

First Baptist Church

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

THE MORNING WORSHIP SERVICE

January 10, 1960

Eleven O'Clock

Broadcast on Station KELO

~~~~~  
This is the house of God. Enter reverently, and bow silently for a few moments of quiet prayer in preparation for worship.

### MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE KING

Organ Prelude—"Prelude in B".....Schumann  
"In Christ There Is No East or West".....Darke  
(Congregation in silent prayer)

Choral Call to Worship

Processional Hymn—"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty".....107  
(Congregation standing on the singing of the hymn)

Invocation

Lord's Prayer

Gloria

### HIS TRAIN FILLED THE TEMPLE

Reading of the Holy Scriptures—Selected Portions of Amos

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

Pastoral Prayer

Choral Respons—"Almighty Father, Hear Our Prayer"

Anthem—"O Lord Most Holy".....Franck  
Soloist, Mrs. Russell Greenfield, soprano

O Lord most holy, O Lord most mighty,  
O loving Father, Thee would we be praising alway.  
Help us to know Thee, know Thee and love Thee;  
Father, Father, grant us Thy truth and grace;  
Father, Father, guide and defend us.

Rule Thou our wilful hearts, Keep Thine our wand'ring thoughts;  
In all our sorrows, let us find our rest in Thee;  
And in temptation's hour, Save through Thy mighty power,  
Thine aid O send us; Hear us in mercy.  
Show us Thy favor, So shall we live, and sing praise to Thee.

### YOUR GUILT IS TAKEN AWAY

Christian Greetings

Receiving Our Tithes and Offerings

Organ Offertory—"Miniature".....Johnson

Doxology and Prayer of Dedication

### "WHOM SHALL I SEND?"

Solo—"The Lord Is My Light".....Alliston  
Henry Lippert, tenor

Sermon by Pastor Fredrikson

"Let Justice Roll Down"

"HERE AM I! SEND ME."

Hymn of Dedication and Decision—"The Son of God Goes Forth to War".....358

(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 at the side door, Rev. Babcock 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. M. H. Hirt.

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## EVENING GOSPEL FELLOWSHIP

7:30 P.M.

Prelude

Call to Worship and Invocation

Scripture—Matthew 25:14-30

Prayer

Period of Hymn Singing

Special Music by Youth Choir

Greetings and Announcements

Singing of a Hymn

Offering

Soloist—Gail Johnson

Evening Message by Pastor Fredrikson

*"When the Master Returns"*

Hymn of Invitation—"O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee".....380

Benediction—Closing Moments—"Beneath the Cross"

Postlude

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## OPPORTUNITIES OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY, 12:30 p.m.—**Leaders' Briefing Session**

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

5:45 p.m.—**SYADS** (Single Young Adults) meeting in Church Parlor

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

6:00 p.m.—**Keystone B.Y.F.** (Senior High)—School of Missions

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

7:00 p.m.—**Youth Choir**

8:45 p.m.—**Afterglow** for college students in the Youth Room

8:45 p.m.—**Hi Fi** for Senior Highs

MONDAY, 7:30 p.m.—**Sallie Peck Guild**—Communion Service in the Chapel

TUESDAY, 7:30 p.m.—**Board of Kingdom Extension**

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.—**Annual Business Meeting** in Fellowship Hall

8:00 p.m.—**Senior High Choir**

THURSDAY, 12:00 noon—**Trustees** at the YMCA

1:15 p.m.—**Junior Philathea Potluck Dinner** in Fellowship Hall

7:30 p.m.—**Junior High Guild** in Room 111

7:30 p.m.—**Boy Scouts** in the Youth Room

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## CHURCH STAFF

Dr. Roger L. Fredrikson.....Pastor

Rev. Al Babcock.....Minister of  
Christian Education

Miss Carolyn Spong.....Pastor's Assistant

Mr. Duane Sisson.....Student Assistant

Mrs. Clarence Anderson.....Church Secretary

Miss Winifred Jones.....Office Manager  
and Financial Secretary

Dr. Lee Bright.....Director of Music

Dr. Maynard Berk.....Organist

Mr. Harold Wortman.....Director of Youth  
Music

Frank Weins, Ross Beaman, Eugene Mashek, Sextons



## Let Justice Roll Down

- Today or prophet with a voice of thunder.
- A Great man speaking the word of God.

## The Background and Call of Amos

- The isolated town of Beulah. Five or six miles from Bethlehem.
- Hardy shepherds in wild country. Constant war with the desert.
- The reports from the outer world. Caravans coming through or travel to some of the major cities.
  - These reports told of almost unbelievable corruption and sin among God's people.
- Then the killing of a sheep by a lion.
  - This is like God ready to pounce on the wickedness of his people.
  - This becomes a call which Amos could not shake.

# The Great Evil Which Amos Saw and Faced

## 1. The oppression of the Poor by the very Rich.

- The poor were denied their rights even by the courts. A life for a pair of sandals.
- Prices charged were false.
- Containers with false bottoms were used.

## 2. The desecrating of God's Holy Places.

- The use of prostitution in worship.  
Borrowed from the Canaanite religions.  
Speaks of a father and son going with the same woman.
- The priests taking the coats of the poor and indulging in riotous drunkenness.

## 3. The failure of ritualistic religion

- Many national feast days with great pomp and circumstance
- Great show of sacrifice - cattle, sheep and oxen. Giving of Tithes.
- But it was all an empty show.



## The Strategy of Amos' Preaching

- He was a powerful preacher with a message of doom and judgment.
- He appeared in Samaria one day to preach. His strategy was to begin with Israel's enemies.

① Damascus - Terribly cruel in battle.  
Mutilating the dead on field of battle.  
Crowd becomes silent.

② Ammonites - Kipping up pregnant women in the course of battle.  
- Crowd becomes deathly quiet.

③ Mozab - They burned the bones of the King of Edom. Used the lime to make plaster.  
Great cheering.

④ Now Israel for her transgressions  
- God is using a plumbline. The people have failed

- The people are like a basket of fruit.

ripe for judgment. Their day is done.

- The Day is Darkened at Noon.

- A vision of God at the Altar.



# The Great Fastings Insights of Amos

## ① There Is One God

- God of all nature, all history and all nations.
  - Not a differing God for every people or race. He handles the nations like chessman.
- This God is Just, Holy and Righteous.
  - He judges all men with the same standard of Justice. - Forynbee
- The Danger of the present hour is that we believe in a God of the West or a God of the white man or a God of the capitalist. This is being challenged!

## ② The Worship of This God is Related to Man's Common Life.

- God places a moral demand on all men. There is an eternal right and wrong.
- See Justice Roll Town. - God is not only interested in buildings, in our prayers or giving.
- College Chattering. God is interested in Man's dealings with his fellows.
- Now - centuries later. Teaching

③ That a Chosen Nation Has Been Elected To Serve

- God has chosen Israel to be a blessing and salvation to all men.
- They have been given much, but they have become proud, presumptuous and prejudiced.
- So because they were not true to their calling, God would cast them aside.
- This is like a teacher or commander choosing a pupil or soldier to do a job.
- This can become true of our Country.

④ The Source of Our Hope is To Relate Ourselves to God Personally.

- Not to sanctuaries or preaching or practices, but to the living God.
- This God is often seen in the struggle for justice.



# 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 7, 1960

No. 32

## THIS SUNDAY

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

11:00 a.m.—*Morning Worship Service*

“LET JUSTICE ROLL DOWN”  
(Second in a series on the Prophets)

—Dr. Roger L. Fredrikson

Broadcast Over KELO.

7:30 p.m.—*Evening Service*

“WHEN THE MASTER RETURNS”

Nursery Care at All Services

### PASTOR'S MESSAGE

As we begin this first full year together as pastor and people, I hope and pray that all of us can walk in the ways of God with devotion and love. I hope this will be a year when we follow the leadership of God's spirit in witnessing and serving wherever that may take us. All of us should be more mature Christians, understanding the will of God better when this year ends. The possibilities of what we can do are unlimited.

I want to speak a brief word about all of us being involved in the love of the church. We tend to grow cold and disinterested when we feel we are on the fringe of everything that is going on. We say to ourselves that we know so few people, and we begin to pick out the flaws and criticize. Let me encourage you to take advantage of all the worship, study and fellowship experiences our church offers. For example, many people have a stereotyped, false idea of what takes place at our Wednesday evening Fellowship Dinners. This is an experience of fellow-

ship and sharing and prayer that is one of the best things we do all week. If you've never been around, why don't you try it some Wednesday night. The same thing is true about Sunday evening—this is a simple, spontaneous service in which many people find they are helped. I'm particularly eager that younger couples should avail themselves of the Sunday evening opportunity. The whole point of this is that you ought to get involved someplace in a small way if your church experience is going to have meaning.

You will notice that an abstract of the Sunday morning sermon is on page 4 of the “Times” this week. Our advertising has been reduced to a bare minimum. We would be interested in your comments on this new use of the back page.

On Wednesday, January 13, we will be having our Annual Business Meeting. There will be interesting and informative reports, and the pastor will share some of our plans for 1960. Please be on hand if at all possible.

(Continued on page 2)



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7:30 p.m.—**Boy Scouts** in the Youth Room

Well, we're off to a great start. I'll see you in church this Sunday.

In Christian love,  
 Pastor Fredrikson

P.S.

We had a wonderful attendance in spite of the cold weather last Sunday. Keep it up.



### A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT ON CHEC

Our church has received a very fine note from **Dr. Ronald V. Wells**, Co-Director of the Christian Higher Education Challenge. We quote his letter in part:

"Word has come of the splendid achievements you have had in your every member canvass and especially your success in approaching your challenge goal for CHEC.

"I'm sure you are aware of the significance of your church's victory for CHEC for it demonstrates to so many of our churches far removed from any college campus the importance of Christian higher education.

"We have appreciated also the deep loyalty you have had across the years in support of Sioux Falls College and those of us in the Board of Education have been delighted to work shoulder to shoulder with you in strengthening our college."



### TALK BACK

Another series of **Talk Back** programs is being run over KELO-TV every Sunday

from 1:00-1:30 p.m. This series will continue through the month of March. We encourage you to tune in and discuss the topic of the day. This series is sponsored by the Sioux Falls Interchurch Council.



### LEADER'S BRIEFING SESSION

There will be a creative sharing of hopes, dreams and plans for 1960 for all Church Leaders on Sunday, January 10. A simple lunch will be served at 12:30 p.m. followed by discussion and planning. This will be for all **Officers, Board and Committee Members** as well as **Adult Church School Officers**. Please help the Church Office by sending in your card. Wives and husbands are also welcome to attend.



### SCHOOL OF MISSIONS CLASSES

Nursery I, II, III, IV.....Room 122  
 Kindergarten and Pre-School.....Room 211  
 Primary—Grades 1-2-3 .....Room 312  
 Junior—Grades 4-5-6 .....Room 309  
 Junior Highs .....Room 216  
 Senior Highs .....Fellowship Hall  
 Roger Williams .....Youth Room  
 Adults .....Golden Circle Room 111



### LAST SUNDAY—AT A GLANCE

**Attendance:** January 3  
 Church School .....522  
 Morning Service .....785  
     Sanctuary .....536  
     Children & Teachers .....249  
 Evening Service .....158  
 New Year's Eve .....275

**Contributions** .....\$4,212.73

### THE PASTOR'S SERMON TOPICS FOR MORNING WORSHIP SERVICES IN JANUARY

January 10—"Let Justice Roll  
 Down"—Amos

January 17—"Fire in My Bones"—  
 Jeremiah

January 24—"The Fire of the Lord  
 Fell"—Elijah

January 31—"Whom Shall I Send?"  
 —Isaiah

### A WORD FROM THE MINISTER OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

It was thrilling to hear our church worship service broadcast last Sunday as we drove the icy highway returning from our vacation trip. The spirit of our great church was certainly evident in the music, the prayer and the message. It made me thankful again to be a part of this fellowship.

And it was thrilling again to come into our building to see the **School of Missions** getting under way. The 121 who attended as pupils were led by 15 teachers in classes for all age groups. And I was thankful again for lay men and women who can assume such responsibility and follow it through.

Then it was exciting to sit with the Pastor for a few moments after the evening service to discuss our **Leaders' Retreat** next Sunday. Perhaps it is the exuberance of the two weeks in California, but I feel like leaping and shouting for joy at the possibilities which beckon us. If you are invited, don't miss that meeting.

But it makes me sad that I must leave again in the morning on Monday for Green Lake, where I will be learning my part as Chairman of the State Christian

Education Committee of our denomination. I will be back on Saturday and will rejoice and worship with you on Sunday.

Al Babcock



### THE LOVE AND SYMPATHY OF OUR CHURCH

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

To **Mr. Floyd Sorenson** and family in the death of his father; to **Mr. Bervin Sherard** in the death of his father; to **Mrs. Emma Cowley** in the death of her sister; to **Mrs. Evelyn Tucker** and **Mrs. C. O. Garver** in the death of Mrs. Tucker's grandson; and to **Mrs. Peter Hendricksen** in the death of her brother.

All the members of our congregation join in expressing concern and prayers in the passing of your loved ones. In the fellowship of the risen Christ we extend our hand of understanding.



### FOLKS AND FACTS

All **Junior High, Senior High** and **College students** are invited to sing in the Youth Choir on Sunday evenings. This group practices at 7:00 p.m. in Fellowship Hall.

Since some remarks have been made about this issue of "**Missions**," you might be interested in the brief article by our pastor in a series on "**Ideas That Have Gripped Me**."

A medium gray, cashmere finish jacket was lost last Sunday. It is a Size 40 tall and was in Fellowship Hall. If you know where this jacket might be, please call the church office.

Our **Annual Business Meeting** will be held **Wednesday, January 13**, in Fellowship Hall. We believe our people should be informed about what is going on in our church, so we hope many of you will plan to attend.

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# - Love That Will Not Let Me Go -

Text—Hosea 11

At the beginning of this year and this decade, which has been called by some the sensational '60's, we need some strong voice of authority that is not our own. In the midst of the babel of many tongues we have great need to hear the word of truth.

So we turn to the prophets. They stand like great towering rocks in the midst of the wilderness. They did not give their own opinions, but said "thus saith the Lord."

The great prophets of the Old Testament always seemed to come at a time of revolution and upheaval. They spoke in the midst of moral chaos and breakdown. They were lonely men of great courage who had a strong urgent sense that they were called by God. Contrary to what many people believe, their greatest emphasis was not on the future, but on the present. They spoke to the actual situation of the day. They dealt with the personal, national, political and religious context in which they lived. Their only authority was the word of God.

Seven and a half centuries before the coming of Jesus there appeared a brooding, sensitive man who was one of earth's greatest lovers. His name was Hosea. It was out of inner anguish and deep personal tragedy that he came to know the message of God for his day.

Everywhere he looked he saw corruption in public life. The rulers were unscrupulous, the courts were corrupt, and the rich became hard and ruthless. Family life had gone to pieces. Vows were easily made and easily broken. His greatest anguish came when he saw corruption in religious life. The priests made it easy to worship and led the people astray by offering attractive idol worship. The awful darkness of this sin was that the people became unfaithful to God. So the sensitive, brooding prophet carried the shame of his countymen deep in his heart.

Then there was Hosea's family tragedy. He loved the woman, Gomer, whom he had taken as his wife. His love for her was steadfast and untiring, but she had no sense of the meaning of his love or the marriage vows. After the first child she became an adulteress. After a third child she threw herself at the feet of the pleasure seekers. In the midst of all of it, Hosea loved her. Finally when she came to the end of her trail, Gomer was offered for sale on the auction block in shame. This is where love rises to its shining hour for it was Hosea, whose love had been trampled on, that came to buy her. His bid for her was 15 pieces of silver and a little barley. Here great, steadfast love has dealt with the small, superficial, sentimental love.

It is through the suffering of his own heart that Hosea sees the plight of God and his people. The great God of Israel has loved the people through captivity and adversity, but the people do not even care to understand God. The awful meaning of sin is that man has spurned God's love. This has robbed him of moral distinctions and has infected his whole life like a disease. But the incredible, amazing fact is that God can not give up the people. He hates their sins, but He loves his people. This is their salvation and hope.

Is it not true that this ancient story and message have a sharp relevance for our own day? We have no tragic sense of sin. Everything is hazy and fuzzy. The moral distinctions are gone. This is true because we have lost the majestic awe of God's love. So we settle for gimmicks—easy going religion with no moral demands. Yet it is a suffering God who carries the burden of our unfaithfulness who invites us home by the way of the cross.

—An abstract of the sermon preached  
by the Pastor on January 3, 1960.



# American Disgrace: COLLEGE CHEATING

By JEROME ELLISON

A professor says that cheating is considered part of the game by students who practice it and by the faculty members who tolerate it.

Not long ago a professor in a Midwestern university, concerned about evidence of cheating, set up an experiment to discover the extent of it. He gave a difficult assignment and announced there would be a quiz. On the morning of the test he mentioned that the correct answers were on his desk. Then by prearrangement he was called from the room.

Unknown to the others, two graduate students had been enrolled in the class to observe and report on what then might happen. It exceeded the teacher's worst imaginings. No sooner was he out the door than there was a stampede to the desk. With the exception of two dean's-list geniuses, every student present copied the answers and handed them in as his own.

Cheating in college is not, of course, restricted to the Midwest. Students at a large Eastern university recently produced evidence that fraud was so extensive as to raise a doubt whether the institution's examinations and assigned original work had any validity at all. Given the topic "Cheating at This University" as a social-research assignment, they tied into the task with confessional zeal.

There was, it developed, an ingenious assortment of cribbing and signaling devices in everyday use. "Original" written work, sometimes slightly used or from other campuses, was available at four to ten dollars per paper; "tutors" would perform any kind of homework at mod-

erate fees; complete laboratory notes could be obtained without ever having to spend an afternoon in the lab. Examination questions were frequently obtained in advance through theft, pilfering wastebaskets near the duplicating machines, or bribery of staff employees. One student expressed the consensus: "At this school, cheating is standard practice."

The situation would be more reassuring if such places were the exception. Actually, institutions where large-scale, organized cheating has *not* been known are a small minority. The book *Changing Values in College*, the work of a Hazen Foundation committee headed by Philip E. Jacob, of the University of Pennsylvania, who correlated the material in book form, is the most extensive survey of student attitudes undertaken recently. It has this to say: "The chinks in the moral armor of American students are most obvious in regard to cheating. . . . The practice is so widespread as to challenge the well-nigh universal claim of students that they value honesty as a moral virtue. Frequent cheating is admitted by 40 per cent or more [of the students] at a large number of colleges, often with no apology or sense of wrongdoing."

Fairly reliable survey evidence, Professor Jacob wrote to me recently, suggests that one student in three cheats "rather regularly." At the last meeting of the American Council on Education, Dr. Edward D. Eddy Jr., vice president and provost

(Continued on Page 58)



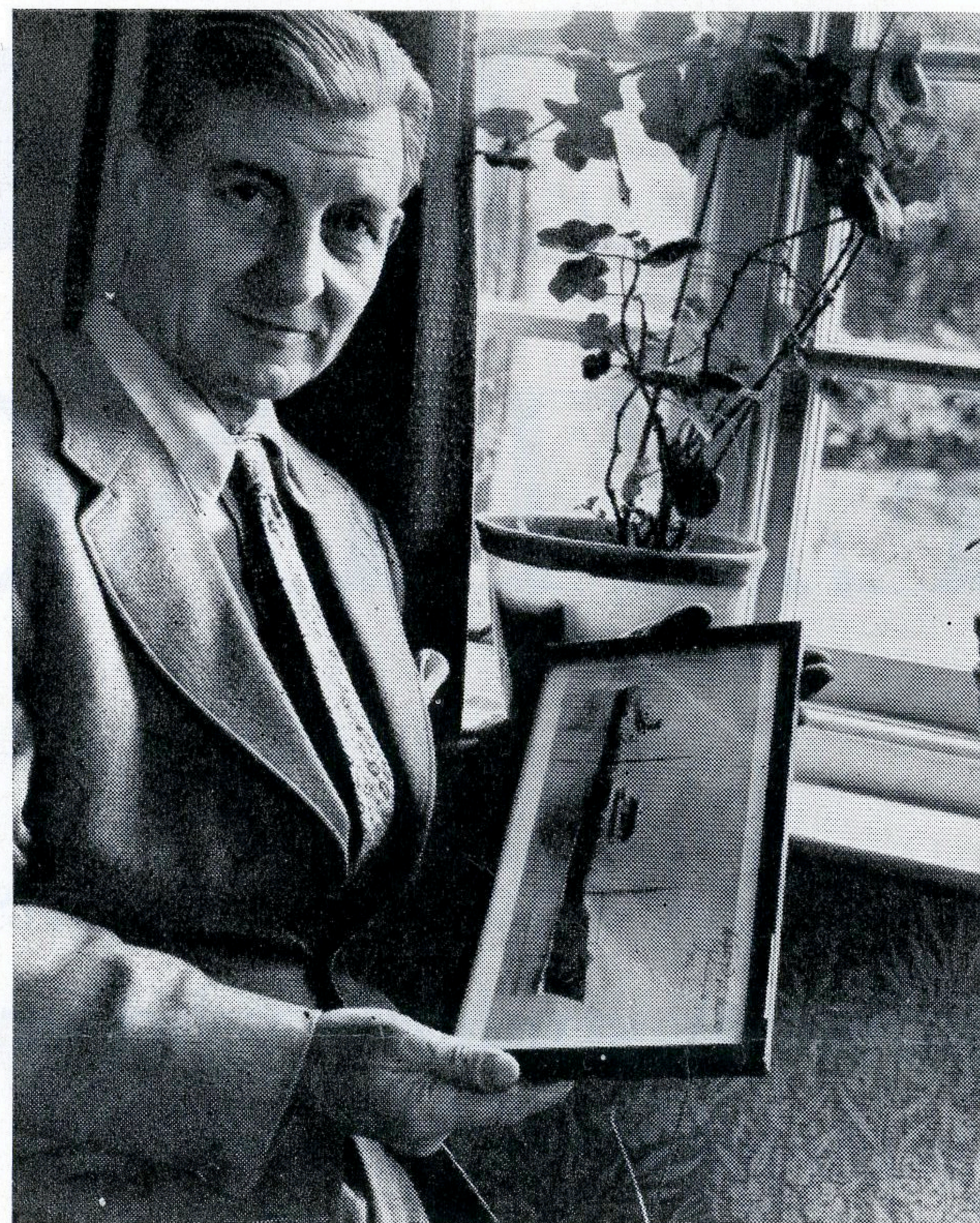
# The Ordeal of the OHIO

Here is the remarkable true story of a brave ship  
that Hitler's Luftwaffe couldn't sink.

By Terence Robertson



Captain Mason in 1942. He won the George Cross for his heroic exploit.



Today Captain Mason, who is fifty-eight years old and has retired from the sea, lives with his wife in Sway, England.

Capt. Dudley Mason mustered his crew in the petty-officers' mess. Each was a hand-picked volunteer for the mission ahead. A lithe, dark and taut-faced officer with the shadows of war in his eyes, he waited for the murmur of voices to die.

"We sail this afternoon," he said quietly. "Our destination is Malta—you all know what that means." He recognized the confirmation in their sudden, grim tension. "There will be fourteen ships in the convoy and we will have the largest concentration of warships available as an escort. This in itself should explain how important it is for us to get through.

"*Ohio* is the only tanker. We shall have to fight with 13,000 tons of high-octane aviation fuel aboard. Now is the time for anyone who wants to back out to say so. I must warn you that if you choose to go ashore you will be kept in custody of the Naval Provost Marshal until the operation is over. Secrecy is essential."

He paused. There was no movement.

"Right. Here is a letter from the First Lord of the Admiralty. It says: 'Before you start on

The picture at left shows how the *Ohio*, supported on a network of wires under her keel, was kept afloat by two British destroyers on the last leg of her voyage.



The picture at left shows how the *Ohio*, supported on a network of wires under her keel, was kept afloat by two British destroyers on the last leg of her voyage.







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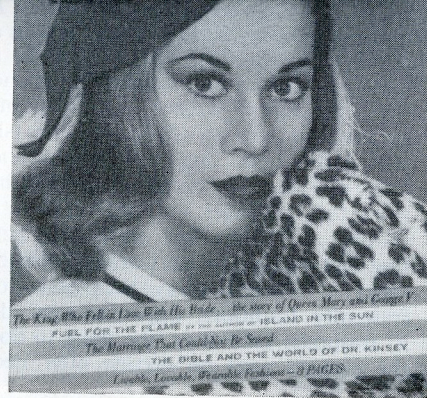
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the JOURNAL's family life features with Dr. Spock on child and baby care, friendly, sound advice to the teen-agers from Pat Boone, marriage counselling series, and "How America Lives". There are also many articles on decorating, furnishing, gardening and entertaining to make home living more comfortable and enjoyable.





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In addition, you'll be reading the many top women's features for which the JOURNAL is famous. To help you look and feel your best, the JOURNAL brings you articles on diets, beauty care, fashions, health and budget wardrobes. And you're sure to like

the JOURNAL's family life features with Dr. Spock on child and baby care, friendly, sound advice to the teen-agers from Pat Boone, marriage counselling series, and "How America Lives". There are also many articles on decorating, furnishing, gardening and entertaining to make home living more comfortable and enjoyable.

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# American Disgrace: College Cheating

(Continued from Page 13)

of the University of New Hampshire, told a discussion group that cheating throughout the country "has become a part of the student culture—it's taken for granted."

It has seemed to me, both as a university faculty member and as a citizen, that the matter is of fundamental importance, not only in the educational world but to the country as a whole. Are we becoming a nation of cheaters? If so, whom are we cheating and what are the likely consequences?

Crookedness in politics, in public office, in show business, in commerce, in finance, in sports—all these are old stories to a realistic American public. They are commonly shrugged off as occurring too rarely for real concern, or as the work of an uneducated, pseudocriminal fringe. But large-scale humbug in our seats of higher learning is far more serious. Here we train the nation's moral, intellectual, commercial and professional leaders. Fundamental damage in these vital centers could in today's world climate produce a self-destructive spiral spinning us toward national suicide.

With these feelings at heart this reporter began about a year ago to carry on from where Professor Jacob and his associates left off. Through personal interview, questionnaire, correspondence and survey of the literature, material from coast to coast has accumulated on my desk. It provides a basis for some opinions, not only as to who cheats how often and how, but also as to who has been responsible, and what is demanded to bring it to a halt.

The most common path of academic waywardness is simple copying—plagiarism. Of the many cases in the dossier I select one, from a Midwestern institution, as representative of the attitudes within our educational machinery that make mass cheating possible.

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reported during a four-year period. The inference—that college and university administrators could put a stop to cheating any time they wanted to—holds throughout the material that has come to my desk.

Why, then, do so many not want to? This question leads, I believe, to the heart of the matter, and must presently be dealt with. But first we ought to explore a little further the various means by which the learning process is diddled.

By far the most common means of cheating is the simple crib, or, in standard usage, illegitimate aid in examinations. Students have written important formulas on sticks of chewing gum, then chewed up the evidence. Scrolls of notes have been rolled into dummy fountain pens, automatic pencils, wrist watches, match covers, cigarette lighters. Data has been written on human skin—palm, or in the case of women students, inside the leg above the knee; and on clothing—dress hems, pants cuffs or sleeves. When tests are given on standard blanks called "blue books," students have smuggled in blanks loaded with basic information; with so many blue books around, the crib is not easily spotted.

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## Auto Biography

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tous arrangement of buildings and classrooms for this to succeed.

Even more important than overt cheating, perhaps, is the frame of mind that leads to it. There coexists, side by side with our higher educational system, an actively propagated faith which may be termed "antieducation." Recently in a Boston restaurant I overheard a conversation in which the main tenets of the creed were set forth. A high-school graduate about to set out for college was receiving advice from an upperclassman.

"Now when you get there, remember," the older boy was saying, "books are for the birds, not for the people. What matters is contacts. Get there a couple, three days early, introduce yourself around, become known, get elected to a class office. Plan your courses so you're not always on the books, so you have time to make contacts."

The younger lad protested that he wanted to be an engineer, a course which called for quite a bit of study along a prescribed curriculum.

"Now, Charley, it's your life, but you ought to get engineering out of your head," the upperclassman said. "It's a grind all four years, morning to night, you're never finished. When you're out of college, does anybody care how many books you read? Make your contacts. Then, man, you got a deal that matters, and if you haven't got that, you got nothing."

The speaker was a fraternity man. He was speaking a philosophy which is heard a great deal around the fraternity houses of the land. Pledges are quite commonly advised to take easy courses and utilize every timesaving short cut. This allows more time for "activities," which are cited during rush week to attract more pledges—time to pursue more activities in an endless antieducational undertow. On many campuses fraternity maintenance of files of past examinations, themes and lab notes is a popular chapter project. Many a fraternity man has planned his four years of "study" around their contents.

Rather a sad case has been made, so far, for the ethical standards of the American college youth. There is abundant evidence, however, that our young people are not happy about it. Not only do they have consciences but these are active and in some cases effective.

It should be noted, for example, that after the "framed" episode described at the opening of this article, students began

We return then to the mixed situation already observed. Though cheating is widespread, it isn't universal. Though nobody exactly approves, there is no nationally enforced academic standard to prevent it.

The result, reflected in student questionnaires from East and West, North and South, is a heavy burden of guilt and conflict. "The main trouble is we are afraid to talk for fear of losing standing with the other students; we are against it in principle, but do nothing." (East) . . . "Many don't quite like it morally; it's considered like stealing pennies as a child—not really nice, but hardly a criminal offense." (North Central) . . . "Lots of students would like to see something done about it, but will never openly denounce anyone seen cheating." (East)

The reason for cheating most commonly given is that the pressure to succeed, reinforced by the fear of failure, overwhelms considerations of honor. "The student doesn't realize the seriousness of the act or feel he is hurting anyone by cheating; the grade in the course is his dominant concern." (South Central) . . . "You're under great pressure to make grades for social or family reasons; this leads to desperate means." (South Central) . . . "Here's the situation: I have a *B* in the course, my fraternity brother has a *D*; at exam time I'm supposed to be a good guy and let him sit next to me and copy my paper." (East) . . . "Students are put into a society where the emphasis is on grades rather than on character and integrity—since everyone else cheats he must too, in order to hold his own." (South) . . . "The whole stress is on getting that degree, not on learning." (Midwest) . . . "There is always the pressure of fraternity tradition; upperclassmen do it, freshmen take it as 'the thing to do,' the custom goes on decade after decade." (East)

Many students lay the blame squarely on the faculty: "The faculty pretends to be against cheating, but when it's under their noses they close their eyes and pretend not to see. Though cheating here is continuous, I've only been in one class in three years where a test was picked up for cheating—thirty-five students out of 170 were asked to leave." . . . "Faculty is inconsistent—some members are strict, others act as if they didn't know the meaning of the word 'cheat.'" . . . "There is not enough faculty supervision—too many classes are just mass-production educational assembly lines." "The



toward national suicide.

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Tom appealed the ruling and was given a hearing before a faculty committee. He turned up with a letter from his local clergyman and with two fraternity brothers as character witnesses. The professor involved was not invited. Tom did not deny that he had plagiarized, but asked to be let off on the ground that a failure would prevent him from graduating. The committee ruled in his favor.

It was a major triumph for local cheaters. It served notice to the rank and file of the faculty that even the most flagrant form of academic fraud would not be regarded, on appeal to the governing authorities, as anything very serious. It confirmed student belief that dishonesty would not be penalized even when discovered. As might be expected, cheating is commonplace at this institution.

Two comparable cases occurred at one of the older New England women's colleges. In both instances the guilty students were promptly suspended, as provided by faculty rules, for one semester. These were the only cases of plagiarism

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These, of course, are all devices of the solitary operator. Gang cheating opens up more extensive possibilities. The principle involved is that someone, either through the possession of a well-informed mind or a good crib, possesses valid information and transmits it—because of fraternal bonds or just to be obliging—to the needy. In one classic case of identical twins, one smart and one dull, the smart one took exams for both!

Often nothing more is required than to hold one's paper so a deficient neighbor can see it. Sometimes, however, intelligence is transmitted to several cheaters through an elaborate signal system. True-and-false and multiple-choice questions can be handled by code. Pen point *up* means true, *down* is false. In multiple-choice, fingers showing at chin level mean number of question; fingers at waist level, number of answer. To prevent leaks some professors are avoiding the duplicating machine, preparing their questions just before the exam and writing them on the board. Cheaters have found the answer to this too. In one system a boy outside reads the multiple-choice questions from the board with field glasses and relays the answers to those near the window by means of hand signals. There must, of course, be a felici-

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It should be noted, for example, that after the "framed" episode described at the opening of this article, students began to call at the professor's office, singly and in pairs, sheepishly admitting that there had been quite a bit of cheating that afternoon and suggesting that nobody would mind taking another quiz on the material. Whereupon the professor confessed that he had deliberately tempted them, and there was mutual forgiveness! Similarly it should be noted that it was the conscience-prompted research of the students that finally laid bare the full extent of cheating in the eastern university mentioned.

Sometimes considerable courage is shown in countering a locally prevailing trend. I know of one fraternity on a campus where cheating is common whose members not only do not cheat but who have withdrawn from all the more frivolous campus activities, making it clear that their purpose in attending college is to learn. National headquarters of almost all fraternities profess concern with scholastic performance. Many local chapters have produced impressive records of honest scholarship. And in some places there is an enduring, campus-wide tradition of strict academic honor. The responsibility of an "honor-system" pledge has been accepted by generations of students at a few institutions.

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Does the faculty have anything to say in its own defense?

An associate professor in one of our Southern universities conceded serious administrative and faculty shortcomings, but did not absolve the students. "As a group, students have resisted every attempt to institute an honor system; almost every period before finals several faculty offices are broken into at night by students attempting to steal examination questions."

The faculty, however, had much to answer for: "We take an attitude of: 'There's no cheating in my department, of course, but it's very prevalent in other departments.' Furthermore, the 'lousy' quality of some of the tests we construct invites cheating. And finally, there's the powerful example of what adults are doing—for example, cheating on income tax."



Administrative officers, our Southern colleague reported, must share the blame. He cited another example of a college administration supporting the cheating student rather than the faculty member attempting to discipline him. "Four instructors independently observed a youngster cheating on a test. We flunked him in the course. He complained to the dean of students, who sent memoranda of rebuke—to the faculty members!" They were expected to be "good fellows" and not be too hard on the students.

A prevailing lack of standards in all fields was cited as the prime cause of collegiate fraud: "Americans seem to have few or no values, especially those of self-control, by which to live. For example, there were recent news stories of price-fixing by large corporations, as they submitted identical bids on a public-works project. This seems to be perfectly acceptable behavior unless there is a specific law against it. Our shenanigans and double talk are observed by young people."

Another professor, who has had experience at two Midwestern state universities and now teaches at an Eastern school, finds at least part of the trouble within the faculty and administration. "Many studies have been done showing how widespread cheating is. There have been cases where school officials hush them up for reasons having to do with politics and the good university name." Professors as a class, he thinks, are not really exercised about the matter: "They often say, 'Let them cheat. The ones who came for an education will get it anyway.'"

A department head at a small Southern junior college dissents: "The faculty here is genuinely concerned; several meetings have been given over to discussions of the cheating problem." He finds student anxiety stemming mainly from lacks in the precollege educational background—and the cheating stemming from the anxiety. A dean at one of Ohio's many large coeducational colleges, reporting on a faculty-student conference, rated the causes in about this order: "Lazy students, lazy professors, importance of grades over knowledge, pressure to get into professional schools."

The dean of students at a big Southern university confesses faculty uncertainty: "They are skeptical about methods of apprehending offenders." As for the main cause of cheating, he tosses responsibility

ple and altruism became the pre-eminent values for seniors." What can be done, Professor Jacob wants to know, to inspire more of our colleges and universities to such high attainment?

In reply I would suggest that a university, like a person, ought to stand for something. Each of the "peculiarly potent" schools stood for a high intellectual and moral precept. At such institutions short shrift is given to cheaters, and faculty members are not reprimanded or reversed on appeal, when they deal firmly with them.

The first step in a school concerned about its cheating, I would think, should be to ask itself what it stands for. Does it rest its reputation on having the biggest enrollment in its state? As fielding the best football team? As offering the greatest variety of courses? As having the handsomest fraternity houses and the most luxurious student-union building? None of these things, I suggest, offers the kind of challenge required. The school must assign itself some inspired goal, some lofty set of aims which has won the passionate loyalty of a dedicated faculty. These aims, whatever may be their specific nature, should have their roots in an undeviating allegiance to the truth.

The practical, national importance of truth is, I think, too little recognized. I am speaking now, not of ideals that tend to become fuzzily poetic, but of the hard-headed business of getting along in the job of being a nation. Because so many trades yield success with few demands on precision, we have come to think that shading things a little to one side of the truth doesn't greatly matter.

This is to lose sight of the fact that we must depend more and more in our nationally crucial ventures upon accurate knowledge. For example, the lessons of history, correctly interpreted, are vital to the national safety. But if our historians are sloppy workmen, who will tell us of such things? The space age demands rockets that will work, and these are not produced by designers who won their A's in math by cheating. The surgeon at the operating table needs knowledge, not just a grade. There is an ever-increasing number of fields where fooling with the truth, either through incompetence or fraud, can produce disaster. If the repositories of knowledge have grown careless about the truth, we are undone. It is somewhat as if a nation backing its currency with



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The dean of students at a big Southern university confesses faculty uncertainty: "They are skeptical about methods of apprehending offenders." As for the main cause of cheating, he tosses responsibility back on the student: "Poor background, lack of a sense of honor and personal integrity, lack of ability to do college work."

Professor Jacob of Pennsylvania, whose book has been previously mentioned, splits the blame between faculty and student. He finds the prime causes of cheating to be "overemphasis on grade-exam procedures and a widespread student tradition of tolerance toward the practice."

Now we are ready for the inevitable question. What have I to say on my own account? As a member of a university faculty, it would be strange if I had not formed some opinions.

Professor Jacob's book contains an interesting chapter titled, "The Peculiar Potency of Some Colleges." In it he notes the extraordinary effectiveness of some institutions in producing superior graduates, and the high academic morale that prevails on their campuses. Students in one place "have a high regard for their college education and do not cheat." In another, "the touch of the institution's special influence has been felt." Students of a third would "like to make a contribution to society for which they would be remembered." At a fourth, "love of peo-

spective nature, should have their roots in an undeviating allegiance to the truth.

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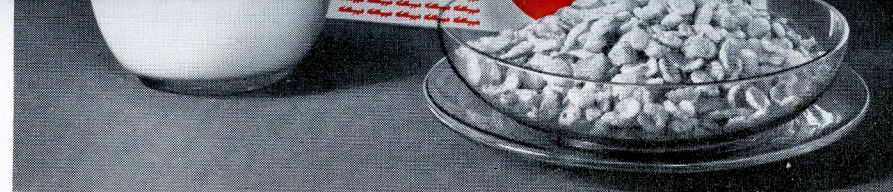
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The same regard for truth that produces intellectual greatness can also reduce the anxiety that apparently drives so many students to cut corners. The new national demand of a college diploma for every child is bound to bring some disappointments. Not everyone—as shown by a national dropout rate of 60 per cent in four years—is capable of winning a university degree. Accepting one's limitations is surely one form of accepting truth.

Surely those honest ones who failed in college have a right to leave there without feeling that they have failed in life. Some of the most exalted chapters of human history, they should understand, have been contributed, and are still being contributed, without benefit of diploma. There is vital work to be done that does not require a college degree.

But those who have chosen to strive for this honor, and those who bestow it, need to understand the gravity of what they are doing. Knowledge is the true currency of our time. The college diploma is one token of knowledge. If, through cheating, it is turned counterfeit at the mint, we are bankrupt.

THE END



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## Head Man (Continued from Page 21)

"He came alone, not even a secretary," Toal said to Miss Gates, whom he had reassigned to General Stenographic. "They'll surround him, won't they?"

"Perhaps not," she reflected as she studied his picture in the paper. She was a thoughtful girl, wearing medium heels and a gentle shrewdness. Sam Toal wished he had an office for her, so that people couldn't stare at the girl who had taken such a demotion. But he admitted that Jennifer Killian had the savvy that now would be needed on the fourth floor.

The papers blew off Miss Killian's desk just outside stripped-down office No. 1 every time Gardella opened a window to throw out a match. She put an ash tray on his bare desk. He nodded his dark head.

"Miss Killian, stay a minute and tell me something."

She knew the moment had come. Of her he would ask searching questions about who was who. But to side-step the personal, she could take refuge in the official table of organization. She got a copy, returned to his office and sat down. But still she was unprepared.

"Miss Killian, who had your job before?"

"Why, Miss Nelda Gates."

"Where is she?"

"Uh—reassigned. General Stenographic."

"Why?"

"Well, Mr. Keyes felt you'd want —"

But he was instantly on his way out of his office.

The people in General Stenographic were surprised to see him. Sam Toal rose. But after a brief inquiry Gardella walked directly to the desk of Nelda Gates. "Miss Gates? I'd like you to return to your original job." He stared at her.

She was startled. "I'm honored, but I don't think I want —"

"To go through it again? You won't. It'll be different this time."

By the third day of working with Gardella, Miss Gates was at sea. He seemed to know what a tough job he had and how fast he must act, but he didn't seem to be doing anything about it—anything sweeping or strategic enough.

The two presidents before him had failed, but at least during their initial period of grace, with the momentum of newness, they made themselves felt—

was so contagious that she said, "Perhaps. But even so, there's Mr. Daneceau."

"Been watching him too. He's the crowd pleaser. Pushed his way up with a series of bold strokes. Loyalties will run deep for him all through this outfit."

She was surprised. But he couldn't know how deep.

The congenial, intense Daneceau had bullied his way up on opposite merits from Keyes. Where Keyes was an intellect, Daneceau was a fighting flame. He'd had the nerve, when the company was on its back, to barge into Trenton Manufacturing and secure their orders with fantastic promises—which he then inspired all echelons of Ardco to deliver. He knew Ardco was his, and with reason—a formidable man.

"If you really knew about them, Mr. Gardella, you'd—you'd —"

"Maybe they'll co-operate with me right off, Miss Gates. I'm a good fellow."

"Well, sir, your predecessor was also."

"True. But he tried to outflank 'em. Tried to personally enlist the loyalty of the sales force over Daneceau's head."

"But the man before that —"

"Tried to bind the stockholders to him over Keyes' head."

"What's your plan, sir?"

"To run this company *through* Daneceau and Keyes. Have they acknowledged my two-o'clock meeting with them Thursday?"

"No, sir, but I could be more helpful if I knew the subject."

"They'll know it. The subject is, 'I'm going to take over.'"

To her puzzled look he grinned, "Don't try to explain it for me, Miss Gates. I don't send my women out to do men's work they're not being paid for."

"Then why did you call me back to this job?"

"Don't want my back exposed, for one thing."

"You don't know any more about me than about Miss Killian."

"Less. But I knew Miss Killian at a glance."

"The other reason, Mr. Gardella?"

"You had this spot when Old Man Strock was running the place. I might need you to tell me how he did it."

"A junior executive might better tell you, sir."

"He'd give me *his* theories. You'd give me Strock's."

the trophy into his bag and walked out of the room.

Gardella was the only one in the room who knew what he had really won—the trophy was the key to a scholarship to a top prep school. His father, Anthony Gardella, Department of Roads, didn't even know what a prep school was.

Since then young Gardella had put many trophies into his bag and traded them up. Today he was highly touted as epitomizing the new school of young professional management. The business press said, "with *distinguished* success"; the trade talk phrased it, "with *brutal* success."

But at his first meeting with the two operating vice presidents at Ardco he was up in his own weight class—and giving away a few pounds at that.

The meeting seemed rigged against him three to one. The third man was not in the room—only his influence.

Gardella had called the meeting with Keyes and Daneceau for two o'clock, expecting them in his office. But instead Miss Gates informed him they were waiting in the conference room.

So he walked into their presence almost like a job applicant. Keyes pulled out a side chair for him, but Gardella bypassed it for the head of the table.

The awkwardness came when Gardella moved to pull his chair up to the head of the table. It was bolted to the floor—far out from the table.

"That's why I thought you'd prefer this chair," Keyes said.

And Daneceau explained, "You see, when Old Man Strock left us, there was a little impromptu ceremony. Grateful employees bolted his chair down where he always sat."

"Notice the desk clock calendar, too," Keyes added. "They soldered the hands fast at five P.M., January fifth—the Old Man's last hour on the bridge, so to speak. The idea was that nobody'd fill that chair—you know, sentimental. Custom's been honored around here though by—uh—the last two."

"Uh-huh." Gardella moved to a side chair. It was impossible to sit nearly three feet from the table without feeling like a pygmy. "Gentlemen, now that you've had time to study my written list of suggestions for future operations, I'd like to discuss them."

Gardella noticed Daneceau reach for his copy and scan it as if for the first time. Keyes went to crosshatching on his.

The pointed lethargy showed Gardella

Left alone in the conference room Gardella moved to the head of the table and sat down in W. W. Strock's great chair. He found himself facing a portrait of Strock.

Miss Gates opened the door and walked in swiftly. She stopped, surprised to see him. Then, as if scraping up pieces of a broken cut-glass pitcher, she gathered up the eloquently discarded memos.

She started to speak, but instead she left.

A. C. Daneceau, though he had left his carbon on the conference table, had previously had it photocopied for his top three men, now assembled in his office.

Daneceau sat down at his desk and said, "Well?"

He looked over at the daytime superintendent, who grinned, "Well, Dan, right away his first suggestion I feel is off base. How can he right away call our manufacturing uncompetitive because we're buying too-advanced components?"

"Uh-huh." Daneceau turned to the night super. "Yours?"

"I feel the same, Dan."

"Uh-huh." Daneceau turned to his special assistant. "Sam?"

To avoid a mere me-too, Sam said, "How can a man make a decision like this—little as he's seen of the operation?"

But Daneceau snarled, "I'll tell you how. Because he knows his stuff! All he had to do—I see it now—is walk down that line. He wouldn't hear a single rivet gun, wouldn't see a single metal slitter—only welders, bolting jigs and fastening operations. He's right. We're only assembling."

His assistants swallowed.

Daneceau bellowed, "Go study that memo! I mean study!"

Nelda Gates was a perceptive woman. Within the next month she was already sensing the unguarded courtesy toward herself which foretold doom to Mr. Gardella. The defeat of Gardella's first moves by Keyes and Daneceau was changing from a fourth-floor undercurrent to plant-wide gossip.

She determined to demand a permanent company assignment which would not be nursing a series of try-out presidents. But when she saw Gardella thoughtfully staring out his window, she yearned to scream, "Don't turn your back like that! And don't just sit there!"

For the fact was that whenever Miss Gates saw the tawny back of his neck



official table of organization. She got a copy, returned to his office and sat down. But still she was unprepared.

"Miss Killian, who had your job before?"

"Why, Miss Nelda Gates."

"Where is she?"

"Uh—reassigned. General Stenographic."

"Why?"

"Well, Mr. Keyes felt you'd want —"

But he was instantly on his way out of his office.

The people in General Stenographic were surprised to see him. Sam Toal rose. But after a brief inquiry Gardella walked directly to the desk of Nelda Gates. "Miss Gates? I'd like you to return to your original job." He stared at her.

She was startled. "I'm honored, but I don't think I want —"

"To go through it again? You won't. It'll be different this time."

By the third day of working with Gardella, Miss Gates was at sea. He seemed to know what a tough job he had and how fast he must act, but he didn't seem to be doing anything about it—anything sweeping or strategic enough.

The two presidents before him had failed, but at least during their initial period of grace, with the momentum of newness, they made themselves felt—established headway. This Mr. Gardella, though, had no instructions for her.

She came in with a stack of papers. "Mr. Gardella, I happen to know the importance to you of the first stockholder meeting. Mr. Keyes and Mr. Daneceau will have already begun preparing their part in it. I thought you'd like to begin your —"

"Thanks for what you're trying to tell me, Miss Gates. But I already know."

She doubted if he had ever known a Keyes. Tall, commanding, he looked in every motion as if he ought to be the president. A strategist-type executive, his mind was a knife that sliced to the very "either . . . or" of a problem, so that formerly complex matters seemed suddenly simple—while he was in the room. Industry-wide his name was power. Wherever he sat in any meeting seemed to become the head of the table—especially on the fourth floor at Ardco.

What jarred Miss Gates was the nearly telepathic remark from Gardella. "I know about the Keyeses, Miss Gates. One near the top of every outfit, more or less. This one just happens to be more."

This Mr. Gardella had a way of stripping off centuries of civilization, reducing all matters to "for" or "against." It

the sales force. "But the man before that —"

"Tried to bind the stockholders to him over Keyes' head."

"What's your plan, sir?"

"To run this company *through* Daneceau and Keyes. Have they acknowledged my two-o'clock meeting with them Thursday?"

"No, sir, but I could be more helpful if I knew the subject."

"They'll know it. The subject is, 'I'm going to take over.'"

To her puzzled look he grinned, "Don't try to explain it for me, Miss Gates. I don't send my women out to do men's work they're not being paid for."

"Then why did you call me back to this job?"

"Don't want my back exposed, for one thing."

"You don't know any more about me than about Miss Killian."

"Less. But I knew Miss Killian at a glance."

"The other reason, Mr. Gardella?"

"You had this spot when Old Man Strock was running the place. I might need you to tell me how he did it."

"A junior executive might better tell you, sir."

"He'd give me *his* theories. You'd give me Strock's."

She didn't answer. He said, "Well, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know that I'm getting paid for that, sir."

Joseph K. Gardella was puzzled. He heard the chuckle of a ghost as he prepared to take over Ardco, Incorporated.

Gardella had taken over before, many times. This time should just be rougher. As always the problem was only to find the key—then turn it.

At seventeen he had found a key to higher education. At the dinner where they handed the All-Eastern Massachusetts High Score Trophy to young Gardella, a sports writer from the Boston *Transcript* leaned over the writer from the *Globe*. "Another sharp kid gone to hell. His hat'll never fit again."

But the *Globe* writer didn't take his eyes off the most penalized, most vicious young quarterback in the league.

The *Transcript* writer went on, "Shame. Seventeen and had his biggest moment—already."

The *Globe* writer said, "Not so sure—this case." He was noticing that when they handed over the trophy, this boy didn't glow with the usual becoming modesty and joy. He looked, the *Globe* writer thought, as if he had just tossed

the side chair for him, but Gardella bypassed it for the head of the table.

The awkwardness came when Gardella moved to pull his chair up to the head of the table. It was bolted to the floor—far out from the table.

"That's why I thought you'd prefer this chair," Keyes said.

And Daneceau explained, "You see, when Old Man Strock left us, there was a little impromptu ceremony. Grateful employees bolted his chair down where he always sat."

"Notice the desk clock calendar, too," Keyes added. "They soldered the hands fast at five P.M., January fifth—the Old Man's last hour on the bridge, so to speak. The idea was that nobody'd fill that chair—you know, sentimental. Custom's been honored around here though by—uh—the last two."

"Uh-huh." Gardella moved to a side chair. It was impossible to sit nearly three feet from the table without feeling like a pygmy. "Gentlemen, now that you've had time to study my written list of suggestions for future operations, I'd like to discuss them."

Gardella noticed Daneceau reach for his copy and scan it as if for the first time. Keyes went to crosshatching on his.

The pointed lethargy showed Gardella what he was up against. Abruptly he laid aside his own copy of the memo. He waited until the silence compelled their attention. Without raising his voice, he ripped the lid off. "Gentlemen, how's it going to be?"

Keyes' mask arched. "Why, what do you mean, Mr. Gardella?"

"I mean"—Gardella leaned forward—"rough or smooth? You can have it either way. But I want to hear you say it. How's it going to be?"

Gardella waited.

"Put it this way, Mr. Gardella"—Daneceau thumbed the memo—"sweeping production recommendations like this after two quick plant tours mean you must want my resignation."

"You know damn well that's just what I can't afford!"

"Then the bargain price is autonomy in my own areas of responsibility without the interference of —" He fluttered the memo to the center of the table.

Keyes slid his over on top of it and stood up. "If we can have that, I feel that we could—that is, I'm sure the company would show a good last quarter at the annual shareholder meeting—uh—a period coincidental with your first three months in office."

To avoid a mere me-too, Sam said, "How can a man make a decision like this—little as he's seen of the operation?"

But Daneceau snarled, "I'll tell you how. Because he knows his stuff! All he had to do—I see it now—is walk down that line. He wouldn't hear a single rivet gun, wouldn't see a single metal slitter—only welders, bolting jigs and fastening operations. He's right. We're only assembling."

His assistants swallowed.

Daneceau bellowed, "Go study that memo! I mean study!"

Nelda Gates was a perceptive woman. Within the next month she was already sensing the unguarded courtesy toward herself which foretold doom to Mr. Gardella. The defeat of Gardella's first moves by Keyes and Daneceau was changing from a fourth-floor undercurrent to plant-wide gossip.

She determined to demand a permanent company assignment which would not be nursing a series of try-out presidents. But when she saw Gardella thoughtfully staring out his window, she yearned to scream, "Don't turn your back like that! And don't just sit there!"

For the fact was that whenever Miss Gates saw the tawny back of his neck only slightly civilized by the barber, she had a disturbing flash of how it would fit inside the crook of her right elbow.

As he swiveled, she placed before him Keyes' outline for the stockholder meeting. "I thought you'd want to study it," she said.

But he studied her instead; so she explained, "It puts Mr. Daneceau on the podium explaining some changes *he* brought about in production. Less component assembly, more basic manufacture. I thought you'd want to see if the agenda is arranged to the best advantage of—of everybody, so as not to be taken by surprise."

"Thanks, Miss Gates. But the key is not there."

"More likely than out your window, isn't it, Mr. Gardella?" She noticed that even while his Rome was burning, his eyes had time to sweep her length with a flicker of calculation that put them alone in a forest for a moment. "Are you sure there is a worth-while key then?" she asked.

"Always is," he said. "Just never took me so long to find it before."

He concentrated on her until she colored and turned up her collar. "Perhaps you never looked in such unlikely places?"



# First Baptist Church

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

## THE MORNING WORSHIP SERVICE

January 10, 1960

Eleven O'Clock

Broadcast on Station KELO

~~~~~  
This is the house of God. Enter reverently, and bow silently for a few moments of quiet prayer in preparation for worship.

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE KING

Organ Prelude—"Prelude in B".....Schumann
"In Christ There Is No East or West".....Darke
(Congregation in silent prayer)

Choral Call to Worship

Processional Hymn—"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty".....107
(Congregation standing on the singing of the hymn)

Invocation
Lord's Prayer
Gloria

HIS TRAIN FILLED THE TEMPLE

Reading of the Holy Scriptures—Selected Portions of Amos
Choral Call to Prayer—"Hear Us, Our Father"
Pastoral Prayer
Choral Respons—"Almighty Father, Hear Our Prayer"

Anthem—"O Lord Most Holy".....Franck
Soloist, Mrs. Russell Greenfield, soprano

O Lord most holy, O Lord most mighty,
O loving Father, Thee would we be praising alway.
Help us to know Thee, know Thee and love Thee;
Father, Father, grant us Thy truth and grace;
Father, Father, guide and defend us.

Rule Thou our wilful hearts, Keep Thine our wand'ring thoughts;
In all our sorrows, let us find our rest in Thee;
And in temptation's hour, Save through Thy mighty power,
Thine aid O send us; Hear us in mercy.
Show us Thy favor, So shall we live, and sing praise to Thee.

YOUR GUILT IS TAKEN AWAY

Christian Greetings
Receiving Our Tithes and Offerings
Organ Offertory—"Miniature".....Johnson
Doxology and Prayer of Dedication

"WHOM SHALL I SEND?"

Solo—"The Lord Is My Light".....Alliston
Henry Lippert, tenor

Sermon by Pastor Fredrikson

"Let Justice Roll Down"

"HERE AM I! SEND ME."

Hymn of Dedication and Decision—"The Son of God Goes Forth to War".....358

(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 at the side door, Rev. Babcock 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. M. H. Hirt.

EVENING GOSPEL FELLOWSHIP

7:30 P. M.

Prelude

Call to Worship and Invocation

Scripture—Matthew 25:14-30

Prayer

Period of Hymn Singing

Special Music by Youth Choir

Greetings and Announcements

Singing of a Hymn

Offering

Soloist—Gail Johnson

Evening Message by Pastor Fredrikson

"When the Master Returns"

Hymn of Invitation—"O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee".....380

Benediction—Closing Moments—"Beneath the Cross"

Postlude

OPPORTUNITIES OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY, 12:30 p.m.—Leaders' Briefing Session

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

5:45 p.m.—SYADS (Single Young Adults) meeting in Church Parlor

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

6:00 p.m.—Keystone B.Y.F. (Senior High)—School of Missions

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

7:00 p.m.—Youth Choir

8:45 p.m.—Afterglow for college students in the Youth Room

8:45 p.m.—Hi Fi for Senior Highs

MONDAY, 7:30 p.m.—Sallie Peck Guild—Communion Service in the Chapel

TUESDAY, 7:30 p.m.—Board of Kingdom Extension

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.—Annual Business Meeting in Fellowship Hall

8:00 p.m.—Senior High Choir

THURSDAY, 12:00 noon—Trustees at the YMCA

1:15 p.m.—Junior Philathea Potluck Dinner in Fellowship Hall

7:30 p.m.—Junior High Guild in Room 111

7:30 p.m.—Boy Scouts in the Youth Room

CHURCH STAFF

Dr. Roger L. Fredrikson.....Pastor

Rev. Al Babcock.....Minister of
Christian Education

Miss Carolyn Spong.....Pastor's Assistant

Mr. Duane Sisson.....Student Assistant

Mrs. Clarence Anderson.....Church Secretary

Miss Winifred Jones.....Office Manager
and Financial Secretary

Dr. Lee Bright.....Director of Music

Dr. Maynard Berk.....Organist

Mr. Harold Wortman.....Director of Youth
Music

Frank Weins, Ross Beaman, Eugene Mashek, Sextons

When The Master Returns

① God Has Made A Great Investment In Us

A We All Have Some Gifts or Talents

- Singing or Speaking or Acting.
- Forgiveness or Love or Faith.
- Many a game watching people.
- This is a free gift.

B. We Have Not Been Given Equal Capacities.

- There is a Divine Inequality about life.

C. Your Abilities Is God's Treasure.

- You are the only one who can unlock it

D. Christianity Smiles On Ambition

- Madame Curie, Handel & Shelley
- Paul to Rome
- Jesus to Jerusalem.

② These Talents Must be Accounted For

A. The Master Will Return -

- There Is A Day of Reckoning
- We cannot know in what day or hour.

B. The One Who Bury His Talent in the Ground Misunderstood His Master.

C. The Reward Is For faithfulness.