filled our schools of correction and crowded our jails; would have become a source of unlimited trouble to the more fortunately placed while living miserably themselves.

"The problem of underprivileged childhood and youth here proved a simple matter compared to the state of affairs in the war torn lands. There the condition wo

und were beastly. And that e' e right word! I was with ts st expedition sent over to hes ear up the mess.

"Children whose parents ha en killed in wars that had spared ither civilian populations, the ed, the sick, nor any living be- g, were roaming naked, or near- so, diseased, starving, bewildered a catastrophe utterly beyond eir understanding.

### Wild Children

"Heart-rending as conditions ere found to be in Japan, China, idia . . . still, the eastern peoples ere looked on, then, as somewhat ferior, different . . . a way of inking which must be puzzling you, Arnold. So, bad as the ate of the children there, it was mehow expected. But in the estern countries, whose civiliza- on was similar to ours, conditions ere made each man in the rescue ork ashamed to belong to the hu- an race, made us realize that hoever or whatever had caused e so-called calamity of no more abies was justified, was meting it punishment justly deserved."

"So you do agree with my pro- ssors that it was not entirely a rse, Uncle Darien?" said Arnold.

"When I remember the wild chil- en—it is a nightmare that will ot be forgotten—I do!" said Dar- n, and continued more calmly, They had taken refuge, in bands id singly, to escape warring mies, in the forests, in ruined id abandoned villages; in shafts mines, in caves. Those that rvived—some had been roaming r years when we discovered their ding places—lived like animals, arled and fought off their res- iers. They terrorized the coun- y side. They thought no more killing a man than killing the icken they came to steal. The enes I have witnessed, the stories heard, would take more than an our in the telling.

"It took fully two years to cap- ure, or induce, the great majority the wild children to come in. ariably each required long hos- ital care. Some were never rought in, are still roaming, grown dult, and beyond help, probably. mong our most promising, highly ifted young people now are an mazing number who had to be re- rned to civilization trussed up ke wild cats.

### The Dictators Go

"Slowly the years passed. Peace ad become universal, with hard- any acclaim, as the kindergar- ns promoted their pupils into lementary schools and there were one to fill the empty, sunny rooms ith their diminutive furniture heerful decorations.

"Mussolini and two of his sons ere assasinated by a little bearded, thiopian—no one quite figured ut how he did evade the guards— he assasin died, shrieking that he ad avenged his country's wrongs ince the tyrant had caused no ore sons be born to fight him.

"Hitler put the blame on Jewish magic—and he was not entirely wrong at that—and commanded all Jews should perish. He was not obeyed. A whisper went around that Rudolph Utrecht was at least half Jewish, his startling resemblance to pictures of Moses was remembered—also the ten plagues that afflicted Pharaoh—and the Jews lived. But not Hitler.

"Enraged at the failure of obedience, he blamed those nearest to him, who had invariably obeyed his slightest wish, and a bloody purge began which stopped only when it became obvious that the dictator was insane. He suffered from the hallucination that a tiny new born child, with closed, dead eyes, was following him all the time. At night it sat upon his chest and pressed down, down, with the weight of a mountain of lead, deeper and deeper into the burning bowels of the earth. Hitler became a shrieking maniac and perished miserably.

"And no one took the place of the ryants. The mind of humanity was changing, clearing. The man of science had taken command where before had ruled the war lord. Investigation, research, betterment kept on. War and poverty were spectors of the past. Technological and industrial advances continued on an ever increasing rate, but no longer for the enrichment—often the degeneration—of a comparative few; often the cause of unemployment for many; but for the richer, fuller living of all. Yet mankind was far from being happy.

"Only the most thoughtless could be happy as populations continued to grow less, and man's final extinction became a matter of calculable years. As if in dire atonement of mankind's many mistakes in the past, each wanted, and did, help his neighbor to bear his burden, make the remaining years left more tolerable. This was true of individuals as well as of nations.

"For the first time in millennia, India and China could feed all of their inhabitants adequately, could educate and house properly their depleted, but still vast populations. With war outlawed, there was plenty of food and machinery. Battleships became transports for surplus food and machinery. Markets ceased to be a problem.

### Utrecht the Man

"Undreamt of advances were made on many fronts, but man's unprecedented affliction remained a mystery. All over the earth men were searching for any clue that might help towards the solution. The university on Mount Scopus at Jerusalem became the depository of all documents pertaining to Utrecht, his work, his life, his friendships. After years of deep study and careful thought, the learned men in council on Mount Scopus gave their verdict that Rudolph Utrecht was not slain when the report came that he was shot; he lived for several years er.

"No man of that shooting squad had survived. Finally, after a long search, some not-quite destroyed record of the illegal movement in Germany proved the men in Jerusalem had been right. Men and supplies had been sent to Utrecht several years after he was reported killed. He had been reported killed in the mountains a few days after he made his escape from prison, shot during a blizzard while he was carrying the priest in his arms, and both had rolled down a cliff, followed by an avalanche of rocks and ice. The search continued in the mountains. You know the story of Utrecht, Anold."

"He was a giant mentally and physically, "said Arnold, "He possessed a mind whose penetration into the laws of nature had never been equalled before his time or since. His scientific achievements had gained for him great honor and respect. In his few hours of leisure he would discuss the stupidity of war, of poverty, of the penal code; and suggest fantastic ways of bettering conditions. He was reported to have claimed, more than once, that there was only one way to convince man of the error of his ways and that was to make him realize how precious life was by withholding it from him . . . And this, apparently, he had done.

"It is also well known," continued Arnold, "that he and several of his assistants were sent to a concentration camp because he refused to perfect a killing ray for his government. He escaped, taking his closest friend, a Catholic priest, with him. They were captured a few months later, and because the tyrant still hoped to break Utrecht's spirit, their lives were spared. Again Utrecht made his escape from a prison from which no one had ever escaped before, taking the priest, who was ill, with him. They were overtaken and shot as reported. At that time so much killing was going on, two men more or less mattered little. Both had received cruel treatment in the concentration camp and in prison. It is believed their escape both times was through Utrecht uncanny knowledge of electricity."

Swiftly Darien tested the mechanism of the tower. A soft whirring sound came from overhead. He pulled a lever and the ceiling became transparent. A huge air liner hovered overhead. Darien relayed a message, and the ship continued. The ceiling became opaque again

(Continued on page 17)

# The Lost Collier

*(By Ella Cline)*

Illustrated by G. J. Burton

Robert Deering sat at ease in an overstuffed armchair in the Veterans' club room. It was late afternoon and rain made going anywhere else utterly unattractive. Casually Deering asked one of his dynamic questions; and, at times, a seemingly simple query of his had defied the combined wit and knowledge of all present to answer. A little question of his had led to a law suit. This time he said:

"By the way, Brown, did any one ever discover what became of Captain Bilton and that ritzy dame he fell for in Paris? The one he took along with him on a British coal transport just before the Armistice was signed. The lad was said to be one of nature's noblemen and all that. I just wonder---"

"Skip it, Bob," interrupted Brown in the next chair, impatiently rustling his paper, "I want to read what my government is doing for me in Washington."

But a man seated near them closed his magazine, saying: "I remember that case. He was the commander of a coal transport that sailed from Bordeaux. It was said the ship carried cargo far more precious than coal. Created quite a scandal at the time."

"Why, of all things, Deering, did you have to bring this up?" came irritably from Brown.

"The rain, I suppose," said Deering easily. "Rain, swollen rivers flowing to the ocean, ships at sea--- Naturally thought of lost ships and then of Bilton and that lovely blonde lady. A German spy probably---"

Without further comment Mr. Brown folded his paper, walked to a chair as far from Mr. Deering as the room would allow, sat down, lost to view behind his newspaper. But other men in the room drew nearer to Deering interestedly.

A young chap, who might have been eligible for kindergarten when the Armistice was signed, asked breathlessly, "You mean one of those exquisite Parisians who require seven trunks for clothes, two personal maids and an army of beauticians, sailed on a collier?"

"So the story said. Sailed away; she and the captain were never heard of since. Some claimed she was in the pay of the enemy secret service and had bewitched Bilton with her beauty in order to get at what the transport carried that was not coal. Some said that all this was true, but that she fell in love with him as deeply as he with her, that she confessed aboard the ship. His infatuation for the girl and loyalty

*"Gosh, all Paris talked of it at the time; in those little basement drinking places and at sidewalk tables. . ."*

to his country nearly drove him mad. To denounce her or shield her was equally unthinkable. Wilfully - or by accident - he sailed his ship in the path of enemy submarines and no trace of it has ever been found. Some thought they might have landed on some desert island, but what became of the crew? I just wonder---" Deering paused and another took up the tale.

"Gosh, all Paris talked of it at the time, in those little basement drinking places and at sidewalk tables. Some of us envied Bilton anyway it came out--- Letters were written to newspapers in Paris and in London. We began to investigate it in a serious way when the bedlam of Armistice broke loose and drove all else from our minds. For a ship to be lost at sea was no great novelty in those days, but this collier gripped the imagination. I suppose no one will ever know the truth about it now." Regretfully he sighed.

No one spoke for a while. The rain slanted across the window panes. Each man thought of a lovely girl on a grimy coal-carrying ship; of a last lingering caress as the end drew near.

"It all comes back to me now," a man abruptly broke the silence, addressing Deering and the men near, but looking where Brown sat behind his paper, "Sure it created a furore at the time in Paris and was causing anxiety in London. It took a world war to eclipse it. I heard Brown there tell the story that night in a basement drinking place---"

"Enough!" exclaimed Deering. "Company, attention! March!" In a body the men walked across the long room to where Brown sat, surrounded him, took his paper, grinning jovially but keeping him in his chair.

Deering took hold of Brown's necktie and gave it a little pull. "Will you talk, Brown, or shall we make you?" Four men took firm hold of Brown's wrists and ankles, ready for action.

"All right, I'll tell you all. Let go of me!" pleaded Brown.

"Lay off him, men," commanded Deering. "Let's hear what he has to say."

"I was young and vain and far from the influence of home and mother," Brown began, looking vainly for a way of escape. "It was long past midnight and the men were telling stories upon leave in Paris, soon to return to the front. Every story was either booed contemptuously or loudly acclaimed and toasted in another round of drinks. This had been going on for hours. My turn was soon to come. The story I had planned to tell seemed less worth the telling with each

(Continued on page twelve)

## The Lost Collier

(Continued from page eleven)

of drinks. I was in a panic
ible failure and looked around
piration.
room was dimly lighted and
with smoke. On the walls
brightly colored pictures of
a uniform, of a few lovely
gazing with deep affection at
lendid soldiers; there was a
of a ship in a harbor taking
l. Slowly in my mind a story
, vivid and soul satisfying.
hen my turn came, firmly
g the table in order to re-
upright, I told the story, in
that came to me without any
of the pictures on the wall.
ribed just what I saw. My
must have been good, but I
cross the table before I could
the most hilarious toast of the
I nearly perished trying to
telling more about it in the
that followed. The Armistice
bout saved my life. Gentle-
believe me, I know no more
gallant captain and his lovely
than any of you. No matter
much I drink, or where, I can
dd to the story." Sadly he
about at sympathetic faces.
ering spoke briskly," Steward!
what each man will drink, and
t! Mr. Brown will sign." Rue-
Brown nodded assent to the
ng steward.

# A Horrible Curse Becomes Man's Greatest Blessing

## A Fantastic Story With a Moral Punch — An Absorbing Account of An Unexpected Event Which Changed the History of Mankind on Earth

**By ELLA CLINE**

**Dedicated to Martha Mikels Silverman**

A man, with the number 65 on the left shoulder of his coat, and a youth similarly marked 23, were the only occupants of the observation tower. The man pressed, one after another, metal push buttons that thickly studded the table by which both sat. Forms flashed on the milky-white glass walls, voices distinctly delivered a message each time. The forms were of white-clad interns or nurses; the message was briefly and invariably the same: "Nothing new to report, all seems well," followed by the name of a country until, in swift succession, every known land, large and small, was named.

The faces that flashed on and off represented every human race from the fairest Caucasian to the darkest African. The English words spoken varied in accent and intonation. But no voice, however carefully guarded, could quite eliminate that happy tenseness of the momentuous news it might transmit soon to the watchers in the towers of the earth. Happy tidings that would be sent immediately to an anxiously awaiting humanity.

"Another hour before I make the rounds again, Arnold," said the older man, who appeared much younger than the age indicated on his shoulder, "May hear from India or China before that time. The countries that teemed with population, and suffered most heavily, may come in first. Yet England or Labrador may come in ahead . . . No matter, so long as the curse is lifted."

"Curse, Uncle Darien?" asked the youth, "Most of my history professors are of the opinion it was rather in the nature of a blessing . . . "

"Curse or blessing—it is hard to decide," said Darien, "We will not argue the matter. Look!"

### 21 and Up

Darien moved a lever on the table. The milky-white walls and ceiling became transparent. A hundred stories below them lay New York in the shimmering twilight of early spring, girded by silver rivers, breasting the ocean. Sunset color was diffused through the haze on the distant horizon.

Darien moved another lever. The clear panels of the walls moved, shifted noiselessly, and became stationary again. The distance between the men in the tower and the city had lessened. The few men and women on the sidewalks, the fine cars on the streets and avenues, the many luxurious shops, were as near to them as if they had been sitting on the first floor. Even the distant parkways and residential districts seemed but a few steps away. Nowhere was there visible an unsightly spot; or a man or woman shabbily dressed or in ill health. Every person bore a number on the left shoulder. No number was lower than twenty-one. It was almost that many years since a child had been born to any human couple.

Impatiently Arnold pulled back the levers. The city receded. The walls and ceiling became milky-white again, opaque.

"I have looked too often and too long at your dream city, Uncle, a doomed city. Let us talk instead. Tell me of those stirring times of the late forties . . . "

A smile softened Darien's features. He looked at Arnold kindly. "With all the studying you have done, all the degrees awarded you, there is little I can tell you that you do not know already," he said.

"I must differ from you there, Uncle Darien. Our studies deal with technicalities, statistics, reasons, deductions . . . Their very exactness often defeat an exact conclusion. The younger folk are trying another angle. We are growing desperate! You, Uncle, who have survived the struggle of the early forties, helped so brillianty with the lost children during the crucial period of reconstruction, sitting in your tower, must have made deductions, formed conclusions . . . "

### Ageless Dignity

Felix glanced back at the Ark. Its curtain was torn and hanging, its treasures wounded and bespattered. Nevertheless it retained its ageless dignity, remained undefiled in the gray light of dawn. Nothing men can do, the Scrolls seemed to declare in merciful forgiveness, can ever alter the Truth we proclaim. Peace!

A small group of men had gathered below the Ark. Their heads were covered, a few were bearded, all were shabby in nondescript clothing. They were swaying to and fro and chanting in unison a melancholy strain in Hebrew, an anguished prayer for divine help, with poignant overtones of unextinguishable hope. Felix remained by the door with bowed head until the prayer was finished.

He walked across the dusty entrance hall and stood between two old, battered columns and looked at the square, empty of people, cheerless in the gray light. A few one-storied buildings containing stores, and a few humble houses faced it. It was unevenly cobbled. A poor place for the poorest in Mannheim. Herr Felix Krauss knew now how far he had wandered from his home in its park-like setting. He decided to walk until he came upon a taxi cab, or a street car going his way. He must wire Hilda at once and must find out about his servant. There were many things he must see to before leaving for his holiday.

Had only a few hours elapsed since he left his favorite club? So crowded had been those hours with retrospection and foreboding, that each hour seemed a year, a decade. He felt purged of all desire ever to enter that luxurious card room again, to spend evening after evening playing silly games. . . . Odd, nonetheless, that he, who had been a member in good standing for so many years, always liberal with donations of money and of time, should have felt himself unwelcome—have felt the bitter stab of open ridicule. Very odd. Yet, probably, they remembered old Reb Feivel more frequently than he did. . . .

### New Loyalties

Herr Felix Krauss shrugged his shoulders and smiled into the empty square that began to be flooded with the first delicate colors of sunrise, and somehow, was not at all disheartened. In all his life he had never been as uncertain of his future as at this hour, yet felt no great dismay. He felt the warmth of new loyalties within him, new and at the same time infinitely old. A light from a distant past illumined his future. It showed him ways of life new and strange, filled with trials and unremitting labor, yet irresistibly appealing.

He knew the night had brought out in him capacities hidden till now, unused, dormant, precious traits he must never lose again, come what may. With his wallet empty in his pocket, with but a few coins in his change pocket, he and fearless, as one who is about to fearless, as one who is about to embark upon a great adventure.

THE END

# WHY I COME TO TEMPLE

by Ella Cline

(A talk delivered on Sisterhood Night on November 17, 1933, in Temple Beth-El, Glens Falls, N.Y.)

I would rather have said the little I have to say to a much smaller congregation. I know you have come for love of Mrs. Jacobson and her sister, Miss Goldstein who are leaving us to spend the winter in the South, and not to listen to me. Please be patient, I shall be brief.

This little talk is really not addressed to you, my friends and my neighbors. For to me a lecture, a sermon, a talk of any kind, is meant to convey enlightenment on a specific subject. I do not presume, for a moment, to have any special knowledge to impart to any of you. My talk is entirely directed to the young rabbis who have stood on this platform and have conducted our services, and to those young rabbis who are conducting services in other Temples, or are preparing to do so. I have often thought, as I sat listening to sermon after sermon, or what were meant to be sermons, that I had some thing of importance to impart to the young men talking to me. This was merely to tell them the reason for my coming. For very often, apparently, they were hardly aware why I came.

This is not meant for Rabbi Stein. He seems to be the exception. This is meant for all those other rabbis, or soon to be rabbis.

Now let us imagine that all the pews here as well as our small gallery are filled with young men whose life work is the rabbinate. They are picked men possessing the highest qualities, morally and mentally. They are eager to serve mankind by serving their people, by becoming leaders among men and among women, instructors of children, guides of youth.

We shall imagine no older men amongs them. No varied experiences of living, life's many ecstasies and sorrows, joys and tribulations, have taught the older men long ago why I am here. Or they have drifted out of the rabbinate before many years in it into other fields of usefulness.

Now I would like to say to all those young, ambitious, capable men, I wonder if you fully realize the supreme test that a congregation sets for its spiritual leader? Do you fully realize what your congregation hopes to acquire in the temple that it can find in no other place? Surely if they did not hope to obtain some thing of the utmost importance, these men and women would hardly have built on so elaborate and costly a scale.

I have even sometimes thought that it was nearly impossible for a very young man to realize fully the great and silent demand made upon him by his congregation. But, on the other hand, if he has voluntarily, in the spirit of unselfish service, chosen the narrow and laborous path of the rabbinate-----a path that can lead to great and glorious heights---- if he has chosen this path with clear vision, he should know this demand, should anticipate it. Yet I have often had my doubts.

Let us consider why we leave our homes. We go to earn our daily bread, men, and often women. We work, we are on the alert, we must take unceasing care lest advantage be taken of us, or lest we take an unfair advantage of another. This we must do.

In our leisure we chose to go to the homesof our friends, or our friends come to us. We prepre our persons, our homes, our minds in the best we possess. We wish to please, and are in a mood to be easily pleased. We are genial, entertaining, we make every effort to make the time pass pleasantly for our friends and for ourselves. We make no mention, usually, of our hidden cares, of our harassing problems. As work is the house of life, so friendship is the delightful environment

f that house and is essential to normal, wholesome living.

When we go to the theatre, to a concert or to a lecture, we expect o be entertained and possibly instructed, to gain a broader view of ife. Here, too, we try not to think of our inner struggle, try to forget or the time whatever sorrow may be our lot. For we all know that no atter in what circumstances any one may be placed, life is never ntirely clear of the clouds of adversity. In the theatre and in similar laces, we try to get away from it all.

But in an entirely different mood do we leave our homes and come to emple. Although a little of every other mood may linger, yet one, eldom indulged in in any other place, predominates. Here we do not ome to strive or to be alert for financial gain. Here we do not try o impress others by our possessions or by elaborate entertainment. And e surely do not come merely to pass the time.

Here we do, or attempt to do, what we never attempt so truly in any ther place. That is, we look within ourselves, we consider our past nd our future, we review the days we have lived through, and we ponder on the days to come; we try to achieve peace. Here we do not hide from ourselves. Rather we search our innermost being. Here we become aware of what we had hoped for, of our many bitter disappointments and too few realizations. Here we come hoping to find a solution, to find a source of courage to go on with the struggle that is life. Here we seek assurance that we are not living in vain; that life is worth living.

Now this may be a big undertaking for any young rabbi: to make his congregation realize that life is worth the effort it entails. That regardless of what fate may bring to us in the way of ill health, or loss, or disppointment in our cherished hopes for our children or for ourselves, life is still worth all that we pay for it in tears, in anxiety, in heart breaking self denial.

I seem to see all the young rabbis supposed to be here smile and shrug their shoulders as if to say: We ourselves are not quite certain that life is such a boon, and here you come asking us to assure multitudes that it is.

Well, young rabbis, if you fail to make me, and all the members of your congregations, feel that the few moments of ecstasy, the dreams, the hopes that come to every one of us at some time or other, are indicative of a lasting state yet to be achieved and are well worth all the troubles we must bear, then you may be excellent lecturers, fine friends, but you are not, essentially, rabbis.

For a man can not be a cynic and a rabbi at the same time. He can not be an atheist, or even an agnostic, and still consider himself a rabbi. He can not be a spiritual leader among his people unless he is thoroughly convinced that his coreligionists have the right to be, and unless he considers well the spiritual needs of his flock.

We gather in our temples primarily for instruction and contact that will advance us spiritually, so that we may be strong to bear whatever adverse fortune may compel us to bear and not become demoralized. Good fortune also needs spiritual guidance. Here we come to make our ideals made clear and shining, our patience and our courage renewed. Here we gather to be reassured in our self respect, to be enabled to face with fortitude a cruelly changing world.

No matter how fully our daily tasks engross our minds, how little we are given to introspection or self criticism, yet there come intervals when all we have done or attempted seems vain and useless. Back of every endeavor lies the grim thought that all our coming and our going must end inevitably in one way, in utter futility.

We look to our rabbi to mitigate the tragedy of life, free it from terror. To him we look for an explanation that shall convince us, or at least lead us to hope, that life, so varied and so beautiful, does lead beyond the black curtain of our exit into regions of still greater

usefulness and joys, impossible for the finite mind to grasp.

So that is why I attend services, and I think it is also the reason of these that attend regularly. Here for a short time the world drifts far and I can be alone with my better self, and try to reach out to the best every where. My coming is actuated, no doubt, by a religious urge, yet I do not hope to gain any favor by just coming. Whatever good I gain is the good that is developed within me. And I want my rabbi to help me search out and develop that good in myself, to help me make my life worth living.

The end.

Talk given by Ella Cline during Sisterhood Night
in the Temple, Friday evening, June 19, 1936.

Our president, Mrs. Slater, has asked me to give a short talk this evening when the services are being conducted by members of the Sisterhood. I feel it is an honor to comply with her request. I regard all work done for our Temple a privilege for those who do the work. Whenever I hear that certain men and women are working hard for a Jewish Cause here, for the Temple, for the Hebrew Community Center, or for the Jewish Brotherhood, I feel that these men and women are fortunate indeed to have so worthy an outlet for their enthusiasm. These active members, by their unselfish devotion in doing what lies in their power to better the lot of their friends and their neighbors, are themselves made richer intellectually and socially while they are enabled to develop whatever talents they may be gifted with. I firmly believe that everyone is repaid many times for any unselfish public good he attempts, each one according to his sincerity and willingness.

I have looked through copies of the Jewish Advocate, the New York Times, and other publications for an article to read this evening that might interest us all. But there seemed to be no topic of interest but that each one of you had probably read it the same time I did. I am not only unaccustomed to public speaking, but my mind would probably refuse to function if I tried to speak extemporaneously, and I have no desire to bore you even for a few minutes, so I typed on my ancient and trusty Oliver my hopes for the coming decade based on the present and past fifteen years.

Dr. Maslon spoke to us two Fridays ago about the care of health in this vicinity for the past twenty-five years. As health is of great importance, and Dr. Maslon is a practiced speaker, the talk was interesting and instructive. The care of the spiritual and social well-being of the Jews in this vicinity have been cared for in different ways by different organizations and is also of great importance for spiritual and social adjustment necessary to happiness. If one is not happy, physical health is not enough.

We all know what organizations have been forming and working here the last fifteen years and we have great hopes for the future. The coming decade should knit us together in an enduring unity.

Possibly because I have had the privilege of writing our history, the public activities of the past fifteen years seem like a map before me with a well defined pattern. All the social and religious activities of the past fifteen years seem like so many small streams flowing towards rivers to be at last united into one all embracing ocean. And the simile is not altogether far fetched. For as all water is evaporated from the seas to fall in rain or snow or hail everywhere on the surface of the earth, to gather into small streams, to flow into large rivers and eventually reach the sea, so are all Jews everywhere risen from the same source and are alike in their vital characteristics no matter how they are separated and become unlike one another by reason of unlike circumstances, environment, differing social ussage, tolerance, or persecution by the governments of the lands in which they dwell. Basically and in their humanistic ideals they are all alike and their charity is the quality that proves this oneness.

The appeal for charity - charity saveth from death - is an irressistable appeal to Jews everywhere. For no matter how Jews may differ in social and cultural standards, no matter what language they speak, or what country they live in, when suffering arises among our people, the more fortunate invariably come to the relief of their leas fortunate co-religionists. And that is the central reason why an organization as the Jewish Brotherhood here attracts so many members and so easily. And that organization may bring lasting peace and unity among us here.

Some of remember the lack of all social public activities, the isolation, the loneliness fifteen or more years ago for those who had no relatives within easy reach. And most of us had none. We were strangers in a strange land longing for home and for family affection.

After the Temple and the Hebrew Community Center were built, there began a great many public social functions; the waters had gathered, but were flowing in two distinct channels, we and they. Two rivers flowing in their separate streams with a no-mans' land between which few crossed. In recent years these two rivers of salutary communal life have come nearer to one another. At times their waters have seemed to mingle. There is practically no no-mans' land now. Soon I am certain, they will flow as one and forgotten will be the words "we" and "they".

And the Jewish Brotherhood will do much to bring about this happy union. For after bodily needs are supplied, there looms the greater charity of social service.

I somehow feel certain that pleasant changes are about to take place in our group. By our group I mean all the Jews here, all the one hundred and fifty families, not just the members of the Congregation Beth-El. I believe we shall achieve a better understanding of one another. Trifling divisions will be altogether obliterated, or amiably disregarded. Tolerance, sympathy, friendly understanding will weld us into a unity not so easily arrived at in larger cities where great numbers separate groups and make them invisible to one another. Here, where we are all practically neighbors and friends, this brotherly union should come quickly and completely.

It will come spontaneously in a way. The many persons who have no religious affiliations of any sort, who keep away for no valid reason, will all at once find the Temple necessary and most helpful. No other organization will lose by our growth.

This enlargement will not come, I am also certain, because any rabbi or the work of any group, it will just be the natural outcome of what has gone before. Just as all water flows toward the sea, so there must in the coming years, arise a united spirit among our people.

WHY I COME TO TEMPLE

by Ella Cline.

I would rather have said the little I have to say to a much smaller congregation. I know you have come for love of Mother Jacobson and her sister, and not to listen to me. Please be patient for I shall be brief.

This little talk is really not adressed to you, my friends and my neighbors. For to me a lecture, a sermon, a talk of any kind, is meant to be a means of enlightenment on a specific subject. I do not presume for a moment that I have any knowledge to impart to any of you. My talk is entirely directed to the young rabbis who have stood on this platform and have conducted our services, and to those yoyng rabbis who are holding posts in Temples, or are preparing to do so. I have often thought as I sat listening to sermon after sermon, or what were meant to be sermons, that I had something of importance to impart to the young man talking to me, but who had, apparently, hardly an idea why I came.

Not Rabbi Stein. He seems to be the exception. This is meant for all those many other rabbis and soon to be rabbis.

Now let us imagine that all the pews as well as our small gallery is filled with young in or soon to be in the rabbinate. They are picked men possessing the highest qualities, morally and mentally. They are eager to serve mankind by serving their people, by becoming leadres among men and women, instructors and gyides of children.

We shall imagine no older men among them. The gruelong experiences of living, lifes ecstacy and sorrow, joys and tribulations, have thought the older men long ago why I am here, or they have drifted out of the rabbinate before many years in it.

Now I would say to all those young rabbis, or men soon to be ready for that post, I wonder if you fully realize the supreme test a congregatinn stes for its spiritual leader? What your congregation expects to acquire in the Temple that it can find no other place? If they did not hope to obtain some thing of the utmost importance, these men and women would hardly have built so alborately and so costly.

I have sontimes thought that it almost impossible for a very young man to realize fully the great and silent demand made upon him by his congregation. But, on the other hand, if he has voluntarily and in the spirit of service chosen the narrow and laborous path of the rabbinate--a path that can lead to great and glorious heights, as well as to an hopeless morrass----if he has chosen with clear vission, he should know this demand. Yet I have often had my doubts.

Let us consider why we leave our homes. We go to earn our daily bread, men, and often women. We work, we are on the alert, we are wary lest advantage be taken of us, or lest we take an unfair advantage of another. This we must do.

In our leisure hours we go to the homes of our frinds, or our friends come to us. We prepare our persons, our homes, our minds, in the best we possess. We wish to please and are in a mood to be easily pleased. We try to be genial, entertaining, to pass the time pleasantly We make no mention, usually, of our hidden cares, or of our harrassing problems. As work is the foundation of living, so friendship is the delightful environment. Friendship is essential to normal living.

When we go to the theatre, to a concert or a lecture, we come to entertained and possibly instructed, to gain a broder view of life. We try not to think of our inner struggles whatever sorrow may beset us.

But in an entirely different mood do we leave our homes when we come to Temple. Although a little of every other mood may linger, yet one predominates. Here we do not strive or are warily on the alert

for financial gain. We do not try to make an impression by our wealth or our elaborate entertainment, and we do not come merely to be entertained. Here we do, or attmept to do, what we never attmpt so truly in any other place, and that is to look within ourselves, to consider the past and the future, to look over the days we have lived through and the days before us, and we try to achieve peace. Here we do not hide hide from ourselves, rather we look deep into our lives, become aware of our hopes and of our many disappointments, and here we look to a solution, to a course of courage to go on with the struggle of living. Here we seek an assurence that we are not living in vain. That life, is worth living.

Now this may be a big order for any young rabbi, to make his congregation realize that life is worth the effort. That regardless of what fate may bring to us in the way of ill health, or loss, or in disappointment in out cherished hopes for our children or for ourselves life is still worth all that we pay for it in tears, in anxiety, in heart breaking self denial.

I seem to see all the young rabbis supposed to be here smile and shrug their shouldres as if to say, they themselves are not quite certain that life is the supreme boon, and here I come asking them to assure multitudes that it is.

Well, young rabbis, if you fail to make me and all the members of you congregations feel that the few moments of ecstacy, the dreams, the hopes that come to every one of us at some time or other, are not indicative of some lasting state and are well worth all the troubles we must bear, than you may be excellent lecturers, fine friends, but you are not, essentially rabbis.

For a man can not be a cynic and a rabbi at the same time. He can not be an atheist, or even an agnostic, and still consider himself a rabbi. He can not be a spiritual leader unless he considers well the spiritual needs of his pelple. And that I think is often the last thing the young

Now please remember this is not addressed to our present rabbi, who possesses qualities far above the average, but to young rabbis in general.

We gather in our temple, then, primarily for instruction and contact that will advance us spiritually, so that we may be strong to bear whatever adverse fortune may compel us to, here we come to have our ideals made certain, our patience and courage renewed, here we come to reassure ourselves in our self respect in order to face a cruelly changing world.

No matter how fully our daily tasks engross our minds, how little we are given to introspection or to self criticism, yet there comes a time in every ones life, sooner or later, when all we do and have accomplished seems vain and useless. Back of every effort lies the thought that all our coming and going must end in one way.

We look to our rabbi to mitigate the tragedy of life, free it from terror. To him we look to explain to us that life, always so intricate and so beautiful, with never a particle of matter wasted, must lead beyond the curtain of our exit into regions and up heights in to still greater usefulness and joys, impossible for the finite mind to grasp.

So that is why I attend services. Here for a short time, the world drifts far, and I can be alone with my better self, try to reach out to the best everywhere. My coming is because of a religious urge, yet I do not hope to gain any favors by coming. Whatever good I gain, is the good that grown within me. And I want my rabbi to help me reach that good in myself, to help me make my life worth living.

# TOP O' THE WORLD NEWS

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**Ski Heil, Birger!**

**The Lost Collier • Short Story**

**The Sport Among Sports**

**What is Ahead in Religion and The Church?**

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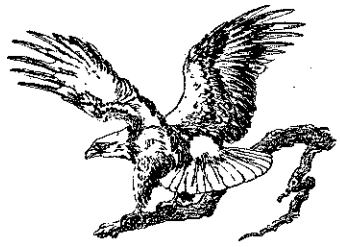

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# Top O'The World News

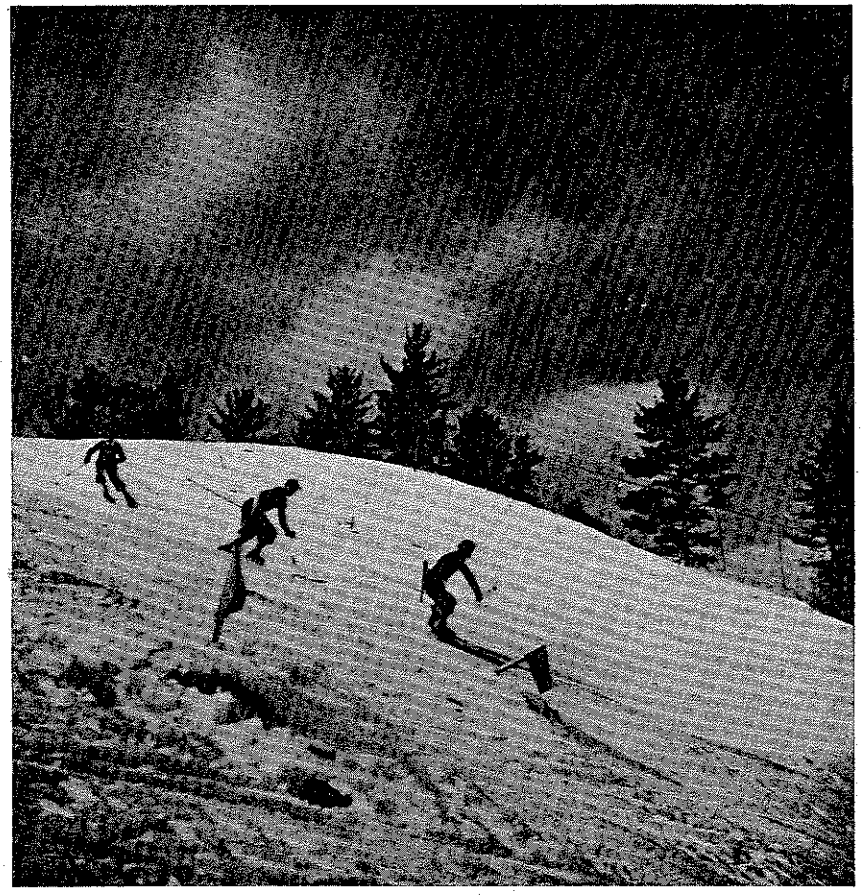
Vol. 2, No. 2 JANUARY, 1938 Ten Cents a Copy


## Ski Heil Birger!

About twenty-six years ago, roughly speaking, a new member of the Ruud household made his appearance on the scene. That he would be put on skis was a matter of course, but that he would develop into the world's greatest all-round skier was just one of those things that remained to be seen.

Practically every Norwegian child is presented with skis almost before it has learned to walk. The little town of Kongsberg, Norway, not so very far from Oslo and much nearer the world famous ski-jumping hill of Holmenkollen, is typical of the Norwegian concentration upon starting skiing early. Babies of three and four years of age handle their skis with an assurance and deftness that is amazing to American eyes and the newest baby in the Ruud family, Birger, was neither better nor more awkward than the average Kongsberg child. His older brother, Sigmund, had the advantage of five years' practice, and from the very beginning trained and coached Birger.

That Birger had a skiing future before him became apparent when he was seven years old. He took special prize for form and ability in a school children's skiing contest and from that day on has been taking every worth-while skiing prize offered the world over. Only the most complete concentration and practice satisfied Birger. School was a necessary evil and all speed records were broken from school to home and home to the town's jumping hill. Complete darkness was the only thing that called a halt to the furious practicse that went on. At ten years of age he was consistently jumping over a hundred feet, but distance was a secondary accomplishment.



*Three Instructors of The Alpine Ski School schussing down the steep slope of Cobble Mountain, Lake George*

Form, form and more form was the motivating drive that made him unconscious of half frozen hands and feet and aching muscles that practically creaked from the strain put upon them. In the various junior ski-jumping competitions that the Ruud brothers, Sigmund and Birger, entered, the highest praise they could receive was to have the judges say that their jumping form had the elegance and grace that was characteristic of the current Norwegian Ski Jumping Champion.

In 1932 both Sigmund and Birger won places on the Norwegian Olympic team. Birger had just passed his twentieth birthday and his slight build and blond hair and complexion made him seem years younger. Sigmund, blonde and slight also, was still playing his role of big-brother coach. He was almost more interested in what Birger was going to do and how he was going to do it than he was in his own performance. But they shared a common poise and assurance that was the result of years of hard work and concentration upon this, the supreme goal.

(Continued on page thirteen)

*Left to right are: Mr. Louis Remu, Miss Hiltrut Dairenfurth, Mr. Karl Gentsch, Remy Morosani, and Dr. Fritz Real.*

# The Sport Among Sports

*(By H. Croswell Tuttle)*

Skiing in the United States is not a sport which has held national prominence for any great number of years. It is a new sport, practically in its infancy. A group of early skiers who took their enjoyment in this way soon kindled enthusiasm in others, and thus it spread. This small group found that the enjoyment of gliding gracefully over new-fallen snow and dashing down wooded trails or on open slopes was more fun and more healthful than any sport they had previously experienced. These few can be detected among any gathering of skiers. They are the ones with perfect ease and balance, doing the more difficult turns at exactly the right time. Let's wish them good luck for more fun in the snow on week-ends yet to come! If you can do a jerk-christie when you want to, at any speed, in any kind of snow, a good time is yours.

Skiing, perhaps, more than most other sports, necessitates sportsmen being outside for a long time. Strenuous exercise is the only protection against cold and frost. One can not stand around and look amused. Participate, or one retires to some heated hotel to thaw out.

One thing that is very appealing to skiers is the opportunity for everyone to take part. Enjoyment is found on the open slopes and trails by novice and expert alike. In any group of skiers, you are bound to have some that ski better than the rest. It does not follow that these people doing the best turns and making the fastest time down the trails are those getting the real kick out of the sport. The thrill of skiing comes to everyone alike. It comes from the knowledge of freedom of limb, the sensation of your body in motion through space, and most importantly, the satisfaction gained from perfection in handling your own skis, and being in on the fun.

The popularity of skiing as a sport is bringing greater crowds. From where are these enthusiasts coming? Where are they going? City groups, country groups and townspeople are all entering into the thrill. Skiing resorts and centers had to be developed in order to accommodate everyone. Responsibility rested on the shoulders of all ski clubs and resort managers to see that adequate equipment was on hand.

One cannot just go any place and enjoy good skiing. Broad slopes had to be cleared of all obstructions and ski-tows erected. To some skiers, the thought of ski-tows denotes an apparent lack of energy, and laziness. There are two ways of looking at this. The art of skiing is to go down correctly; going up is difficult but bears no merit. The importance of exercise enters in here, but exercise can be gained in trail work where skiing is cross-country. The open slopes are best places to develop confidence and technique; therefore, much time should be spent here. The ski-tow makes it possible to get in many more practice hours on down hill running and turn perfection. Judging by the numbers that use them, there can be little doubt that they add to the joy of skiing. Top O' The World, Lake George Village, North Creek, Ticonderoga, Lake Placid and most all other resorts are not without several of them.

The first step for enjoyment of skiing is to do it with some measure of correctness. If possible a few lessons from capable instructors are bound to start you correctly. This hastens your learning control and having fun doing it. Getting a good start and foundation in your skiing technique is necessary, so that valuable time will not be lost later on ironing out bad spots and imperfect form. The American Ski School, conducted by Otto Schniebs, is probably the best known of the ski schools. One of Mr. Schniebs instructors can be found at any of the Adirondack winter resorts.

The Alpine Ski School, recently started by Mr. Remy E. Morosani, has for its base Top O' The World Lodge and Lake George Village. Mr. Morosani, a native of St. Moritz, is there with four assistants, Miss Hiltrut Dairenfurth, Karl Gentsch, Dr. Fritz Real and Louis Ramu. Instruction can be had at either the foot of Prospect Mountain near the ski-tow by Miss Hiltrut Dairenfurth, or at Top O' The World Lodge, the resident instructor is Mr. Louis Ramu. Both of these instructors are Swiss, coming from Zurich, Switzerland.

Mr. Louis Ramu, one of Switzerland's outstanding ski jumpers, since his arrival has built a ski jump where it is possible to jump between ninety and one hundred feet. On Sundays, Mr. Ramu gives exhibition jumping. It is planned that regular jumping meets will take place during the winter with various prizes awarded. Ski-jumping, contrary to popular belief, is not dangerous at all . A study of accidents as a result of skiing, taken over a long period of years in Switzerland, proved conclusively that eighty per cent of all skiing accidents came from down hill and cross country skiing, while only twenty per cent could be credited to accidents resulting from ski-jumping.

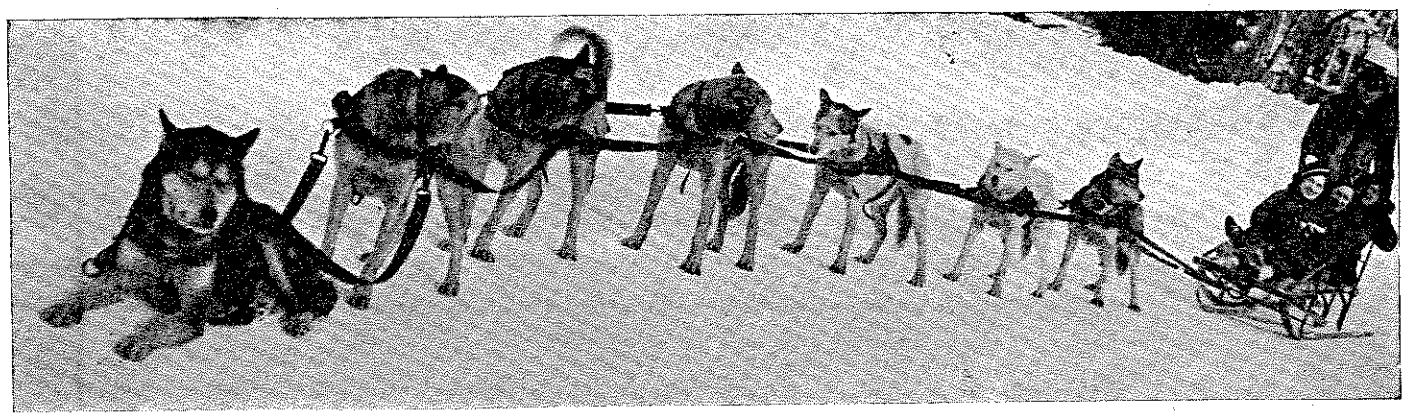
Prevention of accidents and first-aid treatment is the greatest responsibility of skiing resort committees. As a rule, most accidents occur when novice skiers attempt trails that are too difficult for them. Every precaution should be taken to prevent beginners from leaving open practice slopes until such time as they are sufficiently capable of handling their skis to do trail work.

No injuries to a skier can be properly cared for while on the trail. Speed in moving the injured party off the trail is most important. The first step in first-aid is to have toboggans placed at trail intersections, preferably near the bottom of the trail. Most accidents do not occur at the top of trails, but nearer the bottom. Toboggans of the ordinary type are not good ones to use. They are too flexible, resulting in pain while moving over bumpy ground. It is desirable to have the toboggan built on big skis, well off the ground, something on the order of an artic sled. Along with the toboggan, there should be cached large first-aid kits, chemical heating pads, and a plentiful supply of blankets, plus tie-ropes and splints. Before

(Continued on page twelve)

*After a hard day of skiing everyone gathers around the piano at Top O' The World Lodge. Remy is probably giving some good skiing advice.*

(BELOW) *An old way of travel, giving new thrills at Old Forge.*



TOP O' THE WORLD NEWS
*Published monthly by*
TOP O' THE WORLD MILLS
Bay Road, Lake George, N. Y.
H. Croswell Tuttle - - Editor
Gilbert Burton - Associate Editor
W. L. Mason - Business Manager
Walter Nason - - - Secretary
Subscription Rate, $1.00 Per Year
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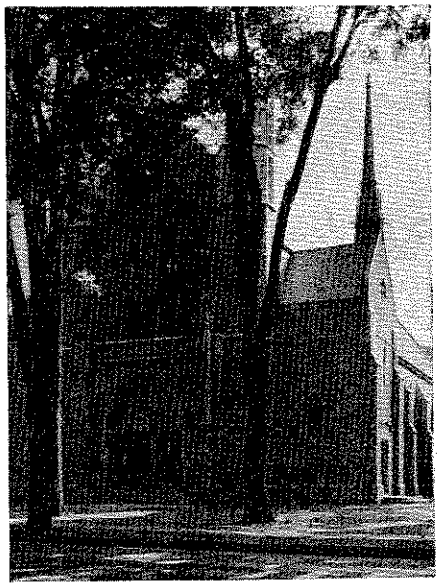
JANUARY, 1938

## WHAT IS AHEAD IN RELIGION AND THE CHURCH?

*(By Rev. John Lyon Caughey)*
*Rector, First Presbyterian Church,*
Glens Falls

What is God's time, we cannot tell. But the method, the plan of redemption, is through Christ; that is the reason God sent His Son into the world. And God has not been defeated; will not be defeated in His purpose.

And that is the way we who are Christians ought to face the New Year. We have celebrated Christmas, the Incarnation of the Son of God. Now we can look out to the New Year, not with hope only, but with full assurance, of the eventual victory of Christ.



With this as the starting point of our thought, it may be well for us to look out toward the future and try to see what is ahead.

What is ahead in Religion? That is the question we should really be concerned about; for everything else depends upon that: Business, Politics, Government, all that affects well-being and destiny of mankind, all depends on what happens in Religion, in the broad definition, of man's relation to God and his reaction to God's will, and His plan for man's good.

As we look upon the contemporary scene, the religious situation is not reassuring. Religion is having a difficult day. The Church of Christ is taking some very hard blows. Many people, whole nations, indeed, are turning away from God. We know what is going on, in Russia, in Germany and other parts of the world. We need not rehearse the well known story.

But, not only in these countries, is God being bowed out of the picture: Here in America, which we like to call a Christian country, there are multitudes of people, who are letting God drop almost completely out of their thought, through sheer neglect of the spiritual life. There are millions, literally millions of children in our land, who are growing up without knowledge of God, or any training in Christian principles and Christian living.

And that is what is the matter with the world today, the neglect of God, the loss of the elevating and restraining influences of religion. And the result is disastrous, often tragic.

Take a recent incident from the newspapers. A Christmas party, a jolly and inebriated company; a young woman loses her senses, she is frustrated in something she wants to do; she is very angry; she gets hold of a revolver; in a drunken scuffle, she shoots and kills her mother; and it is called an accident! What a celebration of the Birthday of Christ! Does anyone suppose that such a thing could happen, if God had been regnant in that home?

But, what is going to happen to the Church, is another question, and more difficult to answer. There are a good many people who still retain their inheritance of faith, but who are giving very little attention or encouragement to the Church. Of course the Church is not the sole custodian or support of religion. The home is still more important. If the home remains religious, faith might survive even without the Church. But what is to make and keep the homes religious? There is no doubt of the fact that the Church is the chief agency for the development of faith, and the preservation of religion. It is very doubtful whether faith would long remain alive and vigorous without the Church. And it is our duty, as Christians, to do our part in making the Church strong, and bringing God into the life of the home and the world.

## TABLOID OF OUR TIMES

At this time of year, long evenings and inclement weather give many of us leisure to read. But when newspaper and magazine are scanned, we turn to books.

Books challenge us. Behind the gay jacket of the new novel waits an adventure into unknown lives, unguessed problems, new ways of stating the old platitudes, new dreams of an old Utopia. Or the book may be old as the Victorians, but new as today in its picturing of human nature.

Books can also be a disappointment. The detective story, when you really wanted the romantic tale; the historical novel when time allowed only a short story.

Reading at random often is a disappointment. Many of us have literary attachments, too: the favorite writer or character one would like to follow through all his books; books of a certain type, as, the romance, dramas, and so on.

To the reader of special tastes or limited time, the trained librarian is a great help. You have only to tell her your special desire and she will advise you. How many have tried the invaluable service the library offers in reading courses? Ask your librarian about these courses, available at no cost, except of your time, which could scarcely be put to better advantage.

---

You just brought a suitcase full of liquor into that house. Are you trying to keep it a secret?"

"No, I'm afraid it's already leaked out."

# Scattered Pearls

*(By Kathryn Mary O'Brien)*

A Short Story Complete in This Issue

"Dear, dear! It just don't seem possible that your husband's been dead two weeks, Mis' Saunders." The voice of a neighbor floated through the living-room door, catching the attention of elderly Miss Pritchard, hired by the day for the discouraging task of bringing order to the Saunders' farm-house kitchen. The commiserating voice continued: "I allus said to my man, I said, 'John, that Aaron Saunders will just kill himself with work, and-" Here another voice broke in, the harsh, almost metallic voice of Aaron Saunders' widow.

"Aaron Saunders never killed himself workin' this farm," she said sharply. "It was his everlastin' paintin' that done it. Pictures - always pictures Seemed like it would drive me crazy!"

Miss Pritchard, stung as always by any criticism of Aaron Saunders, plied her broom vigorously to drown out the hateful voice of his widow. Years ago, she had known him as "the boy at the Saunders' place", gay and happy, loving every inch of the rugged, irregular beauty of the hills; she had watched him grow up, to marry, by some strange, inner compulsion, this sullen, moody woman who was rooted to the soil; and finally, she had seen the bitterness of life break the body and free the spirit of Aaron Saunders.

In the living-room, the caller was taking her departure; the outside door slammed, and heavy footsteps announced the approach of Aaron's widow. Miss Pritchard made an even greater show of activity lest she seem not to earn the money that "Mis' " Saunders so grudgingly paid her, but as the latter entered the kitchen, she seemed oblivious to all but her own dark thoughts. Always gaunt and angular, now she was unusually haggard and her eyes stared beyond the confines of the kitchen as though she saw into another world.

She was the first to speak, then said in a toneless voice, "Three hundred dollars!" and again, "Three hundred dollars!"

*"What do you want?" came the voice of Aaron's widow, stiff and forbidding.*

Miss Pritchard, arrested by the meaningless words, watched the woman anxiously and waited for the explanation that was sure to follow.

"He threw it away!" said Aaron's widow with a dull but rising anger. "The poor fool spent our savin's on paint and canvas; then his worthless pictures had to be carted to the city for other fools to look at." She laughed scornfully. "They tell me I'll miss him; I won't miss him and his shiftless ways! It was me that did all the work here and you know it!" She turned upon Miss Pritchard who shrunk from the hatred in her eyes.

"Oh, please, Mis' Saunders," she said breathlessly, offering her only panacea, "Set down, do, and I'll get you a cup o' tea."

"Tea?" the woman almost screamed, "when three hundred dollars are gone? Can't you get anything through your head? He threw that money away on his paintin'!"

"They were awful pretty pictures," Miss Pritchard remarked in timid defense.

(Continued on page nine)

# Then and Now

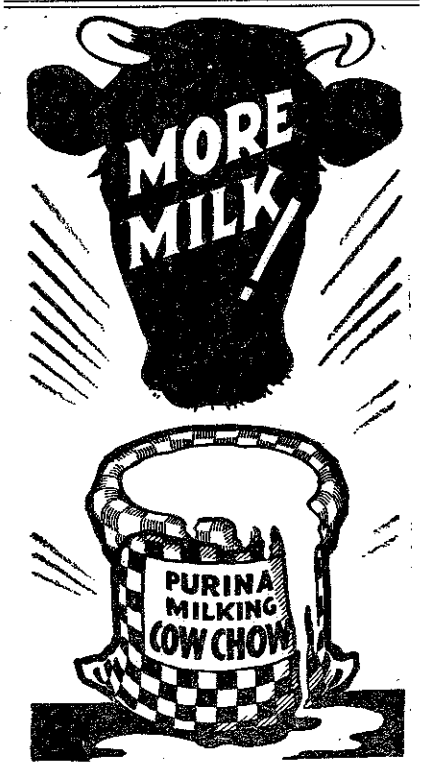
*(By Gore Mountain Ski Club)*

Then: North Creek in 1932. Let us walk down the main street and see what we shall see. This walk will be somewhat disagreeable for every other person we meet will owe us and the others we will be indebted to. If it happens to be just before Christmas we may encounter some activity. People spending the last of a few dollars they have been able to accumulate during the summer season just past to give their families a happy Yuletide. But if it happens to be after the first of the year it is a different story. The streets will be nearly deserted, so let us step into one of the stores. The proprietor is busy not waiting on customers, of which there are none, but drawing pictures of birds. We wonder why he draws pictures of birds. Is it because birds are the only thing he can draw or is it because he is looking forward to the return of these feathered friends? He glances up at us with suspicion in his eye. He wonders perhaps, how much we want to increase an already too large account. Enough of this. It seems in the far distant past when such was a common enough description of winter in North Creek.

Now: North Creek most any week-end in the winter. It is a Saturday morning, about 6 A. M. We will sally forth with a kettle of hot water for this morning we will need the old bus. Getting it started is a man sized job as it is ten degrees below zero, but we don't mind as there is excitement and adventure ahead. It is always thrilling to know that company is coming, but when that company is to be someone you have never seen before and know nothing about except that they come from an environment entirely differnet from yours, then the anticipation is almost painful. With coughs, spits and jerks the family car finally starts and we are off for the railway station where we join our neighbors who have already arrived, exchange jolly greetings with them and then turn our attention to the later arrivals who are constantly appearing with autos and busses. Each person carries a piece of cardboard with a large number more or less artistically printed thereon. This number will identify him to his guest who will approach and make him or herself known. Suddenly, "She Comes" and everyone rushes to obtain a vantage point from which to display his number. But it is a false alarm by some practical joker, so we settle down for another chat with whoever happens to be nearest to us. Again the cry and this time the news is authentic. As the locomotives approach, the steam from their stacks is outlined in pure gold by the early morning sun behind them. At last they come to a halt and passengers, one by one, commence to trickle our way. This is no grand rush, for many of the new arrivals are still in their berths and it is only seven o'clock of a winter morning. We wonder, "Have the people assigned to us failed to come." But, no, here are people about to speak to us. However, they are not our guests but we are able to tell them where their host is located. Then at last, when we are about to despair, the persons assigned to us approach and mutual self-introductions are in order. We help them with their luggage and skiing equipment to our car and the trip back home is made. Here they are presented to the Mrs. who assigns them to their respective rooms. Breakfast is the first order of business which is transacted efficiently and without delay. Then follows the waxing of skiis and this ceremony is the occasion of extensive discussion as to the condition of the snow and the merits of various waxes and methods of application. To the slopes or to the trails is to be decided. Usually the slopes are selected for at least the first half day of skiing until the skier gets his snow legs.

As the slopes are adjacent to the village no bus or taxi is needed. Arriving at the slopes the skier finds hills suited to his ability whatever that may be and if he feels that he is proficient enough in climbing he may be whisked to the top of the larger hills by ski tow with the greatest of ease. For the afternoon, perhaps he wishes to try one of the nine trails which are from four to six miles long, each. If so he must board a bus or taxi in the village where he will be transported to the top of the trails where he may make his own selection according to his

(Continued on page twelve)



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## Scattered Pearls

(Continued from page seven)

Mrs. Saunders' anger had subsided and she talked on listlessly, taking no further notice of the older woman.

"He was plain lazy," she said and looked at her work-worn hands. "I kept the farm goin' - me and the hired man. What good did his paintin' ever do anybody? Last May when he should have been sprayin' the trees, he sat in the orchard paintin' a picture of it - and now there ain't any apples. He was always leavin' the plow in the furrow to draw some weed or flower before he plowed it under. Many's the time I had to milk all them cows while he painted a sunset. It ain't *him* I miss, but our three hundred dollars, gone . . gone . . "

Her tortured voice trailed to rest and she gazed morosely upon the bare November fields framed by the kitchen window. Miss Pritchard continued her work with shaking hands and prayed silently for something, anything to break this tension.

Shuffling footsteps that had never hurried and never would, sounded on the kitchen porch, the door opened and Jake, the hired man, stuck his head in. "Say, Mis' Saunders," he drawled, "There's a guy out here says he's from New York and he says he wants to see you."

The surprising words roused the woman from her lethargy. "From New York?" she repeated suspiciously, "What's he want to see *me* for!"

Jake shrugged his shoulders, "He asked for Aaron Saunders first off", he explained patiently, "Then when I told him Aaron Saunders had kicked the bucket, he said was there anybody else in the family and I told him you was here, and - "

"Where's he now?" demanded Mrs. Saunders sharply.

"I told him to go set in the livin' room," said Jake with a tired sigh, and withdrawing his head from the kitchen door he ambled off.

Mrs. Saunders, rising to the occasion, smoothed her apron, ran a hand over her hair and stalked into the room where the stranger waited. Behind the closed door, Miss Pritchard strained her ears to hear what he had to say.

"My sympathy, Mrs. Saunders, for your great loss," said a cultured, masculine voice. "I came here to see your husband about a matter of great importance, and I am deeply shocked to learn of his death.

"What do you want?" came the voice of Aaron's widow, stiff and forbidding.

There was a moment's silence, then: "My mission is this, Mrs. Saunders. You know, of course, that several of your husband's paintings were displayed at the Independent exhibit held recently in New York. One of his pictures, a painting of an apple orchard in the spring was admired by a gentleman whose approval means a great deal to an unknown artist. This man requested me to find Aaron Saunders and buy this picture - if it is for sale."

His words brought no reply. "What on earth *ails* the woman; of course it is for sale!" thought Miss Pritchard in exasperation.

"Three hundred dollars," the unseen stranger was saying; still there was no response. "Perhaps", the voice continued, "you are reluctant to part with your dear husband's

(Continued on page sixteen)

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# Grange Strength and Accomplishments

*(By Lucille E. Ellsworth)*

The fourth of a series of Grange articles running in THE NEWS

The entire history of Grange accomplishments can never be completely written, because it has too many angles of accomplishment. Much of Grange strength has doubtless resulted from its legislative service, both National and State, to agriculture and to rural welfare. Its educational opportunities and vast training schools that it provides for members of all ages, especially youth, have appealed to thousands of earnest workers, welcoming this great "school out of school," to the ranks of educational agencies. The community-serving side of the Grange has furnished leadership for improvement in many directions, blessing rural existence, and it has won the admiration and support of thousands, who are interested in the prosperity and contentment of the country side. For more profitable agriculture, for happier farm homes, wider opportunities and greater comforts for the farmer and his family, the Grange has no rival.

Some of the leading achievements of the order in its long career have been: the recognition of agriculture, as shown by the addition of a member in the President's Cabinet, representing this great farm industry; the adoption of rural mail delivery and the postal savings bank system, and later, the parcel post delivery system; obtaining legislation to supervise and control the nation's railway system; the enactment of legislation for the regulation of the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine; the bringing about of the establishment of agricultural colleges, experimental stations, farmers' institutes, and teaching of agriculture in the public schools; preventing the passage of such legislation that would have been harmful to agriculture, and laying the foundation for successful farm cooperatives, which in the past decades have been established. The story of Grange growth and steady progress constitutes one of the most fascinating chapters in our unique American life. Its permanence and growing influence is no mystery at all to those familiar with the Grange's practical program and the straight-forward fashion in which that program has been steadily carried out.

The challenge of the hour is to match our strength and service with the contributions and sacrifices of those who have lived, loved and achieved in the ranks of this mighty fraternal army for the past decades. Fraternity and brotherhood is the key to continued strength. Our motto should be "Every member a working patron." This will lead directly to growth and vitality. Be brave, be strong, be courageous and keep the faith in this greatest of farm fraternities. And as we plan, work and grow, it is true we will meet with discouragements, others before us have, but may these discouragements only act as stepping stones to bigger and brighter days ahead.

*Make the Grange a lasting force for good,*
*And sunshine bright will light its way.*
*Its work will mirror what it is*
*In things it does, friends it gains.*
*Then make thy Grange a guiding star.*
*Plant seeds of hope, instead of care*
*And look with faith unto tomorrow.*

## ODE TO A SKIER

*(By Ursella Wadleigh)*

Thou human bird soaring through space,
Body bent.
Wind eerily whistling past your ears.
Time has lent
You wings
For a moment, so that you
Might defy
Everybody and everything
Why thy tautened form
Outlined
Against the sky.
Oh, to be as thou, on wing.
Gloriously free from all fears.
Thou creature with such infinite grace.

"I'm in favor of some rough-house."

"I second the commotion."

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# The Lost Collier

*(By Ella Cline)*

Illustrated by G. J. Burton

Robert Deering sat at ease in an overstuffed armchair in the Veterans' club room. It was late afternoon and rain made going anywhere else utterly unattractive. Casually Deering asked one of his dynamic questions; and, at times, a seemingly simple query of his had defied the combined wit and knowledge of all present to answer. A little question of his had led to a law suit. This time he said:

"By the way, Brown, did any one ever discover what became of Captain Bilton and that ritzy dame he fell for in Paris? The one he took along with him on a British coal transport just before the Armistice was signed. The lad was said to be one of nature's noblemen and all that. I just wonder---"

"Skip it, Bob," interrupted Brown in the next chair, impatiently rustling his paper, "I want to read what my government is doing for me in Washington."

But a man seated near them closed his magazine, saying: "I remember that case. He was the commander of a coal transport that sailed from Bordeaux. It was said the ship carried cargo far more precious than coal. Created quite a scandal at the time."

"Why, of all things, Deering, did you have to bring this up?" came irritably from Brown.

"The rain, I suppose," said Deering easily. "Rain, swollen rivers flowing to the ocean, ships at sea--Naturally thought of lost ships and then of Bilton and that lovely blonde lady. A German spy probably---"

Without further comment Mr. Brown folded his paper, walked to a chair as far from Mr. Deering as the room would allow, sat down, lost to view behind his newspaper. But other men in the room drew nearer to Deering interestedly.

A young chap, who might have been eligible for kindergarten when the Armistice was signed, asked breathlessly, "You mean one of those exquisite Parisians who require seven trunks for clothes, two personal maids and an army of beauticians, sailed on a collier?"

"So the story said. Sailed away; she and the captain were never heard of since. Some claimed she was in the pay of the enemy secret service and had bewitched Bilton with her beauty in order to get at what the transport carried that was not coal. Some said that all this was true, but that she fell in love with him as deeply as he with her, that she confessed aboard the ship. His infatuation for the girl and loyalty

*"Gosh, all Paris talked of it at the time; in those little basement drinking places and at sidewalk tables. . ."*

to his country nearly drove him mad. To denounce her or shield her was equally unthinkable. Wilfully - or by accident - he sailed his ship in the path of enemy submarines and no trace of it has ever been found. Some thought they might have landed on some desert island, but what became of the crew? I just wonder---" Deering paused and another took up the tale.

"Gosh, all Paris talked of it at the time, in those little basement drinking places and at sidewalk tables. Some of us envied Bilton anyway it came out--- Letters were written to newspapers in Paris and in London. We began to investigate it in a serious way when the bedlam of Armistice broke loose and drove all else from our minds. For a ship to be lost at sea was no great novelty in those days, but this collier gripped the imagination. I suppose no one will ever know the truth about it now." Regretfully he sighed.

No one spoke for a while. The rain slanted across the window panes. Each man thought of a lovely girl on a grimy coal-carrying ship; of a last lingering caress as the end drew near.

"It all comes back to me now," a man abruptly broke the silence, addressing Deering and the men near, but looking where Brown sat behind his paper, "Sure it created a furore at the time in Paris and was causing anxiety in London. It took a world war to eclipse it. I heard Brown there tell the story that night in a basement drinking place---"

"Enough!" exclaimed Deering. "Company, attention! March!" In a body the men walked across the long room to where Brown sat, surrounded him, took his paper, grinning jovially but keeping him in his chair.

Deering took hold of Brown's necktie and gave it a little pull. "Will you talk, Brown, or shall we make you?" Four men took firm hold of Brown's wrists and ankles, ready for action.

"All right, I'll tell you all. Let go of me!" pleaded Brown.

"Lay off him, men," commanded Deering. "Let's hear what he has to say."

"I was young and vain and far from the influence of home and mother," Brown began, looking vainly for a way of escape. "It was long past midnight and the men were telling stories upon leave in Paris, soon to return to the front. Every story was either booed contemptuously or loudly acclaimed and toasted in another round of drinks. This had been going on for hours. My turn was soon to come. The story I had planned to tell seemed less worth the telling with each

*(Continued on page twelve)*

## The Lost Collier

(Continued from page eleven)

round of drinks. I was in a panic at possible failure and looked around for inspiration.

"The room was dimly lighted and filled with smoke. On the walls hung brightly colored pictures of men in uniform, of a few lovely ladies gazing with deep affection at the splendid soldiers; there was a picture of a ship in a harbor taking on coal. Slowly in my mind a story formed, vivid and soul satisfying.

"When my turn came, firmly gripping the table in order to remain upright, I told the story, in words that came to me without any effort, of the pictures on the wall. I described just what I saw. My story must have been good, but I fell across the table before I could drink the most hilarious toast of the night. I nearly perished trying to avoid telling more about it in the days that followed. The Armistice just about saved my life. Gentlemen, believe me, I know no more of the gallant captain and his lovely lady than any of you. No matter how much I drink, or where, I can not add to the story." Sadly he looked about at sympathetic faces.

Deering spoke briskly," Steward! See what each man will drink, and repeat! Mr. Brown will sign." Ruefully Brown nodded assent to the waiting steward.

## Then and Now

(Continued from page eight)

ability. If our skier makes good time he may arrive in the village in time for a few rides on the toboggan slide. If so he will find that even here the work is taken out of tobogganing for a tow will transport him to the top of the hill again and again. It is now dark and what to do with a long winter evening? The skating rink will be found flood-lighted and he may indulge in this sport. However, be he more socially inclined the weekly ski club dance may intrigue him with its old time square dances interspersed with modern dances.

By now he will probably be satisfied to crawl far beneath the feathers and peacefully snooze until morning when he will ski and ski and ski some more until the mournful whistle of the locomotives which have come to take him home remind him that another week-end in North Creek is past. Amid farewells and exchanges of addresses he is taken to his departing train and bidden bon voyage.

Now let us visit a scene slightly different. The occasion is the arrival of a train from the Capitol District. This is no overnight affair and the patrons realize that they have only a few hours in which to satisfy their skiing yen. The instant the train comes to rest each entrance to the cars literally erupts skiis, skates and a laughing, shouting hilarious mass of humanity. Rapidly unscrambling, a mad dash for busses, open slopes, toboggan slide and skating rink commences. In a matter of ten or fifteen minutes seven or eight hundred people have magically disappeared from the vicinity not to be seen again until time for departure.

Following is an abbreviated list of the things which you may see on a visit to North Creek Now, but which you would not have seen Then: Skis and skiers, skates and skaters, toboggans, busses, dog teams, photographers, professional and amateur, with every kind of camera imaginable, both still and movie. Flash bulbs shooting at night, couples completely unconscious of anyone but themselves, an occasional loser in a bout with Bacchus, smiles, greetings and grins between people who have never met. That is the spirit of Now at North Creek.

The morning after. House after house with the front porch decorated with sheets and towels until a stranger would imagine that we were either the dirtiest or the cleanest people in the world. The good old days. Who wants to go back to them? Not I.

## The Sport Among Sports

(Continued from page five)

inviting the public to use trails and skiing slopes, these precautions should be carried out and the community prepared for any emergency. It is the duty of all skiing communities to prepare for all possible skiing accidents and to have available as many conveniences as possible. At the same time, skiing should be done at the skier's own risk. However, with a little common sense, and an ounce of precaution, no mishaps will occur, whereas everyone has a marvelous time.

## JOURNAL

*(By Margaret Allen)*

Standing in front of Grand Central Station is one of the happiest people I've ever seen. He's a bootblack, a swarthy, swashbuckling hero of the shoebrush, who lustily shines the shoes of itinerant New Yorkers to the tunes of Rigoletto and Traviata. Crowds of urchins, shoppers, travellers and business people crowd around to hear his fine baritone voice ring out in song along Forty-second Street, as he merrily plies away at his humble task. Grumpy people start to smile, merry people start to laugh, and everyone goes away with a lilt in his heart, if not a shine on his boots.

How merry to live life to the full - to sing, and play, and work, and laugh and love. How civilized and cowed some people get when they start to live wholly by rule instead of by heart and rule. There is so much in life to love. Journey along with a light heart, and watch and listen to the hum of people, the rhythm of feet, and trains, animals and rain, the rhythm of the whole world; beat out your own rhythm of life and make it a part of you.

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## Ski Heil, Birger!

(Continued from page three)

Lake Placid, scene of the 1932 Olympics, was treated to the most beautiful ski-jumping exhibition by the Ruud brothers. Plummeting down with the speed of a locomotive, these slight boys launched themselves into the air with a breath-taking grace and ease. Distance - yes! But distance combined with the most perfect form was the answer to Birger's first Olympic victory.

1936, at Garmish-Partenkirchen, Birger again combined distance with perfect form. On top of his ski-jumping victory he added that of the downhill mountain race. During 1936-1937, Birger competed in 200 ski meets. He placed in 190 events, won 110 and broke 50 hill records, just by way of keeping in practice. Sigmund, on the other hand, was holding his own in both European and American ski competitions. He has an enviable record of skiing victories that are only surpassed by Birger. While in America, during 1937, among other titles, Sigmund picked off that of Ski Jumping Champion of the United States.

More recently, at Cary, Ill., on January 16th, Sigmund won second place to his brother's first in the ski jumping tournament of the Norge Ski Club. This is the first American competition Birger has been in since his last visit to this country in 1932. During this season, the Ruud brothers plan on entering the major skiing competitions in the United States. They are tremendously interested in the great strides skiing has made in this country. Such wide-spread interest, together with the marvelous developments in opening ski trails and improving terrain, will, according to the brothers Ruud, make the American Ski team a formidable menace in the next Olympics.

Their interest in American skiing developments makes them eager to visit as many new ski areas as is possible between their scheduled meets. It is planned that they come to the Lake George area for a three day week-end wherein they may run the trails and get in a little jumping practice. Undoubtedly, they are due for an exceptionally pleasant surprise in the calibre of the terrain and the opportunities offered for exciting schussing. Vilkommen 'til Lake George.

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# Ski Jumping

*(By Louis Ramu)*
Resident Alpine Ski School Instructor at Top O' The World Lodge

It is the popular belief among skiers, not familiar with jumping, that this sport is dangerous. Jumpers and skiers interested in that phase of skiing are not of the same opinion. Anyone who watches jumping competitions will be amazed at the speed most jumpers average between the time they leave the lip of the jump and make the landing. Also the length of some jumps are quite extraordinary. To jump without years of training would be very risky. When a skier can maintain proper balance at high speeds and has plenty of self-confidence, he can then safely try one of the smaller jumps. In this way he graduates from one to another until the larger jumps are mastered. A good skier makes a good jumper and vice versa, a good jumper is always "tops" in this sport.

Balance is the great thing in jumping. As one improves his jumping, so will he become better able to ski on open slopes and difficult trails with greater ease and speed than other skiers not having any jumping background.

The point about skiing competitions is to see which participant can make the longest jump with as little take off as possible.

One of the important fine points governing jumping is not to be nervous at all, but to be very calm. The slightest bit of fright is certain to weaken one's ability to control proper balance and without absolute balance the jumper will naturally fall making his landing. Of course, the fall lessens his chances of scoring in any meet. At the start of any jump the feet must be close together, remaining so throughout. In order to put forth his best energy into a jump, the jumper must come down the take off with his knees well bent, so the greatest possible spring is available. The weight must be well forward with the eyes focused on the lip of the jump. The actual jump itself takes place about a foot before the end. The jump is accomplished by a quick lifting of the body upward while moving it forward at the same time. While in flight the motion of the body must be forward getting as horizontal with the skis as possible. To gain this forward position a backward motion of the arms helps. It aids in maintaining more perfect balance while making flight.

In landing both feet come down together. As soon as they hit one foot is moved forward to prevent falling due to reduced speed. The knees are kept springy so that the weight can be shifted forward and backward to keep balance. The jumper glides freely toward the finish of the jump to make any turn he prefers, making certain that there is no fall.

The aim of the ski jumper is perfection in form. To get this he must detect his own mistakes. Through constant hard work he strives to iron these out. Although he may not be satisfied with his own ability and distance, he keeps on working; yet to others he may represent perfect form.

*Ski-tow at Top O' The World Lodge. Mr. Morosani (second from left) warming up on the open slope before starting his lessons*

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## SKI JUMPING CHAMPIONS VISIT VICINITY

The foremost men in the skiing world, Mr. Birger Ruud, International Ski Jumping Champion, and Mr. Sigmund Ruud, second Champion, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Tuttle at Top O' The World Lodge on Saturday, and of Lake George Village on Sunday morning.

Other guests who arrived with Mr. Tuttle and the Messrs. Ruud were Mr. Frank Elkins, Sports Editor of the New York Times, and Miss Catherine Cleary, Mr. Birger Ruud's publicity manager.

A subscription luncheon was tendered these guests on Saturday noon at Top O' The World Lodge. In the afternoon, Mr. Birger Ruud jumped from the Top O' The World Ski Jump and skied on the open slopes. On Saturday evening, they were guests of the Village at a skating and moccasin dance party on Lake George. On Sunday morning, as guests of the Village, they skied on Prospect and Cobble Mountains, and in the afternoon, they were taken by Mr. Croswell Tuttle, Mr. Hendrick Van Rensselaer and Mr. Louis Ramu to Lake Placid.

## A POEM

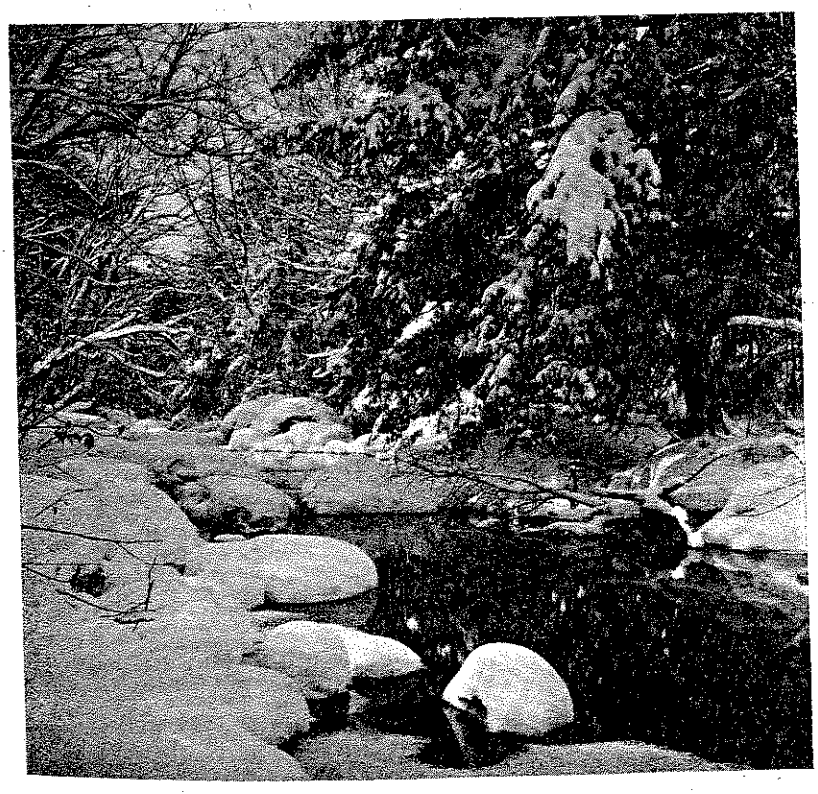
*(By Natalie Tyson)*

A swallow darting toward the sun
Reminds me of your golden lovliness;
Nought but the tall pines murmuring in the dark
Bring back the thrill of your caress.

In star strewn surfaces of pools at dusk
I see again the laughter in your eyes,
In every wave that beats against sea sand
I hear the echo of your many lies.

A lost soul sobbing in the dawn
Awakes the pain of needing you in me
But at the touch of every woman's lips
I know again your ceaseless perfidy.

The new moon's evanescent light
Recalls the ardor of a vanished thrill
Yet when I hear the whisper of your voice
I know at once I love you still.



*A Winter Scene at Old Forge, N. Y.*

"Gee, I'll bet Fred's pillow factory will fail because he can't raise enough to pay for the goose feathers."

"That's right. He won't be able to meet his *down* payments."

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## Scattered Pearls

(Continued from page nine)

paintings, but talent such as his belongs to the world. If he was a prolific painter, and I believe he was, you, Mrs. Saunders, may in time become wealthy from the sale of his work."

If there was further conversation, Miss Pritchard, overcome with amazement and indignation, did not hear it. Aaron's widow needed money, yet this stranger's offer of three hundred dollars for a picture, met only rudeness and silence. Why? His parting words reduced the eavesdropper to complete despair: "I am leaving you my card, Mrs. Saunders; let me know if you should ever change your mind. Good day!" and he was gone.

Mrs. Saunders walked slowly and heavily back into the kitchen. Like one in a trance, she went to the stove, lifted the lid, stared for a moment at the flames within, then tore the card to bits and dropped it into the blaze.

Bold words tumbled from Miss Pritchard's lips: "Why didn't you sell Aaron's pictures?" she demanded. "You've been grumblin' about how much he spent on paintin' and when somebody comes and offers you a fortune, you won't take it. I'd like to know why not?"

Mrs. Saunders moved awkwardly to the window. Beyond, she could see the bare branches of the apple orchard, which a few short months before, had been touched by the beauty of spring. She turned toward Miss Pritchard, upon her face the look of a soul in anguish, crushed and afraid. When she finally spoke, her voice was hollow, muffled by the horror of something she alone could see.

"I burned them pictures yesterday," she said.


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To have a good time anywhere it is essential that you feel at home and it is a remarkable thing that from the moment you reach the Central Adirondacks you sense an atmosphere that puts you entirely at ease. You may rest assured that the residents will give you a hearty welcome and will look after you as their guest with a wholeheartedness and the hospitality of the section.

It is the particularly charming atmosphere and the fine sports that are attractive. Though your number is increasing considerably every year, you never find the place overcrowded and you always meet that jolly, sporty set of people, with whom it is a pleasure to mix. Central Adirondack resorts have a happy knack of retaining their characteristic charm and creating an atmosphere of sport and good comradship which is never disturbed or destroyed.

We want Old Forge to be where the out-of-doors beckons, a resort where winter reigns supreme, a place to be gay, light-hearted and comfortable, and the place you have imagined—one to which you will always want to return.

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## THE POET'S CREED

*(By Charles H. Tuttle)*

There is a sanctity in Nature
Let skeptics have it as they will.
There is a sacred bit of heaven
In every fount, and plain and hill;
And a music not quite earthly
Vibrates in the sea and streams;
And at times a light celestial
Dawns amid their gleams.

The waves do still converse of beauty
Though men their atoms count like pearls.
The sunset is no less a glory
Though men know why its state unfurls.
We do predict a new-born planet
From an older planet's roll:
We solve the zenith, and the nadir:
We never solve the soul.

Still preach the light-anointed brooklets
Their sermons on divinity;
And o'er the din of human logic
Still argues back the faithful sea.
Still from their watchtowers the mountains
With awful silences respond,
And lift us on their heavy shoulders
To point to the Beyond.

Still falls the blessing of the sunshine
Though skeptics argue it is night.
Still float the clouds from o'er the uplands,
Like visitants from realms of light.
Still from the crags the lips of torrents
Proclaim a wondrous prophecy.
Thru the chancel-windows of the sunset
Still shines eternity.

A thousand voices thru the forests
In unrehearsed anthems roll;
The dim religion of the storm-wind
Is ever taught from pole to pole;
And nightly is the message burning
In the heart of dewdrops on the sod
From the starry children of the silence
Of the old ages of God.

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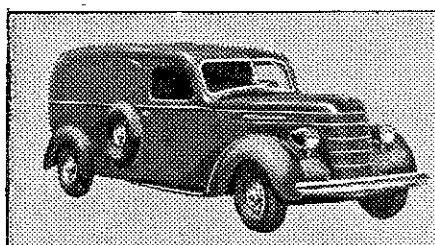
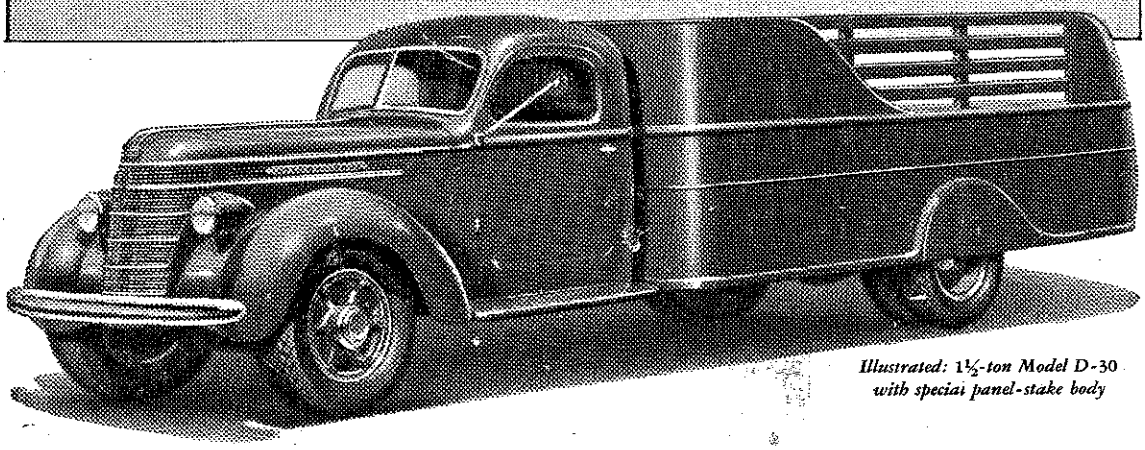
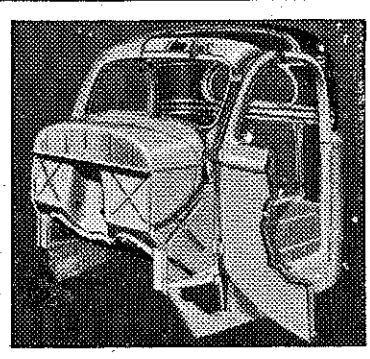


# The *New* INTERNATIONALS



*Illustrated: 1½-ton Model D-30 with special panel-stake body*



Section of the ALL-STEEL cab—in ALL the new Internationals! The one-piece top, the sides, the back and cowl panels are welded into the complete cab frame. The one-piece heavy-gauge sill is an exclusive International feature. Rubber mountings stand guard wherever cushioning is needed.

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### The Fighting Irish

"Begorrah, Mrs. F., it made the fighting Irish in me bur-rn to hear that shwate young priest talk about them damn books. That is what I would do to them, bur-rn them, that I would!"

Mrs. Feurfiam, who is rather short and very slender, whose pale face is finely wrinkled yet beautifully featured, as if it were carved in ivory, yet whose eyes are young, black and sparkling, looked long at Bridget, considering; and then said slowly, "And why not?"

Several of us distinctly remember seeing Mrs. Feurfiam leaving the library the very next day, Bridget a step behind her carrying four books as if each were a mad dog that might bite her at any moment and infect her with Hydrophobia. These books, it was learned later, were not taken into the Feurfiam home, but to the back of the house where the handy men burned them, stirring the ashes thoroughly as if the black plague would spread from any unburned bit of paper.

Sometime later the president of the Brotherhood began to suffer qualms of conscience and thought he should at least see one of the books the rabbi so much disliked, and asked for it in the library. A telephone request for the books was answered by Bridget who said her mistress was resting and could not be disturbed. Subsequent telephone inquiries, even when answered by Mrs. Feurfiam herself, received the same reply. Finally the librarian sent Mrs. Feurfiam a note asking about the books. Printed on the note were the rules relating to the non-return of books which mentioned the full extent of the law.

### What a Letter!

Thereupon Mrs. Feurfiam composed a long letter to the librarian, a copy of which she gave to the rabbi. He showed it to several people, and it is a marvel! Mrs. Mrs. Feurfiam wrote, in part, "In all the forty-eight years I have lived happily in Hilanlake, I have never before been so deeply hurt or so unjustly misunderstood. Will you kindly look on the record of donors for the building and maintainance of a public library in this town? You will see the name of Feurfiam very near the top and most liberally represented. And yet you intimate that I, Deborah Feurfiam, stole; and you threaten me with the majesty of the law. Is it possible that among the twenty-thousand inhabitants of my dear home town, all of whom I look upon as friends and neighbors, there could be even one capable of harboring so outrageous an idea? It is incredible. Inquire among the fraternal and charitable organizations here: the Willing Workers, the Welfare Mission, Home for the Aged, Order of the Eastern Star, the Woman's Club, the Sisterhood and the Assembly, and each member of all these worthy organizations will assure you that I am no thief. A little thought will convince you that if I did destroy certain books, there must have been good and sufficient reason. Those four books were unworthy to be on the shelves of our library and never should have been given room there.

"Those books, Mr. Librarian, were offensive and obnoxious, a menace to the moral and mental health of our town; were unjust, unfair, and un-American. By removing them permanently, I have raised the standard of our library . . . " and more to the same effect.

Just think, Grandmamma, what a grand time Deborah and Bridget must have had composing and writing that letter. It is well known that although Bridget is a perfect maid when company is present, the two women, when alone, are friends who have shared thirty years in the same home, also much sorrow and happiness. (Do you happen to know any one in Newton who has kept the same maid thirty years, Granny dear?)

But to resume. Mrs. Feurfiam mailed her letter, and the same day instructed her lawyers, the oldest firm in town, all good Presbyterians, to issue an injunction against the replacement in the library of the four volumes. The injunction was drawn up by the youngest member of the firm who has literary ambitions while dallying with the law in his uncle's office, and was it good! A work of art! His uncle was so proud of the composition, really a brief for tolerance and fair play, that he read it aloud at a Rotarian luncheon where every man is so keen for brotherly love. It went over big! Now all eyes in town are turned on the poor librarian who claims he was merely trying to do his duty.

### Ready for Arrest

Mrs. Feurfiam maintains her undaunted courage. She said, "Let them arrest me! I am already seventy-five years old. I am ready and willing to devote the remainder of my life and what little funds I have, (I assure you she has plenty) take my case through every court in my native land, to prove I had the right to act as I did. Let other libraries be likewise cleared of similar abominable books, and I shall consider my last days well spent."

All the Jews, and many Gentiles, have assured Mrs. Feurfiam their moral support, several have asked for the privilege of helping financially, if necessary. We young married folk would like to help also, but having to manage on narrow budgets, it was difficult to see how we could help, except morally. We decided to give a dance in honor of Mrs. Deborah Feurfiam, all the proceeds of which will be given to her to do with as she may think best. There are so many relief drives, that will mean so much more for one of them, probably. Mrs. Feurfiam will be our guest of honor, Diane has promised to attend, and Bridget will preside at the refreshment table, in her very best plum-colored silk and white muslin. I told Diane that Horace will be here to act as her escort. What a good sister I am!

Kindly inform my dear brother to stop mooning about poetry, have his dress suit pressed, and begin saving his nickels and dimes. Diane will probably be able to pick him up in Albany. She drives the dearest roadster! The least he can do for me in appreciation is to present me with an orchid for the dance. My Irving said it will be all he can manage to pay for my new frock and dancing slippers.

### Peace Offering

O, I almost forgot a most important item. Mrs. Feurfiam is presenting the library with four times eighteen books as a peace offering. The rabbi is making the selections, and is he happy. The seventy-two books will contain the best in history, art and science as well as some fiction, and will be an honor to our people as many Jews will be represented. My bridge club may change into a reading group as soon as the collection is ready for circulation.

Well, Grandmamma, enough chatter for one letter. Thanks again for lebkuchen you sent me. I have enough left for my bridge club which will meet with me next Tuesday. Now that the Feurfiam "crime" has been diffused by many good words, some laughter—and a little worry—and several good deeds, we may play cards instead of just talk. On the other hand, in spite of the fact that this is a wilderness, fully two hundred miles from the golden dome of the Boston State House, a most exciting event may occur before next Tuesday.

My love to you all,

**Elsa.**

Diplomatic Relations.

3

June 30 · 1939

# Little Ellen Had Special Lessons in Family Diplomacy

## Another in the Series of Informal and Informative Letters to the Folks Back Home

By ELLA CLINE

Hilanlake, New York.

Dear Julie:

It was sweet of you to add a postscript to Mother and Dad's letter. You ask a question; and say you enjoy my letters and are keeping them. I am greatly honored! I miss the family; writing seems to bridge the distance a little. Yet two hundred miles is a great distance to bridge. Perhaps we shall live nearer some day. The Adirondack regions are lovely all the year round, and living conditions in Hilanlake nearly ideal. Irving and I are indeed fortunate to begin our married life in so charming a place. You will think so too, little sister, when you come to spend your vacation with us.

I am already considering the girls here as possible friends for my little Julie. There are two German refugee girls, in comfortable homes, who are about your age. I often see them walk together, proudly erect, saying little, smiling, alert. Their experiences could not have been gay by any means, yet they seem more cheerful than most young girls. Possibly Ellen, twelve like yourself, will appeal to you most. And if ever this nation is in need of a woman diplomat, Ellen should fill that post with credit. Her mother, Suzanne Steiner, is a very charming woman and a fluent talker, so I have heard much of Ellen's unintentional diplomatic training.

### She Meets the Boss

About fifteen years ago Suzanne and her twin brother, Peter, came to New York from a small town in Pennsylvania. Suzanne missed her home town where she already had several admirers. But Peter was all she had in the world and if he was to study in Columbia, she had to find work in New York to augment their slender means. Suzanne got work as secretary to Mr. Herbert, a bachelor, the owner of several Jewish bakeries. Mr. Herbert was a genial man, about forty, whose mother was trying to marry him off well. Every morning, while reading the mail, Mr. Herbert would tell Suzanne of his mother's latest attempt at playing Dan Cupid, and usual failure, and both laughed heartily. Mr. Herbert had no objection to marrying, only the girls his mother introduced him to, with substantial dowries and splendid family connections, somehow did not appeal to him. Suzanne was sympathetic and said she hoped to be permitted to attend his wedding when it eventually took place. Mr. Herbert gave her a keen, appraising glance and said he thought she probably would be present.

Finally his mother found the ideal match: diamonds, dowry, mink coat, everything a heart could desire; and a good looking, capable girl too. She gave him no peace. The brief period of opening the morning mail became inadequate to discuss all of Mr. Herbert's difficulties, so he began inviting Suzanne to have lunch with him, sometimes for dinner and a show. Finally he suggested Suzanne marry him and give him and his mother a rest from matchmaking. Suzanne, being about the best natured and most obliging person any one could imagine, married Mr. Herbert, although Peter did not quite approve the match. Old Mrs. Herbert had some sort of stroke when she heard of it.

She recovered eventually and at once began to criticize her daughter-in-law, with great emphasis on the strict observance of every minute dietary law in Suzanne's kitchen. No matter how hard Suzanne tried to please, to follow religiously each of the many instructions given her, old Mrs. Herbert refused to drink even a drop of water in her son's home, and bewailed the fact tearfully and volubly. Suzanne was not at all happy, for she had married her boss to please him and not for love. You and I know well, Julie dear, that being in love with the person one marries is of utmost importance.

### Then Came Ellen

Ellen was born, upsetting old Mrs. Herbert again, because she had made up her mind to have a grandson. Ellen was sickly and her grandmother blamed the frail condition of the child on Suzanne. Peter became aware of his sister's bewilderment and declared so soon as he completed his studies and obtained work, Suzanne and Ellen would make their home with him. Suzanne tried to make light of her troubles as she wanted Peter to complete his course.

One afternoon, when Ellen was about two years old, Suzanne, still smarting from a long criticism of her housekeeping and care of the child, met Eddie Steiner who had been one of her admirers right through high school. In a rush of happiness at seeing a friend from home, Suzanne told him all about herself, from the first day she began working for Mr. Herbert to the latest, impossible, demand of his mother. Also that she wished with all her heart that she was single again, Suzanne being all of twenty-one at that time. Eddie said not to worry, he would attend to that little matter.

Eddie had a serious talk with Peter, discussed the matter with a few men he could trust in the wholesale trade, consulted a lawyer and wired his father that he would remain two weeks longer than had been planned for the buying trip as his annual vacation. Suzanne never imagined anyone could be so quick and smart as Eddie proved to be. By the time Eddie left New York, she and Ellen were sharing a tiny apartment with Peter in Morningdale Heights. Mr. Herbert was paying her living expenses, was responsible for the lawyer's fees, and she was practically single again.

### Ellen's First Lesson

About a year later Suzanne married Eddie, and Ellen's diplomatic training began. Suzanne was so very happy with Eddie, she could not possibly hold any hard feelings against her former husband or his mother. Since Mr. Herbert was paying for Ellen's maintenance, there was a monthly exchange of letters about the child. In a jocular vein, Mr. Herbert sometimes wrote how his mother was again plotting to marry him off well. . . . Ellen was brought up to appreciate the good qualities in each person. Eddie was Daddy who loved her very much; Mr. Herbert was Father whom Ellen did not see as often as Daddy but whom she must love and honor just as much. Both sets of grandparents must be loved equally, but Ellen must be very careful not to mix milk and meat

edibles while visiting the Herberts, and equally careful not too inquire too closely about what was served her at the Steiners.

After a few years, Eddie's father opened a branch store for Eddie in Hilanlake and the little family was made welcome in the small Jewish community here. The two Steiner boys were born here. Suzanne made no secret of her first marriage and divorce. Mr. Herbert came here hurriedly once when Ellen had pneumonia and we met him. A genial man, but we preferred Eddie. When Ellen was about eight years old, Mr. Herbert married again, and the child's training in diplomacy entered on its final course. For Mr. Herbert married his mother's favorite nurse, a pretty, spirited Irish girl named Angela.

The shock of this marriage gave the old lady a real heart attack. Regardless of her protesting rage, Angela nursed Mrs. Herbert until she could be about again, and kept fussing about her health until the two arrived at some sort of armistice. Angela took Ellen to her heart as soon as she met her and liked Suzanne immensely. Every time Ellen succumbed to a childish ailment, Angela insisted on coming to Hilanlake to nurse the child back to health. We found her a pleasant person indeed and she made friends here. But the situation was most unusual. . . .

**Another Lesson**

Ellen visited "Aunt Angela's" parents and acquired another set of grandparents. Each December Chanukah presents and Christmas gifts were exchanged with grandparents, aunts, and cousins on three sides and Ellen is loved by them all and gives her love as generously to orthodox and reform Jews as well as observing Catholics. I am telling you all this, Julie dear, so you will not make any breaks when you meet Ellen.

Now to answer the question. No, dear, I would not tell your friends that Horace is engaged to Miss Diane Feurflam, because he is not and never may be. It was sweet of Diane to send you a doll from Warm Springs, made by the Indians and dressed as an Indian bride. And of course you are too old to play with dolls! Diane probably did not mean that you should play with this Indian bride, so elaborately made and decorated by hand. Perhaps it was a hint to start a collection of dolls, your favorite ones, to which you might add a fine character doll like this one occasionally. Irving and I plan to travel round the world some day, just any time during the next thirty or so years, and when we do, we shall select the finest character doll in every land we visit to add to your collection. That is a promise!

One kiss for each member of the family, and one big kiss for you.

Elsa.

gold.

Mr. Simkin, Sr. wiped his