

And There's Tomorrow

by

Alice M. Weir



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DEDICATED TO MY HUSBAND

JOHN JOSEPH

He is the flame. I am the lamp.

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FOREWORD

“Alice M. Weir” is a pseudonym. The author has chosen to conceal her identity in writing *And There's Tomorrow* for two reasons.

First, the book is partly biographical. Mrs. Weir, like Sarah, the story's heroine, was born in the early 1900's and raised in New England. She worked on a newspaper for many years and married late in life. Thus it might prove embarrassing for friends and family if the fictional areas of the book were confused with facts.

Two, the book is controversial. While “Alice M. Weir” has published much material under her real name and is known in the fields of religious and political discourses, this is her first attempt to reach the general public through the medium of fiction. Here, her arguments and reasoning are presented by characters such as “Great Uncle John David Barr”, “Mr. Carter”, “Congressman Kahl”, “Amy Dimmock” and “Sarah”, herself.

However, the narrative is not diffused by the “Causes” Sarah exposes. Detailed political information including names, dates, reports and referrals, can be found in the back of the book as an attached addenda. Thus a reader has the choice of delving deeply into an amazing conglomerate of mis-used and mis-guided national power, or merely riding the surface of its devastating undercurrents.

PREFACE

In telling this story of Sarah Atkins I have endeavored to bring into focus some of the old values that have sustained generations over the centuries; to give a short accounting why these values changed.

I attempt to show that the steady disintegration and eventual demoralizing and destruction of civil governments, societies and nations, is caused by misled intellectuals. And how the terms democracy, brotherhood and evangelism have been utilized by them to further their schemes.

Many well intentioned individuals have been ensnared in these plots and plans because they are ignorant of the true nature of the conspiracy and conspirators.

Years ago I participated in a service where lighted candles were placed on paper-plates and launched at the edge of the sea. Each of us watching, wondered, "Will my candle be capsized by the waves, or the flame extinguished by the wind, or be one of the few that sails sturdily atop the turbulent surface and sustains its gleam far out on the dark ocean."

Will this book be a candle in the darkness?

Like Sarah, I can dream—it will—

The Author.

CHAPTER ONE

Sarah Atkins was dawdling along the corridor on her way to Civics Class. It was next to the last period on this Thursday, April 1918, at Baldwin High School. Her mind was not on her studies but rather on money. She knew she would have to be the wage-earner for her family and could not plan on an independent life of her own or even marriage. She was thinking of her graduation dress and other expenses of graduation in June.

She decided to wear a wedding dress at graduation. It would be white, as was the school custom, but it would be fancier. "Then," she told herself airily, "if you never get married, you will remember being dressed up as a bride." She stepped from the corridor into the classroom and took her seat, still thinking of wedding gowns. She envisioned herself in a veil, the filmy texture concealing her thin face and shoulders.

Bright sun illuminated the classroom. Sarah stretched her arms across the desk curling her fingers over the back and breathed deeply of the fresh air flowing through the open window. A bee buzzed noisily, flying frantically against the window pane.

Sarah Atkins was, as her usual habit, day dreaming but not of wedding gowns now. At this moment, her attention was on the bee. She wondered why a bee will fly inside a room, then wear itself to death struggling against the glass of a partly open window, to gain freedom yet never having the instinct to go out through the opening. The buzzing was dimmed by the restless shuffling of feet and rustling of pages of books and papers.

Close to the end of the school year and with the bright spring weather beckoning, the class was unusually restless.

Sarah pulled her arms back and folded her hands in her lap. Extremely thin, her body structure was angular. Deep hollows darkened her temples. Her hair and eyes were her redeeming features. Her hair, long and heavy, a dull gold in color was worn tightly drawn back in a psyche knot at the nape of her neck. Her eyes were a flecked brown and gold and with the bright blue and green hues reflected in the room, they captivated the tints. If she wore these colors, her eyes would sustain the brilliance, but for reasons of frugality, she wore only grey, black and navy blue. When she smiled or spoke, her wide mouth was unnoticed.

Sarah lost the hum of the bee in the restlessness of the room and turned her attention to the teacher, Miss Cora Abbott, a diminutive brunette, who used her hands and arms constantly to stress her lectures and arguments. Standing behind her desk she was saying, "You are the government. If the government is good, it is because you are good. If the government is bad, it is because you do not interest yourself enough to make and keep it good. While now only men can vote, we hope women will be permitted to vote and declare themselves in matters of education, safety and sanitation. The United States is a Democracy!", Miss Abbott continued.

Sarah felt herself recoil, her back stiffen, almost snapping from the reflex as she recalled the admonition of her Great Uncle John David Barr, "Little Lady, don't let anyone tell you the United States of America is a Democracy." Sarah was nearly eight years old when she learned this fact from the lips of her Great Uncle John, crippled with rheumatism; confined to his wheel chair, swathed in woolens and knitted coverlets, he had lived with his sister, Phoebe Hyde, Sarah's grandmother. Great Uncle John's hair, as white as new fallen snow, haloed his dark brown furrowed face, his brilliant blue eyes shone like jewels.

Sarah half rose from her chair and in an outburst that startled herself, cried, "Oh no, Miss Abbott, the United States of America is not a Democracy."

The silence in the room seemed like a vacuum; the restless

shuffling ceased, the atmosphere, to Sarah, was suffocating.

“What did you say?” Miss Abbott asked in a slow measured tone.

Sarah replied, “I said the United States of America is not a Democracy.” Then she spoke rapidly, “My Great Uncle told me that it was not a Democracy and not to believe that it was.”

Miss Abbott moved from behind her desk and braced herself against its front edge. In this scant time, Sarah, as if to reinforce her position, remembered the small room where her Great Uncle had been confined. A room crowded with shelves of books and magazines relating to government and religion. They represented his whole interest in life and to them he constantly referred for study and note making. At his death two boxes of his notes and some of the books were left to Sarah. Sarah was nearly sixteen when her Great Uncle died. She remembered her Grandmother saying, “Your Great Uncle John David Barr knew what he was talking about. He spent a long time studying those books in his room and watching the newspapers and magazines. So, what he said is fact and truth. He would not make a single statement to you or to anyone unless he was sure of the facts. He was a truthful man, a man of personal pride and would rather have his tongue cut out than utter error.”

Miss Abbott maintained her rigid poise and asked, “Well, if your Great Uncle John David Barr says the United States of America is not a Democracy, what did he say it is?”

Sarah stood up, trembling. She could sense the antagonism in Miss Abbott’s voice and she knew there would be trouble, real trouble, questioning a teacher.

She smiled timidly, “Oh, I can tell you because he made me memorize one of the statements from Daniel Webster’s Fourth of July Oration at Fryeburg, Maine in 1802. Do you want me to repeat it?” Without waiting for permission, Sarah continued, “‘We live under the only government that ever existed which was framed by the unrestrained and deliberate consultations of the people. Miracles do not cluster. That which has happened but once in six thousand years cannot be expected to happen often. Such a government once gone, might leave a void to be filled for ages with revolution and tumult, riot and despotism.’”

She continued, "Our government is a representative constitutional Republic, the first and only system in all recorded history. Democracy was explicitly rejected when the United States of America was founded. Samuel Adams warned, 'Remember, Democracy never lasts long. It soon wastes, exhausts and murders itself. There never was a democracy that did not commit suicide'." She hesitated for a scant second and finished her explanation with, "And the Secretary of the Treasury under George Washington said, 'We are a Republican Government. Real liberty is never found in despotism or in the extremes of Democracy'." Sarah felt shaky from the excitement of her dissertation, but kept standing.

Miss Abbott changed her position, stepped nearer the class and glanced about the room and then asked, "Well, what does this class have to offer in this confrontation?"

A voice from the back of the room asked, "Why can't we debate the question?"

"Oh no", Sarah wheeled around. "You can't debate truths. If you wish to debate the question, it would be 'Should the United States of America be a Democracy?'"

Another student volunteered a suggestion, "Well, can we take a vote?"

Sarah giggled in a release of tension, "If a million people voted in the affirmative, the nation would still not be a Democracy. Voting doesn't establish facts and truths. Having a majority vote doesn't make a question valid or non-valid, or moral."

"Did your Great Uncle tell you how to define a representative, constitutional Republic?" Miss Abbott inquired, her voice sharply edged with sarcasm.

Sarah breathed deeply, swallowed with an effort and said, "Well, he said we know our rights are God-given. It is stated in the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal. They have a right to their life, their liberty and the pursuit of happiness. To be created equal doesn't mean equal in material or mental things. Great Uncle John said it means equal before the law and to opportunity and achievement; that all men should not be harmed by the government. Their persons should

not be harmed or their life taken from them and their liberty should be allowed unless they take another's life or another's liberty. Liberty means you can do what you want to do whether it is right or wrong. It does not mean freedom. Liberty and freedom are not the same. Freedom means you can only do what is right according to the natural, the moral laws, or civil laws. If you do wrong, you must suffer penalties or punishment for your wrong-doing. With liberty you may do what you want to do but first you must respect the rights of others. So, you have a God-given right to your liberty but you do not have freedom to infringe upon the God-given rights of others.

"The individual is sovereign. Individuals make the nation. Government is set up by the nation and conducted by their representatives. When our government was established, these facts were recognized by the Founding Fathers. A plan of civil government, the first and so far, the only system in all recorded history was drawn up and the United States of America was founded.

"We, the individuals, select representatives to be the government. By this process, we only loan them our sovereignty. We do not surrender our rights. These representatives are bound by the Constitution which is the law of the nation. These laws are confined to protecting our rights. Our government is composed of three branches, the legislative, the executive and the judiciary and their functions are set down in the Constitution."

Sarah stopped talking, glanced at Miss Abbott, "Is that enough? I can tell about the states rights."

"No", Miss Abbott turned back to her desk and opened a textbook.

The classroom was hushed with the silence of expectancy. Finally Miss Abbott spoke and the sarcasm in her voice was cutting, "You know, class, it is obvious Miss Atkins should be teaching Civics, not I." Then she turned to Sarah, "Under your Great Uncle's tutelage of course."

"My Great Uncle died two years ago, Miss Abbott," Sarah answered softly.

Again silence filled the room, broken this time by the loud clang of the bell. Quickly the students gathered their books and

departed. The mention of death had taken the excitement out of this situation.

As Sarah turned to go, Miss Abbott spoke, "Miss Atkins, please remain."

Sarah sat down and waited. When they were alone, Miss Abbott said, "Miss Atkins, I think you should drop this course, I cannot give you a passing mark."

"But why?" Sarah felt her lips trembling, "I haven't failed in any of my tests, oral or written."

"You evidently haven't learned your subject or you would not dispute the lessons."

"But", Sarah felt her voice faltering and tears started, "Civics is a required subject and if I drop it now, I will not graduate."

"If you fail, you will not graduate either. It is evident you believe your Great Uncle, not your instructors. You may go."

Sarah hastily picked up her books and left the room. She walked slowly along the nearly empty corridor. Her throat felt tight and she swallowed with effort, but decided not to worry about graduating until she talked with the principal. He might have a solution. As she walked by the rotunda's large square window, she could see the expanse of front law, emerald green under the brilliant April sun. A sudden shadow startled her. It was cast by the huge statue of Rodin's, "The Thinker", and her mind shifted to a new question. "Why did they place that huge statue in the small rotunda? He looks like he is bending over because he can't straighten up and why block the view and light?" Sarah decided that if she were in charge, she would put the statue where it would show to advantage. She grinned, "He must be the 'other monkey'." She recalled her Great Uncle pointing to a small sculpture of the "Three Monkeys", telling her, "There should be four. One is missing. The first one speaks no evil, the second sees no evil and the third hears no evil. There should be a fourth monkey who thinks no evil. Sarah, always remember the fourth monkey because nothing outside can harm a man. As he thinketh in his heart, so he is. Evil is within and can harm. What is outside cannot harm."

Shifting her gaze again to the bright green lawn for a final glance, Sarah hitched her books on her arm and hastened her

steps, wondering what the Thinker was thinking.

At the end of the corridor, she became aware that someone was beckoning to her. It proved to be Rose Ricardi. Rose reminded Sarah of a raven. Her head was tapered, her nose elongated and her chin receded. Her neck, lost in the high shoulders, gave a birdlike effect. Even her eyes were birdlike for they darted and glittered as she talked.

Excitedly, Rose motioned with a fluttering of her thin hand and as Sarah approached, announced, "Paul's waiting for you."

"Pah! Is that all? I thought it was big news. I wish he'd act his age. Why doesn't he speak to me?"

"But, Sarah, you know he's asked any number of girls to introduce him to you. Of course," she simpered, "he's never asked me."

"Well, don't bother to say you'll introduce us. He hasn't much of a spine or he'd come right out and speak to me, instead of making a monkey of himself, hanging about corridors, rushing to open doors and waiting to close them after me."

"See him?" giggled Rose, and she nudged Sarah and hurried forward.

As Sarah turned the corner of the corridor to the study room, she saw Paul Standish standing, his back against the door, his hand on the knob. Rose had reached the door and crouched low; she scudded by him, glancing back slyly in Sarah's direction.

From her position in the darkened corridor, Sarah could study Paul as he stood in the full light of the room.

"Why doesn't he speak? He doesn't look stupid."

He was tall with slightly stooped shoulders. His straw colored hair did not cling to his head; the cowlick in front fanned the ends in windblown spears; his countenance carried a habitual gentle smile with a quirk on one side of his lips.

"Humph," snorted Sarah to herself, "he looks as though he were laughing inside at me." But when she lifted her gaze to his eyes, she felt they were begging for recognition.

"Well," she admitted reluctantly, "he looks kind, but does he have to be so goody-goody?"

She shifted her books, quickened her pace past him and

walked through the doorway just as the last bell sounded. The study room teacher looked up from her desk, glared at Sarah, started to say something but frowned, glanced at the door, which Paul had closed and then settled back to her chart to check in the class.

The pupils rated this teacher as mean, with a reputation of harboring grudges and making small incidents appear premeditated crimes. Her name was Cora Cunningham and they dubbed her Cute Cora.

The study room creaked and rustled with shifting seats, and restless hands turning pages aimlessly. The last period of the day and a study session was an excuse to relax. Sarah opened a book without looking at the title and then watched the sunlight reflected on the blackboard. She told herself she would look as long as possible at the bright surface so she could remember the picture when she was at home.

Sarah lived with her parents and brother in a court. Any large city would have called these clustered quarters tenements. But the town of Baldwin, Massachusetts proudly avoided that term. It was a little private world dominated by failure and poverty.

Sarah's mother was a dreary woman defeated by the struggle of living with a husband who never kept a steady job. She was delicate featured but her ash blond hair was prematurely grey and lusterless. Her eyes were a soft grey and her eyebrows were a peculiarly formed line that feathered when she smiled or frowned. Her hands were small and well formed. Sarah had inherited this feature from her mother. Pa Atkins, cheerfully chasing a will-o-wisp 'right kind of job', permitted Ma Atkins to worry and wonder where the rent and food money would come from. Warren, five years older than Sarah, worked at the local express office. Each Saturday he turned his pay envelope over to his mother with a grand flourish. But before the week was out, he had borrowed it back along with a few extra dollars.

Against the protest of her mother, Sarah remained in High School and worked afternoons and evenings in an ice cream parlor waiting on tables.

"You could get more money if you worked all day instead of wasting your time in school," Mrs. Atkins would complain,

"there are plenty of places that don't need a high school diploma," adding, "I never had one and I made out."

To save argument, Sarah kept silent, smiling to herself, for she wanted to remind her mother she had married young and never worked in the business world.

"Who knows," Sarah thought, "I may have to work all my life and I might as well choose a career." She had decided on office work and was completing a commercial course and graduating in a few months.

Reluctantly, Sarah changed her gaze from the blackboard to the book in front of her, but she was still restless. Studying could wait. She glanced up and saw Paul Standish seated a few rows away, his head buried in his hands, his fingers pushing his hair upward.

Sarah wondered what sort of home life he had. Were there any sisters and brothers? Did he work after school? Would he go to war after graduation?

"Miss Atkins," the teacher's voice, shrill and sarcastic, startled Sarah, "perhaps I can arrange an introduction to Mr. Standish after the class. You seem intensely interested, almost fascinated." She continued tauntingly, "You've had your eyes on him for many minutes."

Sarah blushed deeply. Paul glanced up and his face was pink with embarrassment. He endeavored to smooth his hair as he looked first at Sarah and then at the teacher.

A tittering throughout the room increased Sarah's discomfiture. Before Sarah could answer, Miss Cunningham inquired. "Perhaps we should have a day-dreaming class instead of a study session. Would that please you?"

Once again Sarah was saved by the bell. Savagely she gathered her books and swiftly left the room, her head averted as she passed Paul, who stood at the door, his hand outstretched toward her.

CHAPTER TWO

Sarah stood teetering on the top step of the girls' exit of Baldwin High School. Still smarting with embarrassment, she looked toward the horizon, her head lifted high, she seemed poised for flight. In the sunlight, her hair took on a burnished sheen, a few loose strands blew across her face unheeded as she breathed deeply of the clear, crisp air and thought she could almost smell the sunshine. She shut her eyes to experience the sensation of the odor; to determine if her mind would translate a picture as she inhaled. The dark school corridors smelling of floor oil and chalk were forgotten, but the exhilaration she expected failed to materialize, instead the sounds about her became more distinct and the discordant chorus of a group of pupils chanting, "Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning," brought her thoughts immediately to the war on the other side of the world. Quickly she opened her eyes.

The boys' exit was on the north side of the school building and the girls' on the south and the oval of the wide expanse of lawn was rapidly filling with students as the lines met and mingled. She wondered how soon some of the boys would be taken to war. Below, at the bottom of the flight of stairs, four girls lingered. They were Sarah's classmates now cloistered together for companionship, giggling and gossiping. Sarah glanced at them, recognizing Doris Hirsch, her closest friend, Ruby Carleton, a giddy, flashy senior, tolerated by the girls but frowned upon because of her unashamed interest in attracting men. Rose Ricardi was there and so was Veronica Sweeney, a plump, pretty blonde. As Sarah looked down, Veronica looked

up and saw Sarah, smiled and waved, then turned back to listen to the information Ruby was imparting.

Sarah was content to stand in the warmth of the sun, letting it seep into her body as she continued to wonder and dream, knowing when the group at the bottom of the steps had their fill, they would call to her impatiently and she would join them. Again, she closed her eyes and debated what her course would be after graduation in two months. "What did she want to do? What were her secret ambitions?" She knew further study was out of the question. She reminded herself she must be sensible. No far-fetched ambitions for fame and money would be hers. She brushed a strand of hair from her face and admitted she would never be beautiful but wished she was as pretty as Doris. She had no talents which would make her outstanding and she was acutely aware she was anchored to the dreary task of working to support herself and her parents. In recognition of her duty, as she saw it, Sarah made her decision at this moment to accept cheerfully, whatever burden was placed upon her.

She murmured aloud, "I only want to be right and respected," and she prayed, "Dear Lord Jesus, I want to be good. I want to live right." She told herself she could live in the Court and try to ignore the dirt and disorder. But she would keep their own home clean and neat while dreaming of castles, lovely houses and green lawns; she could wear her old clothes, clean and mended, but she could dream they were silks and satins.

Wistfully, Sarah wished she had the understanding of life, to know why there were wars, discord, disease and vague dreams that left her restless. She remembered Miss Abbott's lecture that a good government depended on good citizens. Her face was relaxed now and her mind cleared as she decided she would try to be a good citizen too and obey the Bible teachings, discipline her mind, improve her manners. Should she stop dreaming impossible dreams of castles on white cliffs beside blue waters, beautiful gowns and soft music, satin smooth dance floors and many mirrored rooms and settle down to living in dark, chilly rooms, eating meager food? Do dreams leave one restless or do they make the humdrumness of living more bearable? Sarah

pondered these thoughts. She wanted to live as she termed "right".

Sarah knew she overlooked faults in her own family but criticized the neighbors. She was patient with her parents' shortcomings but was quick to find fault with outsiders. There must be a rule or a pattern somewhere, she decided, to govern her behavior and she smiled as she remembered the problems in algebra and that "X" was the solution. "Why", she settled the idea in her mind, "I can apply the principle to my daily living. "X" will be the unknown factor." She would take the five factors she knew, obey the Bible; be a good citizen; help to maintain good government; discipline the mind and exhibit good manners. For the answers on how to act, how to judge people, how to live with dreams and reality; to make decisions when it was a matter of right and wrong; to accept disappointments she'd use the symbol "X". Sarah grinned, her eyes shining, her lips twitched in a humorous quirk. "That, Sarah Atkins," she stated aloud, "is up to yourself. You and you alone will have to bear the responsibility of your actions and decisions."

Sarah often puzzled over the question. What is good living? Pa Atkins was shiftless and didn't worry about working to pay his bills. Lester Loomer, a young man in the Court, worked steady but drank too much. Sarah forgave her father because he was her parent but she didn't think Lester should drink himself insensible. Ma complained and favored Warren, Sarah didn't think her mother was unjust or wrong but Bess Williams, also in the Court, complained and sheltered her child, Helena and Sarah thought she should change her outlook. She asked herself, "How do I know who to forgive, what faults to condone in others?" She could excuse Warren's indolence because Ma Atkins coddled him. Warren did flatter his mother and played upon her sympathy. "Ma dreamed so many wonderful dreams when she married Pa that didn't come true. And Warren's flattering helped to keep those dreams alive," was Sarah's summary.

Then Sarah thought of Bess Williams. Bess, a widow with a two year old baby, was younger than Sarah, but her full bosom,

overweight hips and thick ankles made her look at least ten years older. She was disheveled and dejected. Lester, her brother, lived with her and Sarah had to admit between a drunken brother and a fretful baby, life was not happy for seventeen year old Bess. "If Bess Williams were my mother, I'd be sorry for her; as it is, I only dislike her. I guess I must learn to be kinder and more understanding, but never, never will I live with dirt and filth. Never will I condone deceit, stealing, lying or cruelty."

The girls gossiping at the bottom of the steps had been so engrossed in their own conversation they left Sarah alone, but now, growing impatient, one called. "Sarah Atkins, if you were paid for day dreaming, you'd never need to work."

Smiling, Sarah descended the stairs and joined the four as they moved toward the main street. She didn't speak, her mind still searching through fragments of her thoughts. The other girls jabbered, sometimes directly to each other but for the most part, shrilling their sentences to everyone.

"Just think! A day off tomorrow. Patriots' Day."

"We're free tomorrow!"

"What d'ya mean, just free tomorrow. We're free every day aren't we?"

"I mean a day off from school. I know we're free every day because of Patriots' Day and when we win this war, the whole world will be free."

"We're going to make the world safe for democracy."

Sarah bristled as she did in the class room, "What do you mean by making the world safe for democracy? Just why should we make the world safe for democracy?"

"Oh, Ho," Rose laughed, "Sarah is death on democracy. You should have heard her in Civics Class today."

Sarah declared, "Democracy is evil."

"But Sarah," Veronica said, "if we make the world safe for democracy, everyone will be free. There will be freedom all over the world."

"That's what you think! Democracy demoralizes, degrades and destroys," Sarah retorted tossing her head. "Another thing you should know is that you are only free to do right. Freedom

doesn't mean you can do as you please. It is not like liberty. With liberty you can do right or wrong. Of course you are responsible for your wrong acts. Freedom is restricted to doing what is right and within the law."

Some of the boys standing nearby and hearing the conversation, called to one of their companions.

"Hey, Loren, when are you going to fight for democracy?" They all laughed at the question, but Loren, a thin faced sandy-haired youth answered.

"My marching orders are a week from tomorrow."

An awed silence followed the joke that boomeranged, then Loren became the center of an admiring group. Classmates clapped his shoulders and pumped his hand.

"Shoot down a plane for me."

"You'll write to me?" pleaded one of the girls.

"I'll knit you a sweater," promised another.

Sarah looked at Loren whose countenance was a reflection of inner happiness at the attention of so many of his fellow students. She heard two of the boys talking in subdued tones, "Gee wiz," one whispered, "when I asked Loren that question, I never had any idea he'd joined up. I was trying to be smart and make fun because he isn't my idea of a soldier. That joke backfired."

The other admitted it was a bad joke and added.

"Gee, if they take a little runt like him, what excuse have you and I got to be running around school yards?"

Sarah thought of the Great Uncle's words, "No one should go to fight to make the world safe for democracy. If we fight to protect our country, our people, our liberties, then it would be right but it is futile to go to war to make the world safe for an ideology that is known, perhaps by very few, that will degrade, debauch and destroy." Sarah's eyes smarted with tears and her throat filled with a saltiness, as she thought, "How useless, how senseless, how horrible!"

"Sarah can't hear a thing when she's in a day dream."

Quickly turning her head in the direction of the voice, Sarah discovered the speaker was Doris Hirsch. "Should I tell the group my thoughts? No, they would only scoff and remind her

of her weird ideas.”

Doris continued, “Lucky we know you Sarah, or we’d think you were in love.”

“Pah! Me in love?” Sarah tried to reply good humoredly, “Such a weird thought. I don’t intend to fall in love for ages. Haven’t time, for one thing and haven’t met anyone I like enough.”

The girls were tittering and Ruby said, “Listen to her talk. When a man looks at her, she’ll fall.”

Rose Ricardi announced, “Oh, no! Not Sarah. She’s too fussy. She won’t be satisfied with just any male.” Smirking with this statement, she turned to Sarah, “Isn’t that right, Sarah?”

Ignoring her, Sarah laughed, “Why pick on me? I’m too busy for love and such stuff.” She blushed as she remembered her dreams of a wedding.

“You must meet a lot of soldiers and sailors at the ice cream parlor. Don’t you get dates? Don’t some of them ask you to write to them when they go away?” Another of the girls asked, “Surely some one must interest you?”

“There are some,” Sarah agreed, “but I’m too busy to notice. Anyway most of them have sweethearts if they’re staying in Baldwin. If you want lonely soldiers, go to the Cotillion Club in Boston. It’s full of them. The Club has dances and parties every week. When I have time, I’m going in and see if I can find one to my liking.” She laughed gaily and added, “If you gals are interested in dates and soldier sweethearts, talk to Ruby Carleton. Me? I’m just a plain working gal and here is the ice cream parlor where I toil. Ruby ‘toils not, neither does she spin’. She loves a gay time and is happy. I’m happy toiling.”

As they reached Harmon’s Ice Cream Parlor, Sarah said, “Have a happy holiday and if you should come down for the parade, drop in for a soda. I’ll ask Bert to mix an extra special for you. See you all at school Monday.”

Before the door closed behind her, Sarah heard Veronica ask, “What is it about Sarah that makes her odd? She seems to walk with us and yet is apart? Nothing bothers her and she does appear happy.”

“Just a state of mind,” answered Doris.

Smiling to herself, Sarah wondered, "Do I really walk apart? I feel apart most of the time and I do feel happy. Is it a state of mind and if so, can I keep it always? Is it because my mind is thinking of the future? I do not worry about today. Rather I think and dream of tomorrow."

CHAPTER THREE

Walking through the shop on her way to the office in back, Sarah greeted Bert Anderson, the soda man. Bert was quiet, not given to easy conversation. Hardly the man for a job where light quips were a drawing card for youngsters and hangers-on. But he was not dour, only reserved and withdrawn, a quietness that relaxed those taking refreshments at the fountain. Many confidences were poured into Bert's ear and customers left feeling freer because of their contact with this quiet man.

Miss Ada Eaton, the cashier had charge of the candy counter as well as the cashier's desk and, as Sarah entered, she was fussing with boxes of candy, making it appear her position was important.

Sarah called a quick greeting to Miss Eaton, then directed her question to both.

"Anything going out to the back shop?"

Sarah employed a system which delighted her. It was to plan and organize her activity. Her grandmother had drilled the idea that time was as precious as money and it should not be wasted. "Save time, put it to good use. Discipline the mind to organize tasks and routine work." So Sarah would save steps by carrying articles and planning her routine chores instead of going from room to room empty handed. She made a game of contriving how to save energy, time and shoe leather.

Bert usually answered, "No thanks," for he, like Sarah, planned his work.

But Miss Eaton, angular and overdressed was dictatorial and rarely failed an opportunity to give commands to Sarah. Sarah

resented Miss Eaton's attitude and clung to the motto, "Anything to keep peace." When the cashier would try to goad her, Sarah usually smiled and thought, "I'm glad I'm not like Miss Eaton. Hope I never get to be like her either."

Sarah went into the back room where Chester Harmon, the proprietor, worked at his desk in the corner under a single unshaded electric light bulb. The sole owner of the business, he managed its affairs and took care of the bookkeeping as well. An unobtrusive personality, he was patient and kind to those who worked for him.

As Sarah entered, Mr. Harmon glanced up, pushing the eye shade he wore to reflect the glare from his eyes; studying her for a moment before he spoke to her. "What are you doing tomorrow? It's a holiday, you know."

"I hadn't planned anything, Mr. Harmon," Sarah replied, thinking to herself, "Gee, I hope he asks me to work all day and evening. I can make nearly five dollars. Whee, say your prayers, Sarah."

"Would you like to work? There'll be the parade and many visitors. We should be busy if the weather's good." He waited for Sarah to speak.

"Oh, sure, Mr. Harmon, I'll be glad to help." Happily, she thought, "Who's helping who? I'm getting the money."

Mr. Harmon turned back to his desk and murmured, "Should know we could depend on you."

Elated with the prospect of earning extra money, Sarah pivoted on one foot, glancing to see what was to be done, wanting to do all the chores at once. As she changed from her school dress to her uniform, she settled her mind upon candy wrapping. This was the most urgent duty and could be worked at between waiting on customers.

Late afternoon, early and late evening were the shop's busiest periods. After the movies or other community events, people came to sit at the tables, eat ice cream and talk. And by this time, Sarah felt the drag of the long day. Up early, off to school, then down to the ice cream parlor until eleven and sometimes twelve o'clock midnight was her weekly program.

As Sarah returned to the front of the store, she consoled

herself with the thought that tomorrow she could sleep an hour later. Excited with the prospect of the extra work, she started wrapping candy with vigor. She made a game of the task by timing the number of pieces she could wrap in a minute.

From her position at the table, she could see the old fashioned clock hung high on the wall. Thirty five was her best count. If she attempted more, the wrappings were not always secure.

It was almost midnight before the last customer left. Sarah quickly changed to her street dress, came through the shop, picked up her school books and wearily trudged to the entrance where Bert waited to close up. When she was outside he snapped off the lights, pulled the door shut and rattled it to make sure the spring lock had snapped.

“Do you want me to walk to the alley with you?”

“How I’d like to have him carry my books and walk with me but he’s as tired as I am,” she reasoned. Aloud she said, “Oh, no, I’ll be all right.”

Bert persisted, “It’ll only take a few minutes and tonight it’s so late, it might be safer to have an escort.”

“All right, Bert, if you want to, and I will feel safer.”

Sarah did not attempt to converse. The only sound was the click of their shoes on the pavement and a distant rattle of a trolley car. The main street was deserted at midnight.

When the alley leading into the back yard of the Court was finally reached, Bert spoke. “I’ll wait here until you go into the gate.”

Sarah, touching his arm, spoke softly, “Thank you, Bert, I do appreciate your kindness.”

Gruffly, he answered, “I’d sure hate to have my daughter running around at night alone.”

“He’s good, so good,” thought Sarah as she turned into the narrow yard. The long row of tenements looked like bare boxes of wood with narrow areas for back yards; the clotheslines hung on the right side of each house with a board walk occupying a small strip on the left. There was no grass or vegetation anywhere. Attached and projecting between every two courts were one story ells. These separated by a thin wall, formed the

kitchens of two families. Each ell had a narrow back porch divided by a wooden rail. If the neighbors were not congenial, there was continual quarrelling. One woman would sweep the dust and scraps under the rail to the other side. When found, the same scraps were pushed back, dust and filth changing places for weeks.

Sarah avoided the board walk which was broken and dangerous to travel in the darkness.

Near her doorway, she noticed a bulky object on the ground.

"Did someone leave a blanket or clothing outside?" she wondered. "It might rain before morning and she decided to take the article inside. As she moved toward the spot, the bundle stirred and muttered.

"Can't fin' my own house. Damiflan. All look alike and how's a decent workin' man goin' ta tell 'is own home?"

Sarah was relieved to find the mutterings were those of Lester Loomer. "I'll show you, Lester. Come with me." She hoped he would be able to walk.

After a number of tries, he stood up. Sarah guided his unsteady course to his doorway.

"Here's your house, Lester. Go in and be quiet. Your siste will be mad if you wake her or any of the youngsters." Bess Williams boarded state children to help with expenses.

"Bess get mad? She's always mad. You know———" his voice trailed.

Sarah knew he would settle down to a long discourse if she didn't shut him up at once.

Lester stumbled up the stairs, turned before he reached the porch and said in a loud whisper, "Bess was born mad, I know. was there!" He chuckled to himself as though he had disclosed deep humorous secret. Sarah waited until he closed the door.

Her house was in darkness. "I'm glad Ma didn't wait for me, Sarah thought "she's so tired these days, but if only she didn worry so. Worry doesn't do much good and it certainly doesn change situations.

She felt her way into the dining room through the hall. It was chilly. Fires were allowed to burn out during the warm spring days and were not rekindled at night.

The stairs creaked loudly as she ascended them. She hoped the sound wouldn't awaken her mother.

She stopped by her parents' door and listened. She heard her father's heavy breathing. Her mother slept lightly and sometimes would hear when Sarah came in and softly call, "Good night." Sarah waited but no sound came. She paused at her brother's door. The household was asleep.

In her own room Sarah felt her way to the dresser, reminding herself not to get too close to the gas connection. If she jiggled the gas mantel there'd be no light! She found a match and scratched it on her shoe, then waited for the flare to be steady and bright so she could see what she was doing. Once lighted, the flame filled a small circle.

When Sarah had seen the jets for the first time in this tenement, she was pleased for she thought they would be so much better than the old fashioned kerosene lamps.

"Someday, who knows," she dreamed hopefully, "I may step up and touch a switch and the whole room will be bright with no shadows anywhere. Cities, stores, public buildings and many wealthy homes had electricity. Was it too much to hope for? To live in a house that had electric lights?"

As Sarah stood before the mirror preparing her hair, face and nails for the next day, she looked at the various objects tucked around the glass frame. A few choice valentines; one signed "From You Know Who." Sarah was quite sure, "You Know Who" was Paul. The bright green silk of a tiny shamrock caught her eye. It reminded her of the brilliant green of the school house lawn. A tiny clay pipe was attached to the shamrock. It was such a minute thing and had been pinned to her uniform by a customer on St. Patrick's Day. It was friendly looking.

Leaning forward, Sarah studied her own image a moment; half closed her eyes and saw again the filmy folds of a wedding veil softening and rounding out the thin face and its searching eyes. The vision vanished as she shut off the gas.

Crawling into bed, she rested on her side, drawing her knees close to her body for warmth.

Far away, the dismal whistle of a train sounded. A muttering freight on its way to Boston rumbling toward an isolated road

crossing. The still, damp night air carried its muted, melancholy moan.

“That should make me lonely and sad, but for some reason I’m not.”

CHAPTER FOUR

Baldwin was typical of New England tradition, a town form of government, a single main street, trolley and train transportation, several grammar schools, a high school, a fine library endowed by an early settler; churches for every denomination or nearly every creed. The center of the town crowded around the depot which was a few hundred feet from the main avenue and when a passenger train stopped, it blocked the crossing, but no one was in a mad rush to go anywhere; there was no inconvenience. The law required each trolley to stop at the railroad crossing, so what difference if it was delayed a little longer.

Life moved slowly in Baldwin. But because the town was located on the route Paul Revere followed, this event was celebrated with fitting observance each April 19th; the famous ride was re-enacted. The colorful figure astride a spirited mount galloped through the main street while the bells in the church steeples pealed and the fire whistle with its fog horn quality swelled the din. A parade preceded the arrival of Paul Revere and broke ranks at the Town Hall. Amid the marchers and spectators were an array of uniforms, the local Boys' Brigade and the Volunteer Fire Department in red and white; the Spanish War Veterans and Grand Army of the Republic, with flags waving, the drummers practicing rolls, the pitch of excitement mounted until it developed in a frenzy of welcome to the hero.

Ladies of the Historical Society dressed in the fashion of the Revolutionary period, flowing skirts, bustles and kerchiefs

served "Paul" and the town's dignitaries coffee and cake. Children patted his horse and bragged about it for weeks.

Memorial Day was another anticipated event in Baldwin. Youngsters gathered daisies and buttercups in the fields for grave decorations on the soldiers' plots. The parade of the Grand Army Veterans to the cemetery was slow and lent a solemn note to the observance.

June 17, Bunker Hill Day, was the official closing of church activities for the summer. Only Sunday School and services were held on the Sabbath, along with a mid-week prayer meeting. Some of the churches ended the year's program with ice cream socials, while others celebrated with a Sunday School picnic.

Independence Day was a gala one with flags flying from every building and home. Fire crackers sputtered and boomed. At noon the church bells rang and whistles shrilled. Even the saw mill's steam signal blew lustily for ten minutes. In the evening Main street was roped off for a block dance and band concert. Every household ate the same menu, salmon and peas, as traditional as ham at Easter, turkey on Thanksgiving and goose for Christmas.

Main Street was the business district. It ran north and south. State Street branched west. The latter was a wide avenue of mansions. These were three story homes ornamented with balconies, bay windows, dormers and widows' walks, which, with an array of chimneys made the structures appear unfinished and cluttered. The wide lawns bloomed with crocuses, hyacinths and tulips in the early spring; croquet sets dotted the green grass in summer; depths of colored leaves from the huge trees mottled the yards in autumn and when the snow fell deep and soft the alabaster surface sparkled in the winter's sun.

In Baldwin, there was a clinging to old traditions and living was not too strenuous. Some churches were established as early as the town, the oldest was the Episcopalian. A citizen was not criticized for the faith he embraced although not attending some church was considered more wicked than petty thievery. A poor man might be forgiven for stealing, while a man without a religion was damned. For wasn't freedom of religious worship

the reason for America?

Sarah and her parents came to Baldwin when she was ten years old. Prior to that time Mr. and Mrs. Atkins drifted from one community to another living any place Pa Atkins could pick up odd jobs on short notice. Finally Pa selected Baldwin hoping to obtain the job of his dreams. He wanted to be manager of a large farm. In Baldwin and surrounding towns there were many country estates run by hired supervisors.

Ma Atkins was a dutiful wife who scraped and saved to keep the rent paid and their two children fed. Pa told his family little of his past life and never spoke of his parents or of brothers and sisters. He did claim upper New York State as his birthplace. He was a small man with very dark skin, black eyes and coarse, coal black hair. His manners were gentle and his tendency was to dream rather than scheme. It was this trait that his daughter, Sarah inherited.

Ma Atkins, born Lydia Harriet Hyde, was the only living child of Harry and Phoebe Barr Hyde, three boys having died of diphtheria before her birth. Her father, Harry Hyde, who also died of diphtheria when she was fourteen, inherited a farm from his parents. Phoebe Barr, a sandy-haired young woman who immigrated from Scotland worked on a neighboring farm until her marriage. She was big in statue and considered as strong as any man. Ma Atkins had been pampered and protected as the only child of doting parents. Her mother hoped for a rich marriage for her only daughter. She was disappointed when her son-in-law turned out to be the easy going Phillip Atkins. And Pa Atkins resented his mother-in-law. He called her domineering and she called him shiftless.

Sarah had many memories of her Grandmother and they were pleasant ones. Grandmother Hyde was sort of manager housekeeper for a wealthy family on an estate ten miles from Baldwin. She had lived in the caretaker's cottage. Her invalided brother, John David Barr who lived with her, had planned to be a surgeon but an attack of rheumatism halted his career. When he came to stay with his sister he became interested in the many books stored in the utility room of the cottage. One day he asked the owner if he could buy these books. "You can have

them," was the answer.

Great Uncle John David Barr was delighted, especially with a set of four volumes by Abbe Barruel, *Memoirs Illustrating the History of Jacobinism* translated from the French to English by The Hon. Robert Clifford, F.R.S. & A.S., 1798. As John Barr's affliction increased and he was finally confined to a wheel chair, these books and old magazines provided him with an interest that occupied his time.

CHAPTER FIVE

The war in Europe began in 1914 but did not disturb the Atkins household. Sarah was occupied with school and friends and the newspaper headlines did not focus too much interest until the sinking of the Lusitania and the declaration of America's entrance into the war. Even then, the distance of the ocean between, pushed the events away from the immediate living.

Warren Atkins had completed his Junior year in high school and was offered work in the freight office which he took making a grand gesture of sacrifice for the sake of the family. He told his mother he would take care of her and she wouldn't have to worry about the rent money or grocery bills. Prices began to soar, the salary paid by the freight company remained the same and Warren seemed satisfied with the small wage and he, like Pa, let Ma worry again about rent and food bills. The rents began to skyrocket, so Sarah went looking for work. Her grandmother, having seen the folly of raising her own daughter without practical training or high school education had changed her point of view and stressed the need to Sarah and cautioned her, as young as she was at the time, to go through high school and get a diploma. Sarah knew she would have to pay her own way if she was to graduate so for the first year, after school, she took care of children and did housework. During her sophomore year a chance to work in the Harmon Ice Cream Parlor as a waitress was open and she quickly applied and was hired.

Whether it was the mother love for her first born that Ma Atkins felt, or because there existed no affection between her

and Pa Atkins, Ma Atkins acted as if Warren could do no wrong. She waited on him, excusing his faults and praising his virtues. At first Sarah resented this favoritism, then she discovered the situation was similar in other households and accepted it as a normal family relation.

Possessing great wealth or living in a big house never tempted Sarah. Pa Atkins sometimes did chores at the homes of the well-to-do in Baldwin, and it seemed to her that either tragedy, dishonesty or scandal was connected with every home. Among the gossip Pa related were stories of unfaithful wives and husbands afraid to demand fidelity for fear of the loss of easy dollars; unfaithful husbands heaping jewels and furs on their wives as bargains to clear guilty consciences; brothers lying and stealing to defraud inheritances of parents. All these tales gave a stigma to money which influenced Sarah and made her almost contemptuous of wealth. One incident, when Sarah was quite young, took place in the Atkins kitchen while Grandmother Hyde was visiting and when Pa Atkins puffed out his chest and exulted, "I'd rather be poor but honest." Grandmother Hyde told him scornfully, "It's not honest to take the money from an employee and betray that family's secrets."

Pa Atkins didn't worry too much about finances. He left that to Ma and confined his efforts on searching for his dream job. Pa did earn odd sums but as rents began to soar, Ma Atkins talked of taking in laundry or sewing. Sarah earned fifty cents an hour taking care of children and when she went to work at Harmon's she compromised on forty cents because the work was regular and within walking distance of the Court.

Now in April, 1918, with the war in Germany a year old, Sarah was too concerned with trying to keep herself fed and clothed and her mother protected from hardship to help in the war effort. Some of her school friends worked with the Red Cross, rolling bandages and packing kits; knitting sweaters and sox for the boys in the trenches. Others danced at the various recreation centers to bolster the morale of the doughboys. Sarah simply dreamed her dreams and worked to obtain her diploma with the objective of a good position and salary.

Main Street in Baldwin was undergoing the change of

progress accelerated by the war, as were many cities and towns. New buildings were replacing old landmarks and by this year only two old mansions remained on the business thoroughfare.

Sundays were quiet on Main Street. The stores kept rigid Sabbath hours, the only shops open were drug stores, Harmon's Ice Cream Parlor in the afternoon and evening and the bakery shop for two hours in the morning and two hours late afternoon. Trolley cars rattling noisily down the quiet street and the cloppity-clop of a wagon on way to service were the only sounds to be heard.

Grandmother Hyde's influence crept increasingly upon Sarah's consciousness as she grew older. Whether it was because of her habit to dream, the earliest memories took on a clearer picture as she grew up, Sarah could not determine. She remembered how ashamed she used to be of her worn shoes and wrinkled stockings as she sat on the long seat facing other passengers on the trolley ride to Grandmother Hyde's. But once there, Sarah would forget the shoes. Grandmother Hyde would take Sarah to the apple orchard and tell her to stand and wait while she gathered the wind-drops and then would wash them in the brook close by. As she handed Sarah a wet, shining apple, she would raise her head skyward and sing in a rich contralto, "Lead on, O King Eternal." Sarah awed by her bulk and the rolling tones of the old hymn marvelled how much like a man her grandmother appeared.

Then after supper, Sarah standing on the kitchen chair, an apron wound about her thin waist, would wipe the silver. The chair brought Sarah to almost the height of her grandmother. In the light of the two kerosene lamps that swung in brackets over the sink, Sarah lost her awe, but she was never sure whether it was because her grandmother looked less tall in the dull gold light or because Grandmother Hyde would stop washing the dishes, let her huge freckled hands lay submerged in the dish pan and softly recite the 23rd Psalm. It was at this simple task of dishwashing that Sarah learned, "The Lord is My Shepherd, I shall not want."

When Grandmother Hyde finished the Psalm, she'd stand quiet, her face turned from Sarah, and speak more to herself

than to her grandchild, "I will not fear for Thou art with me and you, child will have no need to fear anything if you do your duty, honor your father and mother and love the Lord. He's given you your life and what you do with your life is your gift to Him." Sarah was nearly twelve before she realized she never wiped dishes, only unbreakable items. Grandmother Hyde took care to cherish the china.

There were other childhood memories of counselling by her grandmother that Sarah recalled and because her grandmother seemed so strong, so large of body and her low voice powerful with conviction, her words were a law and Sarah never questioned her authority or wisdom. Thus it was a household of wavering decisions and the petulance of problems, Sarah disregarded her mother and father and harked back to her grandmother's opinions for guidance. Her own emphatic decisions were not the headstrong ideas of youth, rather the firm convictions that echoed Grandmother Hyde. She never quoted her grandmother in the presence of her father for Pa Atkins would immediately go on the defensive and while Sarah did not admire or respect him enough to heed his opinion, she would never question or defy him. Her mother always took sides with Pa or Warren. Sarah hated to be defeated in a family argument for she was sure of her own ideas so she would usually agree but to herself she claimed victory.

Display of affection was rare within the home. Sarah accepted this, but continued to live in her dream world. She accepted situations with a promise to herself, that given time, change for the better was certain, but the change must be effected by her own efforts. She was disdainful of charity for herself but did believe in it for the sick and needy. Her own problems she treated as a challenge and delighted solving them. She tried to do her duty to her parents, pay her bills and live frugally on the small income of her wages. This kept her so occupied that the war and chaos on the opposite side of the world held only a casual interest. She did wonder why Warren was not fighting with the hundreds of other Baldwin boys but at seventeen, Sarah Atkins' only purpose was to graduate as soon as possible.

CHAPTER SIX

Stretching her arms rigidly above her head, Sarah yawned slowly, opened her eyes on this morning, April 19, 1918, and reminded herself.

"A busy day ahead for you, Sarah Atkins. No shut-eye, even though it is a holiday." Throwing off the covers, she sat up, explored the floor with her feet to find her slippers, then scuffed to the window. It was a north exposure and the sun was visible in long slanting rays between the buildings on the east.

"It looks like a path of gold. Wouldn't I like to have a room with the sun streaming across my bed? I could pretend it was gold and feel rich, and warm as well," she added, for the April mornings of New England were chilly. As she dressed she planned the day.

She hoped there would be enough ice cream and syrups to last through. The war had curtailed the sugar supply, making it necessary to use substitutes and these were unsatisfactory. Mr. Harmon would not make ice cream unless it was good. Many times the supply ran out and there was no work for Sarah.

"I may be home early," she told herself, "but I'll be optimistic and plan to work until midnight." Settling her day's program, she proceeded to tidy her room and make her bed and then went down for breakfast.

As she entered the kitchen, Pa Atkins was leaning forward on the table, his hands holding a knife and fork. His face was intense, his voice excited.

"A man from Lincoln is going to come to see me about a job today!"

Ma Atkins had poured his coffee and turned to place the pot back on the stove.

“But Pa, you’re supposed to go over to help at Ayers’ Garage today. What happened?”

Pa’s face sobered. He was sure the news would be welcomed. The tone of Ma’s voice betrayed her displeasure.

“Well, this man in Lincoln owns an estate and he wants a man to work all the time. The job at Ayers’ is just for today to give their other man the day off.”

“Oh, Pa!” Ma Atkins complained, “It would have been at least \$6.00 for that work at the garage.”

Placing his knife on the table, stabbing swiftly into the plate of scrambled eggs with his fork, he lowered his gaze and muttered. “Talk. That’s easy. I know what I want to do. If that man comes I want to be here. If I’m at Ayers’, he’ll think I work all the time and give the job to somebody else.”

Sarah attempted to take the coffee pot from her mother’s hand.

“No wait, Sarah,” she held the pot, “I’ll warm it for you. I held it so long it must be cool. Did you hear Pa? I think he should go to Ayers’ where he’ll be sure of the \$6.00. Goodness knows we need it. What are you doing today?”

“Working at Harmon’s. All day today and tonight, if there’s enough ice cream and syrup to last.”

“Oh, Sary, I hate to see you work all the time. It’s a holiday and you should have some fun.”

Pa Atkins pushed back his plate and rose from the table. “I’m going to hang around Bowen’s Drug Store. I left the number with the man in Lincoln and he might call me there.”

Her elbows on the table, the coffee held in her cupped hands, Sarah sipped and inhaled alternately. Her mother sat down in the father’s place and sighed.

“Don’t you think Pa should’ve taken the day work at Ayers’, Sarah?”

This was almost a weekly routine in the Atkins’ household. Pa Atkins wanted a special type job but somehow never could find it. He did work part time when he felt like it but usually he was waiting for the “big chance.”

Sarah looked at her mother and debated, "If I agree with her, she may say, Pa knows best and we shouldn't interfere and if I don't, she'll feel sorry for herself because I'm taking Pa's part."

"I don't know what to say, Ma. The work in Lincoln might be what he wants, but the man could wait. There aren't too many looking for that kind of work now with most of the younger men at war and others in arsenals. Pa could afford to let him wait. And," she continued, "we could use that money."

Mrs. Atkins wiped her eyes with the end of her apron, picked up the dishes and began to wash them and Sarah watching her, thought, "Poor Ma, she worries so much about us and seems so beaten down. She certainly doesn't take after her mother."

Ma Atkins apologized to Sarah, "I scrambled two eggs this morning for breakfast and gave Pa a good share because I thought he needed it and now he isn't going to work. There's only a little left for you and Warren."

Before Sarah could answer, Warren opened the kitchen door. "I'm starved. What's for breakfast?" He tied the cord of his bathrobe tightly and rubbed his hands briskly.

"Eggs, toast and coffee," Sarah nodded to the pan on the stove.

Ma Atkins started to explain about the eggs. Sarah interrupted. "I'll get a milk shake at Harmon's. Give Warren the egg."

"What are you doing today, Warren?" Ma Atkins asked.

"Going to Boston to see a show. How's about borrowing two bucks 'till Saturday?"

Ma's answer was lost to Sarah for she called back, "See you tonight," and closed the door.

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Next morning Sarah awakened and then drowsily turned over, "I don't have to hurry this morning. Only the housework to do. I can snooze a little longer." But her mind was on the problem of graduation. She knew she had to see the principal Monday morning and wondered what he would say. Restlessly she turned and tossed and finally arose. "I may as well get up and clean my room, then think about Monday."

The two boxes containing her Great Uncle's legacy were on

the shelf in her closet. "Haha," she reached for the top one, "maybe I can find something to back up my statements I made in Miss Abbott's class if the principal asks questions."

On opening the box she found a notebook, handwritten by her Great Uncle. He had titled the first page, "Legacy to Sarah Atkins from her Great Uncle John David Barr, Anno Domini 1916."

As she thumbed through the pages, she noted the headings: *The Intellectual Apparatus of the International Conspiracy, National Education Association, Foundations, Politics, British-Israel, Masonry*, and then she triumphantly extracted the sheet titled, *Democracy is Debauchery*.

"There is but one meaning for Democracy, rule by the people directly or simply mob rule. The Sophists have employed this term to foist the old worn out, decadent and debauching ideology of Naturalism upon past generations. Sometimes it is labelled a 'social faith' or 'philosophy. Philosophy is as evil because, in a way it embraces the same corrupt device of the Sophists." Abbe Barreul stated, *'Philosophism is the error of every man, who judging of all things by the standard of his own reason, rejects in religious matters every authority that is not derived from the light of nature.'*

Alexis De Tocqueville stated in his writings, *Democracy in America*, *'I think that in no country in the civilized world is less attention paid to philosophy than in the United States. The Americans have no philosophical school of their own; and the care but little for all the schools into which Europe is divided; the very names of which are scarcely known to them. Nevertheless it is easy to perceive that almost all the inhabitants of the United States conduct their understanding in the same manner, and govern it by the same rules; that is to say, they without ever having taken the trouble to define the rules of philosophical method, they are in possession of one, common to the whole people.'*

Thus, before the self worshippers, Unitarians and Freethinkers and other motleys spread their sophistry, Americans adhered to the Natural Laws and confined their conduct to these laws."

Sarah turned another page, "I do not want that part of his notes. I want the part about the government use of the word. Oh," she pulled a sheet, "here it is." She read his words and nodded her head, "Yes, he stated the USA is not a Democracy and here are the sections he told me to memorize and Daniel Webster's quotations. I can recite these parts if Mr. Campbell questions me about what I said in Miss Abbott's class."

With almost reverent hands she assembled the material and put it back in the box. "I must read more of Great Uncle's notes after graduation when I have more time."

Sarah cleaned her room, then she went down to the kitchen for her breakfast.

Mrs. Atkins was dressed in street clothes. She was smiling, "You won't mind getting your own breakfast, Sary, I have some errands to do."

"No, then I'll clean the downstairs and get ready to go to Harmon's."

Still smiling, Mrs. Atkins said, "Don't leave before I come home, will you. I don't think I'll be gone very long."

Sarah didn't hear her mother's return. She was in her own room preparing to go to work. Mrs. Atkins had reached the top of the stairs and stopped for breath. In her hand she held a flat package.

"Come in my room, Sary. I have something I want to show you."

"Sit down," Ma Atkins voice trembled, "I have a surprise." She placed the package on Sarah's lap. "Open it and see if you like it." Then sitting down on the edge of the bed, she folded her hands, smiling indulgently, "I do hope you'll like it."

Sarah opened the package and found a good sized fold of white crepe-de-chine. She looked at it and then at her mother, "Why, this is just what I wanted to buy for my graduation dress. How," she stammered, "how did you know?" She ran her hand under the delicate fabric, exclaiming, "It's beautiful, so fine, so soft, so silky."

Ma Atkins smiled and sighed with gratification, "I'm so glad you like it Sary, now I can start making the graduation dress. I

didn't get a pattern because they were expensive and I thought maybe we could use an old one and alter it the way you want."

"But, how did you manage? I had planned on buying it myself." She wanted to offer her mother the money but knew she might spoil the joy of giving if she did, so she said, "This cost so much more than cotton. You must have sacrificed a lot to get this for me."

Ma Atkins was pleased with Sarah's praise, "Yes, in a way it was a sacrifice, I counted pennies since Christmas. That was where I went this morning, getting the goods for you. I wanted to give you a graduation gift and decided the best one would be a special dress. I saved the \$3.00 you gave me at Christmas. It pleases me to be able to do this and if you call it a sacrifice then let's remember that Grandmother Hyde would say 'Sacrifice is good for the soul!' Besides, Sary," her voice was husky and she wiped a solitary tear trickling down her cheek "you sacrifice too, too much for a young girl."

"Maybe sacrifice will be good for my soul." Sarah tried to express herself but her voice trembled with emotion and all she could say was "Oh, Ma."

Mrs. Atkins replied, "Now you think about getting a pattern if we can't use any of the old ones."

CHAPTER SEVEN

On her return to school after the holiday, Sarah reminded herself of the problem of graduating. "Most people's problems are their own making and they should be solved by the individual and your problem with Miss Abbott was of your own making." Yet Sarah knew she couldn't remain silent when Miss Abbott made the statement that the USA was a Democracy. "When it's a matter of principle or truth, you speak out, just as you speak out against evil, but a matter of opinion is the individual's right."

Sarah felt a certain pride in facing her own problems. Perhaps it was vanity; perhaps it was the influence of her grandmother and great uncle and then again it might be her almost disdainful attitude towards her brother Warren.

She had had a short session with the Principal of Baldwin High School, Mr. Donald Campbell, stating her side of the incident with Miss Abbott. He told her he would discuss the matter with Miss Abbott and Sarah was to return to his office today.

This morning, during recess, Sarah went to see the Principal. She was apprehensive as she waited in the austere office and dreaded what might be said, but she straightened her shoulders, smiling wryly, "Sarah, you will have to meet more complicated situations in life, so settle yourself, spur your spirit, keep your poise and mind your manners."

The secretary finally announced, "Mr. Campbell will see you now, Miss Atkins."

Sarah felt as though her legs were wood and her feet were

stone; she walked slowly, still smiling, into Mr. Campbell's office. Mr. Campbell was well over sixty, sandy haired with an odd tinge of grey-white. His face was lined and his whole attitude seemed resigned. "Oh, dear," thought Sarah, as she sat on the chair he indicated, "he has bad news for me."

There was silence except for the rustling of the papers Mr. Campbell was shuffling in front of him. Then he spoke. "Miss Atkins, I have worked out something for you. It is the best I can. Miss Abbott was determined to fail you for the whole year. She said you were guilty of insubordination and you questioned her ability and it was quite evident you did not learn the lessons."

Sarah opened her mouth, then clamped it shut. She waited.

Mr. Campbell continued, "I asked for your grades and they were high, two A's and a B. I told Miss Abbott she could not ignore these marks and if she wanted to give you a failing mark for the last quarter, she must figure the whole year's average. This will give you a much lower grade but it will be passing and you will be able to graduate."

Sarah felt herself wilt with relief, "Oh! Thank you Mr. Campbell, thank you so much."

As she started to rise, Mr. Campbell motioned her to remain seated. "What provoked this conflict?"

"Miss Abbott stated the United States of America was a Democracy and I was told by my Great Uncle that it was not a Democracy and never believe anyone who said it was a Democracy."

"Well, didn't this information come up before in the lessons?"

"Not that I can remember." Sarah recalled her inattention at times during class when she went soaring in thought to other areas, such as wedding dresses or bees struggling against window panes. "In fact, the past semester, the tone of the lessons seemed to be changed."

"Can you explain?"

"Instead of civics and government the subject of social studies seemed to replace the course. We didn't even use our old books, only had class lectures and discussions. I cannot

understand why Miss Abbott would tell a class that we were a democracy. Of course, I would never have known this was not true if my Great Uncle hadn't warned me not to believe it was. I am wondering what other things she told us that are not true. But then I can't remember any teacher telling me emphatically that the USA was a representative constitutional Republic, the first and only system of government devised and practiced in all recorded history. We've been told that we are the greatest nation, an example for other nations to follow, but I cannot recall a clear-cut picture such as my Great Uncle gave me."

Mr. Campbell, listening intently, leaned forward and picked up a pencil scrutinizing it carefully as though weighing his thoughts. He gazed at Sarah for a moment, turned in his swivel chair and put one hand in his pocket. Still holding the pencil, he tapped the desk. At last he spoke, "You are the victim of this new progressive education creeping into the schools and colleges. Miss Abbott has taken courses at Columbia University and when the School Board adopted new courses of studies, this Columbia method was introduced in the Baldwin Schools. Oh, they all thought they were making such wonderful strides in education. I voiced my objection, was called old fashioned and overruled. I realize I should have taken a stronger stand but I am due for retirement in two years;" he looked at Sarah, his whole body a picture of dejection, "to tell the truth I was not physically able to stand up to the battery of the School Board and the faculty who are members of the National Education Association. It is this organization that manipulates the faculty members to change American education to progressive education. In my opinion the NEA is not a professional organization, it is a dangerous network undermining our system."

The National Education Association was mentioned in her Great Uncle's Legacy but Sarah had not read what he wrote, so she remained silent. She did wish that she had read more about the organization and could discuss it with Mr. Campbell. However, she remembered Great Uncle's statements about the Sophists, Socrates, Plato and Rousseau and inquired, "Mr. Campbell, why were we not informed about the Sophists, Socrates, Plato and Rousseau and others who spread corrupted

societies? Surely if we are to go out in the world, we should know something about the facts that make the world what it is. People make the world and societies and governments. Shouldn't we be educated to the facts of the lives of people who have influenced nations? All we hear about is wars and politics, but never, that I can remember, were we told of the philosophies of the Sophists, the intrigues of Voltaire and the Jacobins and Illuminati. Or about the Democratic Societies in America. Why?"

She leaned forward, stretching out her hands, palms upwards and entreated, "Why, Mr. Campbell, why?"

Mr. Campbell stood up and Sarah followed his example for she knew she was being dismissed.

"Sarah Atkins, I cannot answer that question. I can only hope you will continue asking. Our educational system needs reevaluation. The determination of how and when will have to be someone's duty." He smiled whimsically and dropped the pencil he was holding, "Maybe, Sarah Atkins, you can do it."

As Sarah walked to the door, she faltered a moment, "Another thing that puzzles me, where is the history of mankind prior to the Bible? The Bible is the first record of our civilization and from that record history and literature spread. Not a single clue of mankind's progress is recorded or of a civilization, just the remarkable system of communication. Aren't there any writings to show the history of the centuries of progress of our civilization? Shouldn't we be taught that too?"

She reached for the door knob and Mr. Campbell walked forward and stood beside her.

"Keep searching, Sarah Atkins. Speak out as you speak out these moments. You may find the facts. So far, I have no answers for you."

CHAPTER EIGHT

It was an early May day but one would never suspect it by the weather. A Northeaster was blowing hard rains and the temperature was more like late November. Newspapers were headlining the German victories in and around the Marne. Sarah was too occupied to follow the news. She did know that because of the war, everything was high in price, scarce in quantity and low in quality.

Classes at Baldwin High were listless, even dispirited; next month would end most of the routine courses, now the time was used for review and examinations. When the day's session ended, Sarah walked rapidly to Harmon's. She knew there would be no work at the Ice Cream Parlor but decided to stop on her way home to get warm.

The shop was deserted. Bert was trying to polish tumblers, wiping them furiously and holding them over his head in the shaft of light from the front window. But the front window was fogged by the rain and the glasses clouded almost as fast as he wiped them.

"Where's everyone?" Sarah inquired as she pushed her way through the door.

"Mr. Harmon's out back. He wants to see you. He hoped you'd come in, we weren't sure you would with the weather so bad."

"I like the old place, Bert. Even if there's no work, I can't pass the door without saying, Hello."

As she dropped the heavy arm load of books on the work table, she sighed and stepped quietly into the back shop.

Mr. Harmon's head was bowed as he pored over the ledgers on his desk.

"Poor man," Sarah thought with compassion, "he works hard and has all the problems of the business. Employees have the easy task. The owner must worry and gamble his money, while we who work for wages, come in and do our job, and then go home." She mulled over these thoughts and decided she would never be a gambler, that is, gambler enough to set up in business. "But," she admitted, "lucky for me Mr. Harmon is a gambler, otherwise I wouldn't have work. I should tell him how grateful I am and I will sometime. He looks so tired now."

"Oh, hello, Sarah" Mr. Harmon said, when he realized she was standing waiting for him to notice her. "I'm glad you came in. Miss Eaton didn't come today. She has been fussing lately and hinting about a raise in pay. But, you know," he pushed his eyeshade higher, "I can't afford to pay her what I do now. I was going to make other arrangements and I'm ready to tell her I will not need her until the warmer weather. Bert can take the money at the counter during the day and I was wondering if you could do the cashiering and waiting on tables?" He rubbed his chin and glanced down at the desk, "I doubt if it will be hard and of course, I will pay you a little more an hour, say ten cents. That would be 55¢."

Sarah felt warm with excitement at the thought of earning more money, "Do you think I can do both? I'll try hard. It will not be hard to do both. It'll be like a movie comedy. You know where the comedians do all the chores. They rush around so fast you can't see what they are doing."

Mr. Harmon grinned, "Not much chance of that happening here," he added, "I don't think there will be anything for you today, Sarah, I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry too, but I do appreciate all you do for me. If I didn't work here, where would I be able to get a job. I hope you will recommend me when I apply for full time work after I graduate."

"I most certainly will, Sarah Atkins."

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Plans for the Senior Prom brought renewed excitement to Baldwin High. There was speculation on who was taking who. Sarah was not concerned; she didn't receive a bid and the extra work at Harmon's took more of her time and she didn't know when she would be free.

During school recess Rose passed a book to Sarah. "Look in the front cover."

Sarah did and extracted a folded note. "Why all the ceremony?"

Rose tilted her head to one side, smirked, and said, "Read it and you'll see."

Sarah read. "Dear Miss Atkins, I would be honored to have you accompany me to the Senior Dance and reception this Friday, coming. Yours gratefully, Paul Standish. P.S. Please reply by putting a note in this book."

With a sudden, savage movement, Sarah closed the book and exploded. "It's now Tuesday, Rose. He must think I'm hard up to wait until this late date for a partner. I will not answer via the book. For once and for all I'll put a stop to this hide-and-seek business."

Whirling around, Sarah looked up and down the corridor and spied Paul standing apart from the clustered groups. He was absorbed in a book.

Sarah pushed her books into Rose's arms, holding back the one Paul had sent.

She raised her voice, "Hold these, 'till I come back."

From her actions, she looked as though she was about to take part in a pugilistic encounter. She even pushed up the cuffs of her middy blouse as she walked resolutely toward Paul.

He saw her coming and looked first right, then left.

"Is he ashamed to be seen talking to me or is he afraid to look at or talk to me?" By this time she had reached a speaking distance to Paul but her mood was not mild. "Paul Standish, why don't you act like a human being? Why all this business of rustling in the background, writing notes, asking people to introduce us formally? That's middle ages. Be modern! I will not be able to go to the dance and reception because I have a previous engagement." To herself she said, "It isn't

a lie. I might have to work and I can't afford a special dress anyway. But I must remember my manners." So, in a softer tone of voice, she added, "But I thank you kindly, Paul, for asking me."

Paul stuttered and finally said hopefully, "If I'd asked you long ago, would you have accepted?"

"Maybe," replied Sarah and turned away.

She looked back. Paul was leaning against the wall, his right foot crooked under the sole of his shoe resting on the wall. The book Sarah had passed back to him was turned end up on his extended knee, his elbow resting on the top edge.

The same afternoon, Sarah donned her uniform at Harmon's and worked. Between customers she filled candy jars and arranged trays in the show cases hoping to draw attention to them and make more sales. She had tucked her books on a low shelf in case there was time to study, then arranged the stubs and checks to be added. She delighted in her new duties and took pride in accomplishing an orderly routine. It had been arranged that if she were busy serving, the candy customers simply would have to wait. "While they're waiting," Sarah told herself, "maybe they will decide to buy extra." This did happen, but not often.

It was early evening, not a busy time so Sarah sat studying at the desk when the door opened. She hastened to the tables and turned to greet the customers and was taken back when Paul Standish, standing beside her, grinned and brushed his hair off his forehead. He held his hat in the other hand and directed Sarah's attention to his companion. She was a small plumpish woman who had been blonde in her youth, now her hair had a tired sallow look. It was worn in an old fashioned pompadour rolled out over her forehead. "Like a big round brush sweeper they have to clean the streets," thought Sarah. "Only an artificial wire coil could give that puffed-out effect."

A silk hair net was stretched over the bulge and the dark thread encircling the net made a black line across the heavily pencilled eyebrows. Smudges of rouge and layers of white rice powder completed a toilette that was smart in 1895

A high net collar, supported with whalebone, fitted her neck tightly and held her head erect. Her dress was of a soft clinging expensive material, not in style but obviously made for its wearer.

"This is my mother," Paul told Sarah shyly.

Mrs. Standish smiled and spoke in a shrill, strident voice, "I always thought I was Paul's best girl. I was so pleased when he asked me to have an ice cream soda." She giggled, "And what do you think he told me on the way down? 'I'm going to show you a pretty girl.' I was so surprised. I never thought my Paulie would look at anyone else but his dear mother." She studied her son fondly, "We've been together ever since his father went. But they will grow up, won't they?"

Paul reached for her elbow and escorted her to a table. Sarah followed and gave Paul the menu and left. She knew he was embarrassed and wanted to save him further discomfort. Mrs. Standish took a lot of time to decide, chattering and looking around the room.

Sarah served them without further conversation. When Paul came to the cashier's desk to pay, his mother was right behind him inquiring, "Where's the pretty girl you were going to show me? Isn't she around?"

Paul pushed the correct change toward Sarah and hurried to the door. His mother quickened her steps to join him, asking, "Where was she, Paulie?"

Looking across to the high mirrored space in back of the fountain, her smile whimsical and tender, Sarah said aloud but softly, "Thank you, Paul. To be labelled pretty is a compliment."

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It was the night of the Senior Prom. Sarah came to work on the afternoon shift. Business had picked up and Miss Eaton returned part time as cashier and Mr. Harmon, realizing that Sarah would not be available after graduation, was breaking in a new waitress. So Sarah was free for the evening. Sarah had no regrets at having refused Paul's in-

vitation. She was tired and a whole evening of leisure was a treat for her.

After showing the new waitress the routine, Sarah had a sundae, then went to the library. She enjoyed going there and always entered the oval reception room with a feeling of peace and appreciation to the donor. She liked to spend her time in the reference section, absorbing its peaceful atmosphere. The lazy movements of readers and students, who wandered leisurely in and out, relaxed her. The room itself was elegant, an immense fireplace contained huge logs that burned slowly during the cool weather. They did not crackle and snap, but seemed to sense the need for quietness in this room and glowed in gentle dignity. Ceiling-high oil paintings and tapestries from all over the world exuded a luxurious atmosphere that oozed into Sarah's consciousness and she pretended the room was hers.

Eventually her mind returned to the Senior Prom. She closed her eyes and recalled Paul's invitation. "Should I have made a special effort to find a dress?" The sound of a slight gasp brought Sarah wide awake. She looked straight into the eyes of Paul Standish. "He's going to cry," was her first thought.

He whispered, "You lied."

Sarah was embarrassed. She made a silent denial with her lips. "I did not!"

Paul accused her again.

Too bewildered to know what to do or say, Sarah nodded her head toward the outside corridor where talking was permitted. On her way out, Sarah told herself, "Sarah you got yourself in this by fibbing, now get yourself out. But do not lie anymore."

Paul stood close to the outside door. Sarah went swiftly to his side, caught his hand impulsively and said, "Oh, Paul, I'm so sorry this happened. I did fib a little but it was a fib to hide my pride. I didn't have a dress to wear." She continued breathlessly to explain, "If you'd asked me earlier, my mother would have made me one but on such short notice, she didn't have time and I couldn't afford to buy one." She dropped his hand, "So there."

Paul stared at her and said softly, "Gee, I'm glad I came to the library. Now I know you didn't refuse me because you don't like me and now I can speak to you on the street and be friends."

"You could've done that long ago, if you didn't have such quaint ideas."

"My mother said a man shouldn't force his attentions upon a woman. He should be delicate and then let her take the course of events in her own hands. Mother said that women should have more say. As it is, she says, it's a man's world and women don't have a chance to express themselves."

Having met Mrs. Standish, Sarah could readily see and well imagine her making the speech.

"Pah, Paul, that's utter dark age talk. Why shouldn't men and women just be themselves and act as they want to! Why should they conduct themselves by one set of rules for men and another for women? You'll be better off, if you'll just be yourself."

Paul and Sarah walked down the main street. When they reached the corner that led to her home, Sarah said, "Oh, Paul, don't bother to come any further. You go along home. I'll see you in school."

"No, sir, I mean, no ma'm, I'm going to be myself and see you home."

Sarah laughed and made a big play of clapping her hands. "Bravo, boy. You learn fast."

Paul was laughing, too. In fact he was bouyed up with his successful speech, and he asked, "Sarah, will you let me take you to the movies some time?"

Soberly, Sarah wondered, "Have I encouraged him too much? Did she want to spend an evening with him."

"We'll see. I don't go to the movies often. But," she promised, "maybe."

When Paul left, Sarah stood watching him. "Poor fellow, he means well but he's so cowed."

At that moment, Paul turned and Sarah waved to him. He waved back and began to run.

CHAPTER NINE

The one cloud for Sarah at graduation was her father's absence. He had volunteered to work at Ayers' garage to substitute for another man whose wife was in the hospital and did not want to disappoint the man. Warren had made other plans because Sarah had only the two tickets. But Ma Atkin did attend. Sarah and her mother walked together to the school but separated when they reached the building. Sarah joined her classmates to march with them to the auditorium and take their places in a reserved section.

She sat with her hands clasped. "This is my graduation. Should I feel differently? I don't. Only glad that I'm able to finish school and have more time to myself."

A roar of applause brought Sarah back to the scene.

The speaker had finished his address and sat down beside the chairman of the School Board.

Sarah smoothed her dress remembering the morning her mother surprised her with the lovely material, the many days of fitting when she wanted extra ruffles and tucks. She heard her mother complain, "Whatever made you want your graduation dress made in this manner, Sarah, I don't know. It's longer and much older looking than the girls will wear. I declare you get such notions."

Sarah smiled, "If Ma only knew I was pretending it was my wedding dress."

To make the evening perfect for Sarah, the glee club sang Mendelssohn's "On Music's Wing," and Sarah could still hear the words " 'Tis thy wedding morning, shining in the sky.' " She

hugged the memory of this night she'd always remember. "Ah, it is good to dream!"

At a signal, the graduating class rose and filed up to the stage to receive their diplomas. As Sarah's was passed to her, she took it in both hands and as the line slowly crossed along the stage and returned to the assembly floor, Sarah did not look out to the sea of faces, but kept her gaze lowered.

Did she see a roll of parchment? No, this was a wedding bouquet in her hands, the white satin bow spreading gracefully over her wrists.

When the ceremony was over, Sarah went to her mother, exchanging greetings on all sides as the graduates called excitedly to relatives and friends.

Taking her mother's arm, Sarah said, "I want you to meet Doris. I think she's so pretty. Wish I had eyes and hair like hers. See her there? Doesn't she look nice in white?"

Doris was taller than Sarah. Her hair had a blown look. It was brown with warm glowing tints. Her face, marble white and her deep brown eyes were luminous in the alabaster-like complexion. She was soft spoken. Sarah used the adjective 'sweet' when describing Doris Hirsch.

"Hello Sarah," Doris called, "I want you to meet my mother."

Mrs. Hirsch was a disappointment to Sarah. "Why, she isn't what I thought she'd be at all." Very short and thin, with a dark complexion. One could only guess about her hair and eyes. A canopy of heavy black veiling enveloped her hat. A wide band of black stretched across her forehead. The veil cascaded over her shoulders and down her back.

"Gee," thought Sarah, "she could almost make a gown of that veil. She's so tiny and it's so big."

Mrs. Hirsch whined plaintively, "How I wish Doris' father could see her tonight. He'd be so proud."

Sarah rummaged her memory. "Did Doris' father die recently? She never has spoken of him. To be in such heavy mourning and so disturbed, his death must have been within the year."

Mrs. Atkins was saying, "Your dress is lovely, Doris. Why

Sarah had to have hers so different is beyond me.”

Doris defended, with, “I think Sarah’s is lovely.”

Sarah replied, “My mother put a lot of love in this dress, even if she doesn’t like the way I wanted it made.”

Mrs. Hirsch clung to her daughter, “My head aches so, let’s go home.”

“How selfish she is,” was Sarah’s thought, “this is or should be such a happy occasion for Doris.”

Mrs. Atkins feeling sorry for Doris also, said, “Why don’t you girls visit with your classmates and I’ll stay with Mrs. Hirsch for a while. We’ll sit out in the corridor where it’s cool and quiet.”

Animated with the excitement and anxious to remain, Doris smiled at Mrs. Atkins and then turned to her mother, “Yes, mother, you rest a little while and then I’ll come for you.”

Slipping her arm through Sarah’s, she exclaimed, “There’s Ruby Carleton. Let’s go over and talk to her and ask her about the dances. She’s been telling about the good times at the Cotillion Club in Boston. With school over, we may get time to go in. Would you go with me? My mother says she tries to protect me since I haven’t a father and will not permit me to go to many places with just anybody.” She squeezed Sarah’s arm, “Now that she’s met you and your mother, she’ll let me go with you, I know.”

“Doris, when did your father die?”

“Fourteen years ago. I was three and Lois was ten months.”

“Humph,” thought Sarah, “fourteen years hanging to a ghost. Poor Doris!”

Ruby was gay for she enjoyed being the center of attraction, usually males, but tonight she welcomed any and all. After exclaiming over the gowns of Sarah and Doris, she fanned her face and heaved a long sigh of relief at getting through the ordeal of graduation, “Didn’t think I’d make it,” she laughed. “neither did anyone else.” Ruby liked a good time too well to spend any of it studying. “Not exactly a nice girl” was the way Ruby was labelled by her classmates. She used a little too much make-up on lips and cheeks and her dresses were multicolored and her conduct questionable. “Giddy get-ups would be Ma’s description,” Sarah told herself.

Tonight the plain white was strange on Ruby.

"Tell us about the dances," Doris begged.

"I'll make a date to take you in and introduce you to the hostesses at the Club. If they think you'll fit in, they'll give you a card to sign and you must have it countersigned by a minister or teacher. Then they'll give you an admittance ticket to the dances. It only costs twenty-five cents," Ruby explained, "you'll meet loads of men."

Fascinated by her recital, they watched her as she left to flutter over to another group.

"She's fun. Wish we could get as much out of life," they both chorused.

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Sarah's room was stifling and she was tired. Long hours at the ice cream parlor sapped her strength. She did not seek a position in Boston after graduation. Mr. Harmon persuaded her to remain for the busy summer months.

The heat of July was hard to take and nights brought no relief.

A humid, oppressive heat oozed from the bed on which she was lying. There was but one window in the room and if a cooling breeze should chance to puff through, it would be blocked before it could stir the room's atmosphere.

She wondered why people built courts like this one. Only a thin wall separated the apartments. Allesandre and Ellamae Parkee with their five children lived on one side and Bess Williams with one child of her own and usually two state wards and her brother, Lester Loomer occupied the other. There was very little privacy. The noise of quarreling children and grownups was so close it might have been right in the same room.

'Conservative construction,' it was called, making lower rents possible. Sarah remembered when the family moved in three years previously. The monthly sum seemed nominal enough, sixteen dollars. However, with the war as an excuse, the syndicate had raised the rents to forty dollars. Twenty-four dollars a month increase for each unit. The rooms went unpapered, plumbing untended; roofs leaked; rats and bedbugs

had more freedom than the tenants themselves.

The full moon shone through the window. Sarah had rolled the shade to the top and then lay flat on her bed, hoping that a stray breeze would reach her body and cool it. The moon's light struck her feet and she stretched them further into the white space for they seemed cooler in the brightness. The only indication that a breeze was stirring was the movement of the curtain at the window.

"I may be cooler sitting in the moonlight," Sarah told herself as she struggled up and carried her pillow close to the window and knelt on it. Stretching her arms with elbows on the sill, she settled her chin on interlaced fingers and studied the moon. It was so bright, the sky behind it so clear, the stars shone as though reflecting the moon's glow; diaphanous clouds wafted by it, not entirely obscuring the glow but dimming it.

Sarah remembered the theme of Debussy's "Clair de Lune," and softly hummed the melody to herself matching the interpretation of the theme with the thin motion of the clouds as they moved, now slowly, now swiftly, over the moon's face.

"Oh, Al," Ellamae Parkee's voice broke the stillness, the utterance was a poignantly drawn and pathetically sobbing appeal, "you've had me long enough. Please let me sleep. I'm so tired."

Sarah shuddered, not daring to move for fear of betraying her presence and hastily attempting to gain composure, she could look only one place. That was the back yard. She saw tipsy trash cans, the tired drooping lines on the irregular clothes posts; a skulking, skinny cat scouting garbage, the wooden fence, broken and ragged. She wanted desperately to escape from her position but didn't dare for fear the movement would make Al and Ellamae aware she had overheard.

In the Court with close contacts of so many families, intercourse was a sordid subject and Sarah, while she had some information from her Grandmother, had gained more via the writings on the fences and whispered confidences of the backyard gossip.

Al was supposed to be tubercular, and five children in a many years was not looked upon with surprise or as an unusua

phenomenon. Persons afflicted with the disease, it was predicted, were aware their life span was shortened and tried to take as many of its pleasures, sensual especially, in the short time allotted to them. The neighbors accepted and sympathized in their fashion. Ellamae was always tired looking; the children never really clean or well fed. They were contented enough and played by themselves, for while the neighbors didn't expect too much of the Parkees, they left them alone. They didn't criticize too openly and only frowned occasionally.

Finally returning to her bed, Sarah fell into a light sleep. An unfamiliar sound awakened her. In a moment she was alert and thought, "It sounds as though someone was walking on the tin roof of the kitchen ell." Listening intently, she could hear loud whispering and quietly slipped to the open window.

"Ellamae, can you hear me? Ellamae are you sick? It's Al, speak to me!"

Sarah realized Al was standing at the bathroom window.

Pressing her face to the screen, Sarah asked softly, "Al, what's wrong?"

"Ellamae went into the bathroom a long time ago. I'm afraid she's sick or fainted. I can't open the door and she doesn't answer. I'm going to climb in the window."

"I'll go around through the house and help you."

Struggling with her kimona, Sarah thrust her toes into the bedroom slippers, opened her bedroom door and started down the stairs. The slippers were only partly on her feet and one fell off, causing Sarah to stumble forward. She caught the railing of the staircase to keep her balance. She stopped and placed both slippers firmly on and chided herself, "What's the good of haste and half doing a chore. You might have broken a leg or arm by being slipshod."

Her mother had been sleeping on the cot in the dining room where it was cooler. As Sarah reached the lower hall she queried, "What's the matter, Sarah?"

"Something's wrong at the Parkee's. I'm going to help Al."

"Not in that rig! Do you know how you look? That thin kimona shows every line of your body, I never knew why you bought it. It isn't practical."

“Oh, Ma forget those ideas now. Ellamae may be sick or dying.”

She sped out the door, clutching the kimona to keep it from flapping and thought angrily, “I bought the darn thing because it was the only one I could get for \$1.98 and that’s all I had to spare.”

As she entered the Parkee’s house, the screen door was not latched and the front door was open to allow the night air to circulate. She climbed the stairs and was aware that Al was standing beside the open bathroom door, sobbing. The brilliant light of the moon spaced the area where he stood with the children huddled to his legs. How pitifully thin they looked, the tiny ones were naked and the older ones wore portions of underwear instead of night clothes.

Reaching the landing, she glanced into the open bathroom. The moonlight disclosed Ellamae lying in a pool of blood, her head and shoulders lost in shadow, an open razor glistened on the floor. Her hands were tucked pathetically under her body; her action regretted, maybe, and by this simple gesture she tried to hide the deed.

Sarah stepped into the bathroom, then stopped; her first thought was she was glad she couldn’t see Ellamae’s face. She felt herself swaying. Saliva filled her mouth, she couldn’t swallow. Al’s sobbing had become a monotone but it roared in her ears.

One of the children began to whimper. Sarah put out her hands to them to herd them into another room then turned to Al, “Don’t touch anything, Al.”

He strangled a sob, “Oh, I couldn’t touch her!”

The paralyzing constriction returned to Sarah’s throat. She thought, “No, not in death you have no use for her.”

Sarah took the children into the small denlike room in the front of the house. Soon the hall was filling with neighbors. Many were excitedly exclaiming and clucking. Someone had closed the bathroom door; Sarah sat, scarcely aware of what she was doing or what was going on around her. Finally a neighbor told Sarah to go home and get some rest.

Her mother was sitting on the edge of the cot in the dining

room when Sarah returned. She began to prattle angrily and petulantly. "You should be ashamed of yourself running out of the house in your nightclothes and in that thin kimona too! What'll people think? And look!" she wailed and began to cry, "Your gown has a stain on the hem. Oh Sarah, you shame me!"

Sarah looked down and saw the blood. Ellamae's life blood which the gown had blotted up.

For the third time that night, Sarah could neither swallow nor talk. She reached for the gas light, shut it off and left the room, her mother's voice sounded around her but she couldn't hear what she was saying.

When she reached her room, she slipped out of her nightgown and lay on her bed, naked.

The days that followed were a blur of activity. The police and coroner had been kind. Consideration and sympathy was everywhere for Al and the children. Relatives gathered, friends and neighbors offered help for the catastrophe had made human nature less sharp, more tolerant.

Sarah's next visit back to the Parkee home was the day of the funeral. Floors had been scrubbed spotless, curtains starched stiffly and the children reflected the cleanliness for they were neat with faces and hair freshly washed. They sat around the room, aware of the difference in the atmosphere, enjoying the excitement and attention but not old enough to realize the tragedy. They smiled at Sarah when she entered and glanced about the room, trying to communicate their pleasure in having so many visitors. But the repressive atmosphere of sorrow, the soberness of the faces of adults kept them quietly in place.

Al was sitting by the coffin, his hands dangling loosely between his knees, his head bowed. A few of the floral pieces surrounding the coffin were real; the majority, stiff artificial, dark red leaves with spears of pink and purple. They represented some sort of flower. What? Sarah couldn't determine. She hadn't looked fully at Ellamae and even now she didn't want to have more than a passing glance for it revealed a face pinched and taut, her nose and chin, chiseled marble.

"Even in death she doesn't look rested."

Bess Williams bustled into the room and sat down by one of

the children, coaxed her to stand beside her and made a great ado arranging the little one's hair.

Sarah remembered only a few days before, the child, standing in the backyard forlorn, grubby, her clothes dirty, her hair stringy and unkempt and a grimy line on the fold of her neck for she was still a baby and had the touch of baby chubbiness under her chin.

Bess had walked by holding her own child by the hand. The baby reached out in a friendly gesture to touch Helena, and Bess yanked her daughter to the other side.

Wearily Sarah supported her back against the door jam, her eyes misted, the clear cut faces of the children became grotesque caricatures, the outlines of the room changed to kaleidoscopic patterns. Sarah closed her eyes tightly, "Why couldn't people be a bit more compassionate each day instead of waiting too late to show how kind they can be?"

The minister who was to conduct the funeral services slipped into the room noiselessly. He was a young, timid man, dressed in black and carried his Bible with his thumb marking the place he was going to read. There was an expectant hush as the undertaker, a thin, sandy-haired man, also wearing black, motioned him to stand by the coffin. The Minister began to speak, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' There is a resurrection of life and a resurrection of death, two resurrections. Everyone has the resurrection after death but only when a person is reborn in the Spirit and baptized, do they experience the Resurrection of Life. Only a person who sincerely accepts the words of the Lord Jesus Christ and obeys His commands has the Resurrection of Life, no matter how little he has in material things, he is happy and at peace."

Sarah pondered his words, "What does he mean by a resurrection of life?" She remembered the Biblical verse, "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." She wondered if this meant that if you were born of water, baptized, and of the Spirit, the desire to change one's spirit to be better and live a Christian life, you

have a resurrection of life and can live it before death?

She was puzzled and would have liked to ask the minister what he meant. He had finished and was leaving for the cemetery. Sarah mulled over in her mind, "Was he trying to tell us that if Ellamae had had the resurrection of life she would not have committed suicide?"

CHAPTER TEN

Going to Boston to look for work! Details of dress as minute as an architect's plan. Sarah had worked through the summer to help Mr. Harmon and now she was on her way to find a permanent position. It would probably take the whole morning: Boston was about an hour's ride and there would be waits for interviews.

All the lectures delivered at school on seeking employment were brought to mind, neat dress, clean nails, no make-up and no gum chewing. Sarah remembered the lecture on gum chewing. The commercial teacher said that individuals chewing gum reminded her of old cows chewing their cuds. This remark did deter Sarah and amused her when she noticed gum chewers meditating as they worked their jaws.

The safest and usual source for employment was an accredited employment bureau and Sarah found directions to a large one. She had turned eighteen the summer past and carried her birth certificate and work card with her. All this information was duly recorded, the woman in charge wearing the correct business attire and acting as per the school lectures. "She must have had the same instructions, but twenty years ago," Sarah thought.

When the woman had completed Sarah's application, she spoke.

"Be seated. I have a man coming in to interview applicants and he may be interested in you."

Seating herself on the long bench with the others, Sarah settled back and watched the activity about her. She wondered

"What the man would be like; what sort of work did he want a girl to do?" Fervently she hoped it would be bookkeeping for she felt a bookkeeper was important in a business.

Her name was called and Miss Stiles, the woman in charge, directed Sarah to a glass enclosure. Breathless, wondering if she would be able to qualify for the position, Sarah walked in to meet Edward Decknor.

"Why he's as nervous as I am," she thought as she watched Mr. Decknor shuffling the papers in front of him.

"I'm favorably impressed with your records, Miss Atkins. If you'll answer a few questions, I believe we can come to an understanding."

After Sarah had given him the information, he left the room and Miss Stiles entered.

"Such ceremony," breathed Sarah, "the suspense is wearing me down."

"Miss Atkins, Mr. Decknor would like to take you down to the shop and office. It's in the poorer section of the city and hard to locate. That's the reason he came to our office to interview applicants. He says that if the young women went down to the section, they'd have difficulty finding it and might not want to work for him."

"Does that mean I'm hired?" Sarah asked, scarcely believing her good luck.

Conferring with Mr. Decknor, Miss Stiles turned to Sarah, "Yes, you're acceptable and he'll take you to his office. The collector will call each week for six weeks for the fee due the agency for procuring this position for you." She passed a small manila envelope to Sarah, "The fee is one week's salary. You pay one sixth of it each week. Have it ready for the collector and make sure he signs on the space designated each time he collects. That'll be your receipt." She added, "You certainly are a fortunate woman to obtain work so easily."

Sarah couldn't believe her luck. Forgetting she was supposed to be a sedate business woman, she skipped along Washington Street in a gleeful display of excitement and tried to keep step with Mr. Decknor's long stride. She exulted, "Ma's going to be surprised. Everyone's going to be surprised." She stopped

suddenly, "I'm surprised myself!" She didn't pay much attention to where she was going but followed along with Mr. Decknor until they turned off Milk Street to Federal on down to Adams Square. She watched the traffic, gazed at the high buildings, noting the names of the firms and the many varied types of businesses.

As they reached Faneuil Hall Square, Sarah felt dizzy with the activity. It was nearly noon, September, 1918. The street, sidewalks and stalls in the Square fermented with humanity.

"Where do they all come from? Where do they all stay?"

"I wondered when you were going to speak," Mr. Decknor's voice was humorous.

It was then Sarah realized that she had been walking along silently, too busy looking to talk.

"You do not hold true to the theory that women cannot stop talking for long," he told her.

"Wait 'till you know me," smiled Sarah.

The streets became narrower until they were almost to their destination, an alley. In fact it was called Paddy's Alley.

Sarah stopped short; looked about her. "Where're we going?"

"Don't back out on me, please," he begged, "I've tried to get a bookkeeper for weeks. They get down this far and then retreat."

"Where are we?" queried Sarah, "This doesn't even look like the United States."

Mr. Decknor pointed to the narrow opening at the other end of the alley, "That's Hanover Street and it's only a few blocks to Scollay Square. North Station is only a short distance, too. You can get transportation to Baldwin from there."

The alley was sunlit. It was so narrow that only the high noon sun lighted the usual dingy space. They walked the short distance and stopped at a dark dungeon-like doorway and when they walked through it, Sarah was momentarily blinded, so bright the alley, so dark the entrance. She hesitated. Mr. Decknor spoke.

"We go up this spiral staircase. It's a very old building. Built 100 years before the Revolution, it was a tavern called the Blue Bell. Rent for the land was used to support a school in Boston.

You don't often see spiral staircases any more."

"I never saw them before," Sarah said gazing upward, "they look like the curl of a wood shaving." She looked around, "If this building was built a hundred years before the Revolution, then it's nearly three hundred years old."

Mr. Decknor nodded, "You go ahead of me, Miss Atkins."

Drawing a deep breath, Sarah was reminded of but one thing, Daniel in the lion's den.

"I know now how he felt," she told herself as she began to climb the stairs. It was a dizzying sensation going around and around the narrow space of thirty inches until the third floor was reached.

Mr. Decknor opened a door. It looked like an office. "So far, so good," Sarah thought.

An elderly man sat at a table writing. He turned as Sarah entered. "He's the lion," thought Sarah, "those bushy eyebrows and piercing eyes made him look ferocious. Poor Daniel!"

"This is my father, Mr. Thomas Decknor," the younger Mr. Decknor told Sarah.

"Father, this is Miss Atkins. I hope I've persuaded her to take the position," he turned and smiled at Sarah appealing to her to decide favorably.

Smiling back, Sarah told herself, "He's a likable man but his father! Bet when he talks he roars."

He didn't. He grunted, "How do. Hope you stay, no one else did. Guess they don't like to work nowadays."

Anxious to please, Sarah blurted, "I'll stay. I like it here."

Standing up, he towered over her and looked down through his eyebrows to her, "See if you say that Saturday."

It was then, Sarah remembered she hadn't inquired what her pay would be. "What a fool I'd make of myself if I asked now! What a bigger fool I'll be if I go home and say I don't know what I'm being paid." Then she remembered the envelope and taking it from her handbag, she looked at it. "Yes, there it was fifteen dollars." Relieved and pleased, she hugged the envelope to her, then remembering that the men were still in the room, asked, "Where'll I put this?"

"In the safe," the younger man motioned to the wall

cabinets, "take off your hat and coat and I'll show you your duties."

The work was not difficult, the bookkeeping simple. The walk to and from the historic slot in the wall became a daily adventure to Sarah. Sunny days, dark, foggy, sooty days, each had its own appeal. Strange odors mingled with the salt air of the waterfront. One predominating scent Sarah couldn't recognize.

One day she asked Mr. Decknor what it was. He said it was coffee roasting. The green coffee beans, he explained were brought to Boston. They were then taken to the large wholesale coffee houses, roasted and blended.

There were two aspects of her position Sarah did not like. The first was the dead rats or the cats she often saw in the alley on the way to work. The other was the dirt of many years accumulation on the flooring of the office. Paint and whitewash were used to brighten the walls and ceilings but somehow the floor was overlooked. An ancient pot bellied stove, the only heat in the office had a romantic aura for Sarah. But dirt? No!

She could shut her eyes when she walked by the dead animals outside but she couldn't shut her eyes to the dirty floor inside.

So, one Saturday morning she brought a bag containing a scrub brush, strong yellow soap and some old cloths.

Any other time, Mr. Decknor wouldn't notice but this morning he asked, "Your lunch? This is Saturday. Half day you know."

"I'm going shopping after work," was Sarah's explanation. She did intend to visit the shops later in the day, so she wasn't telling an outright lie. "If he wants to think it's lunch, let him."

Sarah tried to heat the water on the pot bellied stove after Mr. Decknor left. By the time it was lukewarm, the fire would be out, the wood burned so quickly.

Beginning near the stove, she started to scrub, intending to finish at the desk and door. "That'll give it plenty of time to dry and not mark up," she decided. Underneath the layers of grime was an oil cloth covering. It was dimmed with use and grime but a semblance of the pattern could be discerned.

"At least, I know it's clean!"

It took much soap, water and scrubbing to penetrate the hard, sandy, sooty surface. As usual, Sarah decided to make the chore a game. She began to push the brush, first right, then center, then left. Picking up the motion and putting it to rhythm, she began to hum and found the tune was the Volga Boatman. She didn't know the words but the melody fitted the motion of the scrubbing perfectly. Vigorously she increased her efforts and for emphasis raised her voice and was soon shouting.

"O-yo-yoyo. O-yo-yoyo."

She thought she heard a door open but knew she was alone in the old building and redoubled her efforts, raising her voice higher and stretching the brush strokes farther and farther. Suddenly she turned, the movement put her off balance and she would have fallen over on the floor if Mr. Decknor hadn't reached down and pulled her to her feet.

He, with Mrs. Decknor had stopped by to pick up some papers.

After introductions and Sarah's explanation, Mrs. Decknor turned to her husband.

"Edward, you should be ashamed to let this condition occur!" She endeavored to be severe and sounded as though she were reprimanding him but her amused smile belied her words.

"Don't scold him," defended Sarah, "men don't notice that floors need washing."

"You should have told him, Miss Atkins." By now she was so amused with the look of chagrin on both Sarah's and Mr. Decknor's faces, she laughed and asked, "Do all bookkeepers do char work also? It must be the latest teaching methods." Then she added, "Edward, you have your handy-man finish this." She wouldn't leave until Sarah was on her way out.

Monday morning, Oscar, the handyman washed the floor. Sarah could see that Oscar didn't put real fervor in his scrubbing for the area he covered did not look much better than before. It was in the front of the office and faced Sarah every time she moved. She consoled herself with the thought that when Oscar washed it again, it might match the section she had cleaned. "And doesn't he know," she thought, "scrubbing a floor clean is just as much an achievement as building a house? It takes

energy and talent to keep floors, walls and windows clean and shining the same as it does to build a house." Sarah chanted the old school rhyme, "Do what you do, do with your might, things done by halves are never done right."

To balance the two unpleasant aspects, Sarah had two pleasant ones associated with her work.

The section bordered on the Italian settlement of the city. The habits, language and dress were strange, noisy or smelly but the funeral processions were a delight to Sarah. If she could forget it was a funeral she did enjoy the parade and display. Flowers piled high in open carriages, drawn sometimes by snow white horses and at other times by shining jet horses with flowing manes and tails. The white horses indicated a young person or child while the black horses were used for older people. For contrast, the white horses were completely encased in black mesh with long fringe sweeping and swaying with the motion of the slowly moving corteges. The black horses' coats shone like patent leather through white mesh cages of cotton. Tassels hung in profusion and even tipped the horses' ears. They would swing to the rhythm of the music or dance gayly when the animal, perhaps to call attention to its splendor would arrogantly toss its head. The mournful music of the band, the solemn muffled shuffle of the mourners attired in dress suits and tall silk hats as they marched beside the ornate black and white hearses, stopped all traffic for blocks and brought many from the offices and crowded tenements on the side streets of Hanover Street, to view the spectacle.

Sarah wondered if the mourners were hired. They knew exactly how to act as though dress rehearsals preceded the event and they did look exactly alike, funeral after funeral. The number of mourners depended upon the wealth and position of the deceased. Funerals were the last vestige of a person on the earth and the prestige of the deceased was measured by them.

The moment the strains of the band music, even faintly found its way to the office, Sarah would raise the window and crane her neck and watch the procession pass the narrow space at the end of the alley.

"Just like the scenes on the screen of the movie house," she

thought.

If Mr. Decknor was in the office to answer the telephone, he would say, "Run along little girl and watch the parade."

Then, Sarah would hasten down the spiral stairway so swiftly she staggered out into the alley, her head spinning from the dizzy descent.

Sarah found joy in her work for she was learning to keep an office. She felt secure and serene when she arrived each morning and left at night. This was her domain, and she achieved.

To be sure it was only even columns of figures or neat reports of profit and loss, but creation, her own handiwork!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

In late October, the influenza struck. Like flies under extermination spray, the dead were multitudinous. Few homes went untouched by death or serious illness, sometimes a whole family was stricken over night.

Sarah had found her salary would not meet the bare necessities of the rent and food and she was working extra hours at Harmon's and was tired. Her mother, too, had been working when and where she could in the neighborhood and was weary. Sarah was concerned about her mother but it was her father who came down first with the dreaded disease. He was very ill. Sarah would relieve her mother every chance she could but she knew the doctor's bills had to be met and spent every minute she was able at work. Warren's salary did not increase either and he had little to contribute to the household.

A young doctor made multiple calls all along the row in the court. He said it was an epidemic and because of a new type of germ there was no known method to treat it.

Pa Atkins was critically ill for two weeks. The doctor told Mrs. Atkins he was surprised he pulled through, adding, "It will be months before he'll be strong again."

When Sarah asked the doctor for his bill, she explained, "I may as well pay you now and save the postage."

"It'll be five dollars," he told her.

"Five dollars? That's not anywhere nearly enough, doctor," she protested.

Her mother spoke up quickly, "If that's what the doctor wants, give it to him."

Sarah explained, "But the doctor was here every day for nearly two weeks, Ma! Five dollars is such a small amount."

Smiling, the doctor said, "I had five calls to make in the court each day and it wasn't any extra effort to drop in and see your father."

"That isn't the point, Doctor, we should pay a fair fee for your service."

"You can't afford a great deal of sickness."

"But health is the most vital thing in life. Without it we are handicapped. I can pay more now and do without something else less important. Here's ten dollars. It's little enough for the comfort and service you give to us."

Reluctantly the doctor took the money, it was a roll of small bills. He didn't count them but pushed them into his coat pocket. His tired drawn face relaxed as he smiled down at Sarah. "If everyone thought as you did Miss Atkins, this world would be a better place." He reached for his sachel and winked in Sarah's direction.

Pa Atkins was up again, a wraithy ghost.

Sarah felt her eyes mist when she saw him trying to be cheerful, talking of getting work and paying Sarah back. "You know it ain't right for a father to have to accept charity from his family. I know I'm an expense and it eats into me."

To this Sarah replied, "Pa, you couldn't help getting sick. You're lucky to be well again so soon and getting back on your feet."

To herself, she said, "If he'd kept steady work and put money in the bank, he wouldn't be thinking these thoughts. I hope I will not go through life regretting things I should've done."

Three days later, Mrs. Atkins complained of dizziness and a complete enertia. Chills and fever finally drove her to bed. Sarah was ready to leave for work and was so tired herself, she worried for fear of becoming ill, too. She slipped into one of the neighbor's home and asked them to send the doctor when he had completed his call there. Then she hurried to the corner drug store to call Mr. Decknor, hoping she'd reach him before he left for the office and ask him if she could stay out a few

days to take care of her mother.

"By all means, stay as long as you need to. This is Thursday, do you want me to stop by your house with the money for your wages this week? You'll need it."

Grateful for his ready reply, Sarah answered, "No, Mr. Decknor, I have some money. It's to pay the rent but I'll use it and just tell the agent to wait. Thank you so much for the offer."

When she hung up the receiver, tears were streaming down her face.

"I must be tired to be such a softy," she told herself, "if he hadn't been so thoughtful, I wouldn't cry. It's a long car ride out here from Boston.

By the time the doctor reached the house, Sarah had her mother comfortable. She was carrying out the instructions given for the care of Pa and when he entered the house, Sarah felt the burden of her troubles had lightened. "Such a comfort to have the doctor," she thought.

He smiled at Mrs. Atkins. "Lucky you delayed your seige. In just the few days, we have new pills that will help, but you must drink much water and other liquids. I think the cure is flushing of the system but take the pills, too."

Sarah followed the doctor down the stairs. "Will you drop in again soon?"

"Yes, tomorrow, when I make the calls in the court. There are five new cases right now, some of the families I've been visiting for over a month."

"Can I make you a cup of tea or something?"

He looked at Sarah, sighed and shook his head, "No, my dear, but I'd like to talk with you for a moment."

She beckoned him toward the dining room for her father was resting on the couch in the parlor.

When they went in, the doctor took both of Sarah's hands in his own rubbing the knuckles with his thumbs. "Do you know that it's just such people as you who make a doctor's life worthwhile. If we didn't feel that somewhere, sometime someone was welcoming and appreciating our efforts, it would be a pretty sad existence for us."

He continued to talk, but dropped her hands and picked up his satchel. "Now, I want you to forget about the bill for your mother's illness. You're not to worry about it. You paid me for your father's and mother's visits when you paid me last week."

Sarah started to object. He raised his free hand to silence her, "No, not now, no arguments!

"Oh, here is something else. Your mother was able to care for your father. You won't be able to care for your mother by yourself. I'm putting in a request to have the Visiting Nurse drop in to help. She'll bathe your mother and perform any other services that you'd find awkward since you're not trained. She'll ask fifty cents if you can pay and will not expect anything if you can't."

"I can pay fifty cents," Sarah told him confidently, "but shouldn't it be more? Who pays the difference?"

"There are groups of citizens who enjoy life because they make it easier for others. These groups run drives or bazaars and fairs and donate the money to the Visiting Nurses Association for the services to the community."

"But tell me how I can help them when they need it. I want to do my share," Sarah entreated.

"You are." He went through the doorway, closing the door softly.

"Now what did he mean?" Sarah puzzled.

With her mother's illness, her father's delayed convalescence and trying to make up the work lost at the office, Sarah was busy. And when the rest of the community teemed with the excitement of Armistice Day, she was merely relieved to know the war was over.

"Now we can get down to normal living and lower prices," she told herself. Everything was blamed on the war, even the weather, for some said the heavy gas attacks across the Atlantic caused low clouds and rain.

Sarah's mother summed up the course of events in one remark.

"No one won the war. The influenza stopped it. If the soldiers were kept in the trenches and camps much longer, there wouldn't be anyone left to fight."

It was fortunate that neither Warren or Sarah contracted the influenza. Warren helped when he could but with so many ill in his office, he did double duty and had little time. The winter passed quickly and both Pa and Ma Atkins recovered from the sieges. They considered themselves lucky because so many were taken with the epidemic and others suffered serious complications.

After her parents recovery, Sarah started attending the dances in Boston. The Cotillion Club was a bright spot in Sarah's life. Not only did she meet new people, but it gave her a chance to relax in an atmosphere of recreation. The couple who operated the club sponsored the programs to provide a meeting place for college students and for service men and women who were still active and stationed near Boston. Donations were made by interested citizens and the participants would help with cake sales, rummage sales and other events to raise money. Sarah sometimes served on committees. A small admission charge was made for the events and admission was restricted to only those who were recommended by a reliable adult, teacher, doctor or minister, although very few ministers gave recommendations. Sarah's doctor signed her application.

Sarah had no special circle of acquaintances. She was not singled out by any partners at the dances, but neither did she lack partners.

Sometimes she dreamed of having a steady boyfriend who would wait for her and make dates weeks ahead.

This night at the Club, a party had been planned and she was in a gay mood. She had purchased a blue dress in a bargain basement in Boston and was wearing it for the first time. Somehow she felt that something was different. Her mood heightened; she preened before the girls in her new dress.

Suddenly, she noticed a young man standing apart from the group. "He's a stranger. I should speak to him and make him feel at home. If I do," she told herself, "he may think I'm trying to attract his attention. That's funny," she stopped to ponder, "I should think that about him. I never had that feeling before. I like him though. He seems more sedate, more mature than the others. He has nice shoulders, too. Wonder if he

dances?" Sarah liked to dance.

The hostess was passing out numbers to the men to draw for partners. Sarah held number five and she looked about her wondering who would draw hers.

The newcomer, holding the slip of paper high above his head, waved it and boomed, "Who's five?"

What a nice voice and he isn't bashful at all," Sarah thought and then started quickly, "Oh. Oh, I'm five."

"I'm Jim Stuart." Placing his hand on his waist, he bowed.

"I'm Sarah Atkins." She courtesied.

"Hello, Sarah."

"What a nice smile he has," breathed Sarah to herself.

"Hello, Jim."

The plan for the game was to have the young men sit opposite the young women. They were both blindfolded and given a bowl of dry rolled oats to feed each other. Just before the game commenced the hostesses removed the blindfold from the young women's eyes and then gave the signal to start. The young women had the advantage for they could make every spoonful count while the young men showered rolled oats over the young women's heads, deposited it upon their shoulders and in their laps. If a young woman saw a spoonful directed to her mouth, she would dodge, for even one mouthful was pretty dry.

Sarah couldn't bring herself to stuff Jim's mouth with each spoonful, so she pretended to miss his mouth a number of times, spilling the oats on the floor.

"Sarah Atkins, you're cheating!" someone called.

Jim whipped away his blindfold.

Sarah was convulsed with laughter, "I couldn't help it. I just couldn't put all that dry stuff in his mouth. He would never get it shut again."

The men realized a trick had been played on them and vowed to get even with their partners.

Jim threatened, "Sarah, I'll be your beau all the rest of the evening to make you suffer for what you did. Then you'll wish you'd played fairly."

They both laughed heartily. They played as many games together as the hostess would allow. The rule was to mingle

with the group and not pair off in couples.

Eating together during the refreshment period, they sat in the circle, but for Sarah there wasn't another person in the room but Jim and herself.

After helping her with her wraps, Jim waited and walked to the trolley car. She felt a little regret when she looked out to see him standing on the curbstone at Huntington Avenue.

"How I'd like to have him see me home," she thought, "he could've insisted and I might've broken the rules!"

CHAPTER TWELVE

The year following the end of the war, Thomas Decknor died in his sleep and his son closed the business. He told Sarah when he gave her her wages for two weeks instead of a week's notice that the high cost of materials, soaring wages and rents would have forced him in a few months anyway.

She called the employment agency and was informed there would be an opening in an insurance company if she could report to work the following Monday. It turned out well and she had the extra week's salary.

"I'd like to give it back to you, Mr. Decknor," she offered.

"No. No, you keep it. It'll make me feel better to know I was able to do such a small favor."

Sarah's new job was bookkeeper of one department and didn't have the varied office routine to relieve the arduous systematic recordings in the large set of books. And in spite of keeping close to her desk, hunched over the books every working minute, she had to do much overtime to keep the books in balance. She was continuously tired and this particular night when she arrived home at midnight, her mother was waiting for her.

"Do you have to work as long as this? Do you get extra money?"

"Yes, Ma, I have to in order to keep my job." Sarah sat down on the edge of the chair and slowly slipped off her gloves and rubbed her hands. It was December, the late street cars were not well heated and she was chilled. Her mother pulled a chair to the table and began to set a place as she asked.

"Why do you have to stay so late? You never did at Decknor's?"

"The work is different and set of books is much bigger. They should really hire an older person with more experience but it is my chance to learn how to operate a large set." She brightened and continued. "If they find me capable, they may promote me." Sighing, she picked up her gloves and pocketbook and started for the door to go to her bedroom.

"Don't you want a bit to eat, Sarah?" Her mother placed the kettle on the stove again. It had been singing noisily and she pulled it back to quiet it. "I've got some good news."

Sarah came back and sat down, "Tell me, then. Did Warren get a raise and is he going to help more?"

Ma Atkins went on the defensive, "No, Warren didn't get a raise and he has his own way to pay. We shouldn't expect him to help. A young man has to have money to get along and have some recreation." Her voice softened, when Sarah asked how her father was.

"He's pleased with himself. So pleased! He talked with the agent for the Court today and made a proposition. And guess what? Pa's going to do the repair work in the Court and our rent will only be \$15.00 a month. That'll help a lot, won't it? And maybe you won't have to work so hard."

"Indeed it will," Sarah agreed, "and it'll make him feel better too. Get him out of the house and busy, but I hope the work won't be too hard."

Ma looked at Sarah hopefully trying hard to please Sarah with her attention. "Oh, I made some gingerbread for supper and it came out good and light. Try some," she pleaded.

"No, thank you, Ma," she patted her mother's shoulder as she continued to go out, "I'll take it for lunch tomorrow. Tim McKenzie, the night watchman always brings me a cup of coffee and a piece of dark rye bread from his lunch. He's so good."

"Is he young?"

"No, he's old and somehow reminds me of Bert at Harmon's. Doesn't have much to say but every night I work he comes up at ten o'clock with coffee. He makes it in the pot. And then if I don't ring for the elevator by eleven, he brings it up and waits

for me to leave. He says I shouldn't be running around that section of Boston after dark.

Shivering, whether from the cold or the recollection of the lonely walk, she told her mother. "It's spooky walking down Federal Street. The buildings look taller and the streets narrower than in the daytime. There isn't a single person in sight, not even an automobile. Sometimes a wagon comes through on its way from the market and the echo of the horse clopping can be heard for blocks. It's scary."

"But do they pay you for working nights?" Mrs. Atkins persisted.

"We get seventy five cents for supper money if we work as late as eight o'clock. I worked two nights this week and will get a dollar and a half. It's not to be sneezed at for it pays my carfares."

"I wish you didn't have to work so hard, Sary."

"Well, if Pa's able to help pay the rent, it will be easier in a way."

Slowly climbing the stairs, Sarah felt as though her burden was lighter.

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Sunday nights usually found the Atkins family sitting down together for supper. Since working in Boston, Sarah had Saturday afternoons, Sundays and holidays free.

As she looked around the table, first the family seated together and then the food upon it, she thought, "If I were put in isolation and never told the day of the week and sat down to this menu, stewed prunes, bread and butter, doughnuts and tea, I'd know it was Sunday night."

Warren fidgeted with his spoon, looked first at his mother and then to his father and finally blurted, "I'm going to be married."

Mrs. Atkins looked blissfully at Warren and stirred her tea slowly, "I'm so glad. Now I know you'll be taken care of if I die."

"Humph," thought Sarah, "taken care of by someone. Did she ever stop to think he should take care of himself?"

Sarah looked at her brother. Warren was beaming now, having broken the news and received his mother's approval.

Pa Atkins was pleased. His eyes were bright and he chuckled, "Well, well, that'll be nice. I may yet see a grandchild. Don't think Sarah'll get married from the way things look now." Glancing toward Sarah, he asked warily, "You don't have a beau do you, Sarah?"

Warren contributed, "Sarah with a beau? Men don't marry women with tempers and dispositions like Sarah's." He tugged the bottom of his suit coat and adjusted his tie, cleared his throat and spoke importantly, "They'd rather marry a poor housekeeper than a fault finding woman."

"I don't find fault, do I?" Sarah asked her mother.

Warren answered for his mother, "You're never satisfied with things. You always want to change them."

Pa Atkins snickered, "Glad I ain't married to Bess Williams. Her tongue is forever chewing about something." Turning his glance to Warren, he said with approval, "Warren you're right. A man would rather have a poor housekeeper than a complaining woman."

In defense of herself, Sarah informed her brother, "Wait until you live with a poor housekeeper. There's nothing worse. You can shut the door on a scolding woman. Even slap her mouth. But nothing under God's heaven will change a slattern. She has no pride in herself, she never will. They think if they are married, the men will have to stay with them the rest of their lives. And," she added pityingly, "poor things, many of them do."

Smoothing her apron, smiling at Warren, Mrs. Atkins paid no attention to the conversation at the table, she asked, "Who is the young lady, Warren?"

"Yes" Sarah echoed, "who is she?"

Warren had been keeping company with a number of the young women in town. Proud of what he bragged was his prowess in attracting them. "Quite a beau brummel," was the comment he liked to hear.

"Pooh," thought Sarah, "the war is the reason. Then there were too few men around and many of the eligibles had been

married during the war. He's a male and that's all some women require, but I'll make him feel good and start guessing." To make it exciting, she started with the least likely.

"Sybil Smith?" she asked.

He grinned and asked eagerly, "How'd you guess?"

"Gosh almighty," thought Sarah, "the worst one he could have chosen!"

Sybil was languid, sallow complexioned, lusterless and leaned on her relatives. Very delicate was the decree of her mother who watched her and as she liked to emphasize, 'protect her'.

Drawing himself straighter in his chair and buttoning his coat, Warren stated, "She needs a husband to look out for her, and," he said meaningly, looking at Sarah, "she'll be easy to live with. She takes life as it is, not wishing things were different and expecting them to change for her."

Sarah settled back in her chair, subdued and chastened. "Am I like that really?"

Her mother defended, "No, Sarah, you're not like Sybil. You are independent, very individual. She's a nice girl, refined and makes a nice appearance. She'll be a nice wife for Warren if he understands her."

"If she'll put up with him would be more to the point," Sarah confided to herself.

Mrs. Atkins continued, "But you are different, Sarah. You do have notions, but you try to do what you think is right, even if you kick and sputter a great deal. It's true too, you want things changed sometimes but at least you make the effort to change them. You don't expect someone else to do the work."

Mrs. Atkins began to clear the table and as Sarah stood up to help, she noticed on her own plate, a single prune and small portion of bread.

"I must finish that for while I'm not hungry now, I will not waste it."

Sarah was experiencing real hunger at times. While she worked at the ice cream parlor, she had a chance to eat the "mistakes", orders rejected when served the customers. Sarah felt that Bert often made some purposely so that she would have something to eat.

These with her meager meals at home satisfied sharp hunger. There was always a craving for some delicacy that Sarah told herself she would buy when she could afford it.

She finished her plate, thinking, "Well, I'll not remember that prune and bread and butter and wish I had eaten it when I look at the food in the restaurant on Washington Street."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Sarah didn't attend Warren's wedding. Sybil insisted she wanted only the parents, her brother and his wife attending them. Ma Atkins told Sarah the details and proudly showed the local newspaper account. It read in part:

"At a quiet home wedding, Sybil, daughter of the C. F. Smith's, a lovely brunette made a charming bride. She wore blue and carried pink roses. Mr. and Mrs. Atkins sojourned in Boston on their honeymoon . . ."

Mrs. Atkins told Sarah that Warren and Sybil and the two attendants went into Boston on the street car, had dinner at Peroni's and then came home again.

"Saturday night is a sojourn? Since when?" asked Sarah.

The news report further stated, "The bridal couple will reside with the bride's family until suitable quarters can be obtained. The shortage of homes still prevails."

"How silly," exclaimed Sarah, reading the article aloud, "they couldn't afford a flat if there were a thousand in the town. Why can't they be truthful or say nothing?"

"Now Sarah, be reasonable," her mother counselled, "Warren and Sybil have a little pride, you know."

"Is that pride?"

When she finished reading the paper, she tossed it on the table. Mrs. Atkins reached for it, smoothed it out and searched in the table drawer for scissors to clip the article. "See, Sarah what it says about Warren being the son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Atkins." Then she tucked it back in the drawer with the scissors. She hesitated a few moments and then asked.

"What do you think? Pa'll not be able to get steady work for a long time. He isn't strong yet. If I fix up Warren's room with my sewing machine and table and just tell around the neighborhood that I'll sew, mend or make over clothes, do you think it'll look all right?" Her mother's manner was timorous.

Sarah wondered if her mother wanted her to say yes or no and debated a moment and decided because her mother expected some expression of opinion. "I think it'd be fine, Ma, if you want to do it. It's going to be hard to make ends meet with prices so high and all. Things are easier with the rent lower but you never know when they will up the rents again." Sarah had an inspiration but squelched it.

"No," she reasoned, "if she's had this idea and is enthused about it, I'll not spoil it with mine." Sarah didn't tell of her plan to help.

Mrs. Atkins sat in silence for a few moments, her mind on new arrangements.

"Ooo, I forgot Sarah. There's a letter on the hall table for you." She apologized, "I was so pleased with the newspaper notice, I completely forgot it."

Sarah went into the hall swiftly.

"For me? Who could be writing to me?" She looked for the return address but none was given. Opening it hastily, she scanned the contents and exclaimed.

"It's from Doris Hirsch. I haven't seen her for nearly two years. She went to work near Boston. She was going to the Club some time but never let me know when she could."

She read:

Dear Sarah, I do want to see you and talk with you. Mother would not let me go to the dances at the Club. She said it did not look right for a girl to go to those places alone. I think she wants me to be alone. There is no chance to meet anyone just going to work and back. She will let me go to church. If I come by Sunday morning, do you think you can come with me? I have looked for you at church and Sunday School many times. Please come this Sunday. I will stop anyway.

Your friend, Doris Elizabeth Hirsch

"It'll be nice to see Doris. I liked her very much and wondered why she never came to the dances. She was the one most interested the night at Graduation. Remember?"

The following Sunday, Sarah dressed in a dark grey coat and matching felt hat trimmed with a black feather and surveyed herself in the mirror. She scowled at the reflection for she didn't like the picture.

"Grey isn't your color, but it is serviceable and always in style," she told the reflection and picked up her gloves and swung about to face her mother. "Do I look good enough for church?"

The bell sounded. Before the ringing had died away, Sarah was at the door.

"How good it is to see you, Doris," she stretched out her hands in welcome, "I looked forward to this."

Doris bowed in mock courtesy, "How do you do, Miss Atkins."

Mrs. Atkins came to the door, rolling her hands in her apron. The February morning was cold.

"Isn't it too early for you girls to leave?"

Sarah answered, "No, it's a long walk and we save five cents carfare. That makes ten cents more in the collection plate."

"Besides," volunteered Doris, "We have a lot to talk about before we get to church."

"I should be going with you," Mrs. Atkins' voice trailed behind as they left the porch and descended the stairs, "I really should go oftener than I do. And so should you, Sarah."

Giggling, Sarah linked her arm through Doris', "That's my sermon for the day. Short and sweet."

They walked along the quiet main street, conscious of their Sunday clothes, luxuriating in the warmth of friendship, enjoying the exchange of news.

The snow had disappeared and the pavements and streets were covered with a fine film of grey dust. In the gutters, the sparrows twittered and scolded as they searched for food or bathed in the dust. The sun's ray filtered through the bare limbs of the tall elms arching high above the street, stenciling crooked patterns at their feet.

Doris told of her work in the office of a factory in Charletown where she received eighteen dollars a week.

Sarah envied her and wished she could claim eighteen dollars for her salary. She remembered Doris had worked at the one position since graduation and consoled herself with the thought, "If I had stayed with Decknor's, maybe I would be getting the same. I know I would or even more. And," she admonished, "don't spend your time in wishful thinking, Sarah. Be thankful for your twelve dollars." She told Doris of her experiences at Decknor's and the insurance company.

Preoccupied with her own thoughts, Doris interspersed the conversation with vague, "Isn't that nice. I'm so glad." Then, "Do you believe in God, Sarah?"

The query, so alien to the topic of conversation, compelled Sarah to halt, look at Doris intently before she answered.

"I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Whatever made you ask that question?"

"Well, what is the difference in God and the Lord Jesus Christ? Aren't they one and the same?"

"No, not always," Sarah answered, "there are many gods Christians say Lord or Jesus Christ or both. My grandmother told me of the cults that use the term God but that it didn't refer to the Living Revealed God, the Holy Trinity, God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost that Christians believe in and obey. All through the Old Testament you read of The Lord your God.

"Do you believe in Adam and Eve as the first man and woman?"

"You have to take some things on faith, Doris."

After a moment's thought, Doris spoke, "It just occurred to me. You don't go to church often."

"You're funny, Doris," Sarah's voice was scoffing but the tone was amused. "I don't go to church often because I think I am being more Christian if I stay home and help my mother when she needs me. She does so much sewing, the housework neglected. Usually at night I'm too tired to walk to evening service."

Doris changed the subject.

“Doesn’t the Lord forgive our sins if we are repentant?”

“Yes.” Sarah lifted her head toward the sky, letting the morning sun shine full on her face. She smiled, “Yes, He forgives our sins but we still must be punished for our sins. If there was no punishment for our wrong doing, people would just keep on sinning and saying they were sorry with no intention of changing their ways or making themselves acceptable in His sight.”

“I can’t believe that God, I mean, The Lord, punishes a person when he is sorry for his sin,” Doris insisted.

“I believe it. Every Christian believes that. Didn’t He say that He would punish when He gave the Commandments to Moses? It is part of the third commandment, ‘For I the Lord, thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.’ Iniquity is sinning and wickedness. I believe the Lord punishes the individual and also the grandchildren and great grandchildren must suffer for the sins of their elders.”

Doris still walking slowly and meditatively asked, “Sarah, how do you know so much about the Bible and things?”

“I guess it’s a mixture of instruction I received at the strict Baptist Church where I was baptized and attended Sunday school when I was very young and my grandmother’s teachings. She was very religious. So was my Great Uncle, but not as strict as she was.”

“Isn’t the church we’re going to now real strict?”

“No, the minister goes along with the evangelists. The church went to would never have an evangelist, only a revivalist.”

“What’s the difference?”

“That’s a long story, Doris. Maybe we can get together and talk about it. But for a short explanation. Evangelists only preach a gospel but fail to stress the need for baptism. They do not carry out the Last Command. The gospel they preach is modernism, a gospel that is supposed to please all people. They never stress, that in order to be saved, you must be baptized, in fact they mislead the people to think that all they have to say is

they believe in Jesus Christ and then they are saved. A revivalist is one who comes and preaches and teaches people to revive their faith and obligations to the Lord, to bring back the slipaways or the back sliders.

They continued to walk each occupied with her own thoughts.

Finally Doris asked, "Sarah," she giggled softly to distract the directness of the question, "what would you do if you were tempted to sin?"

"If you mean to do something that was wrong, I would try awfully hard to refrain from committing a sin but sometimes temptation is too great and I do sin at times and try not to repeat doing anything that is wrong. If it is something I'm not sure is right or wrong I ask myself what would be the Lord's rule. That is, if it was a religious or moral question. If it is a question of proper conduct or taste and manners, I would pretend I was my own daughter and think how I would want her to act. I always get an answer to my questions and try to govern myself by either or both of these two methods." She began to chuckle, "You don't know how hard it is, Doris. Sometimes when I am tempted, I remember what both my grandmother and great uncle advised me, 'Try to live your life so that when you are old you will have few regrets and little remorse, for when you are old you do look back and remember things. If you want peace of mind you try to live right.'"

Doris nodded, "Yes, I can understand that. I hear so many older people saying, 'if I had my life to live over again I'd do things differently'. One woman I work with lost her husband and she keeps talking about regrets and remorse and seems very unhappy at times."

"Now, Doris," Sarah reached her hand to Doris' and held it "tell me what's on your mind. You've been puzzled and worried and trying to worm from me an answer to your own problem. I can help, I will."

Flushing, Doris pulled her hand away, turned her head in Sarah's direction and in what she intended to be a surprised voice, exclaimed, "Oh, here we are at the church. I think you answered my questions. If I have any other, I'll think them over."

in church and we can talk about them going home."

The service had begun. Sarah and Doris slipped into the back seat. Looking around the church, Sarah pondered, "Why is it I feel more of the sanctity and holiness of the church when it's empty. But I am glad I don't have to depend upon the atmosphere to give me the feeling of the presence of the Lord. I have it anytime I think about it. I can feel His presence anywhere, anytime, even in the trolley car or when I'm washing dishes."

She suddenly realized she had not been listening to the sermon. The minister was raising his hand for the benediction.

Doris was silent as she walked from the church, breaking into a sigh, "Sarah, I may as well get this off my mind. I did try to get ideas from you to solve my own problem but I can't understand the things you tell me." Hesitating, "There's a man I met in North Station," attempting perhaps, to justify her action in Sarah's opinion, she continued. "He's wonderful, so courteous and nice. He said he'd watched me when I came for the train and had been watching a long time before he had courage to talk to me. He didn't get to Boston every day but when he did, he'd wait for me." Blushing, she brushed a piece of lint from her gloves, "He told me he knew I had a good bringing up and wasn't the type that could be picked up easily. And he's good to me. My mother'd be upset if she knew I became acquainted with him without a mutual introduction. Do you think I did wrong in talking with him?"

Debating the question a moment, Sarah stated, "Of course, Doris, it is not good policy to make chance acquaintances on the street. Your mother is right in her opinion but she is wrong not to let you go places where you might meet companions. She should let you go to the Club dances or other places." To prove her point, she added, "My mother lets me go anywhere if she knows where I'm going and who I will be with. She objects once in a while if she doesn't think it looks right." Laughing, "She's forever quoting, 'avoid the appearance of evil.' How long have you been seeing him, Doris?"

"About six months. I pretend I work some nights and have dinner with him or go to an early movie and manage to get

home by ten o'clock. But, Sarah, he wants to marry me and I can't tell my mother about him." Her face had a pathetic appeal, "And I know I should take care of Lois until she gets through High School. She has one more year. I want her to have a diploma, too. It means so much to be a graduate."

"Does he work?"

"Oh, yes, but he doesn't make enough money to support all my family. He's an under-secretary at a private estate in Essex and gets board as part of his wages. The estate is right on the edge of the town. The telephone number he gave me is Danvers. He told me not to call him. Why he gave me his number, I don't understand unless he wanted to prove he worked there." Optimistically she opined, "When he gets a secretary's position, he'll receive more money and have an apartment to live in. Now he has a room with the rest of the servants. He really isn't a servant though," she explained. "We're young and should have our joy of living now, not later. He wants," her voice faltered, she stopped short, swallowed with effort and began to speak again, "he. . .", her voice trailed.

Sarah prodded her, "What does he want?"

Her voice lowered to a hoarse whisper, "Oh, Sarah, it sounds so bad, when I say it. I can't do it."

"Don't tell me anything you may be sorry for later. I want you for my friend and you may regret confiding in me."

"I want you for my friend, too," Doris wailed, "I consider you my very best friend. There isn't another person I could talk to in this world but you. Not even my sister or my mother," nodding her head for emphasis, then hurrying her words, anxious to spit them from her mouth as quickly as possible, "Do you think it's wrong for men and women to live as man and wife without a wedding ceremony? Would I be sinning terribly if I shared a hotel room with Pelham and register as his wife when I'm not?" She covered her hands over her face and moaned, "Oh, I feel naked talking like this. I didn't know it would be so awful when I said it out loud. And it's Sunday, too."

Patting her shoulder, Sarah answered her, "Gee, Doris, what can I say? I never was in a position like this."

Without raising her face from her hands, Doris asked, "But would you?"

"No, because I've been taught it's wrong. But my mother let's me see beaux and go to dances. I'll ask her. I don't know what to say to you. But I do know it would be wrong for me."

Doris cried, "Oh, Sarah, don't say a thing to your mother. She'll think I'm bad. I'm not really," doubt overwhelming her, "or am I? Oh, dear, I feel sick just thinking about things."

"Well, if just talking about it is going to make you sick and cause you all this confusion and ashamed feeling, what would happen if you actually remembered you did it? I can't tell you what to do or not to do. You are the person who looks at the mirror and sees yourself as you are. You're the person who remembers what you've done when you're dropping off to sleep or wake up in the middle of the night when there's a thunder storm and promise the Lord you'll sin no more. I can only tell you what has been told me. It is a sin to fornicate or commit adultery. If he is single you would be guilty of fornication and if he is married you would be committing adultery. Besides, suppose you get a disease or get pregnant. The awful sin would be having intercourse when you are not married to him. It would be something that would haunt you the rest of your life. If you met a man and fell in love and married him, you would always think about the first time you had intercourse. You could never be happy. Well, maybe you could, but I know I couldn't."

Doris remained silent but tucked her arm in Sarah's and they both walked briskly homeward. Doris did say, "I'd like to have you meet him."

Sarah told herself, "I don't think I want to meet him," but aloud, "maybe some day, but come and see me soon." Doris dropped her arm when they reached the street to Sarah's home, waved a good-by and walked hurriedly away.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Surrounded by stockings, Sarah sat in the middle of her bed, tailor fashion and matched and mended while her mother sat on the bed's edge and watched her anxiously.

It was the fall of 1921 and there was the after war depression, prices still high but wages did not increase and Sarah felt the need to economize everywhere she could. She felt she should have more salary at the insurance office. The work was hard and the hours long. She felt she did the work of a full time bookkeeper and should be paid in proportion. She did not ask for an increase because of one of her grandmother's lectures, "Don't ever ask for a raise in pay. Do a good day's work, be honest and cheerful and you will be rewarded. If you think you are being overworked or your best efforts unappreciated, get out and get another job." The fact that the file clerks received more than she, irritated her but with the depression and few openings, she had no choice but to accept the situation. Twelve dollars a week didn't stretch far but was better than no wages.

"I could darn those stockings for you, Sarah, just as well as not. It's hard on your eyes at night. You use them all day."

"Pooh, my eyes are strong, while yours are tired. You sew most of the day. This is easy and a change for me. She patted her mother's hand after she dropped a finished pair of stockings in a pile.

"When I get a raise and you give up some of your customers, then I'll let you help me," Sarah told her, "you do enough now."

Planning ahead, though the plans seldom materialized, was a game to Sarah. She tried to instill this same idea in her mother's mind in hope it would liven her interest and relieve the dullness of the daily routine. No day was dull for Sarah; no duty too hard or boring. Everything she did was with an aura of color, a mystery or a challenge.

Impatiently, Mrs. Atkins reached for a stocking. She ran her hand through to the heel, explored for a break in the lisle texture. "Independence is a good thing in any person but a body can carry it too far. Sometimes you do." When she found the mate, she rolled the pair into a ball, "Where are the good ones? This pair is perfect."

Sarah pointed to a small heap on her left, "This lot is all right. Few mends or darns in them."

Tossing the ball quickly with the others, Mrs. Atkins complained, "I would pick a perfectly good pair," disappointed, even the stockings thwarted her attempt to help.

Sarah retorted laughingly, "There are but three good pairs and I'm treasuring them for very best. If you really want to work and crave hard work, take those over there," she pointed to the pillow, "they're worn thin and even the darns are worn but I can wear them about the house and save the others.

Mrs. Atkins continued talking as she explored for holes, "I don't mean to fuss all the time, Sarah, but if you could realize how it hurts me to see you work so hard, pinching pennies, making over your clothes, helping with the housework. Why, you have no fun at all."

Stretching her legs, Sarah braced her back to the head of the bed and arranged her skirt neatly. She surveyed her ankles a moment then looking at her mother she spoke slowly, "I don't mind pinching pennies, darning stockings and making over clothes. As for having fun. It depends on what you call fun. It must be the Scotch of my ancestors that makes me delight in being frugal." She continued to examine her ankles, curved the arch and flexed her foot limberly, "If I do brag on myself, I've got a nice ankle."

Mrs. Atkins' attention was diverted momentarily and she extended her foot forward, "You get that from me, Sarah. Mine

is slender and well arched. I have my mother to thank for that, too. She wouldn't let me go barefoot. She wanted to keep me a lady, she told me many times. See my hands, too," she smoothed backs and turned the palms. "They are well shaped," ruefully, "though they're rough with wash water and strong soap."

Surveying her mother, Sarah thought, "She must have been pretty when she was younger for even now her face is fresh with scarcely any wrinkles, the dimple in her chin and left cheek would be pleasing to look at when she was twenty. The thin eyebrows were a barometer of her moods. Arched, they were in normal position, when she puzzled, the arch disappeared with only the straight narrow line at the bottom of the scowl wrinkles. When she laughed, the fine line feathered and magically smoothed again when her face sobered.

"Ma, were you in love with Pa when you married him?" she asked, continuing before her mother could answer, "you never told me about your marriage. Did you have a formal wedding?"

Pensively, the recollection not too happy, "Of course I was in love with him. Well," she amended, "I thought I was. I wouldn't have married him if I didn't. I really should've thought more about the future though and talked with my mother. But," she sighed resignedly, "I thought I knew more than she."

Interested, anxious to hear the details, Sarah pressed, "What happened? How did you meet Pa? Tell me."

Ma Atkins smoothed her apron and spoke slowly, "I met Pa at a church social. He came down to Salem to look for work and stayed with friends for the week end. It was in June and the Ladies' Aid was raising money at a strawberry festival. New faces in the church attracted all us girls and for the socials we dressed extra carefully." Smiling reminiscently, she looked at Sarah archly, "I was dressed in fashion that day. My dress was sprigged with pink rose buds on pale yellow muslin and," she glowed appreciatively at the remembrance of the scene, "I carried a matching parasol. There were three ruffles on the dress, the fullness was all in the back and I pretended it was a train. How I proudly preened in that frock! There were three ruffles on the parasol."

"I was walking very slowly, bending a little backward to allow as much of the frock to trail upon the ground and twisting the parasol rapidly to stir up the ruffles in the breeze when I noticed Pa. He was standing at the end of the cake table looking at me. I know I blushed. I put the parasol over my face to hide it. He was so dark, he was striking looking. His hair was thick and sooty colored. I peeked from under the parasol and he caught me looking and smiled. Next thing I knew the minister's wife was presenting him to me and he asked me to have a dish of strawberries with him."

Rolling her tongue in her cheek, she looked impishly at Sarah, "The other girls were jealous, too and I played haughty. It was the dress though. I felt daring in it. I know if I'd worn one of my old frocks, I wouldn't have felt so gay."

She clasped her hands tightly, tilted her head musingly and continued the mental journey into the past. "He came to see me at the house but mother discouraged him and forbade me to go anywhere he would be. She said 'when he shows he can keep a home, then you can meet him'. He went away for a month and returned and waited for me after prayer meeting. It was August! There was a full moon. I'll always think the August moon is the brightest. What hopes we had that night! He held my hand and told me that he had work at an estate out in Beverly and if we were married, I could live on the place. It sounded romantic. We eloped to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and were married. My mother didn't forgive me for that."

The relating of the details began to falter, "When we reached the place in Beverly, I found that Pa had told them I could cook and we both were supposed to work. Why! I didn't know how to do a thing. Your Grandmother Hyde hated to see me waste flour and milk trying to cook and did it all herself. She said she wanted me to marry and have the work done. I suppose she meant well but I wasn't prepared to be Mrs. Philip Eliot Atkins. But then, she didn't want me to be and she never let me forget it."

Stammering, plaintively petitioning Sarah, she asked, "Can't you see Sarah, why I fuss. If I'd paid attention to my mother you wouldn't be sitting here trying to darn all these worn out

stockings and planning to go to work tomorrow in Boston.”

Sarah pulled her mother toward her. Impulsively she nuzzled her nose on her cheek. “If you’d listened to your mother, I might not be sitting here at all.”

Before she could say more, the bell shrilled.

Startled, her mother asked, “Who can that be? It’s late.”

“It’s Pa,” Sarah decided, “he may have forgotten his key.”

“No, it can’t be Pa. He was up to Warren’s and it isn’t time for him to come in. It isn’t nine yet but too late for visitors and anyone coming to look for Pa would come to the back door.”

Standing up, she smoothed her dress, adjusted her apron and patted her hair. “You have me all mussed up, Sarah,” she scolded affectionately and started for the stairs.

“I’ll go, Ma,” Sarah called arranging her clothes and scrambling for the door, “there’s no light in the lower hall. You may fall.”

“I’ll be careful,” Mrs. Atkins’ voice trailed.

In a few minutes she was back. She spoke very low.

“It’s that Ruby Carlton downstairs. She’s dressed to kill and wants to see you. Oh, Sarah,” she begged, “don’t go out with her.”

“Don’t you worry, I won’t,” Sarah said emphatically, “I thought she’d forgotten me. I’m busy, very busy, tell her, and send her along her way.”

Happy to convey this message, Mrs. Atkins trotted down the stairs, only to call from the bottom, “Ruby wants to see you. It’s important, she says.”

“Send her up, then,” and Sarah quickly piled all the mending on top of the bed and took her position again tailor fashion. She was industriously mending when Ruby entered the room.

Ruby was short of breath and plopped herself on the edge of the bed and when she recovered gushed, “Sarah, I heard there’s a chance to get a job in a newspaper office right here in Baldwin. You’d make a wonderful reporter. Why don’t you go get it?”

Ruby was gaily attired in a bright blue dress, red gloves and shoes. Sarah thought harshly as she saw her, “She not only looks like a parrot, she prattles like one.”

"I don't want to be a reporter. I'm satisfied to work in an office," Sarah told her.

"But, Sarah," Ruby urged, twisting her legs under herself and perching herself higher on the bed, "they want someone who works on books and all the office thing-a-ma-jigs. You learned about them in school."

"How did you hear about the position?" Sarah inquired.

"I was told there was an opening for a reporter. Somehow it appealed to me. I'd like to be a society reporter. When I applied, the woman told me I would have to do office work also. Go and try, Sarah," she urged earnestly, "I know you'd get the place and you'd like it, too."

Tempted to try for the position, she agreed to Ruby's repeated entreaties. "I'll go up but I don't think I can do that work."

"But you can, Sarah," Ruby assured her and then took a vanity from her bag and surveyed her make-up critically. She held the mirror high above her head turning her face at angles, "I'll run along. A friend is waiting for me at the corner. When I couldn't get the job, I wanted someone I liked to have it. That's why I hurried over."

Chagrined at her treatment of Ruby, Sarah tried to make amends, asking, "Why don't you bring your friend in and Ma'll make a cup of coffee?"

Ruby jumped to her feet, pulled her tightly fitted skirt into place, smoothed her hips and started downstairs, "Another time, Sarah, Thank you very much. Let me know how you make out?"

The front door slammed. Sarah sat amid the stockings, looking abashed and ashamed when Mrs. Atkins returned querying vexedly, "Now, what did she want?"

Sarah gathered the stockings together and began to put them in a drawer, "I'll have to separate these all over again tomorrow. It's my own fault for trying to fool Ruby. She fooled me."

"Well, what did she want?" persisted Mrs. Atkins.

"She wanted me to try for a position right here in Baldwin."

"You'd better stay where you are. There's too many looking for work these days."

"It was decent of Ruby to think of me though," Sarah opined. "I'm going to see about it tomorrow. It won't do any harm to ask and I may save carfare and shoe leather. We know we're going to remain in Baldwin and if I can, I'd like to come back here to work. I'm tired of commuting."

"Do what you want to, Sarah. You usually do," her mother told her tartly and went down stairs, calling back, "Your father's home. I'm making tea. Do you want some?"

On the verge of assenting, Sarah changed her mind. "No, you make enough for pa and yourself, I'm going to bed now." She'll want to hear the news of Warren and Sybil and I want to think about the interview for that position."

She took a fresh blouse from the hanger and placing a neatly pressed skirt beside it, she told herself, "I'll wear this. It's tailored and exactly right for business. My sailor will be correct, too. I'm glad newspaper offices stay open late. I'll have time to rush home after work and get there by six o'clock."

The next afternoon, she hurried home, changed into fresh clothes and headed for the Sun-Sentinel.

"I want that position but I want to be sure I'll have it a long time. I will not go on trial. I don't have to," she reasoned. "I'm working now and I can be independent. They must hire me and guarantee to keep me permanently. It would be tragic to change positions and not make good and be discharged. No," she wagged her head, "I won't gamble."

The office was a disappointment to Sarah. Heavy roller-topped desks were piled high with masses of papers. Sarah found out later they were galley proofs. Today they were mussy rolls and wads of wrinkled paper. Books, catalogues were drunkenly stacked on the top of the flat surface. Sarah standing a short distance from the door, surveyed the collection and clutter.

The room was dimly lit. Its only illumination were lights directly over the desks. Someone was seated at a distant desk. It proved to be a woman who called out sharply, but her words were drowned by the roar of the presses.

Confused by the chaos of the office, Sarah walked stiffly towards the voice and announced, "My name is Sarah Atkins."

heard there was an opening for a position in this office and I'd like to apply but the understanding must be that I'll be kept. I don't want to go on trial. If you can assure me the position will be permanent, I'll work for you, if not, I'll leave now."

Centering her attention on the woman's face, Sarah caught her breath, "Whee, if I'd looked at her first I'd never dared make a speech. She's as lofty as the Statue of Liberty!"

The woman, with marcelled hair, wore pincenez glasses balanced precariously on a razor thin nose. This reminded Sarah of a butterfly alighted on a flower. She introduced herself. "I'm Deborah Drake," she said measuredly. My father, Lawrence Harte is the owner of the newspaper while I take care of the office. The speech you just recited could make me angry. I should tell you to take your officious person out of this room."

What was intended to be a smile flittered over the cold masklike face. The glasses quivered.

Sarah stood fascinated, waiting for them to slip and shatter.

The voice continued, "Pull a chair and let's talk this over. I like women who are smart enough to say what they think. What are your qualifications?"

As Sarah began to tell her, Mrs. Drake found a card and pencil and pushed them toward Sarah, "Write your name, address and telephone number on this."

"We don't have a telephone."

"Your name and address will be sufficient, then. And the name of someone in the town who has known you."

"I worked for Mr. Harmon when I was in High School and during the summer after my graduation."

"Have you ever worked for a newspaper?"

"No, but I'm anxious to learn," Sarah told her.

"Do you like people?"

"Some, not all."

"I worded that badly. I meant, are you interested in people and what they do?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then you should fit here. And your qualifications for office work seem adequate."

"You'll be required to report events for the paper," Mrs.

Drake informed her.

Sarah shied at this suggestion, "Oh, I couldn't do that."

"That's part of the job," Mrs. Drake toyed with the pencil.

Doubtfully, Sarah studied her gloves, "Could I learn? Would someone teach me?"

"Yes, of course if you can't fill the position, we'd have to let you go."

Sarah thought quickly, "It's too much to gamble." She stood up and said, "Thank you, Mrs. Drake for the interview."

Surprised at the abruptness, Mrs. Drake asked, "Don't you want to try?"

"I can't afford to take chances. I must know that I'll be employed regularly before I give up my other work."

Mrs. Drake peered through her teetering glasses, "How do I know you'll prove capable?"

Without a word Sarah walked toward the door. Before she could open it, Mrs. Drake called, "You're such a queer young woman, I think I'll take a chance that you'll fit in. I guarantee you the position for as long as you want it. Come to work tomorrow."

Sarah turned, "I couldn't do that. I must give notice."

Impatiently but emphatically, Mrs. Drake waved her out of the room, "Don't bother then. Stay on the position you have and," she stated sharply, "Good day."

"Mrs. Drake wouldn't you expect a reasonable notice from an employee?"

"I'm no longer interested, go along and forget you were ever here."

Sarah turned back to the door, her eyes were filled with tear of disappointment and resentment and she couldn't locate the door knob for a few seconds. She found it finally and opened and was ready to pull it close when she heard Mrs. Drake voice, "I don't know why I put up with your seemin impudence. I know you do not mean to be insolent but you sound that way. I really believe you will fit in this office. I think I will gamble on it. We didn't speak of salary. My offer twelve dollars a week. What objections do you have to the Miss Atkins?"

Sarah came back, trying to hide the moisture on her cheeks, "Oh, Mrs. Drake I have no objections to that salary, none whatever. You mean I can come after I work out my week in Boston?"

"Yes, come when you leave your other position."

Sarah hurried home, hardly believing her luck, admitting, "I was too outspoken, I know and I doubt if I would have hired me, if I was in Mrs. Drake's place. But I couldn't gamble and I wanted to do the right thing by giving my notice. Who knows when I would want a recommendation from the insurance company."

She was out of breath when she reached home.

Her mother was waiting, her hands rolled in her apron. "Well, what happened?"

Before Sarah could answer, she motioned to the table.

"Your supper's getting cold."

Sarah breathed deeply, emitting a whistle, "I can hardly believe it myself yet, but I'm going to work at the Sun-Sentinel."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

It was Saturday morning, nearly a month since Sarah's first visit to the Sun-Sentinel. Mr. Harte had made up the payroll and was distributing it among the employees. With a studied nonchalance, he dropped Sarah's on the desk, glanced at her with a grin and went through the doorway to the workshop. Sarah didn't notice him, her attention was upon the pay envelope.

Opening it she counted the bills. Then she counted again. "Oh, there's some mistake," she told herself and separated the bills placing them on the desk, she decided Mr. Harte had made an error. There were two fives, two twos and a one dollar bill.

When he returned, Sarah took the money to his desk and showed him the bills, placing them on the desk. "You made a mistake in my pay this week," she spread the money fanwise to show him the denominations, her hand still on the desk.

Mr. Harte smiled, covered her hand with his, "You're a nice little thing. Just one more point to your credit. No, I didn't make a mistake. That's to be your salary from now on."

Patting her hand, he sat down at his desk, and leaned back in the swivel chair. His iron grey hair, curled crisply away from low forehead and the sideburns he wore had an even fine steelike wave. In spite of his age, his face had a youthful vigorous look, his nose aquiline, his chin deeply clefted.

Sarah thought as she looked at him, "His daughter looks like him but Mrs. Drake must have inherited her driving, authoritative manner from her mother. He's too easy going and affable."

"But, Mr. Harte . . .," she started to protest.

He interrupted, "Tut, tut, now, if I didn't think you were worth it, I wouldn't pay you that much." He glanced at Sarah, the corners of his eyes crinkled, "I know Dee is going to be provoked. She'll say I'm spoiling you. You're cheerful and willing. And you're honest, not only with money but with words. That young woman we had before you came, made me feel she was doing me a favor by working for me. But you let me feel that I'm doing the favor. No, no," he waved his hand, "don't thank me. You earned the increase fairly and squarely."

"But, Mr. Harte, I've been here only three weeks," Sarah explained incredulously, "That's a dollar raise a week."

"You've been here long enough to show you're worth fifteen dollars to the business."

Pleased with the praise and the raise, Sarah's hand shook and she put the money back into the envelope and she began to weep.

Mr. Harte shook his head, "You women. I'll never understand you. What makes you cry?"

"Happiness, I guess, Mr. Harte," Sarah explained, wiping her eyes. "I've cried when I was angry. This is my first experience of crying because I'm happy."

After work Sarah skimmed the sidewalks swiftly in her eagerness to reach home and tell her mother the good news.

Before she closed the door behind her, she gasped, "See, see, Ma," waving the bills before her mother's eyes.

"I can't see a thing but your crazy hands waving all around, Sarah." She stretched her own hand for them, "Stand still, and keep your hands quiet a minute. What is it?"

"A raise, Ma," and she hugged the bills to her throat, "my first raise. I'm so lucky."

Mrs. Atkins took the bills Sarah had held aloft and examined them, "You've been there only a few weeks. There must be a mistake. Are you sure? Did you ask about it?"

"I did all that. I thought it was a mistake but Mr. Harte said I deserved it."

Mrs. Atkins sat down suddenly and announced, "Now you sit that right in the bank for yourself."

“Not all of it, Ma. We’ll have a few extra things, Like. . . .” her voice trailed as she looked at the bills and remembered all the stored up extras and delicacies she was forever planning to buy when she could afford it. Continuing to think out loud “Like cantaloupes, we can have cantaloupes when they’re in season.”

The height of luxury for Sarah was cantaloupes.

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Sarah was intrigued by the newspaper routine. Scarcely an hour went by but there was change of subject, a new routine, a prominent visitor, telephone calls and many other interruptions. She had her first introduction to the Congressional Record Stacks of the yellowed volumes filled one corner of the office. One day as she was thumbing through one, Mr. Harte volunteered to show her how to use it. It was a new experience a widening of subjects that she was scarcely aware of, the recordings of the House of Representatives, the Senate and the insertions of special articles in the Extension of Remarks, the Digest captivated her interest. She trembled with excitement and wanted to take a copy home and study it. Mr. Harte waved his hand, “Look to your heart’s content and what you want take home to read if you want to study them.” Sarah handled the volume in her hand reverently and recalled seeing some in her Great Uncle’s room.

“Why, these are very important, aren’t they? They record what goes on down in Washington, what the congressmen do, the laws that are made and all the things pertaining to our government?”

Mr. Harte smiled indulgently, “You should be surprised to know that?”

“Why, Mr. Harte,” Sarah’s voice was a higher pitch, “we aren’t we told of these publications when we are in school. Everyone should know about his government and what is going on, don’t you think so?”

“That I do, Sarah, but I’m only a country editor. I was picked to be a school board member by a group of prominent citizens, but didn’t feel that I had the qualifications. That was

long ago. Often wished I had taken the post," he mused, "I might have done some good," and turned back to his desk.

There was silence in the room. Sarah stood with the volume in her hand, studying it and then timidly inquired, "Mr. Harte, would you help me to understand my Great Uncle's books and writings?" He left me two boxes of old books and what he called documentations, but most of it is Greek to me. Perhaps if I had known about these Records, I might understand." Mr. Harte swung around and looked in Sarah's direction, "I certainly would like to see what you have. As a newspaperman, anything someone else writes interests me. How old are the books?"

"One set of four volumes is very old, 1798. It is translated from the French and has the old "s" that looks like an "f". I forget the name of the author or the title, but I will bring one in some day and you can see it. There's another one printed in 1893. I know that is called the "World Parliament of Religions" which was the record of the convention of all the religions, or nearly all the religions as well as the cults and sects from all over the world at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893.

"Hum," Mr. Harte murmured and studied the pencil he was holding in his hands, rotating it slowly, "they sound extremely interesting. I certainly will be glad to read what your Great Uncle has written."

Sarah nodded, vaguely, thinking of the books and wondering when she would have time to study them with Mr. Harte. On her way home, she walked rapidly, anxious to dig out the books.

Before Sarah touched the knob of the back door, Mrs. Atkins opened it. "Don't take off your coat, Sarah. Go to the drug store and call the doctor. Pa's awful sick. He can't breathe."

Turning quickly, Sarah ran down the short flight of stairs, through the alley and made the call. The doctor assured her he would be there as soon as she was. He was almost, for Sarah had only time to remove her coat and hat, and put the kettle on and open up the fire to heat it.

"We may need hot water," she thought.

Mrs. Atkins and the doctor had gone immediately up to Pa

Atkin's bedroom.

Sarah waited in the hall to be ready for orders. Mrs. Atkins came out first. She was bewildered. "Should we call Warren? There's no way to reach him except to go on the trolley car to Smith's house. Do you think you could?" she entreated. "I'm afraid, Sary, so afraid."

She tried to console her mother, "Wait 'till the doctor comes out. It may not be as bad as you think."

Her mother tottered and seated herself on the top stair, leaning her head wearily against the wall. "I told him he should've changed his shoes and stockings when they were wet a week ago. The water backed up in Williams' cellar and he went over to fix it. It was a foot deep and Pa just waded through it. Said there was no reason to fuss about wet feet. He'd lived with wet feet when he was young." She continued talking to herself, "Yes, when he was young may have been all right. But he's old now. And he hasn't been well since he had the influenza." She began to sob softly. Sarah felt her own throat contract and her eyes smart. She sat beside her mother and encircled her shoulder with her arms.

"There, there, Ma, don't feel so bad. Everything'll be all right. Wait for the doctor. Here he is now. I'm going in to see Pa for a minute, may I Doctor?"

The doctor nodded gravely and Sarah entered her father's room.

Pa Atkins was breathing heavily but managed to choke out "Hi Sary. Can't keep the old man down long! I'll be up and around soon."

His face was pinched and peaked, a lighter color than the usual swarthy tone. It might be called pallor but it was brassy-hued. His eyes glowed in deep, dark circled sockets.

"Should've paid attention to Ma though, Sarah. She's usually right."

Sarah didn't utter a word. She couldn't. Her throat was tight with pity. She patted his hand. It was dry and hot with fever.

He labored on, "Should be about time for Warren to drop in ain't it? Like to see him. Don't see much of him these days. Did Ma tell you she's going to be a grandma?" He chuckled, then

choked.

By this time, Sarah had composed herself, "Don't talk too much, Pa, Warren'll come to see you soon. Do you want anything special?"

Motioning to his trousers tossed over the chair, he whispered hoarsely, "Fish in the pockets. I think you will find fifteen cents. Buy me a bottle of gingerale. And while you're there, get yourself a drink." He smiled weakly. "I don't treat you very often."

Rather than spoil his pleasure and take the joy out of his giving, she searched in the pockets and took out fifteen cents. "I'll be right back," she said as she softly closed the door and went down the stairs. The doctor was gone. Mrs. Atkins was sitting in the chair by the kitchen stove. She looked so white and wan, Sarah was concerned.

"Doctor says it's pneumonia. He's had it a couple of days now and the set-back he had with the influenza makes it serious. Have you any money, Sary?"

"Yes, I have, Ma."

"I haven't a single cent. With everything, I don't see how we can manage."

"Just don't worry. We don't owe any bills. That's something to be thankful for. I have that money I put in the bank but I can't get it out tonight. I have part of the money put aside for the rent. If we have to, we can make the agent wait." Defending her decision with, "Everyone else in the Court does when they are hard pressed for money. He can't put us out for a few months and if we pay a little amount each week, he can't do anything to us. So don't worry, you'll need all your strength to nurse Pa."

"Here's the prescription the doctor left."

Sarah began to plan, "I'll go right away for the prescription and get Pa's gingerale. You have a cup of tea ready for me when I come back. Make one for yourself, too. Then I'll go for Warren. Pa asked for Warren."

"You'll need more than just tea and a snack, Sarah. I was so worried about Pa, I didn't fix supper but I'll get something substantial and have it ready."

“Not too much, Ma, I don’t feel like eating,” and she left quickly.

Three days later Pa Atkins died. The doctor drew Sarah from his bedside.

“It was for the best, Miss Atkins. He wasn’t strong and would have been bedridden after this siege. He fussed about being a burden to you all and it would’ve been a hard trial for him to remain in bed. His heart was damaged.”

Mrs. Atkins was stunned. Walking aimlessly about the house, she burst into sudden tears, sobbing for hours. Sarah felt her mother’s display of grief was unusual, for she always faced catastrophe, real ones stoically.

When Sarah would enter the room, her mother appeared calm, then would sob until her weeping took on a hysterical tone.

The doctor had been solicitous and took care of many details unfamiliar to Sarah. “What would I ever do without him,” she thought. Warren was helpless; Sybil, because of her condition didn’t come to the house.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The morning of the funeral, the doctor came to the Atkins home for a moment. His excuse was a visit in the neighborhood. He passed a bottle of pills to Sarah with instructions, "Take one of these every three hours. If your mother is upset, give one to her."

Sarah took the bottle, examined it, "But, doctor, I don't need these, do I?"

"You'll be ill if you don't take something. I'm giving you a tonic too. Here's the prescription. I should've given it to you long ago."

After the doctor had gone, Sarah went looking for her mother and found her sitting on the bottom step of the flight leading to the second floor. When she saw Sarah, she picked up her apron and covered her face, crying, "Oh, Sary, oh Sary, what have I done? What have I done? You'll never forgive me."

Overwhelmed by her mother's outburst, Sarah dropped to her side, pulled her close and soothed her with, "You haven't done anything, Ma."

"Yes, I have. You'll never want to touch me or see me again."

Pulling the apron from her mother's face and stroking her cheek, Sarah remonstrated, "Now Ma, that's not the way to talk at this time. You couldn't have done anything that bad."

"Yes, I could and I have." She choked, "There isn't any insurance on Pa. I cashed it in to give Warren money when he got married. He didn't have any money. I was going to get

another policy, when I could spare the money." She buried her head in the apron again.

Sarah pulled her arms away from her mother and stood up. Looking down at her, she thought "Why? . . ."

Sarah never could reconcile her thoughts when she was under an emotional stress. They were so alien.

"What would Ma do without her apron? She wipes her forehead with it in summer, rolls her chilled hands in it when the weather is cold, twists it when she is disturbed, twitches it when she's angry, smoothes it when she's glad and weeps in it when she's sad."

"Don't worry, Ma. Suppose you never took out the insurance policy. You'd have nothing to worry about. Many people never take out policies and sometimes when they do, the company fails or finds flaws and don't pay. Let's pretend we never had any and go from there."

Dropping the apron from her face, Ma Atkins looked anxiously at Sarah, "Do you really think that way, Sary? You're not angry with me? You don't blame me?"

"No, Ma, you thought you were doing right."

Sarah continued up the flight of stairs to her room and closed the door slowly. She took one of the pills the doctor gave her, and sat on the edge of the bed a long time studying the half moons on her thumbnails, then began to dress for the funeral.

The service was short. The room was filled with neighbors and friends of Pa and Warren. The newspaper office sent an expression of sympathy by flowers.

The minister, a stranger to the family, was from a neighborhood church. Pa did not hold membership in a church. The young minister read the last chapter of Ecclesiastes and Sarah's attention lapsed at times. She did hear the words, ". . . because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. . . . Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it . . . And further . . . be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God, and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God

shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.' ”

When he read from I Timothy, Chapter 5, “For we bring nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out,” Sarah wondered if the minister thought he was consoling them and the others at the service. Pa wouldn't have been able to take anything with him, had it been possible. He had nothing and there were many more like him in the Court. Not being able to take material things with you when you die could be a consolation to some.

A few of the neighbors remained after the service and cleared the rooms of the flower petals and broken fern from the floral pieces and any traces of the funeral that might remain. They made hot coffee and tea and left it on the stove to be ready when the family returned from the cemetery. Bess Williams and another neighbor sent in cakes and sandwiches.

The cemetery was quite a distance from the house and the day was cold and raw. The late November shadows cast a sombre note on the pathetically small group at the grave.

Sarah had insisted upon having the green grasslike cloth covering placed around the grave. It cost five dollars for this service. She told herself, “I can't have the memory or let Ma have the last memory of Pa being lowered into a dirty hole. The green did make such a difference.”

Her mother's comment later was gratifying.

“It was nice to think it was green and grassy around there. I forgot it was November.”

Ma Atkins and Warren sat a long time talking in the kitchen. Sarah went to her room to rest. She couldn't comprehend so much had happened in the short time from Monday night. It was now Saturday.

Her mother awakened her when she opened the door.

“Sarah, are you all right? I worried about you. Warren's still down stairs. We talked a long time and now he wants to talk to you.”

Struggling up from the bed, Sarah realized that, while the pills had soothed her and helped her rest, she felt heavy and sluggish.

Warren spoke as she entered the kitchen, "I was telling Ma that Sybil and I will come to live here and help with the rent. Then you'll not have to have so much to worry about."

"Not that," thought Sarah, "I won't be able to take that, neither will Ma." She looked at her mother.

Ma was nodding her head in approval, "That'll fix everything up fine, Sarah."

"She believes that because she thinks that idea will work, that it'll come out just as she plans and solve all problems," Sarah told herself, "I know it is not a good move. Warren never was responsible and there's no reason to think he'll change. I may have the whole family, new baby and all to worry about. What will I say? I don't want them here."

"Warren, why don't you give us a few days to think about this. I don't like the Court. I never have. It costs too much for what we get. Now it has the memory of Pa's death."

"What's that got to do with it?" Ma Atkins demanded. "Plenty of people die in houses and their families go on living in them."

"I didn't mean that death in the house bothers me. Just remembrance of him suffering. Perhaps if we had lived somewhere where it was cheaper, he wouldn't've had to help with the repair work and would be alive today."

Ma Atkins unrolled her hands from her apron and folded them on the table, "She's right, Warren, I'd be thinking the same thing after awhile. You haven't talked with Sybil yet, have you?" she asked. "You do and Sarah and I'll discuss it and let you know, but I feel like Sarah does."

"Well," thought Sarah, "that problem, while not settled, at least isn't an obstacle to mount. Ma's partly on my side." Sarah wanted to go back to her room after Warren left but her mother kept talking and Sarah sat with her. "It's going to be hard on her," Sarah thought, "I have my work and friends and the club."

"Don't you think we could get another place to live and rent rooms?" she asked her mother. "You've been helping Pa with the cleaning of the tenements. If you're going to do that work, you may as well have a clean place. It's so dirty here. Even if

the flats are scarce, I think we can get a cleaner house and rent two rooms. That'll pay the rent. Then we can live on what I make. We won't have to buy furniture," her own enthusiasm mounted as she talked, "I can take the cot we have in the dining room and you can use Warren's bed. Then my double bed and yours would furnish two rooms. We could get a three bedroom place. You and I could sleep in the same room. I'd be company for you. We can keep the rooms clean and neat. That's what most people want. We don't have to have fancy furnishings."

Shaking her head doubtfully, Ma Atkins replied, "That's no life for you, Sary."

"I have to live somewhere and if we find some place better than the Court it's worth the try, don't you think? We may not be as well off as some people, but we'll have a roof over our heads; our health, I hope, and food and clothing.

"You think it over, Ma," Sarah continued to prepare to leave the room, "I know you're tired. I am, too." She asked, "Are you going to sleep downstairs. It'll be warmer. We'll leave the stove on all night. You bank it."

During the next week, Warren visited his mother several times while Sarah was working. Sarah was sure he was trying to persuade Ma to agree to his idea.

Mrs. Atkins was convinced that Sarah's plan would work and told Warren so. He didn't disguise his disappointment.

"Sarah'll be sorry. Suppose you don't rent the rooms. What then? You can always depend on me."

Mrs. Atkins was adamant. She wanted to leave the Court too.

The doctor had dropped in to see Mrs. Atkins the day after the funeral and she told him of their intentions to move and in a few days he was back to tell her about a half house for rent near the railroad station. Warren was at home when Sarah came from work and Mrs. Atkins told them about the house.

Warren was sarcastic in his criticism of the landlord, "That's Luke Emery's place. He's so tight, he won't spend a cent. You will have to do all your own repair work if you live in one of his places."

Sarah remembered Luke Emery. His father was an undertaker and left his business and a number of pieces of property to

Luke. The business was small, the other undertaker seemed to have the lion's share in the town. Luke wore his father's clothes, discolored celluloid collars, stringy ties and black broadcloth frock coats.

Undaunted by Warren's argument, Mrs. Atkins replied, "We do our own repair work now and this rent will be only thirty dollars a month. With Pa gone the rent in the Court will be forty dollars again."

"It's dirty and noisy down by the station, too," Warren persisted.

"It's dirty and noisy in the Court," Sarah stated.

Realizing that his arguing was to no avail, Warren left. His final thrust was, "You may not get the place if they know you're going to have roomers."

The next morning, Mrs. Atkins went down to see Luke Emery. While the location was not too good she saw possibilities in the proximity of the station, for with the growth of the town since the war, many people were commuting to Boston.

"I may let rooms easier here," she told herself. It was clean enough and when Sarah saw it, she told her mother, "If it didn't have any other good features, I'd want to live here because it has electric lights.

"Does the landlord mind roomers?"

"Not as long as there's no ruckings," Ma answered.

Giggling, Sarah told her, "We don't know whether there will be, Ma. In fact, we may not get any roomers, ruckings or not." She asked, "What are ruckings, Ma?"

"I don't know either."

Ma Atkins began to plan the move. Sarah was grateful that her mother's mind was occupied. If they were going to remain at the Court, Sarah felt her mother would brood and with everything else, Sarah would have had to face her night after night and listen to the trials and woes with Warren and Sybil. Since Warren's marriage, Ma had dumped her sense of responsibility into Sybil's lap.

"Sybil should look after him. Sybil should worry about him. She's his wife."

"It's good she's taking this outlook but with the baby

coming, she just might decide she should look out for Sybil, too. It's good she's occupied with moving."

Sarah decided to tell the agent they had to move right away because of Pa's death. There were a few days left in the month that had been paid for and another month's rent would be due so the agent let them move out at the end of the month.

There was a local man who did hauling who agreed to move them for fifteen dollars. All the furniture was light weight and Bess Williams helped pack boxes and she and Sarah lugged them down in a cart Bess used for Helena.

The other neighbors stopped in to see Sarah and Ma going. The last day they were there, Bess asked them to come over to her house and invited some of the women who were around at the time to have coffee and cake. Ma Atkins enjoyed the attention and invited the friends to come for coffee or tea at the new home. Bess gave her a Mason jar of freshly made stew when Sarah and she left.

Sarah basked in the glow of electric lights as she ate Bess' stew, with homemade corn bread and prunes.

Ma Atkins just looked around, "I can't believe we are really moved and getting settled." She hesitated, "Will you put the advertisement in telling people we have rooms to rent?"

Sarah, her voice muffled by a mouthful of stew, "'sall done, Mrs. Atkins, and the paper will be out tomorrow so we should have some nibbles the week end."

The roomers didn't take the rooms because they were near the railroad transportation. They worked in Baldwin. One was a salesman, Evan Sawyer, from the hardware store. The other was a couple, Mr. and Mrs. Albertini, who operated a small restaurant in the center of town.

The couple ate their meals at the restaurant. The salesman also ate either at the restaurant or at the local lunch cart near the station. The couple offered to pay for a telephone if Mrs. Atkins would have it installed in their name.

Mrs. Atkins was elated with the turn in events. A little regretful, too.

"Wish we'd done this long ago. We'd been better off and Pa might be with us."

And Sarah, remembering the idea she had to move when Warren left to be married was a little regretful, also. For she too, wished she'd told Ma then. "There's no sense in regretting," she reminded herself, "Warren and Pa might have dissuaded her."

With her father's sickness and death, Sarah had completely forgotten the books and writings of her Great Uncle. Now, settled in the new home, she planned to pick out some of the material and bring it to Mr. Harte.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Nearly three weeks had passed since Sarah and Ma Atkins moved into the new house and Sarah was delighted at their change of residence. No matter how tired she was, she experienced an exhilaration as she turned down the street to the new home.

The hall was in darkness, only a thread of light showed under the kitchen door when Sarah entered. Removing her coat, she wondered if her mother was ill or away from the house. She went into the kitchen and sensed immediately that something was amiss. Mrs. Atkins sat at one end of the kitchen table. At the other end was an ashtray with cigarette ashes piled high and crooked stubs that the smoker had savagely snuffed out. The odor of smoke was still heavy in the air.

"Warren's been in," Sarah told herself, waiting for her mother to speak.

"Warren says that it's disgraceful for me to be running a rooming house. Says he feels terrible to know his mother has to take in roomers. With Sybil expecting, he thinks I should have it easy and when the baby comes, I can be a real grandmother to it."

"But, Ma, what can we do?" Sarah sat down wearily and pushed the ash tray away from her.

"He says that he and Sybil could come and pay part of the rent and we could all be together and live decent."

"We live decent, Ma. We're clean, pay our bills and make no trouble. That's good enough for me. If they moved in, it wouldn't be a good place for any of us. It would be too

crowded," she pushed the hair from her forehead and pressed her throbbing temples. She was tired and tried to hold her temper as she continued, "Warren should be glad you have enough self respect to try to help yourself, rather than go looking for relief at the welfare. You know you could ask for Widows' Aid."

Smiling again, Mrs. Atkins stood up and began to prepare the evening meal, "Oh, Sary, you make things sound so good. I hadn't thought of it that way. Warren said I depended too much on you and I was beginning to feel that I was a burden. Now I can see that I'm helping you. If we didn't have the house, we might have to live in a room somewhere."

"That's exactly right, Mrs. Atkins," Sarah said spritely. But to herself, "Lucky for me she has a changeable mind. She can be whisked around like the weathervane in a March wind. Just with good ideas though. I know she would stand as adamant as I if it was a question of something wrong."

"Yes, Ma," she told her mother, "and then I'd think I wasn't living decent. Some of the girls at the Club live in box-like rooms, dabble their clothes in bathroom basins and dry them on hangers in a closet. We may not have the best of everything but it is good to have a home of our own. And Warren should think of establishing a home of his own. When are they expecting the baby?"

"In six months. They have to move from the Smith's. Sybil's mother says she can't have the three of them at her house."

"Oh, oh! Now I begin to see the light of day," Sarah thought. She relaxed and smiled, "No wonder he dabbed the cigarettes so hard he bent them. Ma must have stood him off until she discussed the situation with me and he didn't get anywhere with his scheme to move in here."

"Well," Sarah said aloud, "he should be able to get a place. There's plenty in town."

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Christmas of 1921 was saddened by the absence of Pa Atkins. The settling of the new home was not complete and while the days occupied her time, Mrs. Atkins was lonely.

Sarah told herself that when spring came and the new baby arrived, her mother would have enough to keep her mind occupied.

The new roomers spent little time at the house. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Albertini worked at their restaurant in the center of town and kept open until late evening, sometimes midnight. Evan Sawyer, the salesman at the hardware store spent much of his time at the shop keeping inventory and making sales reports. The owner hired him with the understanding he would have a chance to buy when the owner retired and Evan wanted to learn everything he could.

Warren dropped in a few moments during the holiday, explaining that Sybil wanted to be with her family. He brought a few gifts and these were added to the packages under the artificial Christmas tree on the mission library table in the living room.

Sarah's most prized memento was a card from Jim Stuart with a scribbled note, "Busy. Will buzz you soon." This was the first word she had received since summer.

"He remembered me, at least," she reminded herself as she sat rocking rhythmically and relived the few times she had been with him, the first night at the party when they met and several dances and the closing jamboree in June. He had tucked Sarah's arm in his possessively as they joined the Grand March and reminded her he was 'way behind in his education for he had left school at 16 to go to war.

"I'm going to be a dentist and I'll have to keep my nose to the grindstone for many a moon. I'll have to work in between to earn money for my education. I want to have at least \$5000 in the bank when I start practice. I also want to own a home before I settle down to marriage and raising a family. It's a long range plan but I know I can do it. Keep a little spot in your heart for me, Sarah and I'll see you as often as I can."

Deeply engrossed in her reverie, Sarah didn't hear her mother speak. Ma Atkins raised her voice, "Sarah."

"What did you say, Ma?"

"I asked you twice. Don't you want to answer? I asked if you ever saw that Paul Standish?"

“Oh, Paul?”

“Yes, Paul,” her mother repeated.

“No, I seldom see him now, Ma. He’s taking courses in chemical engineering in Boston. He still goes to the library to study but I’ve been much too busy to go regularly. Angie tells me he comes every Friday.”

“Mark my words, Sarah,” her mother announced, “you’re going to be sorry you weren’t nicer to that boy.”

“Perhaps,” Sarah answered and smiled to herself, “If Ma knew I was dreaming about Jim, I wonder what she would say?”

.....

The activity at the Sun-Sentinal so intrigued Sarah, she was loathe to leave the office at 5 o’clock. Officials of the town would drop in after closing hours and spend time with Mr. Harte discussing events or personalities.

One late afternoon in June, 1922, she reluctantly arranged her desk to close shop. About fifteen minutes earlier, Caleb Carter, an old friend of Mr. Harte’s a Grand Army veteran, dropped in to chat. Mr. Harte introduced him to Sarah, saying “You two should get together sometime, Sarah. Mr. Carter knows quite a bit of the under-currents of the type of research and documentation that interested your Great Uncle.”

Mr. Carter bowed in acknowledgement of the introduction “Well, well, it is good to hear you are interested in this sort of thing. What was your Great Uncle’s name?”

Sarah told him.

He pondered as he stroked his chin and seemed to be debating, “I don’t think I ever met him, have I?”

“No,” Sarah replied. “He didn’t live in Baldwin.”

Mr. Carter started toward the chair by Mr. Harte’s desk stopped and asked, “Miss Atkins, do you think you want to monitor and study this movement, or I should say movements There are many angles.”

Sarah replied with enthusiasm, “Oh, yes, I would. I’d like to learn all I can of what’s going on around me, in my government and in the world. For instance,” waving her hands in th

direction of the pile of Congressional Records, "I never learned the importance of those until I came here to work. I do remember seeing some copies in my Great Uncle's room but I didn't appreciate their value and certainly they were never mentioned in school."

Mr. Carter nodded and sat down beside Mr. Harte. Sarah said good night, and left.

When she arrived home, Ma Atkins greeted her at the door, "How do you like being called, Aunt Sarah? Sybil had her baby this morning, a little boy," adding happily, "I am a grandmother!" then, she sobered, "oh, if Pa was only alive! Above everything else he wanted a grandson."

Sarah was relieved to know that the baby had arrived without problems. "What do you think they will name him?"

"Peter, after his grandfather on his mother's side. I wish they had named him for Pa because he is an Atkins. They didn't give him a middle name for some reason, but Peter Atkins sounds nice doesn't it? Do you think we can walk up to the nursing home and see him tonight?"

They went to the nursing home. Mrs. Atkins was very excited and seemed to get out of breath easily so it took them longer than anticipated. Visiting hours were nearly over and when the nurse told Sarah that Sybil did not want to see them, Mrs. Atkins spoke up, her voice trembling, "Can we see the baby?"

"Yes, indeed." She beckoned them to the nursery. She went in and picked up the tiny form and brought it to the window. Mrs. Atkins wiped her eyes and said in a hushed voice, "Oh my, he looks like Pa."

.....

It was about two months before Sarah carried her Great Uncle's writings and two of his books to the Sun-Sentinel Office. Mrs. Drake stayed home because of a headache. Sarah was glad to have the morning alone with Mr. Harte. She deposited the books and manuscript on the table. Mr. Harte came over took up one volume, Abbe Barruel's "Memoirs Illustrating the History of Jacobinism".

"Ho, ho, these are old timers," his speech quickened with

eagerness, "these four volumes are the history of the philosophers influenced by the Sophists who set the stage for the French Revolution and then crept over to this country to do more dirty work." He dropped the one volume he had picked up and reached for the large volume of the 'World Parliament of Religions'. "Well, well, I recall when the Chicago World's Fair took place and the talk about the gathering-in of infidels, agnostics, Unitarians, pushing for a world religion. Many, too many, fell for this hoax.

"Now, let me look at your Great Uncle's papers." He took a half dozen pages and went over to his desk and began to study them. His face was solemn when he turned to Sarah, "Do you know this is extremely interesting. I'd like to publish some of it in the Sun-Sentinel but everyone would say I was insane and I would lose a lot of support in subscriptions and advertising. Hits too close to home when it hits the Masons and Jesuits."

Mr. Harte reached over, "Hand me about a half dozen more, Sarah, this intrigues me."

Sarah hastily put another half dozen pages in his outstretched hand. She sat down and waited, watching his expression as he read them. When he lifted his eyes, she inquired, "Can you explain it to me?"

"These are a record, some documented, of the movement of a conspiracy to change American education and train the children for a new social order and to change, even destroy, the traditions and culture of centuries. This set-up at Chicago was a plot to destroy all religion, especially Christianity. We'll study it more in detail later. In the meantime, I suggest you write the State of New York Legislature and ask them to send copies of the LUSK COMMITTEE REPORTS. This was an investigation by the State Legislature into some of the plots your Great Uncle has exposed but it was principally on the Communist involvement. Your Great Uncle opens up a different angle.) notice he quotes from Colton's LACON, that was a volume of quotations and literary gems printed around the early 1800's 1820 I think. It bears out your Great Uncle's research that there was a dual or parallel design, one was radical and the other he labels the Intellectual Apparatus. Both were controlled and

manipulated from the same source. His quotation from the LACON states, 'It often happens, too, both in courts and in cabinets, that there are two things going on together—a main plot—and an underplot—and he that understands only one of them will, in all probability, be the dupe of both.' ”

Sarah was puzzled and told Mr. Harte, “I can understand what my Great Uncle told me about Democracy and the American system of government. He made me memorize some statements.” She smiled and rubbed her cheek, “He would make me repeat them every morning the summer I stayed with my grandmother, until I knew them thoroughly. They were statements about the government. I recall the first line of Webster’s speech on Independence Day in Fryeburg, Maine. ‘We live under the only government that ever existed which was framed by the unrestrained and deliberate consultations of the people’. And, too, I can understand the difference between the cults using Christian phrases and Christianity. But,” she halted, “the conspiracies, the Sophists mix me up.”

Mr. Harte reassured her that in time, with study she would comprehend.

“You know,” he continued, “it was this conspiracy that caused the Civil War. The war was not fought over slavery, the real issue was State’s Rights. As your Great Uncle has pointed out, there is a world-wide conspiracy to destroy nations and set up a World Government. A Utopia if you want to call it that and it will not be a Utopia if it comes to pass. Nations are supposed to be the highest form of society. Society starts with the family extends to the village or community, to the state and then to the nation. Each is dependent upon the other but distinct entities. But these darn fools who have absorbed the idea of the old Sophists want to change the plan of Nature. They tried it out at Plymouth, Massachusetts. They’ve tried it out in any number of places. Didn’t your Great Uncle point out that those Freethinkers who came from England, Wright and Owen, set up a colony they called New Harmony in Indiana? It never works and never will work.” He shook his head, “I’m glad I’m near the end of the trail for just as sure as the sun sets, if this scheme of a World Government is adopted, we will end up

the way other civilizations have. And when the people talk of the Dark Ages, the darkness that will descend upon us, will make the Dark Ages look like high noon.”

Sarah wondered if she would ever be able to understand her Great Uncle's writings and Mr. Harte's conversation.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The 1924 Presidential election was approaching and Sarah studied the headlines searching vainly for some clue to the correct choice of a candidate. Women could vote, but Sarah felt that she was not well enough informed to vote wisely.

There were many local candidates in and out of the Sun-Sentinel Office. The U.S. Representative from the district was up for election and he came often. He discussed with Mr. Harte the various bills that were to come up or that had passed.

One day he pounded on the desk and shouted, "Damn it to hell, Harte, they're ruining us down there in Washington. The Income Tax and that Federal Reserve Bank will ruin us. They're both cancers."

Mr. Harte turned to him and asked, "What do you have against the Income Tax? It sounds oke to me."

Congressman Kahl lowered his voice in reply, "A man shouldn't be taxed on his income, and the way the collection of the tax as handled by the Federal government is bad."

"How's that?" Mr. Harte inquired.

"Well, it's set up like a court trust and the people are treated like wards and pay three times, if not more, over the legitimate tax for the mammoth bureaucratic agency which runs it. It's like this, if a man earns his money and puts it in the bank and when his bills come due he pays them directly. There's no other charge unless, of course, he buys on time and has to pay interest. With the levying of taxes, the town, city, county and state assess him for his share of the services he received from these units of government. The Federal government should

decide the States' share of the Federal services and assess the State, which would apportion the share to the county, city or town which would be charged to the individual."

Sarah listened intently because the whole idea was new to her and she wanted to learn as much as possible but she didn't dare interrupt and ask questions.

Mr. Harte nodded, "I can see how that could be, but what about the court trust angle?"

"Well, that's easy to understand. Suppose a man didn't want to handle his own money and put it into a trust fund in the court, he would have to pay for this service, lawyers and clerks fees. We pay for handling the money. Say a man sends a hundred dollars down to Washington, I'll wager at least 40% of that is spent for handling. That's only a guess but it would not be necessary if the Federal government added up the States' share and sent a bill, and then the State would add that amount to the State's taxes and send their bill down to the local level. The taxpayer would have only one tax levy but it would include all taxes. Think of the bookkeeping, the postage, the office help and many other needless expenses that would be eliminated.

"I do not like the Income Tax. Just why should a man be taxed on his income? The gauge of taxation should be the amount of service he receives from the government. Say, like gas, electricity and water, one pays for the direct service, the amount one uses. Shouldn't the taxes levied be only for the services received, not the amount of income?"

"Whoa," Mr. Harte chuckled, "that's the most radical idea I ever heard."

"It may sound radical," Congressman Kahl answered, "but to me it is common sense, common decency and the only equitable and moral way to levy taxes." He continued, "Another thing, there should be no tax exemptions. That is class legislation. The idea of exempting philanthropic organizations and foundations is bad."

"What about churches?" Mr. Harte inquired.

"This is only my own idea. I think the church might be allowed a rebate for the charitable work it does but not for the real estate it holds. It is receiving services from the government

and should pay its share.”

“But what about these fellows who make big profits, don’t you think they should pay on excessive amounts?”

“A law could be enacted to control this sort of thing just as there’s a law to control usury. There might be a tax on excessive profits,” he smiled, “then there could be a little extra for the politicians to spend for ‘pork barrels’.

“Excessive profits, like usury, would be immoral but so is taxes on income. I just do not know,” his voice trailed. He picked up his hat and rose to leave, “You don’t pay for milk, butter or eggs in proportion to your earnings. You pay the market price for the article. So it should be with services of the government operations.”

As the door closed, Mr. Harte turned to Sarah, “He has an idea, hasn’t he?”

Sarah agreed musingly, “It does sound right, but I’m more concerned about voting, I should vote, shouldn’t I?” Sarah inquired.

“Sure vote, but you’ll find that no matter who you vote for the same political machine will manipulate and motivate.”

“What about the third party? Robert LaFollette is the candidate.”

“That’s an old gag. When the people are disillusioned with both the Republicans and the Democrats, the machine will throw in a third party to satisfy the voters, who stupid or ignorant, will vote. Sometimes there are stringers separate from the machine but they never get anywhere, but there will be three major parties. It’s like the shell game at the circus or that idea they had down South when the meal was brought in from the cookhouse to the main house, hounds, and there were plenty of them, would leap on the persons carrying the food. To divert the animals’ attention, another person had a platter of what they called Hush Puppies, which they would throw out and keep the path clear for the carriers.”

Sarah laughed, “So you would say that the third party is a Hush Puppy?”

Mr. Harte joined her in laughter, “That Progressive Party set up back in 1912 was a Hush Puppy and yet,” he stopped,

“sometimes the third party is set up to divide the voters and weaken a candidate popular with the people but not with the politicians.”

He turned back to his desk. His pen scratched as he wrote rapidly and the presses vibrated in the small building and Sarah felt insignificant. Finally she placed both hands in her lap, folded them primly, squared her shoulders and told herself she would vote. She decided LaFollette was her choice.

Sarah lost her vote. Coolidge won the election but Sarah consoled herself with the fact that nearly five million voted as she did.

Mr. Harte grinned at Sarah when she reported to work on November 4, 1924. “I lost, Sarah.”

“So did I,” Sarah grimaced, “I hope I have better luck on my choice in 1928. I hate to say I lost my first vote for president.” She sat at her desk, took her pencil and began to work, thinking, “I wonder how many women voted?”

Two women governors were elected and when Sarah heard the news, she chuckled, “Wonder when we’ll have a woman president?” Then she began to have doubts about women running for office in government. “It’s good they can vote but running the government is a man’s job. Keeping a house, making a home is a full time task. That is a career and accomplishment. There are plenty of places women can take in society if they are not homemakers, nurses, teachers, even doctors. Sarah decided that before a woman takes a post in government, she should be able to run her own home efficiently or fill a position in society with success. There were many jokes about the condition of the homes while the women were out fighting to vote. Suffragettes they were called and one saying was, “Pity the man who marries a Suffragette, he’ll suffer more than he’s ever suffered yet.”

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Sarah was tired. The excitement of the election was over and there seemed to be a let-down at the office. Mr. Kahl came in one morning and he and Mr. Harte held a post mortem. Mr. Kahl was pessimistic, "Just because there's a change, many think all problems will be solved. I say, until we can expose that cabal at Washington, our problems will multiply."

He turned to Sarah, "Miss Atkins, there's a new wrinkle coming up that should add to your collection. It is Hearings on an educational set-up within the Federal Government, a bill to create a Department of Education. There's nothing in the Constitution that gives the Federal group any jurisdiction over education. This is entirely up to local governments. I'll send a copy to you. Very interesting. There were over 200 letters and telegrams sent down to the Committee supporting this project and over 70 came from Arizona, 54 from Kansas, 43 from Oklahoma and 10 from California, hardly an equitable national support. Strange too, how at least two dozen Masonic orders supported the bill. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce opposed it. One of the arguments against setting up a department in the Federal government is that it will take over the control of public schools, that the schools will be plunged into politics and that it will be unconstitutional. It's something that should be watched. And you should have the Hearings."

Sarah sent for the Report and when she received it, she skimmed through the bulky volume, took it home and put it with her ever increasing accumulations of reports, books, pamphlets and notes.

A few days later Caleb Carter arrived with a box and a bag. As usual he came at closing time. Sarah was loath to leave the office. She was anxious to hear the conversation. Sometimes she made notes and added them to her "files" as she now labelled her accumulation.

The box that Mr. Carter brought was for Sarah and contained bound volumes.

"Oh, Mr. Carter, you don't want me to have these valuable books do you?"

He waved his hand, "I feel that someday you'll put them to use. I'm getting along in years and it seems events are accumulating so fast I cannot keep up with the movements. You are young and can carry the torch."

Sarah was thrilled with the gift, took it home and even before she ate her evening meal she examined everything and began to tuck some articles with those of her Great Uncle's. Her mother watching her said, "Whatever are you going to do with that mess?"

Sarah laughed, "Why, Ma, that mess is one of the best mysteries you could find. I really don't know what I'm going to do with it but it is very valuable. It is enlightening and educational, so I am educating myself, if nothing else."

"You do what you want, I'm going to get supper."

Sarah turned back to her study. There were the original members of the Council on Foreign Relations which was formed in Paris in 1919 plus the American Council. Also, included was a volume, "Organized Sunday School Work in North America, 1918-1922, Official Report of the 16th International Sunday School Convention, 1922". Great Uncle John had made notes on the Sunday School movements and she knew they were part of the plots. Copious notes by Mr. Carter lay between the pages. One particularly interested Sarah. He wrote, "*This outfit is part and parcel of the synagogue of Satan. There's to be a reorganization or merger for a network to promote religious education. It will not be Christian. In fact, it will be anti-Christian and un-Christian. Radicalism is the true purpose, not religion.*"

Another note underlined in red, "*What part will Hugh S.*

Magill play? He is a Field Secretary of the National Education Association and was chosen General Secretary of the International Sunday School Council of Religious Education. Wonder what part Daniel A. Poling will perform? He's tied in with the Inter-Church movement of the nefarious Federal Council of Churches back around 1918. They talk of religion and use the term Christian, but what do they mean? Evangelism and Ecumenism is their goal and both are evilism.

One heavily underlined message said. "This outfit will operate with the same pattern 'wheel within wheels' as the National Education Association. It is the sacrosanct 'council', not elected or appointed by the membership at large but chosen outside the membership, hand picked so to speak. National Education Association has long operated with the 'inner circle' or 'wheels within wheels' and any of its tentacles will have the same structure."

Mr. Carter had enclosed a note to Sarah and an excerpt from a speech by Daniel Webster.

"Dear Miss Atkins:

I do hope you will continue gathering the material on the intellectual movement to undermine, (plotters call it change), the American system.

Much effort will be exerted to disclose the so-called Bolshevik menace to the world but little or no publicity or exposure will be made of the intellectual apparatus or machine which is by far more dangerous because through the diabolical projects of the intellectuals the Bolsheviks are bred, fed and protected to do their satanical destruction.

The pattern of subversion is easy to detect if you understand the under-plots. Both the Bolshevik and the intellectual movements are controlled from the same source. Various names will be given to these movements. In that set of volumes by Abbe Barruel, your great uncle left you, you find the Abbe distinguishing the intellectuals from the anarchists. He called them Sophisters of

Impiety, Sophisters of Impiety and Rebellion and Sophisters of Impiety and Anarchy. The Intellectuals I refer to are the Sophisters of Impiety and Sophisters of Impiety and Rebellion. Oh, they present a grandiose scheme to change the world to a better world.

As stated in the quotation LACON, there are two plots going on at the same time, the visible plot and the underplot. Reminds me of the battle of Jericho.

Joshua divided his army. Mind you this is my own thinking. One army he supplied with brass and horns and arrayed them in brilliant uniforms. They marched around the high city walls. The attention of the people within the walls centered on the marching men. He supplied the other army with picks and shovels and these men dug at the foundations of the wall. The noise of their digging was drowned out by the brasses and horns and marching feet. When they had dug deep enough to undermine the structure of the wall, they joined the marching army and trod heavily on the earth and the vibration toppled the weakened structure and the walls came tumbling down. You know the rest.

That will happen to the wonderful structure of the American system unless we rout the diggers of the foundation.

There is a quotation from a speech by Daniel Webster, made over a hundred years ago. When you read it, you will I hope understand what I have written here.

Sincerely,

Caleb Carter

EXCERPT FROM THE
SPEECH BY DANIEL WEBSTER ON THE OCCASION
OF THE BIRTHDAY OF THE CENTENNIAL OF THE
BIRTH OF GEORGE WASHINGTON,
February 22, 1832

“Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome. If disastrous wars should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhausts our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still under new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle even if the walls of yonder Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall and its gorgeous decorations be covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt. But who shall reconstruct the fabric of a demolished government? Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skillful architecture which unites national sovereignty with State rights, individual security and public prosperity? No, if these columns fall, they will be raised not again. Like the Coliseum and the Parthenon, they will be destined to be a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw, the edifice of constitutional American liberty.”

CHAPTER TWENTY

It was late February, 1925. A storm was predicted and the dark afternoon seemed more like twilight. The presses were running and the high pitched voices of the workmen in the shop talking above the din reminded Sarah of the pounding of the surf and the screaming gulls searching and quarrelling for food. It was quiet in the office. The door opened slowly. Mr. Caleb Carter seemed to tiptoe into the room. His manner was apologetic.

"Harte," he said.

Mr. Harte dropped his pen and swung around in his swivel chair, "Well, Carter, nice to see you. Haven't had a visit recently." He motioned to a chair and pushed his green eye shade further up on his forehead, "Sit down, sit down."

Mr. Carter stood close to the door, "Am I intruding?"

"Not at all, not at all."

"I want to ask a favor."

"Sure Carter, anything I can do for you, I'll be glad to be of service."

Mr. Carter smiled, "I'd like to borrow Miss Atkins and your office some Saturday afternoon."

"Sarah'll have to answer for herself. She's on her own after one o'clock. As for the office, you can use it anytime."

Sarah, her curiosity aroused, looked at Mr. Carter. "I'll be available if you wish me to do any work for you, Mr. Carter." She was pleased that he wanted her help, even though she didn't know what it would entail.

Mr. Carter didn't remove his coat but walked over and sat down in the chair next to Mr. Harte. "You remember those

books and articles that Miss Atkins brought down to the shop one day. The ones left to her by her uncle?"

"Great Uncle," Sarah told him.

"That's right, Great Uncle. Well," he twitched his overcoat over his knees, "I'd like to discuss some of the items with Miss Atkins. I never realized how far back these networks went. I thought all this started with the World War when we were led into a cabalistic conspiracy to make the world safe for democracy.

"If I recall correctly, Miss Atkins, among your Great Uncle's books was a volume called, "Triumphant Democracy" by Andrew Carnegie, that multimillionaire who set up a big foundation and promoted many libraries."

Sarah answered excitedly, "Yes, that book is in the box. My Great Uncle told me that Carnegie, after making his fortune and living well in this country planned to unite the U.S.A. with Great Britain and set up a world government. Carnegie's fortune was used to indoctrinate and train for this scheme."

Both Mr. Carter and Mr. Harte were enthusiastic to hear more so Sarah said, "I'll be pleased to bring anything down to the office on any Saturday afternoon and tell you what I can remember. I was about seven years old when my Great Uncle began to tell me about democracy and the cults of the Illuminati and the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man cult. I do recall him stressing that Christians did not believe in the god of these cults."

Mr. Carter pressed her, "Say when you can bring the material and I will come over. I just received the latest list of Council on Foreign Relations members and I'm interested to see if these individuals tie in with those organizations your Great Uncle wrote about."

The time was set for the following Saturday. Mr. Carter arrived about 12:30 and began to leaf through the books that Sarah had brought, while she finished her work. The office was strangely silent, the only sound was the occasional clang of the bell of a trolley as it rattled up to the railroad crossing, slowly rumbling over the tracks, then picking up speed to the next stop.

Sarah sat and watched Mr. Carter. She studied him and marvelled at his active interest. She thought, "He must be over 80 years old, yet his face is unlined, his hair silver grey and his well formed hands are steady. Why, he doesn't seem old!"

Mr. Carter lifted his eyes, as if he sensed her appraisal. He smiled, "Do you know, Miss Atkins, this sort of thing," pointing to the books and papers, "keeps me young and alert. It is better than a detective novel." He picked up a small pamphlet, "This is the 1925 membership list of the Council on Foreign Relations. I have given you earlier publications and data on this. Let's label it CFR for brevity. Many of the members seemed to be involved in a tightly knit faction and a self appointed group. That is, the membership seems to be selected and limited. These members appear to be in other organizations or movements that influence the government. Many occupy important posts, yet they are not elected by the people or appointed by the representatives of the people. Sort of an inner circle or as I have pointed out "wheels within wheels". They seem to insinuate themselves into policy-making posts or advisory and staff positions.

"Let me see what your Great Uncle wrote. He does mention a Religious Education Association that emerged in 1903 from the National Educational Association, and the Sunday School and Missionary Associations but it was really set in motion or appears to have been launched, as far back as 1891. Some of those who were members of the World Congress Auxiliary, the forerunner of the World Parliament of Religions affiliated with the Religious Education Association. Here he states the Association, he calls it REA should be called the Radical Engineering Apparatus because its membership included affiliates of the Foundation network, the dubious Sunday School movement Chautauqua, too and from this REA the tainted ideologies of the Sophists as well as that of the freethinkers spread into nearly every college, university and divinity school, not only in the USA but Canada, Japan and some other countries.

"That set-up of the World Parliament of Religions was part of the plot. He writes here that he thinks the Masons and the British Israel, the brain storm of a man by the name of Richar

Brothers who was born in 1757, were responsible for the Parliament of Religion project." Mr. Carter turned the page and exclaimed, "By gad he's right. Look Miss Atkins, your Great Uncle says that the working men were fooled by the organizers of the Masons. They thought they were joining a crafts or a specialized organization of men who worked or created, while in reality they were supporting a cult of the Devil. He points out that if the Masonic Orders had left religion to the churches, there would be no cause for criticism of the lodges." He chuckled, "But he says that that was the real purpose of the order to indoctrinate with a new religion and alienate men from their traditional faith, especially Christians. It was this indoctrination that created the imps of Satan, the Jacobins and the Illuminati in France, radicals, anarchists, all enemies of established order, moral order.

"Your Great Uncle points out, too, that the imps of Satan used the Bible and Biblical quotations to further their plots, thus misleading many well intentioned people who wish for peace.

"So the peace idea projected by the plotters was used to promote a universal cult, which, if everyone joined would neutralize prejudices and discrimination and unite all peoples in one big happy family."

"Are you getting tired, Miss Atkins?"

"No," Sarah answered but she did shift her position and stretched her arms and then settled back.

Mr. Carter pointed to a smaller volume, "What's that one?"

"It's the 'Proceedings of the First Annual Convention of the Religious Education Association', held in Chicago, Illinois, February, 1903.

"Why, that's where the Parliament of Religions was in 1893." Mr. Carter took a page of notes from the front of the report. "Your Great Uncle questioned the participants in this Religious Education Association. The only officer of the association who is connected with a religious group is the President, Frank Knight Sanders, Dean of Yale Divinity School. The others listed are all college or university connected. The three vice presidents were Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia; James G.

Angell, President of the University of Michigan; Mary E. Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke. The chairman of the Executive Board was William Rainey Harper who was president of the University of Chicago. The recording secretary was a George Albert Coe, who was a professor at Northwestern University. And look, here," he pointed to the notes, "John Dewey, who was a professor at the University of Chicago was a contributor to the convention. A George E. Vincent also a professor at Chicago was among the members. He stars the name of Rev. Harry F. Ward, who was then pastor of the Forty-seventh Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Chicago. The memo on this man is, he set up the Methodist Federation for Social Action which was in no way connected with the Methodist Church.

"Your Great Uncle said the REA was the source of the tainted and decadent ideologies known to be destructive and degenerating over the centuries that spread into nearly every college, university, divinity school, not only in the USA but in Canada, England, France, Germany, Turkey, India, Japan and South Africa.

His head still buried in the notes, he stretched out his hand groping toward Sarah, "Pass me that little pamphlet marked Council on Foreign Relations." Sarah dug it out of the scattered sheets and passed it to him. "Eureka, I thought the Ward name sounded familiar. There's a Harry F. Ward on the CFR list of members." He exhaled and said, "But it doesn't identify him as a minister. Could it be the same man? I wonder. Maybe we'll find the answer." He tapped his cheek with his pencil, "Where would I look to see if the Rev. Harry F. Ward of REA is the same individual on the CFR? There's a lot of questions that come to my mind as I look through your Great Uncle's notes and books."

Sarah was gratified to know that her material was of value to Mr. Carter and she herself had learned more of the tie-ins with the organizations.

Mr. Carter spoke, "This Ward is connected with the Federal Council of Churches and a couple of others involved in CFF were tied in with the Federal Council. What does your Great Uncle say about the Federal Council?"

As Sarah ruffled through the notes she said, "I can't find his notes but it seems to me he traced the Federal Council to the REA and the Foundations."

"He was right, because on my list of members of CFR in 1925 are a number of men I am vaguely aware were associated in one way or another with the Federal Council of Churches.

"Who are they?"

"Elihu Root is honorary president of CFR and I am sure he was the first president or one of the organizers. Then there's George W. Wickersham. Both Root and Wickersham held high government posts. This Sidney L. Gulick seems to circulate in the religious movements, not government but he's CFR and the Federal Council of Churches."

"Didn't my Great Uncle mention that the missionary movements were part of the one world, one religion plot? Did you run across that in his notes?"

He sighed, "It'd take a Philadelphia lawyer to untangle this labyrinth of interlocking affiliations but there is no question but what the REA and the Federal Council your Great Uncle exposes is responsible for the CFR and the taint in government. As he pointed out the Masons would be considered a useful adjunct to society if they remained aloof from religion. So the Federal Council might perform to advantage if it confined its efforts to the spiritual needs of society and disengaged itself from government or any civil organization.

"I'm tired and I know you are but I want to follow through on just one more idea and then I am going to ask you to allow me to take these books home. I have the *Lusk Reports* from the New York Legislative Committee and I want to check names against your books. I know you have these Reports and I'll make a copy of whatever links or tie-ins or any other information and you can keep them with your records," then he added, "can we have another Saturday afternoon session?"

"Oh, I'd like that very much, Mr. Carter." Sarah slipped off the chair and stood by his side. "I hope our next meeting will be soon."

"It will," Mr. Carter assured her as he bundled up the books and waited for Sarah to lock the office and start for home.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

The middle of the following week, Mr. Carter appeared at the office again, and another meeting was planned for Saturday.

"I've given you quite a bundle of material," he told Sarah. "I'd like to add some further information on the CFR. You have the original list and then this new membership list of 1925 gives more associates. If I can detect the device and design of the conspiracy, I am sure we will find that members have become involved in other networks."

Mr. Carter scratched his head as he perused the CFR leaflet. "Wish I could remember the machinations of this outfit. One network was set up in New York around 1918. Then in 1919 over in Paris another peculiar group gathered. Seems to me that odd character, Col. Edward M. House, who was so close to President Wilson was in on the connivings. So was a well known internationalist, Dr. James T. Shotwell and a couple of the directors of the American Council, Archibald C. Coolidge and Whitney H. Shepardson. There was talk of 'The Institute of International Affairs' which was composed of the two branches, one in the United Kingdom and one in the U.S., but somehow this plot didn't materialize, instead the British Institute of International Affairs was set up in London by one group and the other group merged with the bunch that was set up in 1918 in New York and came into public view and carried the same title, Council on Foreign Relations and incorporated in 1921. It would become involved in both, international agencies and the government of the United States and bring together experts in state affairs, finance, industry, education and science. In fact,

every facet of our society was to be infected by the internationalists. One of its purposes was to stimulate international thought in the United States, and to have a limited membership because they thought a large group would be unwieldy and freedom of discussion would be lost. The members were American citizens and had to be invited to join the council by a membership committee of three members and who were elected by the Executive Committee. This seems to follow the pattern of the plotters, 'wheels within wheels.' "

"Do you want me to bring any more of my Great Uncle's books?" Sarah inquired.

Mr. Carter studied the pamphlet he held in his hand. "No, I think I learned all I wanted the last time. I'll give you his books today."

Saturday was a dark dull day and Sarah had made no special plans. She was more relaxed with Mr. Carter than the previous week but anxious to know his reaction to information he had obtained from the *Lusk Reports*.

"I didn't find out anything about Butler or Woolley in the *Lusk Reports* but I did hit pay dirt on Ward. But you know he doesn't always use his title of Rev. In the Reports he is referred to as Dr. Harry F. Ward," he informed Sarah after he had taken off his coat and neatly folded it and placed it on the work table.

"How methodical and disciplined he is," thought Sarah. "He doesn't waste any motion, each thing he does is with precision and purpose."

He spread the pamphlet on the desk and took out a sheet of paper. "These, Miss Atkins," pointing to the list of names are associated with the Foundations. "You realize, of course, that many of the members of the REA were original sponsors and affiliates of foundations. These devices, the foundations, were set up to support the projects and programs of the Religious Education Association and its offshoots.

"Do you know, Miss Atkins?" Mr. Carter's face was serious, "when your Great Uncle stated in his notes that world conflict was man's struggle between moral order and social order, he tied up, in one single kernel, the whole truth of the cause of wars, chaos, confusion, degeneracy, degradation and destruction

and all the other disorders rampant in civilizations.”

Sarah was impressed, “But, Mr. Carter, I don’t quite understand what he meant.”

Mr. Carter settled back in his chair, looked at the ceiling and rolled the pencil he had been holding between the palms of his hands. “I am just realizing what he meant. At my age, I have learned a simple truth I should have known when I was a young boy. You know how often your Great Uncle refers to the Sophists and their ideology?”

“Yes,” Sarah admitted, “but it is not clear to me.”

“As best I can explain it, moral order is based on the Natural Laws, the moral laws that govern human beings and upon which all law is based. Our best example of a Moral Order is the United States of America. The Constitution was a civil government based on the Natural Laws and the nation, the people, organized their government and the government is bound by the Constitution.”

“I understand that. It is the Sophists that confuse me.”

“The Sophists do not want a moral order. They plotted for Social Order which is diametrically opposed to a Moral Order. In a Moral Order there are fixed principles and acknowledgment of Higher Authority. Man is not his own authority, while in a social order the people decide what is right and wrong. There are no fixed principles. They are their own authority. In other words, they are their own god. With a Moral Order it is acknowledged that man’s rights are derived from God, but with the social order concept, society dictates the rights of the individual. Man’s rights can be given or taken away, whatever the whim of the majority or even an elite such as the dictatorship regimes. Thus, in a Moral Order the people acknowledge Higher Authority, while with social order the people are their own authority. Can you see that?” Mr. Carter leaned forward and placed his arms on the top of the work counter.

“The ideology of the Sophists is insidious. It conditions the individual to accept Naturalism. Socrates attempted to spread his sophisms and did quite a bit of damage before the elders condemned him to either drink the hemlock cup or he would

be slain. He was corrupting the youth. That was his crime. In the meantime he had spread his poison and Plato, a pupil, was innoculated with it and continued the corruption. Plato's *'Republic'* devised a Social Order. By control of the literary avenues, those who plot and plan Social Order exhalt Socrates, Plato and other Sophists who are raised on pedestals to be honored and lauded. The ideology of the Sophists has been propagated under the title of Philosophy. I'm sure that Abbe Barruel, you have his volumes, stated that 'Philosophism is the error of every man, who, judging of all things by the standard of his own reason, rejects in religious matters, every authority that is not derived from the light of nature.' "

"I must read more of Great Uncle's books and notes," Sarah resolved.

Mr. Carter was cheerful, "Oh, it's going to take a long time to burrow into his collection and I'm adding mine gradually. And, there's more to come later."

Sarah moved to the edge of her chair, inquiring, "Tell me how to distinguish sophistry?"

"There's many ways," Mr. Carter rubbed the pencil against his cheek. "One of their frequent utterances is, nothing is evil unless you personally think it is evil. Another is, it's all right to lie if you protect a friend who has committed an evil or unlawful act from exposure and punishment."

Sarah nodded, "I've heard both of those sayings. I know it is against the law to conceal a criminal act or lie about anything that is a violation of the law."

"Yes," Mr. Carter agreed, "that is correct but sometimes it is also a violation on your part if you remain silent or sin by silence as some refer to an act of silence. If you remain silent, you are an accessory to a criminal act if you conceal facts from the authorities who are delegated to maintain and uphold the law. Here's another error in thinking and that is, it is perfectly all right to take money or obtain money illegally, yes, even stealing it, if you use it for a good purpose." He chuckled, "Robin Hood was a Sophist. He robbed the rich to give to the poor and the Sophists have boosted him to a hero's pedestal. Still another is the popular statement that a person is innocent

until proven guilty. It is the reverse. He is presumed guilty until proven innocent. That's why he hires a lawyer to prove himself innocent. If he has, by his own act or association or circumstances become involved in an illegal act, he's regarded or presumed guilty and must prove his innocence. This erroneous thinking has caused great harm over the centuries.

"Now, another erroneous idea has caused great harm over the centuries, 'Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you die.' This is another favorite cliché of theirs and you see the results of it in the drinking, the loose morals of the young people and even older ones, the lack of responsibility or indifference to the rights of others.

"One thing we agree upon, your Great Uncle and I, is that the conflict is not between the haves and the have-nots as the Sophists would like us to believe, but the abandonment of principles laid down by the Natural Laws and acceptance of Naturalism.

"I agree with the statement made in writings of George Washington, 'we ought to deprecate the hazard attending ardent and susceptible minds from being too strongly and early prepossessed in favor of other political systems before they are capable of appreciating their own.' While students are in schools and colleges, they should be studying the history of civilizations and the basis for the American system, not brainwashed with the known decadent, destructive forms of socialism, democracy and Fabianism."

Mr. Carter sat back in his chair and relaxed, "I'm curious about your Great Uncle. Just how did he get involved in this subject? Did he teach?"

"He was born in Scotland and studied to be a doctor both in Scotland and in England and then came over to America to study in Boston. His sister, my grandmother, had come to America and married and lived on a farm near Pride's Crossing. My grandfather owned the farm. He died during an epidemic of some kind when my mother was fourteen years old. My Great Uncle had been spending some time with them and shortly afterwards, he developed the rheumatism. He was young but wasn't married. He did have some money left to him but not

enough to support a house and he was so crippled he would have had to hire someone to take care of him. My grandmother took care of him but she couldn't work the farm herself. A neighbor recommended her to a family who owned an estate in Colton and she went to live there. She was sort of housekeeper. There was other help in the big house and on the farm. There was a caretaker's cottage and grandmother agreed to work if she could bring her brother to live with her there. It was a nice arrangement.

"I would visit them with my mother and the summer I was about seven years old we stayed with her. My father was supposed to help on the estate, but it didn't work out. Later when I was fourteen, I spent the summer with my grandmother working for my board and room. Both summers were nice. I read many books, anything that was printed interested me. I also spent a great deal of time with my Great Uncle. The family that owned the estate must have had a wide range of interests because in the caretaker's cottage there were boxes and shelves of books, papers, magazines, and now since I've worked at the Sun-Sentinel I recognize that some were the Congressional Records.

"There were copies of a paper put out by Orestes Brownson, Great Uncle was intensely interested in these because the events in politics and society were reported, exposing the intellectuals plotting to change the American education system to a thing they called universal education to propagate the ideas of the Free-thinkers. These individuals, Frances Wright and Robert Dale Owen were avowed and dedicated to world reform. They believed that to achieve their goal of world reform, they would have to mould the minds of the next generation to acceptance to their ideas and that it could be accomplished only through complete control of education. Mr. Brownson exposed their plot but evidently no one paid any attention to him.

"Great Uncle wanted to comprehend the American system and he studied everything he could find. That is the reason he knew so much about America and I know he appreciated the country. He took it as a personal affront when he learned two Scotchmen, Andrew Carnegie and Robert Dale Owen, who had

gained so much from America were devising schemes to undermine and destroy it.

"Carnegie plotted to propagat Democracy and bring America back under English rule," Sarah hesitated.

Mr. Carter interrupted, "What is your opinion of Democracy, Miss Atkins?"

"Well," Sarah traced a figure on the table, "actually Democracy has only one meaning, rule by people directly. The Sophisters devised the scheme to call the USA a Democracy, taking all the wonderful things about America and labelling them Democracy, thus a philosophy or way of life. So there are two current uses of the term, a system of government and a way of life. Carnegie used his millions to carry out his plan to spread Democracy.

"Robert Dale Owen teamed up with Frances Wright, wormed their way into positions of trust and did great harm. Owen was a congressman, right in our Congress. They corrupted the American educational system. Mr. Brownson said, 'She, Miss Wright, did great harm, and the morals of the American people feel even today, (1857) the injury she did them; but she acted according to her lights and was at least no hypocrite' " Sarah laughed, "Brownson sounds like a Sophist, doesn't he?" Then she sobered, "He exposed the plots of Owen and Wright and the labor union movement. He was in with some of the intellectuals who aided and abetted the plots. I doubt if they realized the harm they were doing then. Among the intellectuals were Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Peabody Sisters, Amos Bronson Alcott, Margaret Fuller and Theodore Parker. I think Horace Mann helped, too. I recall one day my Great Uncle pointed to a shelf with Emerson's writings and said, 'What a shame, a lifetime spent wandering in wastelands.' "

"Do you know what Orestes Brownson said about the Working-Man's Party, the embryo of the labor union movement?" Sarah didn't wait for a reply, "He was against the working men joining the so-called Working-Man's Party. 'They would gain nothing by it,' he told them; 'instead they would have their veins sucked by a new and more hungry swarm o demagogues.' "

Mr. Carter started suddenly, "Miss Atkins, have you any idea of the time?" He took out his watch, "You, young lady, should be home with your family. I was so engrossed in your recital, I forgot everything. You must be weary by now but I have only one other bit of information and then we'll close shop. Remember I said I hit pay dirt on Harry F. Ward? Well, the *Lusk Reports* has information on him. You have those reports. Look in the index in Volume II and you will find some interesting facts. Since we find him in CFR you can be sure he'll bear watching."

He began to pick up his papers and Sarah rose from her chair and reached for her coat and hat.

Mr. Carter dropped the sheaf he held and exclaimed, "Here, let me help you. You know I can be a gentleman when I want to be, but I get so involved at times, I forget my manners." He smiled at her, "Now, if I pick up any more stuff like this," he pointed to the pamphlet, "will you join me in checking it out for links?"

Sarah assured him she would.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

It was late afternoon when Sarah started up State Street toward home. A fine snow was filtering down, hardly enough to cover the ground, but walking was dangerous so Sarah slowed her pace. She would have much rather walked briskly. In walking slowly, her thoughts were more on the topics discussed by Mr. Carter instead of what she had planned to do when she reached the house.

Traffic was slowing and pedestrians were watching their gait. Many were trying to accomplish their shopping before the supper hour. Saturday was a busy time as stores were closed on Sunday with the exception of the drug store and bake shop.

Stepping cautiously, Sarah pondered her Great Uncle's statements and Mr. Carter's verification of the facts. She wondered why so little attention had been given to the organizations and movements involved in damaging society, diverting attention from the truth to a false ideology. "Just think, Sarah Atkins," she told herself, "if it wasn't for you, Great Uncle, Mr. Carter and Mr. Harte and Congressman Kahlan too, you would be unaware of the sinister influences. You are getting educated, but shouldn't you do something besides just accumulating material and discussing it with Mr. Carter?"

Suddenly she felt lonely. "I feel apart from other people because of this knowledge. There isn't anyone my own age I can talk to about it, surely there are some others who know of some of the things that menace us, but how can I get in touch with them? Will I always walk apart?" She recalled the remark one of the classmates made when she was on the way home from

school and going to Harmon's Ice Cream Parlor. "Is this knowledge making me isolated?" She shifted the packet that Mr. Carter had given her to her left hand and neared her house.

The light in the living room window looked bright and cheery. She removed her storm boots before entering. As she opened the door, her mother called, "Sarah, I was worried about you. Do you have to work overtime now?"

"No, Ma, that Mr. Carter, Mr. Harte's friend, wanted to discuss some of Great Uncle's material with me. We had quite a session. I learned a great deal and I am going to study some more." She had taken off her coat and hat and sat on the edge of the chair by the kitchen stove.

"I don't understand anything about it," Ma Atkins' voice was petulant, "Your grandmother did know a little but I was too busy to bother. What's it all about anyway? Seems to me it is nothing to worry over."

"Ma, it is something to worry about. Children are not being educated right, never taught facts or truth either in the schools or in the churches. In fact, they are indoctrinated with false ideas. What kind of a society will we have if the citizens are ignorant of the things that make a good society or destroy a society?" Sarah tried to be as clear as possible.

"Well, what could destroy good society?"

Sarah replied, "I recall Great Uncle saying that a moral order or society, which is the only good society was based on the natural laws and a bad or immoral society was based on naturalism. A society based on naturalism is a social order. And he said that world conflict was man's struggle between moral order and social order."

Mrs. Atkins waved her hands in the air, "It's beyond me but if you want to stuff your head with it, it's your choice." She pulled her apron up to her mouth and squealed, "Oh, Sary, I forgot. Jim Stuart called to see if you were going to the dance tonight. You hadn't said anything about it so I told him I didn't think so."

Sarah felt suffocated, "He called me?" Then she felt deflated, "I can't plan to go in now. My hair needs waving. Oh, I wish I had been home when he telephoned." She stood up and

straightened her skirt, "Did he say he would go?"

"I didn't ask him but he did say if he didn't see you there he might call tomorrow. Sarah, I don't see why you tolerate that young man. You haven't seen him for ages and when you go to the dance, you pay your own way. He never suggests treating you."

"Now Ma, let's not rehash that. He's studying to be a dentist and wants to save his money for his office furnishings. He's ambitious and wants to get ahead. Why he even plans on having \$5000 in the bank when he gets married." She blushed at the thought of marriage to him. "Give him credit for being ambitious." She wanted to mention her brother, Warren, but wisely refrained from any retort about lack of ambition in a person.

Sarah felt lonely and wished she could see Jim and began to plan that maybe, if she might hurry and prepare to go to Boston, but when she went to the front porch to bring in her storm shoes, nearly three inches of snow had piled up on the walk and the flakes were falling so fast and thick, only the street lights were visible through the white mass. She knew it would be foolhardy to venture to Boston.

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The next morning, Sunday, Sarah awakened to a beautiful sunny day, but literally buried in snow. Her first thought was "What if Jim wants me to meet him in Boston, how will I get there?" She pushed the living room curtain aside to view the street. No plows had been through. She went back to her room and began to dress, calling to her mother, "Don't try to get up yet. I'll serve you breakfast in bed;" Sarah was hoping if the telephone rang and it was Jim, she would have privacy. But his call didn't come until nearly one o'clock.

"Sorry I missed you last night, Sarah," Jim told her after the usual exchange of greetings. "One of the girls, Marjory Haskin who comes to the Club dances was there. She invited me to her apartment for dinner today. Sorry I won't be able to see you but you know, a fellow doesn't often get an invitation to a home cooked meal. I'll call soon."

Tears blinded Sarah's eyes and she fumbled for the hook to replace the receiver. Ma Atkins asked, "Who was that Sarah?" Sarah hastily brushed the tears away, pushed her hair back and was straightening her skirt as her mother entered the room, "Who was it?"

"It was Jim Stuart, Ma. He's changed his plans. I'm not going to see him." Then, as was her usual way of meeting disappointments, "It's just as well, the snow is deep and the plows haven't come by yet and I haven't shovelled the walk to the street." She didn't dare tell her mother that Jim changed his plans and was going to be with Marjory. Sarah remembered Marjory. "Darn her," Sarah sputtered under her breath, "she's always butting in. I hope he gets indigestion from eating her food." Then she went into her room, flung herself on the bed, pulled the pillow over her head and cried. When she had released the tension of her disappointment she sat up. "Sarah, you are a ninny. If Jim really wanted to be with you today, he wouldn't go to Marjory's. So, it is Marjory he's attracted to, but why the heck does he toy with my affection?" She laughed out loud, "That sounds like a line from a melodrama. But he does and he spoiled my whole day. I didn't accomplish anything waiting to hear from him. Maybe, just maybe he does like me. Oh, he must or he wouldn't call about the dances, or he wouldn't have taken me to the museums and historic spots around Boston. And you know, Sarah Atkins," she spoke aloud, "you like to be with him. No other fellow has attracted you as he does or held your attention, so be thankful he does call and when he gets settled, he will see you more often."

She slid off the bed, slipped on an apron, planning to prepare dinner, adding, "Sarah Atkins, you can still dream."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Late summer of 1927 brought another change to Sarah and Ma Atkins. Business was booming, rents and wages began to climb, homes were built, auto sales were phenomenal. The owner of the hardware store decided to retire. Evan bought the business and moved into an apartment behind the shop. The Albertini's received a generous offer for the restaurant. They sold and moved to the country. Ma Atkins missed her tenants. She told Sarah, "They're like family. I don't know's I want strangers here."

Luke Emery decided for them. He announced a rent increase beginning in September and when Sarah and Ma Atkins worked out a budget to meet the higher rent, Sarah said, "Why help him put money in the bank? Why can't we own our home and save?"

Ma Atkins breathed, "Oh, Sary, a home of our own! But that takes money. No," she shook her head, "it can't be done."

"Oh, Ma," Sarah wheedled, "we have to pay rent somewhere. It may as well be to ourselves."

"It's a struggle to meet payments, Sarah. I can remember my mother and father talking about mortgages, taxes and interest. It was a worry all the time."

"Isn't it a worry to pay rent?" Sarah's voice displayed impatience and when she looked at her mother's hurt face, she grinned. "Isn't life a big worry? Isn't everything a worry, if you let it be?" Gaily she tried to erase the hurt her impatience had caused. "I think of life as a gamble, a surprise, a game and overlook the worrying. If I have to worry, I'd rather it be about

paying my own rent than keeping payments up for Luke Emery."

Half convinced, Ma Atkins murmured, "I could get back to sewing if we need the money."

"Yes, Ma," she said with enthusiasm, "if we need help later, you can go back to sewing."

"We'll need roomers though."

"No," Sarah shook her head slowly, "my salary is \$35.00 a week now and we can manage."

"But, Sarah, think of the taxes you'll have to pay."

"We pay taxes when we pay rent, Ma."

"I don't understand," Ma Atkins shook her head, "but you seem to know what you're talking about and you usually do what you want." She smiled, "Won't Bess Williams be jealous if we buy a house?"

"Wait until we get one before we brag."

And getting a house was a much bigger undertaking than Sarah had anticipated. Like everything else, real estate was increasing in value overnight; an almost unbelievable pyramiding of prices placed even a small old fashioned house out of reach of Sarah's pocketbook. She visited the town's real estate offices and met only chiding for her hope that she could buy a home for \$5000 with \$500 down payment.

"Sorry," was the terse retort.

Finally, undaunted, she took her problem to the Cooperative Bank and while the officer in charge was not too optimistic, he did tell her there might be a miracle. This gave Sarah hope and when he called her at the newspaper office a few mornings later, explaining there was a small house for sale, she bought it sight unseen.

She regretted her decision when she saw the place but the high rents appalled her, too.

The house was a small caretaker's cottage adjacent to a large estate occupied by a wealthy family of the early 1900's. When the railroad went through Baldwin, the big home was torn down, the land sold, and the small cottage deeded to the caretaker. Firms purchasing the land built sheds and storage bins for railroad loading and freight, but the area on which the

cottage stood was backed with a bluff of solid rock and a small wooded section of pine, birch and gnarled oak. The old caretaker kept the yard filled with shrubs and flower plots and a small vegetable garden. Inside the house was neglected and Sarah was disheartened when she realized that paint, paper, and floor finishing would be necessary. The only livable room was an ell the caretaker had built himself and evidently lived in. Its windows faced west and looked out on the small garden. Sarah consoled herself with the thought they could live in the ell until the rest of the house was renovated.

"It isn't much, is it?" the agent smiled wryly.

"No," Sarah admitted, "but after what I've seen for \$10,000, I suppose it's worth \$5000. It's a roof over our heads."

"Well, the foundation, roof and window sills are in good condition," he said, "and so is the furnace."

"Then we'll be warm. That's if coal doesn't go sky high too." Sarah sounded discouraged. She was tired. When the agent bid her goodbye, she smiled and thanked him, but as she walked slowly homeward she was not elated. The house presented no improvement of their present residence but she knew a change had to be made. "Funny," she murmured, "how you dream up a nice picture and it never turns out."

Ma Atkins sensed Sarah's dejection immediately and followed her into the bedroom. "Did you get a place today?"

"Yes, but it's not much."

"Well, don't buy it!"

"With the little money for down payment, there isn't anything better. In fact, I guess I'm darn lucky to find a house at all. I'm going to make myself like it."

"What about me? Will I like it?"

"You'll have to, Ma."

"Well," Ma Atkins voice was resigned, "if you can, I can."

The next morning Sarah took a few hours off work to make arrangements for the purchase of the new home. The agent had drawn up the agreement but consultation and final details had to be made with the lawyer of the caretaker's estate. Sarah was nervous and excited. The agent asked for a small amount to close the sale contract and told her she would be notified when

the final papers were to be signed.

"Is that all there is to buying a house?" Sarah's voice was shrill with incredulity.

"Yes," the bank clerk smiled as he took the papers from the agent's hands. He waved them before Sarah, "These and the mortgage deeds will be your master for the next twelve years. We'll take care of the details and call you when the papers are ready."

Sarah walked numbly into the sunlit street and stared unseeingly, still unconvinced she was transacting for the purchase of a home.

"Am I really a land owner?" she wondered.

A few days later she received a call from the agent. "I've good news for you."

All the way to the real estate office, Sarah speculated what the good news was.

The agent grinned broadly as he introduced Sarah to a middleaged woman with bright blue eyes, a prominent bosom and a smiling pursed mouth.

"This is Mrs. Paige, Miss Atkins."

Mrs. Paige extended her hand, remarking, "What a shameful trick my uncle's lawyer put over you."

"I don't understand?" Sarah was bewildered.

The agent explained, "Mrs. Paige is a niece of the man who owned your house, as his heir she has come in from New Hampshire to settle the estate. Mrs. Paige," the agent continued, "wanted to have a last look at her uncle's home. On discovering its condition she insists the estate must put it in order before selling."

"Why!" Mrs. Paige interrupted, "it was a sin to let that dirt lay for someone else to clean up." She apologized, "My uncle was sick for months and I guess he didn't realize how run down the place had become."

Sarah sat on the edge of her chair, fearful to express the question in her mind, "You mean I can still have the house for \$5000 and have it painted and papered?"

"Of course."

The agent beamed when he spoke to Sarah, "That's good

news, isn't it?"

"Sure is," Sarah breathed deeply, "I'm glad my mother didn't see the house yet. I'll wait until it's ready to show her."

Mrs. Paige stood up, "I'll see to everything. Come with me now and pick out the paper you want."

Sarah hesitated. Her first impulse was to have her mother's choice but afraid Mrs. Paige might change her mind, Sarah quickly followed her.

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Mrs. Atkins fretted about the delay in visiting the new house. "What's to stop me from looking at it?" Mrs. Atkins' query was impatient.

Sarah explained, "I want you to wait until the papers are signed and we know it's ours."

"How long?"

"Maybe by Sunday, after church."

Mrs. Atkins was satisfied. During the Sunday service, Sarah's attention was divided between prayers of thanksgiving for the new house and curiosity to see the improvements.

After church, they walked to their new home. Sarah remained silent until reaching the house, then she stopped and said quietly, "Here it is, Ma."

"Why Sary," Ma's voice was approving, "it isn't too bad. Look at those nice shrubs. And it has a porch to sit on."

Sarah took the key from her pocketbook and opened the door. Fresh paint, paste and paper filled their nostrils.

"My, it smells good," Mrs. Atkins exclaimed, adding happily as she looked around, "why, Sary, it's nice!"

It was nice. The floors were scraped and newly varnished, the woodwork painted and walls papered. Sarah was pleased when her mother told her the paper and paint just suited the rooms.

There were, to be sure, many drawbacks, the bathroom was dark with old style fixtures and copper tub; the sink was dark soapstone and Mrs. Atkins remarked it reminded her of the Court. "But you can't have everything," she declared, "and we'll have a home. I forget how many rooms I've looked at. How many are there?"

“Five counting the ell, the kitchen, dining room, living room and the bedroom and then the ell.”

“I think I’d like my bedroom in the ell.” Mrs. Atkins walked back to the kitchen and looked out the window. “Just look at the yard and flowers!” They went into the yard, “Lilacs and syringa, Sarah,” she breathed in ecstasy, “and look here. Current bushes and over there’s a peach or a cherry tree. Won’t Bess Williams be surprised when she sees this place?” She continued to explore, walking slowly she touched the foliage of each plant and named some, scented geraniums, verbena and summer savory. Her eyes filled and a single tear dropped on her cheek. Her lips trembled.

“Sary, it’s like the things I had in my home when I was a girl.” She brushed the tear away and smiled.

Sarah hugged her mother, “I’m glad you like the place.”

Mrs. Atkins reached for another leaf and crumpled it in her fingers. “This is dill, Sarah.”

They turned away from the garden reluctantly and started for home. Sarah told her mother she was starved and wished they could get back to eat quickly but Mrs. Atkins found walking fatigued her and Sarah patiently kept her step paced to her mother’s. She remarked on the quiet Sunday atmosphere.

The sky was bright blue, the air warm for September but the falling leaves spoke of autumn. When Sarah and Ma Atkins walked by State Street, Sarah halted and looked up the wide roadway. “Wouldn’t you like to live on this street, Ma? Look at the golden glory of the maple and elm trees overhead and the houses have two and even three stories.”

“No,” Ma tugged at Sarah’s sleeve, “I couldn’t climb the stairs and I’m pretty tuckered out now, just walking this distance. Let’s get going.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

The summer of 1928 was gone before Sarah could carry out all her plans for Peter. Many times Sybil objected when Sarah suggested an outing. She did take him to the Swan boats for excursions on the lake at the Public Gardens and to the zoo at Franklin Park. He was still too young to understand and appreciate the aquarium or museums. Try as she did, to persuade her mother to accompany them, Ma Atkins' excuse was usually, "I'm so tired, Sarah. Seems though I drag myself about with no strength to lift my feet from the floor."

"You should see the doctor, Ma." Inwardly Sarah assailed herself for not watching or paying attention when her mother had excuses for being too tired to do much. But Sarah excused her own action and defended herself because she had been occupied with Peter. He needed to be out with other people, especially children. He was an active boy of six but his parents treated him as a baby and kept him confined and protected.

Jim phoned several times during the summer always promising a definite date later. It is always later, Sarah thought. But his voice would sound low and intimate as he'd explain, "I'll have to cram this summer to make my grades, but I think of you often."

After one of these calls, Sarah asked herself why she put up with all his excuses. She reasoned, as her mother had reminded her, that if a man wanted to court a woman he would find the time to do it.

Sarah insisted that her mother see a doctor. The visit resulted in a serious consultation with a specialist who diagnosed Mrs.

Atkins' tiredness as due to a severe heart disease. "Probably brought on by the influenza she had ten years ago," he told Sarah and cautioned that she was not left alone too long and no worries. He added, "With care and rest, she can pull herself out of this and live many useful years."

Walking slowly beside her mother after they left the doctor's, Sarah said, "We're lucky to have a house with all rooms on one floor, Ma. Lucky, too, there're no roomers to wait on. You can rest all day."

"I get lonesome by myself, all day," Ma Atkins told Sarah and she began to whimper, "and you shouldn't be tied down to me either. I'm useless now. You should be married with children of your own. Warren should be looking out for me. It's a man's place to take care of his mother." She sighed heavily and leaned on Sarah's arm, gasping, "Wait'll I get my breath again."

Sarah stopped and waited, "Don't talk any more 'till we get home."

Mrs. Atkins faltered along, disregarding Sarah's admonition. "Maybe if I'd brought Warren up differently, he'd try to take care of me or even try to help you. Instead, you have to do everything. That boy who used to come home with you from the library. What's his name?"

"Paul Standish."

"Yes, Paul. He takes care of his mother."

"That's different, Ma," Sarah told her. "Paul is an only child."

Not dissuaded, Mrs. Atkins replied, "I'll bet he'd take care of his mother anyway."

"Maybe," Sarah agreed. She wondered where Paul was. She'd forgotten all about him and tried to recall how long it was since she'd seen him. Last time was when he'd come to the office to place an advertisement for a housekeeper.

"It's awful hard to get anyone to work for us," he'd told Sarah shyly. "Mother bosses them too much. I'm used to being bossed." Then he'd explained he wanted to take courses in chemical engineering in Boston. That's why he wanted someone to stay in the home with his mother.

"My father was a structural engineer. I want to be an engineer too."

"I bet you'll be good," Sarah smiled. "You certainly are a good son."

Embarrassed, but pleased by Sarah's approval, Paul tossed his head to throw back the blond spear of hair that hung over the cowlick and smiled. "You really think so, Sarah?"

Sarah nodded. She felt Paul wanted to stay and talk but was nervous. He started for the door, remembered his change, hastily scooped it up and hurried out of the office. Sarah compared his manners with Jim's and smiled to herself and wondered where Jim was and what he was doing.

"Well, here we are at last," Mrs. Atkins' voice broke into Sarah's reverie, "I'll be glad to get to bed."

"You go right to your room," Sarah told her mother, "I'll be in with the tea and crackers."

Mrs. Atkins was sitting in the chair by her bed when Sarah entered with the tray. "We have more trouble than anyone I know," she complained to Sarah.

Sarah pulled up a footstool to set the tray on. "We could be worse off." Mrs. Atkins asked angrily, "How?"

Tired from the strain of the day, Sarah sat down suddenly, leaned forward and asked, "How'd you like to be Bess Williams?"

Ma Atkins tossed her head defiantly, "Bess gets herself into trouble. She isn't satisfied with her lot and forever grumbles."

Exasperated now, Sarah said, "Seems to me you're forever grumbling, too. If you could think of how well off we are, you'd be happier." Then, remembering the doctor's advice, Sarah pleaded, "Gee, Ma, can't you see how much we have? A home of our own; my good salary?"

"Humph, it all goes out to live."

"But, Ma, we live better. Ten years ago we had cheap tea to drink. Now we have a blended brand. Instead of soda crackers, we have seafoams and a shortbread. Look at your bed, even. Instead of the limp, lumpy, cotton blankets and comforters, we have lightweight, downy woolens." She begged, "If you'd only count your blessings you could be so much happier."

Partly convinced, but hating to admit Sarah was right, Mrs. Atkins asked, "You aren't happy are you?"

Soberly, Sarah thought, "What is happiness? If I really admitted it, my happiness would be complete if I married Jim Stuart."

Blushing at the thought, she answered, "I believe I'm happy, Ma. Is anyone really happy or do they make themselves believe they are happy and satisfied?"

"Wouldn't you like to be married? Where's that young man who used to take you out or you met at the dances. Why doesn't he call you anymore? You never go into the dances now."

Amused, Sarah thought her mother must be a mind reader.

"Oh, Jim Stuart you mean? He's busy studying. He calls me once in a while at the office and promised to make a date sometime in the fall. He's so ambitious, he wants to get on top before he's thirty. The reason I don't go to the dances is because I'm older than most of the ones there now. There are only a few of the old crowd left. You asked me if I would be happier if I were married. I think I'd be happier if I'd been born a man." She drank the rest of her tea in two gulps and arranged the cups back on the tray. She swooped it up, mocking the waiters carrying it above her shoulders and swaggered out of the room.

"I'll be back, Ma, to tuck you in bed and let you think of all the things that might happen. And if you think about them long enough, they may. Just as dreams," her expression was whimsical at the thought of Jim, "carried long enough may become realities."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

When the office telephone rang, Sarah reached for her pad, ready to take a news item. But it was Jim Stuart's voice that came over the wire and caused her to choke with emotion.

He was asking her if she wanted to join a group to review the Republican Torchlight Parade. He explained they were some of the old Club workers and would meet at the Hotel Touraine at 7:30. He added, "But let's meet at the top of the Park Street escalator. We can walk down Tremont Street and it'll give us a few minutes alone."

Jim was waiting for Sarah. He waved when he saw her and pushed his way through the crowd, grasping her arm he pulled her close.

"You could get lost in that mob in a minute." He pointed to the packed street and sidewalk ahead of them.

Before Sarah could get her breath to answer, she felt herself carried along with the mass of surging people. Jim held her tightly. The roar of the shouting throngs made it impossible to talk. She smiled at him. He didn't see for he was trying to steer them toward a doorway in one of the buildings fronting the street.

Sarah could feel the hard tightness of his muscles, her shoulder fitted perfectly under his armpit. She was thrilled, her head spun deliriously with the excitement of her closeness to Jim. She thought how masculine he was as he fairly lifted her to a vacant doorway, then searched for his handkerchief to wipe his perspiring face.

"Whee, Sarah, that was tough. I'd no idea it'd be so mobbed." He looked down at her upturned face, "Are you all right?"

To herself, she said "I'm sublime", aloud, she told him, "I can breathe now, my lungs were literally pushed together back there." She tucked her arm through Jim's again and leaned back against the door, looking over the heads of the bobbing pedestrians. She was in direct line with the gilded dome of the State House and the Boston Common resembled a dark sea of ruffled waves.

"Isn't it exciting, Jim?"

"Yes," his voice was thoughtful, "but I wish we hadn't planned to meet the crowd. We wouldn't have to worry about getting down to the Hotel Touraine."

Sarah was anxious to find out if Marjory was coming but decided not to ask. Standing on tiptoe, she clutched Jim's arm with both her hands and called excitedly, "I can see the lighted torches now and hear the drums. See them, Jim, the huge torches and all the signs."

The crowd leaped, shouted and waved banners insanely.

"It's like a revolution scene in the movies." Sarah said.

"Yes," Jim agreed, "and we've got to go out into it and see if we can make the Touraine." Tucking Sarah's arm firmly through his, he said, "Hang on to me tightly. Perhaps we can strike the right current and be carried down the street."

Carried they were!

It was useless to talk but Sarah was content. She was pushed and pulled by the jostling bodies, but Jim kept his grip tight and soon, too soon, they were at the corner of Tremont and Boylston Streets waiting for a pause in the parade to dash across to the Touraine. They arrived breathless and joined the others inside the lobby. There were three couples and Sarah saw Marjory Haskins.

Someone called out, "Marjory, do you know Sarah Atkins?"

She answered, "Oh, yes, I know Miss Atkins. We meet at the Cotillion dances."

Someone said, "Come on, let's get going."

Pushing their way through the revolving door, they stood

against the front of the building where they could see the tops of the banners. Everywhere was a clamor and shouting, the crashing discord of bands and the thumping of drums. Some of the huge banners carried the name of Herbert Hoover and some had drawings and even portraits.

Such a fat individual, thought Sarah. His face looks like a putty puff. Sarah didn't admire Hoover but had to admit a lot of people did for there was plenty of cheering along the way.

Two hours later the noise and excitement subsided. The crowd was thinning out and the street cleaners began to pick up the debris which littered every inch of the area.

Jim, Sarah and the others headed for a nearby cafeteria. Cafeterias were a fairly new type restaurant and very popular. Sarah lagged back. She enjoyed the atmosphere of fragrant warmth and brilliant space. The wide whiteness of the huge room exhilarated her; she revelled in the gleaming tile walls and table tops. The colorful arrangement of food in the glass counter enclosures and personal choice gave her a sense of satisfaction she could never explain.

They filled their trays, sliding them along the metal piping. The men made a ceremony of taking the young women's trays to the table, waiting upon them, removing their wraps and hanging them precisely on the racks.

Jim took Sarah's and was just sitting down beside her when Marjory called, "Oh, Jim, will you help me?" then she promptly sat on the other side of Jim.

Sarah was chagrined, even irked by Marjory's intrusion, but Jim, flattered, was as gracious in his manner to Marjory as he was to Sarah; grinning cheerfully, he said, "Me? I'm Rudolph Valentino, the shiek. Two women to take care of."

Sarah sat at one end of the table, Jim on her right and at the other end was Ben Benet. He was supposed to be exceptionally intellectual and a politician. Sarah looked at him, comparing his manner and looks with Jim's and she thought smugly that Jim was more handsome and attractive than Ben.

A voice called, "Sarah's day dreaming again. She can't even eat." This brought her mind back to the tray in front of her. Sarah knowing Jim's desire to save, limited herself to a cheese

sandwich and coffee and two doughnuts.

Glancing at the tray on her left she saw a huge piece of chocolate cake.

"It looks good," she told the young woman, "how does it taste?"

"Not nearly as good as it looks."

"That's the way of life," chanted another member of the party, Esther Sawyer. "You see something and think it would be wonderful and when you get it, you don't find it anywhere near as good as you thought it would be. Now, Sarah is wise, she knows what doughnuts taste like and is not disappointed." She smiled at Sarah. "Are you, Sarah?"

"No, I'm not."

The cafeteria began to empty, so the young people felt they could linger and talk without monopolizing the tables. They discussed the parade, the candidates and their possibilities of being elected.

Ben Benet looked across the table, "Who are you voting for, Sarah?"

"Al Smith."

A bombshell in the middle of the table wouldn't have caused a more explosive sound than the unanimous, "You are?"

"Sarah Atkins, are you crazy?"

"Al Smith for president?"

"Do you realize what it would mean if Al Smith becomes president?" one voice called incredulously.

"Sarah!" one feminine voice was a squeal.

"Do you really know what would happen if Al Smith was elected?" The question was shouted again, "Do you know what he is?"

"What is he?" Sarah's voice was defiant.

"He's Catholic."

"I know it," Sarah declared with emphasis. "And that's just one of the reasons I'm voting for him. At least he's broad-minded and doesn't attack his opponent's religion. I can't conceive of a man like Hoover or any man for that matter, allowing his backers to attack Smith's religious belief. Anyway," she defended, "what's religion got to do with being

president? He's American isn't he?"

She settled back in her chair and waited. She remembered an incident in the school yard when she was very young. The children clustered about a small, dark haired girl named Agnes. They were tormenting her, shouting to the others close by, "Don't play with Aggie, she's Catholic."

Aggie stood defiant, her eyes wide, her chin high; she tossed her long dark braids over her shoulders and shouted, "I'm not either, I'm American."

Sarah glanced at Jim. He looked displeased, his brow wrinkled and his mouth was grim. She remembered he had been outspoken about controversy injected into conversation through politics and religion. Jim had told her, "You lose good friends." Sarah's argument was, "Who wants friends who will not appreciate the point of view of another." She was defiant even to Jim's opinion of her. "It's a free country, I can say what I think and let the rest do the same. If they're afraid of losing friends that's their business."

Sarah's attitude was partially due to Marjory's presence. Marjory was sitting quite close to Jim and as Sarah looked, Marjory slipped her arm through his, pulled herself close and smiled archly, "Women don't know how to vote. Men know so much more about politics. When I marry, I'll let my husband instruct me."

Sarah looked at Jim but he was examining Marjory's hand on his sleeve, uncurling the fingers one by one and placing them in a graceful pattern against his coat sleeve. Sarah felt defeated and depressed. She shut her eyes and turned away.

"But, Sarah," someone called, "do you know what that'll mean? The Pope will run the country? We won't have a Democracy then?"

Angry, resentful, a desire to hurt everyone near, she answered, "What do you mean we won't have a Democracy?" She grasped the table's edge with tensed fingers, kept her gaze away from Jim, as she continued, "Who wants a Democracy? We don't have one now and I hope we never will have one. We have our Constitution, our Bill of Rights and our vote to determine our choice when and if we want it changed. We, you

and I," she stabbed her chest with her right forefinger, "decide the government. How the principles are carried out by each individual is what counts. If the government is right or wrong depends on you and me, not on the man in the president's chair. The principle of our government in America is the individual. How that individual behaves reflects the kind of government we have, not what one man elected or appointed to office is, what religion or race he is. If he's American in his belief that's all that matters."

Ben Benet stood up, tossed his head back and stretched his long thin arms wide. He called, "Hear ye! Hear ye! Let's go over to the Mall on the Common and get a soap box for Sarah." He applauded and others followed his action. The atmosphere became less tense but Sarah, still stung by Jim's attention to Marjory, lowered her voice slightly. "I mean it, darn it."

"But, Sarah," explained one of the young men, "we never had a Catholic President."

"I still say, what's religion got to do with the qualifications for president? It's not the label a man wears, it is how he lives and treats his fellow citizens that counts. It's not the religion he embraces but how he carries out the teachings of his religion, and I'm going to vote against Herbert Hoover because he isn't big enough to tell his supporters to keep the religious issue out of the campaign."

"Well, Mr. Hoover can't be too set against Mr. Smith because he's Catholic," suggested one of the group. "Mr. Hoover was married at a Catholic Mission in California. He's supposed to be a Quaker isn't he? What does that make him? And he's going to give us a car in every garage and a chicken in every pot."

"Pah," Sarah retorted, "who's stupid enough to believe that talk? No man has a right to tell another what he can give unless he's capable of giving. Whose money will pay for the car and the chicken? Not Mr. Hoover's. I doubt if he has that much."

Settling back, Sarah kept her eyes averted in order not to see Jim and Marjory. Marjory recognizing her victory further goaded Sarah with, "I'll bet you'd even eat at the same table with a colored person?"

Sarah closed her eyes, her thin face whitened and looked

drawn with despair, "If I were blind, I wouldn't know the difference."

Another voice called gaily, "Wouldn't you like to be rich, Sarah?"

She tried to control the quiver in her voice and to squeeze back the smarting tears, "Why be rich? You eat just so much food, you can live in so many rooms and wear just so many clothes and," she stated with emphasis, "you can't take the money with you when you die."

She felt a light pressure on her arm, Jim was saying, "Sarah, you should not be so independent. Women are meant to be feminine, soft spoken and agreeable. Their duty is to make the home a haven. It is not to be outspoken and antagonistic to others."

Sarah pulled her arm away and smiled, a forced effort, but her unspoken thought was, "I've lost you, haven't I, Jim?"

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

The October sunset was brilliant, the leaves of the oaks and maples, freshly fallen reflected its golden red hues. Sarah stepped sprightly, her head high, she inhaled deeply the crisp air heavily laden with the rich pungent odor of autumn fires. When she turned onto the side street leading home, she glanced about, seeing no one near, she stepped into the gutter and scuffed noisily through the deep accumulation of fallen leaves.

"I'm walking through gold," she exulted, then as she spied a pedestrian, she stepped quickly back to the sidewalk and continued sedately to the front door.

A spicy, meaty aroma of her mother's favorite dinner dish permeated the air. She sniffed in appreciation. The clatter of stove covers and slam of the oven door startled her.

Ma Atkins must have been up for some time to prepare such a meal and Sarah was surprised. For the past year, Mrs. Atkins had spent much time either lying down or rocking slowly, fretting because she was invalided with a heart condition. Even Peter's visits had to be curtailed. He came only when Sarah could watch him. She was concerned now, and didn't stop to remove her coat, but walked rapidly into the kitchen.

Mrs. Atkins was checking the oven.

"Ma!" Sarah exclaimed, "You're doing too much."

"Oh, Sarah, I'm so relieved about my heart that I could dance a jig." She shuffled her feet quickly and curtsied.

"Don't, Ma," begged Sarah.

Mrs. Atkins sat down and smoothed her apron with trembling hands, "Dr. Larson was in today. He told me they've discovered

a medicine that can be used for my heart condition and I can be almost well again. At least I can go up and down small flights of stairs and walk distances.”

“That’s good news, Ma.”

“He’d been to a clinic in Boston and the specialists lectured on this new medicine and he hurried right down to tell me. He’s so thoughtful.” Mrs. Atkins began to roll her hands in her apron, then took them out and examined them, “I’ll not have to worry about the nails getting black now. That was the sign to watch for, you know.”

“Let’s get supper on the table while it’s hot, Ma, and we can talk.” Sarah removed her coat and began to help with the food.

As they sat down, Mrs. Atkins explained, “After Dr. Larson left, Bess Williams dropped in. I was glad to see her and tell her the good news.”

The restful warmth of the stove heat, the nourishing food and the wealth of news to exchange and discuss relaxed Sarah completely. She smacked her lips, “That’s blue plate cooking Ma, I feel so good I could shout.”

Ma Atkins settled back in her chair, her usually pale face still flushed with excitement, “We’re lucky, Sarah to have all this and now the good news of my health.” A frown settled on her forehead, the feathery eyebrows gathered in a perplexed pucker, “Sarah, whatever gave you the courage to get us out of the Court, I’ll never know. Having Bess in today brought back memories of those dark, dreary rooms and cluttered yards. Bess is so discouraged. Lester is having spells and mumbles to himself most of the time. His boss at the Town Yards has let him go.”

Mrs. Atkins looked at Sarah and then continued, “Bess wondered if you’d call the boss and see what you could do to get him back to work. She thinks because you work at the paper you could help.”

Sarah was irritated, “Why do people always want someone else to look out for them? Bess should do her own asking. She could go over to the yards and explain the situation.”

“I did wrong then,” Ma Atkins plucked her apron and kept her head averted. “I told Bess you’d ask him.” She raised her head and declared defiantly, “You could just as well as not with

no harm done."

"Perhaps," Sarah agreed, "but it's Bess' problem, I'll drop in to see her and explain she'll get farther with the boss and win his sympathy more if she makes her own appeal."

Relieved that something would be done, Mrs. Atkins sighed, "That'll be good, Sarah, it'll help, I know."

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It was late morning, October 29, 1929, when Mrs. Drake making her usual breathless entrance, hastened to her desk. She fairly bristled with excitement.

She waved to her father, "I'm out of breath. I'm shocked. Haven't you heard?"

Mr. Harte asked quietly, "Heard, Dee?"

"Why the stock market crash. Everyone's talking about it. What will happen to us? Robert has most of his money in stocks. What if Robert's investment firm goes under? Oh, Father, this is awful."

"It is Dee, but perhaps it is not as disastrous as it seems."

"Perhaps not," she agreed, "when I first heard it, all I could think was, what it would mean to us. Robert might lose his position. Young Bob would not be able to go to college."

Sarah began to think about changes in the office. If the crash was as serious as Mrs. Drake thought, business would fall off and money would be scarce. Young Bob might take over her job. Sarah was apprehensive and then reminded herself, "Wait until the dust settles. Don't dream up problems," but she couldn't dismiss the anxiety that crept into her mind at Mrs. Drake's announcement.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

November, 1930 Congressman Kahl made one of his visits to the Sun-Sentinel office. Mr. Harte greeted him, "Well, Congressman, it's been quite a while since you were with us. Before the election, I believe. Give us an accounting of yourself."

Mr. Kahl took off his overcoat and sat down near the window. He had some papers in his hands and while only the desk lamps were lit, there was enough of the late afternoon daylight to read by. He shook his head, "Oh, Harte, we sure are a bungled up mess down there at the Capitol. Sometimes I wonder if it is worth the effort to fight the culprits. There's a saying, if you can't lick them, join them, but damned if I'll join them. It's up to the voters to kick me out if they don't approve what I'm doing.

"What's the snag? Isn't Hoover doing a good job? I could understand if that Al Smith was in, we might have changes, him being a Catholic."

"Hoover's a Quaker and Smith is not a Roman Catholic. I guess you'd call him an American Catholic."

"What's the difference? And what's wrong with being a Quaker?"

"Mr. Smith, it is reported, believes in that cult of the Brotherhood of Man. About the Quakers? Don't you read history, that is history before revision?" Congressman Kahl inquired. "The Quakers were driven out of Boston because of their warped beliefs, their rejection of all authority. They have a peculiar idea that they are their own authority, a light in their heart dictates their attitudes and actions. Old Hoover sits down there and listens to his own heart and those so-called intelli-

gentsias he appoints, or some one else tells him to appoint to advise him. You know, Harte, these councils, commissions and conferences made up of citizens are a menace."

Mr. Harte nodded his head, "Well, I know it. They are wheels within wheels in the government, squirreled away from the view and reach of the citizens. They influence and legislate for their kind of government which is diametrically opposite to the American form. I was invited to be a member of the Governor's council. What an array he had on that set up, mostly rejected candidates, and, as you said the intelligentsia or should I say the misnamed intelligentsia. Dee wanted me to accept, but I turned it down. Our duty is to elect the representatives to the government, then let these representatives, if they need councils and committess to advise them, choose these individuals from the duly elected representatives of the people. Unless, of course, the law calls for appointed posts. That is done with the approval and sanction of the representatives of the people. But this going out on the highways and byways and dragging rejected politicians and so called leaders, educators and clergy to advise; to form citizens' advisory councils is vicious and destructive to the American form of government.

Mr. Harte turned to Sarah, "Miss Atkins, you should be in on this. Forget what you're doing and take notes for me."

Sarah was delighted to be able to listen.

"Yes," Congressman Kahl declared, "that is a point I wanted to bring up. Hoover is calling one of those White House Conferences this month. This racket started away back in 1909 with Teddy Roosevelt. You know he was of a third party?"

Mr. Harte chuckled, "Oh yes, a hush puppy candidate."

Congressman Kahl looked puzzled, "I don't know exactly what you mean by hush puppy, but I do know that these third party candidates are always set up when the people become disillusioned. The machine that operates both the major parties, sets up a distraction or decoy."

Mr. Harte mused, "Well what about the White House Conference affair. What's wrong with it?"

"Well, for one thing, I've told you the participants are not elected by the citizens. The set-up is outside the government,

although government buildings and money are being used to promote it. Of course Congress does, to a certain extent, give approval, some legislation is introduced and the motion made and voted upon. The main objection is, that no such program should be initiated or functioning in our system.

"The first Conference concerned the dependent child. Actually the purpose is to control all activities of the child, to take away the parent's rights. This harks back, I think, to that bunch of bleeding hearts around 1820 or 30 when they succeeded in changing American education to a Universal training for a new social order. It was the same bunch that brought in the labor movement, the Working Man's Party. I think the two principal connivers were Frances Wright and Robert Dale Owen."

Sarah leaned forward, "My Great Uncle told about them in his notes." She was excited as she reported, "They planned to take the children away from the parents at an early age and prepare them for a new social order. It's true there was a Working Man's Party, too. A man by the name of Orestes Brownson tried to warn the people. He printed pamphlets and things. He said, 'The working men should not join the Party because they wouldn't gain anything, instead they would have their veins sucked by a new and more hungry swarm of demagogues.'"

"And," Congressman Kahl continued, "That Robert Dale Owen went right into our Congress to influence and initiate for a new social order. Out of that Roosevelt conference in 1909 the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor was organized. Oh, they will put forth a great many high sounding reasons for controlling the child. They already have the means of controlling his mind with the corrupted system of education based on Naturalism. Yes, the reasons for setting up this control will be presented as a benevolent desire to give children the best of everything."

The room was nearly dark. Sarah rose and turned on the overhead lights. Mr. Harte looked at his watch, and then in the congressman's direction, "How about coming out to dinner with me and continuing this session?"

“Sorry, but I must be at a meeting tonight.” He reached for his coat and started to put his notes in his pocket. “Oh, Miss Atkins, I forgot one of the important missions I had here, was to tell you about the Fish Committee Reports on Hearings being held this year. The Report should be coming out in a few months. Send down to the Committee and ask for them. You’ll find the title and address in one of those Records,” he pointed to the pile of Congressional Records on top of Mr. Harte’s desk.

He continued as he put his coat on and prepared to leave, “Harte, could you or would you start a campaign to expose the underplots of the conspiracy? So much time, effort and money is expended on the so-called communists and nazis but nothing is done to expose the creator of the radicals. Expose the misuse of the word democracy to foist the decadent, destructive philosophies upon the minds and intellect of the people. You could perform well, do a service. You have the means, your newspaper.” His voice was pleading.

Mr. Harte stood up, “I’d like to but you know my publication is a small one and there are many factions that might put me out of business if I tackled that crusade. I’d be run out of business in less than a year if I started on the intelligentsia. There’s too many right in this town who would slay me.”

Congressman Kahl took his hat from the desk, spoke dispiritedly, “Et tu Brutus,” and left.

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It was over a year since the stock market crash and the Sun-Sentinel was feeling the effect through loss of advertising and printing accounts. The Drakes moved into the Harte homestead, Robert Drake had come into the office, taking his wife’s place. Mrs. Drake felt it would be a full time task running the home and feeding three men.

Mr. Drake fretted and became short tempered. He spent much time out of the office trying to obtain business. He was a good salesman but his line had been investments. Many of the details of the office fell on Sarah. She tried to be cheerful but knew it wouldn’t be long before her pay would be reduced

although she was actually doing more work.

She didn't like to leave her mother alone so much. Peter visited sometimes and remained for the evening meal. He was nine now and active and inquisitive.

At the office, Sarah listened to the conversations and discussions between Mr. Drake and Mr. Harte. Mr. Drake spoke scathingly of the involvement in international affairs, particularly the League of Nations and Woodrow Wilson's part. The reason the subject came up was an announcement that a permanent home for the League was begun in February, at Geneva. Two million dollars of Rockefeller Foundation money going into the project. Mr. Drake argued that it was more of the one world government scheme. "Why," he declared, "when Wilson took part in the plot to set up the League, that Col. Edward Mandell House was at his right hand when he ignored the elected representatives of the people and dragged that individual with him. It's lucky we didn't get mired into the mess but American money is used now and tax free money at that! Is that moral?" he inquired of Mr. Harte.

Mr. Harte shook his head slowly, "I don't know, I just don't know why things are happening. You'll have to carry on, Robert, I'm getting too old to do much good now."

Mr. Drake leaned over and patted Mr. Harte's shoulder, "Dad, you have a lot of fight left in you and you have the wisdom. Tell me. What do you think of this Court of International Justice? There's a Carnegie Peace Palace in the Hague, I assume that Carnegie, with tax-free American dollars contributed to it. We could use some of that American money right now. Just why should tax free money be spent abroad? It's all right if they pay their share of the American taxes to do what they want with the balance but they sure enough should contribute to the USA Government first."

Mr. Harte agreed. "Yes, those tax free foundations should pay taxes, no matter where they spend their money. There should be no class legislation relieving anyone from paying for government maintenance and service. It is immoral in my opinion. But," he scratched his head, "I'm at a loss to give an opinion on what the Court of International Justice expects to

achieve.

"This much I'm sure of, the sooner we stay home and mind our own business the better off we'll be. Our nation withdrew from the rest of the world and minded its own business and let the other countries mind theirs and was getting along very well until it became entangled up that crackpot scheme of Wilson's to make the world safe for democracy. We've been swindled out of hard earned dollars besides the slaughter of our youth. We have no right to send our youth to other lands to fight. If we are attacked, who's to defend us? Oh, I know," he waved his hand in the air, "those crackpots and addleheads tell us if we fight the enemy on the land of other nations we are saving our country from destruction. Is *that* moral? Not in my book." He slapped the desk, "Will people ever think for themselves? It is so simple to see the plot to destroy us, not by warfare on our own land but wasting our resources far and wide over the world."

"Well," Mr. Drake spoke softly, changing the subject, "let's hope Mr. Hoover will get us back on the right road to recovery. The stock market crash did great harm but he wasn't to blame and he should be given a chance to show what he can do."

Mr. Harte agreed. Sarah glanced at the clock. It was nearly closing time. She looked at the pile of notes on her desk and decided to take them home.

She told herself, "If I work on them, I'll not worry about mortgage payments and taxes."

Mr. Drake asked Sarah to stay a few moments. After Mr. Harte closed the door of the office, Mr. Drake began to push papers around on his desk.

Sarah, watching him and waiting, told herself, "Bad news for you, Sarah."

It was. Mr. Drake explained that he had to cut her salary.

She couldn't speak for a moment but then said, "I'm not surprised, Mr. Drake," and turned away from him vowing resolutely not to worry or let the news upset her.

Her resolution not to worry was a good one and as she walked home she tried to keep her attention away from the problem. But in her heart she knew that there just wasn't going to be enough money to meet her taxes.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

The following Monday, during lunch hour, Sarah visited the treasurer of the Cooperative Bank. She told herself there is usually an answer to every problem but how do you know what it is until you seek it.

She had spent the entire week end trying to solve her problem. She didn't want to worry her mother. She thought of getting another position with more income, but where? Everyone or nearly everyone she knew was looking for work. Finally she decided to lay her burden before the official at the bank who had helped her with the mortgage.

A Mr. Howard received her. He was not the same official who had helped her before and this worried Sarah.

After hearing her story, he said, "Yes, we can help you, Miss Atkins."

Sarah's shoulder slumped in relief. She settled back in her chair with a sigh and remembered the oft quoted Bible verse, "Ask and ye shall receive."

Mr. Howard explained, "We'll pay the taxes for you this year and then put a claim against your equity. You have enough paid on the house to take care of the taxes but you must agree to pay the bank back."

"What do you mean equity?"

"The amount you have paid on the house is called equity and it is against this you can borrow to pay your taxes. And," he explained slowly, "if you reach a point where you will not be able to meet the whole monthly payments, we can help you with that too. We're doing this for many others who have found

themselves in a tight spot during this depression." He stood up, "Now don't worry about the taxes for a while longer at least. I'll call you when the papers are ready."

Dazedly, Sarah rose from her chair. At the door she turned, looked back and said, "You made me so happy and relieved, I forgot my manners. Thank you, again and again."

"Don't thank me personally," he told her, "thank the organization, the Cooperative Bank, that makes it possible for you to save and own your own home."

Because Sarah had not confided her worry to her mother, she could not share her relief but she returned to the office and was so light hearted and eager to pitch in with extra work, Mr. Drake looked at her. "Sarah, you're a strange person?"

"Why?"

"Saturday I reduced your salary and instead of being depressed, you're as happy as though you received a raise."

"I'm lucky to have a job," she reminded him.

She was still in a mood of exhilaration when she reached home that evening. Mrs. Atkins sat at the kitchen table with the Boston paper spread in front of her. She pointed to the death column and asked, "Is this notice of Mrs. Frederick Standish's death, the mother of that young man, Paul, you know?"

"Yes, Ma, and it's a blessing for Paul. She was senile and couldn't be left alone. But he wouldn't have her put away. More to his credit, I suppose, but it's been hard for him. The undertaker came in to place a notice for the funeral. He was a friend of Paul's father."

"Well, he certainly deserves credit for his devotion." Mrs. Atkins nodded her head in approval. "Are you going to the funeral parlor?"

"I should go, Ma. It's respect to the dead. Will you go with me?"

"Yes, I'd like to. You never brought him to the house and I'd like to meet him," Ma Atkins gently chided Sarah.

"He didn't have much free time," Sarah explained weakly, knowing that, had an invitation been extended, Paul would have moved heaven and earth to accept.

The funeral parlor was pathetically lonely. Paul was sitting

near the casket. Sarah and Mrs. Atkins were the only visitors. When Paul looked up to greet them and realized who they were, he fairly sprang from the chair, both hands outstretched, his face eager, his eyes widened.

"Gee, Sarah, I'm glad you came."

Sarah had extended her hand in sympathy. He searched for her other hand and held them both.

Ma Atkins stood quietly, then decided she was ignored long enough. "I'm Sarah's mother, Paul."

Sarah dislodged her hands from Paul's and pulled her mother toward her, "Yes, this is my mother, Paul. She's wanted to meet you for a long time."

Paul smiled shyly, "It's a, it's a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Atkins."

"We're sorry to learn of your mother's death," Sarah told him. "you'll miss her."

Mrs. Atkins nodded in assent.

They sat down. Paul smiled fixedly at Sarah, starting quickly when a question was directed to him. Most of his conversation was a repetition of the sentence, "Sarah, I'm glad you came," followed by a silence and then a hurried addition, "I'm glad to meet your mother, too."

As they stood up to leave, Mrs. Atkins straightened her shoulders, cleared her throat and with a hasty look at Sarah, said, "Paul, will you come Sunday for supper?"

Sarah chuckled, "You'll get prunes, tea, doughnuts and bread and butter. If you don't like them, you'd better stay home and come after supper."

Paul looked at Sarah and then at Mrs. Atkins. "Thank you, I'll come Sunday."

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

With the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the most universal comment was, "Now watch what the Democrats can do. The Republicans have certainly made a mess of the country."

Mr. Drake's opinion was, that, given a little more time President Hoover would have corrected conditions. Mr. Drake, a Republican, had no hope whatever for the country when a Democrat was elected.

When the Bank Holiday was declared, March 6, 1933, Mr. Drake laid the whole blame on the Democratic Party. Sarah felt it was useless to argue that the man had been in office only two days and such a short period could scarcely account for the multitude of bank failures that made the holiday necessary.

The morning the news came there was little work accomplished at the Sun-Sentinel. Speculation ran high as to the cause and effect of the holiday. A steady stream of merchants, civic leaders and politicians filed in and out of the office asking for information and discussing the predicament. Some said if Roosevelt hadn't taken the step, the country would have been in complete ruin. Others vowed he had created undue panic. There were ugly rumors that some of the officials within the banks and some in Washington, close to the executive office were warned ahead and drew their own money out and had it in safe keeping. Stories of representatives and senators borrowing lunch money from newsboys and taxi-drivers were told to discredit that Washington knew in advance of the holiday. It was a serious crisis.

Sarah sat at her desk, listening to the pros and cons. Mr. Drake said he hoped for the best, but was doubtful Sarah wished there was some way to learn the truth for no one seemed to be able to understand the situation or to determine if the holiday was for the best. She had only \$30.00 in the bank and if it were lost she could be grateful that it wasn't a larger sum. The Cooperative Bank where she had her mortgage had not been affected so far.

Many banks failed. People not only lost their money but their homes, too. With savings gone, they had no way of meeting their obligations.

"It was all Hoover's fault," was the hue and cry, "he could have done something to avert the catastrophe." For catastrophe it was. The stock market crash at the beginning of his administration and the Bank Holiday at the end.

The years between were lean, too.

Sarah decided she would never be an economist for she couldn't understand the reasoning. Appropriations were cut but taxes were still high. There was nothing to show for savings but figures. Someday, she ruefully admitted there'll be a reckoning of ruin. She hoped she would never see it.

The first Fireside Chat by the President was broadcast on March 12, 1933. Afterwards, Sarah told her mother, "I hope he means all he says. It sounds too good." She was aware of human weaknesses, instability, poverty and hopelessness and she pondered the promises the President had made.

Ma Atkins nodded her approval of the Chat.

"Things look brighter, Sary."

The room was silent. Mrs. Atkins dozed.

Sarah remembered her early decision to face life as she would tackle an algebra problem. But that was on the assumption that a person was responsible for his own individual success or failure. With the President's statement that government should help the people Sarah backtracked on her own theory. We may be created equal but can people help being what they are? The new idea of the President stimulated an opposite idea. She thought, "Can people help being what they are? Should they be helped by the government?" She remembered her father, her

brother Warren, Lester Loomer and Bess Williams. Would they have been different if they had help? "Or," she reasoned, "would government help weaken the individual's ability to solve his own problems? Would people shift their responsibilities to the government?"

Sarah remembered the repeated admonitions of her Grandmother, "Make the most of what you have. You are what you make yourself. There's a solution to every problem somewhere. Your education is the best investment you can make in life."

With the memory of this advice, Sarah still weighed the words of President Roosevelt and decided that there were ways to help people, such as the Red Cross, the churches, service and community groups.

President Roosevelt had promised the country a New Deal and in the state we're in now, Sarah decided, "We certainly need it."

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The office telephone interrupted Sarah. It was Ma Atkins asking her to bring home extra groceries.

"Paul dropped in this morning," she related excitedly, "and he's coming to supper. He said he has something to tell you."

"Don't get excited and worked up," Sarah counselled her mother.

She purchased the extra groceries her mother had ordered and surveyed the small amount of change in her purse ruefully for it meant going without something the end of the week. If the extra expense brought joy to her mother, it was money well spent and Sarah tried to think of how she could save to make up the difference.

When she reached home, Mrs. Atkins was in a flurry of preparation. The table was set in the dining room, hot baking powder biscuits were mounded on a plate at one end.

Flushed, breathless, Ma Atkins' face showed intense curiosity, "I'm so anxious to know what Paul wants to tell you. Aren't you Sarah?" Disappointed at Sarah's amused silence, "I declare, Sarah Atkins, I'll never understand you. I should think

you'd be pleased to have Paul come and be interested in what he has to say."

"I am, Ma, but there's no sense in running up my blood pressure." She stopped smiling and cautioned, "You be careful, Ma. Even with the medicine, you can hurt yourself with excitement and flurry."

Mrs. Atkins turned back to the kitchen, muttering, "Worry about you acting unnatural upsets me the most."

Paul arrived and Sarah met him at the door. Mrs. Atkins came from the kitchen.

"Hello, Paul, we're glad to have you with us."

Paul turned and looked at Sarah hoping perhaps for a similar welcome.

She echoed, "Yes, Paul, we are so pleased to have you."

Grinning boyishly, Paul groped at his tie and then endeavored to smooth down the cowlick with the palm of his hand. "It's sure swell to be here."

At the table, Mrs. Atkins kept plying him with food, and casting a frown of disapproval in Sarah's direction.

Sarah realized her mother wanted her to be more effusive but she couldn't. She looked at Paul's happy countenance and wondered what she would do if it was Jim sitting there. Her face sobered, her eyes half closed she remembered Jim's dark, lean face, his ready quips, the set of his shoulders and the quickness of his lithe hands. "Would she have been satisfied with Paul if she had never known Jim? Could she have encouraged Paul and been happy in his company if she had never met Jim?" Sarah, as usual answered these questions herself. Paul never appealed to her in high school and trudged along as he did, irked her while Jim was challenging and appealing. Sarah thought of one of the latest love songs, the phrase, 'he sends me' and she knew that poor Paul didn't have the power to thrill her while Jim's presence did.

"Paul's speaking to you, Sarah," Mrs. Atkins called sharply then explained to Paul, "Sarah's always day dreaming."

His own expression, benign, Paul replied, "Yes, I know. I liked to watch her face when she was day dreaming in high school. She was happy all the time and I wondered what she

was thinking.”

Sarah laughed, glad that Paul and her mother couldn't read her mind. “Forget me. What about you, Paul?”

His face sobering, Paul toyed with the spoon on the tablecloth. “I'm leaving town within a few days.”

“Where're you going?” Mrs. Atkins asked the question.

“One of my instructors at school recommended me for a position at a laboratory in Chicago. He said it was some sort of secret government work, related in some way to security.”

“Won't they tell you anything about it?” Sarah was skeptical.

“No, only that because of my work in chemical engineering or rather my training and performance in my school work, I was highly recommended,” he flushed, “I don't think I'm that good.”

Mrs. Atkins spoke rapidly, “Well, if you weren't good, they wouldn't recommend you.” She turned to Sarah, “Now, would they, Sarah?”

“We'll miss you, Paul,” Sarah told him. She felt sorry for him, he seemed to be undecided about the work, his mind not fully settled. She couldn't think of anything more appropriate to say at the moment.

Ma Atkins nodded, “Yes, Paul we'll miss you.”

“Gee, will you really?” Paul's voice shook with eagerness. “Will you write to me? I'd like to get mail.”

“Sarah'll write to you.” Mrs. Atkins' voice had a final note which defied Sarah to deny the statement, “And I'll write to you too.” She settled back in her chair and glared at Sarah.

Sarah chuckled, wiped her mouth with the napkin, folded it methodically and asked, “What'll you do with your home?”

“I'm renting for a year. One of the men who does the repair work at the Hall is going to live there. There's just he and his wife. Of course I didn't charge him much rent, just enough to cover the taxes and expenses. My room will be kept for me and I can stay there whenever I'm in Baldwin.”

He continued, “The lawyer who took care of mother's affairs will handle things for me. I trust him.” He smiled, “Mother wouldn't though. She didn't even trust me with the financial business. We lived on the rent of a small house she owned and

what I could earn. Our expenses were not heavy." He stopped and then apologized, "I've talked too much. You'll think I'm bragging, but," he defended, "I'm not really. I wanted to tell you how good my father was. He made solid investments. Mother didn't have to be so mindful of money, but I guess it was because when she was young, they saved together and she just kept up the habit."

Ma Atkins, her hands folded in her napkin, sat rapt at Paul's recital and Sarah knew her mother would remind her what a good catch Paul would be. She looked at Paul's serious face and wondered why she couldn't like him the way she did Jim.

A week later, Sarah had to reconcile herself to forgetting Jim Stuart. An announcement of the marriage of Marjory Haskins and James Stuart arrived by mail and when Sarah read it she felt sad, telling herself, "Now you won't have the dreams of Jim to brighten the difficult days."

CHAPTER THIRTY

It was a cold, dark, dreary day in February of 1934, when the news of Caleb Carter's death was relayed to the Sun-Sentinel Office. Mr. Harte held the telephone in his hand after he put the receiver on the hook. Sarah noticed his expression, "Are you all right?" She was concerned.

"Yes, yes," Mr. Harte released the telephone. He moved his swivel chair slowly and gazed out the window. "Our ranks are thinning out."

Sarah shivered and glanced across the street. The drug store was open and she knew there would be hot coffee. She reached for her coat and head scarf, "I'm going to get some coffee for you."

Mr. Harte looked at her, his face drawn and his shoulders slumped, "I'll appreciate that, Miss Atkins. Get a cup for yourself, too. I'll have to start making arrangements for the Grand Army Services." He spoke gently, "That's my job, you know."

Two days later, Sarah went down to the Grand Army Hall where Mr. Carter was laid out. As she stood in front of the coffin, she felt a rush of misty pictures in her mind. Mr. Carter wore his blue Grand Army uniform and the peaked hat. His countenance was calm. Even in death, Sarah felt the strength of a dominant spirit who had fought a good fight to save his country. She remembered Mr. Harte telling her that the Civil War was not fought over slavery but States' Rights; to preserve the nation.

She uttered a short prayer, "Dear Lord, thank Thee for giving me the opportunity to know this man and to appreciate his crusade for what is right and good. He taught me much and his dedication to the nation is an inspiration."

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Two weeks later a clerk from the law firm handling Mr. Carter's estate came into the Sun-Sentinel with a box. Mr. Carter had left instructions that the box was to be delivered to Miss Atkins. He apologized, "We had to open and examine it because if it contained anything of value it would have to be included in the accounting of the estate. It is just books and notes and two personal letters to Miss Atkins."

Sarah was curious and took one letter. Excited, her hands trembled as she opened it and read:

Dear Miss Atkins:

I had hoped to deliver these books to you in person but due to advanced age, I am now confined to the house. In the event of my death they will be delivered to you. It was my desire to leave you some money but with the banks closing, much of my savings were lost and what little I had left has gone to pay for my care and the care of my home. I may be in debt when I go.

It is sad to know how much has happened to our Great Republic. This selection of Franklin D. Roosevelt to become the head of the nation was the greatest mistake the people ever made. He is a pawn of the plotters for a world government and a super egoist besides. I really believe that he was baited with the promise that when, and the Lord grant it never comes to pass, world government is achieved, he, Franklin D. Roosevelt will be the first President of the world.

I cannot recount all his evil acts but the most atrocious, in my opinion is the recognition of the unlawful government of Russia. If the Russian people want a government such as they have now, that is their

right, but we do not have to elevate and exalt the evil by recognizing it as an honorable state. We do not have to war with it, except to defend our liberties, neither do we have to accept it. It is an outlaw and we should treat it as an outlaw; withdraw all contact from it; allow it to exist but in no way aid to its existence. This is a crude example to give but it is just about the most expressive of my feelings.

If one, walking along the sidewalk encounters a dropping from a canine, does an intelligent person step on it? Of course not; he or she will circumvent it. If the person is a responsible individual he will consign it to the sewer grating. So must we with the outlaw governments, let them exist, but consign them to a position where they can not contaminate or despoil others. By our recognition of Russia we give the impression to the rest of the world that it is a lawful organization and should be acceptable to others.

So it is with those, who under the guise of religious freedom contaminate and despoil societies with their cults and sects. The Freethinkers, the Ethical Culturists, the Humanists, the Modernists. Their "droppings" in society befoul the minds of the uninformed and uneducated. The "democracy cult" your Great Uncle exposes is the most dangerous today. It has carved deeply into the fabric of our nation's patterns and I doubt if the scars will ever heal or be eradicated.

Please note on page 67 of the FISH COMMITTEE REPORT #2290 which is included in the material I am giving you. It is the "Individual Views of John E. Nelson, Early Revolutionaries and Their Aims." He substantiates your Great Uncle's documentation that the history of the conspiracy to change Moral Order to a Social Order began with Plato. I repeat his opening statement, "From Plato to the present every age has had its intransigents."

I am nearing the end of the trail but not wearying of the battle. I think of Daniel Webster's example and try

to follow him. He said:

“I shall exert every faculty I possess in aiding to prevent the Constitution from being nullified, destroyed or impaired; and, even though I should see it fall, I will still, with a voice feeble, perhaps, but earnest as ever issued from human lips and with fidelity and zeal, which nothing shall extinguish, call on the people to come to its rescue.”

It is a source of solace to be able to pass along this material to you. As did your Great Uncle; I echo his wish, “Carry the torch, Sarah Atkins!”

Sarah sat quietly with the letter in her hand. She felt a strengthening through her body and knew she would “carry the torch.”

.....

Early spring added another burden to Sarah. The depression was felt on all sides. Mr. Drake told her he would be obliged to either cut her hours of working time or cut her salary. Either way her wages would be reduced again. He seemed to be weary when he told her, “I just can’t help it, Sarah, it’s all I can do to keep the office open.”

Sarah went to Mr. Harmon to see if she could get part time work. He was anxious to help but said his business was bad too. “However, maybe you could come for a couple of hours Saturday and Sunday evenings and we’ll see if we can work out something.”

On her arrival home full of optimism that the small amount she would earn could be used toward paying the taxes on the house, she found her mother weeping. “Oh, Sarah, I don’t know what you’re going to say,” she wailed, “but what could I do. What could I do?”

Sarah sat down suddenly, “What on earth has happened? What are you talking about?”

“Warren lost his job. He can’t pay his rent and was ordered to move. I told him they could come here.”

"Who's going to pay the extra bills? The food, lights and gas?" Sarah shouted and burst into tears.

"What else could I do? They have to live somewhere."

Sarah wiped her eyes and thought, "Wasting tears over Warren Atkins! He will never amount to anything. He never has. We have to think of Peter."

Warren, Sybil and Peter arrived one evening after Sarah returned home. She had to arrange to have her mother sleep in her room, Peter in her mother's room; Warren and Sybil would use the couch in the living room. It made into a double bed.

Sarah wondered where there would be room for their luggage and Peter's belongings. Luckily his could be stowed in his small quarters and she made space in the small hall closet for Warren and Sybil's. Warren grumbled, "A man and his wife should have privacy. And what's all this mess of books and junk here in the living room. Where can we sit with it around?"

Mrs. Atkins intervened, "That mess in the living room is Sarah's files and it will stay there whether you like it or not. Some of it is Great Uncle John David Barr's legacy and it is valuable and important and it would please me if you do not disturb any of it. I know Sarah will try to rearrange it to make room for you.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

The following winter Mr. Drake spoke of seeking work elsewhere. Mr. Harte seldom came to the office. Business was slow and Mr. Drake felt that if his wife came in part time she could run the business with Sarah and young Bob helping and they could keep going.

Sarah said she would accept the added responsibility. She considered herself fortunate to have a steady position.

Before the change was made Mr. Harte died.

Congressman Kahl came to Baldwin to attend the funeral. It was a solemn affair. Even the Town Hall was closed for a two hour period in respect to the man who served for more than half a century as editor and publisher of the weekly paper.

The next morning Mr. Kahl came into the office. He greeted Mr. Drake, "I'll miss your father-in-law. He understood what was in the frying pan down there in Washington. Guess it was because he was through so much, Civil War and all." He put his hat on the counter and scratched his ear. Mr. Drake motioned to a nearby chair, "Sit down and give me a report."

Congressman Kahl sighed, "Well, I guess the best way I can describe the situation is to recall a saying, 'I don't know where we're going, but we're on our way'. The whole shebang is so doped and duped with Democracy they pick up any idea and go along with President Roosevelt's New Deal. Seems more like a raw deal to me."

He motioned toward Sarah, "I wanted to tell this young woman about another hearing down in Congress. This is an investigation of Nazi propaganda by a Special Committee on

Un-American Activities with Rep. John W. McCormack as chairman.

“Miss Atkins, you should write to Congressman McCormack for the report of the Hearings. These investigations are good but they only skim the surface of the intrigue and subversion. Instead of spending so much time investigating Nazi propaganda they should hold hearings to investigate the propaganda and plots of the subversives operating right in our Capitol. Look at this volume,” he passed a green covered book to Sarah. “This is where more devilry and debasement will occur than what is being investigated now.”

Sarah reached for the book. It was the White House Conference, Child Health and Welfare, 1930. Congressman Kahl continued, “Oh, and here’s a recent list of members of the Satanical Council on Foreign Relations that Carter used to keep tabs on. Note the chairman and principal speaker of the White House Conference was Ray Lyman Wilbur, secretary of the Interior. He’s a member of the Council on Foreign Relations.” Kahl turned to Mr. Drake.

“Doesn’t it strike you strange that the head of the Interior Department of the country should be chosen to head up a Conference on Child Health and Welfare? I think that was because the Office of Education was a part of the Department of the Interior. It’s a strange set-up no matter how you look at it. Another CFR affiliate in an important post of government. It would seem logical that whoever was heading the Department of Education should have been chairman of the White House Conferences.

“And look,” Congressman Kahl pointed out in the Conference report. “Here’s William H. Kilpatrick a Ph.D., and Rev. Daniel A. Poling, a minister who is doing something on radio.” He closed his eyes and seemed to be meditating, “That Poling rings a bell somewhere. Didn’t Carter have him marked?”

Sarah remembered Mr. Carter telling her that Poling was involved in some way with the 1922 set-up of The International Council on Religious Education but she tried to remember another piece of information. She scowled, concentrating on the name, Daniel A. Poling. She smiled, “Oh, I remember,

Poling was tied in with Inter-Church Movement. That is the ecumenical debacle where they are trying to destroy all religion and set up a world church that will be neither fish nor fowl as my grandmother would say."

Congressman Kahl stood up to leave when Mr. Drake asked, "Are there any positions in government down in Washington?"

"There are plenty of places in those bureaucratic agencies. If you want me to get a list of some, I'll be glad to oblige. You could apply. I'll give you the names of the ones in charge and you can write directly to him or her."

Mr. Drake said he would be interested, "This paper is not making any money and I do need additional income. I can swallow my pride and mingle with the Democrats."

"You'll find a place, I know," Congressman Kahl told him. He hesitated and then added, "I'm going to run again in '36 but feel that there will be tough competition. I'll not give up as long as the people want me to serve. It's up to them. I'll do my best."

As he was leaving, he told Sarah, "Be sure and send down for the Hearings. It is wise to learn what is going on and track the subversives, and no doubt, McCormack's committee will expose some. The New York Lusk Reports have helped; so did the Fish Committee in unearthing much, including some of the individuals and organizations who are working with the subversives and are willing tools in the schemes. You can't blame them too much. It is the colleges that condition them to accept the bait. They're brainwashed. They come out with degrees and think they know everything. This subversive influence isn't confined to the radicals we read about. It creeps into every single section of our society, journalistic, economic, the churches and libraries. I hope the day will come when the Congressional Committees will be set up to investigate the Council on Foreign Relations, the Federal Council of Churches and the National Education Association." He smiled, raised his hand in a salute and closed the door quietly behind him.

Sarah recalled his reference to her as a young woman. "Young, nothing," she told herself, "you're over thirty and you look and feel it, too. Maybe you feel old because you are aware

of the burden you must bear in fighting the evil around you.”

The office was quiet until Mr. Drake spoke, “Miss Atkins, pass me that little booklet he gave you. You said Caleb Carter was interested in that set-up, Council on Foreign Relations. It’s new to me.”

She passed him the pamphlet and then turned to the White House Conference Report.

“Humm,” Mr. Drake spoke slowly, “Will you look at the big-wigs here?” The two Dulles Brothers, Allen W. and John Foster. They’ve held government posts since around 1915. They were in diplomatic positions all over the world no matter what party was in office. Kind of bears out what Mr. Harte used to claim, no matter what party was elected the same crew operated both. What did Caleb Carter say about the Council?”

“I can’t recall his exact appraisal,” Sarah told him, “but I assumed from his statements, it was not working for the best interests of the country. Some very suspect individuals were connected with it. I think he did trace some of the affiliates back to 1903 when the Religious Education Association was set up. And, he did say the top men in 1918, when the CFR was set up were affiliated with the Federal Council of Churches. And, too, many of the Foundations have affiliates of the REA as well as CFR. My Great Uncle said the REA, the Religious Education Association, should be called the Radical Engineering Apparatus.”

Mr. Drake continued to study the pamphlet, “I’d like to know something about this bunch in case I do get a position in Washington. I wouldn’t want to get tangled up with them and their plots. From the way Kahl speaks, you cannot detect the real purpose in their ideas and issues. Double talk would be a good way to describe their schemes.”

He passed the pamphlet back to Sarah and began to clean out his desk drawers. “I’ve made up my mind, Miss Atkins, I’m going to seek a position in government. It’ll be against my best wishes because I would rather work with a Republican administration, but I have no choice. I know you and Mrs. Drake can manage without me.” He smiled a wry smile. “You did before I came.”

So Mr. Drake left the newspaper and took up work in Washington.

There was no talk about adding to Sarah's salary and the moratorium the bank had given on mortgage payments would run out soon. Mr. Harmon had hired a new man and told Sarah he couldn't afford her any longer for the week ends.

She was sitting on the edge of her bed reviewing the events at the office and the year since Warren and Sybil had moved into the house. "I've had many a squeeze and I've survived thus far." She dug her toe into the scatter rug watching the plush-like fabric bend down and then, when she removed her foot, the long threads slowly went back into position. Repeatedly she pressed her toe into various spots and amazedly announced aloud, "Why no matter how hard I press the rug or how long it stays under pressure, it comes right back in place."

"Sarah," she lectured aloud, "you can do the same. If a little old rug can be bent forward flat by pressure and take its position to pattern, so can you take your old bowed head and hold it up again."

A faint scratching on her door caused her to stop and listen. Peter, on the other side, whispered, "I heard you talking, Sarah, can I come in?"

She opened the door quickly and beckoned him inside. "You know you can always come and talk to me."

His dark, thin face brightened, throwing his head back to shake the long black hair off his forehead, he grinned, "You're swell, Sarah and I love you."

To hide her confusion in the suddenness of Peter's declaration she drew his head to hers. "You're a good boy and I love you, too."

Soberly, he sat beside her, "Do you really think so? That I'm good? Father says I'm a worry and a care to him and mother. I'm noisy and he told me today I'll have to go to work soon. That means I'll not go to college or high school even. I want to go to college and be a big shot."

Sarah sat through his recital, indignant, but she spoke soothingly, "Don't worry about high school and college, Peter. You'll get there and there's plenty of time to plan. As for being

a big shot because you go to college, we'll discuss that when you are older. Whatever, you are, big or little," she patted his head gently, "be true to yourself, do the best you know how and be clean in your thoughts and your person."

"I'm going to try to find some work after school. I won't be delivering papers, though, Father says I can't do that kind of work. If I had a bike I could deliver packages or run errands. Do you have any extra money?" he asked timidly.

"I have fifty cents. Is that enough?"

He nodded quickly and took the money and tiptoed from the room.

Looking down at her feet, Sarah felt lonely, "I should be happy but the room is emptier than before he came in. She went to the dresser and brushed her hair and patted some powder on her nose and went into the kitchen to begin the evening meal. Her mother was sitting at the oven. There were traces of tears on her cheek but Sarah refrained from saying anything. She knew from experience it was better to wait until her mother opened the conversation, especially if there was something amiss.

"I'm not complaining, Sarah," Mrs. Atkins began to sob softly, "but it's always something. Warren says we should have the house warmer this winter and that means more coal." She looked at Sarah, who was about to speak, and went on hurriedly, "The doctor says I have to have a tonic and that means more expense. Were you going to say something, Sarah?" she asked.

"No, I'm thinking," Sarah said bitterly, and thought, "Warren says, Warren wants, everytime I turn about it's Warren." She bit her lip to keep from exploding and saying what was on the tip of her tongue, "Why doesn't Warren get out and get work before I lose my reason?"

"And Peter needs a bike. He wants to work doing errands or delivery work," Ma Atkins continued.

"Is that all that's on your mind this evening, Mrs. Atkins? You may as well spill it all and get it over with and then I'll have a complete picture and know how to face the problems or how to pick money off trees or out of the gutters on my way

home from work." Sarah ended with a laugh.

"It's not a laughing matter, Sarah," Mrs. Atkins wailed, "I worry all the time."

Sobered by her mother's outburst, Sarah reached for her tea, exclaiming, "Ah, a good hot cup of tea is a tonic. Let me drink it and then we can settle our problems."

Finally she set the cup in its saucer and settled back. "I have an answer, Ma. But you be quiet until I've had my say for I know you are going to object. You have your insurance policy paid up and if I remember it's for five hundred dollars. Now, we can cash that in, we won't get the whole five hundred of course, only the cash-in value but it will be money. We can buy the winter's supply of coal, Peter's bike, pay this year's taxes and get a few things we really need if there's any left over. What do you say to that?"

"It sounds easy, but what if I die? How'll you bury me? That money was for my last sickness and burial. Are you through? I suppose there's no other way," Mrs. Atkins stood up smoothing her apron.

"Yes, I'm finished. Let's clear the dishes and go into the living room and listen to the radio." It was Warren's radio. "I suppose I should thank him for the use of it." Another thought whispered, "If I didn't have to feed him, I could buy one of my own."

.....

It was early April. Mrs. Atkins complained of being weary. Sarah had to take over more and more of the household work and coupled with her increased duties at the office she felt physically drained. She called Dr. Larson and he came to see Mrs. Atkins.

His face was grave after examining Mrs. Atkins heart and chest. "I'm afraid, Mrs. Atkins, we're going to have to keep you in bed for a few weeks. You've been over doing."

"What will Sarah do now? Sybil isn't well and can't do anything around the house and there's the yard. Warren says he's looking for work and hasn't the time to help. Peter does help when he can," her face puckered up and her lips quivered.

She looked at Dr. Larson.

Dr. Larson put his hand on Mrs. Atkins wrist and said slowly and distinctly, "Warren is either going to have to get work and move or go on legitimate welfare." He frowned, "I mean the Town's welfare list, he's been on your welfare long enough."

"Oh, we can't just put him out," Mrs. Atkins turned to Sarah. "Can we?"

Dr. Larson interrupted, "Something has to give in this household and the only solution is to tell him he will have to establish his home elsewhere. Sarah here isn't getting any younger. And," he inquired, "just why should she have to support him and his family for the rest of their lives?"

He picked up his satchel. Sarah followed him to the front door. "Is mother's condition serious?"

"Yes, Sarah, it is, but with care and quiet, she can live a long time. She can even lead a fairly normal life. Don't deprive her of performing small duties; no heavy work of course. Let her do things for you. It gives her a sense of satisfaction."

Mrs. Atkins sighed when Sarah came into the room, "Will you tell Warren he has to go? I just can't bring myself to do it."

"Yes, I'll do it. We won't say anything about the expenses. We'll confine it to what the doctor said. You need your own room, too, if you are to be bed-bound for a while."

Sarah sensed a suppressed excitement when Warren and Sybil sat down to eat. Sybil seemed animated, her cheeks were flushed and her eyes brighter than usual. Warren began to toy with the fork at his place.

"Tell her," Sybil's voice was raised in excitement.

Warren straightened his shoulders. "We're moving out Saturday."

Sarah clutched the edge of the table. "You're moving out?" She hoped the relief in her face didn't show.

"Yes," Warren said slowly but with a measured tone, "I was offered a good job and I'm taking it and getting a place of our own. That's where we were today, looking at a house.

"Bu-u-t," stuttered Sarah, "but where are you going to work?"

"Donaldson, who bought Luke Emery's funeral home on

Main Street, offered me a job as an assistant. Of course I don't know much about that line but he said if I wanted to come in, he would show me and later send me to some place in Boston where I could learn the ropes. I'll do all 'round work. He said he knew I was acquainted with the town and the townspeople. He's new here, you know. And," he nodded to Sybil, "maybe if the business picks up good, Sybil will come in and work with me as a lady assistant."

Sybil was beaming, "Yes, we could team up and work together."

Sarah wanted to rush into her mother's room to bear the news but Peter came in breathless and slid into his chair, "I'm starved, Sarah. What's for supper?" She started for the stove and turned to Warren, "Tell Peter your good news." As soon as she served Peter his plate she went into her mother's room.

Her voice was a low whisper, "Oh, Ma, I didn't have to tell Warren to leave. He told me he's going to leave Saturday. Warren will tell you the story himself."

She hurried back to the table and smiled, "Warren, you can tell Ma your good news but do not excite her. Dr. Larson was here to see her this afternoon and she must rest in bed for a few weeks." She felt as though she was walking on balloons as she cleared the table and washed the supper dishes. She looked around the little house, thinking, "Oh, it'll be like heaven to have our home all to ourselves again."

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

Peter would graduate from Junior High, June, 1935. Since Warren had moved his family in April, Peter stopped by often to visit and help with the chores around the house. Sarah paid him and he earned some money from others doing yard work.

One Saturday, after he'd finished pruning the shrubbery, he stopped to visit with his aunt. "Just think, Sarah, I'll be going to high school next fall."

Sarah nodded, then asked, "Do your teachers tell you that the United States of America is a democracy?"

"Sure, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't, Peter. But years ago when I told my teacher she was wrong, she nearly failed me in Civics. So don't question your teachers."

"How'll I find out what it is, then?"

"Some evening you come over and I'll explain our government to you."

Peter averted his face and traced a design in the earth with the pruning shears. "If they tell us that lie, what other lies are they telling us? What can we believe?"

"I can only say, if you know the truth about our government, you'll be able to determine for yourself what's wrong."

"Well, we've been studying about communism. Is that all right?"

"You should learn about your own government before you study others. Has your teacher ever told you about the Congressional Records? How to read them?"

"No, what are they, anyway?"

"It is the daily record of what goes on down in the Congress. I never heard about them either until I worked at the newspaper office. Although I think Great Uncle John Barr had some. And there's another thing, in class did you ever hear about Sophism or Sophistry?"

Peter shook his head, "No, what is it?"

"It is philosophy. The Bible warns about philosophy. Haven't you learned about that in Sunday School?"

"Gee whiz, Sarah, this is all new to me. Should I know about such things?"

The sun was warm and Sarah brushed the perspiration from her forehead, "Yes, Peter. I learned them when I was about fourteen. You're thirteen and it's time to start thinking of those things."

"What does the Bible say about philosophy?"

"I would have to look up the place in Colossians. As I recall it is 'Beware lest any man deceive you with philosophy and vain deceit'. Look up Sophistry and Sophism in the dictionary."

Sarah continued, "Socrates, Plato, Rousseau, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thoreau and even Thomas Jefferson followed the Sophists. So did many others. Yet, they are held up as the intellectuals to imitate. They should be exposed for their sophistry instead of being elevated and glorified and created into images that would be acceptable to good society."

"Why don't they tell us, then?"

"One of the reasons is, the Sophists want to set up a society in which they will be accepted so they cover up the deeds of the Sophists. They work to develop a thinking that will make the Sophists and Sophistry acceptable. Many people read Plato and Emerson and Thoreau and consider them intellectually stimulating. Me?" Sarah laughed, "I would think they display great ignorance of history."

"Where did you learn all this?" Peter inquired curiously.

"From your Great, Great Uncle John David Barr."

"Humm," Peter mused, "guess I'd better get home now, mother will be worried."

.....

Peter graduated in June. Sarah wanted to buy him a watch

but the only gift she could afford was his suit.

"Never you mind," she told him, "when you graduate from High School you'll have a watch."

He brushed Sarah's cheek with a swift kiss and murmured, "Gee, Sarah, you're swell. Mother and Father were so solemn when I left the house, you'd think I was going to my own funeral. He stopped to kiss his Grandmother and then darted to the door in answer to a shrill whistle. "It's Joe and Freddy. They waited outside for me. Goodbye."

Sarah watched him striding down the walk. Sadly she turned back to the room and told herself, there should be tickets for old maid aunts who will never have children graduating. Later when Sarah found out that the tickets were unused because Sybil didn't want to see her little boy slipping away from her and Warren remained home to keep her company, Sarah cried, vowing, "I'll beg or steal tickets for his High School graduation."

.....

The following summer was busy. Mrs. Atkins did not respond as readily to medications and Dr. Larson confessed to Sarah, "You know, Sarah, you cannot keep her always. The heart wears out."

.....

Christmas of 1937 arrived with unusual weather. No snow had fallen for three weeks, the landscape was brown and bare and to Sarah it didn't seem like Christmas. The year had been a busy one. Her mother's health, while it did not improve, it did not grow worse. Sarah worried about her being alone in the house but the telephone was by her bedside. Mrs. Atkins once told Sarah, "You know with that 'phone right beside me, I do not worry about how I will get word to you in case I have trouble. I believe it is an insurance against getting heart attacks." Sarah too, felt relieved to know her mother would call her or Warren if she needed help.

Warren's new work occupied his time and he felt quite important to be a part of the community. Even talked of setting up his own business. The town was growing and he said, there

would be need for a third funeral home.

Christmas Day he and Sybil dropped in and brought presents to Ma Atkins and Sarah. Peter came later with his. Sarah had planned a very quiet day because of Ma Atkins' condition. Paul had written on his Christmas card that he hoped he could get a call through to them on the holiday but if he was not able to, he wanted to let them know he was thinking of them. He wrote he would plan to come to the 20th Class Reunion.

Mrs. Atkins read and re-read his card, "I think Paul is such a nice boy, oh, he isn't a boy now is he, Sarah? He's a full grown man. I don't know why I still think of him as a boy. He must be your age, Sarah and you're thirty-six. My how time flies by. Did you see what Paul said about coming back to the Class Reunion in June? How time flies! It will be twenty years since you graduated, won't it?"

About noon the florist arrived with roses for Mrs. Atkins from Paul. "He's so thoughtful," she murmured, "I hope Bess comes by, I'll show them to her."

Bess did come by. She was as elated as Mrs. Atkins and her elation shadowed the gift of flowers. Accompanying her were Helena and a slim, blond young sailor. Helena and the sailor hung back but Bess pushed them into the sitting room where Mrs. Atkins was propped up on the couch. The room was festive with the small Christmas tree, candles in the window and the huge bouquet of roses.

Bess bustled around giving orders to Helena and the young man. "You sit over there, Helena, I want to be beside Mrs. Atkins to tell her the news." She fairly bristled with importance.

When everyone was settled, Bess announced. "I have a Christmas present, a new son-in-law."

The young sailor blushed and squirmed and Helena dropped her head and looked at the mittens she held in her hands.

Bess still held the floor announcing, "This is Stephen Andrew Holesworth, my new son-in-law. Helena and Stephen eloped a month ago to Portsmouth, N.H., where he's stationed and were married. I should be angry but I'm not. Stephen is a classmate of Helena's. I never knew she was even interested in

anyone. She said they met on the sly because so many people looked down on sailors. It isn't as though they didn't know each other before. His family live right here in Baldwin," she stopped to catch her breath.

Sarah went over to Helena and kissed her cheek, "Oh, Helena, we are so glad for you." Mrs. Atkins called to Helena, "Come to me so I can kiss you, too." They both congratulated Stephen. Helena was so confused with the attention she still remained in her chair.

"Go ahead, Helena," Bess ordered, "Mrs. Atkins and Sarah are just like family to us and I'm glad they are the first ones to hear the news." She sighed audibly, "Isn't that a wonderful Christmas present?" Then she looked at the huge bouquet of roses, "Where did they come from?"

Mrs. Atkins' voice was without elation, "Oh, that Paul Standish, Sarah's friend, sent them. He's in Chicago."

Bess stood up, "We must be on our way. I'm so excited I can't sit still. We're going up to the Holesworths and then we'll come for dinner with Lester and tell the folks at the Court." She herded Helena and Stephen out of the room calling, "Have a Merry, Merry Christmas." Helena waved goodbye as they left the room.

Mrs. Atkins was quiet and finally said, "I'm glad for Bess' sake that Helena is married. How I wish you were, Sarah. When I go, you'll be alone."

"Now Ma, don't talk like that. You're going to live a long time."

"Maybe I am but I'd be much more content if I knew you were married and had some one to look out for you."

"I don't need anyone to look out for me, Mrs. Atkins," Sarah laughed, "I think I'm doing a pretty good job now."

"Don't laugh, Sarah, you aren't getting any younger and how can you work all the time? Women were supposed to be protected especially as they get older," her voice was pleading. "You know that Paul would marry you in a minute if you encouraged him. Why can't you like him? He's so good and kind and he is fine looking and so dependable. You know I was envious of Bess today, well not really envious; we should not

envy things or people, but I was wishful that Paul was my son-in-law and when she asked about the roses I could have said, those are from my son-in-law, Paul Standish.”

“I wish I could oblige, Ma, and I know Paul is good and kind and dependable but you have to have more than that to marry. I like him and consider him a good friend.”

“Couldn’t you try to like him well enough to marry him?”

“No, I doubt it, Ma. There is something about a marriage relationship that is entirely different from all others. If I felt when I was with Paul that there was no one else in the world, we were in a little world of our own and my only desire was to make him happy, then I’m sure I’d have that something that makes a marriage.”

“Did you ever feel that way about anyone else?”

“Once when I was very young but it passed. Please, Ma, don’t worry so much about me, if Mister Right comes along, I’ll let him slip the wedding band on my finger. Paul said he might come to the 20th Reunion. I think I’ll plan on going, too. It’ll be fun to see our old classmates. I wonder how many will be there?” her voice lowered, “Doris Hirsch won’t, though.”

“Why won’t she?”

“Doris died.”

“When? You never told me. Didn’t you go to her funeral?”

“It was the same time that Pa went. She had pneumonia. You remember how frail she was at graduation and she did work hard. I didn’t know anything about it. I was so occupied with Pa’s sickness I didn’t notice the deaths in the paper until after Pa’s funeral and then it was too late. I did call her mother but her sister, Lois said her mother was too ill to talk. I should have tried to help Lois but I had my problems.”

“I often wondered why you didn’t see Doris or talk about her, but classmates do drift away.”

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Mrs. Atkins wrote Paul thanking him for the Christmas roses. Her letter brought an answer the next month. He told her definitely he would be in Baldwin in June for the Reunion. He also wrote to Sarah asking her to accompany him. He wrote, “I

missed out on the Senior Prom because I asked too late, so I'm asking months ahead. You will not have an excuse this time, Miss Atkins."

Mrs. Atkins insisted that Sarah write immediately, "Oh, Sarah, it'll be such a treat for you to go and meet all your classmates. You haven't gone to a dance for years. Please, Sarah, to please me, write Paul and accept his invitation.

Eager, enthused to a point of fervor, Mrs. Atkins prodded Sarah to begin plans for a dress for the class reunion.

"But Ma, it's such a long time away, nearly five months."

"I know," Mrs. Atkins' voice wavered. She turned her head from Sarah's view and looked out the window. "It seems a long time but when a body gets old, time runs out fast. I'd like to make you a pretty gown to dance in."

Sarah, studying her mother's profile felt her own throat contract in compassion for she knew her mother was thinking that perhaps in five months she would not be able to sew or even sit by the window. "I'll get the material and patterns tomorrow and you can start right away, Ma," she promised. "What color do you think I should wear?"

Alight with interest, Mrs. Atkins caressed the squares of her afghan, "Any of these colors would be beautiful. Many times a day I look at these and think of the colors that would look well on you. Most any would do but you are a lot older and light colors would make your face harsh. And you're so thin," she reminded, "but if you wear dark blue of a fluffy material, it will make you look younger."

"I'm not the fluffy type, Ma," Sarah told her as she laughed, "but you can have your way and dress me as you want. I never realized I could be an ugly duckling in your eyes."

"You aren't ugly, Sarah Atkins. But you could make a nicer impression if you tried to."

"Then I'll try, Mrs. Atkins and be Cinderella for the night," and Sarah courtied.

A tender smile lurked about Mrs. Atkins' lips, she arched her forehead, pulling her eyebrows high and surveyed Sarah for a few seconds. "Do you know, Sarah, I believe you are going to begin life at forty."

"Only three more years to go," Sarah's face clouded. She picked up the hand mirror on her mother's dresser and squinted closely at her reflection, dropped it back in its place, "Do the years show?"

Reassuring in true motherly fashion, Mrs. Atkins scanned her daughter's face and declared, "Indeed they don't show. And one reason is, you never used a lot of make-up or artificiality to spoil your skin."

Sarah rubbed her cheeks reflectively, "No credit to myself for I had neither the time nor the money."

"Sary, you should buy something to give you color, nothing flashy, but at night and with the dark dress, you should use a little make-up."

Sarah plopped herself on the hassock at her mother's feet in mock surprise, "My, how you have changed, Mother."

"Well, when you were young you didn't need it. And anyway the make-up was poorly manufactured and if a girl used it she looked stagey and drew attention to herself."

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

The day of the Reunion arrived. The slanting rays of the afternoon sun turned Mrs. Atkins' bedroom to a burnished gold, the windows on the west side of the room opened wide and the warm wind billowed the crisp curtains and carried with it the fragrance of the mock orange. In the garden, a few straggling tulips nodded and bowed in the background, while bright pansies demurely curtsied to the green grass at their feet. A jay scolding on the fence post was a brilliant blue.

Peter clung to the small straight chair by the bed, his own long, thin legs entangling the chair legs, his shoulders hunched, the palms of his hands braced on the chair's edge and his fingers curled under. "What did Sarah say when she opened my present and saw the beads I bought her for the dance? Was she surprised? Did she like them?" His voice was low but excited. He tossed his head and whispered, "I want to see them on Sarah. Tell her to hurry up."

As impatient as Peter, Mrs. Atkins called, "Sary, you must be ready by now, Paul will be coming soon. You've had time to dress for ten reunions. Hurry up. I want to see if the hem's straight."

The only answer from Sarah's direction was the muffled sound of her voice, followed by a rapid clatter of the hard soles of her new slippers as she made successive trips between her own room and the bath. The outside scent of mock orange was drowned in a mingled bouquet of eau-de-cologne and powder that Sarah was alternatingly applying.

Sniffing with distaste, Mrs. Atkins spoke loudly, hoping her words would reach Sarah, "It's vulgar to use heavy scents annoying to other people."

No sound came from Sarah's direction that she heard and Mrs. Atkins, driven to a point of exasperation shouted, "Sarah!"

Breezily, Sarah stepped into the room, asking airily, "Yes?" Then without another word she pirouetted. Her mother's face changed to a smile, her tone softened as she murmured, "Oh, Sary, you child."

Peter bounced from the chair exclaiming, "Let me look at the beads. Let me see them on your neck."

Mrs. Atkins echoed, "He's had me a nervous wreck waiting for you to come out. Stand back and let us both look at you." The smile on her face was tender and her hands trembled as she pushed back a strand of hair, "Oh, Sarah," her voice quavered, "you look lovely."

Stirred by the pleasure of her mother, Sarah asked, "You really think I do, Ma? I feel beautiful," and she touched the small strands of the seed pearl necklace nestling close to her throat, "Peter, these beads just make the dress complete."

Peter had saved for weeks to purchase a present for Sarah and then travelled into endless shops to find the choicest gift and it was with joy he finally brought it to her.

"Gee, they look swell on you," Peter breathed.

The jangle of the bell signalled Paul's arrival. "Go let him in," Sarah told Peter, "he'll want to speak to Ma."

Paul halted at the doorway, greeting, first Mrs. Atkins and then Sarah. His usual disordered hair was combed in place with some sort of dressing that plastered the blown ends into a severe shining covering.

Sarah, watching him, thought, "He looks so much taller and so mature. Why, why shouldn't he? He's nearly forty, the same as I."

Paul turned to Peter, "Your aunt is a lovely lady."

Peter exclaimed, "Look at the beads I gave her. Do you think they are pretty?"

Paul agreed and then gave Sarah a small florist's box he was

holding, "I think these will match the beads."

Sarah flushed with pleasure as she opened the box and removed a corsage of pink camellias. "Oh, how beautiful! Thank you, Paul."

She went to the mirror and pinned them in place and turned so her mother could see the effect, then she said, "It's about time to go isn't it?"

Mrs. Atkins' face was nearly as radiant as Sarah's and she nodded, "Yes, you don't want to be late."

.....

When they reached the High School, Paul let the motor idle. He leaned forward listening, his face intent, showed a studied sharp profile by the lights of the dashboard. He had rented the car for the occasion.

Outside the darkening shadows of dusk softened the severe outline of the High School, the lights of the gymnasium flickered and winked as the crepe paper streamer decorations fluttered in the evening June breeze. Paul turned the ignition key as Sarah slid from the seat and out the door. The pulsating beat of the shrill song of young frogs was ear piercing in the sudden silence.

"Why didn't you wait for me to open the door, Sarah? A fellow likes to show his manners especially on a special date like this," his voice was not accusing but disappointed.

Sarah stood a moment, her head lifted to the western sky where a trace of the sunset streaked the horizon. The evening star scintillating and a thin crescent moon hung high in the dark blue sky; the damp air blew up from the pond in the back of the school playground and cooled her flushed face. She breathed deeply and moved her head slowly, turning each cheek to the cool air current.

"I couldn't wait, Paul, I don't want to miss one moment. Hurry please," she begged him, "the music's playing now." She started in the direction of the gymnasium, stopping suddenly when she heard Paul laughing. "What's so funny? What do you see?" she asked curiously.

"I thought I brought a woman to the twentieth reunion of

her high school graduation but I find she turned into a little girl." He hurried to her side and took her elbow, "At least let me escort you to this affair."

Sarah walked sedately beside him, "I don't feel twenty years older tonight. You look like a little boy yourself, Paul Standish."

Before Paul could answer, voices from the open doorway called, "Come inside. Hurry. Let's try to identify you before you give your names." Before they entered Paul was detained by a classmate.

In the group was a dark wizened nervous woman who exclaimed, "You're Sarah Atkins," Sarah recognized her. It was Rose Ricardi and she thought with compassion, "I never realized she was hunchbacked." The other proved to be Veronica Sweeny, plump, very plump, her fair face pink with excitement as she walked slowly toward Sarah, clasped her arm and exclaimed, "Sarah Atkins, you haven't changed one hour. How do you do it? Look at me," she flung her pudgy arms displaying a ledge of bosom that was evident without special mention, "there's enough for three of me. I'm Mrs. Everett Andrew Baird now, mother of four children living in Virginia. I was married shortly after we graduated and went there. I did intend to keep in touch but you must know I was busy with the family. It is wonderful we have this chance to meet again."

Impulsively, Sarah reached to Rose and took her clawlike hand tenderly within her own, "Bless you for remembering me, Rose, I didn't think anyone would know me. I didn't keep up any friendships after graduation. Where did you go? What are you doing?"

A somber note settled on the trio as Rose, her voice trembling, a tear streaked half way down her cheek before she dislodged her hand from Sarah's to brush it away, "I can't help crying. You're so kind to me. No one notices me, much. After I graduated, I tried to get office work but was not too strong and my brothers married and didn't want me around. I finally found work in a lodging house in Boston. It," she brightened and smiled, "it isn't hard and I know where my next meal is coming from and where I'm going to lay my head. I was lucky during

the depression." She scrubbed the tear traces from her eyes and scolded herself, "Only the weak weep." Sarah and Veronica stood silently, both trying to find adequate words to restore gaiety to the atmosphere. Rose saved them when she asked, "Sarah, didn't you ever get married? Are you still Sarah Atkins?"

Relieved, Sarah smiled, "No, I never married, Rose. Too busy I think is my best excuse."

Rose reminded her, "You had chances though. I remember how sweet Paul Standish was about you," she stammered, "isn't that Paul coming in the door now? My he's handsome!"

Sarah turned and looked in the direction of the door. Paul did look well. His dark suit fitted him perfectly, his shoulders were erect and as he walked toward her, his movement was effortless with a smooth liteness that would attract attention in any group. His blond hair, thinning at the temples was in place, but the cowlick and his gentle smile were unmistakably Paul Standish's.

Rose breathed softly, "He's coming this way, Sarah, what will you do now?"

Preening her dress, patting her hair, Sarah adjusted the cluster of camellias and pursed her lips. She looked impishly at Rose, "He's my beau tonight."

"No, not really?" Rose rushed her words, "are you going to marry him?"

"Of course not."

"You could, couldn't you?" Rose asked.

"No, I don't believe so," Sarah told her quickly, "he took care of his mother for years and I'm taking care of mine now."

As Paul neared he remarked, "Looks like you girls are quarrelling."

Veronica laughed, "Sarah was surprised that we knew her. Paul. We're wondering who else we'll be able to recognize. It's twenty years since many of us last met." She surveyed him from head to toe tilting her head back, "And you, Paul, are exactly the same as the day you graduated. I wonder how many will remember me?"

Rose had been watching both Sarah and Paul intently, "My

but you two make a fine looking couple.”

Sarah blushed and Paul laughed delightedly, “Rose is a lady after my own heart.” He smiled at Rose, leaning forward to pat her shoulder, “Thank you my good friend and fellow classmate.”

The orchestra had been playing incidental music and now with a shattering roll of drums, the master of ceremonies for the occasion stood on the platform and asked the company to be seated. The class president rose and asked for a moment of silence in memory of those members of the class who had passed away. Immediately afterwards a minister gave the invocation, “Oh, Lord Jesus Christ give us strength and courage to do what is right and obey Thy will and instruction.”

Then came the address of welcome by the Chairman of the School Board followed by short speeches from the class officers of 1918, Baldwin High School.

The President announced the class prophecy and asked all members present to respond to their names and tell if the predictions of twenty years ago came true.

Sarah thought, “I forget what my fate was to be. Wonder if it was fulfilled?” Her thoughts went back to her graduation. She blushed, for all she could remember was imagining the diploma was her bridal bouquet. “I was young and silly then.”

When Sarah’s name was called, she stood hesitant, as the sonorous voice intoned her future, “And Sarah Atkins will, before footlights, trip her fame as an actress of renown to bring to Baldwin High school nation-wide acclaim.”

Sarah blushed and stammered, “I’m sorry to disappoint the soothsayer of 1918, but I’ve acted my best on the stage of life, sans acclaim and lights,” she sat down suddenly, deflated and chagrined.

“I sounded like a sixteen year old, didn’t I?” She looked to Paul for assurance.

“You were O.K.,” he told her, “I’ve forgotten what my fortune was, so I’ll be as nonplussed as you were.”

When Paul’s name was called the Class Prophet read, “Go West, young man, go West,” Paul stood and he also stammered, “I haven’t had the time yet, but my hope is to go West

someday.” As he sat down, he turned to Sarah, “What happens to me when I talk in a crowd? I can’t say the right thing, I sound stupid, too. I was really scared.”

Sarah laughed, “We should both take a course in public speaking. I hope they finish soon, I’m anxious to dance.” It was ten o’clock when finally the Master of Ceremonies announced the end of the program and asked the men to clear the floor of the chairs.

Two hours later the orchestra played, “After the Ball” followed by “Good Night Ladies” and finally “Home Sweet Home”. During the last number Paul’s arm tightened and held Sarah close, his chin fitted the hollow of her temple; and she could hear the heavy beating of his heart.

Outside the cool night air fanned her flushed face as Sarah and Paul walked to the parking area. The hurried messages to keep in touch with friends were hurled over their heads, good nights and joking comments sounded all about them but Sarah and Paul walked silently. Sarah shivered when she reached the car and Paul fumbled for the key.

“You’re not cold, are you Sarah? I can give you my coat.”

“Of course not, I’m just so excited I’m shivering.” Sarah lifted her head and breathed deep, “It was a wonderful evening and I’m still dreaming. I don’t want to talk and break the spell.”

Sarah watched Paul’s profile outlined by the dashboard lights. He attempted to locate the key for the ignition by the light of the dashboard; his hands were visible and Sarah studied them. His hands were strong, the fingers flexible and pleasantly nimble as they fingered through the key ring trying first one key, then another before the proper one was located. As he slid it in the ignition, a half grin of gratification settled about his mouth. Sarah glanced idly at his face and liked what she saw. “Why,” she marvelled, “he’s nice looking, his chin is so strong, his jaw smooth and lean, his flesh firm and his grin good.”

The motor muttered and before she realized it, the car was in motion homeward. Neither spoke until the car slid to a stop. Sarah waited for Paul to assist her out of the car. She said, “Good night, Paul and thank you so much.”

Paul tucked his hand under her elbow and reminded her that

his mother taught him when he was very young, to always escort a lady to her door.

They tiptoed to the steps and stood silently on the piazza for a few moments, each waiting for the other to speak. Paul moved closer to Sarah and began to talk in a hushed, halting voice, "Sarah," he stopped and Sarah lifted her face to his waiting for him to finish his sentence.

"Sarah," he begged, "will you let me hold you close, just as I did during the dance. If I hold you close," he implored, "I won't try to kiss you. I promise."

Sarah moved toward him and nodded her head which was a needless gesture since the porch was dark, but Paul must have known she assented by the closeness of her presence and he took her in his arms and pressed his chin hard against her hair. It was a full minute before Paul released her.

No word was spoken while Sarah unlocked the door, then Paul leaned down and whispered, "Thanks, Sarah for the most wonderful night I ever hope to have," and he was gone.

Softly Sarah tread on the hall floor and waited a few moments at her mother's door. The light was on and her mother was still propped up but she was dozing.

Sarah thought with tenderness, "Oh, she tried to wait up for me."

She went into the room and spoke low, "Ma, I'm home."

She did not startle her mother who opened her eyes, "Oh, Sary, I wasn't asleep. I did want to stay awake and hear all about the evening."

"Oh, there's so much to tell, it'll have to wait until morning." She sat on the edge of the bed and clasped her mother's hand, "It was wonderful. Paul was perfect. We'll talk tomorrow. You settle down but I don't think I will."

She went to her own room, closed the door and sat before the mirror studying her reflection. Then she tucked the card from Peter's gift, the program of the evening, the ribboned bows and the limp blossoms of the camellia corsage in the dresser drawer.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

The year following the Reunion was busy. Paul left for Chicago a few days after the event, promising to write often and wistfully saying, "I hope you'll write, too, Sarah." He thought he would be back for Christmas but was unable to make it.

The stock market slumped and there seemed to be a business recession. The Roosevelt pump priming with more billions was put into motion. He talked of a bigger navy. From Europe came rumors of war. Early in the year, Hitler announced seizure of the army. Anthony Eden resigned as British Foreign Minister charging Chamberlain was seeking to buy peace. Britain and Italy signed a pact to maintain peace.

Mrs. Atkins followed the news on the radio and related it to Sarah.

Christmas Day, 1938, Paul called from Chicago. Mrs. Atkins was so excited she could scarcely hold the receiver of the telephone and afterwards she couldn't recall a single word he said. She kept repeating, "What did he say, Sary? What did he tell you? Why did he call?"

"He called first to wish us both a Merry Christmas and then said he hoped to get back to Baldwin in the spring; and that he hasn't forgotten us," here she smiled and spoke slowly, "it is nice to be remembered. I like to feel that someone thinks of me and he said he would write soon. He sounded as though he was very busy."

Mrs. Atkins was listening to the radio news. "When it is over, I'll go to sleep. Or better, leave it on to some music."

The low muted strains of "Silent Night" was a peaceful

benediction in the room. Mrs. Atkins closed her eyes and listened to the melody in silence. She turned her head away from Sarah.

"Shut it off now, Sarah, I'm ready to sleep." And as Sarah tiptoed from the room, her mother's low comment was, "I wonder if I'll see another Christmas."

.....

The spring of 1939, found Sarah and Peter making plans for his graduation. Sarah relived many forgotten incidents of her graduation and matched them with Peter's plans, but Peter had only one idea, to get his diploma and join the Navy.

Sarah recalled the relief she experienced in graduating. There was no joy or gratification in completing her school course; her only goal was to get away from the classrooms to earn more money.

"I want to join the Navy but both father and mother are against it. Why is my father against things? He's always talking against people and he says war's a rich man's way to make more money and so rich men's sons should fight the wars. No matter what it is, my father's negative. Why," he asked plaintively, "is he always against but he never works to correct the things he complains about?"

Sarah had no answer. She often wondered herself why her brother was so flaccid. "Perhaps that isn't exactly the word," Sarah told herself, "but he has no backbone. If he has, he doesn't put it to use to keep his head straight. He doesn't even justify his existence."

It was a beautiful May morning. Sarah took a vacation day to work around the house and garden. Her mother enjoyed the garden and the spring flowers were beginning to bloom but there was a lot of pruning, weeding and training to be done and Sarah felt she owed it to herself to take a day and do what she felt like doing. A day away from the office was an event for her. She faced the sun and shut her eyes, feeling the warmth on her face and breathed deeply.

When she went to her mother's room to check on her, Ma Atkins said, "Take the paper away. I'm tired of all the war

news. Your paper doesn't have any does it?"

"No, we leave that to the Boston dailies unless there is some news about Baldwin. I'll take the paper out and read it and if I see anything important, I'll tell you."

Seated on a bench in the sunny garden, Sarah scanned the pages and read a small item asking for volunteers for Civil Defense to set up airplane warning centers. Sarah was interested and tore out the item, "I'll be doing something worthwhile but I hope we never need to use warning centers."

She went to Boston the following Saturday and was interviewed for the training program and felt gratified to be accepted. There were many waiting to be interviewed and she was sure that not all would be accepted. She had her choice of being on duty in Baldwin or Boston and was told she could pick her hours, also. It was secret work and she volunteered for a four hour shift on the week end; the hours would be from eight to twelve midnight. Her mother fussed because she would be out late but Sarah assured her that others would come home at the same time. She wouldn't be alone. "Besides," she told her mother, "they may not call me. I hope there's no need and I'm glad I can help in some way."

June arrived and Peter graduated. Sarah gave him the long promised watch and was able to attend the event. Peter looked so proud as he took his diploma and she felt her eyes mist as she wondered, "What will he become? What contribution will he make to the community and country?" She knew he wanted to join the Navy. Warren was busy the evening of the graduation and gave Sarah his ticket. Sybil did not sit with Sarah. She complained of a headache and wanted to stay in the back where the doors were open and the air circulating.

Sarah watched Peter join his classmates as they trooped out of the auditorium to celebrate at one of the jute-box hamburger stands. She felt lonely and as the last stragglers left the auditorium she joined them, walking slowly homeward, trying to remember what she did on her graduation night. She remembered that a reception was held in the school's auditorium with dancing. "Why," she wondered, "didn't the committee arrange to keep the class together at the school."

Crowding into hamburger and hot dog stalls, with jute-boxes raucously blaring, didn't seem like a fitting climax to a graduation. There was always a chance to drink intoxicants and maybe an accident driving home.

She hoped Peter would be spared any bad memories of his graduation night.

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The New Year, 1939 had brought world rocking events. Right after the New Year, President Roosevelt called for extensive defense programs. Sit down strikes were outlawed by the Supreme Court.

Congressman Kahl stopped by the Sun-Sentinel Office to tell Sarah about the Hearings of the Dies' Committee. "They'll never get anywhere until they comprehend the under-plots. Harping on Communists seems futile. That Harry F. Ward, whom Carter tabbed with CFR, denies emphatically that one of the organizations he is affiliated with, the American League for Peace and Democracy, is in any way connected with the Communist Party of the USA or of the Soviet Union. According to what Carter said, he's right. The Intellectual Apparatus which promotes Democracy could be the culprit. Any organization or individual promoting Democracy is inimical to the country."

The Spanish Civil War ended in March but the fighting progressed in Europe and countries made treaties to support each other in case of attack and others renounced their treaties. President Roosevelt vowed to defend the U.S.'s neighbors with arms and finances.

Sarah recalled Mr. Carter saying that the plots to make the world safe for democracy was to dissipate the resources and man power and it seemed to her that Roosevelt was carrying out schemes to drain the nation by promising aid to others.

The summer was tense with reports and rumors. August 21st, Germany and Russia signed a ten year non-aggression pact. On the 25th England voted war powers to government. Hitler published a 16 point peace plan on August 31.

The next day, Friday, September 1, Germany began to send armed troops into Poland to protect the Germans in that

country. The small portable radio at the office was turned high and blared hourly broadcasts of the developments on the Continent. From Berlin a broadcast in German was beamed to America and translated into English in the CBS studio in New York. It was supposed to be the 16 points of the plan to settle the dispute in Poland and it was purported to be carried in the portfolio of Neville Chamberlain on his hops from the Continent to London. It seemed reasonable. Germany wanted, among other things, a neutral zone from Germany to the sea and wanted a plebiscite vote to settle questions about a corridor.

Sunday, September 3, London denied the statement and declared that a state of war now existed with Germany. All over the world the colonies of England announced declarations of war.

Sarah tried to keep the excitement from her mother. Mrs. Atkins insisted on tuning in on one station after the other in order to get all the news but she did not seem affected by the tension. She told Sarah, "It says in the Bible there will be wars and rumors of wars. It would seem that people could live in peace if they wanted to, but then I remember my mother saying that there would always be wars. Some of those pacifists quote from the Bible about beating their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks but then in another place it says to beat your plowshares into swords and your pruning-hooks into spears. Still another place it says there's a time to love and a time to hate and a time of war and a time of peace. So it doesn't seem as though we can do much about it."

Mrs. Atkins asked Sarah if they could have a real old-fashioned Thanksgiving celebration with Sybil, Warren, Peter and Bess and her family. "And," she told Sarah, "who knows, Paul might decide to visit again?"

Mrs. Atkins was improved; the fall was warmer than usual and she was able to sit by the window in the sun, the air was easy to breathe and she even had days when she could walk in the yard. This relieved Sarah of many routine duties of her mother's care and was welcomed, for the office was demanding more and more of Sarah's time. Help was scarce, factories had opened and the big shipyard in Quincy was working 'round the

clock and paying bonus wages. Mrs. Drake talked often of selling and Sarah was in constant trepidation as to where she stood. When the dearth of experienced help became evident, Sarah breathed easier. "At least I'll be sure of enough notice if Mrs. Drake sells the paper. If the new owners don't want me, they'll keep me until I get another place."

Whether it was the excitement of Thanksgiving, or just a cycle of the disease of the heart, Dr. Larson was unable to determine when he attended Mrs. Atkins during an unusual attack shortly after the holiday.

Sarah decreed Christmas would be quiet, no big dinner.

"Supposing Paul comes?" Mrs. Atkins asked timidly.

"I'll arrange something. Don't worry, Ma," Sarah promised.

Paul didn't come but he did send roses and candy and after the quiet Christmas day, Sarah sat down and wrote him, telling him how grateful she was; how much the flowers cheered the sickroom. She told him how ill her mother had been and how she had looked forward to seeing him for the holiday.

"But it was just as well you didn't come, Paul," she wrote, "the excitement might have tired her more. As it was, she feasted upon the memories of last year and we talked of the past and how good you have been to us both. I know you are busy." She closed her note, "Write when you can."

Her note brought an airmail special delivery from Paul telling Sarah how sorry he was to hear the news about Mrs. Atkins' failing health, that he was busy and was uncertain about his plans but would write soon again. He ended with, "I look forward to your letters, Sarah."

"He's so thoughtful, Sarah," Mrs. Atkins smiled, "I declare he's more considerate than Warren. But then," she looked up chuckling, "he may be thinking of you, not me."

Mrs. Atkins tried to tune in every station to hear the inauguration ceremony, January 20. Roosevelt was starting his third term.

Sarah, amused, told her, "Ma, all the stations are the same. You'll miss a word if you keep turning the dials." She was grave when, in the middle of the broadcast, Mrs. Atkins spoke with effort.

“Turn off the radio, Sarah, I’m tired now.” She was quiet, her eyes closed.

“Do you want anything?” Sarah asked and came to the bedside.

“No, I’ll rest awhile.”

At supper, Mrs. Atkins was brighter and asked for the evening paper but complained she had no strength to hold the pages.

“You read the headlines, Sarah,” she instructed, “not the war news. I’m tired of all the fighting and quarrelling.”

The house was quiet and Sarah decided to write to Paul.

A thud from her mother’s room startled Sarah. She listened for a moment, then tiptoed to the door, entering just in time to see her mother wave her hand and turn her head on the pillow.

Sarah leaned on the door jam for support, caught her breath and whispered, “She waved goodbye to me,” the tears flooded and she brushed them hastily aside. “I never thought it would be so soon. There’s no warning. If I hadn’t heard the thud, I never would’ve seen her waving to me.”

She walked slowly to her mother’s bedside, smoothed the pillow and folded her hands, then looked to see what had alerted her. It was the writing pad. Mrs. Atkins had started a note to Paul.

The minister’s voice ceased, the low melody of the funeral chapel organ sounded faint and distant; the funeral was over but Sarah sat, silent and tense in the small mourners room. The slow march of the friends in the chapel as they passed by her mother’s coffin shuffled thinly to a whisper, broken by the sound of Warren clearing his throat with a suddenness that startled Sarah. She glanced about her. Sybil was silent staring at the wall. Peter, his young face gaunt with bewilderment, not fully understanding the events. Relaxing her grip on the handkerchief in her hand, Sarah looked at it for a moment and realized she had not used it. It was still folded neatly. The assistant to the undertaker beckoned her. She walked to the side of the coffin. Warren, Peter and Sybil followed. They stood silent and Sybil began to weep hysterically. Warren tugged at her arm and Peter patted her shoulder as they walked quickly away.

Standing beside her mother, Sarah listened to the strains of the organ, glanced at the clusters of flowers surrounding the casket; Paul's blanket of red and white roses was spread at her mother's feet; the candles in the tall candelabras flickered and Sarah's eyes misted as she remembered one sentence the minister had uttered, "Thank Thee oh Lord for the memories," and she echoed it herself, "Thank Thee, Dear Lord for the memories," her eyes still tearless.

A touch at her elbow caused her to turn. It was the minister. He spoke low, "Don't grieve, daughter."

Smiling gently, Sarah told him, "I'm not grieving for I don't think I have anything to grieve over. I've tried to live each day in order to stand as I do this moment, and have few regrets. There may have been many mistakes, perhaps misunderstandings, a careless word or deed, but I sincerely tried to make her happy and secure. I lived each day realizing that I would stand as I stand this moment and I did not wish to have bitter memories and remorse."

A telegram awaited Sarah when she reached home. It was from Paul. The message was short.

"Wish I could be with you, Sarah. Sincerely, Paul."

Sarah stood at the threshold of her mother's room and wept.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Ma Atkins' death left Sarah with a funeral bill much higher than she anticipated and no insurance to cover it. The undertaker made the same arrangements for payment as when Pa Atkins died. He was a rival to the firm Warren worked for and Warren assailed Sarah for hiring him. Sarah asked Warren if he'd pay the bill himself if she let his company take care of the arrangements. Warren refused because, he said, "He had enough bills to pay."

Paul came back to Baldwin in February. He was being transferred from Chicago to Washington, D.C., and had only 24 hours. He had been to see his lawyer and then dropped by the newspaper office to ask Sarah to dinner.

He added, "I'll come for you at closing time."

Paul was quiet as he guided Sarah to the restaurant. They ordered and he sat opposite her in silence. Finally he put his arms on the table and asked, "Sarah, I know you're worried about finances. Can't I help you? I have plenty of money and I'm earning a good salary."

Sarah smiled, "Thank you, Paul." Then admitted, "I am worried, but I can't let you help me. I'll find a way out."

"Please, Sarah," his voice was pleading, "and tell me your plans. Will you keep the house?"

Sarah had not made any decision but with his question she had an idea. "I think I'll rent it and take a room somewhere. Things are not settled at the office. Mrs. Drake talks about selling so she can join her husband in Washington. Young Bob has already gone down. So I may have to look for another

position. If it's in Boston, I'll take a room there."

Paul started to reach for her hand and drew back, "Why not take my room at my house? I won't be using it." He smiled his slow gentle smile, "You know, it would make me feel good to have you in my home."

The meal was brought and they ate in silence. Sarah mulling over Paul's suggestion. Before dessert was served, she, straightening her shoulders, announced, "I will take your room with the understanding that I pay."

Paul reached over and clasped her hand in his, "Gee, Sarah, that'll be swell, although, I'd rather not take any money."

"No, I want to pay my way."

"If you change your job and move to Boston, you'll let me know, won't you?" Then in a shy, hushed voice, "And if you need help you'll call me, too?"

Sarah finished and as they walked home, Paul said, "This job I'm doing is something connected with the security of the country. I hate to think we're going to get involved in another war."

.....

The threat of war closed around the country. President Roosevelt assured the people there would be no war but steadily the news crept more and more into the broadcasts. Col. Charles Lindberg returned from Europe and advocated the transfer of the islands owned by England to America in payment of the first World War debt. These islands could be used for air and naval bases to protect America. Immediately he was termed an alarmist. He reported the buildup of Russian and German air strength and critics asked, "How much was he paid for that talk?" The hysterical claims and counter claims on the radio seemed to be pushing America into a war. Why did the U.S.A. have to meddle in the affairs of other countries? Why couldn't the country conduct itself as neighbors in the community? When there was a quarrel, all the people didn't take sides and create a turbulence. And when President Roosevelt negotiated with England to arrange the lend-lease of the Islands, Sarah puzzled why Col. Lindberg's suggestion was not adopted. England owed billions for its share of the first

world war and if she were sincere in a desire to pay her portion, she would agree to the plan.

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Sarah advertised her home and found a middle aged couple to rent it. The money would help Sarah pay the mortgage, taxes and funeral bill. Her salary was the same as when Mr. Drake left. She knew if she wanted more money she would have to get another position. But where? She was forty now and few employers want older people. Besides she did not have many qualifications, her past twenty years were spent in newspaper work and there was but one paper in the town. If she sought a similar position, she would have to go elsewhere.

After storing her personal things, she took what she considered the valuable books and notes of both her Great Uncle and Mr. Carter to Mrs. Sullivan's and settled in Paul's mother's room. It was an old fashioned bed-sitting room furnished in the style of the late 90's, heavy dark woods with marbled surfaces.

Time passed slowly. Relieved of household and garden chores Sarah was restive and when the notice came to report for training as a volunteer airplane spotter, she was delighted. She would be occupied after work and doing something toward helping if there should be a war. She signed for duty three times a week from eight to midnight.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

Early in June, Congressman Kahl visited the office. He had been defeated in his bid for reelection. When he came, he smiled at Sarah and Mrs. Drake, "Looks like the women have taken over."

Mrs. Drake motioned to a chair, "Right you are. Sarah and I are holding the fort. But I doubt for long. I want to sell and join my men. It is lonely here but business is so much better, I'm sure I can find a buyer." Then she added, "We're sorry you weren't reelected but it looks like a Democrat's reign."

Congressman Kahl agreed. "Sure is, and history records it was a Democrat that led us into a world war. But our Dear Mr. President assures us that our boys will never fight on foreign soil. I pray he keeps his promise."

His face was grave, "Mr. President employs many of the Sophist's slogans and when he utters their sayings, you don't know what his real intent is. I know that supposedly famous quote of his, 'There's nothing to fear but fear itself,' is only slightly altered wording that Sophist Henry David Thoreau is credited with, 'Nothing is so much to be feared as fear'.

"You know fear is a much misinterpreted word. Or a many-sided word. Maybe this is due to Sophism. I can't trace its original meaning but I know that in the Bible it means to stand in awe of, or reverence for. It doesn't mean to be afraid or dread."

Mrs. Drake nodded, "That's an interesting observation. The President certainly does utter complexities at times. I hope our boys will not fight on foreign soil but Mr. President doesn't say he'll keep us out of war, does he?"

Sarah sat quietly listening.

Mr. Kahl turned in her direction, "Miss Atkins, they had another White House Conference last year. And I know you'll writhe when you hear the title, the 'White House Conference on Democracy.'"

"That only supports your contention that the White House Conferences are detrimental to the American system," Sarah told him.

"That is true. They bode ill. I think this one has as its specific purpose to develop a frame of reference for equipping American children for the successful practice of democracy. I asked my secretary to look up this democracy angle. She couldn't locate the earliest source. She did find that Elmer E. Brown who was Commissioner of Education around 1906 propagated Democracy. This was reported in one of the National Education Association's reports. Brown showed up in the Council on Foreign Relations membership list in 1925. Didn't Carter say the CFR was linked in some way with that radical network operating as a religious outfit, the Federal Council of Churches?"

"Yes, he did," Sarah replied, "Also connected with the network called the Religious Education Association. My Great Uncle called it Radical Engineering Apparatus. Mr. Carter said the CFR's true purpose was Conspiracy for Radicalism."

"My secretary also uncovered an interesting connection." Congressman Kahl referred to a note he held, "I understand that CFR was not organized until around 1918. Well, when the first White House Conference was set up in 1909, a man by the name of Homer Folks signed the letter to President Teddy Roosevelt outlining the plans. And Homer Folks shows up on the CFR membership list in 1934. Brown was with that Harry F. Ward in CFR in 1925. Brown, Folks and Ward were CFR members in 1934." He shook his head, "There's no doubt but that these culprits were involved in what your Great Uncle tabbed The Intellectual Apparatus."

He sighed and stood up. "Well, I guess my visiting days here will be cut out." He looked at his hand and crumpled the note he held and tossed it into the wastebasket. "One more thing,

Miss Atkins. Write in for the Dies Committee Reports. Congressman Martin Dies, the man in charge of the House Un-American Activities, has been holding Hearings. I've heard they are very revealing." He spoke more to himself, "Not much publicity is given by the newspapers. They are derelict in their duty." He tipped his hat in a salute, "Goodby, ladies, until next time."

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Sarah sat tense in the straight chair by the window of her room. She looked out to the main street but nothing registered in her mind this Saturday afternoon, November 1941. It was truly a black day for her. Her tenants had called at the office and given her notice they were vacating at the end of their month. And that morning when Mrs. Drake gave her the pay envelope, she said, "There's an extra week's pay for you, Sarah. I've sold the paper and the new owner is bringing in his own help. I can't give you the usual notice so I'm paying you for the week."

Sarah's hand shook as she took the envelope. She sat down suddenly. Quickly she gained her composure and straightened her shoulders, "I sort of expected this, but it is a shock."

Mrs. Drake sighed, "I know, but you'll not have any trouble finding another position. I'll miss the paper and all the contacts. Ours has been a pleasant association these past twenty years, or nearly twenty, isn't it? You came in 1922?"

Sarah felt her throat contract. She thanked Mrs. Drake and stood up, "I'll gather my personal things and take them home today." Then as though she was hoping for a reprieve of some sort, "The new owners will be in Monday?"

"Yes."

Sarah began to assemble her personal belongings and when she was ready to leave, she turned and looked about the room, "Nearly twenty years of living and learning." She looked at Mrs. Drake, "Goodby and good luck in your new life in Washington." She closed the door softly.

Sarah couldn't remember much of her walk back to her room.

A knock on her door caused her to stand up quickly, but before she could bid the person to enter, Mrs. Sullivan opened the door and announced. "Paul Standish is down stairs. He wants to see you. He's in the living room."

Sarah brushed her hair, powdered her face lightly and went down stairs.

"Hello, Paul, how nice to see you," Sarah tried to sound cheerful as she greeted her friend. "Why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

Paul stammered, "I'll not take much of your time." He began to speak rapidly, "I, I want to ask you a question. I don't know how to say it right. It's a chance I'm taking that you'll agree with my plan. It sounds impossible when I say it out loud, but I'm dead set on asking you. I am going to be sent on an assignment and if I ask now and you give me an answer, I will have this settled and will not wish I had asked you. I mean, if I don't ask you now I will wish I did when I go away."

"You're going away?" Sarah was puzzled.

"Yes, my orders are to report in New York Tuesday."

Straightening his shoulder and lifting his head with a sudden jerk, his words came in a sudden burst, "Sarah, will you marry me before I go?" He continued, speaking rapidly, "Hear what I have to say before you turn me down."

Sarah, overcome by the suddenness of his statement and the amazing question, was gentle in her reply, "Go ahead, Paul, I'll wait, but it would be more comfortable to talk if we are relaxed."

He settled in a chair but kept his hat on his knee, adjusting it nervously.

"You and I are both alone, I've always cared for you, Sarah. I know you don't love me but I thought perhaps if I told you how I felt and you'd marry me, you might learn to care for me. Oh, it sounds so preposterous," he half grinned and then seemed resigned. "It sounded oke thinking about it but now," his voice trailed, "I may not even come back, you know. It'd make me happy while I'm away to know that you are cared for and that I had someone who belonged to me. And if I go overseas, just to feel that I can write you and to know that you

are my wife would help so much. I never realized how alone I was until after I signed up. They asked me for my next of kin. I had to give them Mr. Dorsall's name in case of an emergency or my death."

"I would care, Paul, you know that. You've been so good to Ma and like a brother to me. You know I'd care what happened to you."

Sarah felt her eyes fill with tears, realizing that Paul was just about the loneliest individual she knew. "He is good, decent and so considerate, but do I want to marry him?"

She spoke softly, "Paul, I'm old and tired now. Do you realize I'm forty years old. I'm not beautiful. I have no talents or any attributes that could fit me to be your wife. I may never learn to care for you the way you'd want me to."

"Is there anyone else, Sarah? If so, I'll be a good friend, your best friend, but if there's no one else," he pleaded gently, "I can see nothing wrong in our marrying. You know I may never come back."

"Oh, but you will, Paul. Don't think that way. If you go in the service with that in your mind, it'll do you great harm. Think that you have a job to do and when it's done, you'll come home again."

There was a silence. Paul stared at Sarah. She studied the half moons on her thumb nails, a habit of younger years.

"You know, Sarah," Paul's voice seemed far away, "in a way, you are alone, too. Your brother has his family. You are alone except for friends."

"But, Paul, I don't love you. I know some women who would jump at the chance you are giving me but real happiness in marriage is based on love for each other."

"Maybe you would learn to. I wouldn't expect you to be a wife until you do love me."

There was a full minute's silence before Sarah said, "If you want me to become Mrs. Standish under the circumstances you just mentioned, I can see no reason to refuse you. I am not disguising my feelings. But there's one stipulation I'll make. Even though we do not have a real marriage, I'll never agree to a divorce. If you want me with this understanding, I'll accept

your proposal.”

Paul sat still, his face pale with emotion, “Sarah, you’ll never be sorry. I’ll do everything I can to make you happy.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

The hotel lobby was brilliant. Gay groups gathered and chatted. Sarah sat on the edge of a lounge chair, still dazed and bewildered with the events of her wedding day.

"My wedding day," she tried to review the events. She touched the platinum band of diamonds on her left finger, then closed her eyes, opening them for a moment to watch Paul who was standing at the desk waiting for a reservation. As she settled back in the chair, she closed her eyes again and repeated, "My wedding day."

The recollection was of travelling worn marbled floors, opening heavy oak doors, entering musty, dirty court chambers, signing waivers and then finally obtaining the marriage license. Then again the march was resumed, marbled stairways, rattling elevators, more heavy doors and finally a justice of peace who would perform the ceremony.

And now, in the midst of her reverie, Paul's low voice startled her. "I have a room but I had to pay a bonus for it. I don't like that idea. It should be first come, first served, but I wanted something nice for you, Sarah, and I've ordered dinner sent up."

The room was spacious, well appointed with a view of Boylston Street and the Public Garden. Sarah stood watching the traffic. Paul was arranging chairs and when the dinners arrived on a table the waiter rolled it to the window. A box of flowers was at Sarah's place. She opened it to find a corsage of pink camellias, "Oh, Paul, how lovely," she exclaimed pinning them on her dress.

“Paul, this is a dream isn’t it?”

“No,” he laughed, “this is no dream. This is dinner for two.”

Sarah was delighted with all the strange dishes. There was a nectar concoction that intrigued her. She couldn’t identify the liquids with which it was made. The main meal was planked steak served on a large hot metal platter decorated with rippings of mashed potatoes and vegetables.

Paul chuckled with delight, “This is something, isn’t it!”

They ate slowly and marvelled at the food, the service and the occasion. One time when Sarah lifted her left hand to wipe a crumb from her lip, Paul smiled, “Your ring dazzles me.”

Sarah looked at it and smiled, “It’s beautiful, Paul.” She breathed deeply and emitted an audible sigh, “Everything is beautiful.”

After the dinner was removed, dessert, tall fragile glasses of mint parfait and coffee was set before them. The heavy, squat silver service for the coffee amused Sarah.

She told Paul, “That coffee pot reminds me of the pictures of Queen Victoria.”

Relaxed, they both declared they were weary. Paul looked at his watch. It was 9 p.m. “I will have to leave at 4 a.m. to get down to the station on time. I’ll take a taxi. You better remain here.”

“Oh, but Paul, I should see you off.”

He sobered, “No, Sarah. I’d much rather have the memory of you here than down in all the confusion. Look! It’s beginning to rain and it will be wet. It might turn to snow and fog. Do you think you’d want to stay another day? I can arrange it. Let’s settle some things and if I think of anything before I go to sleep we can discuss them in the morning before I leave.

“Mr. Dorsall is handling my affairs. You are to go to his office and he will explain everything to you. Here,” he took an envelope out of his suitcase, “is some money now. Mr. Dorsall will set up a checking account.”

The envelope was thick and Sarah opened the flap and gasped, “Paul, I’d never use this much money in a year. How much is there?”

“Five hundred to start with. You’ll need it.” He reached over

and took her left hand and fingered her wedding ring, "Sarah, I don't want you to work. You don't need to now. Use the money for yourself or buy things you'd like."

Sarah pulled her hand from his and patted his cheek, "I'll promise not to get a steady position but I must keep busy doing something. Who knows, you might be stationed somewhere where I can go and be with you. I wouldn't like to be tied down."

"Gee, I'd like that but no chance right now. I go to New York and open sealed orders, I'm not to tell where I am stationed."

For a few minutes, Sarah sat quiet, then asked, "Would you mind if I found a room or small place in Boston to live? There are so many things I'd like to do and I would like to continue gathering material like that documentation of my Great Uncle's and Mr. Carter's. I'd be near the big library here in the city. I'm sure they have Congressional Records. That's where I find so many interesting facts."

"If you want to live in the city instead of Baldwin, I'd never object. But I'd like to feel you were near Mr. Dorsall or Bess Williams in case you were sick or needed help. You'll keep in touch with Mr. Dorsall, won't you? I can call him from time to time. In the meantime send me your letters to General Delivery, Grand Central Station, New York. Let Mr. Dorsall know your address as soon as you move from Sullivan's and he can relay it to me when I call him. If there's a telephone where I can reach you, send me the number. You could have one installed if necessary and, Sarah, I'd rather you had an apartment, not just a room."

Sarah promised to do all Paul asked and lay awake thinking of the future long after he fell asleep. The telephone's shrill ring awakened them at 4 a.m. Paul dressed quickly and promised Sarah he would eat at the station.

"I can get a taxi downstairs."

Sarah stood near the door and he lingered for a moment and then asked, "Sarah, can I hold you in my arms before I go?"

"Of course you can, dear Paul."

She could feel the heavy beat of his heart when he held her

close and she pulled his face to hers and kissed him. “My dear patient Paul, so good to me.”

Sarah didn't move until the door closed. Then she walked to the window and sat down. She watched and as the yellow lights of what she thought was a taxi reflected on the wet pavement and turned south on Boylston Street, she felt completely alone.

She closed her eyes and prayed, “Oh, Lord, guide us both to do Thy Will and grant us Thy Grace to accept Thy Will.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

Sarah went back to bed and was awakened by a discreet knocking on the door. For a second she didn't know where she was but roused herself and called, "Who is it?"

The answering voice replied, "Mrs. Standish, your husband left orders for your breakfast to be served in your room. I have the menu."

The waitress took Sarah's order and later a waiter brought her tray.

It was still raining and she wondered if she would remain at the hotel but decided she had to start making plans for herself. A copy of the Boston Herald was on the breakfast tray, compliments of the hotel and Sarah turned to the advertisements. She studied the furnished apartment column and found one that sounded interesting. "One room, alcove and kitchenette near Charles River. \$45.00. Tel. Bow 4894." There were others but the rents were higher and Sarah didn't want to pay more than \$50.00. "Paul wouldn't care," she told herself, "but \$50.00 is reasonable and will suffice for the present."

She called the number. The woman's voice answering Sarah's inquiry for details of the rental was soft with a foreign accent. To Sarah's request for the exact location, the answer was.

"Where are 'e at?"

"I'm at a hotel near Boylston Station."

"Could 'e come to South Station waiting room?"

Sarah told her she could and they arranged to meet.

"Wait for 'e there, 'e'll be right down on the next train. 'E be at the Duke's Bench." and the line went dead.

Sarah studied the receiver in her hand and finally hung it back in place. "What am I supposed to do now and what have I floundered into?"

"But the voice was so young and efficient sounding." She repeated aloud, "'E be at Duke's Bench; it had ordered," and she laughed.

After bathing and dressing she packed her case and was ready to go. She took some money, then folded the envelope among her clothes and carefully locked the case. She stopped at the desk and told them she was checking out and wanted to pay the bill. She was informed that Mr. Standish had taken care of everything and the clerk smiled a wide smile, "We were pleased to serve you and Mr. Standish and hope you will return often."

Sarah asked the door man to call a taxi. She decided that it would be quicker than the subway and anyway, she told herself airily, "You can afford it. But, Sarah Standish," she reminded, "you must not get so uppity suddenly," then to ease her conscience. "This is an emergency."

As she walked into the station she recalled the command, "'E be at Duke's Bench." She discovered the benches were named for counties in Massachusetts, Barnstable, Suffolk, Essex and there was Duke.

The tall slim figure in green attracted Sarah's attention the moment it appeared amid the flowing stream of humanity at the South Station. The young woman walked with a swift, direct smooth grace; her hair was russet gold against a white complexion; the green coat was trimmed in plaid of gold, grey and brown, a pill box of plaid and green perched atop the shining hair. She carried an alligator suitcase. Her pocketbook and shoes matched the alligator skins in deep brown tones. The young woman came directly towards Sarah, halted, looked about for a scant moment and then spoke.

"'E called this morning?"

"Yes," Sarah stammered, "Gosh, to look and act like that and be so young."

The young woman sat down, fixed her luggage at her feet, pulled off her gloves and arranged them neatly on the pocketbook in her lap. "Let 'e sit here and make arrangements.

"Listen 'e out," she begged. "This is a weird supplication 'e make, but 'e prayed arf the night and I know 'e's the answer to 'e prayer."

Sarah settled back and listened. She felt that if she could aid in answering prayers she'd do it.

"I don't believe in direct answers for material blessings but if this pretty young girl does, far be it from me to disillusion her." She closed her eyes as her companion talked and listened intently for she found that watching her lovely grey eyes with the jet ring of lashes and the darting movement of the shining jet eyebrows distracted her from the narration.

"'E name is Rhoda O'Shane," she told Sarah and then continued to explain. She was born in Southern Rhodesia, Africa. She was raised by her grandmother who was Scotch and had lived in Transvaal until she was eighteen and then went to London where she met Joseph O'Shane, an American soldier and married him. "Joe," she said, "was on duty in England but was coming back to Boston." She left England first and located the apartment, waiting expectantly for word. It came two days ago. Joe had been stationed in New York instead of Boston. Rhoda was on her way to New York.

"'E have no money to get there," she told Sarah, "and 'e must agree to the arrangement and," she smiled assurance, "with the waking moment, 'e knew last night's prayers had been answered when 'e called."

"But," Sarah interrupted, "I would like to see the apartment before I commit myself to renting."

"'E will like it," Rhoda told her confidently, "Of course the surroundings are shabby and crowded and the landlady is Italian by birth and the tradespeople on the street speak in foreign tongues, but," she summed, "'e will like the little rooms."

She explained her plan, telling Sarah the details as though Sarah had agreed in advance to meet all the arrangements. The rent of the apartment was \$35.00 with utilities paid, the \$10.00 difference, Sarah was to place on a loan for the use of the furniture that Rhoda was going to leave and Sarah must accompany her to a loan company and agree to pay the amount each month for six months and then the furniture would be

Sarah's.

Sarah struggled to remonstrate but the calm sweet and hopeful look on Rhoda's face made her change her mind.

Instead, she thought, "To be so young and to have so much faith warrants some support and what I can agree to, I will, providing I do not become too involved. She doesn't look like an adventuress. Her only thought is Joe."

Rhoda glanced at the clock, "Time is passing and 'e want to be on the way. Come, 'e'll go to the office for arrangements."

"Why do we need to make the arrangements with a loan company?"

"'E need the money to get to New York to Joe. All 'e savings went to pretty the rooms for Joe when he came back to America but now 'e comes to New York instead of Boston."

"Will \$50.00 cover the cost of the furniture?"

"'E is all 'e need to get to New York to Joe," Rhoda stated with a finality.

"I'll pay you directly for the furniture and we will not need to negotiate through a loan company."

"But 'e'll have no assurance the furniture is worthy of the price," Rhoda explained.

"I have no assurance now. And I will have signed up to pay for six months and you'll have the money, no matter what we do."

"'tis so," Rhoda's face sobered. "All seemed so practical and in fair business; no thought to puzzle the procedure had been in 'e mind."

"But will \$50.00 be fair payment?"

"That 'e do not know. Only 'e needs but \$50.00 to reach New York."

"Well," Sarah pressed, "how much did you pay for the articles in the rooms?"

"Quite close to \$100.00, but," Rhoda hurried, "'at is of no consequence. 'e is imperative to reach New York and \$50.00 is necessary."

"Then I'll pay you \$75.00 now and arrange to pay the rent. Is the landlady agreeable to subletting? How do I know she'll want me to live there in Bowdoin Square?" Rhoda had told her

that the small apartment was on the third floor of an old residence on Starr Place off Bowdoin Street, the rooms were cozy, a gas log in an old marble fireplace and from the window in the alcove, when there were no washing on the roofs of the buildings, you could see a ribbon of the Charles River and the dome of the M.I.T. Building in Cambridge.

"No, \$50.00 will suffice." Rhoda sighed, "'E can scarcely contain 'eself 'till 'e reach New York. 'E have not see Joe for near a year. 'E would have traded clothes and baggage for less expensive articles but Joe gave me the luggage and 'e is so proud 'e wouldn't like 'e to appear shabby."

"Here's \$75.00 for the furniture," Sarah pressed it into Rhoda's hand, "If I think it is too much, consider it a loan and return it to me later."

The joy and relief on Rhoda's face was rewarding. "'E knew the Good Lord would answer 'e prayers."

Sarah smiled and watched Rhoda tuck the money in her pocketbook and take out the key to the apartment, a pencil and note book.

"'E didn't take time to ask 'e name. Give it, and the first post 'e can make will bring an address 'e can forward messages and mail to."

Sarah was still smiling when she gave her new name, Mrs. Paul Standish, 9 Starr Place, Boston, Mass.

Rhoda wrote in a round precise print, then passed the key to Sarah and inquired, "What is 'e given name?"

"Sarah."

"'tis fitting to you," and she repeated in her soft burr, rolling the r's. "Sarah was a favorite Great Aunt and 'e have great affection for 'e and to 'e, Sarah, 'e'll be grateful and endeared for my lifetime. And 'e'll ne'er be lonely in the little rooms, just waiting. 'E never was lonely but sometimes weary of waiting. Now the waiting is over and 'e's travelling soon to New York."

She picked up her gloves and tugged them on her hands, picked up her suitcases and pocketbook and smiled at Sarah and whispered huskily, "The Lord be with 'e," and turned to skim gracefully to the ticket window.

Watching, Sarah felt a strength creep into her own limbs, the light, swift motion of Rhoda's body, purposeful in the long stride, a force transferred itself to Sarah and she sat erect, tilted her head and watched Rhoda out of sight, sighed with regret there was not more time to get acquainted.

The taxis were darting out of nowhere to pick up and drop passengers and Sarah debated the idea of hailing one to take her to the new apartment deciding Paul would insist upon it on this stormy day; but, after a few unsuccessful attempts to flag down a speeding yellow flash on wheels, Sarah trudged down the stairs under the circle to come up on the west side and turned up the hill averting her face against the wind. The street sign post carrying Starr Place was welcome but when she crossed over to the odd numbers and glanced about her, Sarah felt weak and weary. The street was narrow, a Chinese laundry was on one side of the entrance to No. 9 and opposite was a delicatessen and a fruit stand; orange peelings and bruised apples lay in the gutters, the water washed over them; the canvas covering the fruit stand was grey and tattered and flapped raggedly in the tormenting wind. Her shoulders sagged as she climbed the four uneven granite block steps and opened the door to the entry. The four black mail boxes nailed on a board just inside the entry denoted four apartments in the narrow three story red brick structure. Sarah located the number on Mrs. Joseph P. O'Shane's as apartment 4, third floor, she remembered Rhoda told her and began to climb the narrow steps.

As she unlocked the door marked 4, she shut her eyes, not daring to look, berating herself for hiring rooms sight unseen.

When she opened them, she gasped, and breathed in ecstasy. Her first thought was, "Paul would approve."

"It's Rhoda's all right," she admitted aloud, "I can see her in everything."

Gay gingham checks were every where in the green walled room; a fiber rug of grey was the floor covering, the inviting wing chair by the fireplace was a plain green material, trimmed in black and white checked gingham; the couch, which could be opened to a bed, was covered in green to match the chair and

the pillows of assorted shapes were frilled with green and white and yellow and white gingham checks. The drapes over the windows were yellow gingham. On a small, low table by the shining marbled fireplace, a workbasket with the cover tilted halfway off brought to Sarah the realization that Rhoda just walked out of the rooms. The workbasket was a cake tin, painted green with a narrow gingham skirt frilling.

The ivory radio was within arm's reach of the wing chair and couch. Sarah surveyed every nook, then moved slowly to the left of the room and discovered the arch leading into a small alcove, large enough to hold a single cot, a dressing table, chair and bureau. This room was as delightful as the living room, the walls were soft yellow with a green rug, the couch cover was of grey and the pillows assorted ginghams; the window through which, Rhoda said the ribbon of Charles River and the Dome of M.I.T. could be seen was a diamond shaped paned casement window with a small window seat below it. Peering out through the rain, Sarah tried to discern the view but could only make out the outlines of the skeleton of the clothes posts.

When she turned back and opened the closet door she found a pair of grey knitted bedroom slippers and remembered her own damp feet and kicked off her shoes and slipped into them. She took her robe from the suitcase and removed her dark blue dress, looking at it wistfully, "My wedding dress is sadly mussed."

Suddenly she was aware that she had not yet seen the kitchen. She went to a door which led to the bath and kitchen. The latter was small with the same gingham checked drapes and decorations as the rest of the apartment, a three burner gas plate with a portable oven was the cooking unit; the sink was white with imitation tile in yellow and green and the most priceless piece of equipment in Sarah's eye was the small gleaming white electric refrigerator. She actually bowed to it, the palms of her hands flattened together and held close to her cheek and exclaimed, "How beautiful!"

She opened the door almost expecting it to disappear when she touched it. Inside was food for a number of meals and Sarah realized she was hungry. On the window sill she found two pots

of green growing plants, one a clump of chives and the other a curled green mound of parsley. In the cupboards were a half dozen glasses of home made jellies. The rinds of grapefruit, lemon and oranges and ginger root had been preserved. It was all the achievement of Rhoda O'Shane.

Tears of sheer joy smarted Sarah's eyes as she uttered a prayer of thanksgiving for being the lucky person to obtain the subletting privilege of Rhoda O'Shane's apartment.

"I'll bet there isn't another place like it in Boston. Then, too, there isn't another girl like Rhoda in Boston. She came from another land, but," Sarah told herself ruefully, "if I had the training and bringing up, I might have been able to do all these things when I was as young as Rhoda."

Sarah heated the kettle for tea and surveyed the supplies for a meal. When the fragrant tea, crisp toast and ruby red jelly was crowded upon the tray she picked it up and carried it to the living room.

The roar of the traffic on Bowdoin Street rushed in the partly opened window and as she enjoyed the tea, she promised herself many happy moments watching the scenes by the end of Starr Place.

"Thank Thee, Dear Lord for giving me the impulse to help Rhoda O'Shane this morning. Had I been skeptical of her story and refused her plea, I wouldn't be sitting in this sheltered nook now. I had the chance to be kind and I have profited."

She closed her eyes when she said, "Amen."

"I'll write a long, long letter to Paul." And she wondered if Paul was as warm, secure and content as she was at that moment. "He can't be with the uncertainty of war ahead but letters will help him and I'll write often."

She found paper and pen and ink in the small writing table and curled up in the wing chair with a magazine for a paper rest, leaned back and wondered how to address him and then began---

My Dear Husband

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

The next morning, after a hasty survey of the room to make sure that it was in good order, Sarah opened the door to the hall. A heavy tread and labored breathing of an individual coming up the narrow dark stairs sounded close. Sarah moved quickly to the top of the stairs and watched. For a scant moment she thought the huge body was crawling up the stairs but saw the woman was pulling herself up with one hand upon the bannister, the other on her knee. When she finally reached the top landing, she stood gasping for breath, her white teeth showing through a wide mouth of a swarthy, freshly scrubbed face, her hair pulled back so tightly, the flesh about the roots were raised like goose pimples. She smiled at Sarah and exhaled lustily.

"You da lady whoose gonna leef in Number Four?"

"Yes," Sarah nodded.

"Me? Ima Mrs. Rossitti. I shaka you hand to make-a you welcome," and as she pumped Sarah's arm, she smiled broadly, nodded her head approvingly, "You like-a da rooms?"

"Yes," Sarah told her, "I like the rooms very much and I will pay you the rent now," and she started back to the opened door, "I'm going to get my bags and belongings in Baldwin."

"Naw, naw," Mrs. Rossitti waved her hands, "the other lady paid for," she lifted her head and looked at the ceiling and, moving her lips with the silent count, "seex-a more days," she bobbed her head satisfied with her mathematics, "yes-a seex more days, then I come-a for da rent. I joost-a come to see-a you and letta you see me, you-a landlady. I go now."

It was a sunless, November day, chilly and damp, the pavements were dry but puddles of the previous night's rain still filled portions of the gutter and cobbled streets. Carefully, Sarah stepped to avoid them and started down to Charles Street Station.

When she reached Sullivan's she wondered if she should use her key or ring the bell, "How quickly I have disassociated myself from this house," she told herself. She used the key and went to her room and packed her belongings.

When she brought her suitcase to the lower hall, Mrs. Sullivan came out.

"You're leaving already?"

"Yes, I have a place in Boston, I'll take my things today." She added, "There's a box of books and papers still upstairs. I'll come back for it later this afternoon. I can only manage the suitcase now."

Mrs. Sullivan smiled, "I offer you best wishes for much happiness."

Sarah thanked her and gave her her address and then added, "If you have anything real important and it is urgent, call Mr. Dorsall's office and leave a message."

It was nearly noon, the air was much warmer and the sun shone a pale gold as the grey clouds shifted and Sarah lifted her head and watched through the bare limbs of the tall elms and made up her mind to go to Mr. Dorsall's and then to Bess Williams.

Ethan Dorsall's secretary ushered Sarah into his office. Mr. Dorsall was rocking slowly in his swivel chair. He was a genteel appearing person, small, leanly built, pure white hair; crisply clipped Van Dyke beard and mustache. His shirt was immaculately white; starched and laundered to marbled smoothness. He stood up and bowed and motioned Sarah to the chair by his side, "So I meet Mrs. Paul Standish. I am delighted. I've known the Standish family even before Paul was born. His father was a fine man. Honesty, consideration and compassion were among his outstanding qualities. He had many." He looked at Sarah, sitting precisely in the middle of the chair, her hands holding her handbag tightly and he smiled, "Paul is exactly like him. He

was a devoted son to his mother.”

She smiled and nodded.

He cleared his throat, “Mrs. I’m going to call you Sarah, may I?” Not waiting for her reply, he continued. “Where are you living now?”

Sarah gave him the address and hurried to explain, her face wreathed in smiles, “I have the nicest apartment in Boston. It’s furnished and has every convenience.” She sobered, “Of course, the location’s not the best but I’m sure I’ll like it better than a marbled walled apartment building.”

“You seem happy about the place.”

“I am.”

“Good, now, let’s get to business.”

When they had finished, Sarah started for the door. She turned to thank him, smiling shyly.

The old revulsion of the Court assailed her as she walked from the main street to the back yard. Sarah recognized Lester. He was tightening the lines on the clothes post in back of Williams’ door and when she waved to him, he only stared at her. She walked to the back door and before she entered, she turned to smile. He was still staring at her.

Bess stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, her lined face was smiling but swollen; her eyes red rimmed with recent tears. She hugged Sarah. “I’ve been waiting for you, Sarah. Imagine you getting married to Paul, and after all these years. You’re set for life now. Too bad your mother never lived to see this day.” She sobered and volunteered, “Many’s the time she’d tell me you could have had Paul with the nod of your head.” She impulsively hugged Sarah again and wished her good luck and happiness.

Sarah was surprised, “But how did you know? It all happened so fast.”

“The druggist, Mr. Aiken told me. I guess Dr. Larsen must have told him. He did your blood test didn’t he?”

“Put your things on a chair in the dining room. We’ve so much to talk about.”

As she entered the kitchen again, the door leading to the cellar opened and Lester slithered through the kitchen, passed

Sarah without a glance and disappeared into the front of the house.

Staring at him with pity, then turning to look at Bess who had put her finger over her lips for silence, whispering, "He's having one of his bad times. He'll sleep the rest of the day."

"Where's Helena and the baby?" Sarah looked around.

"They're at Steve's parents. They'll be back soon."

"I see the old Court has a paint-up."

"Yes, they couldn't raise the rents without making improvements so instead of putting some paint inside, they streaked that ugly color on the outside. I can't pay it and I have to get out." She started to cry, "It's best in a way." She shifted her position wearily, "Helena's going to leave. She wants a bit of a yard for the baby. I wouldn't be surprised if she goes to live with Steve's people."

"What about Lester?"

"It'll be the asylum for him."

"What about you?"

"I suppose I could get housework and live in. Then I'd get my board and room at least. I don't know what to do."

When Sarah prepared to leave, Bess inquired, "You'll be back for supper?"

"Yes, I'll bring something or, better still, I'll give you some money and you can shop and have it ready when I return."

"I can manage," Bess told her, adding, "Somehow."

"Don't worry about managing. I've plenty of money and if I didn't give it to you, I'd spend it in the restaurant. I'll be back about 5 o'clock."

It was nearer six when Sarah returned.

"I went over to where Warren works and told him that I was now Mrs. Paul F. Standish. Sybil was there, too. She helps him at the funeral parlor."

"Were they surprised?" Bess inquired.

"They seemed to be. Warren said that now he wouldn't have to worry about me. Peter wasn't there. After that I went over to see the tenants in my house."

She folded her hands and sat primly in her chair watching Bess putting the food on the table. There was a silence and Bess

looked at Sarah, who was smiling, her eyes sparkling with delight.

“Now what are you up to? You look as though you’d done some mischief.”

“I have a secret but I’ll tell you after supper. It can keep until then.”

“We’re going to have lamb stew, applesauce and johnny cake, thanks to Sarah,” Bess told Helena and Lester as they sat down to the repast.

Helena smiled, “Thank you, Sarah,” and she told little Marchita to say “Thank you for the supper.” Marchita obliged with a muffled sound as she tried to spoon a portion of the stew to her mouth. She missed it and Lester reached over and took her from Helena and settled her on his lap.

“Lester’ll feed the little one from his plate. She isn’t old enough to feed herself,” Bess explained as she served her own plate. “Show Helena your wedding ring.”

Helena admired it and compared it with her own. “You have diamonds in yours. Steve plans to have a diamond put in mine every five years of our marriage.”

“I’d like to stay with you tonight,” Sarah informed Bess, “because I have to see the lawyer in the morning again and I want to go to Sullivan’s place and pick up the rest of my things. Can I bring them here for the present and when I come back again I’ll take them to Boston. I’ve seen the Marshalls, the couple who are in my house.” She smiled a mysterious smile and chuckled, “I’ll talk about them later.”

Bess told her, “You stay right here with us as long as you want to.”

Helena took the baby and carried her up to the bedroom. Lester went down to the cellar and Bess began to clear the table. Sarah stood up to aid her but she brushed Sarah back. “Stay right where you are and talk to me. The room’s so small I can manage by myself better. If I’d lose some weight perhaps two could work here,” she puffed with the exertion of transferring the dishes to the sink and the supplies to the pantry.

Feeling the chill current from the opened pantry door, Sarah

slid to the stove, dragging a chair with her and she sat close to the front hearth.

"Many's the time your mother sat in that spot and gave comfort to me with her advice," Bess murmured.

"You were a comfort to her with your visits to our home when she was ill," Sarah replied softly.

"I carried my troubles with me."

"We considered it a compliment to have you think us worthy of giving advice, we didn't have too many friends but those we had we valued."

"Why, I believe your mother was my best friend. Most of the tenants in the Court, the ones who stayed any length of time, seemed to like their own company, not ours. I guess I'm the oldest tenant now."

Sarah laughed, "But you don't intend to be much longer do you? How much did the rent go up this time?"

"It's \$60.00 now," Bess snorted. "It's robbery! But what can you do? You can't raise the money to move out so you stay."

"What did they allow you for cleaning the other apartments?"

"Five dollars a week, and I doubt if they'll raise that. So it'll be \$40.00 a month, but I just can't pay it. Even with Helena staying. Her allotment feeds us and the little bit I make on the side and Lester's \$20.00 a month pension from the Town Yards pay the rent and gas. I guess it is the welfare for us."

Sarah studied the front grate for a little while, smiling to herself.

Bess smiled too, "There you go with that impy grin."

"You managed, somehow, to pay \$30.00 a month rent these past few years."

"Yes," Bess answered, "I know I could manage that."

"Well," Sarah asked, "if you knew a place you could rent for \$25.00 a month, would you move? It wouldn't be much better than the Court, black stove, copper lined bath tub, soapstone sink and hot air heat."

"We have hot air heat here but no money to buy the hot air." Bess laughed, "Goodness knows the rent collector blows enough to heat the whole Court sometimes. If there's a place for \$25.00

I sure would move. Do you know one?"

Sarah looked mysterious, "Yes, my house, the Marshalls are moving the 15th of December."

Bess was excited, "You mean you'd rent me your house for \$25.00? The Marshalls pay more than that don't they?"

"Yes, but I can let you have it for the \$25.00 if you want it. That would cover my taxes and mortgage interest and insurance."

"If I want it? I'd be indebted to you for life. Think what it would mean for the little one. The yard for her. Lester could keep up your mother's garden. I always envied her that home." Her eyes sparkled, "Won't the rest of the neighbors be jealous when I move out?"

She hurried to the bottom of the stairs and called up in a hushed voice, "Helena, come down. Hear what Sarah's telling me."

Helena came quickly and Bess imparted the news. Helena's first reaction was, "Oh, there'll be a yard for Marchita."

Sarah explained, "Now it isn't as big as the Court. Lester will have to sleep in the ell and you, Bess, will have to share the bedroom with Helena and Marchita while Steve is away and when he's home you'll either have to sleep on the couch in the dining room or the sofa that can be used as bed at night in the living room."

"Oh, we can do anything and everything," Bess told her, "when can we move in?"

"After the 15th of December, and I'll get rid of my furniture so you can put yours there."

"Ours isn't much good, Sarah. Some of it's not even worth moving. I could get a few dollars for it at the Court. There's always someone who needs things they can get cheap. What'll you do with yours? Could I buy it, if you sell, and pay so much a week?"

Sarah thought a minute, "I know what we can do. I'll take what I want and put it in storage and leave the rest there. What you can't use, you can sell or give away. There are some nice pieces that belonged to my Grandmother. Just a few but I want to keep them. Then there's my files, papers, books and notes

that are valuable. I will take some of that material to Boston and put the rest in storage. I forgot to tell you, Bess, I'm not with the newspaper anymore. It was sold."

"My goodness," Bess exclaimed, "what a lot of changes going on for all of us. What'll you do?"

"Remember I'm married now. I don't have to work."

Bess was swaying in her chair, smiling, "You say the people will move out the 15th, next month. We can move right in and be there for Christmas and you must come to Christmas dinner with us. I know I should give notice, but I'll tell the agent I'm moving. He can't do anything about it. You can't get blood from a stone, now can you?"

"Speaking of Christmas, we'll be here 'till then if we don't get to bed." She turned to Sarah. "You look frazzled and ready to fall asleep in the chair."

CHAPTER FORTY

The next morning when Sarah visited Mr. Dorsall's office, he gave her a checkbook.

"I've opened an account for you. You sign this card and please keep in touch with me."

Sarah assured him she would.

When she arrived back at Starr Place, Mrs. Rossitti met her.

"Whatsa matter? I worry for you. You no come back and," she threw her hands outward, "I know nowhere to look for you. Eef you get sick or in accident, who I tell?" She wheedled, "I no mean to be noseiy but I like to feel for my people in my house."

Sarah dispelled her concern, telling her that she would leave the name of her best friend and the lawyer in her desk drawer.

As she ascended the stairs she thought, "It's like having Ma with me again to fuss and give me orders."

She settled in the room and began to make plans. "Sarah Standish, it is about time you decided to do something with Great Uncle John David Barr's legacy. Study it carefully and see if you can tie in the material you have gathered from the Congressional Records and the documentation and material Mr. Carter gave you."

She made an outline of the sequence of documentation as well as she could recall her Great Uncle's notes.

"Great Uncle's writings telling of the movement to radicalism started with the Sophists but his notes only traced back to the Illuminati in France and the Sunday School and Missionary-Evangelism movements in England, then to the Democratic Societies

in America and the change or second revolution when Jefferson and Thomas Paine wrought the corruption initiating their diabolical plan to disguise their radicalism under the term religion.”

She began to scribble notes on a pad and tapped the pencil against her cheek.

“Now,” she asked herself, “when you assemble everything, what will you do with it? Write a book? Give lectures? You can’t pack it away in boxes. It must be circulated or all the work of the past will be lost. Someone must carry on.” She frowned and studied the pad in front of her. “Would it be possible to instill a desire in Peter to carry the torch? Yes,” she declared, “it is possible and I’ll try. I’ll continue to gather information.”

She continued tracing her Great Uncle’s outline. “The missionary and Sunday School movement came from England. These were carrying the Anti-Christian ideologies, scarcely discernible and readily accepted under the label of evangelism. Then the Freethinkers, Robert Dale Owen and Frances Wright, came over from England and the social planners or Sophists in America fell right into their schemes. Owen and Wright, with the help of the Sophists, effected a change in American education to an ideology they called Universal Education which embraced the decadent, destructive and debasing ideas of the Sophists. One of the terms used was democracy. So Universal Education could also be labelled training for democracy. It certainly wasn’t education.

“From this nucleus of Freethinkers and Sophists the American Institute of Instruction was set up in 1830 followed by the American Association for the Advancement of Education. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Barnard and Horace Mann were among the members of the American Institute of Instruction. Horace Mann presided at the American Association for the Advancement of Education. From this group the National Teachers’ Association emerged in 1857; then came the National Educational Association in 1886 (NEA), and this organization was chartered by an act of Congress in 1906 as the National Education Association. The U.S. Bureau of Education was set up in 1867 and the first Commissioner of Education of

the USA was none other than Henry Barnard, a founding member of the American Institute of Instruction.

"The first move to establish a standing committee of education in the U.S. Congress was made in December, 1829 when Joseph Richardson, member of the Congress from Massachusetts proposed the committee, but the proposition was successfully opposed on the ground that the jurisdiction of the subject of education belonged to the several states. His motion was defeated, 127 to 52. The Constitution of the United States of America does not mention education as a function of the Federal Government. But then the U.S. Bureau of Education was organized in 1867. This must have come after a series of steps from a standing committee. Robert Dale Owen, Frances Wright's partner in the conspiracy was a congressman from 1843 to 1847."

Sarah pondered, "This move to a program involving education in the Federal Government and legislation to establish a Committee or Bureau must have continued further so that the Federal Government would have complete control of education. I wonder?" She was thoughtful and tried to recall her discussion with Congressman Kahl and Mr. Carter. Suddenly she remembered. "Aha, now it comes to me. Congressman Kahl told of the Hearings to set up a Department of Education when he came to the Sun-Sentinal Office and I have the Hearings, but they must be in storage. I do remember the Chamber of Commerce was against it and that one of the arguments was it will be plunged into politics and it will be unconstitutional. Federal Council of Churches supported the legislation."

She tapped her pencil on her note pad, "I'll go to the library and see if I can find out what happened to the Department of Education movement. There was the Bureau but what about the Department?"

It was a week later she found some information. The Bureau was established in 1867. It became an office in the Department of the Interior in 1929 and was transferred to the Federal Security Agency in 1939. It was still the Office of Education, and it was transferred to the Federal Security Agency by Reorganization Plan I of 1939. Sarah was baffled.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

News of the bombing of Pearl Harbor began to scream over the radio Sunday afternoon, December 6, 1941. Sarah didn't hear it until about six o'clock. She spent the afternoon, a dull damp day, digging in the material and notes she had accumulated and filed information for future reference. She walked down to the drug store and wondered at the excited gathering around the radio and asked innocently, why?

Everyone began to explain. She was stunned at first, then her indignation rose, "Why were we taken by surprise? Why were so many ships lost? Why were the Japs able to penetrate the area?"

Then she remembered her own work with the Alert Center. She didn't volunteer for Sunday because there were many available at this time. She wondered if extras would be needed this night and phoned to inquire.

She was told to report at midnight, Monday. "We have plenty of volunteers as well as stand-bys but we'll need all the experienced people we can find. Can you come for six hours or ten if necessary?" the voice asked.

Sarah said she would be available for six hours at least.

War was declared Monday, December 7, 1941.

Ugly rumors circulated, placing the blame for the attack in many directions. Hushed murmurs of drinking parties and lack of proper supervision by the army and naval authorities were heard on all sides.

Sarah was amazed at the indifference of the majority of citizens to the war news. Gay throngs massed the streets. Long lines waited for tickets at the theatres. Restaurants were

crowded, the shop windows brightly lighted displayed latest fashions. It dismayed Sarah to see the lack of interest or concern over the war. "Do they know what it means?" she wondered. "How long will it last, how many will be killed? Will our own shores be bombed, our cities destroyed as was Pearl Harbor?" Late editions of newspapers carried the unbelievable loss of life and damage to installations and equipment at Pearl Harbor. It was staggering!

On the 15th of December Sarah returned to Baldwin. The Marshalls had left and Bess was moving in.

"Here's the key, Bess."

Bess' hand trembled as she took it. "I can't believe that this is really happening. I'm so excited."

Sarah pointed out the few pieces of furniture she wanted stored and told Bess the man would come and pick them up in a few days. "I'll go through my personal papers and pick out what I want to take with me."

"Won't you stay for lunch or a bite to eat?"

"No, not this time, I'm going over to the library and see if Angie is on duty. I want to ask her some questions about using the reference materials. I plan to go to the Boston Library to study the papers and Congressional Records. It will occupy my time and I'll be keeping up with what's going on down in Washington. You don't get much from the papers, but the Records reveal a lot."

"You'll come for Christmas, please?" Bess entreated. "Here in your own home you wouldn't be lonesome. I'll ask your brother and his wife and your nephew. It'll be a houseful but a happy houseful."

Sarah agreed, but told Bess, "I'm giving you money to help with the meal. Four extra mouths is a lot to feed, especially at Christmas. Don't buy fruit or candy. I'll bring that from Boston. I'll go down to Faneuil Hall. I enjoy shopping there."

Bess started to remonstrate but was silent when Sarah said, "Now I insist."

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When Sarah arrived home, a letter and packet from Paul awaited her. It was a picture of Paul. She placed it on the table

by the wing chair. He said he had no new plans. He was still at the hotel using the box at Grand Central Station waiting orders from Washington. He said he could not disclose his address. He had hoped to come to Boston for the holidays but his orders were to wait at the hotel. She read on, "Please send me a picture."

Sarah had six poses made and chose three to put in a small triple gold frame that could be folded. She thought it would be nice if she had one made for Paul's wallet. He would want one to carry with him wherever he went. The photographer assured her they would be ready for Christmas.

She wrote Paul telling him about her trip to Baldwin and Bess settling in the home. She also told him she was keeping the telephone there until the New Year so he could call her on Christmas Day. Bess said she couldn't afford the telephone.

There was much hilarity when Sarah arrived Christmas morning. She carried the gifts in her suitcase, a doll for Marchita, a powder compact for Helena, sweaters for Bess and Lester. Lester was so pleased with his, he would stroke the soft knitted fabric and smile. Sarah had brought candy and fruit. She brought a fruit cake and candy for Warren and Sybil and a pen and pencil set for Peter, but Bess told her, "Peter came over and said they wanted to be home together and was sorry they couldn't come." He did bring a present to Sarah. It was a small beaded bag to be used for evening wear. He told Bess, "I'd like to see Sarah, but tell her Merry Christmas and I'll see her soon."

Sarah smiled, "I never expected Warren and Sybil would come but I did hope to see Peter. He may drop in later."

Bess began to tell Sarah, "We're thrilled with everything. Lester watches the baby for us when we're away. Helena has a job selling tickets at the movie house and I'm working cleaning and ironing when I can get it and more people are asking for me. It isn't hard work like the Court."

She rattled on, "Sarah, you look like a different person."

"Like a bride?"

"Almost," her voice sobered. "It's a shame Paul has to be so far away, but then so's Helena's Stevie. But it's war and we have to expect it, now don't we?"

Sarah exclaimed, "Oh, I almost forgot to show you." She went to the suitcase and took out Paul's picture. "There's Mr. Standish. I'll put it on the table so he can be included in the party."

Just at that moment, the telephone rang. Before Bess could reach it, Sarah had dashed across the room and took the receiver and called a gay, "Hello." It was Paul. She told him the news and Bess talked to him and congratulated him and expressed her wish for a Merry Christmas. Paul told Sarah he had received the pictures and said they were beautiful. He ended his conversation, "My dear wife, Sarah. Wish I could be there with you but next Christmas I will."

Sarah's eyes misted as she hung up the receiver.

The day passed swiftly and she departed promising to come again New Year's.

Sarah spent most of the holiday week in the huge Boston Public Library. The weather stayed cold but no new storms were predicted and she enjoyed the brisk walks across town.

She discovered the leading daily newspapers were on the long tables and the Congressional Records were available. She also found old reports of the "Addresses and Proceedings" of the National Education Association. One, the 1919 Report was of special interest. That was the year after she graduated from High School when Mr. Campbell, the principal, told her the educational curriculum had been corrupted. She thumbed through the Report and discovered in the General Sessions Program, titles listed as "The Organization of Public Education for Service in the New Democracy"; "Education for the Establishment of A Democracy in the World"; and "The Contribution of Teachers to the Development of Democracy". Mr. A. Duncan Yocum prepared "The Democracy Questionnaire", which was reviewed in the Report. He stated that President Wilson's letter to certain school officials was responsible for the change in the tone of the Bulletins issued by the United States Bureau of Education. One of the "fundamentals in the re-adjustment of education to world-democracy" was listed by Mr. Yocum. It read: "The education of Americans to a completer democracy is a national

function which must not be left to varying consciousness and efficiency of community or state, but, like school attendance itself, must be compelled."

Sarah copied the sentences and made a note that the statements were from page 719 of the Report. In the Questionnaire itself which was sent to 200 schools, the material was classified under two main sections: First, "General Means for Teaching Democracy", and second, "Essential Factors in the Teaching of Democracy".

Sarah settled back in her chair after she perused the reports. "So they were teaching about Democracy when I told the teacher the U.S.A. was not a Democracy." Then she began to think about the dual usage of the term. It's real meaning was a form of government but as the Founding Fathers had pointed out it was a long discredited form. It destroyed itself since it bred agitation, chaos, immorality and anarchy. Wasn't it one of the signers of the U.S.A. Declaration of Independence, Samuel Adams who said, "There never was a democracy that did not commit suicide."

She pressed the pencil she was holding against her cheek. "Seems to me Caleb Carter told me about one of the uses of the term which was misleading. Sort of a faith or way of life substitute for religion, a do-it-yourself cult. It is so confusing. I'll look up Mr. Carter's notes and see if I can find anything."

When she reached the apartment, she went to the alcove where she had the material and found the packet given to her by Mr. Carter. Triumphantly, she waved his notes, "Here it is," and she read, "This is right from the horse's mouth. Democracy and orthodoxy are contradictory terms because orthodoxy is the doctrine of autocracy and democracy is the doctrine of autonomy. Orthodoxy is fixed, rigid, final; democracy is flexible, expansive, prophetic. Orthodoxy defines the truth before the search for it begins; democracy finds the truth through the search. The way of democracy is beset with difficulty and its march is marred by errors." "So," Sarah told herself, "Orthodoxy is religion, Natural Laws and is fixed, rigid, absolute. Democracy's march is marred by errors. History records this fact. Why does each generation allow itself to grope

in confusion, chaos, demoralization and destruction by accepting the cult of Democracy?"

In her haste to locate Mr. Carter's articles, she had forgotten to look for mail. She dashed down stairs. There were two letters, one from Paul and the other from Rhoda. She opened Rhoda's first. She could skim through it and enjoy every word of Paul's.

It was short and cheerful, "I'm reconciling myself to any eventuality and enjoying every precious moment that I have the opportunity to spend with my Joe and I pray Our Lord will grant us some time to enjoy a few more days and weeks together. We want to go out into the country and walk on moss and leaves and beside water and hear the trees rustling in the wind. That will be spring and it's too much to hope for but we're hoping. He has been training and we know, that soon, too soon, he will be sent overseas."

Paul's letter brought the news he was finally leaving New York. His address would now be an APO at Washington, D.C. "I will not be in Washington, though. I can't tell you where but it is not out of the country.

"I hope you do not tire of my oft repeated sentence, I'm so glad I have a wife like Sarah Atkins Standish. When I think of the loneliness without you I am appalled. How would I have been able to stand these long months of waiting for orders, almost a prisoner, in fact a prisoner, and I will continue to be one for many more months. I will not have a leave of absence long enough to be with you, only three day passes and then I'm restricted to limited areas."

Sarah held Paul's letter. "What would my life be like if I were still Sarah Atkins?"

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

Shortly after the New Year, Peter visited Sarah at Starr Place. He tapped lightly and then called, "Is that you, Sarah?"

She rushed to open the door and cried in astonishment, "Peter, oh, Peter, I'm so glad to see you!"

Peter stood in the hallway, his head turned toward the stairway, "How'd you ever get to live in this place?" He groaned and scowled in distaste. Sarah pulled his face to hers, ruffled his hair and as he pulled away, she patted his cheek affectionately and lead him into the room.

"Gee!" Peter was amazed. He glanced toward the door again and then looked slowly around. "What a difference from the outside and this. What a difference," he murmured, "Gee, this is swell." He sat down gingerly and Sarah curled into the huge wing chair, her face happy with the knowledge of Peter's appraisal of the little home was sincere.

"Isn't it nice?" she asked.

"It's like a magazine picture," he told her. "How'd you find it?" Without waiting for Sarah's answer, he announced, "I've got news," then his voice faltered, "I know you'll think it is good news. My father and mother don't think it is, but," he straightened his shoulders and nodded his head in emphasis, "I'm nineteen years old and I should make my own decisions, shouldn't I?" He pleaded for approval.

"Tell me the news."

"I joined the Navy. If I don't join, I'll be drafted. I received my notice and I'm leaving next Friday. I have to serve my country."

“Oh, Peter, so suddenly?”

His voice lowered, his face lost its animation and he asked soberly, “You believe in wars don’t you, Sarah? We have to defend ourselves and when you look back in history more progress in humanitarianism is accomplished after a war than for decades of peace. So they have a purpose in the scheme of things, don’t you think?” He nodded his head as though substantiating his opinion.

Suddenly Peter exclaimed, “I want to be baptized before I go to war. You were.”

“Yes, I was baptized in the Baldwin Baptist Church when it was a Christian Church. It’s changed now. It joined up with a national organization of all sects and follows the evangelists.”

“It doesn’t make much difference what church you belong to does it?”

“Yes, Peter, it does. To be a Christian you must be baptized the same way the Lord Jesus Christ was baptized. Some churches perform a ceremony they call christening. It’s not baptizing, although some people call it baptism. The meaning of baptize is to dip in water. It doesn’t mean to sprinkle with water like they do at christenings.”

He sat quiet, looking at his hands. “Gee, I wish I could find out the best way, the right way, to live.”

Pondering, Sarah remembered her anxious search for the same answer and recalled she was Peter’s age when she stood on the steps of Baldwin High and decided the symbol “X” was the answer but somewhere in her mind, the memory of her Grandmother Hyde returned and she repeated the words of her Grandmother to Peter.

“Your life is a gift of the Lord. What you do with your life is your gift to Him. To live right you must obey Him.”

When Peter spoke he changed the subject and Sarah never knew how much thought he gave to her words for he said, “I’m hungry, Sarah, let’s eat.”

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February the Army took over the Alert Center. Sarah debated whether she should take a permanent position or scout

around for volunteer work. The Captain told her the Coast Guard was looking for volunteers in the Reserve and would recommend her to one of the Commanders of a Flotilla. She was accepted. It was interesting and besides taking care of the records of the Flotilla's activities, she was a yoeman, she trained three evenings a week.

In March, Mr. Dorsall wrote asking her to come to see him.

Mr. Dorsall was gracious when Sarah entered his office. He motioned to a chair and settled back.

"Sarah, what are you doing for money? You haven't drawn a single cent on your checking account."

"But," Sarah explained laughing, "I don't need any more yet."

"Heavens, what do you do for money then?"

"I still have some Paul left with me."

"Well, anyway, whether you want to spend the money is up to you and it's here in the bank anytime you want it and I'll write to Paul and tell him you are not in need."

"Please do that," Sarah said as she stood up to leave and she promised, "I'll call on you if I want anything."

"You do just that," Mr. Dorsall begged her as he opened the door to the outer office. He added, "Your husband is very well off you know."

Sarah went out of the office to the sunny sidewalk. The air was beginning to grow crisp with some dampness and she hugged her coat to her and started down the main street. She paused at the old burying ground and noted some of the names on the headstones. Interest in the headstones heightened when Sarah spied the name Standish. She went through the gate to see more clearly the nearly obliterated markings on the steel grey slabs. The Standish markers were the graves of Paul's parents and Sarah read the others, Gleason, Hopkins, Choate and Wiggins. Sarah wondered what sort of citizens they were, what did they do to be remembered by and she thought of Paul again and wondered what he was doing.

The tall elms were fast disappearing from Main Street, the old Melken mansion had been torn down and a chain market erected in its place. The scene was changing. Sarah sighed and

turned to go on to Bess Williams, telling herself she would never get there if she day dreamed, for day dreaming she was, remembering the earlier years. She walked along the Main Street, noting the old landmarks, the fountain named after the Melkens, the spotless white street cleaning equipment brushing the debris from the gutters, the blue uniformed policeman directing traffic.

Bess met her at the gate and they went to the back of the house while Bess excitedly pointed to the achievements of Lester.

"Look, Sarah, he's trimmed the grapevines and made this arbor and see there he's made himself a work shop, just room enough for himself. He's busy every minute and see what he made for the church fair?"

"What church?" Sarah was surprised.

"You'd ask that, knowing I haven't been to church in years. And that's another good thing that happened. It's a little Christian Church three streets up. One day a woman came to ask if Marchita could come to the Sunday School. She turned out to be Edith Stockton, a third grade school teacher. Her married name is Pearsall. She's in charge and wanted Marchita to come.

"Marchita was playing with a cradle Lester made her and Edith asked if he would make some for the fair if they brought the wood and glue and he did. See," she pointed to the inside of the workshop, "there they are. They'll make good gifts for children. He copied them from the early Colonial cradles."

Lester hovered near them and when Sarah turned to smile approval of his work, he picked up the plane and shook his head sadly, "Boke, oo bah."

Sarah looked askance at Bess and she explained, "He broke the blade and it can't be replaced. They're scarce on account of the war. I've tried to get one for him. He's doing most of the planing by whetstone and sandpaper and it takes a lot of strength. Do you know, Sarah, he seldom rests. Wait 'till you see inside the house. The floors are scraped and waxed, the bathroom is painted. He did it all himself and when he isn't working on something, he's cleaning and sharpening his tools.

Let's go inside."

They had tea and as Sarah prepared to return to Boston, she told Bess she would join them at Easter.

On her way home, Sarah stopped at the hardware store and asked Evan Sawyer if there was any way he could get a new plane for Lester. He said he was sure he could and she asked him to deliver it and send her the bill.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

March 1942, brought the news that Gen. MacArthur had left the Philippines. On arriving in Australia he promised to reorganize the Pacific forces.

Letters from Paul were shorter and less frequent. He told Sarah he was working long hours and besides, he said the mail was censored. Peter's announced in July that he was being transferred and gave a San Francisco A.P.O. address. In one of his letters written before his transfer, he told Sarah he had found a small Christian Church and asked the pastor to baptize him. "Now I feel better because I know I am following Christian teachings. Some of the fellows go to church meetings and all they do, is go down to the front when the man asks them to and they shout they are saved. I try to tell them they have to be baptized to be saved but they don't pay any attention to me. I know I wouldn't feel right just saying myself that I was saved. I remember what you taught me and when I come back I'm going to be a minister and teacher."

Between her war work and trips to the Library Sarah's days and evenings were occupied. She made many notes from the Congressional Record of March 12, 1942, p.A1059. She tucked them with Congressman Kahl's articles.

She was impressed by one section she copied. "How can we hope for unity when incidents like these, (A dinner given to around a hundred of the more radical type New Dealers by the publication "NEW REPUBLIC", with the Attorney General Francis Biddle making a speech supporting the New Deal) continually arouse in the people the distrust that the radicals in

the administration are conducting a social revolution in America under the cover of a bloody war abroad?"

The fall and winter passed swiftly. Sarah spent Christmas at her own apartment but went back to Baldwin on New Year's Day and visited with Bess.

It was early February, 1943, when Sarah heard from Rhoda again. "Joe went overseas. I'm looking for work and will send you a permanent address."

But it did not arrive and Sarah could not contact her.

It was midnight, a month later. Rain swished against the window and Sarah snuggled deeper in the wing chair. The wind increased in velocity and Sarah thought of the old saying, "March comes in like a lion, it'll go out like a lamb."

A timid knock on the door was so light, Sarah thought it was the wind but the second time, Sarah started up and sat intently listening and when the knock was repeated, she went swiftly to the door and opened it.

In the darkness, the face of the visitor was invisible but Sarah looked at the feet, shod in cheap leather shoes, sodden with rain and mud stained. She shivered in sympathy and glanced up to determine who was standing, silent and forlorn in the doorway.

"'E have forgotten?" the voice was soft, plaintive.

Sarah stepped back and called, "Come in Rhoda O'Shane."

Rhoda entered, stopped, looked around and breathed, "'E didn't change a thing."

"No, I haven't," Sarah echoed but to herself she thought, "but you have changed, Rhoda O'Shane."

Her lovely clothes had been replaced with a drab, tan camel's hair coat and battered felt hat soggy with rain and a sleazy black skirt. She clutched a paper bag as she surveyed the room.

"It's more wonderful than I ever remembered. It's like coming home from a long journey," she uttered this simply, more to herself than to Sarah.

"Get those shoes off your feet," Sarah ordered. "I'm going to make tea. Your slippers are in the closet in the alcove."

Sarah whisked herself out into the kitchen. When she returned to the living room she glanced into the alcove.

Rhoda was kneeling on the floor, her hat and coat still on,

her face buried in her own dressing gown. Her shoulders shook with silent sobs. Sarah withdrew quietly and then called.

"Take off those wet garments and toast yourself by the gas log. We'll celebrate with some of your own jelly on our bread." She pretended to be busy with the tray when Rhoda came back into the room, dressed in her plaid gown and grey slippers. She was smiling but traces of tears were evident.

"'E" she corrected herself, "'I" then explained, "notice how I use my pronouns. Joe complained I messed him up with all my 'e's. And I try so hard but forget."

In the excitement of Rhoda's arrival, Sarah had forgotten to inquire and now asked, "How's Joe?"

"'E's," her voice trembled and her face twisted. Before she could finish, Sarah spoke briskly.

"Sit down and drink the hot tea, then we'll talk all night if we want to."

Rhoda obeyed but her face was dazed and bewildered.

"It'd take many nights to tell and much has been forgotten and 'e'd rather it remain buried."

"Oh?" Sarah looked questioningly, "but Joe?" she pressed.

"Joe's bitter. 'E's moods are black and ugly."

The room was silent. Sarah sipped her tea and Rhoda studied the piece of bread in her hand, turning it over and over. She sighed and closed her eyes and a tear oozed through the lids.

"'E's going to renounce his American citizenship. 'E wants no part of the country 'e says." Rhoda opened her eyes and stared at the wall for a moment, her face relaxed and she smiled wanly. "It doesn't sound so terrible when 'e says it aloud. It's the secret thought that gives the shame. 'E wants to go back to the land of his grandparents, Ireland. And so he should, if happiness lays there for him." She sipped her tea, and finally said, "i have to ask another loan, Sarah. There's nothing left. My clothes and luggage I sold and I owe the Red Cross for my fare from New York and," her voice was low, "I beg leave to live with you. But," she rushed her words, "'e'll pay you some day." She brushed her forehead wearily and looked about the room.

"Ah, 'tis like a dream to be here. 'E didn't know for certain

you'd be here but I came. The Lord was good to 'e and E'll bless you for givin' haven to 'e," she leaned forward and began to sob.

Sarah spoke soothingly, "Of course you can stay here. It's your home, Rhoda."

Rhoda raised her head smiling through her tears. "I feel better now and if I talk everything out of my mind, maybe 'e'll stop thinking over and over the horror of the winter months. For 'twas horror.

"Joe and I had so many plans and dreams and we were happy. There was no one else in that big city but ourselves. Then he was notified that he had to take special training and go out of the country. He said he would fight on American soil to defend America but he was against fighting in foreign countries. Didn't Roosevelt say the boys would never be sent out of the country?

"Our room," Rhoda explained, "was not like this. It was dreary and dark. 'E had no money to put into pretties but it was a little haven when Joe was with 'e."

Her voice became husky and she lowered her head and traced the pattern on the plaid texture of her dressing gown. "How things changed. On his week end passes Joe took to drinking. He went to bars and he bought bottles to drink away from the bars. Joe pawned everything he could to buy liquor. He used all our money so there was none to pay the rent."

Rhoda's face twisted with the memory of those weeks and months. "I am not defending Joe for he was weak when he drank but 'e am grateful he was faithful. He was deep passionate for me alone and no matter where he travels he'll never fritter himself on dolls. It must be shameful for a wife to learn her husband is without control over his passions," she shivered, "I would feel sordid if Joe held other women and then came to me. Then he was sent out of the country. He wrote once. He had been wounded and was in a hospital. I never heard from him since."

The room was quiet and Rhoda pushed her hair away from her ears in a weary dispirited gesture. Sarah suggested she relax by lying on the couch. Rhoda looked at the pillows piled high

for comfort and turned back to look at Sarah, "If I lie down 'e will sleep and dream again. If 'e talks out, the dreams may change to prettier pictures." But she did stretch out and closed her eyes. Her lips quivered, then she opened her eyes wide and stared at the ceiling.

Sarah remained silent. She mulled over Rhoda's words and wondered about Paul. What did he do when he was not working.

Rhoda spoke, "His weakness of drinking will pass 'e am sure. If only 'e could follow him just to be by his side! The hate is hard within him and he will carry his threat to renounce America and go back to Ireland. 'E don't mind too much but the heart was set on being an American citizen and living in America." Her expression was intense as she asked Sarah, "Are 'e not curious?"

"Because you want to be an American?"

"Yes."

"I suppose because America is supposed to be a land of opportunity."

"No," Rhoda told her. "'E father was an American Doughboy."

"Well, then," Sarah summed up, "you are already a citizen."

"No, because the records were lost in an air raid and 'e never came back to my mother and she could never establish their marriage. 'Twould look as though she tried to save her reputation by trying to get a record. But she did not lie. Grandmother said they were married hastily without the banns of the church and all. He was on leave and they met in London, fell in love and married. My grandmother worked as a housekeeper for a land owner in Southern Rhodesia. My mother went to live there and I was born there. That is why I am called Rhoda. My mother died shortly after I was born and my grandmother reared me. She died just before the war in 1939 and I returned to London to learn a business to earn my own way.

"Then I met Joe and," her voice was hushed, "here I am." She smiled wanely, "Dear Sarah, I'm keeping you awake with my weary story."

Sarah assured her the story was not a weary one and prepared to arrange the couch into a bed but Rhoda refused to move.

“’E have no strength and this will do for the few short hours ’till dawn. By rights ’e should sleep in the alcove but my body is too weary this night.”

“I’ll sleep in the alcove,” Sarah told her and leaned over the couch to tuck the warm knitted fabric around Rhoda’s shoulders.

When Sarah awakened, the rain was still slapping against the casement window. She heard the couch creak and called. “Are you awake, Rhoda?”

“Indeedy, I am, Sarah.”

Rhoda was curled in the wing chair, smiling sleepily, “When I awakened, I thought I was dreaming and I dashed out to the kitchen to make sure it was the apartment,” she shivered more in gratification than chill. “’E’ll never know the comfort to be here,” her face clouded, “but ’e’ll not be an expense longer than necessary. If the rains cease ’e’ll look for a position.”

“No, you won’t,” Sarah spoke firmly, “it’s rest and regular meals for you until we put some flesh on your bones.”

Rhoda’s lips quivered, “’tis good to have some’un concerned about me,” and then smiled cheerfully, “in no time ’e’ll be fit.”

“Let’s start getting you fit,” Sarah said and headed for the kitchen.

As they ate breakfast they talked.

Rhoda announced she would look for work in a department store or dressmaker’s establishment.

Sarah popped the last morsel of toast into her mouth and chewed meditatively. “What do you think of this plan? You sew for me, make me dresses that become my bony frame and I’ll pay you. Then,” she gestulated with her hands stretched palms outward, “you’ll be resting, eating regular and earning also.”

“’E should do all that without remuneration, Sarah.”

“’E don’t see why,” Sarah mimiced. “That settles ’e wardrobe problem,” she smoothed the napkin on her lap. “I’ll need some pretty dresses when Paul comes home.”

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

Sarah and Rhoda settled into a pleasant companionship, marred only by the lack of mail from Joe. Rhoda wrote but never one word came from overseas. Paul's letters were regular and short, Peter's related the joy of serving his country and seeing all the new places.

Rhoda ranted at times, scornful of the lack of interest in the war, "You'd think the world was at peace and every nation prosperous when you see the gaiety and spending in this country. Every person seems happy but us," she complained and then excused her outburst, "If only Joe would send a line. 'E'd be easier."

She tried to show an interest in Sarah's work and would ask questions about her research. On this June morning as they finished breakfast and listened to the news that President Roosevelt had signed the Withholding Bill which would take out taxes from the wage earners' salary before delivering the wages to the individual she asked, "Is that good?"

Sarah exploded, "How horrible! It's confiscation, that's what it is. It is not good, Rhoda." She calmed down, and spoke slowly, "What is happening to us? How did the Representatives let that pass? I suppose because of the war, they're diverted."

One morning when Rhoda brought up the mail, she held a letter, "For me! Who could it be from?" She read the return address. "Manny Moreno, PFC., APO 857, New York City. It must be a mistake, but no, it is addressed to Mrs. Joseph O'Shane."

She tore the envelope open and Sarah watched her face change from curiosity to incredulity and crumple to a tortured

mask and heard a hoarse sob, "Read it, oh, read it," and she slid down by the couch in a convulsion of sobs.

Sarah was bewildered. She held the letter in her hand and stared helplessly at Rhoda. Rhoda waved her hand and still struggled to control her sobbing, "'E loves me, Joe does, Sarah, 'e loves me deeply. He never stopped loving 'e," and she continued to sob. Finally she relaxed and was quiet. Sarah knew she was praying and felt her own eyes sting with tears at the sight of the young figure crouched on the floor.

Then she began to read the letter.

Dear Mrs. Joseph O'Shane,

I do not wish to intrude myself—a stranger, without an introduction but I am a friend of your husband and want to do a kind deed for him. Please do not stop writing to him. He is a sick man and he wants you should forget him.

He thinks if he don't write, you will forget him but he will never forget you. So don't stop writing. His leg was injured and he came to this hospital. I can't tell you where we are but it is not near the fighting. Joe may lose his leg and he says you shouldn't be tied to a cripple and he thinks if he doesn't write, you will forget him. But I know how he feels. He loves you best, so don't stop writing.

I would like to know if you get this letter. Then I will feel better when I talk to him about you. Get a friend to address it to me in case Joe might recognize your writing.

Your friend
Manuel Moreno, Manny
to my friend, Joe

When Sarah finished, she looked at Rhoda whose eyes were now open. A radiance had returned to her face similar to the day that Sarah first met her in South Station.

.....

October 13, Italy declared war on Germany. Rhoda tried to follow the news but her interest was on trying to find out where Joe was. She kept writing but received no replies.

She would accompany Sarah to the Library and try to absorb the news reports and the comments by columnists both in the newspapers, magazines and in the evening's when they listened to the radio. She had notified Washington of her Boston address and her allotment checks began to come regularly.

Sarah insisted she keep the money for herself to be used when Joe came back. Rhoda wanted to work to earn more and since she received the letter from Joe's buddy, she was less nervous and ate and slept better. She found a job in a hotel near the State House within walking distance of the apartment. With the experience she gained while working in New York she obtained a good salary. She made some new clothes and insisted on paying her share of expenses.

She laughed when Sarah told her, "Goodness, you earn your meals when you scout all over the city for food. I should pay you for the shoe leather you use."

.....

It was Christmas Eve, 1943. Rhoda had made the rounds of the small shops hoping to obtain a piece of ham for their holiday dinner. Sarah was at the apartment when two telegrams arrived. "Why did Paul send two?" Then she gasped, "Why one is for Rhoda."

She opened Paul's. Her eyes misted when she read, "To my dear wife, Sarah, Merry Christmas, her third as Mrs. Paul F. Standish. Will think of you when I eat a lonely Christmas dinner and hope that next year we will be together."

Sarah was sitting in the wing chair holding Rhoda's telegram when Rhoda came in excited, "What luck! The little man who runs that stall down at the end of the avenue gave me ham. It doesn't look too good but it's ham and 'e'll have a special Christmas treat." She looked at Sarah's hand, her face sobered, "Ah! A telegram from your Paul."

Sarah gave it to her, "It's for Mrs. Joseph P. O'Shane."

Rhoda reached for the envelope with trembling hands and sat

down. She prayed audibly, "Oh, Dear Lord, I hope it's from my Joe." It was. She had torn open the envelope with a swift motion, leaving jagged edges. Her face was tense and she read, "Merry Christmas to my wife. Letter follows, Love Joe." She clutched the message to her throat and murmured, "Dear Lord, I am grateful, so grateful."

Her eyes were wet when she turned to Sarah, "Joe loves me. See he signs himself Love, Joe. I wonder when the letter will come?"

The room was quiet and then Sarah spoke. "We must put the ham in the refrigerator for tomorrow's dinner. We will certainly celebrate." She took the wrapping from the ham. "You're right! It's not much to look at, is it? But it's ham and we can fix it up.

"Let's prepare our supper, Christmas eve it is and we can have something extra. There's a can of tuna fish, we can make an oven dish."

"Let's hurry," Rhoda jumped up and began to arrange the table for their trays. "Remember, we're going to Beacon Hill to sing carols. I could sing all night."

As they walked up to Beacon Hill, snow was falling. Groups of carollers were moving in many directions.

Sarah and Rhoda joined one of the smaller choral groups and went into a beautiful old mansion. Rhoda gasped when she entered the huge reception hall and was greeted by an elderly man and woman dressed in evening clothes and waved toward an equally huge dining room. The oval table sparkling in crystal and silver, tall lighted tapers and overburdened with mounds of delectable looking food. A butler and two maids graciously served the various foods and gaily decorated cakes to the carollers. Two huge crystal chandeliers picked up the glints of the silver and lights and reflected a brilliance throughout the entire room. It was a hushed almost muted scene and Sarah thought, "This is like a scene from a fairy tale."

When they found themselves back on the snowy sidewalk, Rhoda sighed, "'E is dreaming, Sarah. Did 'e actually see that home and eat that food?"

Sarah assured her they had and added, "I used to think the rich were people who set themselves apart because they had

money. But I have changed my opinion. They have the means to keep up that standard of living and if they obtain their money honestly, they have the right to live the way they want to. But they have no right to infringe on the rights of others in order to make their money."

"How could they infringe?" Rhoda's voice was questioning.

"Well, for one thing, if they owned a business and hired people and didn't pay a decent living wage for the services they received that would be an infringement. If they charged high rates of interest on the money they loan or cheated in the quality and quantity of things they sold. They have the right to increase their investments but not at the expense of other people."

"But do you think people should benefit from investment in business ventures when only their money is used, not their labor or ingenuity?" Rhoda's voice reflected doubt.

"I believe they should." Sarah laughed, "I'm not sure of economics but isn't it reasonable to have people use their money to work for them?"

"But," Rhoda pressed, "is it moral for people to loan money to make money or invest it to make money?"

"Yes, if it is done within reasonable bounds. People should not be guilty of usury, of charging too much for the use of the money. Didn't the Lord give a parable for the use of money in Matthew, a man who gave his servants talents. Two earned doubled their talents, but one servant buried his in the ground. Money is meant to be a servant. Another place in the Bible states the love of money is the root of all evil, but the intelligentsia leave out the words, 'love of,' and quote only, money is the root of all evil. That is why so many believe there should be no rich people. Once upon a time I thought that way and felt the rich should give away surplus wealth to the poor. But it encourages many poor people to idleness if they get handouts. I believe in charity where it is needed. I remember my Grandmother saying that 'when you have money, you should save some, spend some and give some away'."

Rhoda stuck her arm through Sarah's. "Oh, there is another group of carollers stopping across the street! Let's go over and

join them. Isn't it wonderful? And look at the snow falling again."

As they approached Louisburg Square, the trumpeter raised the shining brass instrument to his lips and began, "Joy To The World." The carollers sang the first few lines but Sarah and Rhoda were content to listen. Then Sarah was astonished to feel Rhoda stiffen and begin to sing. Her voice, a beautiful, astonishingly strong soprano, was as clear and fluid as the trumpet.

There was a hush, the chorus diminished and was silent, even the snowflakes suspended a moment while Rhoda's voice and the trumpet finished the joyous carol.

Sarah murmured to Rhoda, "I never knew you could sing like that."

"'E never wanted to sing, 'till now."

.....

When Joe's letter arrived telling Rhoda he would land in New York and would let her know the exact day and place to meet him, she began to prepare. When his letter with the directions came she was all ready. Her belongings stowed in a heavy paper bag. "Joe will wonder what happened to the nice case he gave me. But no matter, this will do until something better is found."

"Take mine," Sarah told her. "It isn't very fancy but it's better than a paper bag," and added gleefully, "Oh, Rhoda, just think, you'll be with Joe and maybe soon I'll be with Paul. But neither of us know where we're going to land."

Rhoda's face began to cloud, "'E would like so much to stay in America, but," she shrugged her shoulders, "it's not to be."

Changing the subject, Sarah inquired, "Is there anything in the apartment you would like to have? I could send it to you when you're settled."

"Nothing," Rhoda smiled, "'E'll have memories, many memories. They will suffice."

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

The year of 1944 passed. Sarah felt as though she was dreaming. She reported for her routine work at the Commander's office of the Flotilla. She received mail from Peter and wrote regularly. Rhoda's letter arrived in May telling of her settling in Ireland and enclosing the address. She related Joe's reaction to the change and said he seemed very content.

The summer was hot and nights seemed stifling in the small apartment but the fall and winter brought relief. War news was muddled, contradictions upon contradictions.

Roosevelt was reelected for the 4th term. The Russians were defeating the Nazis and Americans had invaded the Philippines and seemed to be winning on just about every front. It began to look as though the war was at a close.

January, 1945, General Douglas MacArthur landed an invasion force in Luzon and won a 15 mile beach-head; U.S. troops entered Manila where the trapped Japanese fired the city; February 12, the Big Three, America, England and Russia agreed at Yalta to disarm Germany forever. On the 19th, U.S. Marines landed on Iwo Jima. It fell to the U.S. after a 26 day assault, on March 17th. On the 23rd of March, Patton's Third Army crossed the Rhine.

It was the last Sunday of March. Sarah relaxed with the Sunday paper after a midmorning luxury of coffee, toast with butter, a scarce commodity. Suddenly her eyes were riveted on the list of casualties. Included was the name of Peter Atkins, USN, 22 years, Baldwin, Mass.

Sarah felt numb. She stared at the chair where Peter had sat the last time she saw him. Her eyes felt pulled and dry, her chin

trembled. She began to weep, "Oh, Peter, why did it have to happen to you? You were so brave, so eager to do right! Why? Why?" She remembered him stretching his thin legs and brushing his unruly black hair from his face, his eyes brilliant with anticipation. She recalled his words, "I have to fight and then when I come back I want to help other people. I think I might be a doctor or a minister. Another thing I want to do is to be baptized the way Christians are supposed to be baptized."

She pushed the paper away from her and went to the closet and put on a coat and tied a scarf over her head. Her only desire was to flee from the room, away from the memories of Peter, away from the newspaper she had held in her hand.

Out on the busy street she walked aimlessly. It was near noon and the weather was warm for March, a little snow remained in the north exposures, the rest of the street areas were dry. On and on she plodded, pushed and jostled by the passing pedestrians. Where she walked or how long she walked she had no recollection.

It was late afternoon when she recognized her surroundings. She was exhausted and shivered with cold; she was faint with hunger; her throat ached. She had no pocketbook. She leaned against the wall of a building and berated herself. "How can you be so stupid? You gained nothing by losing your head. Peter's dead, gone like thousands of others in wars. But why? Why?"

She shuffled, her feet and legs felt numb and she was trembling. "You must get back home, Sarah Standish," she told herself and started up Summer Street. The sun was lowering and she stopped again and looked ahead. The American flag was hanging from the building on the corner of Winter Street. Her eyes teared and a picture of the past came to her mind, her grandmother standing in the orchard, her face raised to the sun, her rich contralto voice singing, "Lead on, Oh King Eternal". The view of the Common caught Sarah's attention, the late afternoon sun cast long shadows of the trees that appeared from the distance as marching men. Sarah remembered the history of the battles for independence in and about Boston. As she turned up Tremont Street she crossed over to the Old Granary Burying Ground and pressed her head against the iron palings.

The gravestones were so old the inscriptions on some were illegible. She knew they were marking the last resting places of old patriots and leaders. "What glory there was for these men! They served their country, but then," she consoled herself, "they died on their own land. Not in a far away country, alone."

It was nearly dusk when she passed the burying ground at King's Chapel. "I wouldn't be able to read those markers either and I must get back home."

The little haven on Starr Street seemed lonelier than at any time she had come back to it.

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The next day Sarah planned to see Warren and Sybil. She called the house before she left Boston but there was no answer and she debated whether to go all the way to Baldwin or take a chance they might be at the funeral home. There had been a snow storm on Friday and while it was nearly melted the radio predicted another on the way.

"I must go to them," she told herself, "perhaps the storm will hold off until night." The sun was shining but it was hazy and not too cold.

She went to the business address first and found both Warren and Sybil there. Sybil started to cry and then wiped her eyes. Sarah asked for details but Warren said the only word they had was the telegram and then the report in the paper. He said there would be a mass memorial service for those who died in action and he would let Sarah know when it would take place. She sat quietly. Finally Sybil spoke.

"We feel badly and we know you do too, but we have to accept it. Much better to know where he is than to wonder if he fell in enemy hands or suffered awful wounds that might blind or maim him for life." She started to sob again, "But to die so young! His letters were so cheerful and happy sounding."

"I know," Sarah replied.

Sybil's voice was caustic, "You don't know. You aren't his

mother.”

Warren said, “Shush, Sybil.” His voice was low when he turned to his sister, “You were good to Peter.”

.....

April 12, late afternoon, the radio announced the death of President Franklin D. Roosevelt at Warm Springs, Georgia. The messages staccatoed all stations for hours and then the stations changed the pattern to a dirge of hymns, quotations and eulogies, not for hours but for days. There was speculation of the cause of death and rumors that left many in doubt as to the truth.

On the 25th the world was startled to learn of the death of Benito Mussolini and his mistress. They were killed and a horrible spectacle was made of their bodies. The same day the United Nations parley opened in San Francisco and the next day Petain surrendered to the Allies. May 1st the radio and newspapers carried the announcement of the death of Hitler. The next day Berlin fell and on the 7th of May, Germany surrendered unconditionally.

Since her shock of Peter's death Sarah was listless and emotionally drained. Even her letters to Paul were short formal letters. Paul noticed the change and consoled her by saying he understood her sorrow. Rhoda wrote a long letter sending her sympathy and disclosed the birth of a son in the spring. They had named the baby Peter for Sarah's nephew and Joseph for his father. Sarah didn't answer for weeks, not until Rhoda sent a second note asking why there was no reply. Bess also wrote wanting to know if Sarah were ill. She sent her sympathy, also.

August 5th, the world was shocked by the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and four days later another bomb obliterated Nagasaki. The day before Russia declared war on Japan and without firing a shot claimed some islands in a victory broadcast. The 14th of August surrender terms of Japan were announced and on the second of September Japan signed. September 2 became V-J Day.

Paul's next letter bore good news, “I'll be home soon. I am not proud of my contribution to the war effort, but I had no

choice but to take orders. I would rather have met the enemy face to face. I can say no more now and what is done, is done. While I worked I could forget. I see the havoc, the ruin that my hands have had a part in. I am not proud."

Swinging her feet upon the otterman, Sarah rested her elbows on the arms of the chair, matched her thumb and forefingers and gazed intently through the arch at the open letter in her lap. The words were writhing with agony of a tortured mind, but the anguished phrases that were scattered on every page were meaningless to Sarah. She glanced at the radio where Paul's picture smiled down at her. Only now the smile was gone, his countenance was disturbed, not frowning or puzzled, but tired, worried and wondering. Sarah smiled reassuringly at the glassed space, "Some day you may find out why, Paul. Don't worry. War is war. You were a good soldier. You took your orders and carried them out obediently. Yours was not to question but to obey. There'll be an explanation."

It was a month before word came from Paul saying he was on his way home, and would come right to the apartment. "I don't want you to meet me at the airport, somehow I seem afraid I will break down and I'd rather it happened in private than in front of people."

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

Two weeks later, Sarah on her return to the apartment, was met at the door by Mrs. Rossitti. A puckish smile on her face and a finger over her lips to denote silence, murmured, "Aha, a visitor for Miz Standish. I show him upstairs. Such a nice looking man!"

Breathless with excitement, Sarah reached the apartment. Paul stood in the middle of the room as she opened the door. He was smiling. Sarah rushed to him, "Oh, my dear, Paul, how wonderful, how wonderful."

She hugged him and pulled his face down to hers and pressed her cheek against his and then kissed him. "Paul, you're really here." Then she stood back, "Not changed too much but maybe a little thinner but oh, no different. Then she went to him again and he took her in his arms and kissed her. "It's been four long years, but I'm back and can't believe it."

He released her, "It doesn't seem possible!"

Sarah smiled, "You must be hungry. Let me prepare a snack and we can talk. There's so much to tell and ask and discuss."

Paul grinned, "I'm in such a whirl with seeing you, I can't decide on anything right now. We can make plans later. Tonight we paint the town red. Put on your fanciest dress. We'll hire a taxi, stop for a corsage, maybe camelias, like you wore at our wedding." He blushed and grinned, "Then Mrs. Standish, we'll eat at the Copley Plaza. No other place will suffice for this celebration."

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A week after Paul's return, he and Sarah took a taxi to Baldwin. He planned to stop at Mr. Dorsall's. Sarah went to visit Bess.

When they met again, Paul announced, "Mr. Dorsall gave me a favorable report." He breathed slowly and audibly, "Do you realize we're worth nearly a half million dollars!"

Sarah stumbled, "You're joking, Paul." She would have fallen if he hadn't tightened his grip on her arm. Then she recalled the day Mr. Dorsall had told her she was the wife of a very wealthy man. Wealth to Sarah was five thousand dollars but nearly a hundred times five thousand was incredulous. She stopped short, "Paul, I can't believe it. What will we do with it?"

Paul chuckled, "Women know how to spend money, so you'll help."

Sarah was in a state of wonderment, "It can't be true, Paul. Didn't you make a mistake?"

"It is, though, but don't start spending it. Most of it is in stocks and bonds and Mr. Dorsall told me I should realize about 5% return which would give us nearly \$30,000 yearly income. Of course less taxes. So we pay around \$6,000 taxes, the income we can plan is about \$24,000 or \$2,000 a month."

"Whee," Sarah breathed, "that's more than I earned in a whole year."

"You won't have to count pennies now, Mrs. Standish."

"But I will, Paul. Money is supposed to be a servant not a master and to be used not squandered."

"I suppose you're thinking of that saying, 'Money is the root of all evil.'"

"That's not what the Bible says. It is the love of money that is the root of all evil."

The return to Boston was without incident. Once back in the apartment, Sarah asked, "What do you want to do, Paul?"

"You know," he answered slowly, "when I graduated, the class prophet told me to 'go West young man.' Well, after nearly thirty years, I'd like to go West."

Sarah felt herself choking, "West, Paul, but where?"

His tone was wistful. "California, Sarah, I'd like to have a large farm there where I could raise fruits and vegetables and

work with them to create new species." He asked, "Wouldn't you, Sarah?"

"Wherever you go, I'll go, because then you'll be happy and that will make me happy." Then she added with a gentle smile, "You know, Mr. Standish, I think I'd like to live on a farm, too."

"So it's settled, then." Paul left his chair and leaned over Sarah. "Can I seal it with a kiss?"

Sarah felt her lips tremble as she waited for his kiss, but he kissed the hollow in her temple.

Turning her face away, she whispered, "Paul, it isn't right. You should have a real wife."

"Oh, Sarah, don't spoil everything. If you're content, then I am. You'll never understand how I feel I guess, but I'm so grateful for everything, I wouldn't change anything."

Relieved, Sarah drew her knees up and clasped her arms around them, "We may as well continue to discuss the future, then."

Paul returned to his chair, "First I want to get established in California. Then run for Congress. This sounds sort of egotistical but I want to do something to keep youngsters from being placed in the position I was put in, also the millions that went over seas, to fight a war that was none of our business. I want to help our people maintain our Nation's business and our system of government. Let the rest of the world run their own affairs. We are neglecting our own country trying to run the world. We'll suffer for it but the youngsters will suffer more. The tax load will be like a heavy mortgage on them for generations."

Realizing Paul had not told her of his service, Sarah broached the subject, "Can you tell me what you did do that was so hush-hush?"

Paul slumped in his chair, "I'd like to forget that, Sarah, but I should tell you. It was the Atom Bomb and I'll bear the guilt of that thing to my dying day. When I went to Chicago, they told me the project was super secret and was to protect our country. Otherwise I doubt if I would have agreed to stay. They, the men in charge, may have been honest but when the Bomb was

dropped in Japan on the innocent people, I was so horrified at what I had done, I was tempted to cut off my own hands. I know it sounds awful and it was awful. Sometimes, now, I find myself looking at my hands and remembering what they did. I wake up at night writhing in remorse as many of those victims writhed in agony."

"Dear Paul," Sarah left the couch and knelt at his feet, "forgive me for opening that wound. I never had any idea it was so awful either. I'm sorry."

Paul looked down, "Somehow Sarah, telling you about it takes away the raw feeling."

"No wonder you want to right so many wrongs. I'll help you all I can. We do try to put good men in our government but how can we get good men with the kind of education we have in the schools and the anti-Christian indoctrination in the majority of the churches? If we had American education we'd develop American citizens. As it is, we do try to select good men but sometimes we have no idea how good they are until they are in office or if they serve their own selfish purposes instead of the peoples. It is a case of men using artful means to gain positions of trust and then betraying that trust. But with your own money, Paul, you wouldn't be under any obligation to anyone and can stand for what is right." She added, "If the people don't approve of you they can always vote you out."

"It might be a good idea to wait 'till I'm elected before you think about me not getting re-elected," Paul laughed, adding, "And it might be a good idea to think about food. That light lunch is running out of steam and I'd like a meal. What do you say we go out and eat?"

"No, Paul, I've had a lot of going today and many things are crowding my mind. I'm not exactly weary. Couldn't we stay in?"

"What you wish to do will be all right with me. You know that."

She started for the kitchenette. There was a knock on the door.

Paul opened it quickly. Mrs. Rossetti was standing, beaming, her face flushed and her breathing heavy from the exertion of

climbing the stairs. She held a loaf of Italian bread in her hand.

"Fresh righta from the oven. You coma down, Meester Standish and I give you some spaghetti. I no can carry the bowl. I needa my hand to get up the stairs."

Sarah took the bread and Paul went down the stairs with Mrs. Rossetti returning with a tray holding a bowl of spaghetti, a crisp salad antipasto and a small bottle of red wine. "Talk about guardian angels, Mrs. Rossetti is my favorite tonight."

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

When Paul and Sarah began to make plans to leave for California, Sarah asked him if, before they left, they could be married by a clergyman.

"Somehow," she said, "the civil ceremony doesn't seem right. Marriage is a holy thing."

Paul was agreeable. "In fact," he smiled gently and took her hand in his and stroked it with his fingers, "it would be good, Sarah. You make whatever plans you want."

"When we go back to Baldwin to bid goodbye to everyone, we could plan to have that minister who has that small church Bess goes to, perform a simple ceremony. I am sure he would do it. I'd like to go to the church I belong to but it is a liberal church now and the minister doesn't seem to be a minister. He's in politics more than he's doing the church work, ministering to the spiritual needs. He doesn't seem like a minister to me."

So, they went back to Baldwin, said goodbye to Warren and Sybil and Sarah went to Bess Williams' while Paul visited friends and made arrangements with Mr. Dorsall to dispose of the home. Trunks of old papers and pictures were given to the Historical Society.

When Sarah arrived at Bess', Bess invited her to stay for lunch but Sarah said that she was meeting Paul, and then told her, a hushed excitement in her voice, "This will be my last visit with you for a long time."

"What do you mean?"

"We're going West."

"Going West? Why?"

"Paul wants to go to California and I'd like to see the Pacific Ocean."

"Well I declare," Bess' eyes had a far away expression, "I'd like to see what the rest of the country looks like too."

There was silence in the room, each woman with her own thoughts. Bess started suddenly, "Oh, Sarah, I won't see you to talk to and tell my troubles to."

"Not for a while," Sarah told her.

Helena came into the room and Bess told her that it would be Sarah's last visit for a long time.

Then Sarah told her the news and continued, "We are saying our goodbyes today and settling our business."

They sat quietly for a short time and then talked of the days in the Court and Bess sighed, "I'll miss you, Sarah, but you'll come back some day. I hope."

When she waved goodbye to Lester, Bess, Marchita and Helena, gathered at the gate, Marchita held her doll and waved its arm in a goodbye salute to Sarah. As she walked down the street, she wondered if she would ever see them again. She looked back at her former home recalling happy memories.

When they met for lunch, Paul detailed his morning's activities and told her he made the appointment with the minister. "I had a hard time locating him. It isn't a church building."

"No, there isn't a church building. It is a group of people who left the organized churches to join in a Christian Fellowship. They meet at the minister's house for services and Sunday School for the children is held in the garage. They accept the words of The Lord, 'For where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them'. Bess says they are good people. The minister has been ordained but doesn't follow the denomination."

The minister met them at the door and escorted them to the room used for the services. It was a former living and dining room of one of the old mansard mansions. He was tall, blond and quite young. He introduced himself as Pastor Niles. He stood at a pulpit and Sarah and Paul stood before him. He asked, "Do you want to remove the ring or just touch it when it

is mentioned in the service?"

Both Paul and Sarah agreed it would be better to touch it since it had already been placed on her finger during the civil ceremony. All three were solemn and Paul's hand trembled as he touched the ring and repeated, "With this ring, I thee wed."

His kiss was reverent when, at the end of the ceremony, Sarah turned her face to his.

Paul talked with the minister and offered him an envelope but Pastor Niles gave it back, "I do not accept anything for ministering and the sacrament of marriage is ministering."

"Shouldn't I give you something?"

"Not to me personally. If you wish to help the sick or needy or aid in the administration of the church, I will accept the gift."

Paul gave it to him, "Use it as you see fit."

As they walked down the short flight of stairs and turned to the main street, Sarah tucked her arm through Paul's and held it tight, "I'm thinking, for better, for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death us do part."

Back at Starr Place they began to make plans for the trip West.

"We can spend Christmas in California and start the New Year, 1946, there." Paul was so excited he was walking in circles, talking about their plans. "Do you suppose we can leave in a few days?"

Sarah, who felt she was without direction, having said goodbye to Baldwin, seemed in a vacuum, willing to have Paul make their plans.

"I don't see why not, Paul," she smiled at his enthusiasm, "you act as though you could fly by yourself, you are so anxious to go."

Paul sobered, "Sarah, do you really want to leave the East?"

"Yes, I want to leave but it would be nice to know where we were going. It's like setting out in a row boat with no oars, just drifting. I guess I have been restricted so long I can't accept adventure."

"But you do want to go?" Paul pressed, "I won't go if you have any doubts."

"No doubts," she smiled.

Paul jumped up and began to pace the small area, "Now, this is what I'd like to do. I'll get tickets for next Friday. Today is Tuesday. We have plenty of time to pack. Our mail will go to Mr. Dorsall until we have a permanent address. There's nothing else," he hesitated and his voice was gentle, "except one thing. Sarah, could we go back to the hotel where we spent our wedding night and leave from there for the airport. I remember I left you there alone when I went and this time I'd like to have the memory of being with you when we go."

Sarah felt her own smile was whimsical when she said, "That would be wonderful."

The bags were packed and Sarah and Paul were dressed ready to take a taxi to the hotel where they had reserved a room and planned to have dinner. They would bid farewell to Mrs. Rossetti on their way.

Sarah felt a tug of sadness as she looked around the apartment. "It was such a haven in the stormy years. I felt away from the whole world when I was here and now we're together." Whether it was the excitement of packing and leaving Sarah did not stop to fathom. She felt light, her head was spinning, she tried to speak but no words came. She tried to repeat the sentence, "Now we are together." She swayed and Paul reached to steady her. Her face was radiant. She was trembling and Paul tightened his embrace and she looked at him, "Oh, Paul, my husband, Paul."

"Sarah, Sarah don't look at me like that please. I want to take you in my arms and never let you out of my sight again. All those lonely years I treasured the few memories and dreamed them over and over."

"And Paul, I want you to take me in your arms and never let me out of your sight. Hold me tight and shut out the rest of the world."

He stepped back and looked at her, his voice was hushed, reverent, "Sarah, is this it? Is this the day I dreamed of for years and years. Is it really happening?"

Sarah reached out and took his face in her hands. "Yes, Paul, this is it. I love you. I realize how much you have given me and

I have given nothing." She pressed her face against his chin and then drew his face down to hers and pressed her cheek against his and murmured again, "Hold me tight. Everything seems unreal."

Paul took her in his arms and whispered, "We're going to start a honeymoon tonight." He picked her up and carried her to the wing chair.

"Rest a bit before we leave."

Sarah was still trembling with excitement and emotion, her hands, palms up lay in her lap. Her fingers slightly curved. Paul picked up her right hand, uncurled her fingers and kissed them one by one and then picked up the left and repeated the action and then curled the fingers again and imprisoned them in his hand. "Oh, Sarah dear, you could never count the times I've wanted to do that!"

Sarah couldn't remember much about the swift trip across town, the brilliantly lighted lobby where Paul registered and was given the same room they occupied on their wedding night.

The bell boy closed the door softly and Paul drew Sarah to him and nuzzled her neck, murmuring, "My dear wife, how I love you." He released her and held her at arm's length and repeated, "My dear wife."

Then he looked around the room, his face still wreathed in a pleased gentle smile. "This is our room, isn't it fantabulous?"

Sarah chuckled, "I haven't payed much attention to the room. All I can think of is being with you. It is beautiful and look out the window. It's the same view but somehow it seems different." They gazed across the Public Garden to the tall buildings on Tremont Street and caught a side glimpse of Boylston Street, all brightly lighted, eerie looking in the snow covered trees and sidewalks, the pedestrians crawling along in hunched positions, battling the cold wind, keeping to the lighted streets and company of the illuminated windows. The Garden with the dark outline of leafless trees, seemed a lonely island in the busy city.

"Wear that pretty blue dress that Rhoda made for you. I like you best in that." Sarah wasn't thinking too much about the dress, she was trying to decide which nightgown and robe she

would wear, the blue or the shimmering gold set that Paul had sent her for one of her birthdays while he was in the service. She decided on the gold.

The dinner was excellent. Paul insisted on wine for Sarah. "It is good for you if you drink in moderation. I drink it on occasion."

Sarah toyed with her glass questioning whether it was wise. Paul laughed at her, "Remember they drank wine in the Bible days but like all things, in moderation. You were warned about drinking to excess. Go ahead sip a little."

Later, Sarah sat by the window, "I feel as though I was in a movie or a play. I don't feel like Sarah Atkins." Paul grinned, "You're Sarah Standish, remember?"

When Sarah changed to her negligee, Paul, in an awed tone, told her, "Sarah, you look all gold," and took her in his arms.

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Paul sat on the side of the bed smiling at Sarah as she was lying relaxed, her head propped up, her face on the level with his. She stretched her hands toward him and he took them gently and spoke softly, "Oh, Sarah, my dear wife. This is a dream. I'm dreaming."

"No," Sarah murmured, "this is not a dream. It is real and wonderful. Do you know I feel so young. When we were together my body seemed so light and white like alabaster. I felt as though I became a part of you. I don't think I'll feel a whole being again, always part of me will be part of you. Whatever you want to do, I'll want to do; wherever you go, I'll go with you. My life is your life now." She pulled her hands from his and cupped his face in her palms, "Oh, Paul, this experience is holy and beautiful, truly an experience only a husband and wife can have. It has made me a different person." She drew her hand to her own throat and then hugged her arms to her breast, "How different everything seems, how different!"

Paul leaned over and kissed her, "You think you are changed, look at me. I feel taller, wider, stronger. I want to shout I'm so exhilarated. Let me hold you again. The wonderful part is the knowledge you are my wife. No other man has held you as I

have held you." He hesitated, "You don't know how strong it makes a man feel to know his wife is his alone."

"A woman is just as proud to know her husband is hers alone, too. Many will say we are unnatural but I can't believe that. I know my grandmother taught me that virtue and femininity were two of woman's greatest treasures."

Paul nodded, "I remember the day my mother sat me in a chair in the parlor opposite her. I was 14. Her hands were folded very tightly in her lap and we both were very solemn. She said she had to be my father that day. She did unlace her hands at one time and point her finger at me and said, 'Paul, my son, keep yourself for your wife. You won't be sorry.' She was right. If I had other experiences I would be thinking of them, recalling and regretting, even remorseful instead of experiencing this wonderful, wonderful night."

The room was silent until Paul stood up, "We must rest now. There's a whole new life ahead for us."

Paul snapped off the light on his side of the bed just as the distant chime of a steeple clock began the stroke of midnight. He turned to kiss Sarah goodnight and she told him, "It's midnight. And there's tomorrow."

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

It was beginning to snow when Paul and Sarah left the hotel for the airport and as they dashed to board the plane, a huge ghostlike bulk against a curtain of white, large moist flakes slapped against Sarah's face. Paul held her arm firmly. When she tried to brush the snow away with her free hand, she laughed, "These must be goodbye kisses. They're weepy."

As they settled in their seats in the warmth of the cabin, Sarah snuggled to Paul, murmuring, "This is like a Cinderella's coach."

In San Diego they registered at the U.S. Grant Hotel. Sarah was dazed and amazed by the swift transition from snow to warm sunshine; bright flowers and luxury all about her.

Paul was anxious to get settled. He had written a number of real estate agencies, stating he was interested in locating in the southern part of California and desired a home with acreage and a producing orchard. As soon as the bellboy left the room, Paul drew a letter from his pocket and said, "I'm going to phone this company. Tell them we're here and see what they have to offer."

His call brought a salesman armed with photographs and descriptions of available "rancheros" as he termed them. He was a likable person and seemed to sense what Paul wanted.

He displayed the photos, saying, "These are quite a ways out of San Diego. The one I think might interest you is about five miles east of Escondido. It is beautiful country."

"How many acres and how much?" Paul inquired with suppressed excitement.

“Fourteen acres of avocados and grapes. The owner was experimenting with berries, too. The price is \$75,000 furnished, \$72,000 unfurnished. The owner will rent for six months with option to buy. The house has a large living room, dining room and three bedrooms, two guest wings and a caretaker’s cottage. The caretaker and his wife have been there over ten years and will remain if you want them. He oversees the orchards and hires the crews when necessary for harvesting and clean-up. She’s the housekeeper.

“There’re two more possibilities in the same area. One is farther north and the house is smaller, on eight acres and the price is \$55,000 unfurnished.”

Paul and Sarah studied the photos intently. Sarah remarked, “The fourteen acre place has a much larger house than we need, doesn’t it, Paul? I like it though. The trees everywhere and that big area with all the chairs and lounges looks comfortable.”

The salesman smiled, “That’s called a patio. You’ll learn a lot of Spanish words out here.”

Sarah shuffled through the photos. “Are there other places we can look at at the same time?”

“Yes.” He glanced at his watch, “But it’s late today. I’ll come for you tomorrow about 9 o’clock. In the meantime you can study the pictures.”

The next day, Paul and Sarah inspected the three places choosing the two smallest first. But it was the fourteen acre estate that won their hearts.

“If we rent this for six months with option to buy,” Paul queried, “what about the orchard?”

“You must keep Carlos and his wife for that period so it will be kept up. You share the profits with the owner.”

Paul and Sarah moved slowly, looking everywhere. They entered the sprawling Spanish type ranch house through a foyer which had a fireplace. The huge living room was a combination of Spanish and Indian furnishings with a large natural stone fireplace. Picture windows filled the east and west walls and the views of bright flowers, a tiled fountain and lush green shrubs was like a painted scene. “It’s lovely,” Sarah exclaimed, “we can see the sun come up in the morning and go down at night

from the same room.”

After inspecting the main house, they approached the cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Santos opened the door. They seemed like identical twins, both small with jet black hair and eyes with the same elfish smile. Their soft English with its Spanish accent was a delight to Sarah. When they were introduced they said, “We are pleased to know the Senor and Senora Standeesh.”

The salesman suggested that Carlos show Paul the orchard and Felicia take Sarah through the house.

An hour later when they met, Paul asked the salesman to leave them and then he turned to Sarah. “Well, Mrs. Standish, what do you think?”

“It’s beauteous, Paul. Bigger than I planned on, but,” she hesitated, “it is just what I’ve dreamed of. Why don’t we rent it for six months?”

Paul grinned, “You’ve read my mind, Sarah.”

When told of their decision, the agent said, “I had an idea you’d choose this place. Somehow you seem to fit into the picture. And, incidently, you can take possession immediately.” He suggested they stay and take their time looking over the place. He’d return to San Diego and draw up the papers. Carlos would drive them back to the hotel.

After he left, Carlos took Paul over the grounds showing him the tool and machinery house and other outside sheds while Sarah stayed and talked with Felicia.

“You’ve been in charge so long, Felicia. I’m going to let you run the household. I have my own interest, a research program, and I’d like to spend my time with it.”

“Si, Senora Standeesh. I do what you say. Just like the other people? They were so nice, and,” she smiled shyly, “I weel like you and the Senor.”

That evening back at the hotel, Paul said, “We’ll have to get a car and I must go to a bank and establish my account. Then I’ll feel settled or “hobbled” as they would say on a ranch. I’m catching the spirit of the country.”

The next day was a busy one. Signing the lease, establishing credit and ordering a car. In the late afternoon Carlos came for them and the Standishes moved into their new home.

That night, as Paul stood by the bedroom window looking out at the moonlit patio, he said, "Sarah, I can't believe that this has happened. I feel as though I'm out of bondage. I'm going to live my own life now. I took care of mother, then served my country and now I'm at liberty. Do you realize what that means to a man?"

"I think so," Sarah answered, "because I know what it means to a woman. I feel the same way."

"Imagine, I can do anything I want. Experiment with plants, study and learn about the things around me." He stopped suddenly, "Sorry, Sarah, all this time I'm thinking about myself. But now you can devote a lot of time to your research."

Sarah kissed his cheek, "Yes, but right now, this is like a dream. And I want to dream a little longer."

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

Paul and Sarah celebrated their fourth anniversary, November 26, 1945, quietly. At dinner, Sarah remarked, "I wish I knew a Christian church where I could have had communion this morning, Paul. I should've asked Carlos. Perhaps at Christmas I can partake."

"Speaking of Christmas," Paul said, "let's observe it quietly and have our presents and feasting on January first. That is the start of the New Year, the time for making plans and celebrating. At home we observed Christmas as a Holy Day."

"Oh, Paul, that's a good idea, but what about the Santos? They'll probably want to celebrate at Christmas."

"We can give them Christmas week off as a present. Zeke, the foreman of the crew Carlos uses for extra work knows the routine. He can take care of things and the Santos can visit relatives."

.....

On New Year's Day Paul and Sarah exchanged presents and talked of their plans for the year ahead. Paul gave Sarah a diamond ring and orchids and when she remonstrated at the expense, he chided her fondly, "The war's over, the mortgages are paid and there's plenty of money in the bank, so why can't I give you diamonds and orchids?"

"But my gifts seem so small compared to yours." She had bought him books on gardening and horticulture and a set of gold cuff links and tie tack.

"They suit me, dear wife. They're your choice and I'll treasure them."

Sarah was quiet and Paul watched her anxiously.

"Is something worrying you, Sarah?"

"Not really, Paul, but I'm thinking that each year we should do something kind and helpful for someone less fortunate than we. We have so much we should share with others."

"Whom do you want to help?"

Sarah hesitated, "Could we give Bess Williams the house in Baldwin? It'd be nice to know she was there in my old home."

"Why ask me? It's your house. Giving it to Bess is a good idea. If you want, I'll write Mr. Dorsall to handle the matter."

He leaned forward and patted Sarah's hand, "It's good to do good on the first day of the New Year."

One afternoon, early in January, as Sarah and Paul were sitting in the patio, a dusty sport's roadster driven by a lanky, sandy-haired man appeared at the driveway. As Sarah went to see who it was, the woman beside him, as tall as he, her face tanned a deep bronze, wearing a leather skirt and jacket, bounced out. She swept the short curly blond hair from her face, then extended her hand. "I know ladies aren't supposed to shake but I'm delighted to have you for a neighbor. I'm Amy Dimmock and," she nodded, "this is my husband, Ian."

Paul joined them and Sarah made the introductions.

As they settled down in comfortable patio chairs, Ian Dimmock asked, "You're from the East aren't you? I'll guess your accent is New England."

Paul answered, "You guess right. Massachusetts to be exact."

Mr. Dimmock nodded, "I'm from the East, too, Ohio. Came west and met Amy. She's a Californian. I've been teaching for 15 years but gave it up. I can't go along with the new methods and ideology."

He shifted his position and smiled at his wife, "Amy keeps busy with some patriotic groups trying to untangle the mess the country's in and get us back on the path to good old Americanism. But our savings are dwindling. I'll have to look around." He laughed, "We didn't come to tell you about ourselves. We wanted to welcome you as neighbors, if you call three miles distant a neighborhood."

Sarah turned to Mrs. Dimmock, "So you're interested in

patriotic work? Just what do you do?"

Amy Dimmock's face was alight with enthusiasm and an eagerness that fairly exploded. "We want Washington to return to the American form of government and we want American education in our schools and colleges. A self ordained elite, who like to think they are enlightened, have been digging too long at the foundation of the American system, hoping to destroy it and establish a new social order. They call it democracy."

Paul exclaimed gleefully, "Oh, I can see where you two women are going to have a lively time. Sarah is dedicated to collecting the evidence of 'who dunnit' and hopes some day to publish it in a book."

Amy Dimmock turned to Sarah, "I felt we were kindred souls. I liked you immediately. We must get together and exchange views."

Later as the Dimmocks rose to make their departure, Amy said, "Come over and see us, do."

When the Dimmock's car disappeared from view, Sarah gazed at the huge eucalyptus trees surrounding the house and breathed deeply, "Oh, Paul, this is a wonderful place and they seem to be wonderful neighbors." There was no answer and she looked at him and asked, "You are so quiet. Why?"

He kissed her and smiled, "I don't know whether I want intruders in our Garden of Eden. But we must mingle. The Dimmocks seem younger than we, but I like them very much. How about you?"

Sarah pursed her lips, "Yes, my guess is they are in their middle thirties. But that doesn't matter as long as we're all interested in the same things."

The warm breeze stirred the oleanders and the dry leaves of the eucalyptus trees drifted downward; a woodpecker's rasping call was the only sound.

Sarah walked toward the chaise lounge and as Paul watched, he said, "Sarah, you are more beautiful every day. The sun brings out the golden glints in your hair and has tinted your face and arms a pale gold. Your eyes reflect the bright soft green of new leaves."

"You make me feel beautiful. I know I'm not, but to love

and to be loved can make a woman beautiful.”

.....

It was nearly a month before Sarah and Paul returned the Dimmock's visit. Ian was outside and greeted the Standishes enthusiastically, at the same time calling, "Amy, come and see who's here."

Amy appeared quickly, "Welcome friends."

Ian motioned to chairs under a huge pepper tree, "It's such a nice day, let's sit out here," adding, "we're glad you came over. Somehow, Amy and I felt as though we had met real friends when we called on you and hoped we'd get together soon."

Amy turned to Sarah, "Since we're going to be neighbors, and I hope, friends, let's be less formal. Please call me Amy. May I call you Sarah?"

"You certainly can, Amy."

While Ian inquired about the orchard of Paul, Sarah talked with Amy.

"I'm learning so many new things. So many different flowers, shrubs and of course avocados and such."

Amy remarked, "Isn't it wonderful to live here, so close to the ocean and the city? We enjoy every minute. I know you both will, too."

Paul heard Amy's remark and agreed.

Ian asked Sarah, "I know you're interested in the education angles. Can we arrange a time when we can discuss your views?"

"There's no better time than the present." She settled back, folding her hands in her lap.

"It's a deep subject. I'll give you some facts and we can discuss them"

She looked at Ian and Amy. Both had relaxed and evinced interest.

"American education was based on the Natural Laws, the moral laws until two radicals, Frances Wright and Robert Dale Owen began to promote their Freethinking ideology with a device they called Universal Education. They dreamed of a social order and world reform and felt that religion stagnated people, so they connived to change American education to

Universal Education which is based on Naturalism. With American education the four components of the individual were considered, the physical, spiritual, intellectual and cultural. But with Universal Education only two, physical and mental were recognized. The basis for their ideology was outlined in Jean Jacques Rousseau's book, 'Emile'. Rousseau followed the Sophists in his thinking. In his book he outlined the plan, 'Let the senses be the only guide for the first workings of reason.'

"H. G. Wells, who was a liberal himself, stated that Rousseau's intellectual influence was on the whole demoralizing. It struck, not only at existing society but at any social organization.

"The object of the educational scheme of Wright and Owen was to establish a system of state, they said national schools, from which all religion was to be excluded, in which nothing was to be taught but knowledge which was verifiable by the senses and to which all parents were compelled by law to send their children. In other words what couldn't be tasted, heard, seen, smelled or touched was labelled science and what couldn't be labelled science was sneered at as superstition.

"Wright and Owen's system was intended to deprive as well as relieve parents of all care and responsibility of their children. They assumed that parents were in general, incompetent to train up their children in the way they should go. That is, the way the radicals believed they should, and therefore, the state should take the whole charge of the children and bring up children free from superstition, all belief in God and immortality, or regard for the invisible and make them look upon this life as their only life, this earth as their only home and the promotion of their earthly interests and enjoyments as their only end.

"Here you can detect the motive for the emphasis on social needs instead of spiritual needs.

" 'Learn by doing' is one of the bywords used in the schools. So, instead of learning from the experiences of others and the history of mankind, each child must himself, by his own experiences learn the processes of living. The teachers will talk endlessly of solving problems and texts will be printed but never is effort made to educate the child to avoid creating problems."

Ian had listened intently, nodding his head in approval. "But where does the NEA, the National Education Association enter into the picture?"

"Frances Wright formed a society around 1820 called the Association for the Protection of Industry and for the Promotion of National Education. I might explain, the protection of industry was the excuse to set up the Working-Man's groups which were to grasp the political power of the state, through the political power they were to reach the school system and through the school system they could inculcate the Wright-Owen ideology.

"The intellectuals of that day were enlisted to further her plots. I doubt if they knew what they were doing. Among them were Horace Mann, Ralph Waldo Emerson, A. Bronson Alcott and Elizabeth Peabody. They organized the American Institute of Instruction and it was from this group that another organization called the American Association for the Advancement of Education emerged and conceived the National Teachers' Association in 1857 which was the parent of the present day N.E.A. It is the N.E.A. which is in control of education and it is a conspiracy to destroy Americanism and the children are the victims. The other radical, Owen, went into the U.S. Congress. One can only wonder what plots he hatched there."

Ian was puzzled, "Then the curriculum and methods used in the schools are un-American, unmoral? That is why I sensed something wrong but couldn't understand why." He shifted his position, "Where does Democracy come in? I know it has but one meaning, direct rule by the people, but you have said it is used another way."

"Yes," Sarah changed her position and pushed back a strand of hair the breeze had loosened, "when the plotters take away religion, which is the spiritual need of the individual, they substitute a 'social faith' to compensate or supply the inborn natural desire for spirituality. The N.E.A. propagates Democracy as a 'great social faith'. Thus the social needs of the pupil are catered to instead of the spiritual needs. Emphasis is placed on the physical essential and the spiritual is ignored. And

to add insult to injury the idea is instilled in the minds of the individual that social ills are caused by religion. Orthodoxy and priestcraft are used in place of the term religion. There'll be many who talk about the bad texts and the elimination of the basics as individual subjects instead of the lumping together in social sciences but even if these defects are corrected, there'd still be the deliberately corrupted educational curriculum. Do I make a point, Ian?"

"I'll have to mull over the information you have given me. This I know, I am right in rejecting the teaching curriculum and methods now in use, am I not? You mention the abolition of religion from the schools. I recall we had prayers and readings from the Holy Bible."

"Many schools still do have prayers but there are many that do not. I think the small schools controlled by the community retain the custom of the early American schools but with Federal Aid and Federal control American education is vanishing."

"Could you give a sort of capsule to go by?"

Sarah's smile was whimsical, "The best I could give is the capsule that was given me by my Great Uncle, 'Duty to the Lord, love of country and service to fellowman'. Plus three other 'pills', instill respect for authority, responsibility for an individual's own acts and expect punishment for wrong doing."

Sarah looked at Paul, who was smiling and then she glanced at Amy, who jumped up and reached over to Sarah, pulling her to her feet. "We've had a good lecture, now let's look at my material."

They went inside to the den that had been used at one time as a gun and trophy room. The cases were still in place and now held Amy's stacks of printed pamphlets and folders, notes and diagrams. She swept a pile of books from a chair so Sarah could be seated.

"Wherever did you find this?" Sarah asked, picking up a mimeographed page. It was a diagram starting with the Sophists, 400 B.C., outlining the religious, philosophical and materialistic trends and the names of the individuals propagating the ideologies of the Sophists and radicals, right up to the 1900's.

Sarah read some of the names, "Socrates, Plato, Thomas Aquinas. Why, this bears out what my Great Uncle told me but what is that Thomas Aquinas doing here? Come to think of it, he's lauded all over the place." She lowered the diagram to her lap. "You know, Amy, only the leftists and liberals are lauded. The rightists, those who hold to the Natural Laws are ridiculed and disparaged. The self appointed elite or enlightened, you mentioned, have had control of the publishing avenues so they have elevated only those individuals who promote and propagandize Sophistry. They're given honorary degrees by the bushel. So, many receive the degree of LLD which is supposed to be Doctor of Laws but I have my own title for the Degree, Left-Liberal Decoys. The Phi Beta Kappa Key is another device used to exhalt the LLD's. The Phi Beta Kappa was a secret society originally."

She read on. "And here's Rousseau, William James. He's labelled the American philosopher who founded Pragmatism. Ralph Waldo Emerson is included, too. Then here are radicals, Francis Bacon, Voltaire, Owen. That must be Robert Owen, father of Robert Dale Owen who helped change the American education to a thing called Universal Education which is training for Democracy. Then comes Marx, founder of Communism. Lo, here's John Dewey, not quite radical but close to it. If I'd made up this diagram, I'd put a label on him, 'disciple of democracy'.

"In between the liberals and radicals the diagram shows Locke, Paine, Thomas Jefferson and John S. Mill. They were among the so-called enlightened or elite. What a find!"

Amy looked pleased, "That was given to me by someone who went to a Roman Lecture Course by a man named Rohman. It does expose many individuals we've been led to believe were intellectuals and worthy of imitating but who were in reality dangerous to civilization. We know Socrates was evil and we were told about Voltaire. But you cannot convince some people he was a menace to society. You hear so many credit him as saying, 'I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to death your right to say it'. That's dangerous to my way of thinking. You don't uphold and fight for a person's right to lie or slander.

You don't defend a perjurer or a person who disregards principle or truth."

Sarah still held the copy, "Oh, I'd like to have a copy for my own use. We're getting a copier and if you loan this to me, I'll be careful of it. Just think Amy," she stretched her hand holding the copy toward Amy, "this one piece alone is worth much. If I had undertaken this documentation, it would have taken me at least fifteen years."

Amy hugged her, "You can have anything you wish. I'm so delighted to know you're interested and we're going to have many sessions of sharing information."

Sarah was so enthused, she stood up and said, "Let's find the men. I want to tell Paul about this."

Paul was interested and Ian was pleased when Amy told him that Sarah said the diagram was a remarkable outline of the individuals who promoted the fallacious movements.

Paul was standing and Sarah knew he was ready to leave. She looked at Amy, saying, "Now, come over soon, won't you?"

Ian walked to the car and asked Paul, "Mind if I bring over a couple of neighbors next time? I know they'd like to meet you."

.....

One morning a few weeks later when Carlos brought in the mail, Paul joined Sarah and suggested they sit outside. He picked up the letters and began to sort them, taking his and passing Sarah hers. She had three, one from Bess, one from Rhoda and one from her brother, Warren.

"Mine are all business. Tell me your news, Sarah."

Bess' letter was an apology for her delay in acknowledging the gift of the house. "It is over a month but I should have written the same day that the news of the wonderful present arrived. It was like an answer to a prayer. We'll never forget you. A thousand thank-yous from us all. Stevie is making plans to add another room. But the reason I didn't answer is, Lester died and I was upset. He died in his sleep and now he's at peace."

Rhoda's letter held family news, too. "Peter," she wrote, "is

nearly a year old and growing fast. He's tall and sturdy but isn't walking by himself yet. He seems to understand what is said, although we can't understand him yet."

Warren's letter conveyed the news that he was now the sole owner of the funeral parlor; that he and Sybil were well and hoped all was well with them."

Sarah reached for one of the newspapers that had arrived in the mail.

"What do you plan to do now, Paul?"

He ignored her question, "Are you going to be busy this morning?"

"I'm never too busy to be with you."

"I thought I'd like to take a ride out on the desert. Just meander along. But you finish the paper. I'll relax in the sun, then we can decide.

It was quiet. Sarah turned the page. Suddenly she gasped, "Oh, oh, Paul! It can't be possible. It is too awful to believe!" She thrust the paper toward him. "Read it, Paul! Read it."

The article stated that on the eve of President Roosevelt's departure for Yalta, February 1945, a communique from Douglas MacArthur outlining almost identical terms of the Japanese surrender for peace, which were accepted in September, 1945, was in Roosevelt's hands. The report contained the statement that he tossed the communique aside, saying, "MacArthur may be a good general but he's not a diplomat."

Paul raised his head and looked at Sarah.

"Sarah, it couldn't be possible. Why should he have done it? It must be a mistake. If that's true, then there was no need to explode those bombs that somehow I feel responsible for and that weigh on my conscience very heavily."

Sarah looked at him and then at the flower filled patio; the morning sun glinting on the low fountain. "And to think that Peter might be alive today and thousands, even millions of others, too; those who are sitting without legs, arms or are sightless sitting in wheel chairs or lying living deaths in bed, need never to have sacrificed so much if Roosevelt hadn't been so, —so—, I can't find a word to describe it. Surely only a

maniac would have let the war continue for months. Roosevelt alone is responsible for each limb and body that was destroyed as though, he, with his own hands mutilated them."

She shuddered, "And to think, too, Paul, you might have been killed or maimed when the war was prolonged!" Her face was set grimly, her lips tight. She raised her hand, "There should never be any monuments to Roosevelt, if this report is true and if there's any way I can halt them, I'll do it."

CHAPTER FIFTY

One April morning Paul announced.

"Well, Mrs. Standish, this is a day of decision. Do we want to buy this place or not? It's difficult to believe but we've been here almost six months."

"How do you feel about it, Paul?"

"I think it's perfect. But I want to be sure you feel that way, too."

Sarah was smiling, "As for me, I want this to be our home forever. I even have a name for it. 'El Rancho Manana'."

Paul laughed, "'The Ranch of Tomorrow'. Good! I like it. It seems we're always thinking of tomorrow, aren't we?"

"Can we get our things out of storage now? I'd like to have all my files."

.....

The summer of 1946 was a busy one. The Dimmocks brought a neighboring couple to El Rancho Manana to call and several nearby ranchers made courtesy visits, so soon, Sarah and Paul found themselves participating in the informal social life of the community.

Paul became interested in producing honey so a long row of bee hives was installed in the orchard.

Ian was working for a small electrical supply company in Escondido but chafing at the monotonous duties.

Sarah and Amy occupied their days with files. One morning Amy inquired, "What's your opinion of the United Nations, Sarah?"

Sarah glanced sidewise, "Another Tower of Babel. All the

major networks and individuals of the Intellectual Apparatus are involved as far back as the League of Nations. We stayed out of the League but were caught up in this fiasco.”

“It sounds so good, though.”

“There are a great many devices plotted for One World Government that sound good, but you can detect the true purpose of the projects if you look at the perpetrators. Two of the leading affiliates of the Intellectual Apparatus, the N.E.A. and the Federal Council of Churches were involved in the UN. The UN’s Charter is diametrically opposed to the Constitution of the United States of America. The U.S. Constitution provides for limitation of the powers of government; the U.N. for the centralization of powers. The U.S. Constitution provides for elected officials; the U.N. officials are appointed. The U.N. Charter omits the mention of either. The U.S. Constitution provides for our common defense; the U.N. Charter admits known enemies into our councils. Good intentioned individuals are blinded to its nefarious goal, World Government, by the phrases, ‘a better world’, ‘world unity’, ‘world peace’, or ‘world understanding’.”

One morning in October, Paul asked Sarah if she wanted to go over to the Dimmocks with him.

“I have an eye on a piece of property near La Jolla and I’d like to ask Ian to look at it with me.”

When they arrived, Amy said, “Come on in the house. We have some news. We’re planning to go to Australia. Ian seems to think he’ll find peace of mind there. He’s so disillusioned with events in our own country. It seems futile to fight the unknown forces that are undermining the system, destroying the culture and economy.” She sighed. “I doubt if he’ll be able to find what he’s looking for, but it’s worth a try. There’s nothing to keep us here. We only rent this place. We have no close family. So we’ll go ‘down under’ as the saying goes.” Then she turned to Paul, “You’ll find Ian in his study. Sarah and I will be in my room.”

As they entered the tiny den where Amy kept her material she asked, “Will you take this and add it to your files?” She swept her hand over the stacks of books and papers. “I don’t

know what to do with it. I may never come back and then again, I might and if I do, I'd like to pick up the torch again."

Sarah smiled when she heard the phrase her Great Uncle used. "I'd be delighted to keep the material for you and grateful for the use of it. Where did it come from, Amy?"

"Oh, there are a great many individuals over the country who are interested in following the left-radical movements. We exchange material and alert each other to what is happening and when possible expose the groups and individuals promoting anti-Americanism. Especially those who act as a decoy by chasing communists or those who are a dual network operating as a counter organization. Catch phrases like working for a government to serve the people can attract the uninformed. The patriots work for a government to protect the people's rights, the aim of the Founding Fathers. By chasing the communists, effort is wasted unless the breeders, feeders and protectors of the communists or radicals, whatever name you use, are exposed. Yet many will continue to be decoyed and distracted. Few heed the *voco in el desierto*."

Sarah ruffled through a California report. "There's a lot of information here isn't there?"

"Yes, about the Communist Apparatus but not the element you have labelled the Intellectual Apparatus. I doubt if you'll find much about them, but there are many who work in both the Communist and Intellectual Apparatus but their affiliation with the Intellectual Apparatus is not exposed."

"Where did you get your information?"

"There's a man, Charles W. Phillips who circulates reports, well documented, of what is going on in our government." Amy pulled a black covered letter-sized notebook from a shelf. "His publication is called, 'The Individualist'. He lives in Nebraska and sells them for \$3.00. They're excellent. He does expose Communists but he is thorough in his reporting of what is going on down in Washington." She opened the book, "See this one covers Dunbarton Oaks, the United Nations and International Government Ownership. There are others, there." She motioned to half dozen more.

"How did you get interested in this type of study? I call the

movement the left-liberal-radical networks of the Intellectual Apparatus.”

“When I worked in the library in Los Angeles, a sweet, little elderly lady used to come and give me pamphlets, saying how the communists were changing education and religion. Sometimes she would mention books we had on the shelves and tell about the authors; their affiliations with radical movements. She told me about the misuse of Democracy and how evil the Federal Council of Churches and the American Civil Liberties Union were. But she put all the blame on the communists. I began to watch articles in the newspapers and read between the lines. One day a scholarly looking man came and introduced himself as Mr. 7X and he had some of the same pamphlets. He went to San Diego and still sends me articles and information. He doesn’t want his name known. He uses Mr. 7X.”

“We wouldn’t get along, then.”

“Why not, Sarah?”

“I don’t want to be associated with anyone who doesn’t work in the open. No sub rosa activity for me. That’s how the conspiracy ensnares one into their networks. You think you’re working with patriots and tell them what you know, who you are documenting and lo, you find your information is used against you. No, I wouldn’t work with Mr. 7X.”

Amy sounded disappointed. “Oh, Sarah, I was hoping I could ask him to come here and discuss material with you and if he had articles he would have sent me, he could give them to you.”

“Count me out, unless he comes out of his shroud of secrecy. Another set-up you must watch is the so-called conservatives. They work as Judas Goats, leading many patriots into the networks of the Intellectual Apparatus. These so-called Conservatives are not aware of the underplots and become involved and serve the plotters. They don’t know they’re being used; many are honest, sincere people.”

“Oh, dear,” Amy sighed, “how I wish I were remaining and able to work with you. I feel that this is so important.”

“I, too, wish you were remaining. I had so many plans for us. But we can write. When do you leave?”

“Ian has to give two week’s notice. We’ll get off as soon as we

can after that.”

When the four were together, Ian asked Sarah, “What do you think of our news?”

“I’m disappointed of course, and I know Paul is. We looked forward to having you as neighbors and friends. But it sounds exciting. Please come to dinner tomorrow and tell us more about your plans.”

Paul spoke up, “Anything we can do to help, just let us know.”

As they drove away, Sarah asked, “Did you speak about the property?”

Paul shook his head, “No, I was too interested in hearing about Australia.”

“Goodness,” Sarah laughed, “don’t you get the urge to go ‘down under’!”

“No chance. Life is too good here at Rancho Manana.”

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

While traveling back and forth to Escondido, Sarah noticed a small cluster of buildings about six miles from their home. Among them was a white structure with an arch over the front door bearing the words Baptismal Chapel and above it stood a white cross. She had asked Paul if he knew what it was and he referred her to Carlos.

But Carlos disclaimed knowledge so Sarah decided the way to satisfy her curiosity was to stop by and inquire. She asked Paul to take her.

A slender, soft spoken, dark haired man responded to their knock.

"Ah, good people, welcome," he said, "Come in."

They entered a small ante room. Beyond was a large room with benches and a pulpit at one end.

Paul introduced himself, adding, "My wife is interested in the Baptismal Chapel. So am I. We've never heard of such a chapel. We know it's Christian because the cross is displayed."

"I am Pastor August Granahl," the man told them. "I teach the Christian doctrine of baptism. So few do today. It is the Last Command the Lord Jesus Christ gave on earth. You must be baptized to be a Christian. My sister and I had hoped to go into the mission field but we are not in favor with the organized church and could not find support so we decided to remain here and serve. I was ordained a Baptist minister but the churches joined with the Federal Council of Churches or the evangelicals or ecumenicals so I withdrew and conduct my teaching here."

Sarah was curious, "But a Baptismal Chapel?"

Pastor Granahl smiled, "Won't you come in and sit down so I can explain?"

After they were seated he continued. "Over in Nevada there are marriage chapels where people can go and be married and so I thought why not a baptismal chapel where people, when they feel the desire for baptism, can have the sacrament performed."

"Do many know about it and come here?" Paul queried.

"This is an out of the way place but we are gaining notice and last month there were fifteen who asked me to baptize them. It is gratifying. A couple of months ago, three hitch-hikers stopped to ask questions. One was a lovely blond young woman about 18. There were two brothers, one of whom was in love with the young woman. First they asked to be married but didn't have a license. Then they inquired about the baptism and I explained the Last Command and they all wanted to be baptized. My sister aids me and she dressed the young lady in the robe and I took care of the men. When they left the young couple said they'd get a license immediately. I hope they did."

The minister picked up a calendar from his desk, "Please take this."

Paul and Sarah looked at the calendar. The top portion was printed in Old English type, "Observe the Sabbath day to sanctify it as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy works but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." Deuteronomy 5:12-14.

The Pastor pointed out, "See, Monday is the first day of the week, not Sunday. The Sabbath is the seventh day. These are Christian calendars. Sabbath means rest and the Lord decreed that people rest one day. Genesis tells that the Lord created the world in six days and on the seventh, He rested. I don't know how the first day became Sunday. I don't know when this change came about. No more than I know when the practice of taking the crosses from the steeples of the Christian churches began. I do know that many congregations inhibited with anti-Catholicism were persuaded to remove the cross because they were told it was Catholic. So, on many Christian churches

the cross was replaced with a weather vane or lightning rod." He smiled, "If they kept the cross and obeyed the Lord they would know the direction to take and wouldn't need the weathervane. If they had faith in the protection of Our Dear Lord, they wouldn't need to put up lightning rods."

Paul looked amused, "I've gathered a lot of new information here." He turned to Sarah, "Haven't you?"

"The reason for removing the cross is new to me," she told him, "but I can see how it was accomplished. For years the propagandists peddled anti-Catholicism to divide the people and create conflict until they devised the Communists to distract and decoy the people from the real enemies." She asked Pastor Granahl, "Do you administer communion?"

"Indeed, if you are baptized and are prepared."

"When do you have the service?"

"It is administered like the baptism, whenever a person requests it."

Sarah turned to Paul, "I've been wanting to associate with others and partake of communion, but never found a group before."

"I'd like to be with just such a group also," Paul said, then turned to the pastor, "Do you have regular church services? We'd like to associate with you. What do we have to do?"

Pastor Granahl reached out to take his hand then extended the other to Sarah, "It will please me to have you join our little flock. We have teaching and prayer services Sunday and on two week days. I'm on call anytime to discuss problems or administer to the troubled and the sick. If you have been baptized, simply obtain certificates of baptisms. They make you automatically members."

Paul rose, "It will be easy to get our records, but what about the people who have been christened instead of baptized?"

"That's for the Lord to judge. The lying apostles have led them astray by the un-Christian act. I mean by un-Christian the Lord did not command christening."

"One more question," Paul said, "What about children who are too young to be baptized. What will happen to them?"

"Our Lord said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me for

theirs is the kingdom of heaven'. Wouldn't you assume that children were in the circle of the Lord's grace by this statement? Another meaning what might be placed on His words was by the dedication of the child shortly after it is born. The Lord Himself was dedicated as was the custom. I also dedicate infants and children when requested by parents or guardians. I hope that I answered your questions."

Paul nodded and taking Sarah's arm went to the door, "Thank you, Pastor. Mrs. Standish and I will come back."

As they left the Chapel, Sarah spoke quietly, "Oh, Paul, now I'm not only happy, but have a sense of peace also. Now we are really settled. I felt the need for the spiritual sustenance. Now I have everything a woman would want in this world."

"I feel as you do, Sarah. And we can come here Christmas and Easter for our communion and any other time we feel the need."

CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

Time passed swiftly for Sarah and Paul. Each occupied with their own interests but spending many happy hours together. The mail brought letters from Baldwin, Ireland and Australia. Rhoda's chronicled Peter's activities. "He's tall for his age. He's serious for a four year old and such an inquisitive tot!"

Early in June, 1949, the Dimmocks wrote saying, after three years of being expatriots, they had decided to come home.

"Good old USA," Ian wrote. "I'm not disillusioned with Australia but I realize I'll never find peace of mind running away from unpleasant situations. We expect to be in California within two months. We'll get in touch as soon as we arrive."

Sarah began to make plans, "How about writing to ask them to stay with us, Paul? It'll be good to see and talk with them."

"Fine idea. They can remain here until they decide what they want to do. I hope they plan to live close by. I'll tell him we'll meet them in Los Angeles."

.....

The Dimmocks arrived the end of July. Amy hugged Sarah tightly and squinted misty tears from her eyes. "Oh, Sarah, you look so good to me. How I longed to be with you. We never thought we'd come back but here we are!"

Ian and Paul watched the women's reunion.

Ian said, "Amy's right, Paul, we have missed you."

Back to Rancho Manana the conversation was lively. The Dimmocks told of their experiences. Amy and Sarah postponed their serious discussions until they had "caught up" on the past

three years. When asked what their plans for the future were, Ian said they didn't have any, adding, "Perhaps we'll go East later."

"Don't hurry, Ian," Sarah begged. "Stay with us for a while." She looked at Paul, "Tell them they must stay a few weeks, at least."

At breakfast the next morning, Paul watched the Dimmocks as they slowly sipped the fruit juice. "How do you like it?" he asked eagerly and then explained, "This is Tart'n'Sweet, a frozen juice combination I'm thinking of marketing."

Both Ian and Amy answered in unison, "It's delectable. What's in it?"

"Carlos and I have developed the formula and one of my projects is to promote it. I'm calling the company Cal-ties."

Ian was sober and fingered the spoon at his place, "I know you'd like us to stay with you for a while but I'm anxious to get settled. Thought we'd try San Diego. We like this part of the country. We saved some money but it won't last long."

Sarah spoke, "Paul and I understand how you feel, Ian. But please stay as long as you can."

Paul added, "Use our car. I wish you weren't in such a hurry but I understand."

After the Dimmocks left, Paul and Sarah sat in the morning sun. Both were quiet with their own thoughts.

Finally Paul spoke, his tone measured as though his ideas were half formed. "Sarah, what do you think about asking Ian to be my assistant? I need someone. The various businesses take a lot of time and I'd like to continue with the experimenting on the fruits and berries and bees. They could live on the place and you and Amy could work together on your projects."

"It would be ideal for both of us but let's be cautious. Let's see what Ian finds in San Diego." When they returned, Ian sounded discouraged. "I've tried just about every agency but nothing is available. I think we'll have to head East."

The next morning after breakfast, Paul said, "Ian, I need an assistant to help with my various investments and projects; to keep records and solve the snafus. I can't do it alone. How would you like to work with me?"

Ian looked amazed, "You mean hire me?"

Amy spoke up quickly, "Why, Ian, it's an answer to our prayers."

Paul turned to her, "We'll need a part time secretary, too, Amy, if you're interested."

"I'm interested, very much interested."

Paul settled back in his chair, smiling, "I know you want to think it over. But remember, Sarah and I need your help and friendship. You could live on the ranch. There's plenty of room."

"It's perfect! Isn't it, Ian?" Amy exclaimed, "Then in my spare time I can work with Sarah."

Ian nodded, a gratified smile wreathed his face.

"Then it's settled." Paul leaned over and shook hands with Ian. "It's going to be a nice arrangement for us both. I don't have to ask Sarah. I know how she feels."

.....

The new routine with the Dimmocks at the ranch proved happy and harmonious. One morning June, 1950, the four were listening to a news report when a flash came that President Harry S. Truman was ordering troops to South Korea.

Paul groaned, "Again? When, oh, when are we going to learn? More slaughter on foreign soil, more squandering our resources over the world, bankrupting ourselves, destroying our own defense. And the old trick divide to destroy the country we claim to help. Wouldn't you think they'd learn?"

Sarah felt her throat contract as she looked at Paul. His face was gray and drawn and he rubbed his forehead. "It isn't five years since the last debacle ended."

Ian spoke. "We're too old to get involved, Paul. Why get upset?"

"I'm not thinking of myself. I'm thinking of the youngsters."

A few days later Sarah was sitting at her typewriter gazing out the window. Amy was occupied with sorting.

"Honestly, Amy, I don't know what I'm going to do with this documentation. I had hoped my nephew would be interested and we could publish a book including my Great

Uncle's legacy and the material Caleb Carter gave me, plus other information. If we could only form an association and print weekly or monthly issues and circulate it! Anything to get the facts to others. I feel sure there're many who would benefit from the knowledge." She pushed her hair back from her forehead and spoke slowly, "I just don't know, Amy, but something keeps me plugging along. The links of the subversion fascinates me."

Amy was quiet and when she spoke, asked, "Sarah, you're so even tempered, you never get upset about things or resent people. Is it because you take out your resentment and antagonism on the movements we watch?"

"No, not really. I believe it goes back to the preaching of my Grandmother and Great Uncle. She would say over and over, 'What can't be cured must be endured' and my Great Uncle drilled me with his slogan, 'Live so you have little remorse and few regrets!'

"Quite often my father and brother would provoke me and I felt that I was overburdened with tasks they should perform but I don't think I ever showed evidence of my resentment. I realized my family wouldn't change so I accepted them. I could have packed my suitcase and gone into Boston and lived but I felt it was my duty to remain at home and I knew in my own heart that I'd never be happy leaving my mother to face things alone. I'm so glad I didn't follow the inclination and walk out."

Amy nodded solemnly, "I can see your point. Nothing is really accomplished by intemperate words or deeds."

.....

Early in December, Amy came into the living room, excitedly waving a Los Angeles newspaper in Sarah's direction. She was out of breath.

"What a travesty!"

"What do you mean?"

"Look at the new gathering-in of the churches! There was a convention of all the Protestant churches at Cleveland, Ohio and they call themselves the National Council of Churches. Sounds like it is the old Federal Council of Churches with a new

bonnet.”

Sarah took the page.

“These names sound like a new crew to me. Let’s go to the work room and see what we can find in the files.

“Any CFRers in the set-up?”

“Here’s the 1949 list.” She passed Amy the pamphlet, and read the news item.

“How about Harold E. Stassen? He’s a vice president. Strange he would be picked. Then there’s Charles E. Wilson who has been president of General Electric. He’s treasurer. Look up Dr. Arthur S. Flemming.”

“Yes, Stassen is on the CFR list of non-resident members. Neither Wilson nor Flemming are listed. Why did you pick out those names, Sarah?” Amy looked puzzled.

Sarah put down the newspaper but not before she marked Stassen’s name, “CFR”. “Well, doesn’t it seem strange to you that with all these churches joining together in a national body, laymen are holding top positions. It would seem that ministers, the heads of the church or bishops would hold office. Here’s a businessman, Wilson. True he holds the office of treasurer but surely there’d be a head of a denomination who could fill the post. And both Stassen and Flemming are heads of colleges. Flemming is president of Ohio Wesleyan and Stassen is president of the University of Pennsylvania. This inclusion of heads or holders of high office in universities and colleges in top positions of religious organizations and movements harks back to 1891 and extends into that Religious Education Association they formed in 1903. Wait until I look up the notes my Great Uncle made.*

“There’s no doubt but this new set-up is the same old British ✓ Israel networks. We can spend the whole morning gathering this material for the files. We’ll watch the newspapers for more information.”

*NOTES, *Addenda*, page 382.

CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

It was New Year's Day, 1951. As was their custom, Paul and Sarah made it an occasion, exchanging gifts at an evening meal and planning ahead for the future.

The oval table was spread with a heavy damask cover and Felicia, dressed in her native costume circled it again to erase imaginary wrinkles. Her touch was almost reverent as she smoothed the shining linen and arranged the porcelain and silver settings.

Carlos had brought in a shallow bowl with blossoms of yellow and red chrysanthemums arranged into a floating star. The tall white tapers were set in low silver holders marked with "S". Felicia stood back surveying the table.

"Ah, such beautiful things. So old. They speak of a good life."

Paul had entered the room and echoed, "Yes, Felicia, they are beautiful and as you say, speak of the good life. We call it memories."

Felicia and Carlos were included as usual in the gathering. Ian arrived escorting Amy and Sarah. The two women were dressed for the occasion. Sarah's gown was of white raw silk and her jewelry, Paul's gift, an antique set of hand wrought gold bracelets, earrings and brooch. Amy wore an azure blue chiffon dress with turquoise jewelry handcrafted by the Navajo Indians. The men expressed their admiration and the women responded happily.

As soon as they were seated, Paul said the grace. Sarah looked at the main dish, a huge ham, delicate pink with red

cherries and golden pineapple rings garnish. She smiled to herself remembering the pathetic piece that Rhoda brought for their Christmas dinner in 1943.

After the table was cleared and only fruit, cheese and crackers remained, the conversation turned to the year ahead. Sarah led.

"This is our sixth New Year's celebration in El Rancho Manana. I can't imagine one single gift or blessing in the year ahead that would surpass those showered upon me these last five years." She looked at Felicia who smiled timidly and placed her hands together as in prayer.

"I pray thee same."

Amy said, "My cup runneth over."

It was Carlos' turn. "I ask nothing for thees year. I've many blessings all thee year."

Paul looked in Ian's direction. Ian was tracing a pattern on the damask design with the handle of his demitasse spoon. He finally raised his eyes and glanced around the table. "I'd like to go back to teaching."

Paul sighed, "Really, Ian? I need you so much."

"Oh, I won't give up my work with you, Paul." His voice was cheerful, "I have a chance to tutor some boys and I want to take it.

"There's a man over in Escondido who has three sons. He's not happy with the public school and wants me to tutor them on Saturdays. In one of our conversations I guess I told him I had a teaching certificate. He wants American education for his sons. He understands there'll be conflict between the public school training and American education and he instructed his boys not to challenge or dispute their teachers. They seemed enthusiastic about the deal. This man is wealthy, has his hands in many deals. He has an idea he'd like to start a private school in a few years when his sons are older and asked me to take charge. I didn't give him any promises. And Paul, you might be interested in a couple of land tracts he wants to sell."

"Yes, Ian," he settled back in his chair. "I would be interested. It would be another good investment."

Finally he put his arms on the table.

“Excellent idea, Ian. It fits into what I want to announce.” He turned and smiled at Sarah and then spoke slowly. “When we first came West, my idea was to get into politics and devote my life to exposing sinister intrigues and work toward getting back to the original plan of our Constitution. Particularly the method of electing the President and Vice President.

“I have always worried about the part I played in World War II. I’d like to make amends.”

Sarah interrupted, “Paul, you did your duty. You served your country.”

“Maybe. But I played a part in a tragic historical event and I want to make amends at least with my conscience.”

“You mean you plan to get involved in State politics?” Ian sounded worried.

“No, not now. This is my point. I seem to have a knack for making money. The orchard is profitable, the fruit drink is booming and even the bee experiments are paying off, not to mention my stocks and bond holdings. So I have decided to give up the idea of politics. Instead, I’ll use my talents, earning money to endow good patriotic organizations, offer scholarships and pay for books and pamphlets Sarah and Amy want to publish. Then too, we can leave a Trust Fund to carry on Sarah’s work.”

He stopped speaking and looked around the table. All eyes were studying him and four faces were smiling.

Only Sarah looked serious, “Oh, Paul that is good for me and the book Amy and I are doing, but what about you? Won’t it be very disappointing to give up the idea of some time running for office?”

“No. Actually, the reason I haven’t reached a decision before is because I was afraid I was letting my personal wishes interfere with my good judgement. Since coming to Rancho Manana I found the life I want. I would regret leaving here for any length of time. However, I still want to be involved in the government.

Suddenly, Sarah laughed out loud. “Oh, this is wonderful! I’ve dreaded too, the thought of leaving here for long periods.” Soon everyone was talking and planning for the future.

When the atmosphere quieted, Ian asked, “It’s possible to

make it without much capital, isn't it, Paul? Nixon goes into the Senate in a few weeks. He seems to have done it."

Sarah looked at Amy and fairly shouted. "We know how he made it so fast, don't we, Amy? We've been tabulating his record since he began to run for Senator. It has been evident he's picked by the Intellectual Apparatus as their Crown Prince."

Amy nodded and laughed, "Yes, we've been stacking up the facts on him. You just don't reach the top so quickly without being pushed by the networks of the conspiracy. He's tabbed to operate for them. He'll be a pawn in the plots, a mere puppet. He could be manipulated because he's a Quaker. Unless he extricates himself from the tentacles of the I-A he'll be a captive the rest of his political life. As a captive, he'll be told what to do and when to do it, but inveigled to believe he makes decisions."

Ian spoke up, "What relation has his religion to the matter?"

Sarah told him, "Quakers are their own authority. They decide what is right and wrong. They were chased out of Massachusetts around 1650 and four were hanged on Boston Common. Others came and settled in Philadelphia with William Penn and we've been plagued by them since. When the question was asked, 'what is right?' the Church of England's answer was in the teachings of the church while the Puritans said it would be found in the Bible, but the Quakers said one finds it in their own heart. They refused to accept authority, they wouldn't use titles of honor or respect anyone, and they would not take off their hats to a magistrate or a governor, no, not even to the king himself. This is what is stated in an old history book. Too, the people in Boston said the Quakers were turning the world upside down with their preaching and if they were not stopped they would destroy all churches and all modes of government. The Quakers or Friends are involved in nearly every network of the I-A.

"As for Nixon, if he is in a position he believes he will be his own authority. That's Quaker thinking."

When Sarah had completed her recitation, she asked, "Does anyone know why Nixon had to get informatin about Alger Hiss from a Catholic Priest? It was when Nixon was on the

House Un-American Activities Committee back in 1947. Father John F. Cronin, who was supposed to be well versed on Communist infiltration and have contacts with union men and FBI agents supplied Nixon with information. Why couldn't Nixon get it directly from the FBI? He was in the Congress. Strange, very strange, don't you think?"

Ian agreed and asked Sarah, "What do you expect to achieve by this research you and Amy do?"

"We hope to have it assembled in a book for distribution to people so they may understand the underplots of the International Conspiracy and avoid the pitfalls. So many of the uninformed fall into the nets of intrigue."

"That's a laudable goal. This is all very revealing." He turned to Amy, "Did you know about all this Sarah has told?"

Amy nodded, a pleased smile on her lips, "Not as much as Sarah does but I do find out a great deal from her and others researching the individuals plotting and involved in the plots to undermine the American system. Only they say they are improving it, making it better. They contend the Constitution is outdated and we must bring it up-to-date with reorganization to serve the 20th Century."

Ian was puzzled. "Paul, you said you want to go back to the original Constitution to elect the President and Vice President. You can't go backwards can you?"

"When you're teetering on a jut edge of a precipice the only way you can go is back."

He looked around the table. "We're getting much too serious for a festive dinner. Carlos, please get a bottle of champagne so we can all toast to 1951, our New Year's resolutions and to the program of keeping our Great Country a true Republic, the American Dream of Our Founding Fathers."

CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR

One day the following October Amy came to the workshop with three books. "See what Mr. 7X loaned me, Sarah. He inserted notes in them."

Sarah looked at the titles, "Year Book of American Churches," 1949 edition, "The International Council of Religious Education Yearbook, 1950" and "Christian Faith in Action, *Commemorative Volume*, The Founding of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the United States of America."

Amy sat quietly with a knowing grin, "Wait 'till you hear what he's written. 'The Year Book of American Churches, 1949' includes the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America as a National Cooperative Organization with 27 constituent bodies. Then another related organization is listed as The International Council of Religious Education with nearly every other denomination that was not included in the Federal Council. There are 39 churches including some linked with the Federal Council. It seems that nearly all national churches and four Canadian groups are included in these two Councils.

"'The International Council of Religious Education Yearbook 1950' lists all the denominations affiliated with it but look at the officers, Dr. Harold E. Stassen, president of the International Quadrennial Convention. Here we have a college president who is an active government affiliate heading a religious organization.

"One would assume the religious education of the prominent Christian denominations involved would be Christian education

but on page 23 on 'Objectives' we find a mention of Jesus and Christ-like but here is the 'fine print' 'To make the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man the motivation underlying the social order'.

"You will note the heavy emphasis on Christian teaching and the use of the term many times over but on page 188 under the Determinations of Special Days and Weeks, 1951, the only time the term is used is for Christian College Day and this was added by action of the Council. Nowhere is found Easter or Christmas. There's Brotherhood Month, Race Relations Sunday, World Order Sunday and World Community Day to mention a few but as I stated before not a single mention of Easter or Christmas, the two Christian observances.

"Note on page 51, 'During the year 1949, the United Christian Youth Movement has expanded its cooperation with the Anti-Defamation League in the development of experienced leadership in intergroup activities'. And on page 72 'Plans for Inaugurating the Proposed National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.'

"It is evident then, that the National Council of Churches emerged from The International Council of Religious Education. There were a number of peculiar things about the International Council, among them was the use of the same type of 'wheels within wheels' the National Education Association employs."

Sarah tapped her cheek with the pencil she was holding, and looked at Amy who was sitting on the edge of her chair, her face alight with interest, "This wheels within wheels is something you have to watch. It happens in our government you know. Those councils, conferences, commissions and committees that are so busy down in Washington stirring up conflicts are not elected or duly appointed by our elected representatives. Most are set up by Executive Orders. But let's look at this International Council outfit and see what we can find.

"This wheels within wheels is accomplished with Convention Elected Delegates. Note the inclusion of a Dr. Hugh S. Magill. I was unable to find where he was an authorized delegate from

any of the denomination groups or affiliates.”

Sarah dropped the notes in her lap and creased her forehead in a frown, “That name sounds familiar. Will you look and see if we have a card on him.”

Amy quickly located the card. “Yes, oh, yes,” she was excited.

Sarah laughed, “Well, give.”

“He’s been in the International Council of Religious Education for 30 years and, wait till you hear this,” she gasped for breath. “He was a field secretary for the National Education Association when he became the first General Secretary of that Council.”

Sarah nodded her head, “So the NEA is linked with the Council. You might say in charge, if the first General Secretary is a Field Secretary of NEA. Does Mr. 7X say anything about the Religious Education Association? If the NEA is involved, REA is skulking around somewhere.” Sarah thumbed through the Yearbook and whooped, “Lookee, Religious Education Association is a related agency and so is the Federal Council of Churches, the World Council, the YMCA and the YWCA. What else does Mr. 7X say here?”

She picked up the notes, “He questions the presence of Robert J. Havighurst* and writes ‘This man is on a List of Most Typical Sponsors of Front Organizations’ and gives as his source, ‘Senate Document 117, 84th Congress, 2nd Session, page 94’. He is on the advisory committee on research of TICORE but nowhere can be found his authority. This device of research used by the Intellectual Apparatus is questionable.

“That’s the end of the notes on the TICORE Yearbook. Let’s see what he has to say about the book, *Christian Faith in Action*, the organization of N.C.C. Ah, here it is. ‘Ninety eight percent of the administrative framework of TICORE and the Federal Council of Churches moved into the NCC, which would

*Addenda pages 404, 430.

prove that while the titles were dropped and that of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the United States of America substituted, the same old participants and plotters were present.'

"He doesn't give much information about the NCC. Let's see who the officers are. I remember Arthur S. Flemming was to be a vice president. Remember you brought that news report last year when they held the convention in Cleveland, Ohio."

"Yes," Amy was still sitting on the edge of her chair listening to every word and trying to follow the information, "I remember now. Let's see who else was involved."

She pulled her chair nearer to Sarah and they both began to look as Sarah turned the pages.

"Here are some pictures. Yes, look there's Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, a vice president. And look, Dr. Harold E. Stassen. There's no picture of him. He was president of TICORE since 1942. Isn't he CFR? Get his card. Yes, he's CFR. Goodness, my head is getting dizzy trying to piece this puzzle together. It is very evident that the Federal Council of Churches and CFR are interlocked. Caleb Carter told me that, but why should so many individuals associated with these organizations hold office in government and, no matter what party is in power?"

Sarah studied the book in front of her, "I recall Congressman Kahl told about the Apostate Americans attempting to undermine our government, their loyalties were more British or World Government and they worked to break down the American system." She pointed to a file. "Look under Chicago Tribune and see if there's a clipping of a cartoon with a picture of George Washington and another figure."

Amy found the cartoon and Sarah pointed out to her, "See this figure holding the flag represents the individuals scheming to change the American Government."

Amy studied the cartoon and said, "Why this was in 1945 wasn't it, and didn't you say that the Congressman told you about these people back in 1925?"

"Yes, and he traced them back to 1917. But Mr. Drake named the Dulleses, John and Allen as culprits. Both have been in government posts no matter what party is in control and

John was both CFR and Federal Council. Allen was only CFR.”

“My head’s aching,” Sarah moaned, but laughed, “Let’s keep on digging. I’m intrigued by these interlocking individuals. I’ll just skim over the pages and we can concentrate on further perusal.”



Cartoon reprinted courtesy of the Chicago Tribune.

Awake America!

While the boys are absent, fighting to preserve America, while they are in uniform and subject to military restrictions, should

1. an international flag be substituted for “Old Glory,” and
2. this REPUBLIC, the United States of America, be made a DOMINION in a world superstate?

Hyphenated Americans (internationalists) want these changes. We Nationalists insist that the U.S.A. can contribute more to lasting peace by remaining Independent of a World Government which will control us through a World Currency a World Police and a World Religion.

Do not be afraid to speak if you oppose a super state. Tell your U.S. Senator that you want our Republic and Independence preserved.

Defenders of George Washington’s Principles
Pittsburgh 17, Penna.

Another exclamation made Amy ask, “Now what?”

“Charles P. Taft, if you please. He was in that government post in 1942 with Flemming, Rockefeller, and some other CFR’ers. The one where Richard Nixon was an attorney for a short-time, Office of Emergency Management,* wasn’t it? See his card.”

It was Amy’s turn to exclaim. “And he was President of the Federal Council of Churches in 1947. He’s in the State Department, too.”

Sarah was poring over the report of the Convention announcing the NCC. She sighed but kept turning the pages.

“Here he is, Charles P. Taft, a denominational appointee from the Protestant Episcopal Church. Well at least he’s legal! He’s

*OEM Addenda page 409.

a representative of the Christian Life and Work Division and also on the business committee with, and, hold your breath, none other than Dr. Harold E. Stassen and Dr. Arthur S. Flemming.”

Amy found her breath and asked, “Sarah, could I give this information to Mr. 7X?” She pleaded, “He was good enough to send this report and loan us these books and I doubt if he knows about the involvement of this, what would you call it, a cell or network?”

Sarah leaned back, “I suppose it is only fair but you do it on your own. Don’t attach my name to it. How do I know he isn’t a counter contact and could use my name in a manner as to give the impression I was associated with him in his work.”

“Well, is that bad? He’s doing patriotic work, isn’t he?”

“There are plenty who do patriotic work to cover up the subversive or undercover plots and to decoy honest individuals into their camps to either neutralize them or disparage their efforts.”

“It isn’t clear to me, Sarah.”

Sarah reached over and took a card from the file. “It is hard to explain, Amy, and I’m not sure this is a good illustration. But a supposedly patriotic group has been formed to fight communism. It was titled All-American Conference to Combat Communism. Doesn’t that sound like a good group?”

“Of course.”

“Now look at who helped to organize the Conference. None other than the National Education Association and among the other groups were the Federal Council of Churches and the American Legion and Lions International. I don’t have the complete list but knowing as to what the real purpose of the NEA and FCC is we are not beguiled by their patriotic posturing. It’s ironical to know that the NEA and the FCC are creating communists with their corruptive ideologies and then watch their diabolical plots to fight the monsters they create. The scheme is like a two edged sword.”

Amy shook her head, “It grows more puzzling. The pattern of intrigue, I mean. I won’t link your name in any way, Sarah, but I think you are being unreasonable.”

Sarah chuckled, “It’s going to be that way so you may as well

accept it. Maybe we might say instead of being unreasonable that I'm over suspicious.

"I'm getting weary, Amy. Let's stop now and put this information in the file later. But wait. Let's see what has happened to the International Council of Religious Education. It is listed in the Merging Agencies with the Federal Council of Churches. But in this NCC report there's no list of related agencies. Do you suppose TICORE will continue under the old title? But how can it when, as Mr. 7X reported, 98% of its administrative body emerged as the NCC? It's an enigma."

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE

November 1952, Dwight D. Eisenhower was elected president with Richard M. Nixon his running mate.

Paul remarked, "That man, Nixon sure did skyrocket into prominence. It's just ten years since he was an attorney in the Office of Emergency Management. As you said, Sarah, he must be useful to the plotters and planners."

"If there was any question about his being part of the Intellectual Apparatus, this fast advance to the position of Vice President settles any doubt I have in my mind."

Another year passed. Paul was busy with new experiments. Ian took care of the business functions while Amy worked with Sarah. One morning she asked, "Isn't it about time we started that documentation you want to put in the book? We have the California Un-American Reports and can use them as well as the Dies Committee Reports. It's going to be tedious but it is important to show the links of some of the radicals. Over and over again they appear in organizations with different titles or for different causes. That Mr. Carter picked out Harry F. Ward and Mary E. Woolley as questionable individuals. One was a minister and the other an educator. Both were in the Religious Education Association. Let's confine our tabulation of them and trace their activities and involvement with others. As you have pointed out they work in dual and counter networks, sometimes alone but usually paired. We have established that they are both involved in the Federal Council of Churches and the American Civil Liberties Union. Let's use Ward and Woolley instead of the full names. It's easier."

Sarah laughed heartily, "Sounds like a comedy team, doesn't it?"

Amy smiled, "There are others involved in the same groups. I suppose you would place them in the I-A class. We can use I-A for Intellectual Apparatus. Ward and Woolley were in People's Peace, National Council for American Soviet Friendship and Critics of the California Committee Investigating Un-American Activities, the American Youth Congress and many others cited in the Un-American reports."*

She pulled a stack of the California Legislative Reports to her side. "I'll flip through these and see if there's anything immediate. The blue ones are the investigation on education and the red are the radical recordings."

After a few minutes, Sarah heard Amy chuckling. "What's amusing?"

"You'll laugh, too. Here in the 8th Report of the Senate Investigating Committee on Education, page 94, is a reprint of 'DEFENSE BULLETIN, Democracy's Defense Through Education, Number 35, July, 1950'. It's a report of a speech made by Harold Benjamin, Chairman, National Commission for the Defense of Democracy Through Education, NEA, at the NEA's 88th Delegate Assembly in St. Louis, Missouri, July 3, 1950.

"I'm taking this out of context only to repeat what it says about democracy. Mr. Benjamin stated, 'An official lobbyist of the National Association of Real Estate Boards and executive vice president of that organization, Mr. Herbert V. Nelson wrote in a letter read at a Congressional hearing, April 19, 1950, and quoted by the United press on that date, "I do not believe in democracy. I think it stinks. I believe in a republic operated by the elected representatives who are permitted to do the job, as the board of directors should." In a further statement he added that only 'direct taxpayers' should be allowed to vote. Women, he said, should not be permitted to vote at all. 'Ever since they started voting, our public affairs have been in a worse mess than ever.'"

**Radical Organizations Addenda page 433.*

Sarah was skeptical, "That is in those hearings?"

"Yes, and more too. Listen to this will you?"

"That was Mr. Nelson's statement repeated by Mr. Benjamin. This is what Mr. Benjamin says. 'The teachers of the United States are in a different camp. They believe in democracy. They propose to teach democracy, to help with all their might to make democracy work and when necessary—as they have done in the past—to draw and fight for democracy!'

"So, we have it right from the horse's mouth. Teachers teach democracy."

"It's tragic, isn't it?" Sarah sounded discouraged, "and it's been going on for years and years."

Amy was watching Sarah. "I'm still laughing about the man who says he thinks democracy stinks."

"Did you see that Father John F. Cronin, who gave Nixon the information on Hiss, is going to be Nixon's speechwriter?"

"They must have been close friends since 1947, very close, wouldn't you say?"

Sarah picked up a card and passed it to Amy. "And look what the year 1953 brings. Allen W. Dulles is now director of the peculiar CIA, Central Intelligence Agency, a set-up to look after the security of the Nation. Looks like another wheels within wheels. Mr. Drake at the Sun Sentinel tabbed the Dulles Duo twenty years ago. What do you have on the CIA?"

Amy examined the sheets in the file folder. "It's confusing as usual. There was a Central Intelligence Group established by a Presidential Directive of January 22, 1946. There was also a National Intelligence Authority set up the same day by Presidential Directive. It was to plan, develop and coordinate Federal foreign intelligence activities related to national security. It ceased to exist upon the creation of the CIA under the National Security Council which was set up by the National Security Act. The personnel, property and records of the CI Group was transferred to the CIA and the Group ceased to exist." Amy continued, "Do you know this sounds like the National Council of Churches switch. TICORE's staff, or nearly all of it, became the NCC. At least it looks that way, doesn't it?"

"What's the difference between a Presidential Directive and

an Executive Order?"

Sarah frowned, "That is a puzzle isn't it? But it seems that somewhere I read there were 10,000 Executive Orders bearing serial numbers and about the same amount that did not have numbers, about 20,000 total. So maybe the Presidential Directives do not have numbers. There isn't any when it is a Directive but when it is an Executive Order there's always a number. Wonder where the authority comes for these directives and orders. The president could sign orders making laws and by-pass the congress.

"Looks like the CIA was set up this way." She studied the pencil she was holding, "It does look funny. Strange with all the agencies we have had, plus the FBI we should need another agency to centralize, whatever that means. But the fact that Allen W. Dulles is made director makes it look very funny, very," she spoke slowly, "suspicious."

"Oh, but the CIA was set up a few years ago. There was another director before Dulles."

"Ho, ho, you know this is a technique of the I-A. Put up a straw man, then slide in an operative. Another thing that makes me wonder about Dulles. I think it was his suggestion to put the words, 'And Ye Shall Know the Truth and the Truth Shall Make Ye Free, John VIII, XXXII' over the entrance to the CIA building in Langley, Virginia. The British Israel use this slogan as often as they use the 'Kingdom of God on Earth'. The whole verse from St. John reads: 'Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, *then* are ye my disciples indeed, And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free'."

Amy sat down suddenly, "Sarah, isn't there any place we can send this material where it might be used to watch the movements?"

"And be called witch huntresses? No, I think the best we can do is keep on watching the highways and byways and making a record of the affiliates and organizations. Then some day have it assembled and published for those who want to learn the facts."

She picked up a note. "It is a puzzle to me how many individuals stay in government posts no matter what political

party is operating. Here are two that were in that Office of Emergency Management in 1942, a Democrat regime. Arthur S. Flemming and Dr. J. B. Conant are on President Eisenhower's Committee on Government Organization, a Republican regime, eleven years later. These are appointive posts, but then it does figure, Flemming was on the Federal Council of Churches and is now on the National Council of Churches and J. B. Conant is Council on Foreign Relations."

She dropped the paper and sighed.

"It gets more confusing, Amy. Look at this other memo." She passed it to Amy, "Harold Stassen is Mutual Security Administrator and director of Foreign Operations Administration. He was a vice president with Flemming when the NCC was set up in 1950. And Stassen was president in 1942 of the International Council on Religious Education which was the previous title of NCC.

"So, Stassen is evidently working with Flemming and Conant in the Eisenhower reign. Very odd, wouldn't you say, Amy dear?"

Amy agreed.

Sarah continued, "See if you can find anything about the new Department of Health, Education and Welfare. If Flemming and Conant, two so-called educators are on the President's Advisory Committee on Government Organization, there's no telling what they will do to this Department. It will be very interesting to watch. That's your assignment, Amy."*

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The year passed swiftly. Sarah and Amy worked with the news reports and articles in the Congressional Record and 1954 brought many more interesting incidents. Senator Joseph McCarthy, who agitated for an investigating committee to expose Communists in 1950 was creating another furor of involvement of Communists in the Armed Forces and the State Department.

*HEW Addenda page 411.

"What's your reaction to the Senator?" Amy inquired as she and Sarah worked together one morning.

"The good Senator doesn't understand the underplots or know those who are creating the corruption and confusion," Sarah commented.

"So much is expended on fighting Communists and Communism but nothing is directed to finding out why we have the evil influences. Our children are conditioned to accept the ideology of Communism in both the schools and churches. If he understood the machinations of the I-A he would be digging out and exposing the NEA and the NCC, as well as the CFR and the CED.

"That's a new outfit isn't it? Amy queried. "You haven't mentioned that group before, have you?"

Sarah debated, "Maybe not. It is in the file. It was organized back in the middle 40's and it really is a Conspiracy for Economic Destruction. But like so many of these networks, many well-intentioned individuals have become affiliated with it. It looks respectable because the uninformed allow themselves to become involved and permit their names to be used on committees, conferences and councils. If Senator McCarthy was aware of the links and interlocks of the I-A he would not be decoyed to chase Communists. Look at the I-A affiliates in the State Department. The Senator is concentrating on ferreting out Communists but the head of the State Department is none other than John Foster Dulles, long time affiliate of both the CFR and the Federal Council of Churches. There's a Paul H. Nitze, who was CFR in 1949. He's director of Policy Planning Staff of the State Department.

"Senator McCarthy has stirred up a real controversy about the subversives in the Armed Forces but was blocked by President Eisenhower when the president used a device he called Executive Privilege and forbid executive department officials to testify about a meeting in the Justice Department at which the strategy of combatting Senator McCarthy was discussed. A letter was put in the Congressional Record by the President which maintained the President had the authority to withhold information whenever he found that what was sought was

confidential or its disclosure would jeopardize the safety of the Nation. So the Senator was denied information that would help him in his fight. I hope, some day, someone will expose the evils, Executive Privilege, Presidential Directives and Executive Orders." She added, "All the wheels within wheels."

Sarah sat back and looked at the clock. "It's an hour 'till lunch, Amy. I'm tired. A short walk will do us both good and we can continue our work this afternoon. You mentioned you had some material on a new organization. Did Mr. 7X send it?"

"Yes, but it's a conservative group. It's the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations."*

"Well, just why should a committee against the admission of Communist China to the UN be formed. Isn't there a movement to get the United States out of the United Nations and the United Nations out of the United States? Why continue the UN in our land when it is designed to destroy us? Looks as though this so-called conservative movement is more of the underplots to keep the UN in the US and the US in the UN. It will divide the efforts of those who are against the UN, even destroy their work to rid the Nation of the UN.

"Come, let's get out in the air. My head is fuzzy."

Amy smiled, "I admit I do feel fuzzy, too, but it is fascinating isn't it? How I wish I could get Ian interested. I guess you have to have a special talent to stick with the ins and outs and the ups and downs. There're so many."

When they returned to the work room, Sarah picked up the letterhead of the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations. "Let's use COM for the title of this set-up or should I say network?"

She studied it, then laid it on the desk.

"Amy, this will give you an idea of how the interlock of the Intellectual Apparatus and the radical groups work. It is sinister. From a short scan of the names involved it is evident that this is a decoy and distractive device. It will decoy many uninformed,

*COM, Addenda page 439.

distract them and others from patriotic endeavors. I ask myself why the movement was to keep the UN in the US when so many are working to get it out. This is one of the purposes of COM. Look at the members of the Steering Committee.

"Now, Senator Paul H. Douglas has been involved in the Intellectual Apparatus as far back as 1928 when he affiliated with the League of Independent Political Action with many well known radicals and I-A affiliates including John Dewey. Remember John Dewey was with Ward and Woolley back in 1903. Rep. Walter H. Judd, a member of the Lay Committee of the NCC and Frederick C. McKee and Joseph C. Grew, both members of CFR in 1949 are listed on the Steering Committee, also.

"I notice that William J. Donovan is included in the affiliates of COM. He's CFR and he was Coordinator of Information in 1942. This was another one of those wheels within wheels set up by Presidential order in 1941, and transferred by military order in 1942 to the Joint U.S. Chiefs of Staff. It became known as the Office of Strategic Services and then a section became the Office of War Information by Executive Order.

"Another name included in the list is Max Yergan. He was a fellow traveller with Ward and Woolley in many radical networks. Let's trace him and some of the others."*

"But," Amy questioned, "what about these people who are listed, William F. Buckley, Jr., and Senator Goldwater? And so many others who are avowed conservatives?"

"That is when some people get ensnared in the evil plots. They do not bother to analyze the underplots and motives of the radicals."

**Radical, Individuals Addenda page 436.*

CHAPTER FIFTY-SIX

It was New Year's Day, 1956, and a holiday feast had been planned followed by the usual festivities. As Sarah and Paul, Ian and Amy and the Santos lingered over their coffee at the oval table, Paul signalled Carlos.

"Now is the moment. Bring in the surprise."

"Si, Senor Standeesh, with pleasure." Carlos disappeared into the patio and came back holding a gold paper covered object and with an almost reverent gesture placed it before Paul.

Paul stood and smiled at Sarah as he lifted the cover from a small vase.

"To the beautiful Mrs. Paul F. Standish, the Sarah Standish rose." Three partly opened buds of a dull gold hue shimmered in the candlelight.

Everyone exclaimed, "How beautiful!"

Paul was looking at Sarah and she turned to him, her eyes misted and her voice shook with emotion, "Named for me?" When Paul nodded, Sarah went to him and kissed him on the forehead, whispered, "Thank you," and returned to her place.

Carlos broke the silence. "Long, long time we work on that rose. I would call eet Senor Standeesh's masterpiece."

Ian picked up the vase and studied the buds. "Why they look as though they were made of dull brass, hand made, not grown in soil."

Amy stretched her hand, "Let me see." She put one bud to her nostrils and shut her eyes. "Even the fragrance is different, almost like one of the old rose bowls, a pot pourri."

Felicia, puzzled, repeated, "Potpuree. What ees it? Can I smell?" Her expression reflected her pleasure, "Yes, ees good."

When the excitement had settled, Paul leaned on the table and announced.

"Now we talk about the New Year. I think Sarah has something to say."

Sarah lifted an envelope and took out a snapshot. "Yes, I do have something to say. I may be anticipating too much, but I'm hoping that Peter Joseph O'Shane will be the one who will take over the documentation and put it in a book. This is how he looks at ten years. Now you tell the rest, Paul."

Paul straightened up, drew his shoulders back and with an almost exultant shout declared, "And he's going to be my stand-in in politics, if, and it's a big if, I can persuade him when he comes. Oh, it's five years away but we can plan."

Sarah took the letter from the envelope that had held the picture. "Let me read you this news. It's from Rhoda."

"Dear Sarah and Paul: Enclosed is a snapshot of Peter on his tenth birthday, April 27, 1955. I am going to ask a great favor. Although he is only ten, he lives for the day he can see America. How my heart aches when I hear him talk and plan as I did many years ago to go to America. Like my dream, it is his dream to see America. He reads everything he can find and even knows the states and the capitols, the rivers, the lakes. I am asking you to let him visit you when he is sixteen. I have saved some money and will continue to save. He will be no trouble. If only I could promise, that on his sixteenth birthday, he will make his trip to America, he might be less intense and apply himself to things of the present. He rates very well in his studies and eager to learn but always, his first thought is America. I know what it means to him and that is why I entreat you to let him visit with you."

There was a silence when Sarah finished reading. She looked around the table. Everyone was smiling. Ian spoke, "Sounds like a good arrangement. I know I'd like the young fellow."

Paul nodded, "It will be good to have a guest from Ireland."

Sarah's eyes sparkled. She smiled at Amy who joined in, "It will be exciting to show him the country."

Paul looked around and asked, "Well, do we tell our plans for the year ahead now?"

Ian hesitated, then asked, "I don't seem to have given them much thought. I'm content here and with my teaching."

Amy spoke quickly, "I, too, am content and want to continue with Sarah."

Paul looked at the Santos. They both nodded their heads in unison, "We, too, are content." Carlos added, "I hope we can start another flower like the Senora's rose."

"And I'm very happy to continue ferreting out the culprits working for World Government," was Sarah's contribution.

Paul's voice was low. "Sarah and I want to do something special this year so we are giving a memorial to our nephew, Peter Atkins. It will be a clinic. We are giving it to Pastor Granahl and his sister. She is a nurse and can manage a small set-up. There are many migrants in this area who need medical help and advice."

There was silence. The candles were burning low but the fire was still bright and the Sarah Standish rose reflected the glow.

CHAPTER FIFTY-SEVEN

Early in May, 1960, Amy, flushed with the exertion of her rapid walk to the Standish's patio, sat down and panted for breath. She waved a letter in Sarah's direction. Paul and Sarah had been relaxing in the sun.

"Now what?" Sarah inquired.

Amy seemed deflated, "Oh, I forget. You don't like Mr. 7X."

Sarah laughed, "I don't know the man. How can I dislike him? I just don't want to know him. What's up with Mr. 7X?"

"He's called a meeting in Los Angeles to help form a nationwide patriotic organization. All those who have been in contact with him and their friends are invited. Oh, Sarah, it sounds good, a lot of well known important leaders are involved. I'm going. I'll get a chance to meet some of the contacts who have sent me pamphlets and information about patriotic groups. You know, like the things we have in the files. I'm to call Mr. 7X tonight and make arrangements to meet with someone else. I don't want to go alone." She looked at Sarah hopefully.

"No, Amy, I won't go, but," she chuckled, "I'll grab whatever material you bring back and dissect it with you."

Three days later, Amy returned and reported to Sarah.

"What interesting people there, and so well informed and looks like they have plenty of money. There were pledges as high as \$100. Little ole me gave \$10. I felt I wanted to discuss the project with you before I passed out any more."

Sarah looked at the accumulation of material.

"It's going to take some time to go through these things. Let

me read this leaflet. Oh, it sounds wonderful but remember the high sounding notes of TICORE and National Council of Churches. How they flung Christian terms around all the while they plan to destroy Christianity, all religion if they succeed. I'll be truthful with you, Amy, I'm growing suspicious of everything these days. So many evil projects are presented in such artful ways."

She was scanning the leaflet. "The John Birch Society was founded in 1958. Do you have a list of the founders? Oh, they're for a better world. Right there is a key. But I'll give it the benefit of doubt. Where does this 'American Opinion' fit?"

"It's a magazine put out by Robert Welch, the man who originated the Society."

"It would be interesting to see the affiliates. There's a list of the members of the editorial advisory committee. Familiar names, too, are there. Look up Frank E. Holman, Amy. Bring the tray here." Sarah flipped out a card. "Well, well, he's a member of the National Lay Committee of the National Council of Churches. So's B. E. Hutchinson and let's check J. Howard Pew. His name has a familiar ring. Yes, Pew is NCC. There's quite a number of these individuals who seem to be affiliated with NCC, directly or indirectly. That is, they are in counter networks where members are NCC affiliates. See if we can find a Council on Foreign Relations link. Do you have the lists?"

Sarah industriously checked the names and triumphantly announced, "Yes, W. B. McMillan is on the St. Louis, Missouri, CFR. Not on the big list though. But look at the ones on COM, Laurence E. Bunker, Kenneth Colegrove, Charles Edison, Adolphe Menjou and A.C. Wedmeyer."

Sarah's face sobered, "Amy, I'm afraid you've picked up a counter network. The John Birch Society looks like a decoy device. I could be wrong. Let me study the Blue Book of the Society and make notes and we can discuss it later."

"I hope not. Everyone seemed to be so patriotic and enthusiastic. But then you detected the devices in that COM a number of years back. I recall you said many were decoyed into that network and your predictions were correct. When?"

“Let’s wait until tonight.”

After dinner, Paul and Ian asked to be excused and Amy and Sarah were free. Amy spoke on the way to the work room. “I know you have bad news for me, Sarah. I could tell by the way you looked at me. So, spill it out. I’m ready.”

“It is bad news, Amy. From what I read, this set up is a revival of the Democratic Societies of the late 1780’s. And these societies were identical to the Jacobins in France. The Jacobins were an offspring of the Illuminati. You know about them.”

“Yes, your Great Uncle wrote about them. They were radicals and dangerous.”

“Now, for the bad news. This Robert Welch lauds Ralph Waldo Emerson. And you know where he stands in the networks of the Sophists. So Welch is a liberal and in this plan he hopes to promote a new religion. Emerson thought up that idea. This ‘God is Love’ cult is the result of his propaganda. Essays I think dub his writings. He follows a line of reasoning that would change the restricted rules of puritanism and replace the fear of God with what he terms a triumphant confidence in His infinite goodness. In other words the doctrines and teachings of Christianity would be replaced with a cult of everything is beautiful in its own way. Emerson’s religion was not a religion in the real sense: it was not a spiritual binding to a Higher Authority. His religion was not only non-Christian but it was anti-Christian. His was a cultism that might be labelled a “universal faith”.

“It appears Welch is promoting the plots of the Illuminati. It set up what it called ‘true religion’ and would destroy all religion. It would be a pious fraud. And remember, I found two of the members of the JBS Council are CFRers. The presence of just two can be detected in many of the counter networks. This pattern could be designated as ‘pairs’. You find this happens in many instances. Remember the pattern with Ward and Woolley pairing. In a way this is different. They are individuals but work in pairs while these in the JBS’ pair are affiliates of an organization. In the JBS the pair are members of CFR.”

Amy appeared dejected and traced a pattern on the rug with the toe of her shoe. Finally she lifted her head, “Sarah, would

you make notes for me and I'll send a copy to Mr. 7X.* He should have them. I'm glad I gave only \$10 but now I wish I hadn't given anything. All those nice people will find out some day won't they? I hope Mr. 7X withdraws from the committee. He was elected chairman."

"Yes," Sarah agreed, "I'll write notes for you. You can type them and be sure to make carbons. We'll want one for our records."

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When the news came to the Standish household of Kennedy's victory over Nixon in 1960, Sarah's comment was, "Well, at least Nixon isn't marked for death." And when it was reported there were irregularities in the voting, she was indignant.

"If Kennedy was a moral man, he would never allow himself to accept the post as President until all doubt is removed. If there was skullduggery in the voting, it should be aired. But, like love and war, all's fair in politics too, I guess."

"What do you mean marked for death?" Ian asked quizzically.

"Presidents elected in the 0 year have died in office, naturally or unnaturally."

"That's strange. I never heard that before. How many died?"

"Every one since 1840. Amy, will you get the card? You know where it is in the file in the work room."

When Amy brought it back Sarah asked her to read the names and the years.

"President William Henry Harrison was elected in 1840 and died a month later. President Lincoln was first elected in 1860. During his second term he was assassinated. President Garfield, elected in 1880, was assassinated, as was President McKinley in his second term. Warren Harding, in 1920, was elected President and died while in office and President Roosevelt, although he was first elected in 1932 he died in the term he was reelected to

**John Birch Society: Addenda page 441.*

in 1940. So if this pattern follows the last hundred years, it could be the President elected in 1960 would be marked for death either natural or by violence.”

Ian scratched his cheek and looked sober.

Paul spoke, “Sounds ominous but it looks as if Nixon isn’t marked for an early demise.”

CHAPTER FIFTY-EIGHT

Arrangements had been made for Peter to come and visit in the Spring of 1961. Paul, Sarah and the Dimmocks were waiting at the airport.

Sarah held a snapshot of him in her hand. As she studied it she said, "He looks like his mother and has her beautiful russet hair." When the gate opened, people streamed through the building. Sarah called, "There he is! There he is.

"How like his mother and so tall!" She started forward calling, "Peter, Peter O'Shane."

The young man who had been scanning the area looked in Sarah's direction. His face lighted with pleasure as he worked his way over to the group to greet them, his voice was clipped but of a lilting quality as he laughed, "Yes, and you are Aunt Sarah, aren't you?"

Sarah marvelled at his poise and thought, "How manly he looks and that outstanding hair, his black eyes, his fine features and whole bearing. Why," she mused, "he looks much older than sixteen and almost like a prince in a movie."

After introductions they went to collect Peter's luggage. Peter's eyes roamed everywhere. "Ah, I'm in America. 'Tis a dream come true." His lips trembled, "I've come to America. For a little while." His lips tightened and he lifted his chin and threw back his shoulders, "Some day, the Lord willing, I'll come back for all time."

In the weeks that followed it would be difficult to determine who enjoyed Peter's visit more, Peter or his hosts. Every day was a new adventure. Peter wanted to see as much as possible,

especially places he read about. One day they went to Monterey so he could see the first capitol of California. They walked the path of history and toured the Robert Louis Stevenson house. Then went to Yosemite, Lake Tahoe and Donner Pass so Peter could see it. He had read of the tragedy.

They drove through Hollywood, but Peter was more interested in the missions.

One rest day at home Peter asked about the government and public personalities. His mother had told him of Sarah's interest in government. Sarah felt this was an opportune time to broach the subject of preparing him to take her material and assemble it to put in a documented book. She asked him if he was interested.

"But would I qualify? 'Twould have to be after I graduate from the university. That will be five years hence if I'm able to finish. Money it is that's the problem. Sure, I expect to work and earn some of my tuition, but even so . . ."

Paul interrupted, "Peter, would you be interested in going into politics?"

"I have given it some thought, Uncle Paul, but it seems so remote for me to aspire to such prominence. But when I come back to America to live I want to serve my country in some manner. I feel that America is the land of my ancestors. Ireland is a beautiful land but this is home to me."

"Peter," Sarah smiled, "this work of mine is important enough for you to pick up."

His boyish grin made him look like a ten year old. He hunched his shoulders and trembled with delight. "B' gory, Aunt Sarah, 'twill be a fine challenge for me. It'll take a mickle of studying and preparation but," he drew himself erect in his chair, "you bet I can do it."

After a moment, Paul asked quietly, "Peter, how'd you like to attend the University of California?"

Sarah looked at Paul in surprise, then turned to Peter, "Oh, Peter, would you?"

Peter's eyes widened, "You mean stay in California with you and attend the University?" His face was alight with anticipation. "Sure I would, now, if Mother and Father would

allow me. And 'tis hard I'll work to help pay my way."

He sobered, "But it's leaving Mother that's bad. 'Twould be hard on her."

Sarah told him, "If you're here, Peter, it will be a good excuse for her to come back and visit this country."

Peter's eyes were half closed. He spoke slowly, "'Tisn't real, now, is it?"

"It is, indeed," Sarah told him. "Now to bed for you. We can discuss details tomorrow."

The next morning, after the Dimmocks heard the plans, Amy took Peter into the workroom to show him some of the files. Sarah knew they should not overwhelm him with the accumulation so she said.

"Peter, you are a little too young, yet, to comprehend all this."

"Oh," he protested, "but I'm not, you know, I have read many books and every day I try to learn five new words to add to my vocabulary. Father says it is necessary to have a wide vocabulary."

Sarah nodded, "Well, for a starter, we'll tell you a few basic ones. First, is the error people make by calling the United States of America a Democracy."

"Isn't it, now?" He pondered a moment. "Sure, and I thought it was."

"No, Peter, it's a Representative Constitutional Republic. The first and only government of its kind in all recorded history. In our Republic representatives are selected by the vote of the people. The Constitution is the law of the government and representatives have to take an oath to uphold the Constitution. The people are the Nation," she explained, "and they are sovereign. They only loan their sovereignty to those they elect. The Constitution protects the peoples' liberties."

Peter pondered, "I think I understand what you're tryin' to explain but I must study more. And I mean to. Now, what is a Democracy?"

"It's a form of government where the people rule directly. The people decide what is right or wrong. The majority rules. History records that democracies have always failed. Someone

has said they commit suicide and it is recorded down through the ages they always do.

“Here’s another thing you must understand about the term democracy. The Sophists, those who follow Socrates, Plato, Rousseau and others of like mind, have used this term to promote Sophistry and what they call a ‘social faith’ which is based on Naturalism and is degrading, demoralizing and destructive.”

“I’ve been reading some of the works of Plato. Isn’t he good?”

“No, no more than is Voltaire and others who follow a line of thinking that is diametrically opposed to the Natural or Moral Laws.”

“’Tis my true hope I’ll be here with you when I go to college,” he stopped and grinned. “Then I can discuss such matters with you. ’Tis all new to me, now. I thought Socrates and Plato were intelligent and learned men, you know.”

“We would call them liberals today. If they were learned men they would never follow the Sophists. You said you tried to add five new words to your vocabulary when you are home. Write down these words and discuss the meanings with your parents. This will give you a base to build on in order to understand why we have socialists, liberals and radicals in societies. The words are sophism, sophistry, solifidian, solipsism, philosophism, naturalism and free thinking. The Bible warns against being deceived by philosophy.

“Just one more fact and really the most important because the dedicated purpose of the International Conspiracy is to destroy all religion.

“Do you mind telling me what church you go to?”

“Low Church, Episcopal was where I was christianed and attend services.”

“Then you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Christian religion, and your God is the Holy Trinity?”

Peter’s face was puzzled, “Certainly, why is it doubtful?”

“Because you will hear about the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man and might be enticed to believe that this god is the same as the Holy Trinity, and this ideology is the

same as Christianity. This is not so. It is evil. Christians worship the Living Revealed God, the Holy Trinity and refer to Him as the Lord or the Lord Jesus Christ. He is not the Father of mankind but He is the Creator of mankind. There are other religions but their gods are unrelated to the Holy Trinity. Christians do not believe in the Brotherhood of Man. They believe in the Brotherhood of Christ. Religion is a spiritual binding to a Higher Authority. The Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man is a cult not a religion. Judaism, Islamism and others that acknowledge a Higher Authority are religions. There are many cults just as there are many religions, but in order to understand them you must separate them and know what they are."

"Then you think all people should be Christians?"

"No, not if they don't want to be, Peter. My wish is to try to tell people that the Christian religion is in no way connected with the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man or with other religions. It is separate and singular. The Holy Trinity is the Christian God. If you keep these facts in mind, you will understand the diabolical forces seething over the world hoping to destroy all governments and all religions that are established on the Natural Laws."

Peter sighed heavily, " 'Tis not going to be easy to remember all this, but I'll try."

"You have a few days left to discuss this with Amy and me." Sarah ruffled his hair. "You know, Peter, I'm going to miss you very much. We have one more trip planned for you before you leave. You've seen the mountains, the lakes, historic places and now you must see the desert."

Two days later they drove to the desert. It was Peter's greatest thrill. As they started down the winding road to the Salton Sea, he gasped in amazement. Paul stopped at a lookout point so Peter could study the vast scene below.

"The *real* desert!" Peter's voice was hushed in awe. "And so different from the green of Ireland or the north country right here in California."

The shimmering heat waves gave the golden Coachella Valley an appearance of unreality. After another pause, Peter

remarked, "'Tis a setting the same as I imagine the Dead Sea to have. And the Holy-Land!" Then he turned to Sarah, "With those mountains in the background and the sand and the sea, 'tis like a picture of what Palestine must be. And here half way around the world, you're defending the true religion, Christianity. Maybe 'twas the Lord's wish that you come to this part of America so strangely like the land in which Jesus Christ was born, to carry on your work."

Sarah looked at Peter in amazement. "What a beautiful thought, Peter! What an inspiration! It never occurred to me. I'll cherish your tribute. Thank you."

The eve of Peter's departure was subdued. Paul told Sarah, "I'll miss him. I'd like to have him with me longer. He's such an unusual boy, young man, I should say."

The next day Sarah and Paul took Peter to the plane. Parting words were happy, "Sure, 'tis good to think I'll be seein' you both again soon, is it not?"

When Paul and Sarah were returning from Los Angeles, Paul said, "I'll start making plans for setting up the funds to publish your book and for Peter's trust fund." He smiled in his usual gentle way, "I know it's a long way off but time passes quickly. I'll talk it over with Ian and then let the lawyer arrange everything."

Sarah was silent.

"We will call the book fund, *The Sarah Standish Endowment*."

Sarah put her hand on his arm and said gently, "Paul, I wouldn't want a tax free endowment. I don't believe in anything being tax free and especially when so many of the tax free projects are part of the Intellectual Apparatus schemes."

"We'll arrange for that eventuality because if Peter is going to be in politics, there might be complications. Tax free funds cannot be used for political or lobbying projects. But you like the idea, don't you?"

"Oh, indeed, I do. Makes me feel as though the book is ready to be published." She laughed gaily, "Almost."

CHAPTER FIFTY-NINE

It was a misty May morning, 1962. Carlos brought in the mail. Sarah glanced through the accumulation of letters, papers and magazines.

"Looks like Amy and I'll have a busy morning. There're three Congressional Records and two papers. What are you and Ian planning, Paul?"

"Depends on what's in the mail. I want to work with Carlos for an hour or two."

Sarah gathered up her mail and went to the workroom.

It was a half hour later she dashed into the living room startling Paul with an excited, "Oh, what a find! Right here in the Record." Her eyes were wide and she gasped for breath. She was fairly dancing with excitement, the Congressional Record clutched to her breast.

Just then, Amy and Ian came in through the patio. Amy was waving an envelope. She was as excited as Sarah. Ian was grinning and Paul laughed.

"Looks like some kind of celebration, Ian. Can you find out?"

"Not I, Paul. Amy opened a letter and exploded with glee."

By this time the excitement subsided and Sarah spoke, "Oh, what a find in this Record." She hugged it tightly.

Amy sobered and looked at the envelope in her hand. "What have you found, Sarah? I thought I had the number one find this morning but looks like I'm number two now."

Sarah opened the Record and read, "THE AMERICAN ESTABLISHMENT. It's the record of what my Great Uncle labelled the Intellectual Apparatus."

Amy went to her side and then pulled a chair close and Sarah shared the page with her.

“See,” Sarah pointed out.

Ian spoke up, “Let us in on the great discovery.”

Sarah spoke rapidly, her face was alight with eagerness to impart the information. “This article is by a Richard H. Rovere. It was in the May issue of *Esquire*. Congressman John H. Rousselot of California, our state, had it placed in the Congressional Record on May 2, 1962, p. 6952. It is an expose of an elite, or those who try to consider themselves an elite that my Great Uncle labelled the Intellectual Apparatus of the International Conspiracy. Mr. Rovere has labelled this elite, The American Establishment. See,” she pointed out to Amy. Her hands trembled with excitement, “Here is Nicholas Murray Butler and there is Gifford Pinchot. Remember Mary Woolley and Pinchot were in the networks promoting the liberal religious faith. And there’s Jane Addams mentioned. She and Mary Woolley were among the founders of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.”

“What’s wrong with them?”

“They’re for democracy. There were many intellectual apparatus affiliates involved when the NAACP was formed. If you want to learn about them I’ll dig out a copy of the Congressional Record article on the NAACP by the Hon. Hugh G. Grant of Georgia, February 27, 1956.”

Ian nodded in Paul’s direction, “That would be interesting, wouldn’t it?”

Paul agreed. He was amused at Sarah’s animation and said, “When we are together after work maybe Sarah and Amy will fill us in.”

Sarah agreed, “We’ll do just that.” Then she sobered. “Oh, Amy, in all my excitement of finding this article, I’ve taken away your enthusiasm about your letter.”

Amy looked at the envelope in her hand, “I thought it was exciting but not anywhere near as important as yours. It’s from Mr. 7X.” She smiled a sort of secretive smug grimace. “He wants to work with you, Sarah and he’s willing to identify himself. His name is Carl Torner.”

“But how do I know he is Carl Torner? He may be giving me that name to allay my suspicions and gain my confidence.”

“He wants to come over from San Diego and he’ll bring credentials. Ever since you exposed the John Birch Society he’s had doubts about his own research work. You remember he fell for the JBS hook, line and sinker and it was a blow to his pride I think.”

Sarah was restive now, “Oh, I’m so anxious to dig for facts we can give the men this evening. Come, let’s all get to work.”

Sarah was still animated when she appeared for dinner. Paul was watching her as she arranged her notes on the low table by the fireplace. His face was a mixture of admiration and adoration.

“Dear Sarah, you never cease to fascinate me. You have so many moods. I must admit I never saw you so vibrant, so vivacious though.”

Sarah blew him a kiss, with an extra loud smack on her palm and a resounding puff of breath to send it his way. She started to say something but Ian and Amy made their entrance.

“Whee,” Ian breathed, “this atmosphere seems electrified.”

“It is,” Sarah told him. “And why wouldn’t it be. This revelation in the Congressional Record is dynamite. As I told you this morning it bears out my Great Uncle’s research of the Intellectual Apparatus of the International Conspiracy. This man Rovere has put a much more appropriate title on this element. He has called it the American Establishment and gives the impression there’s an English Establishment, which there is, and it works with the American group through various movements, including the Council on Foreign Relations.

“That is another wonderful expose. Of CFR I mean. Caleb Carter tabbed this network 35 years ago. In this article by Rovere states, ‘For instance the directors of the Council on Foreign Relations make up a sort of presidium of that part of the establishment that guides our destiny as a nation’. Another very revealing statement is ‘The presidents and senior professors of the great eastern universities frequently constitute themselves as ad hoc establishment committees.’

“And I might add here my research reveals you find these

individuals in important positions in government without regard to the political party elected by the people. For examples, Arthur S. Flemming, Harold E. Stassen or Charles P. Taft."

Paul interrupted, "Sarah, you are too excited now. Let's eat and we can relax and then absorb more of your information."

When dinner was cleared away, the group sat at the table as was often their custom. Sarah remarked, "This revelation not only substantiates my Great Uncle's and Caleb Carter's research but Amy's and mine. It will be a base for Peter when he gathers our material together for publication and he can use the title, The Establishment.

"Only it should be The Establishments for there are two, one liberal and one which runs counter conservative. Rovere calls it non establishment while it is actually a new establishment for those who oppose The Establishment." She laughed heartily and then explained, "Remember the lines of the song, 'If the Camels Don't Get You, the Fatimas Must'. well if the Establishment doesn't attract the uninformed, the New Establishment will. No matter which one, the individual is taken into the International Conspiracy.

"There's so much to tell. I will hit the highlights now and later, if you want to hear more, I can read these notes," she gestured to a folder on the table.*

"An excerpt from The News and Courier** of Charleston, S.C., October 18, 1961 is concise. Mr. Rovere included this in his article, 'To understand the United States today, it is necessary to know something about the establishment. Most citizens don't realize it exists. Yet the establishment makes its influence felt from the President's cabinet to the professional life of a young college teacher who wants to obtain a foundation grant for research. It affects the Nation's policies in almost every area'.

"As for the foundations, Rovere tells this about one of the heads of a powerful Rockefeller Foundation, Nelson

*Establishments, Addenda page 442.

**Editorials, Addenda page 444.

Rockefeller. 'Nikita Khrushchev showed himself to be no slouch when he told Walter Lippman last spring that President Kennedy was controlled by Nelson Rockefeller'. And Rovere adds, 'When Kennedy became President from what foundation did he get his Secretary of State? The Rockefeller Foundation, of course'."

Sarah was gleeful as she turned over a card. "Where did Dwight D. Eisenhower get his Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles? Why, indeed, from the Rockefeller Foundation.

"Then, where did the Ambassadors to Britain come from? Why, the Rockefeller Foundation. Lewis W. Douglas, 1947-50, Walter S. Gifford, 1950, both under Truman; Winthrop W. Aldrich under Eisenhower, all Rockefeller Foundation affiliates. And it is interesting to note that all three and John F. Dulles have been on the General Education Board founded by John D. Rockefeller in 1902. It was John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who contributed \$150.00 to the Religious Education Association, that radical outfit organized in 1903 with Nicholas Murray Butler, Mary E. Woolley and Harry F. Ward and other leftists as members.

"Back to the Ambassadors to England. John Hay Whitney under Eisenhower and David K. E. Bruce under John F. Kennedy are Council on Foreign Relations.

"I must point out that Rovere, while he did a wonderful expose of the Establishment, as I told you before, he did not properly expose or present the counter New Establishment which is also part and parcel of what we have called the Intellectual Apparatus. He gives the impression the Non-Establishment is acceptable but unless one understands this device of setting up supposedly counter or protest groups, they will be taken into them. Neither does he mention the dual device of the CFR, the CED, Committee for Economic Development, which is as lethal, if not more so, than the CFR. The true purpose of The Establishment and its counter device is economic as well as moral destruction, because when we are destroyed, it will not be with atomic bombs. It will be a complete moral and economic collapse, bankruptcy. You must admit, that with the wars in this century, America has never

suffered one iota of damage from shells, bombs or invasions. Could it be those working for World Government hope to take over and they plan to make America their headquarters to rule the world and want all the resources and industries intact? Makes you shudder doesn't it? I think I've talked long enough. Amy, do you have anything to say?"

Amy shook her head slowly, "No, Sarah, but I must agree this whole thing is like an atomic bomb. Gratifying, though, isn't it? We can settle back now and wait for Peter to do his part. That will not be too far away."

Paul and Ian leaned forward on the table. Paul had a pleased smile on his face as he looked at Sarah and pursed his lips in a gesture of a kiss.

Ian shook his head, "As Sarah said, it makes one shudder but it is a source of satisfaction to both Sarah and Amy to know that what they have unearthed in the bowels of our society has been substantiated by this Congressional Record Article.

"We've had an enlightening evening and do you know I feel that we see the road ahead and know the danger signs, the devices to avoid. Wonder what 1976, our 200th birthday will bring?"

Sarah spoke, "I found another small article on the Establishment in the May 1, 1962 Record but the May 2 article was a revelation."

Ian rose and went over to Amy and helped her to her feet and they started for the door. Paul reached for a light shawl and draped it over Sarah's shoulders.

"We'll walk to the end of the patio with you."

It was cool and clear. The mist that had hung over the early part of the day was gone. The sky was bright with an unusual sparkling of stars. The air was fragrant with the perfume of roses and early petunias.

Paul and Sarah stopped at the end of the patio and watched the Dimmocks to their cottage. The Santos' wing was dark and when the Dimmock's door closed, Paul and Sarah turned back to their living room. Sarah looked at the dark West wing.

"Soon there'll be a light there. When Peter returns."

Paul's arm encircled Sarah's waist and she, stimulated by his

closeness and the excitement of the evening, trembled. He drew her close.

“Are you cold?”

“No, dear Paul, excited.” She looked up at him. “It’s been a wonderful day.” She kissed his cheek, “And there’s tomorrow.” Then, as she nestled in the security of his arms, she whispered. “Hold me tight and shut out the rest of the world this night.”

LEGACY TO SARAH ATKINS

From Her

GREAT UNCLE JOHN DAVID BARR

Anno Domini 1916

Dear Little Lady Sarah Atkins—

If I had not been afflicted with the severely crippling curse of rheumatism, I doubt if I would have delved into the past to determine why societies suffer moral decay. Maybe it is because I was determined to be a physician and surgeon and knew that physical deterioration, maladies and disorders were a result of maladjustments, chemical changes and invasions of poisons and bacteria within or to the body. I realize that where there is disorder there is a cause.

When disease is evident, the physician endeavors to detect the cause. He does not treat the symptoms only, he treats the cause with medicine, drugs or by surgery. Thus with the background I had, I pondered the source of the moral decay of mankind. For instead of becoming a purified civilization over the centuries, history records the gradual decline. Gibbon in his account of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire", stated, "Wealth accumulates and men decay."

This has happened to nations in the past and it now repeats itself in our time. It has been quoted, "He who will not heed history is doomed to repeat its mistakes." Those who use the phrase are cognizant of history and heed it, but those, who, either from ignorance or willful defiance of fact, use the phrase, "History repeats itself."

With the study of the movements in education and religion, I discovered a design of subversion in both. By this subversion we create citizens unable to cope with, or comprehend what a good society should be. From this element, for not all individuals are

tainted with the subversive ideologies, a specie evolved antagonistic to the natural orderly processes of living.

Order is the first Law of Heaven and would be on earth if only mankind would comprehend the Natural Laws and abide by them.

Men should be educated to the consequences of attempting to change Nature. Those who ignore history, continue to dream they can. We see the chaos and conflict created by them. There appears to be a three or tri-part pattern.

I have devised labels for this tri-part pattern. I call them lefts, liberals and radicals. They adhere to a cult, a false religion, democracy and freethinking.

Maybe there are no plots of subversion, just a natural sequence of events when conditions exist for assimilation of "ideas." You will hear that small minds discuss people, mediocre minds, events, but broad or enlightened minds discuss ideas. Usually these ideas are based on the philosophy of the Sophists and if absorbed, condition the mind to accept the subversive ideologies. However, there is a definite pattern down through the centuries. Those who reject religion and "embrace a more encompassing faith" as the "enlightened" delight to do, could be labelled lefts. Abbe Barruel called them Sophisters of Impiety. They substitute religion with a concocted cult. Man devises his own faith or way of life. Beware of cults using Christian terms. They deceive many. Christianity is a religion but religion is not always Christianity. Religion is a spiritual binding to a Higher Authority. These Sophisters of Impiety or lefts think religion is rigid and restrictive and accept a wider vision that will appeal to all people. With this idea many have been inveigled into the subversive movement of a World Religion, an ecumenical church. The church envisioned by the ecumenicals will be the Synagogue of Satan.

The second element of the conspiracy might be labelled liberals. Barruel called them Sophisters of Impiety and Rebellion. They reject religion and live by a philosophy. Of philosophy, we find that De Tocqueville in his volume, "Democracy in America", stated, "I think that in no country in the civilized world is less attention paid to philosophy than in

the United States. The Americans have no philosophical school of their own; and they care but little for all the schools into which Europe is divided, the very names of which are scarcely known to them. Nevertheless it is easy to perceive that almost all the inhabitants of the United States conduct their understanding in the same manner and govern it by the same rules; that is to say, that without ever having taken the trouble to define the rules of a philosophical method, they are in possession of one, common to the whole people."

This was written in 1831 before the evil ideologies had fermented in the schools and churches. The rules De Tocqueville mentioned were the Natural Laws.

We find mention of philosophy in the Bible. Colossians 2:8, warns, "Beware lest any man cheat you by philosophy, and vain deceit: . . ."

In the attached notes you will find more information on the philosophy of democracy. Democracy will also be touched on. For it is with this term the liberals have enticed many away from the Natural Laws.

The third element of the conspiracy could be described in many terms, such as radicals, anarchists and now with the fomenting forces in Russia, the Bolsheviks. Barruel labelled them Sophisters of Impiety, Rebellion and Anarchy.

Man is a four-fold creation, physical, spiritual, intellectual and cultural, assuming, of course, the individual has all four and is not deprived by disease, injury or otherwise handicapped. In order to function as a human being, a productive person fulfilling his role in society and enjoying life to its fullest, all four must be recognized, nourished, nurtured and disciplined.

Man's first concern is the physical, of course, but there appears to be a trend in the educational field to place emphasis on the cultural needs. Culture is a reflection of the spirit so it is obvious that next to the physical, the spiritual must be nourished. But, over the centuries many have ignored the spirituality of man. Many have lived good lives but there were enough with cunning and selfish motives who have been able to take control of the education and religion, the newspapers, magazines and book publishing areas to effect the taint and

corruption of social order based on Naturalism.

And here, Little Lady, is the clue to world conflict. It is man's struggle between Moral Order based on Natural Laws and a social order—naturalism. In a moral order man recognizes a Higher Authority and is obedient to that authority. Christians know their Higher Authority is the Holy Trinity and their rights are given by the living, revealed Lord Jesus Christ.

With a social order, individuals reject Higher Authority and are their own god, rejecting Natural Law, deciding for themselves what is right and wrong. The society or government dictate the rights. Socialism is a popular term for a social order. History records that socialism is slavery, no matter how roseate the conspirators depict it.

With control of the communications media evil is exalted and right or good is ridiculed. Old virtues will be sneered at, righteous men jeered and virginity besmirched with ribald jokes and slogans. Patriotism down-graded and the world will be man's consideration, not his homeland. This is as fatal as putting the neighbors ahead of one's own family. The fatal slogan to promote and condone adultery and fornication will be "one must follow the natural impulses to live his fullest enjoyment of life. He should not be restrained by rigidity or righteousness." Effort is made to change the standards of a moral order. The media is readily joined by others who want to be dignified by a different set of standards. Some individuals are sincere in their desire to set up "a new social order", hoping to perfect men through environment. But man makes his environment and society so the regeneration must begin with man.

The only way we are going to have a good society is to have good people and the only hope we have for good people is education based on Natural Laws and adherence to religion.

Under the influence of sophistry, vices and excesses of mankind will be called diseases and accepted as such. That which can be controlled by the will is not a disease. Of course, there are cases of malfunctioning of the mind but a normal person should be aware of the consequences of his own acts. One of the most outlandish and pitiable ideas of the Sophists is that capital punishment deters crime. It is not supposed to deter

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crime. It punishes the criminal for his acts against society. All civilized, and even the most primitive orders, believe in punishing the offender for criminal acts.

The basis for the Christian belief in capital punishment is found in Genesis 9:6. "Who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." This is the King James version. The Douay-Rheims reads, "Whosoever shall shed man's blood, his blood shall be shed. . . ." I would presume that if the civil authorities did not punish the criminal, the Lord would.

This writing will be beyond your comprehension, Little Lady, but in later years you will be able to understand. Your grandmother agrees with me in these matters although she stresses more the rules of living. Remember what she told you. "Your mind is like a canvas and the things you see, do, say and think are painted on your mind as a painter transfers his colors to a canvas. When you are older that mind picture recalls the past. These are memories. Whether you have a beautiful picture of serenity, joy and contentment or a messed up hodge-podge that brings regrets, remorse and depression, depends on how you live your life, what you do, your utterances and your inner thoughts."

Your grandmother has the love of the Lord in her heart. If she did not she never would have sacrificed her life to care for me. It is the love of the Holy Trinity, the Lord Jesus Christ, your love of Him, that is the key to a full life. Without it you are unable to comprehend yourself. It is the eternal flame that glows in mankind and radiates one's own and other's lives. With it, you experience delights beyond your imagination.

As I sit in my wheel chair, wrapped in warm woolens, the scent of herbs and medications heavy on the air, I meditate on the work of Our Lord in providing me with these comforts. I visualize the verdant forests that provided the wood for my chair, the mysteries of the deep earth that yielded the metals to form the wheels, the herbs, the trees, the roots from which the healing and soothing tinctures were taken to make my pain bearable. All these are the gifts of Our Lord. Without a spiritual binding with my Maker and Father I would not be able to delight myself in the manner I experience. If you notice I said

my Maker and Father.

Do not be deceived by the current projection that the Lord Jesus Christ is the "Father of all." He is not your Father until you obey His Command and declare yourself by the baptism that you love Him and want to live by His rules; live a life the way He dictates and accept Him as your Father. He is the Creator of all mankind but Father only to those who accept Him as their Father.

Now we must stress the absolute need of the spiritual binding to a Higher Authority in order to live a full life. Christians have the Key to Life, the Bible. They worship the Living God. There are others who believe in, and live by, the concepts of a Higher Authority because within man is that natural need for spiritual sustenance. Earliest civilizations have had their gods, prophets or teachers to sustain and nourish their spiritual needs, the Greeks, the Romans, Egyptians, Mayans and others. Man must be nourished spiritually or he withers intellectually and distorts culturally.

The Greeks, while they worshipped many gods, felt the need for a more tangible deity than the ones they had set up. When St. Paul was in their country he found an altar "To the unknown God." He told them, "What therefore you worship, without knowing it, that I preach to you."

Back in the 1820's a group came over to America from England and France and began to set up their plan to change society from a Moral Order to "a new social order." They themselves, by their acceptance of Naturalism had separated themselves from ordered society and were virtual outcasts. They plotted to set up a social order in which they would be acceptable to ordered society and their actions and deeds considered evidence of a "free spirit." (See my Notes on Education.)

Already conditioned by the "gospel" of the evangelists, many accept the ideology or philosophy of the Sophists which prepares them to work for "the new social order."

The Sophists will be explained later in my Notes.

When the devious design of the conspiracy is comprehended the labyrinth of movements will be discerned. It is well to

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remember the statement in the *LACON*, 1820, "It often happens too, both in courts and in cabinets, that there are two things going on together—a main plot and an underplot—and he that understands only *one* of them will, in all probability, be the dupe of both."

Those who attack the symptoms and ignore the cause of disorder, chaos, degeneracy and other destructive forces arising from the schemes of the plotters are unaware of the underplots, and serving both the Intellectual Apparatus and the radicals.

It has taken many decades and many centuries to bring us closer to the edge of the precipice of destruction and at the pace we are going, it will take decades, yea even centuries to stem the "rush of lemmings to the sea", if we can hope the pace can be slowed and the rush stemmed.

If we continue on the path, within this century, the world will be in complete disorder. It is as inevitable as the forces of nature. Families will be abandoned, children will be neglected, asylums will be overloaded and prisons expanded beyond any imagination. One would assume with education and higher and more advanced standards of civilization, penal institutions would almost be eliminated.

Gross, lewd behavior will be accepted as "human frailties", all discipline and restrictions against crime will be removed and permit a convulsion and revulsion of old values that are the laws controlling mankind.

We can hope that with knowledge, the path of destruction can be changed to a path of dedication and discipline and duty to the highest achievements. One can dream, pray and hope that within this century a man will emerge who can give courage and direction to mankind. A man who has the knowledge of the evil generated by lack of wisdom. A man who dedicates himself to comprehending the evil forces that have wrought depravity, degradation and destruction. We can hope can't we, Little Lady?

My hope is that you, with this legacy, will ply onward, and watch the movements and expose the individuals who, by evil intent, misconception or through ignorance, further the plots of

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the “imps of Satan” to destroy, not only Christianity but all religion; not only America, but all governments established on Natural Laws.

Pick up the torch I am passing you!

Pick up the torch, Little Lady!

Your Great Uncle John David Barr
1916, Anno Domini

INTELLECTUAL APPARATUS
of the INTERNATIONAL CONSPIRACY

BRITISH-ISRAEL—MASONRY (B-I and BIM)

The Conspirators—The Conspiracy

This short compilation will cover only the barest surface of the Conspiracy to change Moral Order to a social order—WORLD GOVERNMENT—WORLD RELIGION, WORLD CURRENCY AND A WORLD PEACE—THE NEW ORDER OF THE AGES.

From my documentation I would cite the “mainspring” of the conspirators to be the British Israel Movement and the Masonic Orders and that means all *Masonic Orders*. Some exposés of Masonry isolate the English Lodges, implying they are acceptable. They are not. In fact the English Lodges are the real source of the conspiracy and use all the Masonic orders to further their plots.

British Israel (B-I) works for WORLD RELIGION while Masonry propagates the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man, both leading to the same goal, a satanical cult which could be the “true religion” of the Illuminati.

The Masons are openly for the Brotherhood but the B-I is subtle and moves in organized religions using Christian terms to spread its propaganda.

B-I holds to the theory that England and America are the two lost tribes, Manasseh and Ephraim and destined to be the first organization of its “world order.” B-I employs many devices to further its purpose, among which are evangelism, ecumenism, Sunday school and missionary movements. The adherents promote a “gospel” which is presented as the Gospel of Christianity but baptism, the Last Command of the Lord Jesus Christ, is ignored. Without the Command for baptism, the “gospel” of B-I is only a message of a cult.

The Masonry movement is toward a “new order of the ages.”

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The first and foremost aim of the Conspirators against Moral Order and Christianity is the elimination of all religion. The Illuminati in France, which spawned radical and liberal devices, held that their aim was the destruction of all faiths by pretending to have "the one true religion." There is the question whether this "one true religion is going to be labelled "democracy"—a social faith or a "brotherhood"—a fraternity. The Brotherhood of Man can only mean that men look alike. They have faces, fists and feet. Christians believe in the Brotherhood of Christ and are included in that Brotherhood only by the baptism.

The aim of the Illuminati is stated: "If in order to destroy Christianity, all religion, we have pretended to have the sole true religion, remember that the end justifies the means. . . (and are) nothing less than a pious fraud." Among the devices of the Illuminati were groups called the Jacobins, the Encyclopedists and the Physiocrats. The Jacobins operated in political circles, the Encyclopedists in the educational, academic and cultural fields, while the Physiocrats promoted their economic theories. The Encyclopedists set up and influenced the encyclopedias with much sophistry, distortion and indoctrination.

Jacobinism spread to the United States of America under the title of Democratic Societies. The ultimate goal was the federation of a free peoples in a universal fraternity and the annihilation of the despotic Hydra. The universal fraternity was, of course, the "brotherhood cult." The despotic Hydra was the radical element in France and the fear that it was spreading to America. The very same element working to annihilate the Hydra was the Hydra. This devious technique is hard to detect at times but if the design to destroy is comprehended, one can detect the change in names and titles. The Democratic Societies were of the same ilk as the Jacobins but set up, supposedly, as a protest group to the Jacobins. A case of the pot calling the kettle black.

Thomas Jefferson instigated the first subversion in our government with political parties and Democracy. He also promoted the Brotherhood Cult and is credited with saying, "By bringing the sects together and mixing them with the mass

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of other students (University of Virginia), we shall soften their asperities, liberalize and neutralize their prejudices and make the general religion a religion of peace, reason and morality." Morality is a word of many interpretations. Since Jefferson was an agnostic, it is assumed he did not intend his morality to be Christian morality.

Just as insidious as the Brotherhood and the failure to follow the Last Command is the diabolical plot to separate the Old Testament from the New, intimating that the Old Testament belonged to the Jews. Christianity was from the beginning, Genesis. The Second Person, Jesus Christ, of the Holy Trinity, said, "My Father and I are one." When the Jews rejected Jesus Christ, they rejected the Father. Judaism began in A.D. not B.C. And here I add, the detractors raise doubt about the birth of the Living Lord. His birth is an historical fact. The use of B.C. (Before Christ) and Anno Domini (In the Year of Our Lord), establishes this. The Bible should never be separated because "it is easier to handle" or for any reason whatsoever. It is separating the Head from the Body. I add here, too, Christians refer to their God as the Lord or the Lord Jesus Christ to avoid confusion with the gods of other faiths.

These Notes will begin with the Sunday School Movement and a parallel or dual movement Evangelism. In 1780 Robert Raikes established his first "Sunday school" which was not a religious project. It meant only that the schools were held on Sunday to divert the attention of the lower classes of children from spending their Sundays in sports and drinking and singing lewd and brutal songs. There was opposition. "Gentlemen's Magazine" was forced to admit in its columns, 1797, a fierce onslaught on the Sunday School as "subversive to that order, that industry, that peace and tranquility which constitutes the happiness of society; and that so far from deserving encouragement and applause it merits our contempt, and ought to be exploded as the vain chimerical institution of a visionary projector". A Scotch preacher's great objection was "the fear that they (the Sunday Schools) will destroy all family religion."

It is evident that Robert Raikes was a "left". There is nothing in the early records to establish that he was a Christian. His very

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actions belie this fact for had he been a Christian he never would have branched out on a "moral" project which history has shown tends to radicalism and eventual destruction of nations. He was, evidently, imbued with the evangelical movement.

From the Sunday School Movement, the U.S.A. Sunday School Union emerged, then the Chautauqua around 1872 when the Committee for International Sunday School Lessons branched out from the movement. The 1st International Sunday School Convention was held in 1875 and the Association was chartered by an Act of the U.S. Congress in 1905.

The evangelical and ecumenism movement came over from England and formed an International Missionary Movement which progressed in a parallel pattern with educational organizations.

1891 another influx of conspirators invaded our soil. Still from England, the conspirators set up a World Congress Auxiliary with American educators and clergymen and converged at the Columbian Exposition (Chicago World Fair) 1893, as the World Parliament of Religions. Nearly every religion, cult and faith movement was represented including the Catholics and Unitarians. The keynote of the Parliament was the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man.

The International Congress of Education was held at the same Exposition under the charge of the National Educational Association. Educators co-mingled with the Parliament of Religions and churchmen co-mingled with the educational Congress.

You know the words in the Bible that says, "Take heed diligently lest thou forget the Lord, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God and shalt serve him only, and thou shalt swear by his name. You shall not go after the strange gods of all the nations that are round about you: Because the Lord thy God is a jealous God in the midst of thee; lest at any time the wrath of the Lord thy God be kindled against thee, and take thee away from the face of the earth." Deuteronomy 6:13-15.

If you read Chapter III, page 62 of the first volume of the

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Report on *World Parliament of Religions*, you will find some interesting material. I will include just a few paragraphs that graphically portray the array of personages seated on the platform at the Hall of Columbus. Here were assembled the representatives of twelve hundred millions of the human race.

“Long before the appointed hour (of the inauguration of the Parliament of Religions) the building swarmed with delegates and visitors and the Hall of Columbus was crowded with four thousand eager delegates from all parts of the country and foreign lands. At 10 o'clock there marched down the aisle arm in arm, the representatives of a dozen world faiths, beneath the waving flags of many nations, and amid the enthusiastic cheering audience. The platform at this juncture presented a most picturesque and impressive spectacle. In the center, clad in scarlet robes and seated in a high chair of state, was Cardinal Gibbons, the highest prelate of his church (Catholic) in the United States, who, as was fitting in this Columbian year, to open the meeting with prayer.

“On either side of him were grouped the Oriental delegates whose many colored raiment vied with his own in brilliancy. Conspicuous among these followers of Brahma and Buddha and Mohammed was the eloquent monk Vivekananda of Bombay, clad in gorgeous red apparel, his bronzed face surmounted with a huge turban of yellow. Beside him attired in orange and white, sat B.B. Nagarkar of the Brahmo-Somaj, or association of Hindu Theists, and Dharmapala, the learned Buddhist scholar from Ceylon who brought the greetings of four hundred and seventy-five millions of Buddhist. . . There were present, also Mohammedan and Parsee and Jain ecclesiastics. . . all eager to explain and defend their forms of faith.

“The most gorgeous group was composed of Chinese and Japanese delegates. . . arrayed in costly silk vestments of all colors of the rainbow and officially representing the Buddhist, Taoist, Confucian and Shinto forms of worship. . . while forming a somber background to all was the

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dark raiment of the Protestant delegates and invited guests. . ." From a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Wendt, Oakland, California. *World Parliament of Religions, An Illustrated and Popular Story of the World's First Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in connection with the Columbian Exposition of 1893.*

I recall a venerable Christian clergyman saying learned men did not gather amid a conglomeration of cults and pat each other on the back and say that one religion was just as good as another.

At the International Congress of Education many individuals accepted the Office of Honorary Vice President of the General Congress. Twenty-six countries were represented as well as many states in the U.S. It is interesting to note that many members of the clergy were included as were many members of the educational groups included in the Parliament of Religions, sort of a co-mingling or "wedding" in both areas. Included in the International Congress of Education to serve as Honorary Vice Presidents were Dr. J.L.M. Curry, agent for the Peabody Education Fund, two clergymen from Atlanta, Georgia, Miss Frances E. Willard, Evanston, Illinois and His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, Maryland.

In 1902, John Rockefeller founded the General Education Board. Mr. Curry was a member. Besides being agent for the Peabody Education Fund (the forerunner of the foundations), he was also general agent for the John F. Slater Fund.

The next year, 1903, a gathering of educators from nearly every college, university and divinity schools and many clergymen and editors of religious periodicals joined into a dubious organization labelled the Religious Education Association. This event took place in Chicago, ten years after the WPR debacle. A better name would be the Radical Engineering Apparatus for it is through this network that the corrupted ideologies, the heresies and radicalism saturated the schools and academies, not only in our country but others including, Canada, England, Japan, Turkey and Africa.

It intrigues me to read on pages 297 and 298 of the

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Proceedings of the First Annual Convention of the Religious Education Association that the Senate of the Council of Seventy held a meeting on October 13, 1902 "In order to discover the judgment of all members of the Council and of a large number of other men in the country with reference to the advisability of undertaking a forward movement in Bible study, a circular letter had been sent out on October 3, by the Principal of the American Institute of Sacred Literature asking whether such a movement would be wise and timely. The responses to this circular letter were presented to the Senate at this meeting (October 13); they consisted of more than two hundred letters from members of the Council, prominent educators, ministers, religious editors, Sunday-school workers, Y.M.C.A. officers, principals of schools, etc. There was an almost unanimous opinion (and) . . . a Call for a Convention. . . was unanimously voted by the Senate. . . appointments were made by unanimous vote of the Senate to a General Committee for the REA Convention of 1903. Among these was the Ch. of the program committee President William R. Harper."

Note that I had said I was intrigued by the statements that the letters were sent out October 3 and 10 days later, the 13th, the Senate received 200 replies some from representatives of organizations who would have had to obtain permission from the authority of their groups. These letters were supposed to be from all parts of the country.

The top echelon of the REA included heads of colleges and faculty members. Among these were Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University. Both he and Mary E. Woolley, President of Mount Holyoke College were among the vice presidents.

William Rainey Harper, President of the University of Chicago was chairman of the executive board. George Albert Coe, professor at the University of Chicago was recording secretary. John Dewey, also a professor at the University of Chicago was a contributor to the Convention. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., also contributed. A Rev. Harry F. Ward, Chicago, who set up the questionable Methodist Federation for Social Action attended the first Convention. More names could

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be added to the questionable membership.

It is obvious that the affiliates of the National Educational Association (NEA), the World Parliament of Religions, the General Education Board and the Sunday School Association merged into the Religious (radical) Education (engineering) Association (apparatus), 1903.

There were many members of NEA involved in REA. The volume on the Convention Report accompanies these Notes. You can refer to it for further information.

The picture presented here resembles a bramble patch. These facts are scattered but useful and I hope enough are given to encourage a student to continue delving into the labyrinth.

There is another element I think I explained in *The Legacy* but will repeat to provide additional information. Part of the Intellectual Apparatus could be described as “social engineers”, those dedicated to a “new social order” but who are not all social engineers in purpose. Many well meaning individuals honestly believe they can change society. Instead of adhering to the Natural Laws, these individuals set up their own rules. They reject established religions for the most part, and object to Christianity because it is divisive, restrictive and dogmatic. They cling to a sort of cultism. This element might be included with the leftists.

The liberals also include well meaning personalities endeavoring to set the world straight. Many of them adopt a philosophy or way of life unrelated to religion, very often turning to occultism. And, too, with the radicals are included well intentioned people who want to change the government and make this a “better world.” The true conspirators use these individuals to further the plots of World Government. Thus the same better world, planned for the masses, will be the same world the plotters and planners and social engineers will have to live in.

The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America was set up by the British Israel Movement. If the FCC would mind its own business and attend to the spiritual ills of the nation instead of the “social ills”, there would be no objection to its functioning. Worse still, it involves itself in politics creating

discord both in the churches and the government.

Another supposedly religious organization that presents a questionable front is the Jesuit Society. It is supposed to be a teaching society but over the centuries it has meddled in politics in many countries. It has been outlawed in many countries. Some dictionaries define Jesuits as designing, crafty, deceitful and cunning. The Jesuits evidently adhered to Sophistry and I am sure promote such Sophists as Socrates and Plato. I cannot find where, in their schools, they have warned of the evil of the ideologies of these individuals.

Thus, if these organizations professing religion would restrict their activities to religion, and those professing fraternity would stay within the bounds of their purpose, we would have a semblance of order. As it is, confusion and chaos afflict every segment of society.

We know the true religion, Christianity, worships the Holy Trinity. The enemies of Christianity have been exposed to the Triune of Satan,—False Jews, Lying Apostles and the Nicolaitanes (Freethinkers). Revelation 2. At the time the Lord exposed the Triune of Satan, he chided the Christians who had moved away from His Church. Could this have been when the Ecumenical Council was held around 300 A.D.? Our Lord said, "But I have somewhat against thee, because thou has left thy first charity." The Apocalypse 2:4, Douay-Rheims Bible. "Nevertheless I have *somewhat* against thee, because thou has left thy first love." King James Bible, Revelation 2:4.

The Ecumenical Church, World Religion, is in the making as we can discern from the activity of the World Parliament of Religions, 1893. We must assume that the NEA's interlock and co-mingling with the WPR and the International Congress of Education, the educational curriculum and teaching will be directed to a World Order instead of to the native country and worse still decadent democracy.

Will this come into being in this century? It will be interesting to watch.

Remember, though, The Lord is still ruling the world. This thought will give you peace of mind.

Included in My Legacy are the following books.

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- DOUAY Edition of the HOLY BIBLE, M.H. Gill & Son. Sanctioned March 18, 1846.
- DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA, Alexis De Tocqueville, 2 Vols. Longman's Green & Company, London and New York, 1889.
- BROWNSON, Orestes A., Various Titles.
- CHURCH FEDERATION INTER-CHURCH CONFERENCE ON FEDERATION, November 11-15, 1905. Fleming H. Revell Company. NOTE: The plan "to link the evangelical Protestant Churches of our country for united effort to advance the Kingdom of God at home and abroad"* is definitely British-Israel. The movement stresses the "kingdom of god on earth," which is anti-Christian. Our Lord said, "My kingdom is not of this world." St. John 18:36.* Introduction, vi.
- ETHICAL SUNDAY SCHOOL, Walter L. Sheldon, The Macmillan Company, 1900.
- FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OF FREETHOUGHT, 1894, The Truth Seeker Company.
- HEALTH LESSONS, Alvin Davison, Book One, American Book Company, 1910.
- LETTERS AND ADDRESSES—Thomas Jefferson, The Unit Book Publishing Company, 1905.
- NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION, Addresses and Proceedings, Oakland, California, 1915.
- MEMOIRS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF JACOBINISM, The Abbe Barruel, Translated from French to English, 4 Vols. T. Burton, London, 1798.
- ORGANIZED SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK, Several Official Reports.
- RELIGIOUS EDUCATION ASSOCIATION, Proceedings of the First Annual Convention, Chicago, February 10-12, 1903. Chicago Executive Office of the Association, 153-55 LaSalle Street, 1903.
- TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY, Sixty Years of the Republic. Andrew Carnegie. Rev. Edition based on the Census of 1890. Charles Scribners, New York, 1893.
- WEBSTER'S ACADEMIC DICTIONARY, Illustrated, Ivison,

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Blakeman, Taylor & Company, New York and Chicago, 1878.

WORLD SOCIAL PROGRESS CONGRESS, Addresses. William M. Bell, D.D., L.L.D., 1915.

WORLD PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS, The, An Illustrated and Popular story of the World's First Parliament of Religions held in connection with the Columbian Exposition of 1893, Chicago. The Parliament Publishing Company, 1893.

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ATTACHED are the Notes of the following extensions of subjects that will be touched on:

NOTES: National Education Association
Education
Democracy is Debauchery
Sophistry
Peace Movements
Politics
Foundations

NOTES

NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

The National Education Association erroneously dates its inception to the time of the National Teachers' Association (c. 1857). It was 1849 when the first group organized to promote Universal Education, not American education. The educational curriculum to be adopted was subversive to Americanism. (See Notes: EDUCATION).

The ideology of Sophism had been absorbed by many of the intellectuals of that time and the promotion of Freethinking found fertile ground. It was those intellectuals who formed the nucleus for the subversion.

Among them were Ralph W. Emerson, the Peabodys, Henry Barnard, Horace Mann and Margaret Fuller an avowed Freethinker. She was active in the social movements but did not take part actively in the forming of the first organizations.

While the intellectuals were working for the change in education, two avowed reformers, Frances Wright and Robert Dale Owen began to promote their "education" plan in 1820.

Frances Wright lectured in many cities describing the "plan." She wanted to establish groups to promote the ideas and have all these groups or units connected at some central point to impart greater energy and unity of the whole plan.

The first of these groups dubbed "Fanny Wright Societies" was formed in New York City in the autumn of 1829 under the name of "Association for the Protection of Industry and for the Promotion of National Education." The group worked closely with the Working-Man's Party which had been organized two years earlier, 1827, in Philadelphia.

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Paralleling this movement, the intellectuals and educators formed the American Institute of Instruction in 1831. It evolved from the Western Institute of College and Professional Teachers which operated from 1831 to 1845. Henry Barnard, Ralph W. Emerson and Horace Mann were members of the Western Institute.

The American Association for the Advancement of Education was organized, 1849 with Horace Mann presiding at the first meeting.

Two meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Education were held at Philadelphia under the auspices of Friends of the Common Schools and of Universal Education. Henry Barnard participated.

The National Teachers' Association was formed in 1857 and it is this date the National Education Association recognizes as its beginning, ignoring the previous groups. The National Teachers' Association is the parent of NEA but the AAAE is the grandparent.

Some of the intellectuals responsible for setting the ground work for the NEA promoted the American Lyceums which appears to be the breeding ground of Chautauqua. Chautauqua plays a dubious role in both the education and religious areas.

From the Western Institute of College and Professional Teachers and the Sunday School movement, Chautauqua was created. John Heyl Vincent, who was the president of Chautauqua became the recognized leader of the Sunday School Movement in America. He is given credit for the founding of the Chautauqua. His son, George E. Vincent, who became president of Chautauqua in 1907 was a member of NEA in 1902 and affiliated with the Rockefeller Foundation and the General Education Board. He was a professor at the University of Chicago.

William R. Harper was a member of the NEA, 1896 and President of the National Council of Education of NEA, 1903. He was chairman of the executive board of REA. He, too, was involved in the foundation network. When the World Congress Auxiliary of England set up its advisory council in the United States, he was made an advisor as were Dr. E.C. Hirsch, David

Starr Jordan and Bishop John H. Vincent.

At the World Columbian Exposition, meeting in Chicago, 1893, the World Parliament of Religions (WPR) and the International Congress of Education (ICE) met and "intermingled". The ICE was under the charge of the NEA of the United States. (See British-Israel-Masonry Notes).

Active at the WPR were William Rainey Harper and David Starr Jordan. Participants in the WPR from the religious community included The Most Reverend Patrick A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago and His Eminence James Gibbons, Baltimore. He was an honorary Vice President of the General Congress of ICE. Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, Rector of Catholic University of America, agreed to accept the office of an honorary vice president of ICE, also.

Honorary vice presidents were enlisted from twenty-six other countries including Russia.

"The Catholic Archbishops of America at their meeting in New York in November, 1892, took action approving the participation of the Catholic Church in the Parliament, and appointed the Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, the able and liberal minded Rector of the Catholic University of America in Washington to arrange with the General Committee for the proper and adequate presentation of the Catholic doctrine on the questions coming before the Parliament." WPR, Vol 1, pp. 16-17.

Out of the WPR and ICE, a Council of Seventy was set up, 1895. This was supposed to be like the Council of Seventy mentioned in the Bible. It was this Council that generated the idea of the convention to form the REA, 1903. Co-mingling on this suspect set-up were clergy, teachers, professors and heads of colleges, and many members of NEA. Among the Council members were President Harper of the University of Chicago and Professor John E. Vincent also of the University of Chicago, both members of NEA.

In 1902 the General Education Board was founded by John D. Rockefeller. Some members of this Board became members of the REA the next year. REA was composed of WPR-NEA affiliates as well as those of the Sunday School and evangelical

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movements (mentioned in the Conspiracy Notes).

Nicholas Murray Butler, one of the first vice presidents of REA was president of NEA, 1895. He had been a member of NEA since '85 and 1910 was a member of the NEA Board of Trustees, the executive committee, the board of directors and a life director. He was president of the American Auxiliary to the International Committee on Moral Education. This committee, which grew out of a meeting in London, 1906 when a number of persons met in private conference to consider whether more might be done by means of moral instruction and training to impart higher ideals of conduct, to strengthen character and *to promote readiness to work together for social ends.*

He was a member of the Committee of the Ten College Entrance Examination Board, as well as the International Council on Education, NEA, 1911.

David Starr Jordan was President of NEA, 1915. (See Notes, Education).

I believe I have given you enough facts on the co-mingling of the NEA and the B-I-M religious movements. With the reports and other material you will be able to continue "scouting" yourself. The books I am giving you in this Legacy will be listed at the end of my NOTES.

To sum up this Note on NEA, I add my own opinion. The NEA is not a professional organization. It is a diabolical conspiracy to destroy all Moral Order in the World and set up a World Social Order.

The Lord forbid it will ever come to pass.

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Author's note, See Addenda pages 413, 428 and 437 for information on Nicholas Murray Butler and David Star Jordan.

EDUCATION—UNIVERSAL EDUCATION
FOR WORLD SOCIAL ORDER—DEMOCRACY

Notes

The movement to replace American education with Universal Education—training for world socialism, began nation-wide, 1829 with the Fannie Wright Societies and the Working-Man's Parties. Two Freethinkers, Frances Wright and Robert Dale Owen believed they could achieve a social order without religion by changing the American educational curriculum and were dedicated to moulding the minds of the next generation to their ideas which could be accomplished only through complete control of education.

Miss Wright's dedication to the cause of world reform without religion follows that of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Both felt the existence of what was termed "orthodoxy" and "priestcraft" was responsible for all "social evils" and a "rational" (humanistic) approach instead of a moral (religious) yardstick would solve all "human ills." Rousseau in his book *Emile*, outlined his plan.

Frances Wright lectured in many cities describing the plan to establish local groups to promote the Freethinking ideas via education. These local groups would be connected in some central point by standing committees that would impart energy and unity to the whole plan. (See National Education Association Notes.)

Orestes A. Brownson, a reformer, was enlisted by Frances Wright and others to join the movement. He stated that she had worked out a complete educational scheme with Robert D. Owen. They tried to establish something like Carbonari cells and to organize the whole union in this way. The members of the secret society were to avail themselves of the means of their power, each in his own locality to form public opinion in favor of education by the State at public expense and to get such men elected to the legislatures as would be likely to favor their purpose. The great object was to get rid of Christianity and to convert the churches into halls of science; to establish state (national) schools from which all religion would be excluded, where nothing was to be taught but knowledge as is verifiable by the senses and to which all parents were to be compelled by law to send their children.

Brownson left the organization in protest. He expressed his

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opinion of the Working-Man's Party which is to be the start of the upcoming union movements. He said, "They (those who joined or worked with the Party) would gain nothing by it, instead they would have their veins sucked by a new and hungry swarm of demagogues."

Of Miss Wright, Brownson said, "She did great harm and the morals of the American people feel even today (1857) the injury she did them but she acted according to her lights and was at least no hypocrite."

No, she might not be a hypocrite but she was not educated or she would never attempt to ignore the spiritual need of the individual, including herself.

Horace Mann who was active in the organization of the forerunners of the NEA confessed in his diary he had never read a book on pedagogy in his life. He was not an educator but a lawyer by profession. His untiring efforts for the cause of tax supported, free public schools in charge of carefully chosen and especially prepared teachers impaired his health and he went to Europe to visit the schools, especially in Germany.

The German (Prussion) methods studied by Mann had been influenced by Rousseau. The most influential sources of educational ideas during the "Common School Revival", (Mann's revolutionized educational methods) were the examples and theories of the systems of public education in Prussia and other German states. The principles of teaching which entered into the instruction of prospective teachers in the first state normal school, founded in Lexington, Mass., by Horace Mann, and the entire educational philosophy of Horace Mann and Henry Barnard were influenced by Rousseau.

Horace Mann evidently spent much time studying the organizational background of the Prussion methods and system in order to set up a similar structure in America.

In 1872, Francis Wayland Parker, called "The Father of Progressive Education" by Prof. John Dewey, went to Berlin, Germany, and studied methods of education influenced by Rousseau. Col. Parker carried the theories to Quincy, Mass., 1875-80. In 1883, he went to Chicago where he was principal of Cook County Normal School and later head of Chicago

Institute founded for educational purposes by Mrs. Emmons Blaine. By 1901, the Institute became part of the University of Chicago. Parker was the first director of the University's School (now Department) of Education and remained in that position until his death. Parker's radical ideas about education aroused much opposition but they were gradually adopted.

John Dewey worked with Col. Parker, and supervised the experimental elementary school connected with the University of Chicago from 1896 to 1903. The school did not start with "ready made principles." Dewey then carried the Parker methods (no fixed principles) to Columbia University. William Rainey Harper was President of the University of Chicago. Nicholas M. Butler was President of Columbia University.

Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Commissioner of Education of the U.S., 1906, stated:

"We have here a well-defined tendency in our American Democracy. It has been made in part and in part discovered by some of our best known leaders of educational thought and practice. In some sense, this tendency all goes back to the Pestalozzian movement, back to Rousseau and the *Emile*. It received vigorous emphasis at the hands of Francis W. Parker, whose virile leadership and whole-souled devotion to his ideal were at once intensely Pestalozzian and intensely American. A new direction of a most significant sort has been given to this tendency by the philosophic insight of John Dewey". "Fifty Years of American Education", *Fiftieth Anniversary Volume*, National Educational Association, 1906, p. 336.

The same educational methods brought to America by Mr. Parker and Horace Mann and extended by John Dewey, namely the Pestalozzian and Rousseau methods were adopted in the Sunday School movement.

"The seminary (theological) owes it to itself to recognize the great modern movement in pedagogy. One of the strangest and most startling facts of the modern religious work is this: For a hundred or more years a great and far reaching movement full of vital meaning for the pulpit, has gone on under the nose of

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the pulpit and theological education in large measure without recognition from either. I mean pedagogy, CHILD STUDY, that marvelous movement inaugurated by Pestalozzi, Froebel, Herbart and others, which has caught and held the imagination of the most wide-awake Sunday school workers, and has created a Sunday-school literature, which has for its aim the study of the child, the understanding of the child, the teaching and training of the child, the moral, mental and religious formation of the child. . .” “The Theological Seminary and the Sunday School” by President Edgar Y. Mullins, President Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky. *Organized Sunday School Work in America, 1905-1908.*

You will note the word “moral” in the above statement. This “moral formation” is based on the Rousseau ideology. It is interesting that the NEA also stresses moral education.

I refer you to NOTES: National Education Association. You will find Nicholas Murray Butler involved in moral education.

The “peace” education has been outlined in the NOTES: Peace Movements.

Cecil Rhodes who set up the Rhodes Scholarships to indoctrinate the student with world government worked with the educational principals. Oxford University, England is the site of this indoctrination and many American students have been conditioned with the Rhodes Scholarship training to a universal education, diametrically opposite to American education.

The only way we can return American education to the schools of the nation is to expose the diabolical methods coming into use in the schools of the nation, not only the public schools but the Catholic schools, not only in this country but in nearly every other nation in the world.

The Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, Rector of Catholic University of America in Washington attended the WPR and served as an honorary vice president of NEA’s General Congress of the International Congress of Education.

If the presence of Catholic educators and clergy amid the left-liberal movements continues, there could be a change in the curriculum of their parochial schools which will parallel the public schools.

I fear for the future of our young when I observe this universal education scheme spreading all over the world.

JDB

Author's Note—In 1954, a counter organization was set up to absorb the protestors to the NEA. It was labelled the Council for Basic Education. Its purpose was “universal education” and many Establishment affiliates were involved.

DEMOCRACY IS DEBAUCHERY

Democracy is defined as government directly by the people collectively. Thus it has but one meaning. The plotters for a world religion have changed the definition to a “way of life.” That would mean a “faith” or the conduct of people in their personal lives. Thus the individual who takes “democracy” as his faith or religion decides for himself what is right or wrong; freedom from old doctrines, traditions and principles.

History has shown democracy, both political and as a “way of life” have led to destruction and decadency and could even be considered debauching.

The definition in Webster's Academic Dictionary, 1867, reads: Debauchery; To corrupt; to lead astray. . .”

All the wonderful attributes of America have been ascribed to Democracy by those controlling the means of communication and instilled the idea that the United States of America is a Democracy. And now we are going to war to make the world safe for democracy. If democracy, the schemers argue, has made America the wonderful nation it is, then the whole world should have democracy and we should go to war to make the world safe for democracy.

Americanism is based on the Natural Laws and is a Moral Order. The Declaration of Independence reads in part, “. . . to assume among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and Nature's God entitle them.” Democracy, a distortion of the term Americanism, will eventually be another title for Naturalism which is diametrically opposed to the Natural Laws.

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Anarchy results when the individual accepts Naturalism. Not everyone, of course, but enough to upset and eventually destroy moral order.

Anarchism is not the expression of any one thinker or group of thinkers, but has developed slowly from the earliest times. Socrates and Zeno have both expressed theories analogous of the modern anarchists, Rabelais and Rousseau, and many medieval writers have expressed similar thoughts. Rousseau's intellectual influence was, on the whole, demoralizing. It struck not only at the existing moral order but any organization based on the Natural Laws. Empericism is a result of the acceptance of Naturalism.

The United States of America is not a Democracy. Samuel Adams warned, "Remember Democracy never lasts long. It soon wastes, exhausts itself. There never was a democracy that did not commit suicide." Democracy was explicitly rejected. The American Constitution established a Representative Constitutional Republic, the first and only of its kind in the recorded history of mankind.

You have memorized the following when you stayed with your grandmother a few years ago. I will include the passage of these profound words in these Notes.

"We live under the only government that ever existed which was framed by the unrestrained and deliberate consultations of the people. Miracles do not cluster. That which has happened but once in six thousand years cannot be expected to happen often. Such a government once gone, might leave a void to be filled for ages with revolution and tumult, riot and despotism."

From Daniel Webster's 4th of July Oration, given in church building at Fryeburg, Maine in 1802.

There is no mention of democracy anywhere in the historical documents of the U.S.A. BEWARE OF DEMOCRACY. Expose its evil and never refer to the United States of America as a Democracy.

JDB 1916

Notes

Author's Note—The following statement was made by Ward W. Keesecker, in his article, "The High Calling of Teachers," *School Life*, May 1953:

"Democracy was the cause of the downfall of the Weimar Republic in Germany. . . after the failure of Hitler's violent attempt to seize control (of Germany) in the 1923 'Putsch', he and his advisers concluded that the way to do away with the Republic of Germany was to use 'democracy'—to assert democratic rights and principles to the extent of paralyzing constitutional procedures and processes. Hitler then proceeded on a philosophy of freedom of subversive ideas. He contended for opening the market places to ideas incongruous and debauching to the principles of a stable and free government. As a result of his organized propoganda of fraud the people of Germany abandoned the Weimar Republic and lost their liberty; they surrendered their rights under the Weimar Republic. The story was the same when the people of Italy surrendered their freedom to Mussolini. There is absolutely nothing in the Constitution of the United States which requires that we follow the German or Italian examples."

Democracy is responsible for the chaos, confusion and conflict all over the world. While the cry for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity stirred the French Revolution, 1789, the cry of Freedom, Democracy and Brotherhood is creating the turmoil in the world today. Louis XVI was guillotined because he refused to make concessions to democracy.

AMW

SOPHISTRY

Sophistry can be traced back to around 400 B.C. Socrates was a philosopher and teacher. He was condemned to death because of his corrupting influence. His doctrines were preserved by Plato and absorbed by Thomas Aquinas, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Dewey and William James to name a few of his followers. William James, an

American philosopher, founded Pragmatism. John Dewey was a disciple of democracy.

The Sophists might be compared to the social engineers, those dedicated to changing societies to fit their code of ethics. They use devious means to sneer at or subvert established moral values and virtues to make their own conduct acceptable.

Sophistry is plausible but misleading or fallacious reasoning.

Sophism: Any fallacy designed to deceive.

Sophist: A captious or fallacious reasoner.

Sophisticate: To render worthless by admixture; to pervert; not genuine.

Sophistication: Debasement.

I could list many sophisms but will include only one with this legacy. You will, in time, be able to detect Sophistry. One that is insidious is the argument for "both sides" of a question, statement or opinion must be heard and discussed. In this manner the dubious "ideas" of the Sophists are presented even when these "ideas" are known to be evil. They are even allowed at Lyceums and Chautauqua debates as the "other side." You don't put swill on the same table with a well prepared meal to show the "other side" of food.

PHILOSOPHY is the real purpose of this device of the Sophists.

Philosophy is used to condition the mind to accept Naturalism. Socrates used it and was told to drink the hemlock cup because he was corrupting the youth. Plato adopted it in his writings and Jean Jacques Rousseau spread the nefarious concept. He wrote the book, *EMILE* in which he outlined a scheme to indoctrinate the child with Naturalism. He termed his plot education and the basis of the educational curriculum now in use is this corruption.

Abbe Barruel wrote: "Philosophism is the error of every man, who judging of all things by the standard of his own reason, rejects in religious matters every authority that is not derived from the light of nature."

Sophisters were a class of later Greek teachers of rhetoric and philosophy who came to be disparaged for their over subtle, self serving reasoning.

JDB 1916

PEACE MOVEMENTS

The Conspirators for World Religion and Government have developed a "peace" device to further their schemes.

It sounds feasible until you comprehend the real motives.

In the plots for "peace", the uninformed and unwary are told that if there is a universal religion where all people gather together in one faith there will be no conflict in the world. This new religion could be the "general religion" of Thomas Jefferson, a "religion of peace, reason and morality." By liberalizing and neutralizing prejudices, in other words, relinquishing ideals, traditions and personal religion, there would be a universal or world religion and if there are no restrictive doctrines and no divisive ideologies, peace will reign.

I am including Jefferson's "Life and Morals of Jesus of Nazareth". He has taken texts from the Four Gospels in Greek, Latin, French and English and compiled them in the small volume. This book is sometimes called the Jefferson Bible. You will note the Virgin Birth and Resurrection of The Lord are omitted.

Carnegie's money financed the peace plots. His ambition was to unite England and America into one nation. The Conspirators utilized his aims and fortune to further their own.

The Bible gives light on peace. The plotters use quotations from the Bible to propagate their ideas. Many refer to the Lord as the Prince of Peace. When the Douay Rheims Bible was revised to the King James Version, one of the changes was Luke 2:14. The Douay-Rheims records, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, to men of good-will." The King James Version reads, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."

St. Matthew 10:34 records The Lord's words, "Do not think that I came to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but the sword. For I have come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they in his own household."

St. Luke 12:51, states, "Think ye, that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, no; but separation. For there shall be

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from henceforth five in one house divided; three against two and two against three."

The King James Version, St. John 14:27, reads, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, do give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Chapter 16, verse 33 reads, "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me you might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

From the Douay-Rheims Bible, the verses read, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you not as the world giveth, do give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid. These things I have spoken unto you, that in me you may have peace. In the world you shall have distress; but have confidence; I have overcome the world."

The National Education Association carried the "peace" propaganda into the schools.

The 1915 NEA Report includes mention of papers. One, "The Teachers' Problems and Teaching of Peace," by David Starr Jordan, President of NEA. Fannie Fern Andrews secretary, American School Peace League spoke on, "The Education of the World for a Permanent Peace."

The NEA reaffirmed its approval of the American School Peace League, the organization of Peace Leagues among pupils and views with satisfaction the efforts made by it to secure the co-operation of teachers in other countries and hopes that in the future, similar school peace leagues may become active forces in the educational systems of the different countries of the world. The Association (NEA) deplores any attempt to militarize this country."

The Church Peace Union founded in 1914 by Andrew Carnegie as an independent, non-sectarian organization to work for the promotion through religion of international cooperation and the establishment of world order and peace. Carnegie's Endowment for International Peace was set up in 1910. Nicholas Murray Butler who was a member of the board of trustees and board of directors of NEA was among the founders of Carnegie's Endowment for International Peace. JDB

POLITICS—POLITICAL PARTIES

We were never supposed to have political parties in our Government. Thomas Jefferson and his followers subverted the American system with democracy and set up political parties which are a curse.

The Founding Fathers devised the plan, a simple one, for the operation of the Government. The President and Vice President were to be elected by citizens selected by the State Legislators.

The Senators were also to be selected by the State Legislators who were the direct representatives of the people. This procedure has also been changed.

We are beginning to wallow in a quagmire of politics, the very situation the Founders sought to avoid.

The Initiative Referendum and Recall are un-American, also. Some states are adopting this legislation which is "borrowed" from European systems. More conflict and confusion will be created.

The people were supposed to elect their representatives to the local and state levels and only the representatives to the Congress who were to perform the functions of government within the framework of the Constitution.

As I look ahead I wonder how long the original Constitution will survive? How soon we will be in a maze of amendments, destroying completely the American Constitution which is the finest document in all history? I wonder if the change in American education will succeed in destroying the U.S.A.?

JDB 1916

FOUNDATIONS

The Peabody Education Fund established in 1857, the same year the National Teachers' Association was organized could be the beginning of the Foundation Movement in the country. The Southern Education Board followed and then the General Education Board endowed by John D. Rockefeller was formed in 1902 with many educators. It seems the Foundations were an adjunct to the National Education Association in some way and the funds will be used to further the plots and plans of NEA.

Two early organizations were also set up, the John F. Slater Fund and the John C. Green Fund, 1877 were devised to aid education and assist the local schools and educational institutions.

With the General Education Board there were others following the example which did not confine themselves to American education. The subjects included peace and moral projects; progressive education and education for a world order.

The members of the boards included prominent financial figures and those involved in organizations promoting democracy.

As examples, Andrew Carnegie was a member of the General Education Board when it was founded in 1902. He later established his own devices to promote democracy and peace and education for a world order.

George E. Vincent, President of Chautauqua in 1907 became treasurer of GEB in 1914. William R. Harper and George F. Peabody were also among the first members.

Mr. Carnegie started his foundations with the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Nicholas Murray Butler, William R. Harper and David S. Jordan were among the Trustees the year it was established, 1905. Five years later he organized the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Nicholas Murray Butler was among the trustees, 1910. Elihu Root was the first President. The Carnegie Corporation was set up in 1911 with Mr. Root as Vice President.

Mr. Carnegie has established himself as a benefactor by endowing libraries in many cities and towns but with his

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dedication to democracy and re-union with England one can assume that the Carnegie libraries will be another vehicle to propagandize his plans and plots.

With so many lefts and liberals (Intellectual Apparatus affiliates) in the foundations one can only suspect misuse of these "funds" and "foundations."

JDB 1916

Caleb Carter's Contribution

Dear Miss Atkins:

I am adding some of my books to your Great Uncle's Legacy, also a couple of interesting excerpts from the Fish Committee Reports, in case you would want them. You will find the original in the Reports you have.

You will also have had my message which will be delivered to you at the time of my death.

Your Great Uncle gave much information on what he calls the Intellectual Apparatus of the International Conspiracy which includes the lefts and liberals. I am endeavoring to keep within the scope of his information, not to duplicate it but to augment it, especially the radical elements.

I have given you information on TICORE, The International Council of Religious Education. I will include the 1922 Report in my contribution.

Your Great Uncle shows the co-mingling of the religious and educational movements and the 1922 Report verifies this fact. I believe he did touch on the radicals including the birth of the Democratic Societies in America (the Jacobins in France).

The contribution I give will include substantiation of his research. To extend and clarify it, I will name the organizations. The Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, organized in 1908 with links of the Religious Education Association spawned the Council on Foreign Relations and the

Caleb Carter's Contribution

American Civil Liberties Union. The two excerpts from the Fish Reports are the American Civil Liberties Union and the other the Minority Report of John E. Nelson. Many radicals are documented in the Fish Reports. With your material you can follow their activities. It would be well if you separated your documentation of the IA-IC which is composed of lefts and liberals from the radicals. I place both Harry F. Ward and Mary E. Woolley in the radical category.

You will note how many government posts are held by FCC and CFR affiliates. It was the Englishman, Edmund Burke who said, "No sound ought to be heard in the church but the healing voice of Christian charity. The cause of civil liberty and civil government gains as little as that of religion in this confusion of duties. Those who quit their proper character to assume what does not belong to them, are for the greater part, ignorant both of the character they leave and of the character they assume. Wholly unacquainted with the world, in which they are so fond of meddling and inexperienced in all its affairs, on which they pronounce with so much confidence, they have nothing of politics but the passions they incite. Surely the church is a place where one day's truce ought to be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind."

Of the CFR it might be charged ignorance of the admonition of George Washington to beware of "foreign entanglements."

Carry the torch, Sarah Atkins!

Farewell

Caleb Bradford Carter

Attached are excerpts from the Fish Reports.

INVESTIGATION OF COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA

JANUARY 17, 1931.—Committed to the Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union and ordered to be printed

Mr. FISH, from the special committee to investigate communist activities in the United States, submitted the following

REPORT

[Pursuant to H. Res. 220]

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION

The American Civil Liberties Union is closely affiliated with the communist movement in the United States, and fully 90 per cent of its efforts are on behalf of communists who have come into conflict with the law. It claims to stand for free speech, free press, and free assembly; but it is quite apparent that the main function of the A. C. L. U. is to attempt to protect the communists in their advocacy of force and violence to overthrow the Government, replacing the American flag by a red flag and erecting a Soviet Government in place of the republican form of government guaranteed to each State by the Federal Constitution.

Roger N. Baldwin, its guiding spirit, makes no attempt to hide his friendship for the communists and their principles. He was formerly a member of the I. W. W. and served a term in prison as a draft dodger during the war. This is the same Roger N. Baldwin that has recently issued a statement "that in the next session of Congress our job is to organize the opposition to the recommendations of the congressional committee investigating communism." In his testimony before the committee he admitted having said at a dinner held in Chicago that "The Fish Committee recommendations will be buried in the Senate." Testifying on force and violence, murder, etc., the following is quoted:

The CHAIRMAN. Does your organization uphold the right of a citizen or alien—it does not make any difference which—to advocate murder?

Mr. BALDWIN. Yes.

The CHAIRMAN. Or assassination?

Mr. BALDWIN. Yes.

The CHAIRMAN. Does your organization uphold the right of an American citizen to advocate force and violence for the overthrow of the Government?

Mr. BALDWIN. Certainly; in so far as mere advocacy is concerned.

The CHAIRMAN. Does it uphold the right of an alien in this country to urge the overthrow and advocate the overthrow of the Government by force and violence?

Mr. BALDWIN. Precisely on the same basis as any citizen.

The CHAIRMAN. You do uphold the right of an alien to advocate the overthrow of the Government by force and violence?

Mr. BALDWIN. Sure; certainly. It is the healthiest kind of thing for a country, of course, to have free speech—unlimited.

The American Civil Liberties Union has received large sums from the Garland fund, of which Roger N. Baldwin is one of the directors. During the trial of the communists at Gastonia, not for freedom of speech, of the press, or assembly, but for a conspiracy to kill the chief of police, of which seven defendants were convicted, the A. C. L. U. provided bail for five of the defendants, amounting to \$28,500, which it secured from the Garland fund. All of the defendants convicted jumped their bail and are reported to be in Russia. The \$28,500 bail was forfeited, including \$9,000 more advanced by the International Labor Defense.

A committee of the New York State Legislature, back in 1928, reached the following conclusion in regard to the American Civil Liberties Union:

The American Civil Liberties Union, in the last analysis, is a supporter of all subversive movements; its propaganda is detrimental to the interests of the State. It attempts not only to protect crime but to encourage attacks upon our institutions in every form.

Your committee concurs with the above findings.

The principles of free speech, free press, and free assembly are worthy of an organization that stands for our republican form of government, guaranteed by the Constitution, and for the ideals of Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, instead of an organization whose main work is to uphold the communists in spreading revolutionary propaganda and inciting revolutionary activities to undermine our American institutions and overthrow our Federal Government.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION

The following reprint is from the *Congressional Record* insert, "ACLU Would Suppress People's Right to Know," by Hon. John R. Rarick of Louisiana, House of Representatives.

Attention is called to names underlined. See pages 379, 427 and 436.

The Robert F. Drinan is Reverend, a Jesuit who, from the day he entered the Congress as a representative from Massachusetts, dedicated himself to destroying the House Un-American Activities Committee. It has come to pass. In The *Congressional Record*, February 6, 1975, E485, Extension of Remarks contained an article inserted by Hon. Robert F. Drinan titled, "THE DEMISE OF THE HOUSE INTERNAL SECURITY COMMITTEE"* with the following—"... This was indeed an historic occasion ending the tenure of a body which has haunted the Congress and the Nation as a whole for well over 30 years."

*Formerly the House Un-American Activities Committee.

CONGRESSIONAL RECORD—*Extensions of Remarks*

October 6, 1972 E 8406

American Civil Liberties Union, 22 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016 (212) 725-1222.

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*Arthur S. Flemming (p. 429) was Special Consultant to the President on Aging, 1972-73; Commission on Aging, Dept. of HEW and served as Chairman of the National Planning Bd. of the White House Conference on Aging, 1971. Charles P. Taft, (p. 410, 412 and 432), George Meany, (p. 431) and Robert J. Havighurst, (p. 329 and 430), were members of the Board's Roster. Both Taft and Havighurst were on the Exec. Com. with Flemming.

INDIVIDUAL VIEWS OF JOHN E. NELSON

EARLY REVOLUTIONARIES AND THEIR AIMS

From Plato to the present, every age has had its intransigents. Early in the Christian era antagonists to established order appeared. They held that "liberty and equality are the essential rights that man in his original and primitive perfection received from nature. Property destroyed equality; governments and religion destroyed liberty; therefore to reinstate man in his original rights, it was necessary to destroy all religions, all civil societies, and all property."

It was during the latter part of the eighteenth century, with its industrial revolution and consequent concentration of population in the industrial centers, that the age-old problem of the "one against the many" took on increased emphasis, and radicalism, as we now understand the term, was conceived and began its gradual development.

One of the greatest of the early revolutionaries was Dr. Adam Weishaupt, a professor of law in a Bavarian college. At the age of 28 years, in 1776, he organized the order of the illuminati, dedicated to the destruction of Christianity and all existing governments. Weishaupt was, perhaps, the first great exponent of world revolution. Reduced to a simple formula, the aims of his society may be summarized under six points, or "abolitions":

1. Abolition of monarchy and all ordered government.
2. Abolition of private property.
3. Abolition of inheritance.
4. Abolition of patriotism.
5. Abolition of the family (i. e., of marriage and all orthodox morality, and the institution of the communal education of children).
6. Abolition of all religion.

The order spread rapidly through France, Italy, and Germany. Eventually exposed and outlawed, the remnants of the order went underground to form the inner circle of an international revolutionary movement.

It is interesting to note that while Weishaupt and his followers were formulating these subversive principles, George Washington and our forefathers were struggling for independence and formulating those noble and constructive principles of representative government and individual liberty upon which our Constitution rests. The struggle which we face to-day is between these two systems of philosophy and ideology, born at the same time, but diametrically antagonistic and mutually exclusive.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

The Jacobin Club, originating in 1789, during the French Revolution and responsible for much of its reign of terror, was organized by many who had been affiliated with the Illuminati. One of its

Caleb Carter's Contribution

leaders was Robespierre, whose ruthless methods have been adopted and practiced by the present communist dictators of Russia.

COMMUNIST MANIFESTO

Perhaps the greatest enemy to Christianity and constitutional government to-day is the Communist Manifesto, often called the Communist Bible, written by two young German apostate Jews, Karl Marx and Freidrich Engles. It was based on these "abolitions" of Weishaupt, and was published in 1848 as the platform of the Communist League, a workingmen's organization, at first exclusively German, but later international in its scope. To the abolitions of Weishaupt, Marx added certain others of his own. His manifesto and other writings divided modern society into two general classes; the bourgeoisie, representing the capitalistic class, and the proletariat, representing the workers, classes having nothing in common and therefore to be separated by class warfare until such time as the workers shall have overcome and forever destroyed the bourgeoisie. According to his philosophy, this could only be accomplished through the abolition of religion, family relations, patriotism, capitalism, and property and inheritance rights.

It was this manifesto that gave to the world that slogan so well known to-day: "Workingmen of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains, and the world to gain!"

While the writings of Karl Marx are generally considered as the original source of socialist philosophy, yet his ideas were undoubtedly derived from the subversive teachings of Kolmar, Weishaupt, Rousseau, and other antecedent philosophers.

The preceding excerpt was taken from the FISH COMMITTEE REPORT, 1931. Hon. John E. Nelson was a member of the investigating Committee.

71ST CONGRESS } HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES { REPORT
3d Session } } No. 2290

INVESTIGATION OF COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA

JANUARY 17, 1931.—Committed to the Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union and ordered to be printed

Mr. FISH, from the special committee to investigate communist activities in the United States, submitted the following

REPORT

[Pursuant to H. Res. 220]

Caleb Carter's Contribution

- COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS Membership lists, 1921, 1925, 1934.
- "Intimate Papers of Colonel House"—Published by Ernest Benn Limited, London, England.
- "Life of Daniel Webster," by Rev. B.F. Tefft, D.D., L.L.D. Porter and Coates, Philadelphia.
- "Official Report of the Sixteenth International Sunday School Convention," Kansas City, Missouri, 1922.
- "World Fellowship," Addresses and Messages of leading spokesmen of all Faiths, Races and Countries, edited by Charles Frederick Weller, General Executive, World Fellowship of Faiths, Liveright Publishing Corporation, 1933.
- "Pastors, Politicians, Pacifists"—by LeRoy F. Smith and E.B. Johns, Chicago, 1927.

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Footnote Page 331.

OEM—OFFICE OF EMERGENCY
MANAGEMENT—U.S. CONGRESS, 1942

On page 325 the question is asked about Nixon's speedy ascent to the U.S. Senate without much capital. Sarah and Amy tell what they know about his rapid ascent. Their documentation follows:

Richard M. Nixon graduated from Duke University Law School, 1937 and 5 years later he was a lawyer in the Office of Emergency Management. He served from Jan. to Aug. 1942, and then entered the U.S. Naval forces until 1945. He was elected to Congress, 1947 but resigned to fill a vacancy in the U.S. Senate, and was elected to the Senate, 1950.

With him in the OEM were members of the Council on Foreign Relations that could give evidence that there was a network of the Intellectual Apparatus in OEM. As Sarah suggested he was picked to be the "crown prince" of the conspiracy. He fairly "rocketed" to the White House.

The OEM, 1942 was established within the Executive Office of the President by Administrative Order of May 25, 1940 in accordance with EO (executive order) 8248 of September 6, 1939, which provides that there shall be, "in the event of a national emergency, or threat of a national emergency, such office for emergency management as the President shall determine."

Included in the OEM in 1942, was the Office of Facts and Figures—Established in Office for Emergency Management by EO 8922 of Oct. 24, 1941, to facilitate dissemination of factual information to American citizens on progress of defense effort and on defense policies and activities. Transferred and con-

Addenda

solidated into Office of War Information in OEM by EO 9142, June 13, 1942.

Archibald MacLeish was director of the Office of Facts and Figures. He has a questionable record with radical groups. See Addenda page 437, MacLEISH, Archibald.

Another questionable individual involved in OEM was Charles P. Taft. He was Assistant Director (Health and Welfare) of the OEM Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services. He was with Federal Security Agency, 1941-43. See HEW Notes, Addenda page 412. He also held posts in the Dept. of State, became president of the Federal Council of Churches, 1947-48 and one of the first vice presidents of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., 1950. See his record, Addenda pages 404, 412 and 432.

The Council on Foreign Relations affiliates in OEM were: Nelson A. Rockefeller, Coordinator of the Office of Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. Serving with him were John S. Dickey, a Special Assistant to the Coordinator; John H. Whitney, Director of Motion Picture Division and Kenneth G. Holland, Director of Science and Education Division. J.K. Gailbraith was Deputy Administrator in charge of Price Divisions; Dr. J.B. Conant, Ch. National Defense Research Committee, Office of Scientific Research and Development; Arthur S. Flemming, Civil Service Commission, member of War Manpower Commission; L.W. Douglas, Deputy Administrator of the War Shipping.

M. (Milton) S. Eisenhower was also involved in OEM as director of the War Relocation Authority. He is not a member of CFR but like Flemming and Taft he serves in many government posts, no matter the party in office.

Mr. Flemming, Mr. Eisenhower and the affiliates of CFR are listed in the Addenda, "Documentation of the CO-MINGLING OF THE ESTABLISHMENTS," page 429.

The Office of Emergency Management was a complex organization with other affiliates of CFR, although the individuals might not have been involved at the time of their connection with OEM. Many of the offices of OEM assumed other titles and may be "inactive" as was OEM, 1962.

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HEW—DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH,
EDUCATION AND WELFARE

While Robert Dale Owen was a member of the U.S. Congress from 1845-47, he must have exerted some influence to bring about the Bureau of Education in the Department of the Interior.

The first move to bring education under Federal control began in 1829 when a standing committee on Education in the Congress was proposed by Joseph Richardson, a member from Massachusetts.

It was successfully opposed on the ground that the jurisdiction of the subject of education belonged to the several states. The motion was defeated, 127-52. But in 1867, 42 years later the Committee on Education and Labor was established. Henry Barnard the first Commissioner of Education, who was in the first organized cell for educational "reform", organized the U.S. Bureau of Education. Congress had created the Department of Education but the fear of dangerous centralization was so great in the public mind the office was changed from a department to a bureau and attached to the Department of the Interior. Mr. Barnard, who was involved in the movement to promote "universal education", was a member of the National Education Association's, inner circle, the National Council of Education, 1880-1885. He was appointed by the Council, not the Association. Other members appointed included Col. Francis Wayland Parker, John Dewey and Nicholas Murray Butler. This Council is evidently wheels within wheels. A skeleton council is selected by the Association and those selected appoint other members who operate independently of the Association to influence policies.

Another attempt was made in 1924 to establish a Department of Education.

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Among the promoters were the National Education Association, the Federal Council of Churches and TICORE, The Int'l Council of Religious Education. Over 200 letters and telegrams were sent to the Committee on Education (House of Representatives), who were holding Hearings to "Create a Department of Education and to Authorize Appropriations of Money to Encourage the States in the Promotion and Support of Education, H.R. 3923." Seventy letters were from Arizona, 54 from Kansas, 43 from Oklahoma, and 10 from California. At least 20 Masonic Lodges supported the Bill. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce opposed it. One of the arguments against setting up the department in the Federal government was it will take over the control of public schools; that the schools would be plunged into politics besides being unconstitutional. There is nothing in the Constitution that gives the Federal government jurisdiction over education.

The Office of Education, created in 1867, was transferred from the Department of the Interior to the Federal Security Agency* by Reorganization Plan No. 1, 1939 and by Reorganization Plan 1 of 1953 approved by Act, April 1, 1953 (67 Stat. 18; U.S.C., 6230). The Plan became effective April 11, 1953 and the Federal Security Agency was abolished and all functions of the Agency were transferred to the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare and all components of the Agency to the Department of HEW.

The first Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare was Oveta Culp Hobby who was an affiliate of CED—The Committee for Economic Development, a dual network of CFR—Council on Foreign Relations. Succeeding her was Marion B. Folsom who, also, was both CFR and CED. Arthur Flemming, among the first Vice Presidents of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. succeeded Mr. Folsom, all three could be classed as ESTABLISHMENT. In fact Oveta Culp Hobby** was mentioned in the expose of the ESTABLISHMENTS, Cong. Record, May 2, 1962.

*Addenda. Taft, Charles P. pages 404, 410 and 432.

**Addenda pages 430, 443-448.

Footnote Page 385.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

and the

Carnegie Endowment For International Peace

Nicholas Murray Butler is well known as the late President of Columbia University, to many he is better known as the Chairman of the Board of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. In this capacity he wielded great power in the affairs of this nation. An internationalist at heart and more interested in the supremacy of the British Empire than the sovereignty of the United States he lost no opportunity to advance the League of Nations, the League to Enforce Peace and the United Nations as the preludes to a world government. Much has been said about the aims of the Soviet Russian policy of world domination while little or nothing has been said about the aims of the British to establish their well laid plans for the "British Commonwealth of the World."

No one could have done more to warn the American people of the undermining of this country by the Carnegie Foundations than did that great American patriot, the late William Randolph Hearst, newspaper publisher and editor. Throughout the country in his chain of newspapers and particularly in the New York American, in the early thirties, Mr. Hearst warned the American people again and again and again.

Outstanding was his half page broadside editorial of December 18, 1934 captioned:—"CARNIEGIE MONEY AND COMMUNIST PROPAGANDA". "A NEW DEAL IN DISLOYALTY".

In this editorial Mr. Hearst asks the question:—"When will these everlasting Carnegie Endowments and Carnegie Funds and Carnegie Foundations cease to afflict the American people? It is getting to be more than can be borne, or should be borne."

Referring to the December 1933 issue of International Conciliation, published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and distributed for twenty five cents a year, just to cover the law, Mr. Hearst writes:—"the preface to this pamphlet, a clumsy apology of excuse is made for the publication on the ground that there should be an authoritative setting forth of both Communism and Fascism as political, economic and social doctrines;" then comes the full text of the report on the work of the Central Committee

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of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union by Stalin to the American Union Communist Party Congress in Moscow January 26th.

"Appended to the report, states Mr. Hearst, there is an article by Dr. Sidney Hook, professor of New York University, who recently appeared as one of the active figures in the merger of the Communist League in America and the American Worker's Party. Its avowed intention is the overthrow of the American Government by force."

"It is needless to say that Stalin's article attacks Capitalism and exalts Communism and predicts that bourgeoisie Capitalism is coming to an end. The Stalin article, said Mr. Hearst, "is propaganda pure and simple."

"Its publication by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace is an act of thorough disloyalty to America—indistinguishable from the common and familiar circulation of seditious and subversive literature by secret creators."

Mr. Hearst continues:—"The organ which carries such stuff, even if it has the imprint of the Carnegie Endowment, is not one-whit less blameworthy and censurable than the skulking enemy of society whose scene of operations is the dark alley and the hideout."

"THIS CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT IS AN OLD OFFENDER."

"It has persistently advocated American entanglement in all foreign complications."

"It has steadily condoned Europe's repudiation of its debts to the United States."

"It has sought to undermine the American democracy* by spreading communist material which is designed and used for propaganda."

"Perhaps Carnegie's International Conciliation sees nothing to criticize in Communist Russia's threat of war against Japan—in Russia's alliance with war hungry France, and her support of Yugoslavia in its war threat to Hungary.

"Perhaps the disloyal pacifism of the Carnegie Endowment is so vision twisted or money lulled that it can find nothing to criticize in Russia's impudent interference in the life and government of every peaceful and friendly nation in the world with which it can establish contact."

"Perhaps it even approves Stalin's declaration: The American Communist Party must be improved and Bolshevized. For that end we must work in order to forge real revolutionary cadres and real revolutionary leadership of the proletariat, capable of leading the many millions of the American working class toward the revolutionary class struggle."

"Perhaps this is considered 'International Conciliation.' "

* Mr. Hearst was unaware of the use of the term "democracy".

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"The straight thinking American is apt to consider it something very different. He knows these Carnegie organizations, their mischievous vapors, their pestilent Un-Americanism, their incurable antagonism to every true and just aim of the United States."

"He despises their propaganda and their endowed publications which exist only to disseminate it."

"By such publications the Carnegie Endowment not only affronts the American reading public, but it discredits the press itself and the freedom which the latter enjoys under the Constitution." end of quote.

Mr. Hearst came to us again, March 11, 1935, with another broadside editorial, another half page. Listen to what he said this time:—

"Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University and President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace tells us how to *abolish the United States of America in the interests of Europe.*"

"In his report to the Directors of the fund which Andrew Carnegie left to promote the Europeanization of America under the mask of universal peace, Dr. Butler expounds quite frankly the astounding Anti-American propaganda that this organization is carrying on."

"This movement is for what Dr. Butler calls a *WORLD STATE.*"

"It is the most seditious proposition ever laid before the American public, *SEDITIONOUS* because it gives aid and comfort to the communist, the fascist and the nazist, absolute enemies of the very rock bottom principles on which our Government is founded."

"In this '*WORLD STATE*' America would be a country, yielding all our liberties and democratic institutions up to the despotic nations of Europe. Dr. Butler's vast scheme for kidnapping the mentality of American youth and delivering it over to the big shots of Europe consists, so he boasts, of indoctrinating our youth with Endowment literature through International Mind Alcoves, International Relations Clubs, and Children's International Mind Alcoves."

"There are now 352 such clubs in American Colleges (note: this was in 1935 and it is now 1954) and 100 clubs in high schools. The laboratory where this poisonous 'literature' emanates is at the Endowment offices 342 Madison Avenue, New York City."

Author's note: (it should be remembered that all the Carnegie cells have been transferred to the new location, across the street from the United Nations, First Avenue, New York City.)

But let us continue with the remarks from Mr. Hearst: Mr. Hearst states "Mr. Carnegie offers not peace but a sword."

"And that sword is aimed straight at the heart of American nationalism."

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"No paid agent of a European power was ever more brazen than this representative of the predatory big shots of Europe. When he (Butler) said that his proposition to make America a part of Europe is analogous to the welding together of the thirteen colonies into a whole."

"Dr. Butler hides the obvious fact that there has never been a 'WORLD STATE' sentiment in Europe. He hides the obvious fact that Europe is farther from a United States of Europe than ever in its history."

"He hides the obvious fact that after thousands of years of living next door to one another, the nations of Europe are nearer to butchering and poisoning one another in a final demoniac effort at mutual annihilation than ever before."

"If this hypocrisy, publicity panatoia or a deliberate betrayal of American interests to the foreign nations which have decorated, be-ribboned and super-degreed Dr. Butler until he, born an American, is now as international as the Marseilles water front."

Here Mr. Hearst gives the long list of honors and degrees conferred upon Dr. Butler, if you are interested it can be found in Who's Who in America. But we would like to emphasize the fact that Dr. Butler is also President for the Kahn Foundation for Foreign Travel for American Teachers, and the Watson Professor of American History at British Universities.

We continue the editorial: "And now this International Showcase for Decorations and Degrees tells us that the United States of America is through and that we should JOIN A WORLD STATE IN WHICH WE WILL BE THE TAX GATHERER, the GOAT, and the INEXHAUSTIBLE PLUM-TREE".

"A WORLD STATE today means either world communism or world fascism,—both of which are regressions, atavisms, completely at variance with the American spirit of personal liberty and national independence."

"The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace was founded by a sentimental Scotch crack-pot whose only use for America was what he could get out of it."

"In the hands of Nicholas Murray Butler, it has become a device for turning America back into a plundered colony of Europe."

"There is only one thing to be done with the Carnegie Endowment and that is for the United States Government to suppress it and sequester the funds for loyal purposes." end of quote.

On February 3, 1933, the Honorable George Holden Tinkham, Congressman from Massachusetts rose to his feet in the House of Representatives to urge the passage of a resolution for a congressional investigation of organizations spending money for the 'denationalization of the United meetings. When, however, we come to the question of the raw materials, it

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would mean that the United States would have to give our raw materials to the world, especially England, where there are virtually no raw materials, just a little coal and a little tin. England has to depend on her Empire for her raw materials, and if you will look back to the plan of Andrew Carnegie as enunciated in his book 'Triumphant Democracy' 1893 edition, the last chapter, 'Reunion of Britain and America or a Look Ahead' you will find the basis of this proposal. Later on in this book you will learn of Carnegie's plan. It is essential, however, that if you wish to look up the question, you must get the 1893 edition as this chapter has been deleted in subsequent editions.

In furtherance of his plan, Dr. Butler called a meeting October 4, 1935 at the Mc Millen Theatre. It was a gathering of the so-called Peace Societies and the formation of the National Peace Conference.

Among those attending were Newton D. Baker, Robert S. Morris, University of Pennsylvania; Senator Pope, Henry L. Stimson, Thomas J. Watson, (International Business Machines and Carnegie Trustee), Miss Josephine Schain; John Nevin Sayre; William T. Stone; Walter Van Kirk; Dr. James T. Shotwell; Clark M. Eichelberger; Dr. Esther C. Brunauer; Evans Clark; Dr. Stephen Duggan; Charles G. Fenwick; Mrs. Henry L. Fradkin; Mr. Henry S. Haskell; Herbert S. Houston; Prof. Manley O. Hudson; Mrs. Hannah Clothier Hull; Prof. Philip C. Jessup; Thomas W. Lamont; Dr. William P. Merrill; Miss Henrietta Roelofs; Dr. James Brown Scott; Mrs. Estelle M. Sternberger; Norman Thomas; Prof. Quincy Wright; Gordon Watts and others. Their plans were based on the Chatham House Conference.

On December 19, 1935, this National Peace Group called a conference at the Westchester Country Club, Rye, New York. It was a three day conference, secret but somehow the "New York American" learned about it and reported on the events.

They found that it was financed by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, that left wing and radical pamphlets were distributed, that twenty-nine organizations were participating, that John Nevin Sayre, whose brother Francis B. Sayre was under secretary at the State Department, Washington, was chosen Chairman, that Dr. Butler and Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick were chosen honorary Vice Presidents, although they were not present. Walter W. Van Kirk of the Federal Council of Churches was named a Director, Dr. James T. Shotwell and Clark M. Eichelberger of the League of Nations Society were elected to the Steering Committee."

"Frederick J. Libby of the National Council for the Prevention of War was one of the most important speakers. Mr. Libby declared members should

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go all the way with him, 'the full way', in the cause of peace, but should also devise a plan for the abolition of the entire munitions industry." States'. Congressman Tinkham assailed Dr. Butler in positive terms as seditious, traitor, as well as the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and the Rockefeller Foundation.

Declaring that Dr. Butler was disloyal and seditious, Mr. Tinkham said, "there will be no peace on the American continent unless he (Butler) retires to England or fights the second battle of Bunker Hill. He also described Andrew Carnegie as alien born and alien minded.

Mr. Tinkham also told the Congress that the vast expenditure of money and the dissemination of propaganda were now being employed by seditious groups. Warning that we would be embroiled in the quarrels of Europe, Mr. Tinkham named the Carnegie Corporation with its \$125,000,000.00 fund, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace with its \$10,000,000.00 fund and the Rockefeller Foundation with its \$165,000,000.00 fund as the largest promoters of foreign policy. The two leading lights named by Mr. Tinkham were Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and Professor James T. Shotwell, whom he termed an expatriated British subject. We will hear more of Mr. Shotwell later but for the moment let us leave him as a Carnegie Trustee.

Also asking for the investigation of these funds were the late Hon. Louis T. Mc Fadden of Pennsylvania and the Hon. Martin J. Sweeney of Ohio. To these valiant men was turned a deaf ear, but with much struggling and an Alger Hiss we finally had the Cox Bill. This Bill was for the investigation of the tax exempt foundations, unfortunately Congressman Cox died. After some delay the investigation was turned over to Congressman Carrol Reece of Tennessee. Hearings have been held, but the behaviour of Congressman Hayes of Ohio has impeded progress. The foundations have not taken kindly to these investigations, they would much prefer the American people looked upon them as great philanthropists than to have it known that these monies were being used to destroy this great country in the interests of a world government. They hide under a very clever cloak for they would have you believe that this is all for peace, to stop war, but the wars go on and more and more American boys are sent to an untimely grave.

Had these foundations been investigated we might not have had World War II, we might not have had a 'police action' in Korea, we would not have a staggering debt as a mill stone around our necks, we would not be facing World War III; we would not have a United Nations which we, the American people, are being taxed to support. We, more important than all else, would not be battling to preserve our sovereignty, for all these things

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are but the outcome of the conniving of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

The New York Sunday News, June 18, 1944 gave us further warning, it too was unheeded. For your information it is here quoted;—"Major elements of President Roosevelt's plan for a post war security organization, it developed today, are on the model of a 'community of states' blue print drafted under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace by two hundred prominent Americans and Canadians—seventy eight of them college presidents or professors."

"Points of similarity are (1) a council composed of the Big Four Powers at the start; (2) a general assembly of all nations; (3) use of force to keep the peace by joint action of interested nations rather than through the world organization; (4) an international court of justice to deal with legal disputes. Both plans seek to allay opposition by insisting that cooperation to keep the peace would not violate a nation's sovereignty . . ."

When England was in the doldrums in 1921 they called on Mr. Butler for help and advice, what were they to do? Mr. Butler found an idea, he voiced it to the Pilgrim Society (this is the society comprising those who believe this country and England should be one) at their annual meeting. His idea was that he would like to see an Asiatic combine, the Pan-American Union, the Balkan Combine, and the United States of Europe as a prelude to a world government, it was easier, said Mr. Butler, to draw together three or four component parts of the world than fifty or sixty nations."

Look around, watch Mr. Dulles, can you not see this plan in the making? Watch the South Pacific.

Acting on this plan Mr. Butler, as Chairman of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, called a meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce, the International Labor Office, and the Carnegie Peace society at Chatham House, London, England, March 5-7th, 1935. Here we had the capitalist, the labor and the peace groups represented. The proposed plan was what we have day in and day out on the television and radio, as well as in the press and the pulpit. It was a plan for World Government, World Police, World Currency and the redistribution of the raw materials of the world.

Would this benefit the United States, and if so how? World Government means giving to others the control of our country, world police means sending American boys to the far corners of the world to keep the people under control, it means more and more Korea police actions, world currency means merging the dollar with the currencies of the pound. True, indeed, that the American dollar is not worth its full value today, but under world

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currency it might be worth very much less, it could even be put down to the value of five cents as we were warned at the time of the Bretton Woods

It must be remembered that in 1928 Mr. Libby was summoned before the House Naval Affairs Committee to explain his 'deliberate misrepresentation' of the Coolidge Navy Building program. Note, also, that Mrs. Thomas Lamont was a large contributor to Mr. Libby's organization.

The plan was to strangle the billion dollar navy bill by having attached to it a billion dollar rider for housing. (A rider being an issue outside the main subject and often used to pass or defeat these measures in Congress.)

A national radio campaign for INTERNATIONALISM was planned, prominent men and women, whose names were not connected with the conference were selected for the broadcasting. Eddie Cantor and Irving Cobb were proposed for their low class appeal" (Undoubtedly an expression to mean popular appeal.) They hoped to challenge the appeals to Nationalism.

A second meeting was planned to be held in Philadelphia, Pa., January 4, 1936.

In the "Herald Tribune," New York City, September 23, 1937 Dr. Butler is quoted as stating:—"Fascism is the threat to Democracy. It is customary for people to think of Russia as their chief enemy. *They are wrong*—Fascism has a seductive power that Communism does not have."

The "New York American," New York City in its issue of March, 1937 quotes Dr. Butler as saying:—"the isms have checked the spread of democracy in the Western World, a World Police Force and genuine World Organization are the only effective means of preventing war. The Democratic peoples must stand together."

During the campaign of 1936 Dr. Butler urged a coalition with Frank Lowden, Republican (a Carnegie Trustee) and Newton D. Baker, Democrat as Vice President. For such a coalition three things were needed (1) An international monetary unit; (2) removal of barriers to world trade; (3) International consultation to prevent war. A second coalition suggested was Robert A. Taft, as President and Lewis Douglas of Arizona, as Vice-President. It is well to note that Mr. Taft was a Carnegie Trustee and Lewis Douglas was British minded.

Lord Cecil, a Carnegie Trustee of the British branch, came to this country, he wanted to know if this country would join a new League of Nations, he said he came to talk to American societies about world peace and he wanted to know if this country was prepared to join a European pact to which reductions of tariffs would be allied. He wanted to know if the President would reinspire a call for a disarmament conference.

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A formal luncheon was given in his honor at the Hotel Astor, New York City, November 19, 1937. It was sponsored by Church Peace Union, the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches and the League of Nations Association. There were over seven hundred guests present, many of the clergy, Nicholas Murray Butler was one of the principal speakers, I was present, I heard him utter these ominous words:—"National Governments must go in the interest of World Government, World Police and World Currency." What does it matter whether one uses force and violence or sinister propoganda to overthrow this country? Is the crime or the treason any the less?

Church Peace Union was set up in 1910 by Andrew Carnegie with a two million dollar fund, it in turn set up the World Alliance for International Friendship through the churches as well as the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Under this category falls the National Catholic Welfare Council, although Archbishop Noll of Fort Wayne writes that Rockefeller money rather than Carnegie money has been used in this organization. It really does not matter for according to the Carnegie Year Book, 1934 when the Carnegie and Rockefeller foundations found that they were doing the same work, they joined forces.

When Dr. Butler resigned the Chairmanship of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, John Foster Dulles became its chairman, in this capacity he appointed Alger Hiss to the Presidency of the organization. One must remember that Alger Hiss was defended in his first trial by John Foster Dulles, and also that he was imprisoned for perjury and not because he was a communist or a traitor. I do not regard Alger Hiss as a communist, as we think of them, but rather as one who was promoting communism as a means of destroying national government. He was a paid hireling, serving his masters. The aim of the Master being World Government, and the record will show that John Foster Dulles has been a promoter of world government for many years, that he has worked through and with the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Reference to the records of the Delaware Conference under the Conference for a Just and Durable Peace will establish this fact beyond a question of doubt. The Conference was organized at Atlantic City in 1940.

Much more could be said of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and the un-American activities of the late Dr. Butler but there are other things which must be brought to your attention. Things you should know if we are to save our country and our sovereignty.

Excerpt from, "AND MEN WEPT" by Catherine Palfrey Baldwin, Our Publications, New York, 28, N. Y. 1954. Permission given to reprint by Miss B. Baldwin.

CHRONOLOGY—Movement of
ESTABLISHMENTS

- 1780—1800 FROM ENGLAND, Sunday School Movement, TICORE—National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. Missionary—Evangelical Movement—World Council of Churches.
- 1780 AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY—DEMOCRATIC SOCIETIES (American Jacobins).
- 1820 FROM ENGLAND—Freethinking Movement, changed American Education with support of Working-Man's Party, forerunner of Unions.
- 1831 Western Institute of College and Professional Teachers.
- 1831 American Institute of Instruction.
- 1831 American Lyceum.
- 1832 The American Sunday School. First Int'l Sunday School Convention.
- 1849 American Association for the Advancement of Education beginning of the National Education Association organization.
- 1857 National Teachers' Association (National Education Association claims its origin with this organization).
- 1857 Peabody Education Fund, fore-runner of FOUNDATIONS.
- 1872 First National Sunday School Convention. International Sunday School Association.
- 1872 Chautauqua.
- 1876 From England, Ethical Culture Movement.
- 1891 From England, World Congress Auxiliary.
- 1893 WORLD PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.
- 1893 INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF EDUCATION.
- 1902 GENERAL EDUCATION BOARD. (Rockefeller Foundation).

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- 1903 RELIGIOUS EDUCATION ASSOCIATION.
- 1905 CARNEGIE FOUNDATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF TEACHING.
- 1905 International Sunday School Association chartered by Act of Congress.
- 1906 National Education Association chartered by Act of Congress.
- 1908 FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA.
- 1909 First WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE.
- 1910 CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE.
- 1914 CHURCH PEACE UNION.
- 1918 COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS.
- 1919 PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE.
- 1919 THE INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS FOUNDED, composed of two branches, one in the United Kingdom and one in the United States, which merged with the Council of Foreign Relations.
- 1920 AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION.
- 1921 A NEW COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS was incorporated.
- 1922 TICORE, The Int'l Council of Religious Education became Nat. Council of Churches 1950.
- 1942 CED, COMMITTEE FOR ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT.
- 1942 UNITED NATIONS COMMITTEE.
- 1945 UNITED NATIONS.
- 1950 NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN THE U.S.A.
- 1954 COM, COMMITTEE OF ONE MILLION AGAINST THE ADMISSION OF COMMUNIST CHINA TO THE UNITED NATIONS.
- 1954 COUNCIL FOR BASIC EDUCATION.
- 1958 JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY.
- 1962 ESTABLISHMENTS EXPOSED (Intellectual Apparatus of the International Conspiracy) Article printed in the Congressional Record, May 1 and 2, 1962.

COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS.

Members listed in Addenda material.

ALDRICH, Winthrop	FRANKFURTER, Felix
ANGELL, James W.	GAILBRAITH, J. Kenneth
AYDELOTTE, Frank	GARDNER, John W.
BAKER, Ray Stannard	GERARD, James W.
BARNOUW, Adriaan J.	GIFFORD, Walter S.
BLISS, Robert Woods	GREW, Joseph C.
BOWMAN, Isaiah	GULICK, Sidney L.
BOWLES, Chester	HISS, Alger
BRADEN, Spruille	HOFFMAN, Paul G.
BROWN, Elmer E.	HOLLAND, Kenneth G.
BRUCE, David K.E.	HOOVER, Herbert
BUNCHE, Ralph J.	HOUSE, Edward M.
BURNS, Arthur F.	HUGHES, Charles E.
CANBY, Henry Seidel	HUTCHINSON, B.E.
CARTER, Edward C.	KINGSBURY, Dr. John A.
CHAMBERLAIN, Joseph P.	KISSINGER, Henry A.
CONANT, James B.	LEACH, Henry Goddard
DAVIS, John W.	LUCE, Henry R.
DICKEY, John S.	McCLOY, John J.
DONOVAN, William J.	McKEE, Frederick C.
DOUGLAS, Lewis W.	NIEHBUR, Rev. Reinhold
DUGGAN, Stephen P.	OLDHAM, Rt. Rev. G. Ashton
DULLES, Allen W.	PEABODY, George Foster
DULLES, John Foster	ROCKEFELLER, Nelson A.
FAUNCE, William H.P.	ROOT, Elihu
FOLKS, Homer	RUSK, Dean
FOLSOM, Marion B.	SHEPARDSON, Whitney

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SHISKIN, Boris	VILLARD, Oswald Garrison
SHOTWELL, James T.	WARD, Harry F.
SHUSTER, George N.	WATSON, Thomas J.
SPROUL, Robert G.	WICKERSHAM, George W.
STASSON, (Stassen), Harold E.	WHITNEY, John Hay
STIMPSON, Henry L.	WILBUR, Ray Lyman
TELLER, Edward	
VAN KIRK, Rev. Walter W.	Note: Many of the above
VAN DUSEN, Rev. Henry P.	are deceased.

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SYMBOLS used in Addenda

Numbers 1–30 indicate Radical Organizations listed on page 433.

*	Indicates member of COUNCIL ON FOREIGN RELATIONS.
AO	<i>AMERICAN OPINION</i> , Publication
ACLU	American Civil Liberties Union
CED	Committee for Economic Development, dual device of CFR
CFR	Council on Foreign Relations
COM	Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations
CPU	Church Peace Union
E (E)	Establishment
F	FOUNDATIONS:
CEIP	Carnegie Endowment for International Peace
CFAT	Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching
F	Ford Foundation
FFAE	Fund for the Advancement of Education
GEB	General Education Board
R	Rockefeller Foundation
FCC	Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America
NAACP	National Association for the Advancement of Colored People
NCC	National Council of Churches of Christ in the United States of America
N–E	New Establishment (non or anti Establishment) counter device of the Establishment
NLC–NCC	National Lay Committee of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the United States of America
REA	Religious Education Association
WHC	White House Conferences
WPR	World Parliament of Religions

DOCUMENTATION OF THE CO-MINGLING OF THE ESTABLISHMENTS—THE MAIN ORGANIZATIONS AND AFFILIATES with the “non” NEW ESTABLISHMENT, supposedly a counter to the ESTABLISHMENT, sometimes identified as “conservatives.”

- ADDAMS, Jane (E), NAACP, 1909; Nobel Peace Prize winner, shared honors with Nicholas Murray Butler, 1931; World Fellowship of Faiths, League of Nations Non-Partisan Assoc.
- *ALDRICH, Winthrop W., F GEB, R; Business Advisory Council, Ambassador to England, 1953-57, Com. for the Marshall Plan to Aid European Recovery.
- ALEXANDER, Dr. Sadie T.M., NLC—NCC, ACLU.
- *BAKER, Ray Stannard, Attended first meeting of NAACP, 1909.
- *BLISS, Robert Wood, COM, Signer of Declaration of Atlantic Unity.
- *BOWLES, Chester, (E), F R; Dept. of State, Signer of Declaration of Atlantic Unity.
- *BOWMAN, Isaiah, NEA, Trustee, World Peace Foundation.
- *BRADEN, Spruille, (N—E), John Birch Society (resigned) Council.
- *BROWN, Elmer E., NEA, Commissioner of Education.
- *BRUCE, David K.E., Com. for Effective Use of the Int'l Court, 1960; Ambassador to England, 1961-2.
- BUCKLEY, William F., Jr., (N—E) COM—Supposed to be a Conservative but acts as a Judas Goat to lure the uninformed into New (non) Establishment networks; Am-Asian Educational Exchange, Inc.
- *BUNCHE, Ralph J., NAACP, (Com. of 100); NEA, member of Educational Policies Comm., 1954; F F, FFAE, League for Industrial Democracy Award “for men and women who have served the cause of Democracy”; Institute of Pacific Relations, Advertising Council Public Policy Co., WHC 1955, Am. Assoc. United Nations, Inst. of Int'l Education,

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endorsed Classics of Democracy, Under secretary of the United Nations, Awarded Nobel Peace Prize, 1950.

- *BURNS, Arthur F., (E) Rockefeller Panel study for both Republican and Democratic Platforms, 1960. Also included; Dean Rusk, Henry Kissinger, Henry R. Luce and Oveta Culp Hobby. Research Assoc. of the Nat. Bur. of Economic Research; President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisors, 1953-6 and ch. Advisory Bd. on Economic Growth and Stability under Eisenhower; Advisory Com. (Pres. Kennedy), on Labor Management; Nixon's Policy Advisory Group, 1960.
- BUTLER, Nicholas Murray (E) President of NEA '95, REA, 1903, V.P.; F CEIP, CFAT; Carnegie Corp., one of the founders of the Inst. of Int'l Education; Pres. Am. Aux. to the Int'l Com. on Moral Education NEA, 1911; member of Committee on Ten-College Entrance Examination Bd., Int'l Council on Education, REA, Council, 1907-1912; NEA, Bd. of Trustees, Exec. Com., Bd. of Directors, Life Director. See excerpt, Chapter III, *And Men Wept*, ADDENDA, p. 000.
- CADMAN, Rev. S. Parkes, REA '03; Pres. FCC; World Fellowship of Faiths.
- CARNEGIE, Andrew, F CEB.
- COLEGROVE, Prof. Kenneth, COM, AO, Am. Asian Educational Exchange, Inc.
- *CONANT, James B., CED, F CFAT, OEM, 1942 Office of Scientific Research and Development; Ch. National Defense Research Committee; Advertising Council Public Policy Com.
- *DAVIS, John W., One of the original members of CFR and Honorary Pres.; F R, CEIP, GEB; English Speaking Union, League of Nations Non-Partisan Assoc., Am. Assoc. United Nations, Ambassador to Great Britain, 1918-21.
- *DICKEY, John S., F R; OEM, 1942 Spec. Assist. to Coordinator, Nelson A. Rockefeller, Office of Coordinator of Inter-Am. Affairs; member Bd. of Economic Operations, U.S. State Dept. (Dean Acheson Ch.) 1942; Acting Chief Div. of World Trade Intelligence, State Dept. 1942; member of President's (Truman) Com. on Civil Rights, 1946.

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- *DONOVAN, Gen. William J., COM, Coordinator of Information, 1942; Signer of Declaration of Atlantic Unity.
- *DOUGLAS, Lewis W., English Speaking Union, F GEB, R; Ambassador to England, 1947-50; OEM, 1942; Atlantic Institute.
- *DULLES, Allen W., Long record in the government from 1916 in diplomatic posts; Com. for the Marshall Plan to Aid European Recovery, Dir. Central Intelligence Agency.
- *DULLES, John Foster, FCC, NLC-NCC, F GEB, CEIP, F, Ch. of gathering which formed Commission of Churches in Int'l Affairs, Nat. Advisory Council on Int'l Monetary and Financial Problems.
EDISON, Charles Edison, AO, COM, Am. Asian Educational Exchange, Inc., National Municipal League.
- EISENHOWER, Milton, F FFAE, OEM, 1942; member, Pres. Advisory Com. on Government Reorganization with Arthur S. Flemming, 1953.
- *FAUNCE, Pres. W.H.P., Brown University, REA, 1903, member invitation com. of first Convention, CPU, FCC.
FLEMMING, Arthur S. a vice pres., NCC 1950; WHC, 1960; Commissioner of Civil Service Commission; OEM, 1942; Sec'y HEW, 1959; Peace Corps Nat. Advisory Com.
- *FOLSOM, Marion B., CED, Comm. on Intergovernmental Relations, 1954; Sec'y HEW, 1955; Nixon's Policy Group, 1960.
FOSDICK, Rev. Harry Emerson, FCC, ACLU, NAACP, (Com. of 100); F R, Petition to Eliminate House Un-American Activities Committee, Peace Race Campaign.
- *FRANKFURTER, Felix, (E), ACLU, Nat. Consumers League.
- *GAILBRAITH, J. Kenneth (E), OEM, 1942, Office of Price Administration.
- *GARDNER, John W., Carnegie Corp., WHC, Signer of the Declaration of Atlantic Unity, Member U.S. Adv. Commission on Int'l and Cultural Affairs.
GIBBONS, Cardinal James, WPR, CPU, Among honorary v. presidents of the International Congress of Education.
- *GIFFORD, Walter S., F R, GEB, FFAE, Ambassador to England, 1950-53.

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- GOLDWATER, Barry, Identified with "non" NE groups such as COM. He acts as a Judas Goat promoting "conservative" causes and affiliating with them. National Municipal League.
- *GREW, Joseph C., COM. Am. Asian Educational Exchange, Inc.
- GRISWOLD, Erwin N., Fund for the Republic, Com. for Effective Use of the Int'l Court.
- *GULICK, Rev. Sidney L., FCC, Nat. Comm. on the Churches and World Peace. Among speakers at NEA and Int'l Congress of Education, meetings, Oakland, Calif., 1915.
- HARPER, William Rainey, WPR, NEA, Pres. Nat. Council, 1903; REA, 1903, Ch. Ex. Bd.; F GEB, CFAT: First Pres. of the University of Chicago, Chautauqua; Int'l Assoc. for The Advancement of Science, Arts and Education, 1900.
- HAVIGHURST, Robert J., F GEB, TICORE, member of adv. com. on research (no record of appointment or election to the Council); Petition to Eliminate House Un-American Activities Com., WHC, Int'l Sponsor to Mid-Century Conf. for Peace, Head of Nat. Soc. for the Study of Education. Affiliated with many radical groups.
- HIRSCH, Emil, WPR, NAACP, 1909, CPU.
- *HISS, Alger, F CEIP, Am. Assoc. United Nations; Com. For the Marshall Plan to Aid European Recovery.
- HOBBY, Oveta Culp, (E) CED, WHC, Comm. on Intergovernmental Relations, Advisory Council, Peace Corps Career Planning Board; Sec'y Department of HEW, (first secretary, 1953), Tr. American Assembly.
- *HOFFMAN, Paul G., CED, F F, Fund For the Republic, Am. Assoc. United Nations, American Council, Inst. of Pacific Relations; Advertising Council Public Policy Com.
- HOLLAND, Kenneth G., Pres. Inst. of Int'l Education, OEM, 1942; U.S. Delegation, UNESCO Conf., London 1945, (technical consultant), Paris 1946 (member).
- HOLMAN, Frank E., NLC-NCC, AO.
- HOOK, Prof. Sidney, NAACP, COM, League for Industrial Democracy Award for "serving the cause of Democracy".
- *HOOVER, Herbert, COM, Americans for Constitutional Action, World Fellowship of Faiths, Ch. Com. on Organiza-

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- tion of the Executive Branch of Government, 1948.
- *HOUSE, Edward M., Advisor to Woodrow Wilson, exerted much influence in diplomatic affairs.
 - *HUGHES, Charles Evans, (E), F R, Chief Justice of the United States, 1917-21; Sec'y of State, 1921-25, National Municipal League.
HUGHES, Bishop Edwin Holt, REA, 1903; FCC, TICORE, F CFAT.
 - *HUTCHINSON, B.E., NLC-NCC, AO.
JUDD, Hon. Walter H., M.D., NLC-NCC, COM, Am. Asian Educational Exchange, Inc.
 - *KISSINGER, Henry, (E).
 - *LUCE, Henry R., (E) COM, Am. Council for the Int'l Promotion of Democracy Under God, Inst. of Pacific Relations, Com. for Effective Use of the Int'l Court.
 - *McCLOY, John J., (E) F F, Carnegie Corp. Com. For Effective Use of the Int'l Court, Advertising Council, Public Policy Com..
 - *McKEE, Frederick C., COM, Com. For the Marshall Plan to Aid European Recovery, 1947; Am. Asian Educational Exchange, Inc., Am. Assoc. United Nations.
MAGILL, Hugh S., NEA, TICORE, First General Sec'y, TICORE, 1922, Bd. of Tr., Int'l Training School for Sunday School Leaders 1950.
MEANY, George, COM, Am. Assoc. United Nations. League of Ind. Democracy Award, for "serving the cause of Democracy."
 - MENJOU, Adolph, COM, AO.
 - MILLER, J. Irwin, CED, NLC-NCC.
 - *PEABODY, George Foster, F GEB.
PEALE, Rev. Norman Vincent, (NE) COM, TICORE, 1950, member Com. on Revised Standard Version Bible Observance.
PEW, J. Howard, NLC-NCC, AO.
 - *ROCKEFELLER, Nelson A., (E), OEM, 1942, (Coordinator); Bd. of Economic Warfare, 1942, member (only citizen member).
 - *ROOT, Elihu, Hon. Pres. CFR; FCC, F CEIP, Carnegie Corp.,

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Founder (one of three) Inst. of Int'l Education. The other two were Stephen Duggan, and Nicholas Murray Butler. Sec'y of War, 1899-1904, Sec'y of State, 1904-09. Helped draw up plans for the World Court set up in Geneva, 1921. Nobel Prize Winner, 1912.

*RUSK, Dean (E) F R, GEB.

SAXON, O. Glenn, NLC-NCC, COM, Am. Asian Educational Exchange, Inc.

*SHEPARDSON, Whitney, Carnegie Corp., F GEB.

*SHISKIN, Mr. Boris B., NLC-NCC, economist, Am. Fed. of Labor; Advertising Council Public Policy Com.

*SHOTWELL, James T., F CEIP; Am. Assoc. United Nations.

*SMITH, H. Alexander, COM.

*SPROUL, Robert G., CED, COM, F GEB, R, CFAT; Inst. of Pacific Relations, Ch. Am. Council.

*STASSEN, Harold E., TICORE, Pres. 1950; NCC, Vice Pres., 1950; NLC-NCC.

TAFT, Charles P., CED, FCC, pres.; NCC, vice-pres., 1950; OEM, 1942; State Dept., Ch. Advisory Com. on Voluntary Foreign Aid, Int'l Cooperation Adm.; Ch. Friends of the World Council of Churches; member council, Nat. Municipal League, National Security Agency.

TARBELL, Ida M., (E), World Fellowship of Faiths.

*TELLER, Edward, identified as "non" Establishment. Operates in the New Establishment (NE).

VILLAUME, Rev. William J., FCC, TICORE, NCC, WHC.

*VAN KIRK, Rev. Walter W., FCC, NCC.

*WATSON, Thomas J., TICORE, F CEIP; Am. Assoc. United Nations, League of Nations Non-Partisan Assoc.

WEDEMEYER, Gen. Albert, COM, AO.

WEIGLE, Rev. Luther A., FCC, TICORE, Ch. Standard Bible Com., Ch. Planning Com. for NCC; NCC.

*WICKERSHAM, George W., Among the organizers of CFR; FCC, Attorney General of U.S., 1909; Am. Assoc. United Nations, Am. Ch., English Speaking Union.

*WHITNEY, John H., CED, OEM, 1942; League of Nations Non-Partisan Assoc., Ambassador to England, 1957-61.

INTERLOCKING AFFILIATES—
RADICAL ORGANIZATIONS—ESTABLISHMENTS

*Members of CFR, Council on Foreign Relations

- 1 ABOLISH DIES COMMITTEE as a step toward victory in 1943: *Adriann J. Barnouw, George A. Coe, Theodore Dreiser, *Dr. John A. Kingsbury, Bishop F.J. McConnell, *Bishop G. Ashton Oldham, Michael Quill, *Harry F. Ward, Mary E. Woolley, Max Yergan.
- 2 AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR PROTECTION OF FOREIGN BORN: Theodore Dreiser, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Michael Quill, *Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen, *Oswald Garrison Villard, *Dr. Harry F. Ward, Dr. Mary E. Woolley, Dr. Max Yergan.
- 3 AMERICAN FRIENDS OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE: Paul H. Douglas, *Rt. Rev. G. Ashton Oldham, Mary E. Woolley, Max Yergan.
- 4 AMERICAN LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND DEMOCRACY: Roger Baldwin, George A. Coe, Theodore Dreiser, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, *Rev. Reinhold Niebuhr, Rev. Worth M. Tippy, *Harry F. Ward, Max Yergan.
- 5 AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS WITH RUSSIA: John Dewey, *Stephen P. Duggan, David Starr Jordan, *Harry F. Ward.
- 6 AMERICAN PUSHKIN COMMITTEE: *Edward C. Carter, *Henry Seidel Canby, *Joseph P. Chamberlain, John Dewey, Theodore Dreiser, *Stephen P. Duggan, John Haynes Holmes, *John A. Kingsbury, *Henry Goddard Leach, Archibald MacLeish, *Oswald Garrison Villard.
- 7 AMERICAN ROUND TABLE ON INDIA: Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, *Dr. A.J. Barnouw, *Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, Gifford Pinchot, Dr. Mary E. Woolley.
- 8 AMERICAN YOUTH CONGRESS: Roger N. Baldwin, Paul H. Douglas, Archibald MacLeish, *George N. Shuster, *Oswald Garrison Villard, *Dr. Harry F. Ward, Mary E. Woolley.

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- 9 CITIZENS COMMITTEE TO FREE EARL BROWDER:
Roger Baldwin, Theodore Dreiser, Michael Quill,
*Oswald Garrison Villard, *Dr. Harry F. Ward, Dr. Max
Yergan.
- 10 COORDINATING COMMITTEE TO LIFT THE
EMBARGO: *Dr. John A. Kinsbury, Bishop Francis J.
McConnell, *Rev. Reinhold Niebuhr, Michael J. Quill,
Rev. Worth Tippy, *Oswald Garrison Villard, *Harry F.
Ward, Mary E. Woolley, Max Yergan.
- 11 CRITICS OF THE SENATE FACT-FINDING COMMITTEE
ON UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES, California: *Harry
F. Ward, Mary E. Woolley.
- 12 FRIDAY MAGAZINE: Theodore Dreiser, Michael Quill,
*Harry F. Ward, Max Yergan.
- 13 FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION: John Haynes
Holmes, *Rev. Reinhold Niebuhr, *Dr. Harry F. Ward,
Dr. Mary Woolley.
- 14 FILM AUDIENCES FOR DEMOCRACY: *James W.
Angell, Theodore Dreiser, Dr. Worth M. Tippy, Mary E.
Woolley.
- 15 FRIENDS OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN BRIGADE:
Archibald MacLeish, Dr. Mary E. Woolley, Max Yergan.
- 16 GREATER N.Y. EMERGENCY CONFERENCE ON IN-
ALIENABLE RIGHTS: Roger N. Baldwin, Prof. Mary
E. Woolley, Max Yergan.
- 17 JOINT ANTI-FASCIST REFUGEE COMMITTEE: *Dr.
Henry Seidel Canby, *Mr. Homer Folks, Mr. Michael
Quill, Dr. Mary E. Woolley, Dr. Max Yergan.
- 18 LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WRITERS: Theodore Dreiser,
*Harry F. Ward.
- 19 METHODIST FEDERATION FOR SOCIAL SERVICE:
Bishop Francis J. McConnell, *Harry F. Ward, Rev.
Worth M. Tippy.
- 20 NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR AMERICAN SOVIET
FRIENDSHIP: *Dr. Frank Adelotte, *Homer Folks,
*Hon. James W. Gerard, Michael Quill, *Dr. Harry F.
Ward, *Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, Dr. Mary E. Woolley,
Dr. Max Yergan.

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- 21 NATIONAL EMERGENCY CONFERENCE FOR DEMOCRATIC RIGHTS: Prof. Paul Douglas, *Oswald Garrison Villard, *Harry F. Ward, Mary E. Woolley.
- 22 NATIONAL FEDERATION FOR CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTIES: George A. Coe, Theodore Dreiser, Michael J. Quill, *Oswald Garrison Villard, *Dr. Harry F. Ward, Mary E. Woolley, Max Yergan.
- 23 OPEN LETTER TO GOVERNOR DEWEY: Michael J. Quill, *Oswald Garrison Villard, *Prof. Harry F. Ward, Mary E. Woolley.
- 24 PEOPLE'S PEACE: *Oswald Garrison Villard, *Dr. Harry F. Ward, Mary E. Woolley, Max Yergan.
- 25 PROTESTANTISM ANSWERS HATE: Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Dr. Daniel A. Poling, Mary E. Woolley.
- 26 SCHNEIDERMAN—DARCY DEFENSE COMMITTEE: "Only stupid people or traitors to the United States would lend their names to such a brazen organization." P. 358 4th Report, Un-American Activities in California, 1948. Prof. George A. Coe, Theodore Dreiser, Dr. Mary E. Woolley, Dr. Max Yergan.
- 27 UNITED CHRISTIAN COUNCIL FOR DEMOCRACY: Bishop Francis J. McConnell, *Rev. Reinhold Niebuhr, *Dr. Harry F. Ward.
- 28 U.S.—SOVIET FRIENDSHIP RALLIES: *Hon. James W. Gerard, Rt. Rev. Henry K. Sherrill, Dr. Mary E. Woolley, Dr. Max Yergan.
- 29 WAR RESISTERS LEAGUE: Bishop Francis J. McConnell, *Rev. Reinhold Niebuhr, *Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen, Dr. Mary E. Woolley.
- 30 WASHINGTON COMMITTEE TO LIFT THE SPANISH EMBARGO: *Henry Seidel Canby, John Dewey, Theodore Dreiser, *John A. Kingsbury, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Rev. Daniel A. Poling, *Henry L. Stimson, *Harry F. Ward, Mary E. Woolley.

Addenda

The following individuals supporting radical causes were included in COM, The Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations: Senator Paul Douglas, Dr. Daniel A. Poling and Max Yergan.

Those affiliated with the (FCC) Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America were: Rev. Henry A. Atkinson, *Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, *Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, Dr. Worth M. Tippy, *Rev. Henry P. Van Dusen, *Rev. Harry F. Ward, Dr. Mary E. Woolley.

SOME INDIVIDUALS INVOLVED IN RADICAL—ESTABLISHMENTS NETWORKS

*ANGELL, JAMES W., 14.

ATKINSON, Rev. Henry, FCC, CPU, World Alliance for Int'l Friendship Thru Religion, Comm. to Study the Organization of Peace, Com. on Ecumenical Conference, 1920, representing the FCC; League of Nations Non-Partisan Assoc., 1923, delegate to Int'l Federation of Leagues of Nation Societies—Am. Assoc. United Nations, 1947—7, 25.

*AYDELLOTE, Frank, F—CFAT, World Peace Organization Trustee, Federal Union—20.

BALDWIN, Roger N., ACLU, NAACP, (Com. of 100); Nat. Council Against Conscription—4, 8, 9, 16.

*BARNOUW, Adriann J.,—1, 7.

*CANBY, Dr. Henry Seidel, ACLU, Petition to Eliminate House Un-American Activities Committee—6, 17.

*CARTER Edward C., Inst. of Pacific Relations—6.

*CHAMBERLAIN, Joseph P., Inst. of Pacific Relations—6.

COE, George E., REA, 1903 (recording sec'y); Methodist Federation for Social Action (very close to *Dr. Harry F. Ward); League For Ind. Political Action, Call to Mid-Century Conference for Peace (sponsor)—1, 4, 22, 26.

DEWEY, John, REA, 1903 (contributed to the Convention); L.I.D. Award for "serving the cause of democracy"; NEA, Honorary Life President; NAACP, 1909; ACLU, League For Ind. Political Action; World Fellowship of Faiths—5, 6, 30.

DOUGLAS, Paul H., COM, Steering Com.; L.I.D. Award, for

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- “serving the cause of democracy”; League For Ind. Political Action, a vice ch.—3, 8, 21.
- DREISER, Theodore, WHC, 1909—1, 2, 4, 6, 9, 12, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30.
- *DUGGAN, Stephen P., Inst. of Pacific Relations, Inst. of Int’l Education, one of the founders, 1919; World Peace Foundation—5, 6.
- *FOLKS, Homer, WHC, 1909 and 1930—17, 20.
- *GERARD, James W., CFR, Bd. of Governors; Signer of Declaration of Atlantic Unity—20, 28.
- HOLMES, John Haynes, ACLU, NAACP (Com. Of 100); Petition to Eliminate House Un-American Activities Com.; L.I.D. Award for serving the cause of democracy; sponsor Pledge Brotherhood Campaign, 1954; World Fellowship, Inc.; Nat. Consumers’ League (vice-pres.)—6, 13.
- JORDAN, David Starr, World Congress, Aux., advisory council, 1891; WPR, 1893; NEA, member, ’98, president, 1915; ACLU, Int’l Assn. for the Advancement of Science, Arts and Education, 1900, NEA-American Medical Assoc. Committee to study problems relating to public health, 1911; Nat. Council of Education, NEA, 1911; FCC, member of special com. promoting The World’s Social Progress Congress, 1915—5.
- *KINGSBURY, John A., Inst. of Pacific Relations—1, 6, 10, 30.
- *LEACH, Dr. Henry Goddard, FCC, CPU—6.
- MacLEISH, Archibald, NAACP (Com. of 100); Nat. Inst. of Arts and Letters, signed letter denouncing the Thomas Com. of Congress investigating un-American activities in America; OEM, director, Office of Facts and Figures; Librarian of Congress, 1939-44; Library of Congress Trust Fund Board; National Archives Council; Office of War Information, assist. director, 1942-3; Assist. Secretary of State, 1944-45; Ch. Am. Delegation, London Conf. to Draw up Constitution for UNESCO, 1945; Chm. Am. Del. 1st General Conf. UNESCO, Paris, 1946—6, 8, 15.
- McCONNELL, Bishop Francis J., FCC, CPU, Federal Union, World Fellowship, Inc.; World Fellowship of Faiths, World Social Progress Congress (FCC);—1, 2, 4, 10, 19, 25, 27.

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- *NEIBUHR, Dr. Reinhold, (E), FCC, NAACP (Com. of 100); Advertising Council, Public Policy Com.; Fund For the Republic, Consultant to the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions; Petition to Eliminate House Un-American Activities Com., United Christian Council for Democracy, League for Independent Political Action—4, 7, 13, 27, 29.
- *OLDHAM, Rev. G. Ashton, CPU, Nat. Com. on the Churches and World Peace—1, 3.
- PINCHOT, Gifford (E), REA, 1907, World Fellowship, Inc., World Fellowship of Faiths—7.
- POLING, Daniel A., COM, FCC, WHC, 1930; TICORE, 1922; Study Commission of the Inter-Church World Movement, on Organization of Peace, 1920; Laubach Literacy Fund, visiting delegate to the Convention of the NCC, 1950—25-30.
- QUILL, MICHAEL (N—E), 1, 2, 9, 10, 12, 17, 20, 22, 23.
- SHERRILL, Rt. Rev. Henry Knox, NCC. First President; United World Federalists, CPU, President's Committee on Civil Rights, 1946, 28.
- *SHUSTER, George N., NAACP (Com. of 100); Fund for the Republic, F—CEIP, Advertising Council, Public Policy Com.; Inst. of International Education, REA, 1957, pres.; Americans United for World Organizations, Inc., U.S. Dept. of State, general advisory committee, division of cultural relations, 1944-45; Am. Delegate, London Conf. on Int'l Education, 1945, del. to UNESCO Conf. Paris, 1946, UNICEF, Signer of Declaration of Atlantic Unity, Com. to Study the Organization for Peace, Com. For Effective Use of the Int'l Court—8.
- *STIMSON, Henry (E) Served as Sec. of War, 1911-1913 and 1940-45; sec. of state, 1929; Com. for the Marshall Plan to Aid European Recovery—30.
- TIPPY, Rev. Worth M., REA, 1903; FCC—4, 10, 14, 19.
- *VAN DUSEN, Rev. Henry P., FCC, F—R, GEB; Petition to Eliminate House Un-American Activities Committee, Fund for the Republic—2, 29.
- *VILLARD, Oswald Garrison, NAACP, 1909; ACLU—6, 8, 9, 10, 21, 22, 23, 24.

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- *WARD, Dr. Harry F., REA, 1903, FCC, ACLU—1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 27, 30.
- *WILBUR, Ray Lyman, WHC, 1930; F—R, GEB—20.
- WOOLLEY, Mary E., REA, 1903; NAACP, 1909, FCC, ACLU, World Fellowship of Faiths, World Fellowship, Inc., American woman delegate to disarmament conf. at Geneva; Inst. of Pacific Relations, League of Nations Non-Partisan Assoc.—1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30.
- YERGAN, Max, COM.—1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, 10, 12, 15, 16, 17, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28.

Footnote Page 340.

COM—COMMITTEE OF ONE MILLION AGAINST THE ADMISSION OF COMMUNIST CHINA TO THE UNITED NATIONS

This organization, Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations, was set up supposedly to keep Communist China out of the United Nations. Its real purpose was the co-mingling of radicals with conservatives and the Establishment. The Conservatives, somehow seem to follow a counter movement which might be labelled a New Establishment. They are neither rightists nor leftists but form organizations to absorb protestors to the left-liberal-radical networks of the Intellectual Apparatus (Establishment).

Conservatives will be anti-communist, but for democracy or the liberal religious faith. Some will expose the misuse of the term democracy when it is used to describe the government of the U.S. but use it as a “way of life.”

The Committee of One Million served two purposes, first it divided the citizens working to get the United States of America out of the United Nations and the United Nations out of the USA, and neutralized their programs; second it protected the United Nations on the soil of the USA and distracted others from patriotic projects and decoyed them into the New “non” Establishment networks.

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The members of the Steering Committee of COM included members of CFR and NCC. They were Joseph C. Grew, Sen. H. Alexander Smith and Mr. Frederick C. McKee, (CFR affiliates); Rep. Walter H. Judd, NCC. Senator Paul Douglas was involved in radical groups (See Addenda page 436). Among the members of COM were Robert Woods Bliss, Hon. William J. Donovan, Henry R. Luce, Robert G. Sproul, all members of CFR. Rev. Daniel A. Poling and Mr. Max Yergan whose affiliations are listed on Page 439 of this Addenda were also on COM. William F. Buckley, Jr., was listed. He published a magazine, *National Review* and many who were drawn into COM became involved in this venture as well as *American Opinion* another publication supposed to be conservative. Robert Welch the founder of the John Birch Society published *American Opinion*.

The interlock of *American Opinion* followed the pattern of COM, with the interlock of the National Council of Churches. And some who affiliated with COM moved into both *American Opinion* and the John Birch Society.

Three members of the National Lay Committee of NCC were Frank E. Holman, B.E. Hutchinson and J. Howard Pew. They were members of the Editorial Advisory Committee of AO.

The members of COM who were drawn in AO were: Laurence E. Bunker, Kenneth Colegrove, Charles Edison, J. Bracken Lee, Adolphe Menjou and A.C. Wedemeyer No members of CFR were connected with AO. Nor were there NCC affiliates directly involved in the John Birch Society. (See Addenda—John Birch Society, page 441.)

A similar core of individuals from COM appeared in 1960 on the National Review 5th Anniversary Committee. The National Review was first published by William F. Buckley, Jr. The pattern of decoy is evident in this Anniversary Committee. First enlisted in supposedly patriotic organizations (non Establishment), individuals are decoyed into other devices of the conspiracy disguised as “conservative,” “anti-communist” or “patriotic.”

The following individuals were drawn into COM and then

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became involved in Buckley's National Review Committee included: Murray Baron, Sen. Styles Bridges, Taylor Caldwell, Adm. Charles M. Cook, John Dos Passos, Max Eastman, Rev. B.A. Garside, *Joseph C. Grew, Sen. Barry Goldwater, Rep. Walter Judd, Mrs. Alfred Kohlberg, Marvin Liebman, William Loeb, Eugene Lyons, Adolphe Menjou, George S. Schuyler, Igor Sikorsky, Adm. Arthur Radford, Gen. James A. Van Fleet, Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer, and William L. White.

The NLC—NCC members on the committee were Adm. Ben Moreell and Rep. Walter H. Judd. Members of CFR included in the committee were Hon. Spruille Braden, Hon. Herbert Hoover, Lewis Strauss and Adm. Chester Ward.

Members of the John Birch Society Council were Rev. Richard Ginder, Dean Clarence Manion and Hon. Spruille Braden. Committee of Endorsers of the John Birch Society were Archibald Roosevelt and Roger Milliken.

Many individuals who affiliated with COM were decoyed into other so-called "conservative" groups unaware they were part of the Establishments.

Footnote Page 348.

JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY

The John Birch Society was reported to have been founded by Robert Welch at Indianapolis, Indiana, December 1958. Two of the members of the Council were affiliates of the Council on Foreign Relations. Hon. Spruille Braden, a former assistant Secretary of State, who later resigned from the Society and Mr. W.B. McMillan, a member of the CFR Council of St. Louis. The presence of two members of CFR follows the pattern of "pairs" that can be detected in many of Establishments organizations.

Mr. Welch published *American Opinion*. On the Editorial Advisory Committee were many individuals who had been drawn into COM, the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations. (See COM, Addenda page 439.)

Also included on the Advisory Committee were three

Addenda

members of the National Lay Committee of the National Council of Churches, Frank E. Holman, B.E. Hutchinson and J. Howard Pew.

Mr. Welch makes it quite clear he is endeavoring to set up a "new religion." It would be a "broader and more encompassing faith. . . an ennobling conception. . . which the Baptist John Birch, the Catholic Hilaire Belloc, and the agnostic Thomas Jefferson would alike have welcomed."

This, now, is exactly what the conspirators of the Illuminati dreamed up; what the Democratic Societies of the 1780's touted when they propagated for a "universal fraternity."

Mr. Welch promotes the ideas of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Footnote Page 359.

THE ESTABLISHMENTS

One must understand the difference between the Establishment and the Organization.

The Establishment is a self-ordained group, self perpetuating and self serving, and its members are world minded, dedicated to changing the American System to a World Government.

The Organization is American oriented. It is authorized (under the U.S.A. Constitution) and its individuals and organizations work for the Nation.

The title Establishment was given to the individuals and organizations working against the American System, by Richard Rove. But he failed to detect the under-plots and did not expose the dual device of CFR, the CED when he wrote the articles and book.

He was not aware of the underplots when he presented the group of non Establishment individuals. For the segment he labelled "non" Establishment is a counter network of The Establishment.

In the novel this element, Establishment-New (non) Establishment was called the Intellectual Apparatus of the International Conspiracy—British-Israel and Masonry.

Addenda

Some individuals mentioned in the *Congressional Record* of May 2, 1962 (see page 356) have been identified in the Addenda. Among them were: Jane Addams, Nicholas Murray Butler, Felix Frankfurter, J. Kenneth Gailbraith, Charles Evans Hughes, John J. McCloy, Reinhold Niebuhr, the theologian of the Establishment, Gifford Pinchot, Henry L. Stimson and Ida M. Tarbell. Those identified with the Rockefeller Panel which was the source of the platforms of both the Democrat and Republican Parties of the 1960 Conventions were Chester Bowles, Arthur F. Burns, Oveta Culp Hobby and Henry Luce. Henry Kissinger was the director of the Project.

Richard Rovere's articles had been printed in other publications, prior to its appearance in the *Congressional Record*. Among the newspapers commenting editorially were *The News and Courier*, Charleston, S.C., Wednesday, October 18, 1961 and *The Arizona Daily Star*, November 10, 1961. Since there was no mention of CED or identification of the non Establishment as a counter movement in the Rovere article, this information was not carried in the editorials, but the exposure of the Council on Foreign Relations is worthy of reading. (See Addenda pages 444-448.)

Rovere identifies individuals as "non" Establishment. The treatment of this group has been explained previously. William F. Buckley, Jr., is named as anti-Establishment in the text but not in the list in the *Congressional Record*. Among these individuals are Hon. Spruille Braden, "read out of the establishment, April 14, 1960", Rev. Norman Vincent Peale, Edward Teller all listed in "Documentation of Co-Mingling of the Establishments", Pages 427-432. Michael J. Quill is listed Michael Quill, assuming he is one and the same person, on Addenda page 438.

Cyrus S. Eaton's name in non Establishment is a surprise. He has long been active in Establishment movements.

EDITORIALS:

THE ESTABLISHMENT

To understand the United States today, it is necessary to know something about the Establishment.

A witty social commentator has referred to the Establishment as "the legitimate Mafia." Actually, the Establishment isn't an organization at all. It is simply a power elite.

Most citizens don't realize it exists. Yet the Establishment makes its influence felt from the President's Cabinet to the professional life of a young college teacher who wants to obtain a foundation grant for research. It affects the nation's policies in almost every area.

The Council on Foreign Relations, with headquarters in New York City, is preeminently an Establishment organization. Its membership is at least 90 per cent Establishment, though it has some non-Establishment figures such as Spruille Braden, member of the Council of the John Birch Society.

The Establishment is a general term for those people in finance, business and the professions, largely from the Northeast, who hold the principal measure of power and influence in this country irrespective of what administration occupies the White House.

In Washington:

Members of the Establishment hold down important government jobs in both Republican and Democratic administrations. A typical Establishment figure is Secretary of the Treasury C. Douglas Dillon who served as Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs in the Eisenhower administration. An investment banker, Mr. Dillon came to government service from Dillon, Read & Co.

Another major Establishment figure is John J. McCloy, former member of the leading New York law firm of Milbank,

Tweed and Hope; former president of the World Bank, former chairman of the Board of the Chase Manhattan Bank, former High Commissioner for Germany, and now Disarmament Administrator. Mr. McCloy has been a leading figure in the Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations.

Secretary of State Dean Rusk, former president of the Rockefeller Foundation, is another Establishment man. So are Gen. Lucius Clay, now representing the President in Berlin; Thomas E. Dewey, former Republican presidential nominee; Adlai Stevenson, U.S. ambassador to the United Nations; Arthur Hays Sulzberger, chairman of the board of the New York Times; John Hay Whitney, publisher of The New York Herald Tribune; Henry Cabot Lodge, former U.S. ambassador to the U.N.; James Conant, former president of Harvard University; and W. Averell Harriman, President Kennedy's ambassador at large.

The Establishment is a bloc of power and opinion, primarily in the Northeastern part of the country. An Establishment man can be as liberal as Walter Reuther and as conservative as Dwight D. Eisenhower. This is the range of thought and action within which the Establishment operates. The Establishment is FOR foreign aid, for integration, and for that bundle of soft internationalist policies common to the Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations. It is a loose working alliance of the near-socialist professor and the internationalist Eastern banker. The Establishment controls the great foundations which support research and graduate study. Thus, it is able to determine the direction of thinking in many of the nation's universities.

What is the significance of all this? It is that a very big and varied country is dominated by one section and one grouping within that section. The Establishment is the real power behind foreign aid, for instance. It is the voice calling for a bland bipartisan approach to national politics.

Non-Members

The significance of the Establishment can be discovered by finding out who is NOT a member. Southerners have no place in

the Establishment, except for a domesticated handful who have turned their backs on regional beliefs. Sen. Harry Byrd of Virginia is not a member. It is inconceivable that Sen. Strom Thurmond should be. But Sen. J.W. Fulbright of Arkansas, the soft internationalist, definitely is a member. Other non-members—anti-Establishment figures—include Sen. Barry Goldwater, Gen. Douglas MacArthur, William R. Hearst, Jr., William F. Buckley, and many of the new financial leaders of the Southwest.

There is an anti-Establishment consensus in this country. It is made up of the conservative, rightwing Southerners and Westerners, militant anti-communists and foes of a strong central government.

This consensus finds expression in both parties in Congress—the one and about the only institution the Establishment cannot control. It has spokesmen such as Sen. Thomas Dodd (D-Conn) and Sen. John Tower (R-Texas). It has wide popular support at the grassroots level. But it's at a disadvantage because it lacks national press voices above the level of the small or middle-sized daily newspaper.

The basic struggle in this country is between Establishment and anti-Establishment forces; between pro-central government forces in the Northeast and the limited government believers in the South. Middle West and Far West; between Kennedy and Nelson Rockefeller on one side and Barry Goldwater and Strom Thurmond on the other.

In a sense, this is a struggle as old as the American Republic—the struggle between Alexander Hamilton, the centralizer, and Thomas Jefferson, the states righter. It is a struggle that the broad mass of Americans can never give up if they do not want to surrender their liberties and direction of the country to a power elite in the Northeast.—*The News and Courier*, Charleston, S.C., Wednesday, October 18, 1961.

AMERICA DEVELOPS AN ESTABLISHMENT

The Establishment in England has been in power for a long time. It is made up of men who were born into the right families, went to the right schools, married the right women, fought in the right war or wars, held just the right posts in the government and eventually rose to the ruling hierarchy. In England prime ministers generally come out of the Establishment.

In recent months it has been suggested authoritatively that the United States has developed an Establishment. Because of the newness of America this is not the settled, staid, completely definable thing it is in England; but it nevertheless is powerful. It is discussed by Richard H. Rovere, who has written many things of a scholarly nature on American politics, in the *American Scholar*, published by Phi Beta Kappa.

Who makes up the Establishment in America? Rovere says that "just about everybody" agrees there is one, though conceptions of it differ. Definitions range from "the legitimate Mafia" to "the liberal machine." To many people, "the Establishment includes everyone in the country except themselves." This definition alone would make the American Establishment different from the British.

Aside from such vague and probably prejudiced estimates, Rovere finds that "The Establishment, as I see it, is not at any level a membership organization, and in its lower reaches it is not organized at all." But in its upper reaches it is characterized by exclusiveness and power. Rovere believes that the "chairman" of the Establishment may be Dean Rusk, Secretary of State. (The President is not a member of the Establishment, nor was Eisenhower. This might make the subject of an essay all by itself, especially since another *American Scholar* article flatly says that "The President of the United States is the President of Britain.")

Rovere says that while he is not absolutely sure Rusk is "chairman" now, he does know who was "chairman" in 1958—John J. McCloy, known personally to many in Tucson.

Addenda

Rovere lists McCloy's connections and they are, indeed, impressive.

Rovere suggests that a real source of Establishment people is the Rockefeller Foundation. (McCloy was chairman of the Ford Foundation.)

"The Russians have caught on to the existence of the Establishment and understand some of its workings quite well. Nikita Khrushchev showed himself to be no slouch when he told Walter Lippman, last spring, that President Kennedy was controlled by Nelson Rockefeller."

The argument is that Rockefeller "forced the Republicans to rewrite their (1960) platform so that it conformed very closely to Chester Bowles' Democratic platform and provided for a vigorous anti-Communist defense program."

"Where did the central ideas of both platforms originate?" Rovere asks rhetorically. "In—what else?—the studies made by the Rockefeller Panel for the Rockefeller Brothers Fund."

From that, Rovere derives 10 names which certainly might be included in the Establishment. Here they are: Rusk, Bowles, Jacob Potofsky, Henry Kissinger, Anna Rosenberg, Lucius D. Clay, Arthur F. Burns, Henry R. Luce (called "the outsider inside"), Oveta Culp Hobby and David Sarnoff.

And you thought you knew who was running the country?

—*The Arizona Daily Star*, Friday, November 10, 1961.

Epilogue

“..... for a living dog is better than a dead lion.” Ecclesiastes 9:4.

“Oh, the weeping and wailing when the dead were told of their plight. They wept and cried unto Heaven. They prayed but their prayers were too late.”

From Cantata, “Jerusalem”.

Finis