

740-15-4 -740 Box 6 (4)

Today's Talk

Greatest Book in Century?

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

writers is Samuel Butler. It is the late Bob Davis had with Artoo bad that so few read; or know about his book called "The Notekooks of Samuel Butler.' I se- up, and one of them remarked cured a copy when it was first that it was the greatest book crepublished in England in 1912, but ated in a hundred years, wherespired to write his own note-

The late George Bernard Shaw him at the top of great English writers. Butler didnt write for literature that had to do with in-"A good sturdy author is a match this book of his I find this about his birthright. He said: "I had to steal my own birthright. I But I saved my soul alive.

One of the most stimulating of I once read of a luncheon that nold Bennett in New York. The subject of Samuel Butlers book, "The Way of all Flesh" came it has had few friends in Ameri- upon they both arose and shook ca. The late F. Scott Fitzgerald hands! It was a stipulation. I knew of it and was probably in- believe, that the author wisned this book should not be published until after his death, which was done. It appeared in 1903. Its greatly admired Butler, and placed rarity in its first edition probably accounts for the fact that few people read it at the time, as so fame but for that permanence in often happens with a great book.

Samuel Butler was not only a dependent success. Said Butler: philosopher but a profound independent thinker. Many years for a hundred reviewers, and in ago I read his "Erehwon" (nowhere spelled backwards) which is one of the most amusing books I have ever read. Every book stole it and was bitterly punished. of Butlers, however, stimulates

Whooping Crane Still Declining

tectors of the giant whooping crane, world's largest migratory bird, Tuesday sadly admitted a major setback in efforts to prevent extinction of the species.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, lecturer and writer, entered Harvard at the age of 14.

Skill and confidence are an unconquered army.—George Herbert.

Knowledge is a treasure, but practice is the key to it.—Thomas Fuller.

Brass is an alloy of copper and zinc; bronze, an alloy of popper

Sieel alloyed with the metal colombium is now considered the best metal to resist high heat in

The Lady Judith's Vision 12t was a Christman morning, The belle tolled

POINTS TO PONDER

The Salutation of the lines

Such is the Salutation of the Baum!

Listen to the exhortation of the Dawn:

Look to this Day For it is Life, the very Life of Life, In its brief course lie all the Verities and Realities of your Existence! The bliss of Growthi The glory of Action! The splender of Beauty! For yesterday is but a Dream, And temorrow is only a Vision. But Today well-lived makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness, And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope. Look well, therefore, to this Bay,

MOTE: The Sufi are adherents to Sufian. Sufism is a system of Hohammedan mysticism, chiefly in Persia, with its elaborate symbolism much used by poets.

MOHANMEDAN

The truly creative mind, in any fields, is no more than this:

A human creature born abnormally, inhumanly sensetive. To him a touch is a blow, a sound is a noise, a minfortune is a tragedy, a joy is an ecstasy, a friend is a lover, a lover is a god, and failure is death. Add to this cruelly delicate organism the overpowering necessity to create, create, create-so that without the creating of music or poetry, or books, or buildings, of something of meaning, his very breath is cut off from him. He must create, must pour out creation. By some strange, unknown, immard urgency, he is not really alive unless he is creating.

PEARL BUCK

and what to me are Christmas belle, when they angels bright These happy little creatures, all robed in spotless white? The voice that all my music made, fall on Then budden silence filled the room a 7. and now The children's voices in sweetsilence so profound, let singing blend: 'all hail! all hail!" they joyful cry, "He comes, the children's Friend." My Lady, awe-Struck, raised here head, I and wondering, looked wround. and walking in the valley, she sees a 5 no more four walls confined her gaze; noble form. The happy children leave Their play and round about Him swarm. before her for and wide She saw a beauteous valley spread, with hills on either side. amid the verdant grasses clear streams 8. They clasp His hands, His garments they cling about His feet, of water straiged and trees with sweet fruits laden, and lift to Him Their dewy lips to give Him bisses sweet: a pleasant shadow made. But one among their number in silence 6 Fair temples crowned the lovely slapes, walked apart and sobs welled from his heart. bright flowers bloomed everywhere and birded with brilliant plumage with music filled the air; But now among the flowers and: 7. and the Lady Judith wondered, Why underneath the trees is the child so sad When all his pretty playmates seem so and floating in the crisital floods what ist my Lady sees? full of life and glad?" Can they be earther children 8 or are and the Lord Christ, looking tenderly

and Mary's pictured face soon, from for and near The children came, and laughed and sang, and shared the Christmas cheer the Lady Judith Tooked down with yearning tenderness from a moment wrapped in Thought she lay "Hail! Blessed Mother Blessed Son, hail! a light showe all around her, like the brightness of the day. Christmas morn, she said. 19 (ind she saw the happy valley and heard the children sing: 16 She dressed herself in richest robes and called her servants all "He comes, The comes the children's Friend, make haste "she cried light glowing fires and deck the bunguet hall. The comies our ford and King". So forth then bring in children bring and apin to pain the rapture that filled the mother's breast every child you meet; On the voice she knew rang sweeter, and Search all the rity's byways, search estry lane and Street. for her above the rest! 17" Look for the homeless, friendless, for 20. Twas the voice of her beloved and exery lettle one she knew no porbrow now Is dear to me for Jesus' sake, and for my own dear son Weighed on his tender little heart or dimined his shining brown Who dwells with Him in heaven and and esermore she walked content cannot happy be along life's thorny road Because of sinful me. pity! -With heart upraised in thankelness to where her child abode, and evermore on Christmas, when she 18 Then loudly rang The castle bells, and heard the juy- bells ring,

all hail!" she cried, "own blessed Ford, the Children's Friend and King" and Ruskin on the fowls of air and Coleridge on the water-snakes. at Emerson's "Forbearance" he Mrs. E. V. Wilson Began to feel his will benumbed; at Browning's Donald utterly The Tender Heart His soul surrendered and succumbed. "Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls, She gazed upon the burnished brace If plump ruffed grouse he showed with prine He thought I beneath the blessed sun!" He saw here laskes hung with pearls Ungelic grief was in her face: And vowed to give away his gun. How could you do it dear?" she sighed The poor, pathetic moreless wings! She smiled to find her point was gained and went, with happy parting words, The ronge all hushed - oh criel shame: Said he: The partridge never sings. Said she: The sin is quite the same. To trim her hat with humming - birds. Helen Tray Cone. You men are savage through and through I Ch boy is always bringing in numbers of bird's eggs the white and blue Or butterfly upon a sin. The angle-worm in anguish dels Impaled the pretty brout to stease my own we fish for trout with flux-"Don't ivander show the subject pleases, She anoted Burns's Wounded Hare and Centain burning lines of Blake's

Fashionable The Good "What is The real good?"
I asked in musing mood. a fashionable woman A fachionable bounet; A fachionable coat Order, said The law court. Knowledge said the school; Truth said the wise man. Und a sachionable gown: Il fachionable Christian Pleasure, said The fool; "Love said the maiden; Id a sachionable town; a fashionable prayer - book = Beauty said the page; Freedom said The dreamere. Cind a fashionable choir; A Sachionable chapel Home said The sage; With a fashionable dispire; Fame, said The soldier; A fashionable preacher 6 quity, The seer; With a fashionable speech; I fashionable seronon Spake my heart full sadly; "The answer is not here"; With a fashionable reach; a sashionable welcome at the fashionable door; Then within my bosom Softly This I Heard: a fashionable senny For the Sashionable poor; back heart holds The secret: Kindness is The word. Cind a fashionable hell: J. Boyle O'Reilly a fashionable Bible Forthis fashionable belle. a fastionable kneeling Unda fashionable node;

We thank thee God, again for crops ingathered; For autumn that fulfilled the green oping's now and gave us laidshly of Thy rich bounty; and hast not left the earth - again we how Our hearts in gratitude for sun on meadows, and wind in these and rain torsed down the right for kindliness and friends who have not failed us For open fires, lose, laughter, morning light.

We thank Thee Sud for that deep faith implanted Within our hearts that cometime stress will end; That when the time of tribulation clases. Thy gracious Hand outstretched again will send the manna and the guiding posts to lead us, the flame by night the deep clouds for the day We thank Thee Through the sorrows that beset us, We still may know that Show hast planned owning.

New-settled on a barren , lonely shows Lary psalms to Thee because a quest was finished

Their praise becomes our song foresermore.

now in the Time when summer seas are forded when red and gold burn dry the autumn leaner, when Harrist through Thy grace has been accorded Dear God, we too some bringing in our shears!

Stephen Foster, who wrote such songs as "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Folks at Home," died homeless and forsaken in a New York hospital charity ward.

THE MINUET

Grandma told me all about it,

Told me so I could not doubt it,

How she danced, my grandma danced, long ago:q

How she held her pretty head,

How her dainty skirts she spread,

How she turned her little toes,

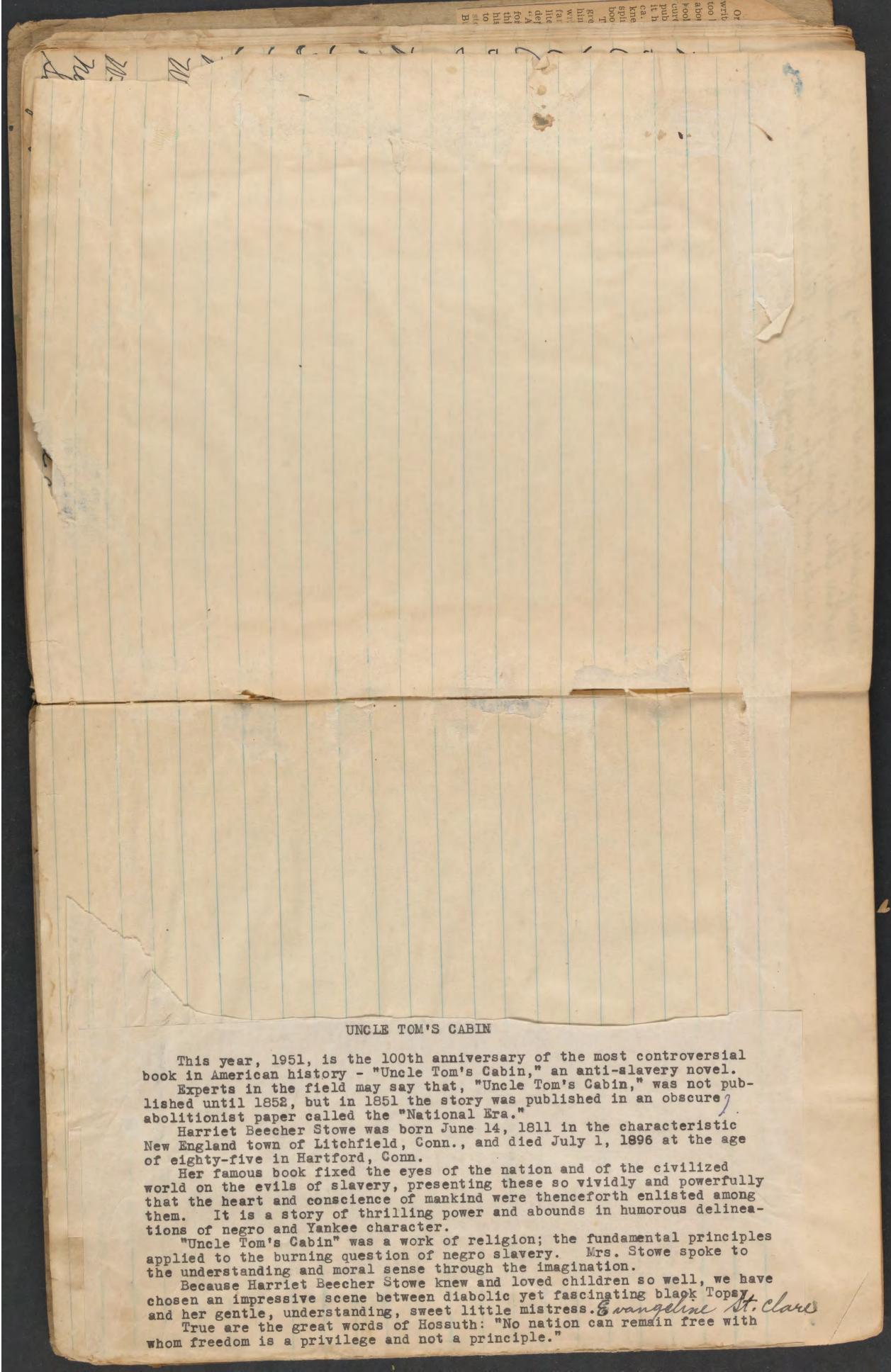
Smiling little human rose:

Grandma's hair was bright and shining,
Dimpled cheeks, too! ah! how funny!
Bless me, now she wears a cap,
My grandma does, and takes a nap every single day;
Yet she danced the minuet long ago;
Now she sits there rocking, rocking,
Always knitting prandpa's stockingEvery girl was taught to knit long agoBut her figure is so neat,
And her ways so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now,
Bending to her partner's bow, long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Rushing, whirling, dashing, bumping
Would have shocked the gentle people long ago.
No, they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again.

Modern ways are quite alarming, grandma says,
But boys were charmingGirls and boys I mean, of course - long ago,
Sweetly modest, bravely shy:.
What if all of us should try just to feel
Like those who met in the stately minuet, long ago.
With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore long ago,
And if in years to come, perchance,
I tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say,
We did it in some such way, long ago.

whom fr



ARTS/FEST

1981

Photo by Andrew Jackson Pickett



This year's ARTS/FEST, the fifth to be held in New Orleans, will bring together artists and craftspeople of every kind for two days of celebration of the visual and performing arts. On October 24 and 25, Lafayette Square, Boggs Mall and Gallier Hall will be transformed into a special environment for sharing music, dance, theatre, poetry, visual arts and crafts with the people of New Orleans.

Sponsored by the Arts Council of New Orleans, the Downtown Development District and the City of New Orleans, ARTS/FEST, now an autumn tradition, provides a full weekend of activities for the entire family, ranging from ballet to face painting...from Cajun music to tightrope walking...from pottery demonstrations to folk dancing.

As usual, the Children's Arts Council has prepared special activities just for children, including a Wizard of Oz fantasy environment, with children's theater, costume making and sculpture experiences, all led by professional artists and characters from Oz.

The total environment for this year's ARTS/FEST was created by 17 Tulane University architecture students, Dean of the Tulane School of Architecture Ron Filson, instructor Susan Uhlelohde and site designer David Toureau.

A special part of ARTS/FEST '81 is an innovation of New Orleans environmental artist Emery Clark, who is introducing a new concept, "Canvas by the Yard." The entire perimeter of Lafayette Square will be wrapped in canvas, which will be painted before the festival by a team

of local artists. Everyone who attends ARTS/FEST will have an opportunity to purchase a piece of art, frame it and take it home. This colorful expanse on St. Charles Avenue and Camp Street will not only create a unique gateway to the festival, but it will also become a kind of gallery in progress. There will be assistants available at the site to help buyers select canvas portions, priced at \$5, \$10 and \$20, cut them and stretch them.

A repeat of a popular part of last year's festival will be the Boggs Mall Street Party, to be held Saturday, October 24 from 8:00 to 10:00 p.m. The theme this year is "From Rags to Reggae," and the party will feature the music of Caliente. This year's party is co-sponsored by the Louisiana Jazz Federation.

All of the artists featured at ARTS/FEST are local, and the event is free to the public. In addition to its sponsors, ARTS/FEST is made possible by a grant from the Louisiana State Arts Council, through the Division of the Arts, Office of Program Development, department of Culture, Recreation and Tourism; and the Natioanl Endowment for the Arts, with additional support from the Musicians Union Local 174-496 and the recording industries.

A complete schedule of events and a map are included in this special Uptown Alligator insert.





By coincidence, we have both just recently assumed our positions as directors of the Downtown Development District and the Arts Council of New Orleans, respectively. ARTS/FEST '81 is one of our first joint projects, and certainly, we could not have asked for a more stimulating experience with which to work. We have added new dimensions to this year's festival, and we hope that you will take advantage of these dimensions as you enjoy the environment, the music and the rest of the art that will be on display. We also hope that you will feel free to express to us and to our staff members any comments you have about ARTS/FEST and ways in which we can make it a more enjoyable experience for you and your family.

We look forward to meeting you on October 24 and 25 and to getting to know you better as we continue to make the arts available to you in as many different and exciting ways as possible throughout the year.

Jerry Moomau
Executive Director
Downtown Development
District

Marion Andrus McCollam Executive Director Arts Council of New Orleans

ARTS/FEST 1981

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1981 LAFAYETTE SQUARE

11:00 New Orleans Theater for Young People

12:00 Ecoutez

1:00 Blue Lu and Danny Barker and the Jazz Hounds

2:00 One Mo' Time

3:00 Komenka Ethnic Dance Ensemble

4:00 The Lifers

5:00 New Leviathan Oriental Fox Trot Orchestra

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1981 LAFAYETTE SQUARE

11:00 Audubon Players Woodwind Quintet & Loyola String Quartet

12:00 Japan Club of New Orleans

1:00 Ron Cuccia and his Band with the Youth Inspirational Choir

2:00 Nocca Jazz Ensemble

3:00 Bouree Cajun Band

4:00 New Orleans Ballet

5:00 Olympia Brass Band

SATURDAY, BOGGS MALL

12:00 Nelson Camp, Tightrope Walker

1:00 Ron Cuccia - Poetry and Jazz Improvization

2:00 African Dance and Workshop

SUNDAY, BOGGS MALL

12:00 New Games and Theater Improvisation

1:00 Coleen Salley, Story Teller

2:00 Ballet South Performance and Partnering Workshop

3:00 NORD International Folk Dancers

The Village Kids

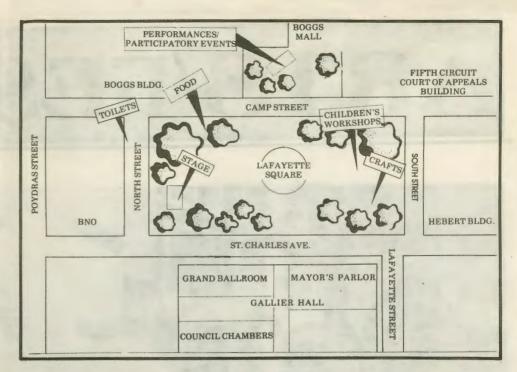




Photo by Andrew Jackett Pickett

CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES "COME MEET THE WIZARD"

ARTS/FEST '81 as with the previous four festivals, will feature many activities for children, coordinated by the Children's Arts Council. These activities are all participatory, so that children may experience the arts firsthand through the theme of "The Wizard of Oz". A special feature for 1981 is a series of workshops which will be led by professional artist/teachers. Family and Children's workshops will be held Saturday and Sunday, noon-5 p.m. in:

COSTUME MAKING
THEATRE DRAMATIZATION

GIANT SCULPTURE MAKING FACE PAINTING

Children can create the rainbow, create and climb through Emerald City, become a munchkin and meet all the characters of Oz.



oto by Luis Cast

LAFAYETTE SQUARE CRAFTS: SATURDAY, DEMONSTRATIONS CHANGE EVERY 2 HOURS

11:00 A Weaving Experience with Kids

1:00 Crescent City Needlework Guild

3:00 Ikebana International

SUNDAY

11:00 New Orleans Spinners

1:00 New Orleans Weavers Guild

3:00 Abraxan Dulcimer Company

ALSO IN THE CRAFT AREA BOTH DAYS WILL BE THE FOLLOWING DEMONSTRATIONS:

IRON WORKER: JIM JENKINS
POTTER WITH SPECIAL RACU DEMONSTRATION

INDOORS, IN GALLIER HALL THE NEW ORLEANS CALLIGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION AND OLGA ENSENET A TRADITIONAL BASKET WEAVER

HANDICAPPED?

To the extent possible, events in ARTS/FEST have been made accessible to the handicapped. For further information on accessibility, call the Arts Council at 523-1465.



RAIN?

In case of rain, outdoor events will be cancelled. Indoor events will be held.

SCHEDULE INFORMATION

The Arts/Line will be devoted entirely to ARTS/FEST information beginning Friday, October 24 and running through the ARTS/FEST weekend. Call 522-ARTS, day or night.

GALLIER HALL ACTIVITIES

Saturday, October 24th Mayor's Parlor Ballroom City Council Chambers 12:00 New Orleans Poetry **NOCCA Classical** Forum and Music Students 12:30 Dan Cassin and Hot Strings Jimmy Robinson, 1:00 Calligraphy cello and guitar Demonstration "Staggerlee" Dashiki (until 3:15) 1:30 Patrice Fisher, Theatre Harp and Sun Wha 2:00 Kim, Violin 'Barber of Seville" 2:30 Opera on the Half 3:00 Shell Calligraphy demonstration 'Cinderella" Theatre 3:30 Dance Players of Marigny Puppet Show Creative Dance Center, 4:00 Nelson Camp, Indian & Modern Dance Mime/Seer Chamber Music, Symphony 4:30 Thelma Toole, readings musicians from "A Confederacy of 5:00 Dunces" Calligraphy demonstration 5:30 Sunday, October 25 City Council Chambers Mayor's Parlor Ballroom 12:00 New Orleans Hit Jazz Calligraphy Orchestra demonstration 12:30 Jacques St. Laurent, 1:00 French Canadian & All Bach performance, Loyola College of Music Cajun Songs 1:30 "Children's Hour", Theatre Marigny 2:00 Kimbuka Consort of Musicke 2:30 William Joyce and Janet Sunderland, 3:00 poetry readings Calligraphy New Orleans Early Music demonstration Society 3:30 "A Life in the Theatre", Off-Off-Off 4:00 Broadway Players Dorothy Carter, Concert Choir of New 4:30 dulcimer Orleans



Photo by Luis Castrillo

THE CHILDREN'S ARTS COUNCIL OF NEW ORLEANS PRESENTS

Child's Play

Six new plays for New Orleans. Laughing plays. Singing plays. Dancing plays. Wonderful plays for children and grownups. National Road Show Companies with stars like Maria of Sesame Street.

Tickets cost \$3 for each performance, but you can see all 6 plays for \$15 if you fill out the coupon below and send it to us before November 6, 1981. Buy 5 tickets, get one free!

A great entertainment value and a great way to introduce your children to live theater. It's the perfect holiday gift.

Child's Play Series

STARRY NIGHT PUPPET THEATRE, NOV. 13-14 Full grown puppet people explore a child's world of fantasy.

MARIA OF SESAME STREET, DEC. 19-20 The star of TV's most famous street — in person!

FRANK HOLDER DANCE COMPANY, JAN. 30-31 The magic of modern dance multiplied by ten.

THE GREAT HOUDINI, MAR. 20-21 A singing, dancing story of the great escape artist.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT, APR. 3-4 The private life of a boy destined for greatness. FEATS, MAR 29-30 Fantastically funny feats of famous folks.

All plays will be staged at Ursuline Academy, 2635 State Street.

BUY 5 TICKETS, GET ONE TICKET FREE!

NAME	
ADDRESS	PHONE
☐ Send me sets of tickets for only \$15 each. My check for \$ card name and number is / Expi My preference is: ☐ Saturday 2:00 PM ☐ Saturday 4:00 PM ☐ S	iration date:
☐ I enclose \$50 (\$35 of which is tax deductible.) Please list me as an ☐ I enclose \$100 (\$85 of which is tax deductible.) Please list me as a ☐ I would like to donate \$ to purchase tickets for need to purchase tickets.	Advisor of the CAC. Director of the CAC.
Group rates for 15 of more are available. All subscribers to the CHILD'S PLAY Series become Participating M Arts Council.	
The New Orleans Children's Arts Council is a nonprofit or to help your children grow up to be interested, aware people. If you'd like to know more about us, call (504) 586-4173.	



1215 Prytania St., Room 429, New Orleans, La. 70130

SCENE FROM "UNCLE TOM' CABIN" Setting; The sitting-room of the St. Clares Characters (Evangeline St. Clare (Topsy EVA: (enter Fing) Topsy! Topsy! Come here this minute, I say! (Searches the room) Topsy, I want to talk with you! (Topsy has come in from opposite side of the room and tiptoes behind Eva.) Do come, Topsy! TOPSY: Boo! Here I is, Miss Eva! Topsy, please be serious! Today when Aunt Ophelia Eve: asked how old you were, , what did you say? Topsy: Dunno, Missis! Don't know how old you are? Didn't anybody ever tell you? Who was your mother? Topsy: Never had hone! Never had any mother? What do you mean? Where were you Eva: Topsy: Never was born! You musn't answer that way, Topsy. I'm not playing with you. Tell me where you were born and who were your father and mother. Topsy: Never was born. Never had no mother nor father nor nothin! I was raised by a speculator with lots of others. Old Aunt Sue took car on us. Have you heard anything about God, Topsey? EVA: Topsey: No, Miss Eva. Do you know who made you. Topsy: I spect I growed. Don't think nobody never made me! What can you do? What did you do for your other master Eva: and mistress? Topsy: Fetch water, wash dishes, rub knives, and wait on table. Eva: Were they good to you? Topsy: Spects they was (A bright red ribbon is hanging from Topsy's sleeve.) (Pulling the ribbon from Topsy's sleeve) What's this? Oh, Topsy! Topsy: Laws! Why dat's Miss Feely's ribbon, ain't it? How could it got caught in mah sleeve? Miss Eva, I ain't never seed it till this blessed minnit. Eva: It's wicked to tell lies, Topsy. Did you take other things? Now, tell me if you took anything else and I shan't Topsy: I took Rosa's yer-rings-them red ones.
Eva: Oh, Topsy, go bring them to me this mub minute. Topay: I can't - khere' they's burnt up. An' I took yer neck heads. Eva: Wait here, Topsy. (Eva exits.) Topsy: Oh. I is in a mess o' trubbel. I is wicked, dat's what! (Sobs). Eva: (Entering) Why, Topsy, my necklace is in my jewel-box and Hosa is wearing her ear-rings. What in the world did you tell me you took those things for, Topsy? Topsy: Why, Miss Eva, you told me to 'fess! Eva: Oh, Topsy, I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do. That's telling a lie as much as the other. Topsy: Laws, now, is it, Miss Eva? Eva: Poor Topsy, why do you steal? You're going to be taken good care of now. I'm sure I'd rather give you anything of mine, than have you steal it. Topsy: I is wicked-I is! I is mighty wicked? I is nothin' but a nigger! Ef I could be skinned and come white, maybe I'd try to be good! Oh, poor Topsy, don't you know that Jesus loves us all alike. He is just as willing to love you as me. He will help you to be good, and you can go to heaven at last and be an angel, forever, just as much as if you were white. Only think, Topsy, you can be one of those spirits bright Uncle Tom sings about. Topsy, would you like to learn a beautiful prayer? Topsy: Spects I would, Miss Eva. Eva: Say it after me, Topsy: "Heavenly Father, rich in blessings, Loving praise I sing to Thee. Thou hast made the earth so lovely, With sweet rest hast strengthened me. With glad eyes I see Thy bounties: Flowers and sunshine, sky and sea. For Thy gifts so rich and free!" Uncle Tom's cabin was located in Louisiana's Red River Valley, according to Harriet Beecher

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BABY IN CHURCH

Aunt Nellie had fashioned a dainty thing,
Of Hamburg and ribbon and lace,
And mamma had said, as she settled it round
Our beautiful baby's face,
Where the dimples play and the laughter lies
Like sunbeams hid in her violet eyes;
"If the day is pleasant and baby is good,
She may go to church and wear her new hood."

Then Ben, aged six, began to tell,
In elder-brotherly way,
How very, very good she must be
If she went to church next day.
He told of the church, the choir, and the crowd,
And the man up in front who talked so loud;
But she must not talk, nor laugh, nor sing,
But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May,
When the fruit-buds burst into flowers,
(There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree
So fair as this blossom of ours,)
All in her white dress, dainty and new,
Our baby sat in the family pew.
The grand, sweet music, reverent air,
The solemn hush, and the voice of prayer

Filled all her baby soul with awe,
As she sat in her little place,
And the holy look that the angels wear
Seemed pictured upon her face.
And the sweet words uttered so long ago
Come into my mind with a rhythmic flow;
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said He,
And I knew that He spake of such as she.

The sweet-voiced organ pealed forth again,
The collection-box came round,
And baby dropped her penny in,
And smiled at the clinking sound.
Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood,
Waiting the close of the soft prelude,
To begin her solo. High and strong,
She struck the first note; clear and long

She held it, and all were charmed but one.
Who, with all the might she had,
Sprang to her little feet and cried:
"Aunt Nellie yous being bad!"
The audience smiled, the minister coughed,
The little boys in the corner laughed,
The tenor-man shook like an aspen leaf
And hid his face in his handkerchief.

And poor Aunt Nellie never could tell
How she finished that terrible strain,
But says that nothing on earth would tempt
Her to go through the scene again.
So, we have dedided perhaps 'tis best,
For her sake, ours, and all the rest,
That we wait, maybe a year or two,
Ere our baby re-enter the family pew.

MATHEMATICAL COIFFURE

MATHEMATICAL COIFFURE

MULTERS in the YORUBA TRIBE

Nigeria, Africa

PLAIT THEIR HAIR INTO AN

ADDITIONAL HORN

TO ANNOUNCE THE BIRTH

OF EACH NEW CHILD!

Copis 1972 King Steamen Specia on, Ser., Str. of rights second

PROTEST OVER CYPRUS ACTION IT STAGED

ATHENS, Greece, July 4 (P)—Athens and its port city of Piraeus shut up shop four hours Friday in a "mute protest" against Britain's refusal to listen to Greek claims to the Eastern Mediterranean island of Cyprus.

A dispatch from Nicosia, the capital of the British-administered island, reported Greek and Cypriotowned stores on Cyprus also joined in the strange protest action.

For instance, describing Florida—the richness of her winter play-grounds as contrasted with the extreme poverty of many of her Negroes, Indians, and native whites and their fight to improve their lot through organized labor:

"You will come away from (Florida) with a memory of an old crone, around her neck the diamond necklace of Miami Beach, and for the rest a woman part Indian, part Negro, part Spanish, mostly Southern mountaineer; who grows oranges and smells of turpentine; who practices voodoo and smokes cigars; who counts cheap beads with her hands and keeps a union card in her pocket."

alistan Carke

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

Stephen Collins Foster, a truly American lyricist

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

Stephen Collins Foster, a truly American lyrist and componer, was born July fourth, 1828, at Lawrencebury, Pennsylvania, and died in 1864. From an early age, he was interested in music. He often uttended negro camp meetings and there studied the music of the colored people. His first success in composition was, "Oh! Susannah!" Soon after, he produced, "My Old Kentucky Home," and MMassa's in the Cold, Cold Ground, "Which at once became popular.

"Way down upon the Swance (Sewance) River" is his masterpiece. A more tender sens of home and its memories has never been written. Another of his songs which achieved great popularity is, "Old Black soo."

Chief among Totter's characteristics were his tenderness and his

appealing pathos.

And, so, to Stephen Collins Foster, the creator of lovely and hounting memodies, we dedicate our program this afternoon.

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Rastus! Heah! You sleepy thing!
Didn't you heah dat school bell ring?
Heah! Come git yo' books an' slate,
You's jes! fixin' to be late;
An' you'll be late, too, dout fail.
Creepin' roun' jes lack a snail!

What's you sayin'? You kain't fin'
Yo' book? Well, it stracks my min'
Dat amuddeh boy, in town,
Triflin's you is kain't be foun'!
You's mos' too lazy to draw breif.
Clah, you shames me mos' to deff!

Whah's yo' cap, sah? You don' know? Well, you jes' ought have to go Plumb bah-head, so folks could see Zackly how no! count you be.
I tries to raise you right an' still You ain't handly fit to kill.

Any uddeh boy would try
To be nice an' smaht an' spry;
Stid o' dat, you tries to see
Jes' how lazy you kin be,
You lacks to make me shamed, no doubt,
Heah's yo' cap; now scampeth out!

市 市 市 市 市

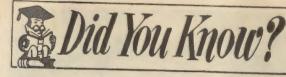
Bles de chile! He's gone at las!
Look how proud he walk, an' fas!
He's so smaht - dat boy un mineAn' at school he's leahnin' fine.
'Is teachen tol' me, week 'fo' las
He's de smahtes' in 'is class.

Yeasum, dat chile's bright as golAn' he ain't but ten yeahs ol!.
He'll soon be ready foh de Fofe
Readeh, an' new grammah bofe!
An' at home, hit's fine to see
How he fly 'roun', helpin' me.

Yessum, 'tis a monstrous joy,
Dat he's sech a pleasin' boy;
An' I teils theo sun an' snow
To give him a propeh show.
A betteh youn un don' draw breff,
Do I does say so myseif.

What's you say, ma'am? I talks mad, An' scol's de chile when he ain't bad? Well, dat's so; but often I Jes' mus' speak 'bout 'im, when he's nigh, An' of I spoked my thoughts, you see, Dat chile might git biggitty.

So I scol's lack I wuz mad,
But dat don' make de chile feel bad;
Dat 11:11 raskil am so smaht
He's done leshned to read my haht,
An' 'e knows my scol'in' - he's so wise
Am jes' love-talk in disguise.



Much of the early recorded history of Louisiana would have been lost were it not for the pioneer efforts of a Plaquemines Parish attorney to arouse public interest in the preservation of old documents. He was Henry Plauche Dart, the son of an Englishman, and he came to Louisiana in 1865. A scholarly man, he developed a great interest in the French and Spanish archives of the state and realized their future importance. He did much to save them from ruin in the 20 years which passed between his arrival here and his death in 1885. Writers and research specialists who come in growing numbers to this state to search the old documents for clues to the lives and problems of the early Latin inhabitants owe him a debt of gratitude.

Early New Orleans suffered yearly epidemics of yellow fever, some more devastating than others, but all causing many deaths. The severity is perhaps best illustrated by a city ordinance adopted in 1817, which declared: "No bell of any church or other edifice where divine worship is celebrated within this city shall be rung in any manner whatsoever, on occasion of any funeral, from the first of July in each year, until the last day of December inclusively, and (that) as often as any such bell or bells shall be rung in contravention of this ordinance, the sexton or whoever is intrusted with the care of such bell or bells, shall pay a fine of fifty dollars."

The american Flag would have surrendered these valuable for tresses and precious legacile, his night was a thoughtful mind, when it sele a nation flag sees not the flag only, but the nation it self and whatever may be its symbols, its insign he reads chiefly in the flag the government the principles, the truths, the history, which belong turned into day and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from this starry banker. It streamed in light order Valley Forge and Morristown. It worses to the nation which sets it forth. the waters rolling with ide at Trenton and Whenever This nation's Vanner has when its stars oflamed in the rold morning streamed abroad, men saw daybreck with victory of new day of hope dawned! bursting upon their eyes for The american on The despondency of the nation. flag has been the symbol of liberty and Let us, then twiste each thread of the mem rejoiced in it! not another flag or glorious tissue of our country's flag about The globe had such an errand or went our heartstrings; and looking upon our forth upon the sea carrying eserywhere homes and catching The spirit That breath the world around, such hope for the exp le upon us from the battle - fielde of our Tire and such glorious tidings. And Sathers let her resolve, come weal or not wherever the flag comes, and men behold we will in life and death, now and it, they see in its sacred emblagoury no forever stand by the stars and Stripes! rampant lion or fire eagle, but only light and every fold significant of Harriet Beecher Storre, annie Fields said: Therefore it is fitting that one who led the The history of the bonne banner is all vanguard, one who was born nevertheless on one side! Under it rode Washington to carry neither gun nor bayonet, but and his armies; before it the Burgoyne to bear upon her heart The weight of a Laid down his arms. It wared on the great love for suffering men, should now highlands at West Point; et floated herself be known. over old Fort montgomery. When arnold

my angel and I We slipped - my angel and 9 - and fell: An angel was born in the soul of my soul this forthead showe like a lucent gent of my soul In its retting of golden hair: I felt his angelic pulses roll. The etar beams blaged from his jostled crown Down down - O Heardho! how low well! The world passing by looked solemnly down The the floor of the new Jerusalem His bosom was white and fair. But I clung to him, spite of human scorn I said " my angel my youth's ideal I will hold to you though men call you unred. The world said "Let go!"
But I answered, "ho!" The world said "Let go!"
But I answered "ho!" afar, a crash! Did a thunderbolt fall my life; when cast on his glittering breast, From the throne of God with a lightning pace, Blake into rainbow hues whose glow and stripe the earth to her heart? Was marvellous to behold -My angel reeled from his castle wall Like a sunbeam drawn from its golden rest and fold over fold clouds muffled his face and dashed on a prison, and shattered so Forcing us wide apart. Into vrolet, red, and gold. Too strong with the strength of despair to slip. Men said: "A dream, a fantasy weld ... Has ravished her soul and her reason beguiled." The world said "Let go!"
But I answered, "ho!" The world said "Let go!"
But I answered "no!" We swept through strange darks Together so;

Clouds big with Thunder about us reashed Harriet Beecher and her brother Henry Ward Beecher were inelparable companions, always inspired with and the lightning shook its wings. the tenderect love and faith in each other to the end Thorough all The darkness and lurid glow God's face; - Though I did not know it - flished and Wis hand kept the balance of Things. Just What & Wanted My angel my angel I clung to you then Despite the Litiless jites of men. Grandpapa looked at his fine new chair On the twenty-right of December. Saying: Santa Claus is so good to me! The world said, "Let go!"
But I answered, "no!" He never fails to remember; But my old armchair is The one for mes Und he settled himself in it nicely); Tike the birth of a star from God's word in the night Those he won't mind if I cling to it, For it fite my back precisely. The earth flashed out of the storne, all dy In the fresh robe of His love. Vapa came home That very night We stook togethere Ion The height -He had plowed his way Through the snow My angel and I - strene and glad and The Christmas winkle had left his eye, Wath the hush of stars above. Und his slep was tired and slow. Warming for him his slippers lay The world looked up with sapient eyes. The lovely embroidered - in -gold ones and said, "I thought so; you were wish! That had hung on the Christmas tree last night.

But he slipsed his feet in the old ones. But he slipped his feet in the old ones. World shall I let go? But the world cried no!" and when dear little Marjory's bedtime came, On The parlor rug they found her. The long, dark laskes a-droop on her cheeks, Blanche Fearing

WASHINGTON'S KISS (When General Washington visited Andover, Mass., in November, 1789, he breakfasted at the tavern of Deacon Isaac Abbet. As he was leaving, he saw a rip in his glove. He asked Priscilla Abbot, then a young girl, to mend it. Taking it from her when it was finished, he gave her a kiss in return. - Bailey's "Sketches of Andover.") Thronged were the streets of Andover town, On that merning of long ago, And swift was the riding up and down, And the galloping to and fro; The judge was there in his stately wig, The parson in rustling gown, And the parish doctor in brand-new rig, Huzzaed for the brave old town. "Huzza! huzza! there's the mx tattered flag We carried at Bunker Hill!

"Huzza! huzza! there's the mx tattered flag
We carried at Bunker Hill!
How the old eyes shine and the old heads wag,
As over the distant hill,
With drum and fife and in brave array,
The scholars of Phillips School
Escorted the veterans old and gray,
Who had shaken the British rule.

At last in the distance, a dusty cloud,
A sound as of horses' feet,
But they never moved, and they spoke not loud,
And they heard their own hearts beat.
Then a forward rush, and a mighty cheer,
And a boom of the Yorktown gun,
As across the plain, to their old eyes clear,
Rode the general - Washington.

He was tall of figure and grand of face,
With an eye which was deep and blue,
And an air which told that he came from race
Who to freedom and God were true,
And they rent the air with their joyful shout,
With their cries of "Welcome! Hail!"
He had cheered them often in storm and rout,
Unchanged, when their cheeks were pale.

They touched his extended hand.

He had shared their hunger, their cold, their pain,

And the strife of their anguished land.

His homeliest wishes for shelter and food

They served with the tanderest care.

The wise and the simple, the gentle and rude,

All had in his welcome a share.

Still, they served him not upon bended knee,
As serfs did their lords of yore;
They gave him the homage of men who were free,
And the love of their hearts' deep core.
That he praised our town we nowhere read,
Though he called Pentucket fair,
And he did not say that in word or deed
He thought we were rich or rare.

But he left a token of favoring grace
To a maiden of Andover town,
A maid who spring from an ancient race,
And a name of good renown.
An honored guest in her father's inn,
He was turning to leave the door,
When he found in his riding-glove of tan
A rent never seen before.

And, looking surprised, he caught her smile.
"You knew it, I think," he said.
"That you will mend it, I am almost sure,
For you have needle and thread."
Then, drawing the glove from his shapely hand,
He watched, as with stitches neat
She fastened together the loosened seam,
Her fingers slender and fleet.

Piano Mords with a Flowery molif a Little White Bardenia. ... Kitty Carlisles Red Rises for a Blue Lady. Voughn Monroe Who'll Buy my Violets? ... Mistinguett Sunny Side of The Street. Frank Sinatha Writing Love Letters in the Sand . " Pat Boone Oh Johnny, Oh. .. . Wee Bonnie Baker I cried for you Ruth Etting ma, He masin' Eyes at me., Jill Carey Sentimental Journey for Sister mary Bernard and the 1939 Graduating Class You're Tory Esserything for my son John Ken-New Orleans. Thelma Dursing Trole

ook

The trumpets are sounding, with eacoes resounding around, and around, through the land! The bells, they are ringing, The birds, they are singing! Let's all sing along with the band!

I am an American of the U. S. A. My heart thrills with confidence, Facing each new day; The flowers that bloom with fragrant perfume, The rain, the sunshine, they're mine all mine.

I am an American of the U. S. A. Where freedom and liberty, Lead the world to-day, Saluting the red, white and blue, I stand, Loyal to America my native land.

No Substitute for Work

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

There is nothing so dignified and inspiring as a human being at work. Work has no adequate substitute. Therefore it should bring to us our greatest happiness, conscious of the fact that work enriches our life and benefits the lives of others.

has effect on others. Our tragic to work. strikes demonstrate this. Idle people are not happy. They only pre- not greatly benefit from the work tend they are. We all need the of others. Rarely do we ever give stimulant of work to give us a thought to the many-near and health and hope. A commentator said of artist Alphonse Legros: "As a boy he worked. As a youth he worked. As a middle-aged man and night, some one is at work.

tion. Everywhere there is busy- and temporary defeat. ness. Birds and beasts have work to do. Only through work of brain and brawn does a human being grow and enlarge his vision and opportunity. We should take time out, however, for change and recreation. Constant work, without relief, dulls and often deadens the desire for high achievement. It is a wonderful sight to see

workers stream out of a great factory at the end of the day. You think of the homes to which they go, the loved ones they meet, the joy experienced at having contributed to the happiness of others and to their own self respect. Nothing is so sad as to see a pen son who wants work, and is will Everything at which we work ing to work, not given the chance

There isn't one of us who does far-who have contributed something to our personal comfort and well-being. Every minute, day he worked—and as an old man he Work brings many a blessing. It is a healer, as well, of sorrow. Idlers in nature are the excep- and sustains us against bitterness

Work Thank God for the might of it The andor, the wrone, the delight of it; Work That springs from The heart's desire Settling the brain and the soul on fire -Oh, what is so good as the heat of it and what is so glad as The beat afit and what is so kind as the stern command. Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work! Thank God for the pride of it, For the beautiful conquering tide of it Sweeping The life it its furious flood Thrilling The arteries eleansing the blood mastering stupor and dull despair moving the dreamer to do and dare; The what is so as The urge of it, And what is so glad as The surge of it and what is so strong as the summous deep Rousing the Torpid soul from sleep?

Work. Thank God for the pace of it, For the terlible, keen swift race of it; Filry steeds in full control,

Thank God for a world where none may shirts hosbiels a - quiver to greet the goal. Thank God for the splendor of work! I Work the Hower that drives behind From the Outlook by angela morgan Guiding the purposes, traming the mind Holding the runaway wisher back Reinity the will to one steady track a Hopeless Care Speeding the energies faster faster, (Oliver Herford) Her sisters shunned her half in fear and half in fear the is hat made as we - poor dear!" Who what is so good as the pain of it and what is so good as the gain of it? (Four leaves instead of Three she had) and what is so kind as the cruel good, Said Doctor Bee: "Her case is rare and due to influence prenatal."

Le amputate I would not fare ;

The operation might be fatal. Forcing us on through the rugged road? Work! With rest and care and simple food.

She may outline both your and me:

(Shange of scene migat do her good."

(One way by honey was his fee) Thank God for the swing of it For the clamoring, hammering ring of it, Passion of lator daily hurled "Take me! take me! the closers cry, To as maid bending wistful-uged."
With gentle hand she puts Them by Till all but one are passed aside: In the mighty anvils of the world: The what is so filece as the slame of it? and what is so huge as the aim of it? Before, her sisters wondering eiges. Her leaves with hispes are told over. Thundering on Through dearth and doubt "I've found you little Four-leaved cloves" Calling the plan of the maker out. Work the Litan! Work, The friend, Shaping The earth to a glorious end. Draining The summer and blasting the hills Doing whatever The spirit wills. Rending a continent apart To answer The dream of the muster heart;

The Lobster Quadrille (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) 16, Bc When the going gets too rough And your lessons look too tough, " will you walk a little faster?" said a Stop and smile. When your playmate speaks with "There's a porpoise close behind us and he's You can always stop his fire, With a smile. Place sunshine in a life that's treading on hay tail. bare, write Help to spread it everywhere, see how eagerly The boteters and The Turtles Vith a smile. Phough you have no gold to give, about all advance ! I You can help the sick to live,) ook They are waiting on the shingle - will you With a smile. cure ry to always be a cheer, publi To the ones that you are near, come and Join The dance? it ha With a smile. ca. Will you work't you will you won't you And when your prayers are said knev at night, Your "Amen" will be all right, well you join the dance? book If you've smiled. will you won't you will you won't you won't you " you can really have no notion how delight. When they take us up and throw us with But the snail replied "Too far too far! Said the Thanked the whiting buildy, but he would not join the danke Would not could not would not could not, would not join the dance Would not could not would not could not, would not join the dance. " what matters it how far we go? his spaly friend replied There is another shore you know, upon The other side The swither off from England The nearty is to France Then Turn not pale, beloved small, but astle"-Stephen Goll. rome and foin the dance Will you won't you, will you won't yout, will you join The dhnie? Will you, won't you, will you won your won to your join the dance?

WISDOM—"How does a man become wise? I can tell you. He listens to every shade of opinion he can. He studies carefully every criticism brought against his own opinions and conduct—and he pays more attention to criticism than to praise. If the criticism is just, he endeavors to profit by it. If it isn't, he doesn't get hot under the collar. He tries to point out the facts that justify his opinions or conduct. In short, wisdom comes only by keeping an open mind."-Roffe Thompson.

A KING

We talked of kings, little Ned sho 1, As we sat in the firelight's glow; Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by, And his kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern, His armies to victory led. Then, after a pause: "At school we learn Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed, He was gentle, and brave, and so Wasn't he greater than all the rest? 'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king? I asked him then, And in waiting for his reply A long procession of noble men Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When, "No," came slowly from little Ned, and thoughtfully; then with a start, He wasn't a king--outside," he said, "But I think he was in his heart."

NEW YORK-WISH I'D SAID THAT: "My home is my Can-

Let's Honor Grace King

Is anybody in New Orleans making plans to observe appropriately the 100th anniversary of the birth of Grace King which may fall in a couple of months?

I say "may fall" advisedly, because there's considerable confusion as to just when Grace King was born.

When she died in 1932, The Times-Picayune gave the date of birth as Nov. 25, 1853. Who's Who listed 1852 as the year of Miss King's birth. And the usually authoritative Dictionary of American Biography gives Nov. 29, 1851.

What about a birth certificate? I could find none registered for Grace King in 1851 or 1852 or 1853.

Grace King's nephew, Carlton King, says the family tomb in Metairie cemetery lists 1852, but he has no family papers to prove that the date is correct.

"Aunt Grace, as she got along in years, had a tendency to change her birthday," Mr. King told me. "She didn't like the idea of getting old."

With that in mind, and three dates in dispute, it would seem logical that the date that made Grace King the oldest would be the correct one. And that's Nov. 29, 1851.

A gracious lady and a charming writer, Grace King was the Gayarre and the inheritor of his

When Gayarre died in 1895, after having hed and written

almost across the entire span of the 19th century, Grace King wrote:

When . it became k nown that Charles Gayarre had passed away , the feel-

ing aroused was not simply that a great and good and useful life had ceased to exist in the community, but also that a

great, good and Dufour useful volume had been closed the volume of the past of city and state—which had stood so long open and ready for all who wished to profit by it that, like old folios and precious classics in public libraries, it seemed chained to our eternal service."

When Grace King died here in 1932, one could have written the same thing about her, for city in America. indeed another "great and good another "great, good and useful volume had been closed."

Every one who has written a book about New Orleans in the past 30 years owes a debt to Grace King.

The story goes that Grace King started to write on the hallenge of Richard Watson ilder, editor of Century, who ame to New Orleans for the vorld's Exposition.

In any New Orleans salon of Nov. 29? Or when?

that day, especially if Creoles historical Godchild of Charles, were present, it was fashionable to denounce George W. Cable, who was winning great fame in the North with his Creole stories and making enemies here in New Orleans.

Miss King .recalled many years later (see Louise H. Guyol's article in the Louisiana Historical Quarterly for July, 1923) that she denounced Cable to Wilder:

"I abused him as only a New Orleans person could-not really abuse you know, it was a sense of resentment, of having had our feelings hurt . . did not admire Cable and, being foolish and young, I said so . He did not understand the Creoles."

That led the editor of Century to toss a challenge at Grace King: "If Cable is so false to you, why do not some of you write better?"

Grace King took the challenge, wrote "Monsieur Motte," a short novel of Creole life, which was published in 1886. And so her illustrious writing career was launched.

No Creole herself, Miss King became the champion of the Creoles, the defender of the Creole culture which distinguished New Orleans from every other

Space doesn't permit an analand useful life lan ceased to ysis of Grace King's literary exist in the community," and output, but one must mention "New Orleans: The Place and the People," and "Creole Families of New Orleans" as among her most valuable contributions to American regional literature.

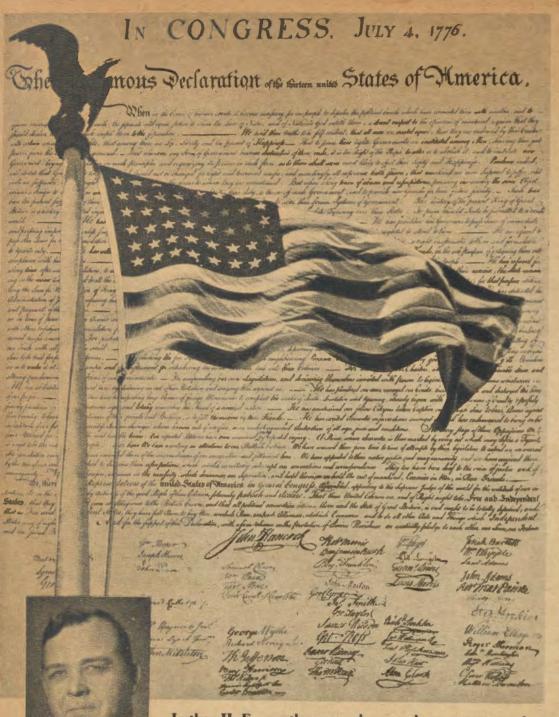
Grace King was a vital force in New Orleans and thousands and thousands of Orleanians who knew her at various stages of her career are still alive.

I'm wondering if they're going to do anything about it on

How do I love Thee? Let me count the ways. I love The to the depth, and breadth, and height my I love thee for Therends of being and ideal grace I have Thee To the lesel of every day's most quiet needs by sun and randelight. I love thee feely as mention to right!

I love theefurely, as men turn from graine; I son The with The passion put to use in my I tore thee with the love I seemed to have I love the with the smille, breath, tears for love fall my life; and if God chroses, I shall but love thee more after death. 43 Bonnet from The Portugue

February 19, 198. a Program of Ciano Boods und Metalgic Song My Son Prof. John Kennedy Toole Dr. Robert Colon Dr. Maliria Duquemay Dr. Peter Jaeger, and the Memory of Miss Flela Levy How Ds I Love Thee? . Edigate Barrett Browing Pian Moods, with a Love Theme Love De The Sweetest Thing. . Out Browne Love Me and The World Is Miner. Ernest Ball. Love Mest. The Foundade Believe Mi Making Eiges at Den Lane Controlle ThereIll 13. Some Change Male. Trances of age. The Object of My Affection, Connie Boswell I'm Foreser Blowing Bubbles. The modernairee There's a Small Wolle, " Hertrub Veinen I'm Always Chasing Rainhouse Turning Trimes Miss you! (for myson), The me Sureste Dev Orleane, Thelma Ducoing Toole Dispir



Luther H. Evans, the man who guards our most precious

possession, sends this moving message to all Americans.

No through the great doors of the Library of Con-I gress in Washington and into the cathedral-like rotunda, capped by its magnificent vaulted ceiling. Walk along the mosaic floor and up one of the twin marble staircases that wind to the balcony.

At the head of the stairs you will see it. There, in a 20-foot section we call simply the Shrine, is the greatest single treasure owned by the American people. It is a sheet of age-dimmed parchment, 29% by 247/16 inches, which stands in a white marble niche at eye level behind a three-sided stone rail. It is the Declaration of Independence. It bears the words that make you free.

This document will be 176 years old next Friday. Let me tell you about it from my point of view-

The words that make you free

BY LUTHER H. EVANS

LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS

the point of view of a man to whom the care and safety of this priceless heritage of our freedom is entrusted.

The Declaration is in the custody of the Library of Congress, and was moved there from the Department of State in 1921. One million persons see it every year, from school children and aged refugees to kings, princes and world-famed figures in every field. But the Declaration has the same magnetic effect on every visitor, regardless of his position—it inspires the kind of awe. and reverence that we find only in places of worship.

There was the blind woman who came from San Francisco accompanied by her granddaughter. All her life she had wanted to view the document but could not afford the trip. She lost her sight a few years before, but never abandoned her dream. She finally saw the Declaration through her grandchild's eyes.

A nationally famed industrialist studied it for a half hour through a magnifying glass, then touched his fingers to his lips and transferred the kiss to the base.

Some 300 new citizens come to Washington each year from Massachusetts. Colonel Willard Webb, who escorts special visitors to the Shrine, tells me there is rarely a dry eye in the group.

As you have gathered, considerable solemnity surrounds the Declaration at all times, but one ancient wheeze, acceptable because of its age, keeps cropping up from time to time. The last time it was retold (and this is a hitherto unpublished story) was when Princess Elizabeth visited the Shrine last winter, before her accession to the

throne. Verner W. Clapp, as acting librarian, pointed to John Hancock's large, flowing signature and said to the royal visitor:

"Hancock explained that he wrote his name that big so that the king of England would be able to see it without his spectacles."

The future queen had never heard this story.

The document these visitors see is guarded 24 hours a day by special patrolmen pledged to protect it with their lives. They carry .38 revolvers ready for instant use. A concealed phone at the Shrine connects with guard headquarters and an alarm can be sounded at once, sending the full strength of the guard into action. Trouble has never come, but the guards are prepared.

dcience has made the Declaration itself as indestructible as the principles it proclaims. Last year, recommendations made by the National Bureau of Standards were put into effect and the document is now protected from damage by time, air, moisture and light.

It is hermetically sealed in a special "sandwich" of insulating glass. Air, which contains harmful impurities, has been expelled and replaced by helium, an inert gas, in which molds and insects cannot live. Too much or too little moisture can harm the document, and therefore a controlled amount of moisture has been added to the helium. To offset temperature changes that might increase humidity, a special backing paper of pure cellulose lies behind the parchment to absorb moisture.

A yellow filter glass that cuts out 98 per cent of the harmful light rays, which can fade the document, has been installed in the Shrine. We permit photographs, but at no time can there be more than 2,000 candlepower within ten feet of the Declaration. Arc lights are forbidden.

That is how your Declaration of Independence looks on its 176th birthday. As its custodian, I am glad to make this brief report to the stockholders.

The AMERICAN WEEKLY

JOSEPH LOPKER, ART DIRECTOR

note: The Sufi are adherents of Sufism a system of manysticism developed esperially in Persia (Gran), with elaborate symbolism much used by the preto. 1. When Day Is Done la Diep Purple 7. The World Do Waiting 2. night and Day 3. What a Difference a for The Surviva Day made 8. Blue in The night 9. The End of a Perfect 4. You and the night and The music Day. 5. Softly as in a morning 10. Last night The night-

and The HOUSEHOLD GU

lecky ten ne's whole were 'He's Salas.

iter when I with his ayon since years old. arely saw ep herder. his uncle or to the ers, Uncle rith Salas ranch to

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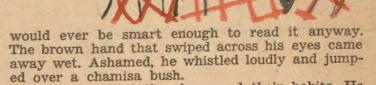
sked him.

uestioned. e gesture sment. " the girl st looked by grade. on," she

him. He's pod there the school

nd timidly

weet like concious ndar sand its below ever been ners. He



Patches studied the sheep and their habits. He knew the stars, but not their names. He knew the birds, where they nested; the wild animals, where they whelped, what they ate, how they hunted. In

his heart, always, a longing.
Uncle Salas died when Patches was seventeen. Patches buried him as he had the book. He chose the top of the gentle slope that climbed until it became lone Eagle Tail peak, and turned back to the sheep. Again he felt very dumb. He didn't know a prayer to say for the silent old man who had shared everything with him. He had gone half a mile from the stone heaped grave when he remembered what his uncle had said the morning he had started school "Vaya con Dios." God with God. Patches walked back, clutching his beaten hat in his hand while the wind ruffled his hair. "Vaya con Dios, my uncle," he said softly, boyish tears streaking his face, "Vaya con Dios."

The loco weed spread pink and purple glory and danger. That meant it was time to take the flock around Eagle Tail to the ranch for shearing. The sheep must not eat the delectable green loco lest they die. Usually they moved the flocks to the sand flats and sheared there. Big trucks came from the ranch and picked up the bales of wool and sheep that were being shipped. This year Mr. Shafer had said to bring the flock in.

"It is just as well." Patches thought, "For surely

one alone cannot clip."

The undercurrent of excitement at the ranch Idored Patches They talked not as autile and

and Patches ed suit, "Is parts. We're beets and or

Shafer wa truck arour break an "We'll man from that to

Usually s mean, the toward the in the sunse once was in

Shafer lat E'town Pat bery?" Patches

"About fi was still g by stage co around the The ranch," station. The affair. They gold because "Lots of I

gamblers fr take it. The pokes from a bender in they'ed pulle gamblers he

"They we by one. The but when th added effer. himillo, a daily.

The musts The Musle

1. Calliage - Heroic poetry

2. Clio - History

3. E rato - Love poetry

4. Enterpe - Music and lyric poetry

5. Melpomene - Tragedy

6. Polyhymnia - Sublime hymns, serious, sacred

7. Telpsichore - Dancing, choral song. { songs

8. Thalia - Comedy, idyllic poetry

9. Urania - Astronomy

To the mayor of your town:

Dear Mayor Adams,

It was a privilege to have you with us as guest of honor at our annual Odd Fellows dinner last Thursday evening.

The lodge extends its thanks, and its cooperation at all times-to you and your office.

Very sincerely, Harold Stone

To your congressman:

You address your senator as "Dear Senator Doe," but your congressman is "Dear Mr. Doe," or "Dear Sir,"-never "Dear Congressman Doe."

The Honorable Thomas C. Doe. House Office Building. Washington, D. C. Dear Mr. Doe,

May I add my voice to the many who approved your vote on the Blank Bill last Tuesday. It's heartening to have stich an understanding representative in Congress.

> Sincerely yours. (Mrs. James Jones) Alma Jones

SU Historian Sees 'Abe' is War's Best General

By HAROLD RUBIN

Why did it take so long for one side to emerge victorious in the ar Between the States? And where did America's present military nmand system begin?

President Abraham Lincoln answers both questions in this 354ge document story by T. Harry Williams, Louisiana State univerty history professor.. "With no knowledge of the theory of war, experience in war and no technical training, Lincoln, by the power his mind, became a fine strategist," Williams says. "He saw the picture of the war from the start."

Lincoln as commander in chief the Union forces is viewed from perspective of modern warfare. a powerful story, powerful rough to be chosen as a Book of e Month Club selection—no mean at for a historian's work.

LINCOLN AND HIS GENERALS. By T, Harry Williams. Knopf, \$4.

But it is a fascinating story on ts own, regardless of all its other merits. "There was not an officer in the first year of the war capable efficiently administering and ighting the (large Union) Army," Villiams says.

Gen. George B. McClellan, comnander of the Division of the Poomac, was the "problem child" of the war. "He continued to talk about an offensive. (But) he began o see all kinds of obstacles in front if him and all sorts of reasons why e should not fight. Actually he hrank from the decision of a showlown battle."

Lincoln tried to give McClellan could win battles for the Union. every chance to bring the Union genuine victory but "in Lincoln's More Latitude eneral like McClellan."



T. HARRY WILLIAMS powerful, fascinating story.

*difficulty in finding a general who

the other Union generals.

"Lincoln's predominant purpose When Congress revived the rank my) armies." West, was the only man capable of way: he had no man capable of filling his generals. He was in actuality

he had given (other generals)." Union."

NEW ORLEANS ITEM Monday, Nov. 3, 1952

Bullet Wounds Gun Designer

DUNN, N. C., (UP) - Carbine Williams, who invented the Army's M-1 carbine, nursed a bullet wound today, the result of an experiment with a new kind of

Williams, who invented the rifle which made his famous while he was in state penitentiary, was experimenting in his workshop at Godwin, N. C., when a bullet discharged and struck him in the leg. His condition was reported good in a hospital here.

Lincoln put it this way, "Do you hire a man to do your work, and then do it yourself?" Nevertheless, "fundamentally, Grant's strategy was Lincolnian.'

Williams does not mince words. 'Grant was, judged by modern standards, the greatest general of the war. (Robert E.) Lee is usually ranked as the greatest general, but this evaluation has been made without placing Lee and Grant in the perspective of military developments since the war. Grant was superior to Lee because in a modern total war he had a modern mind, and Lee did not. Lee looked to the past in war as the Confederacy did in spirit."

Hinged on General

Lee's staff members were "glorified clerks," Williams says, but mind, McClellan stood for strategy, When news of the success in "Grant's staff was an organization preparation, delay and at best, bar- Mississippi reached the President, of experts in the various phases of en victories. Lincoln thought the he said, "If Grant took Vicksburg, strategic planning" and modern country could no longer afford a why Grant is my man and I am warfare. The destruction of enemy his the rest of the war." Williams economic resources—as in Gen. "He is an admirable engineer," feels Lincoln "must have made William T. Sherman's march to the incoln is supposed to have said many contrasts in his mind be-sea-was "realism to Grant, bar-McClellan, "but he seems to tween the aggressive conduct of barism to Lee," yet it was "as eflave a special talent for a station- Grant and the halting action" of fective and legitimate a form of warfare as the destruction of (ene-

throughout was offensive to run of lieutenant general (a post senior to all others at the time), Lincoln to all others at the time), Lincoln to compare the confederate threat." But he had decided Ulysses S. Grant, commanding the department of the forewritten. Williams feels this

taking the rank and becoming a "Judged by modern standards, true general in chief. This was the Lincoln stands out as a great war start of the modern command sys- president, probably the greatest in tem, which Lincoln had wanted for our history, and a great natural some time, but until he found Grant strategist, a better one than any of as well as in title the commander "It is true," says Williams, "that in chief, who, by his larger strate-Lincoln permitted Grant more lati- gy, did more than Grant or any tude in determining strategy than general to win the war for the 4024 North Hoodbine Darvey, Louisians 70058

LEIDENHEIMER'S "ZIP" FRENCH BREAD



Useful Information

MULTIPLICATION TABLE

-	-	-									
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	111	12
2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24
3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27	30	33	36
4	8	12	16	20	24	28	32	36	40	44	48
5	10	15	20	25	30-	35	40	45	50	55	60
6	12	18	24	30	36	42	48	54	60	66	72
7	14	21	28	35	42	49	56	63	70	77	84
8	16	24	32	40	48	56	64	72	80	88	96
9	18	27	36	45	54	63	72	81	90	99	108
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90	100	110	120
11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88	99	110	121-	132
12	24	36	48	60	72	84	96	108	120	132	144

Table Showing Value of Foreign Money in Dol-lars, Cents and Mills

lars, Cents and Mills

As Established by an act of Congress, March 3, 1873.

The Pound Sterling of England, Ireland and Scotland, S4.86.65.

12d.=1s.; 20s.=* £4. The value of 1d. is 2 dts.; of 1s. is .24½.

The Franc of France, Belgium and Switzerland, .19 .3 cts.

The Reichsmark (Royal-mark) of the German Empire, .23 .8 cts.

The Crown of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, .26 .8 cts.

The Crown of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, .26 .8 cts.

The Lira of Italy, and the Peseta of Spain, .19 .3 cts.

The Florin of Austria, .41 3.

The Florin of Holland. .40 2.

The Plaster of Turkey. .04 4.

The Dollar of Mexico. .90 9.

The Rouble of Russia, .66 9.

The Milreis of Brazil, .54 5.

The Peso of Cuba, .92 5.

The Dollar of Canada, 1.00 0.

*Note-£, Stands for Pound Sterling; s, for Shillings; d, for Pence.

Avoirdupois Weight

16 drams (dr.) make 1 oz. 16 oz. " 1 lb. 100 lbs. " 1 cwt. 20 hundredwts. " 1 ton.

Troy Weight

24 grains (gr.) make 1 dwt. 20 pennyweights " 1 ounce. 12 ounces " 1 lb.

Apothecaries' Weight

20 grains make	I seruple.
3 scruples "	1 dram.
8 drams "	1 ounce.
12 ounces "	1 pound.

Long Measure

12 inches make	1 foot.
3 feet "	1 yard.
6 feet "	1 fathom.
5½ yards "	1 pole or ro
40 poles "	1 furlong.
8 furlongs "	1 mile.
69½ miles "	1 degree.
320 rods. "	1 mile.

Square Measure

144	sq. in.	make	1sq. ft.
9	sq. ft.	66	1 sq. yd.
301/4	sq. yds.	46	1 sq. pole.
40	sq. poles	46	1 rood.
4	roods	46	1 acre.
640	acres	46	1 sq. mile.

Solid or Cubic Measure

1 cu. ft.
1 cu, yd.
1 cd. wood.
1 perch stone
of wood is a
wide, and 4
8x4x4 = 128.
or brick is
t. wide, and
The state of the state of

		- COULT
2	pints (pt.)	1 quart.
8	quarts (qt.)	1 peck.
4	pecks (pk.)	1 bushel.
36	bushels (bu.)	1 chaldron

Liquid Measure

4 gills	make	1 pt.
2 pints	- 46	1 qt.
4 quarts	46	1 gal.
31½ gallons	66	1 barrel.
2 bhl. or 63 gal.	. 46	1 hogshead (hhd.)

Paper Measure

20	sheets quires reams	(qr.)	66 .	1	quire, ream. bale.
		11		-	Amire

Miscellaneous Denominations 12 units make 1 dozen. 12 doz. " 1 gross.

12 gross " 1 gr. gross.
20 units " 1 score.
100 lbs. " 1 quintal of
dried salt fish,
100 lbs. make 1 cask of raisins.
196 " " 1 bbl. of flour.
The state of the s
a april of occi)
pork or fish.
280 lbs. make 1 bbl. of salt at
the N. Y. State Sait
Works.
32 lbs. make 1 bush, of oats.
48 " " 1 " of barley
56 " " 1 " of pariey

A score is 20.
A hand is 4 inches.
A fathom is 6 feet.
A knot is 6086 feet.
3 knots 1 league.