

First Baptist Church

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

THE MORNING WORSHIP SERVICE

January 31, 1960

Eleven O'Clock

Broadcast on Station KELO

"And I heard the voice of the Lord saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" Then I said, "Hear I am! Send me." Isaiah 6:8

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE KING

Organ Prelude—"Entrata" Holler

"Once to Every Man and Nation Comes
the Moment to Decide" Purvis

(Congregation in silent prayer)

Choral Call to Worship

Processional Hymn—"Holy, Holy, Holy Is the Lord" 97
(Congregation standing on the singing of the hymn)

Invocation

Lord's Prayer

Gloria

Dedication of Parents and Child

HIS TRAIN FILLED THE TEMPLE

Reading of the Holy Scriptures—Isaiah 6

Choral Call to Prayer—"Hear Us, Our Father"

Pastoral Prayer

Choral Response—"Almighty Father, Hear Our Prayer"

Anthem—"By Babylon's Wave" Gounod

Here by Babylon's wave,
Though heathen hands have bound us,
Though afar from our land,
The pains of death surround us;
Sion! thy mem'ry still
In our heart we are keeping,
And still we turn to thee,
Our eyes all sad with weeping.

Thro' our harps that we hung on the trees
Goes the low wind wearily moaning;
Mingles the sad note of the breeze,
With voice as sad of sigh and groaning.

When mad with wine our foe rejoices,
When unto their altars they throng,
Loud for mirth then they call,
"A song! a song of Sion sing,
Lift up your voices!"

O Lord, tho' the victor command
Our captivity sad and lowly,
How shall we raise thy song so holy,
That we sung in our father's land;
Jerusalem, if we forget thee,
Let our hands remember not their power,
And our tongues be silent from that hour.

Woe unto thee! Babylon, mighty city,
For the day of thy fall is nigh!
For thee no hope, for thee no pity
Tho' loud thy wail riseth on high!
Then shalt thou desolate, forsaken,
Be torn from thy fanes and thy thrones.
In that day, shall thy babes be taken,
And dashed against the stones!
Then unto thee, O Babylon the mighty,
Be woe.

YOUR GUILT IS TAKEN AWAY

Christian Greetings

Youth's Response to the Kingdom

Receiving Our Tithes and Offerings

Organ Offertory—"Intermezzo" (Suite) Rogers

Doxology and Prayer of Dedication

"WHOM SHALL I SEND?"

Solo—"The Voice in the Wilderness" Buck
Larry Shaw, Baritone

Sermon by Pastor Fredrikson

"Whom Shall I Send?"

"HERE AM I! SEND ME."

Hymn of Dedication and Decision—"Lord, Speak to Me, That I May Speak"—470

(All persons desiring to declare their faith in Jesus Christ or to unite with the church are requested to come forward and state their purpose at this time.)

Benediction

Choral Response—Chimes

Postlude

This morning Pastor Fredrikson will greet folks as the side door, Rev. Babeek at the main door and Mr. Sisson at the balcony door.

The broadcast of the service today over Radio Station KELO, beginning at 11:10 a.m., is sponsored by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lawton.

EVENING GOSPEL FELLOWSHIP

7:30 P. M.

Prelude

Call to Worship and Invocation

Period of Hymn Singing

Scripture—Luke 14:7-11

Prayer

Special Music by Youth Choir

Greetings and Announcements

Singing of a Hymn

Offering

Soloist—Bette Outland

Evening Message by Pastor Fredrikson

"The Danger of Sitting in the Big Seat"

Hymn of Invitation

Benediction—Closing Moments—"Beneath the Cross"

Postlude

OPPORTUNITIES OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY, 4:00 p.m.—**Training Session for Youth Visitation** in Room 111

5:00 p.m.—**Roger Williams Fellowship Supper** in the Youth Room

5:20 p.m.—**Brayton Case B.Y.F. Cabinet meeting**

5:45 p.m.—**SYADS** (Single Young Adults) meeting at the home of Mary Reynolds, 1220 W. 20th, Apt. 11

6:00 p.m.—**Brayton Case B.Y.F.** (Junior High) in Room 216

6:00 p.m.—**Keystone B.Y.F.** (Senior High) meeting in Room 111—Faith Committee in charge

6:00 p.m.—**Roger Williams Fellowship meeting**—Study of Africa

6:15 p.m.—**School of Missions** in Fellowship Hall

7:00 p.m.—**Youth Choir** in the Youth Room

8:45 p.m.—**Afterglow** in Youth Room

8:45 p.m.—**Hi Fi** at the home of John Early, 830 S. Willow

TUESDAY, 10:00 a.m.—**XYZ Club** in the Church Parlor

8:00 p.m.—**Explorer Post** in the Youth Room

8:00 p.m.—**First Baptist Study Club**

WEDNESDAY, 4:30 p.m.—**Junior Choir**

6:30 p.m.—**Fellowship Supper** in Fellowship Hall. Make your reservations on the cards on Sunday or call the church office by Tuesday noon. (Adults—75c; children—25c; maximum per family—\$2.00)

7:00 p.m.—**Junior High Choir**

7:15 p.m.—**Midweek Prayer Service**

8:00 p.m.—**Senior High Choir**

8-10 pm.—**Workers' Conference** in Room 111

THURSDAY, 10:30 a.m.—**White Cross sewing** in Room 107

1:15 p.m.—**Women's Mission Society meeting**

7:30 p.m.—**Church Cabinet meeting**

7:30 p.m.—**Boy Scouts' Green Bar meeting** in Youth Room

FRIDAY, 6:30 p.m.—**Mr. and Mrs. Class Banquet** in Fellowship Hall

7:00 p.m.—**Junior High Basketball** at Lowell School

Whom Shall I Send?

There Are Gaps In The Ranks

- Numerically our need for Ministers is frightening.
 - The Growth of New Churches 15,000 vacant pulpits
 - Between 1955-75 - 100,000 new Churches will be built
 - 75,000 new ministers.
- Qualitatively the need is almost desperate.
 - Men with a profound grasp of the Gospel.
 - Not afraid to grapple with intellectual ^{ideas}.
 - With emotional maturity.
 - With a deep love of people.
 - With courage and daring to do the right.
- The Magnitude of the Calling Grows
 - Dick Sheppard in London East End. in "Gospel" ¹⁹⁴⁴ "Gospel" says how will we get along without
 - Richard Baxter of Kidderminster.
 - "Like a dying man to dying men."

So We Turn To Bachelors and Their Calling

- Young Aristocrats with wealth, power education.
- Heirs of the great living dynasties.

His Vision of God

① When Uzziah died he saw God in the Temple

- For years he had come there. It had all grown familiar.
- But on the day of sorrow his eyes and spirit were opened.
- Has it not been this way for many of us.
 - The familiarity of a thousand sunsets.
 - Singing a hymn a hundred times.
 - Looking at our family so often.
 - Heard passages from the Bible.
 - Come to this Church a hundred times.
- Then one day this is all changed.
 - Sorrow has pressed in.
 - Great joy has come upon us.
 - Human need or great responsibility.
- Helen Hays and her daughter Mary.
 - She died of polio at 19
 - See Frank's family -

② Then the Glory of God fills the Place.

The Great Sense of Unworthiness

- ① Isaiah became deeply aware that he dwelt amongst sinful people and that he himself was a sinner.
- ② We have lost our sense of sin because we have lost the overwhelming presence of God.
- ③ We will never know God if we are always cozy, always comfortable.
 - There are some situations we cannot handle.

The Cleansing of God.

- ① This was God's Cleansing - Not simply human effort.
- ② It was like fire that cleanses and renews the inner center of a man's life.

Then The Call and The Response

① The Great needs of Israel's country men.

- The power of the Assyrians
- Their arrogance in the face of danger.

② The Awful needs that surround us.

- The United Revolution crying for technical help
- The political frontier.
- The frontier of mass media -
Norman Cousins -
- Your home or your work.
- The aching cry of the great city.

③ The Call Becomes Personal.

- Whom shall I send?
- The needs of his people become his burden
- So it becomes for us.
- Peter Marshall - ^{Shoulder.} Fencer on your
- Jim Vans
 - Electronic Wizard with Mickey Cohen
 - Phil Cruise in Los Angeles
 - Steven Dalling - Then the Call.

See Work in New York City.

- 1.3 square miles - 190,000 people.
- 500,000 per month for law enforcement.
- 24 gangs in that area.
- His Meeting with Captain Jensen.
- His Work.

Here Am I, Since Then!

First Baptist Times

This church co-operates with the American Baptist Convention, the Baptist World Alliance, the Sioux Falls Interchurch Council and the National Council of Churches.



ROGER L. FREDRIKSON, D.D., *Pastor*

VOL. XXV

Sioux Falls, South Dakota, January 28, 1960

No. 35

THIS SUNDAY

9:45 a.m.—*Church School*—Classes for all ages,

11:00 a.m.—*Morning Worship Service*

“WHOM SHALL I SEND?”

(Fifth in a series on the Prophets)

—*Dr. Roger L. Fredrikson*

Broadcast Over KELO.

7:30 p.m.—*Evening Service*

“THE DANGER OF SITTING IN THE BIG SEAT”

Nursery Care at All Services

PASTOR'S MESSAGE

My dear Friends:

A few items in quick succession—our newly organized **Board of Deacons** is now ready to go to work. All power to them! Please notice the announcements of the **beginning of Youth Month** elsewhere in the “Times.” The **Clothing Drive** is of great importance. Then, this Sunday concludes the series on the prophets. Since it is **Life Service Sunday**, the message of Isaiah will have great meaning for young people in particular. I am deeply appreciative of the **wonderful integration of music** in our total service of worship. This Sunday the choir will be singing Gounod's great anthem, “By Babylon's Wave.”

Wednesday evening, February 3, we will have an important **adjourned session of the Business Meeting**, called by the Moderator. This meeting is for the purpose of clarifying for the congregation the responsibilities of the ministers in view of the anticipated coming of a new minister.

It is very important that our congregation should have a chance to discuss fully the implications and meaning of an addition to our staff of another minister.

You will remember that at our Annual Business Meeting authority was given to the Cabinet by the congregation to name a **Music Committee**. This has been done. The members of the committee are as follows: **Earl Lemonds, Chairman; Miss Ellen Swenson, Secretary; Mrs. Robert Olson; Mrs. Warren Larson; and Jim Klatke**. This committee is moving ahead to strengthen the Senior High choir. They are planning now to secure robes for this choir in anticipation of the two morning services which we will begin March 6.

All along the line there seems to be great hope for the future.

In Christian love,
Pastor Fredrikson

P.S. We will share with you the next section of our guide to our understanding of the church in next week's “Times.”

A WORD FROM THE MINISTER OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

We have an excellent **Church Nursery!** It is clean, cheerful and staffed by competent people, one of whom is always a registered nurse. We want every child to have a safe and happy time there, and we have instructed the nurse not to receive any child who in her judgment might have a contagious illness. We need the cooperation and understanding of every parent to maintain these standards. We do receive children when some symptom is clearly known to be an allergy or noncontagious. So do not think we have broken the standard if you see some such signs.

Family Camping experiences are among the most fruitful uses of vacations. Why not plan your vacation to coincide with one of the family camps at **Camp Judson or Green Lake?** Camp Judson dates are July 10-16 and July 24-30. Green Lake dates are July 30-August 6 and August 6-13. Reservations for both camps, especially Green Lake, should go in very soon. Call me for information about activities, cost and other details.

The winter classes in **Church Membership and Discipleship** for children and junior highs will begin on February 9 and 13. These identical classes, which meet Tuesdays after school and on Saturday mornings, are for all 6th graders and junior highs who want to know more about being a Christian or who are thinking about baptism and membership. Coming to the class is not a commitment to join the church, rather it means a desire to think about it and to know what it means. Remember these classes meet on **Tuesdays at 4:15 p.m.** and **Saturdays at 10:00 a.m.** in Room 111.

Al Babcock



FATHER-SON BANQUET

The Men's Fellowship is having a Father-Son Banquet on February 12 at 6 o'clock in Fellowship Hall. The speaker for the occasion is Dr. Harvey Thomas. The evening program will include a magic act and quartet. For reservations, call the Church office or contact J. R. Lewis, James Smart, Gene Mashek, B. A. Bose, Earl Gerlach or Warren Larson.

FOLKS AND FACTS

We are happy to welcome into our fellowship **Mr. and Mrs. Don H. Krug**, 2015 S. Kiwanis, and **Betsy LeSchofs**, Sioux Falls College. Mr. Krug comes by transfer of letter from the West Center Street Baptist Church of Madison, South Dakota. Mrs. Krug comes as an Associate from an Episcopal Church in Ireland. Betsy, who is from the North Shore Baptist Church in Chicago, is coming under the spiritual watchcare of this church as Affiliate.

The **Mr. and Mrs. Class** is having a banquet and Installation of Officers on February 5 in Fellowship Hall. The cost of the banquet will be \$1.00 per person. For reservations, call Mrs. Don Day, ED 2-0330,, or Mrs. Max Day, ED 2-5202.

Lee Holst, who was the vice president of the Roger Williams Fellowship, has been elected president. **Bill Bowman**, the former president, left at the end of the first semester to continue his schooling in California. **Ken Coddington** was elected to take Lee's place as vice president.

There is a need for **radio sponsors**. Anyone interested in doing this should contact the Church Office.

If you do not have envelopes for your church contributions and wish some, please call the Church Office.

An **Interchurch Women's Bowling League** is now being organized. Any woman interested in bowling on a team from our church should contact Mrs. Merle Schmidt, phone Ed 2-1018. The first meeting will be on February 5 at Suburban Lanes.



ANNUAL CHURCH WORLD SERVICE CLOTHING DRIVE

The world need for clothing is tremendous. A church world service representative has returned from a recent world tour with shocking news of the suffering of our brothers in other lands. You are urged to bring your old clothing, clean and in good condition, to the church on Sunday mornings, **January 31 and February 7**, with 10c per pound to pay for processing and shipping. You may contribute even though you have no clothing to bring. A **Youth Month Committee** will be waiting for you in the main foyer and in the parking lot entrance.

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HONOR ROLL

Listed below are the names of those who have completed paying their 1959 pledges. There are other givers of record, but only those with specific pledges have been included in the list. If we have made an error and omitted your name, please call the church office and correction will be made.

(Continued from last week)

Fairbanks, Mrs. L. A.; Farmer, Mr. & Mrs. A. L.; Farmer, Hertha; Farnsworth, Mrs. Kenneth; Farrand, Mr. & Mrs. Floyd; Farrell, Mr. & Mrs. W. C.; Fellows, Mr. & Mrs. Harvey; Fennig, David; Fennig, Mr. & Mrs. H. H.; Fennig, Susan; Ferguson, Betty; Ferguson, Mr. & Mrs. Frank; Ferguson, Jerry; Ferrin, Mr. & Mrs. M. J.; Fetzner, Mrs. J. R.; Flocken, Mr. & Mrs. Wm.; Flood, Robert; Flood, Mr. & Mrs. T. W.; Ford, Frances; Ford, Haidy; Forsberg, Mr. & Mrs. Edward; Forseth, Mrs. Lewis; Forseth, Mr. & Mrs. M. C.; Foss, Mr. & Mrs. Ardeen; Foster, Mr. & Mrs. Roy C.; Fredrickson, Mr. & Mrs. A. L.;

Gage, Dr. & Mrs. E. E.; Gage, Mr. & Mrs. W. E., Sr.; Gardner, Mr. & Mrs. C. M.; Gardner, Mrs. J. Earl; Garness, Mr. & Mrs. Elmer; Garver, Mrs. C. O.; George, Marion V.; Gering, Judy; Gerlach, Mr. & Mrs. Earl; Gerloff, Mr. & Mrs. E. J.; Gerloff, Greg; Gerloff, Jeff; Gibbs, Mr. & Mrs. J. H.; Gibbs, W. H.; Giebink, Dr. & Mrs. Robert; Giedd, Mr. & Mrs. R. A.; Gillen, Mr. & Mrs. Wm; Godfrey, Mr. & Mrs. A.

E.; Graber, Mr. & Mrs. Harry; Graham, Mr. & Mrs. W. P.; Green, Larry; Greenfield, Larry; Greenfield, Mr. & Mrs. L. H.; Greenfield, Dr. & Mrs. R. E.; Greenlee, Mr. & Mrs. D. O.; Greenlee, Mr. & Mrs. O. C.; Greenough, Mr. & Mrs. J. W.; Grenard, Mr. & Mrs. H. R.; Griffin, Mr. & Mrs. Joe; Griffith, Leora; Grillet, Mr. & Mrs. R. H.; Grim, Mr. & Mrs. O. V.; Gudahl, Mrs. Joe; Gustafson, Mrs. S. E.

Haas, Bess; Haas, Grace; Habel, Patty; Hackett, Barbara; Hagler, Mr. & Mrs. E. L.; Hahn, Mrs. H. W., Sr.; Hahn, Mr. & Mrs. R. M.; Hamilton, Mrs. Gladys; Hanson, Mrs. Clinton; Harchanko, Mrs. Anne; Harchanko, Lois; Harden, Lucille; Harkison, Mr. & Mrs. T. S.; Harmon, Mr. & Mrs. L. A.; Hartsook, Ethel; Hasegawa, Mr. & Mrs. Sam; Haugaard, Mrs. Einar; Helfenstine, W. F.; Hendricks, Nina; Hendricks, Mrs. W. J.; Hepp, Mrs. H. A.; Herreid, Bruce; Herreid, Judy; Herreid, Mr. & Mrs. Wayne; Herrmann, Mrs. Larry J.; Heuermann, Mrs. Wm; Heuermann, Mr. & Mrs. Wm. H.; Hiatt, Christine; Hiatt, Judy;

(Continued in next issue)

THE FIRE OF THE LORD FELL

Scripture—I Kings 18:20-40

There is no character in all the Old Testament more colorful or dramatic than the prophet of Tishbite, Elijah. We are told that he wore a coat of hair with a belt of leather, that he ate very little food, and that he could run ahead of horses for 18 miles.

Elijah knew God intimately. We are told that after his encounter with the prophets of Baal at Carmel, he fled for 40 days until he finally came to a cave. It was here that he began to pity himself, saying that he was all alone. Then there came a wind of terrific force, an earthquake that shook the mountains and a consuming fire, but the Lord was in none of these. It was in a still, small voice that Elijah knew the presence of God. He was told by the Almighty that there were 7,000 others who had never bent a knee to Baal.

It fell the lot of Elijah to resist the evil in his own country. Ahab, the king, had married Jezebel of Sidon. She was a strong willed, ambitious and fanatical woman. She brought with her the gods of her own people, and Ahab built a temple for these gods. She pushed Jehovah to one side and brought in 850 prophets of her own. The king with the people vacillated between Jehovah and Baal.

The central struggle of Elijah's ministry took place on Mount Carmel. It was a test to see whether the gods of Jezebel or the Jehovah of Israel would listen and send down fire for the sacrifice. The encounter began with Elijah crying out, "How long can you go limping with two different opinions?" Elijah knew that the people could not serve two gods, for the one sovereign God of Israel demanded total obedience. Centuries later, Jesus was to say the same thing, "You cannot serve God and mammon." Many centuries after this, a great American president faced a divided nation with the words, "A house divided against itself can not stand."

Here is one of the basic axioms of human existence. It is true nationally, politically and personally. A double minded nation or person is always unstable. Is it not true that many of us are weak and vacillating because we have no central

core of commitment, no great single loyalty, no one direction in which we are trying to move? The question then is how long will we limp trying to go in two directions.

Now this struggle on Carmel highlighted one man against the many. This was a single, solitary soul facing the 450 prophets of Baal. Elijah's decision did not come out of a smooth committee action or a group decision. How desperately we need to remember in these days of slick conformity and of mass media that the majority is not always right. Some of the great movements of history have grown out of the power of a committed life facing the crowd.

Then one sees the abysmal failure of the gods of Baal. After a whole morning of shouting, praying and religious frenzy, there was no answer. The sarcasm of Elijah at this point is terrific! He cried out that perhaps the gods of Baal were sleeping or daydreaming or perhaps they had gone on a vacation. The prophets of Baal then cut themselves so that they were covered with blood, and yet there was no answer. This is something of a picture of our own times in that we have lived with gods that have failed us.

Now the moment for Elijah came. The trench around the altar was filled with water three times. Then there was the moving and powerful prayer of Elijah, "O Lord, God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Answer me, O Lord, answer me, that this people may know that thou, O Lord, art God, and that thou hast turned their hearts back." This is not the prayer of a weakling nor is it the prayer of a man who has dabbled with the Almighty. This is the prayer of a man who has lived with God.

Then the fire of the Lord fell—not human fire, but the fire of the Almighty. Here came cleansing and power which was not contrived by human hands. It is this kind of fire that the church needs and that our lives'ery out for. So let us pray and hope that we may see in our time the power of God revealed.

—An Abstract of the sermon preached by Pastor Fredrikson on January 24, 1960

Guidenposts

HELEN HAYES

inspires this . . .

Letter to a troubled friend...

by **SIDNEY FIELDS**

Dear Frank,

When your son died, and you cried:
"Why should God take a boy of 18,
so good, so full of promise?" the
only answer I could give you,
then, was to share your tears
and torment.

But later, your cry was echoed
by a lady I know, I must tell you

(See page 2)



COLONEL
JOHN P. STAPP

**My Life Doesn't
Belong To Me**

Page 12

Also in this issue:

I Had An Inferiority Complex.....P. 16
Ten Steps To Healthier Living.....P. 20

her story because she did find an answer to it.

It was a bitter search for this celebrated lady, and it ended with a package of candy, wrapped in plain brown paper, which she receives every New Year's Eve from an uncelebrated man and wife who run a little stationery store in Brooklyn, New York.

Her name is Helen Hayes. She is not only a famous actress, but the first lady of our theater. She is more too: whenever she departs from any place, she leaves a light behind her. She has grace and graciousness, and a quiet gift for sharing herself with others.

In whatever play she is in, the cast is always invited to her dressing room for tea between the matinee and evening performances.

When she and her husband, the late Charles MacArthur, built a small, private swimming pool behind their house in Nyack, New York, for their son James, then 11,

and their daughter, Mary, then 18, it soon became the playground for all the neighborhood children.

James, now 22, married; and an actor in his own right, was adopted by the MacArthurs when he was five months old. He and Mary always looked upon their mother with a mixture of love, reverence, awe and indulgence.

They admired the way she used to flout custom and go shopping down the streets of the town on roller skates. They admired her indifference to fad and fashion.

"Rather than collect gowns, furs, or jewels," James says, "she prefers to collect roses, tend her garden, listen to music, or a ball game."

Yes, Frank, their's was a happy household.

Helen Hayes first began to act at five in Washington, D.C., where her father ran a meat packing plant. She was in eight plays before she was 12 and was a star of numerous Broadway plays as a young woman. Even-

tually invited to Hollywood, a producer took one look at the diminutive, rather plain Helen Hayes and said: "Well, little lady, we'll just have to act and act and act."

She disliked Hollywood, but her first film, *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, won her an Academy Award. The screen play was written by her husband.

She has created many memorable theater moments. Her most recent play is *A Touch of the Poet*, in which she gladly took a smaller role than her co-stars, Kim Stanley and Eric Portman, because she says, the part showed "The truth that there is only one terminal dignity—love. And the story of a love is not important—what is important is that one is capable of love. It is perhaps the only glimpse we are permitted of eternity."

That's a truth, Frank, that you might think of, now, in relation to your son. It was part of Helen Hayes' search for the answer to that terrible question.

Helen Hayes' daughter, Mary, had unmistakable talent as an actress, and together they planned, worked and dreamed, and finally approached the dream: Helen Hayes and Mary MacArthur, together, mother and daughter, in a play on Broadway.

During rehearsals Mary took sick—polio.

"I had become careless about my faith," her mother recalls. "So when I went to a little church to pray, I didn't dare ask God to make her well. I only asked Him to help me understand, to let me reach Him. I kept asking Him, morning after morning, but nothing happened. All I saw were the faces of the people

in church—faces alight with something I could not share."

Mary died. She was 19.

And like you, Frank, Helen Hayes cried out in anguish: "Why, why should a lovely, talented child be taken away?"

To make her forget, her husband traveled with her to the far corners of the world. When she returned, she tried to throw herself into a frenzy of work. But the death of her daughter still seemed cruel and senseless.

She turned to books—the Bible, St. Thomas Aquinas, even the works of Ghandi. She got nowhere. So she shut herself off from all work, all people except her family, though her legion of friends stretched out its hearts and hands to help her.



INP Photo

Mary MacArthur, still in costume, is hugged by her mother backstage after Mary's debut performance in a summer stock performance of *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire* in 1946.



Guideposts—an inspirational monthly magazine for all faiths—men and women from every walk of life tell how they overcame obstacles, rose above failures, met sorrow, learned to conquer themselves, and became more effective people through direct application of the religious principles by which they live.

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RUTH STAFFORD PEALE

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Editorial Office: 3 West 29th
Street, New York 1, N.Y.

Business Office: Guideposts As-
sociates, Inc., Carmel, N.Y.

Subscription \$2 a Year; 3 Years,
\$5; 5 Years, \$7.50. Add 25¢
per year for Canadian and for-
eign. Entered as 2nd class mat-
ter, October, 1953, at the post
office at Carmel, N.Y., under the
Act of March 3, 1879. Accepted
for mailing at special rate of post-
age provided for in Section 538,
Act of February 28, 1925, author-
ized April 16, 1948.

Non-profit. Published monthly.
20¢ per copy.

Notice to Postmaster: Please send notifications regarding undeliverable magazines to Guideposts, Carmel, N.Y.
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Shirley Selfoff

"But no support seemed strong enough," she says. "I couldn't bear the touch of anything, not even the love of friends."

This was her dark hour. Vainly she groped for some light. It came slowly, it came hard . . .

"Only one thing seemed clear," she says. "The *real* meaning of things had escaped me."

Sitting alone one day, she thought of the little church she went to, in prayer, when Mary was sick, and she recalled vividly the faces of the people in that church. The faces alight with something she couldn't share. She realized something then: those faces were happy in the wonderful and collective process of submitting to God and His ways, even though they didn't understand all of them.

"This was a meaning I had not known before," she says. "If life is full of complications, and often heavy blows, the old simple truths offer the wisest way to bear them."

She tried, then, to analyze her success and her independence. She thought of the committees she served on, the causes she backed, the speeches she made . . . but, somehow, they had not been enough.

"Before," she says, "I had been concerned, primarily, with myself and my family, unaware in the human spirit of the need of people for one another. But now I knew that I, too, had to be a living part of God's world of people."

Her world had not been made whole again, for that could never happen. Mary was still gone. But now there would be a purpose, an acceptance, even a happiness in giving and doing, in knowing the need



UPI Photo

In 1955, at a dinner and ball honoring her 50 years in the theatre, Miss Hayes is greeted by her husband, Charles MacArthur and their son, James.

of people for one another!

At last, for the first time, she opened the pile of letters, 3,000 of them from all over the world, which had come after Mary's death. One, from General Dwight D. Eisenhower, revealed his own, long-hidden sorrow at the death of his first son at three. Another was from Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, whose son, Quentin, had died in the spring of his promise at 29. Clare Booth Luce, who lost her own daughter at 19, wrote of Mary:

"Now you will never lose her; she will always be near you, very young, very gay, and always in your heart."

And there was a series of phone calls from a Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Frantz, proprietors of a stationery store in Brooklyn. They wanted to see her. When they told her that they had recently lost their own little son of polio, she was afraid that seeing them would bring back all the black despair she was beginning to forget.

"At first I felt I had no strength

to give them," she says. "I had barely enough for myself. But then I remembered the faces in the church, and I wanted to see them."

She steeled herself for the ordeal when the Frantzes arrived, dressed in their best, stiff, self-conscious. But soon Mrs. Frantz began to talk easily and naturally about her son, and soon the MacArthurs were talking about Mary.

"It was the first time we had mentioned Mary since her death," she says. "First we were startled, then we felt better for it."

But she was shocked when Mrs. Frantz said that she and her husband were going to adopt an orphan. Mrs. Frantz noticed the shock, and said:

"No one can ever take my son's place, yet in my heart there is still love, and maybe wisdom—should I let these dry up and go to waste? No, we cannot die because our children die. I could not love less, because the one I love is gone, but I should love more because my heart

knows the suffering of others."

When the Frantzes were gone Helen Hayes thought: "Mary had been a big and wonderful part of our lives. Weren't we all better people for having known her, and having hoped and dreamed and worked for her? Tragic, that it should have ended, but how much better than if it had never existed."

It was her biggest lesson in the grammar of gratitude.

Since that day in 1949, every New Year's Eve she receives from the Frantzes a box of candy wrapped in plain brown paper. It is precious to her beyond price.

And what she gets from it and the Frantzes, you can get too, Frank.

"They showed me," Helen Hayes says, "that God cannot be found in self-pity, in running away, or between the covers of a book, but only in the human heart."

Your friend,

Sidney

Teen-age Philanthropist

You never know how much a small gift—offered in love—can grow. A bottle of aspirin, given by a 13-year-old boy, was the beginning of a \$400,000 gift of medicine supplies to Dr. Albert Schweitzer for his work in Africa.

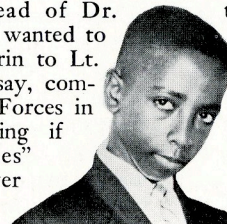
Robert Hill of Waycross, Georgia, son of a U. S. Army staff sergeant stationed in Italy, read of Dr. Schweitzer's work and wanted to help. He sent the aspirin to Lt. Gen. Richard C. Lindsay, commander of Allied Air Forces in Southern Europe, asking if "any of your airplanes" could drop the bottle over Dr. Schweitzer's jungle

hospital.

"Maybe other people would help too," he added. Robert's suggestion was publicized, and the Italian people responded with four and a half tons of drugs, worth \$400,000.

As a reward for his thoughtfulness, Robert was given a nine-day 7,000 mile trip to head the airborne safari which delivered the gift to Dr. Schweitzer and other doctors in French Equatorial Africa.

The trip included a three-day visit with Schweitzer who, as he shook hands with Robert murmured softly, "... a little child shall lead them."*



HOW LOVE HEALED THE DIVIDED CHURCH

A reminiscence by NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

It all began when the Bishop summoned me to his office. One day during my second year of divinity school at Boston University, the Bishop told me that there was a small church in Berkeley, Rhode Island, that needed a minister on week-ends.

It might be a difficult assignment, he said, because the town was in the throes of a bitter strike, and the church was split wide open by a furious intramural fight that had raged around the previous minister, who evidently had been a divisive sort of person. "But," he added, "if you pray hard and love those people, you'll make out all right."

Berkeley lay in the rugged Blackstone Valley, half-way between Pawtucket and Woonsocket. The church, a tiny frame struc-

"Mrs. Forrest," I said, "Mrs. Lloyd says you're one of the best cooks in town."

ture, was perched precariously just above the main road. It seemed to me that it wore a woebegone expression. Indeed, over the whole town brooded a kind of malevolence, a spirit of strife and sullen discord. I could feel the bitterness; it was like a poison in the air.

I also felt that both factions in the congregation regarded me with a good deal of suspicion. Indeed one of my flock, a widow lady named Mrs. Forrest, was heard to remark that the new minister looked as if he didn't have sense enough to come in out of the rain.

At first I seemed to make little headway. But one night, praying as usual for patience, wisdom, and the chance to put love into practice with these people, I was rewarded by a sudden thought. Why not try and help some of the quarrelers to think that their enemies were not so hostile after all?

The next day I went to call on Mrs. Forrest. She was busy in her kitchen, but received me grimly in her front parlor. After a few polite exchanges I leaned back guilelessly in my chair. "Mrs. Forrest," I said, "I heard Mrs. Lloyd say something very nice about you."

Mrs. Forrest blinked. Mrs. Lloyd was one of the leaders of the other church faction. "Humph!" she said. "You must have been hearing things!"

"No," I told her, "she said you were a marvelous cook." (This was true: I *had* heard Mrs. Lloyd make

some such grudging admission.) "I got the impression she considered you one of the best cooks in the town."

"Well," said Mrs. Forrest, "I'm not too bad. And if it comes to that—" she tossed her head as if she could hardly believe what she heard herself saying— "Peggy Lloyd makes nice light pastry herself."

As you can imagine, the next call I made was at the Lloyd's house. "You know, Mrs. Lloyd," I said, "I heard Mrs. Forrest say something very complimentary about you . . ."

"Who?" cried Mrs. Lloyd incredulously.

"Mrs. Forrest. She said you made the best light pastry she ever tasted. You don't happen to have a small piece of pie handy, do you? I'm starving!"

This was only the beginning. As the week-ends went by, I kept up this experiment in creating good will. There were no miracles, no dramatic changes overnight. But gradually the atmosphere began to clear. People who had ceased speaking began to talk to one another; neighbors who were hostile to one another began to be reconciled. And the reason, I knew, lay not in my little stratagems and flatteries, but in something much deeper and stronger: the Christian doctrine of love.

Week after week, from that plain little pulpit, I preached on the futility of hate, the destructiveness of resentment, the healing power of love. "Listen to this wonderful text,"

I would say. "Listen carefully: 'A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you . . .'"*

I would look down from the pulpit at the strong faces in front of me, at the clean, but well-worn clothing, at the work-roughened hands. I would grip the railing in front of me in the intensity of my effort to make them understand.

"You want respect and affection, don't you?" I would plead. "Then you have to give it. In this life we only get back what we give. Give hate to the world and the people around you, and you'll receive hatred. Cultivate an attitude of superiority, and you'll likely be treated with contempt. The whole universe is an echo-cavern. What you send out reverberates back to you. Please listen to me, I am telling you the truth . . . and in your hearts you know it!"

And they did listen; I could tell by the softening, the longing that came into their faces.

I became utterly engrossed in the task I had set myself. Five days of each week I spent in Boston with my classrooms and textbooks. But each Friday I would return eagerly to Berkeley.

I was lucky, in a way, that my first church was a divided one. It gave me an insight both into the corrosive

Then I told Mrs. Lloyd, "Mrs. Forrest said you make the best light pastry she ever tasted."

action of hate and the healing power of love. I was very young, very inexperienced, and in many ways I was hopelessly inadequate. But some of the truest friends of my life were made in the bleak little mill town.

I'll never forget the Sunday night when I was preaching once more on the power of love to heal and reunite divided people. At the end of the sermon I found myself so moved that, for the first time in my life, I challenged anyone in the congregation who sincerely wanted to be changed to leave his pew and come to the altar to make a decision for Christ.

To my astonishment, five people in the tiny church rose and came forward. Watching them come, hopeful and trusting, I felt my enthusiasm melt away and consternation take its place. Who was I, a nobody still in divinity school, to be leading human souls to a rendezvous with their Creator? What could I say to them? What should I do?

They stood there, waiting, and the silence seemed to lengthen into light-years. Finally I did the only thing I could do. I asked for help. I knelt be-

side the five who had come forward.

"Lord," I prayed silently, "I need your help. These people are here, and I don't know what to say to them; give me an answer—please."

When I opened my eyes, I had my answer. It was in the faces of those five people. They were alight, they were shining, they were transfigured. Looking into their eyes, I knew that what I said or didn't say made little difference. I saw there the projected power of the Christian faith, the one element recognized through the centuries as unique and supreme, the power of Christ to change human lives.

Later, when they were all gone, I locked up the little church, then walked home slowly through the rocky Rhode Island hills. The moon was clear; the air was crisp with autumn. I came at last to the parsonage. I stared at the weather-beaten shingles, silver in the moonlight, and I felt a sudden flood of love and gratitude for the little house, for the quiet, decent people with whom I shared it.

That was one of the greatest moments of my ministry.

Words that change people

Years ago, in Australia, a vital headstrong girl often displayed a hot temper that greatly worried her mother. One day, when she became very angry over some trivial matter, her mother took her aside and gave her some advice in exactly six words.

The girl grew up to be Sister Kenny, the famous Australian nurse whose healing hands brought so much comfort to so many polio-stricken children. Her whole career was marked by stormy controversy. But in all her battles with doubters, who ridiculed her methods and questioned her integrity, Sister Kenny remembered her mother's wise counsel: *Anyone who angers you, conquers you.*

Only six words: but how they can change a life.

Adapted from Friendly Lines, by Gerald Bath

Guideposts, January, 1960

MAN'S TEN GREAT LOVES

What is love?

Simply, and supremely, the Bible states: God is love.

In an effort to learn more about this powerful, but bewildering force, the editors of Guideposts have spent months discussing the different kinds of love that man experiences in the course of a lifetime. Out of their discussions has come a series of ten articles, each one by an individual who tells from personal experience how a particular kind of love brought him or her closer to the heart of truth. Love of friends, of family, romantic love, even love of self—these are but four aspects of what Guideposts calls "Man's Ten Great Loves."

"Love is an act of faith," says a character in a new Broadway play.

"It is the most effective force in the world," says a Harvard professor.

Regardless of definition, here at Guideposts we believe that whenever men seek for God, the word that guides them is love.

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The Christmas we had everything....

by CORINNA
MARSH

New York City

THE trouble was that my husband and I were never business people. He was an illustrator of children's books—when he had work. I wrote verses for greeting cards at anything from \$2 to \$4 for a four-line verse—when I had work.

And there was Pete, our little son, to bring up. The depression year he was six and starting school, we were really up against it. We managed to give him the bare essentials. But none of us had any more than bare essentials that year in the way of material things.

We were richer than most people, though, we felt, in things of the spirit, things of the mind and imagination. That was a comfort of sorts to us, but nothing a six-year-old could understand.

Christmas was coming, and certainly on Christmas a little boy needs a present from his mother and father that he can hold and keep and show his playmates, something that has to come from a store, but that year we just couldn't afford it.

Both my husband and I worked harder than ever to earn a little extra for Christmas, and we did manage to buy a tree. It was small and kind of scraggly, but it *was* a Christmas tree and it smelled as fragrant and piney as any other.

We had a few decorations left over from last year to trim it with, but not many. No lights, no colored balls or bells, no angels, no candy canes or cornucopias, much less anything to fill them with. But we did have some silver tinsel, not too tarnished, and the gold star for the top of the tree shone as bright as ever.

We decided we'd have to fill the gaps with something. So we got white and pink popcorn in the candy store, and the three of us strung it, one pink and one white, one pink and one white, until we had yards of it, enough to wind around and in and out of the branches.

"This is fun," said Pete, "and you can always eat your mistakes." He laughed hilariously as he popped a pink "mistake" into his mouth.

We laughed too but not quite so hilariously.

When Christmas was only a few days off, we decided we'd have to tell Pete now that there wasn't going to be any store-bought presents this year—for any of us.

"But I'll tell you what we can do," said his father with an inspiration born of heartbreak. "We can make *pictures* of the presents we'd like to give each other. We can draw them

or cut them out of magazines or make them out of whatever scraps we can find around the house."

The idea came so quickly after the blow of "no presents this year," that Pete's face barely had time to fall before it lifted in anticipation of the enterprise ahead.

For the next few days the house was full of quiet activity. Each of us worked secretly, and our conversations were punctuated by giggles and furtive glances.

On Christmas morning the tree looked pretty enough with its pink and white popcorn decorations and its lofty gold star proudly celebrating the original star of wonder, star of light.

But never was a Christmas tree heaped with such an array of glittering riches! The gifts were only *pictures* of gifts, to be sure, cut out or drawn and colored and painted, nailed and hammered and pasted and sewed. But they were presents luxurious beyond our dreams.

There was a sleek black limousine, a red motor boat, and a private airplane for Daddy. There was a diamond bracelet and a royal blue velvet dress and a chinchilla coat for me. Pete's presents were toys cut from advertisements of the hand-somest and most expensive of play-things for little boys. Our best present to him was a huge picture of a fabulous camping tent complete

with wonderful Indian designs painted, of course, by Daddy, and magnificent pictures of a baseball outfit and a swimming pool, with funny remarks by me.

Daddy's best present to me was a water-color he had painted of our dream house, the house we always hoped we could live in some day—white with green shutters, and lilacs and forsythia bushes on the lawn.

My best present to Daddy was a sheaf of verses I had written over the years, verses of devotion and of sad things and amusing things we had gone through together.

Naturally we didn't expect any "best present" from Pete. We thought the luxury cars and jewels and furs he had so laboriously cut out or painted for us were more than enough.

But at last, with many squeals of secret delight, he told us he had a best present for us too. It turned out to be a crayon drawing executed in the flashiest colors and the most modernistic technique. But it was unmistakably the picture of three people laughing—a man, a woman, and a little boy. They had their arms around one another and were, in a sense, one person. Under the picture he had printed just one word: US.

For many years we have looked back at that day as the richest, most satisfying Christmas we have ever had.



My life doesn't belong to me . . .

by JOHN PAUL STAPP

Colonel, Medical Corps, United States Air Force

It was 5:00 in the morning when I woke up. I dressed slowly, ate an orange and drank one cup of coffee. Then I drove from my house in Alamogordo, New Mexico, to the Holloman Air Force Base. I remember that I drove cautiously, keeping well under the speed limit, which is interesting, in view of the fact that within a few hours I would be streaking across the desert faster than anyone had ever before moved on the face of the earth.

Ever since the advent of jet aircraft, pilots had been wondering if they could survive a bail-out at supersonic speeds. We were trying to find the answer to that question. Basically, the test we were about to make was a simple one. The idea was to propel a sled over some rails with rocket-power, and then to stop the sled abruptly. The conditions of windblast and deceleration that would result would be close to the conditions that a pilot would face in bailing out of a high-performance aircraft. Our aim was to discover as much as we could about how the human organism reacts to such pressures.

And why was I the one to be ex-



Air Force Photo

Called the "fastest man on earth," Colonel Stapp is the rocket-sledding holder of the world land speed record (632 m.p.h.). The camera records the terrific pressures he withstood on that run.

perimented on? Partly because, as the officer in charge of the Aero Medical Field Lab, I disliked asking someone else to do what I had not done first myself. And partly because I was 44, slightly plump, and unathletic. One look at me, if the test went well, and the bronzed young men who pilot our jets could say, "If he can survive, I can."

So, on that overcast morning of December 10, 1954, I went to the lab room at Holloman for the pre-run physical. I knew that I was going to be subjected to forces which would be painful and dangerous.



Dear Friend:

This little inspirational publication - Guideposts, is a "must" in an increasing number of homes today and we have subscribed for many of our employees. It is non-profit and for all Faiths and Creeds.

Its true life stories bring refreshment at the end of a busy day. They may start the day with new inspiration. All of us at the Hilton Hotels hope that Guideposts will give you the same pleasure it gives us, and that it will help to make your stay with us memorable.

Sincerely,

Conrad N. Hilton

CONRAD N. HILTON



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STORIES IN GUIDEPOSTS
EDITED BY NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

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Every month more than 1,000,000 persons read Guideposts because of the practical help they get from these inspiring stories. Young people, too, are impressed by the stories about their sports and TV heroes who tell how faith and perseverance made them real "champs."

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My pulse was fast, 110; my blood pressure was up a little, and I was perspiring slightly, although it was relatively cool.

After the physical, I put on a sweatshirt and standard blue wool flying coveralls. I picked up the black gum rubber mouthpiece made to a cast of my dental bite, which would protect my teeth. At 8:30 I walked out to Baker 3, where the track is located. The run was scheduled for firing at ten o'clock, and already mechanics were checking out the last details of pre-run preparations. Officers in charge of the track were calling back and forth, their voices metallic over the intercom. Tension was mounting. Everyone was getting set for those ten seconds of supreme coordination when cameras, telemetering transmitters, time-distance recorders and a host of other devices would click in the right sequence to make the precious records of the run.

I climbed into the sled. It took an hour and 20 minutes to fasten all the harnesses and adjust the helmet. The shoulder straps and lap belt and inverted-V leg strap were placed in position and clamped in place. I put the bite block in my mouth. My hands were tied between my knees, to keep them from flailing around during deceleration. A string to start one of the cameras mounted at the front of the sled was placed between my fingers, and I was told to pull it at the count of minus five seconds.

At last the chest strap was tightened. This had to be done within the final 20 minutes of the countdown as it had to be pulled tight enough to restrain all rib motion, and breathing became extremely difficult.

One by one everyone stepped down and left me. It was X minus 3 minutes. I did not think about the run ahead of me. Just pull that string at X minus 5 seconds. X minus 1 minute: two red flares signaled from the blockhouse. A siren howled. X minus 45 seconds. I gripped the bite block, swallowed, moved my head forward and shifted my knees together. X minus 30. My heart rate was up. X minus 15 . . . here it comes . . . in a few seconds the world will hit you in the back, but don't forget to pull that string at X minus 5. The final seconds of the countdown: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5—I pulled the string and heard the whir of the camera. Four, three, two, one: FIRE!

There was an ear-splitting blast—like sitting in the middle of an explosion—as nine rockets totaling 40,000 pounds of thrust came on simultaneously, and the sled seat rammed against my back.

My head sank into the five-inch thick cushion. One, two, three, I counted. The sled screamed forward with the most terrific sustained pickup I've ever experienced. For a fraction of a second, the speed was 632 miles per hour. In the dense atmosphere of the earth's surface, the windblast was equal to that on a jet traveling at cruise altitude (35-40,000 feet) at 1800 miles per hour.

My eyes blurred. My vision narrowed to the objects straight ahead of me. Then the sled hit the water brakes.

My body slammed into the harness. Severe pain shot through my eyes, as they strained in their sockets. It was like a molar being extracted without an anesthetic; vision became a salmon colored blur, with

no images.

The sled stopped.

I couldn't open my eyes. The chest strap was so tight I could barely breathe. I struggled for consciousness. A piece of cotton soaked in ammonia was held to my nose, but I could smell nothing. Someone tried to place an oxygen mask over my face but I fought free of it.

They loosened the straps and I got shakily to my feet. I could not see to get off the sled. I was picked up by attendants, put on a stretcher, and taken to the hospital. Within eight minutes I regained nearly normal eyesight.

This was the fastest run ever made, but it was only one of many as high-speed bail-out techniques were tested and perfected. I, myself, rode the rocket-sled 29 times; I rode the centrifuges and catapults and open cockpit jets. I've broken my right wrist twice, my ribs three times, I've lost teeth and had retinal hemorrhages.

The question all of us who volunteer for these tests are asked most frequently is, "Aren't you afraid?"

For his pioneering work in aero medicine, Colonel Stapp has been awarded many honors, including the Commander's Order of the Legion of Merit.



IS THERE A LIMIT? A group of friends at a winter resort were enjoying the glory of the full moon through the trees. One of the group said: "If all the world were enjoying this beauty, that fact would not detract one particle from the brilliancy of the moon. So it is with God: if all the world drew on Him for peace, help, strength, and harmony in their lives, they would not diminish by one iota God's boundless and all-sufficient supply."

Dr. Robert Andrews Millikan

My answer is "No." Excitement, pre-run tension, the heightened pulse that always precedes a firing, yes; but not fear.

The answer I think must come in a mental attitude toward life itself, the same attitude that governed my parents' lives.

My parents were married in 1909 when my father was 29, my mother, 30. They had a brief honeymoon at Niagara Falls and then, as Baptist missionaries, they went to the hottest, buggiest, physically most disagreeable part of Brazil where they stayed the rest of their lives, and where my mother is now buried. The thing that let them do this was the simple conviction that their lives were not their own; their lives had only been loaned to them. They went where they felt God wanted them, without worry, or regret, or looking back.

From them, growing up in Brazil, I learned the foolishness of being terribly concerned with one's own life. We didn't make our lives, so why all the anxiety about them? The big thing we *should* be concerned about is the work we have to do. As missionaries, my parents' work was saving souls; as a doctor, mine is saving lives. But, no matter what the job, we can all learn something from the missionaries: when your life does not belong to you, you cannot be afraid for it. ◀ ▶

THE INCOMPARABLE ONE

MORE than nineteen hundred years ago, there was a Man born who lived in poverty and was reared in obscurity. He possessed neither wealth nor influence.

In infancy He startled a king; in childhood He puzzled doctors; in manhood He ruled the course of nature, walked upon the waves as if they were pavements, and hushed the sea to sleep.

He used no medicines and yet He healed multitudes.

He never wrote a book, and yet all the libraries of the country could not hold the books that have been written about Him.

He never wrote a song, and yet He has furnished the theme for more songs than all the songwriters combined.

He never marshaled an army, nor drafted a soldier, nor fired a gun; and yet no leader ever had more volunteers who have, under His orders, persuaded more rebels to stack arms and surrender without a shot fired.

Every seventh day the wheels of

commerce cease their turning, and multitudes wend their way to worshipping assemblies to pay homage and respect to Him.

The names of the past scientists, philosophers, and theologians have come and gone; but the name of this Man abounds more and more. Though time has spread nineteen hundred years between the people of this generation and the scene of His crucifixion, He still lives.

Herod could not destroy Him, and the grave could not hold Him.

He stands forth upon the highest pinnacle of glory, proclaimed of God, acknowledged by angels, adored by saints, and feared by devils, as the living, personal Christ, our Lord and Saviour.

It was the Incomparable Christ who said:

*Behold I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.**

Condensed from the American Tract Society

"I had an inferiority complex"

by CHASE WALKER

ELMER CARY of Houston, Texas, has had to put up with a lot of ribbing in his life. For one thing, they've kidded him about his name, "Why did your folks call you Elmer?" And sometimes they kid him about his work, too: Elmer is a salesman of cemetery lots.

Despite the kidding, Elmer won an international sales contest a number of years ago. "After that, people were always asking for my secret of success," he says. "I didn't mind giving it to them. And my secret is, that I had an awful inferiority complex."

Elmer was painfully aware of his relatively short stature, too, from the time he was old enough to sit on the corral fence of his father's ranch in Cedar Bayou, Texas. He learned in early boyhood fist-fights to depend on his wits rather than on his brawn. One day a salesman came to the ranch. Elmer watched him talk his mother and father into buying a washing machine.

"I was fascinated," said Elmer. "His mind raced way ahead of his tongue as he probed for weaknesses in my folks' armor and found them. It was a masterful job, and as soon as he left I told my father, 'When I grow up I want to be a salesman.'"

Elmer had some basic lessons to

learn. One day, some years later, when he was just starting out as a salesman, he walked up to a large white-painted farmhouse. Elmer wasn't feeling very sure of himself. He knocked timidly, and when the door finally opened, there stood a giant woman—at least 14 feet tall—scowling at him.

"Well?" said the woman.

Elmer launched into his prepared sales speech. When he had finished he took a deep breath and held out his order blank hopefully.

"Why you little shrimp," said the giant woman, "you're no bigger than my 12-year-old son."

This wasn't working out the way Elmer had planned. He grew angry. "And you . . .," he snapped back, "you're as big as my sister's Palomino horse."

Later, when he had calmed down, he began to realize that he had been as cruel as the woman. "It's because I've been hurt so often that I'm extra sensitive," he said to himself. "What am I going to do about it, hurt back, or let my sensitivity extend to other people's feelings?"

Elmer Cary set out on a program of self-change. He began to arise early in the morning, and go through a series of spiritual exercises designed to change his feelings about himself and about the people he met. He became convinced from his Bible

reading that we all really *are* children of God and equal before Him. "And if the people I meet are my equals," he said to himself, "then I should treat them as equals, not as people 14 feet tall."

Elmer, during his early morning exercises, tried to interpret the Bible in images . . . "*Take unto you the whole armour of God . . .*"* he read. Elmer did. He prepared himself for the day by protecting his mind with a solid helmet of right thinking. He put on the breastplate of righteousness, (to Elmer this meant decent, moral living) and he took on the sword of faith.

Thus imperviously clad, he could go out into the hard world of salesmanship, and have his mind free to work at top speed without being hindered by blows to his ego.

Elmer quickly discovered that to be effective as a salesman, he not only had to have an efficient mind

but an efficient body. His physique was small, he made it strong. He doesn't drink; he eats lightly of selected wholesome food. And he paces his day so that he can recharge his physical energy. He does this by dropping into a men's club, lying down for exactly 20 minutes, arising, taking a brisk cold shower, and starting out again as fresh as if it were early morning.

So Elmer Cary did become a salesman, and a very successful one. He uses his quiet empathy with other people's feelings in every phase of his life. He likes to help other businessmen. (Elmer was recently voted a life membership in the Chamber of Commerce for having signed more than 100 new members in a year).

But Elmer's favorite way to use his skills is with private individuals. A few years ago at the Christmas party of a Los Angeles club, Elmer met a cold, unfriendly man, who had a reputation for sharp words and shady practices. Perhaps because it was Christmas, or perhaps because he had had a few drinks, this man approached Elmer, whacked him hard on the back, and said, "What resolutions have you made for next year, Elmer?"

"Do you really want to know?" Elmer asked. He was serious and the man sensed it. The two sat down together and Elmer told him.

"I resolve to keep the true Christmas spirit every day of my life. To do this, I ask God



*Ephesians 6:13

"Why you're no bigger than my 12-year-old son!"

never to let me make a statement that is unkind or untrue . . . to help me to have a sincere smile for everyone . . . never to let me hesitate to lend a loving, helping hand to those less fortunate."

"And that's how you've been so successful? Perhaps you and I could try to keep these resolutions together!" the man said.

They agreed to meet for lunch occasionally and check on how they



Elmer Cary

were doing.

The resolutions had a real effect on this man's life. Before the year was out his reputation had changed. No longer was he the man with a sharp tongue and a shady practice.

"Today he isn't known so much as a salesman or a businessman," says Elmer, "he's called a friend. 'A real friend,' people say. And I guess, after all, that the finest compliment a man can hear."

Fragile Moments

...when God speaks in whispers



FOR the third, sleepless night I walked along the lake shore wrestling with my problem. It was June of 1958 and the moon sparkled on the waves at my feet.

Suddenly, I remembered the last time I had prayed—over 14 years ago, when I was an Infantry Scout and I had walked ahead, leading a patrol into enemy lines.

But tonight my walk was different—it was the year of business recession, and I was about to launch my own manufacturing venture in metal stamping. I had no building, no machinery, only enough cash to live on for a couple of months, yet a burning determination not to have stockholders with controlling interest.

Yes, I had faith in myself—but in no one else. Perhaps it was this acknowledgment that urged prayer to my lips as I walked on, stooping to pick up a stick of driftwood and swinging it casually . . .

Suddenly I stopped and gazed,

almost in disbelief, at what I held in my hand. Moonlight on the driftwood showed a slender stick that sand and water had washed into a delicate silhouette of the Mother Mary holding the Christ Child.

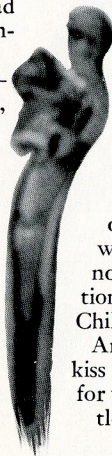
The moment was eerie, almost supernatural, as though God were speaking to me out of the darkness, out of the endless washing of the waves, saying, "Have faith—there is a guiding hand."

Then the spell broke, and I walked home along the shore, went to bed and slept.

Today, a year and a half later, our fireplace mantel is adorned with a lovely piece of driftwood—not in the profile of twisting variations—but of Mary and the Christ Child.

And I glance at it each morning as I kiss my wife goodbye before leaving for work—to manage our growing little factory.

Charles L. Fisher
Benton Harbor, Michigan



To Cherish Forever

by MRS. LUCY RICE

Los Angeles, California

ONE marvels at Mom Rice's patience as she puts on Dad's shoes and jokes at his big feet.

"...for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish . . ." have always been more than mere words to my mother-in-law, Gertrude Rice. Each day she puts her wedding vow into action as she cares for her husband, Walter, who has palsy.

First, Mom washes and dresses Dad. Then they sit down to breakfast. She feeds him: then, herself. The breakfast table faces a window which frames a giant maple tree in their Missouri farmyard, and beyond are fields of oats or wheat, and over all, the peaceful, country calm.

Breakfast over, Dad seeks his easy

chair. Mom arranges his feet on a hassock to curb the constant shaking of his body.

His speech is blurred, but Mom can understand him. He calls out, "Here comes the mailman."

Mom walks out to the mailbox. "Only a seed catalogue today," Mom says.

She starts the dishes and Dad calls, "News." She turns on the radio, for Dad's mind is clear and he loves to hear the news.

When he grows tired, Mom helps him to the couch. His weight is more than she can lift. Now he rests.

At noon he awakens and she feeds him lunch, then helps him lie down again. While he sleeps; she sews, or sits there dozing. It's lonesome on the farm. She watches cars go by and wishes she could go somewhere. But once Dad fell and lay out in the blazing August sun, unable to get up. The fear of finding him again—face burrowed in the dirt—has kept her chained at home—while the cars go by.

Now wouldn't this kind of life—day in, day out for 20 years—test your Christianity? All of us perform a Christian act now and then, but most of us keep it from becoming a habit.

With Mom, the habits of many years are strong. Dad calls and she helps him to his easy chair again.

Soon it is evening and they watch TV a while and then to bed. Another day is done.

They are both past 70, but they need no pity—for love is there.



Mom and Dad Rice on their farm in Louisburg, Missouri, ten years ago. Standing are their children: Roy (left), Letha Hamilton and Lawrence, the author's husband.

Diet is more than doing without...

Ten steps to healthier living

by **ELSIE WELLS RUSSELL**

Director of the Nutrition Division of
the Los Angeles City Health Department



SOME months ago a large aircraft factory called my office and announced that, if we couldn't give them immediate help, they would have to discharge a group of women workers.

"They are accident-prone," the personnel manager told me. "Their rate of illness and absenteeism is high. They are losing efficiency. They are overweight."

As a matter of fact, these women were eating themselves right out of a job. Yet I was willing to bet that they were undernourished; excess pounds are not a sign that an individual is *well* fed. Over fed, yes. Properly fed. No!

Twenty years of my life have been dedicated to finding solutions to these problems. As a woman of faith, I firmly believe that the body is the temple of the living God and deserves better treatment. As a nutritionist, I know that proper diet is preventive medicine; that is easier, less painful, and less expensive, to take good care of the body in the first place than to cure it after the damage is done.

It has been my experience that, where poor eating habits persist in the face of enlightenment, it may well be symptomatic of some spiritual lack in the individual and the

environment. And that the answer lies in more understanding love—or better care—for care has been defined as love in action.

Take teen-agers. Two boys, John, 13 and Jeffry, 16, who came under my observation recently at a high school in a good residential neighborhood, are typical of the three major teen-age nutritional problems: the no-breakfast-habit, the custom of eating-on-the-run, even at home, and snacks.

As they gained their teens, their mother had given up supervising breakfast. "She says we ought to be old enough now to know when we're hungry," said John.

So John and Jeffry ate on the run—from pots on the back of the stove, or from a can—because with varied hours and interests they had never developed the habit of a family meal.

On nutritional grounds as well as those of family unity, it would be a blessing if every family sat down together to at least one meal a day. The age-old custom of grace before meals has the endorsement of modern science for physical as well as ethical reasons. Eating as a reverent act, following sincere family worship, is apt to preclude "wolfing" or bickering.

The snack habit is part environmental, part individual. Dining at a

friend's home recently, I heard her inform her small daughter that there would be no candy before dinner. "It will spoil your appetite," she said. Yet, ten minutes later, when a fall from her tricycle brought a flood of howls and tears from the child, she was awarded the candy. It was a quick and easy way to restore peace—but it was all wrong.

When another friend of mine lost her husband during the war, she sought to console her ten-year-old son and herself with an orgy of cake and pie-making. This forms a mental pattern in which the teen-ager, and many of us adults, unconsciously indulge later on. But it isn't sound. Spiritual hunger has never yet been assuaged with food.

The answer is that the family must care, not more, but more correctly. It is fatal to attempt to comfort with candy when the emotional need is not met.

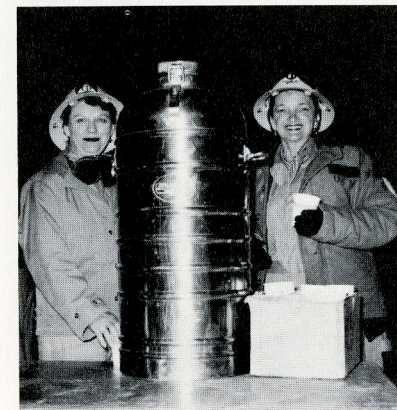
For the senior citizen, personal concern is again the answer. Once he has had the benefit of education, the older person doesn't resist because he is a "stubborn old fool," but because he says, "What difference does it make? Who cares?"

I used to meet an elderly neighbor who took his constitutional in the same park where I walk. Occasionally we chatted, and he complained of poor circulation, excessive weariness. Then one day his hand was bandaged and he admitted some bleeding from the skin. He wouldn't go to a doctor, so I suggested the addition of certain foods, high in vitamins, in his diet.

"I'm not worth the trouble," he said simply. "I'll be gone soon and who cares?"

"I care," I said definitely. "Do it to please me!" From that day on, he no longer sought to still his loneliness with cup cakes, but came to the park to report his daily diet and the improvement he was feeling.

When we come to the most menacing nutritional problem, that of over-weight, it is still a question of caring. Now we must say, "I care for me," for over-weight is self-destructive, just as much as alcohol



Elsie Wells Russell (right), representative for the American Dietetic Association, Mass Feeding Unit, serves coffee in the pre-dawn hours before the Yucca Flat tests, 1955. Helping her is Mrs. Ruth Hastings (wife of the Quartermaster General, U.S. Army), an American Red Cross volunteer.

or drug addiction.

In the case of the women facing dismissal at the aircraft factory, we established a weight control clinic to meet each week for 16 weeks. A diet plus advice and warnings were provided. Yet after two weeks the women ceased losing weight. They could *not* stay on their diets. They had become compulsive eaters and

their will power seemed insufficient to help them help themselves.

Again why?

Because the difficulty was primarily in their emotional nature. Eating releases tensions which can be caused by sexual problems, lack of affection, sorrow or loneliness.

What then can be done? The answer came to me in my personal experience. I had been going through a period of emotional tension and, insidiously, pound by pound, I had gained too much weight. I was faced with having to reduce and I found that I couldn't do it. I would follow my diet for two days, and then I'd fall for a slice of banana cream pie. I was ashamed and miserable. Then I remembered how many times I had compared compulsive eating to compulsive drinking, and that seemingly incurable alcoholics had found release in Alcoholics Anonymous by asking a Power greater than themselves to help. I tried it.

During the next ten weeks I lost a pound a week. It was a pleasant and effortless, as well as a highly rewarding, experience. Here are ten rules I followed for loss of weight which will work for anyone:

1. Take a positive stand. "I will lose weight!"

PRAYER OF A WRITER

Lord of all things, whose wondrous gifts to man include the shining symbols known as words, grant that I may use your mighty power only for good.

Help me to pass on small fragments of Your wisdom, truth, and love.

Teach me to touch the unseen, lonely heart with laughter, or the quick release of tears.

Let me portray the courage that

2. Admit, right at the start, that you need help. Then sincerely ask God's help with the problem.

3. Evaluate the tensions which are causing you to over-eat.

4. See your family physician for a check-up. He will advise how much weight you need to lose.

5. Obtain a sound reducing diet either from your physician or a reliable nutrition authority.

6. Set up a regular pattern of eating and acknowledge God's presence, in the form of your own choosing, before each meal.

7. Remember that the body was meant for use. Use it. Keep it fit. Do setting-up exercises each day, preferably in the morning. Half an hour walks will do wonders for relaxing the body before bedtime.

8. Weigh yourself once a week. Take the long viewpoint. You didn't accumulate this surplus weight in a week; you won't lose it in a week either. Be grateful to see a pound disappear.

9. Have set times for spiritual reading, meditation and prayer; they are the sound way to feed those spiritual wants that calories can never satisfy.

10. Know firmly and with conviction that, with God's help, you can achieve your goal!

exists defiant in the face of pain or death; the kindness and the gentleness of those who fight against the anger of the world; the beauty hidden in the smallest things, the mystery, the wonder of it all . . .

Unstop my ears, unblind my eyes, unlock my heart. Speak through me, Lord, if it be Your will.

Amen.

For Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish Faiths.

THIS MONTH'S *Holidays and Holy Days*

Emphasizing areas of understanding among the three major faiths, their mutual worship of one God, and their determination to preserve freedom under God for all men.

January 1

New Year's Day

—National

January 1

Feast of the Circumcision

—Catholic, Protestant

A Holy Day of Obligation for Catholics. It is also observed in some Protestant churches.

January 3-10

Universal Week of Prayer —Protestant

To emphasize that prayer is a vital force for developing a closer relationship with God.

January 5

Birthday of George Washington Carver (born 1864), botanist and chemist whose agricultural research—in soil improvement, diversification of crops and new uses for peanuts, sweet potatoes and soy beans—improved the economy of the South.

January 6

Feast of the Epiphany

—Protestant, Catholic

The Feast of the Epiphany occurs 12 days (Twelfth Night) after Christmas. Commemorates the manifestation of Christ as the Son of God to the Three Wise Men.

January 30

Rosh Hodesh

—Jewish

In the Jewish calendar each new moon is a time for special observances.

1960		JANUARY						1960	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT			
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17	18	19	20	21	22	23			
24 ₃₁	25	26	27	28	29	30			

Speaking of dates . . .

A NATION REMEMBERS

Each year, on the fifth of January, it is a privilege to join in honoring the memory of George Washington Carver. Though born a slave, Dr. Carver grew up a free man and through all his achievements became the servant of all. He is considered one of the great chemurgists of our time. In his full and beneficial life, he made outstanding contributions in the field of agriculture, and strengthened the economy of the nation.

Dr. Carver's scientific mind complemented his religious convictions.

He practiced his belief in the fatherhood of God and in the brotherhood of man. He demonstrated the wisdom of our American heritage of equality. He was a living example of the fact that genius is found among all peoples.

As we pay tribute to the memory of George Washington Carver, we rededicate ourselves to the fundamental principle of a common humanity upon which our nation is founded and from which we gain continual strength.

Dwight D. Eisenhower*

*In a letter to Dr. Alma Illery, President, The National Achievement Clubs Inc., of Pittsburgh

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