

## Poet's Corner

### TWO LITTLE SOLDIERS

Two little soldiers lie side by side  
Smilingly sleeping the night away  
Fast in their dreams, their joys  
to hide

Burst forth tomorrow's glorious  
fray.

Two little sweethearts of youth  
and love

Harboring courage so bravely  
fought

Tempered by grace divine above  
Steeled in their souls so wilfully  
wrought.

Down by the drums so silent and  
still

Beating a tune while fifers play  
Woefully mending their seamstress  
frills

The little rag doll looks bedrag-  
gled and gray.

Off in the corner the wooden  
horse stands

Whinnying silently, pawing his  
hoof.

Across from him there the little  
dog lands

Barking and wagging his tail,  
though aloof.

There on the wall, flags waving  
on high

Guns blazing, horns blowing, for  
want of a boy.

Caught in the doldrums, whirl-  
pool, and sighs

The little tin soldiers, saddest of  
toys.

Maurice R. Keep,  
1012 North Eighth

### GOD'S PRECIOUS GIFT

God gives us little children fair  
To chase away each trouble, care  
God gives us little jewels that  
shine

To keep our hearts in perfect  
time.

God gives his precious flowers to  
us

To nourish, hold, to keep in trust,  
God gives us little angels fine  
To comfort, cheer, our hearts en-  
twine

God gives us little tinkle bells  
That patter sweetly as they tell  
Of His sweet love to keep in line  
Our love to His grows deeper,  
binds.

God gives us little cherubs bright  
To love and comfort through the  
night

God gives us little ones to mind  
His precious tokens to mankind.  
Maurice R. Keep,  
1012 North Eighth

### DISCOVERY

I've walked with God  
A little way—

Secure he holds my hand.

Each step by faith  
Brought greater faith

'Til I was made to stand  
Upon his Rock:

And in the Light  
Upon the way.

As up the path we trod,  
I found—

No confidence—  
No strength, no joy

But in the Grace of God!  
Eleanor Harvey

### MEMORIAL TO MINNIE PATTERSON

You are a jewel of purest fire—  
You're like the sunshine's glow!  
Your lips drip sweetness as the  
comb—

Your feet with mercies go!

How one so small could walk so  
tall,

So selfless and so kind—  
So quick to share another's care  
While setting yours behind—

Tell us your secret! Can you be  
As we, a twice-born saint?

Or were you whole, from heaven  
borne.

And free from mortal taint?

An angel, surely, from above,  
You've humbly come to dwell  
Among the mortal sons of men,  
The heavenly way to tell!

"But, No!" You say; your heart  
was once

A cold and selfish clod  
'Til Jesus' blood transformed you  
to  
A glowing child of God!

Then love, unfeigned, for one and  
all

From him was shed abroad,  
And seeing all through Jesus'  
eyes.

Compassion marked your road!  
Now you have gone—He's called  
you home!

We do not weep nor sigh—  
We speak of how you're missed—  
What joy to see you—bye and  
bye!

The perfume of your presence  
here

Persists in mind and heart,  
And shall until the last to know  
Or hear your name, depart!

Heaven's nearer, sweeter, now  
Since you, dear one, are there,  
And we rejoice for you to be!  
With Him whose grace you share!

We loved you here—wee, gentle  
lass;

We'll love you more, we know,  
When next we meet on that  
bright street

As to God's throne we go!  
Eleanor Harvey

### OUR PRESIDENTS

Eight years in the White House  
Is enough for most any man.

Be he rich or poor, old or young  
He has done about all he can.

Though his popularity may be  
great

As he begins this new life;  
His face is tense and care-worn  
As he studies the wars and  
strife.

He has tried to please so many  
Yet he knows he never will.

Of this life he has had his fill,  
For folks are not always pleasant  
Even friends decide he's not  
right.

Though his days begin in sunshine  
There will be some as dark as  
night.

Regardless of praise or criticism  
He will receive all that is due  
After eight years in the White  
House

Our President is glad he is  
through.  
Jennie Charles

### SILENT COMMAND

With ermine robe drawn close  
about

Her shoulders' winter-softened  
lines.

Queen Shasta sits in royal court,  
While 'round about on every side,  
The lesser peaks—her courtiers,  
Clad all in emulating white.

Pay homage to her Majesty,  
Who reigns unchallenged and sub-  
lime

Through all the year!  
In winter court they now appear—  
Sincerest form of flattery—  
As near like her as they can be!

Retiring now to cloistered hall,  
With curtain drawn on prying  
eyes.

To council there how best to  
bring

Some magic to our wintry scene.  
As they appear and disappear  
Most roguishly, 'til spring!

Eleanor Harvey

### TRANSLATOR HELD

LONDON (AP) — Police today  
announced the arrest of Bryan  
Scott, 19, on charges of possessing  
secret official documents.

Scott, a translator, made a brief  
appearance in Chelsea's police  
station and was formally charged.  
Scotland Yard declined to give  
any details of Scott's arrest—or  
to state what documents he was  
alleged to have carried.

### WAITS FOR TROUBLE

A porcupine does not roll its  
self into a ball when danger  
threatens. It simply arches its  
back and huffs its nose between  
its forepaws, waiting for trouble.



HE'S A PET'S PET—Perhaps this picture demonstrates the ability of Jolo the capuchin monkey to win friends and influence Chihuahua puppies. Anyway Jolo the monk has a firm grip on Elmer the pup. They're both 5 weeks old and owned by Mrs. Tressie Pedersen of Pacifica, Calif.

## Scribe's Book Retraces Crashes

By RALPH VILLERS

NEW YORK (UPI)—Not much more than a year ago an airline captain named Austin E. Briggs was preparing to take his plane down for a landing in Wash-  
ington.

But there was a delay — Air Route Traffic Control was awaiting a position report from another airliner with Capt. William Paddock and First Officer M. J. Flahaven at the controls before clearing Briggs to pass through the second plane's altitude in the descent.

A radio message from Paddock's plane was lost in static. Minutes passed and nothing more was heard. Briggs was puzzled, so was the Washington ARTC center.

At that point, just a few pages into his new book, "The Probable Cause," newsman-author Robert J. Serling jolts his readers.

"Briggs didn't know it and Washington center didn't know it—but at that very moment, Paddock, Flahaven, the two hostesses and 27 passengers were dead. And N-7463 was scattered over two miles of Maryland landscape."

Many times the reader is jolted as he goes through Serling's thoroughly-researched book, which he has subtitled "The truth about air travel today." The result of more than three years of re-search, and many more years of experience as an aviation expert in the Washington bureau of

United Press International. Serling's book was published recently (Nov. 4) by Doubleday and Co. Inc. (287 pages, \$3.95).

"The Probable Cause," is, as the jacket describes it, "the full story of aviation's fabulous advances and tragic failures."

The title comes from the phrase used in every Civil Aeronautics Board accident report: "The probable cause of this accident was

Serling takes the reader step-by-step through what preceded and what followed some of the worst air crashes in American aviation history.

The book tells of the painstaking work and study that goes on long after a crash has faded from the news columns—the efforts by the Civil Aeronautics Board, the airlines and the pilots to learn what caused a crash, and more importantly, what corrections can prevent a recurrence.

One pilot looked at the tragic destruction of Paddock's plane scattered over the Maryland countryside and said: "I don't know what they'll come up with, but all I can think is that God must have goofed."

Yet some four months later there was a verdict—a freak, and unbelievably strong down-draft had ripped control of the aircraft from the pilots and torn the plane to pieces.

Serling probes into various types of crashes—those involving human error, mechanical failure,

crowded airways, and even those for which there isn't a probable cause, only a "for reasons unknown" conclusion.

Serling also tells the little known story of a dogged fight by pilots to clear the name of a fellow flier who was officially blamed for the crash after his airliner slammed into a mountain at Albuquerque, N.M. It took five years of investigations and pleadings, but the pilots finally were successful in building a case which led the CAB to withdraw its original conclusion that the dead captain had "intentionally" flown toward the mountain.

Serling's book is as timely as the Tell City, Ind., crash, well documented, sharply written and compelling. It is specific, no names are changed to protect anyone. But it is not negative in approach. He also tells the story of the flights that didn't end in disaster, and why they didn't.

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