

rapidly on the garage; for when this job was done, there was no other for him.

Leaving the garage at quitting time, Edgar walked to the tool shed to put away his tools. In front of him, just at the side of the door, lay two new saws. He could sell them for quite a sum. No one knew that they really belonged to Mr. Bell. Edgar reached for the two saws. The teeth on the saws grinned and sneered at him, beckoning him on. Edgar turned away, ashamed.

He sauntered out into the fresh air. The Bells' palatial mansion towered over him; and he shuddered at the thought that he had drawn himself so far away from his usual good judgment.

The stars were coming out when he got home that night; Ruth was waiting for him at the door. Edgar's pulse raced when he heard her words. The well was dry. God had surely forsaken him.

He would have to go to Mexia for five gallons of drinking water, and water cost money, twenty cents a quart; there was little money, but Edgar would get the water somehow. People can't live without water. He would get the water tomorrow.

That night Edgar did not sleep much. Tossing and turning, he visualized the ranch as it had been when he was a boy. He saw the cotton pickers with their long sacks, pulling the precious, little, fuzzy ball from the plant. He thought of Ruth and decided she could get along better without him; he was going to go away and try to start anew.

In the morning the sky darkened; there was a strong wind. While Edgar picked over his breakfast, there was a loud, crashing noise. It was a familiar noise, but one not heard in a long time by Edgar's ears. He ran outside! There were torrents of rain beating in his face. Rain was gushing over the barren lawn, cutting little rivers in the black, rich soil! There were bucketfuls of rain!

And Edgar fell on his knees and cried.

The Turning Point in My Life

Ted Roche

SEPTEMBER 9, 1952, is the date that marked the turning point in my life. I was admitted to Riley Hospital as a polio patient. I cannot tell what my thoughts were. It seemed like a bad dream; perhaps I would wake up and it would be all over. But it was not a dream. It was the beginning of a long fight back to health along a new and strange path of life that made the world appear as a great wall ready to tumble with the slightest vibration.

After the cessation of the paralyzing effects of the disease, I had a chance to look at the new world that I had been ruthlessly placed in and began to wonder why it had happened to me. But as I looked around, I ceased wondering about myself and began to wonder why those in the beds around mine had to be the victims, also. At that moment the rehabilitation of my own morale had begun. This God-

given power of concern for those around me did more toward helping me to adjust to my new world than all the medicine and therapy that I was soon to receive.

When the doctors decided that I was ready for it, I was put into a rigid and somewhat torturing therapy program. For two very painful hours each day, I was at the mercy of a therapist, who in my mind was the image of Lucifer himself. It seemed paradoxical that the pain inflicted upon me was for any real good; however, without this rigorous period of exercise, I probably never would have achieved a sitting position, much less a standing one. So my rehabilitation became a challenge, and I went into the battle with the will to fight and win.

The war is still being waged. No odds are being placed on who will win, but I am still fighting and still gaining ground. The ultimate outcome can never be predicted. My own battle, though, has not overshadowed my concern for others who are handicapped. I reap my greatest reward from helping others, and I believe that thus I also help myself.

One is not afflicted with a disease such as this or any other disease without the power made available to see it through to its richest ends. I can speak as an authority when I say that a disease such as polio, shocking as it may be to the patient, can show one life as it really is, full of promise and rich reward. I feel that my experience has changed my life for the better in that it has given me a kind, more mature outlook on the world. In this and other ways, it makes up for what it took from me.

It's Ours. Let's Use It!

James W. Stilwell

FOR WHAT reasons do individuals of this decade pick one newspaper over another? Many of today's consumer purchases are made with only the thought of cost in mind. As the variation of newspaper prices is a relatively small one, cost is not likely to be involved. Is it that we are all aware of the important effect our reading material has on the shaping of our thought channels, and that we realize how every paragraph we read leaves its mark on the course of our lives? If these were the thoughts of every person when he selects his newspaper, there would be no problem in getting the facts of the news to everyone. The public would shy away from those tabloids which emphasize sensational and opinionated copy, and in time, out of necessity, all newspapers would print the detached news stories. Sadly enough, the number of persons who analyze the true news value of their paper is not sufficient to outweigh the mass of citizens who do not.

In the case of Richard Rath, the choice is a matter of habit. Years ago, for a reason which now evades him, he subscribed to the *Herald*. He has received prompt, courteous service from the carrier, and