



RADIO SCRAP BOOK

SONGS, POEMS, PICTURES
AND LETTERS GLEANED
FROM MANY SOURCES

A Souvenir of the Nation's Family Prayer Period

"If radio can pick a voice,
 From out the thin, blue air;
 Why should mortals wonder how
 Our God can answer prayer?"

ERE YOU LEFT YOUR ROOM

Mary A. Easter

W. G. Phillips

1. Ere you left your room this morn - ing, Did you think to
 2. When your heart was filled with sin - ner, Did you think to
 3. When men set - tle upon you, Did you think to

pray: In the name of Christ, our Sav - ior Did you
 pray: Did you plead for grace, my broth - er, That you
 pray: When your soul was full of sin - ner, Balm of

me for let - ting in - vor As a shield to - day?
 might be - lieve an - swer Who had crossed your way?
 in - and did you let - row At the gates of day?

Oh, how pray - ing from the soul - y, Prayer will change the night to day.

So when life seems dark and drear - y, Don't for - get to pray.

Lola Combs

MRS. E. HOWARD CADLE



The Friendly Voice

Across the years a friendly voice
Has sung this tender song;
Its cadences bring hope and faith
Its truth a healing balm.

Its message lauds a living Christ
For every dying soul;
It tells of Calvary's crimson fount
Where men may be made whole.

It beckons men to pray to God,
And own Him as their King;
It is the keynote of our hearts,
This theme we daily sing.

(L. C. F.)

Dr Lakin and little "Rennie"



The New Grandson

Grandpas, too, will often greet
Each other every time they meet,
The same as they for months have done—
"Howdy! How's the new grandson?"

Then will stop and without fail
Each will tell with full detail
The story they tell to everyone—
It's all about their new grandson.

They may sometimes, as they relate
Some little thing, exaggerate,
But it's only natural and harmless fun,
When telling about their new grandson.

I never thought, I never knew,
That men would act like grandpas do;
I thought just grandmas were the ones
That talk about their new grandsons!

Written by Otis Shirk of Muncie, Indiana, and dedicated to Grandpa Lakin who is rejoicing over a certain "blessed event" that took place in Huntington, West Virginia, on Saturday, August 16, 1947.

MRS. B. R. LAKIN





DR. LAKIN
at microphone

The Truth Smith

He stands before the microphone
And with a voice, sincere and strong,
He speaks of Christ and Calvary;
He preaches to the unseen throng.

His face is lit with holy light;
His tongue is moving as on fire;
He stands, a human torch of might;
To win souls is his one desire.

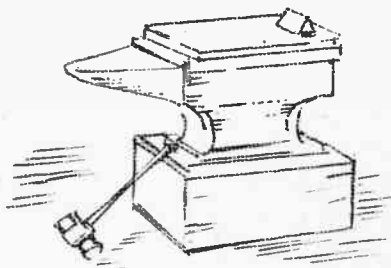
His open Bible in his hand,
Its truths are tumbling from his heart;
And 'way out there across the land,
There's many a tear begins to start.

And when a tender story's told,
A tear flows down his manly face;
As truths from God's own Word unfold,
He strikes the anvil of God's grace.

Just like a mighty smith he stands,
Sledge-hammer blows he wields, and see,
He's shaping souls for Heaven above,
He's forging for eternity.

Who is this man of sterling power,
Who hell's stronghold is shaking?
I'll give you just one guess; that's right;
No one but Dr. B. R. Lakin!

—L. C. F.



Letter from Boy in Penitentiary

OUR RADIO PROGRAM HEARD IN DEATH CELL AT OHIO PENITENTIARY

Doomed Man "Derived Much Good from Your Radio Min- istry," Says Chaplain

An unfortunate boy, who just recently was electrocuted in the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus, regularly listened to the program of the Nation's Family Prayer Period during the weeks and days preceding his death in the electric chair. Judging from a statement the inmate of this Ohio institution made to the chaplain, we believe the Cadle radio program was instrumental in preparing him for eternity.

An envelope recently received in the Cadle Tabernacle office contained three brief documents that tell a very forceful story. We are reproducing the message of these documents, but omitting names to save embarrassment to the sorrowing loved ones who remain.

The first piece of paper bore this message, written in a somewhat shaky, yet legible, longhand:

"Please send any money I have to Cadle Tabernacle."

(Signed) _____

The second sheet, a typewritten letter from the chaplain of Ohio Penitentiary, Rev. K. E. Walls, reads:

"Cadle Tabernacle
Indianapolis, Indiana
Gentlemen:

"_____ was electrocuted in Ohio Penitentiary last night. He has listened regularly to your morning and Sunday broadcasts. He has requested that a little money, which he has left, be sent to you. He wanted you to know that he derived much good from your radio ministry.

"Most respectfully,

(Signed)

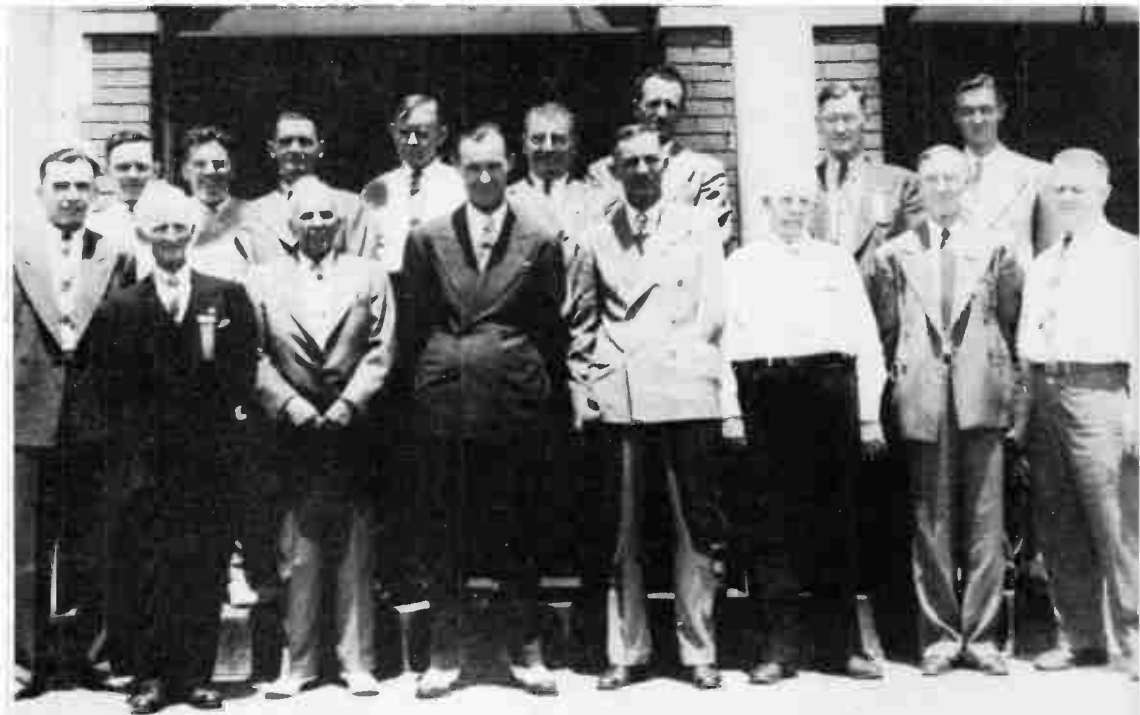
"Rev. K. E. Wall,

Chaplain"

The third document was a brief letter from the cashier of the Ohio Penitentiary, attached to which was a check for \$2.32, left to the Cadle Tabernacle, in appreciation for the ministry rendered to this boy during his last hours upon earth. A Bible and a picture, the remainder of his worldly goods, were sent to his precious mother.

Because of this particular piece of mail, we here at Cadle Tabernacle are made to feel in a deeper sense, the responsibility that is upon us as we proclaim the Word of Life, through the open channel of the radio. Pray for us, that we will not fail any who stand in need of the Bread of Life.





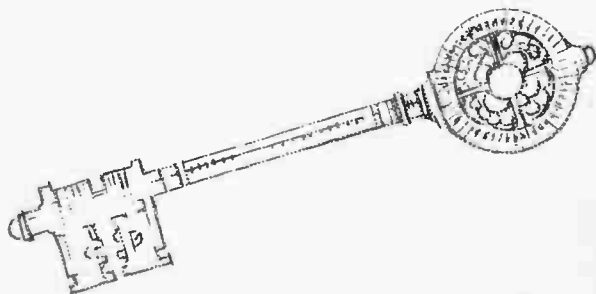
Doorkeepers for the Lord

Some may struggle hard for gold,
And strive for selfish fame;
But I'd rather usher souls to God
And labor for His name.

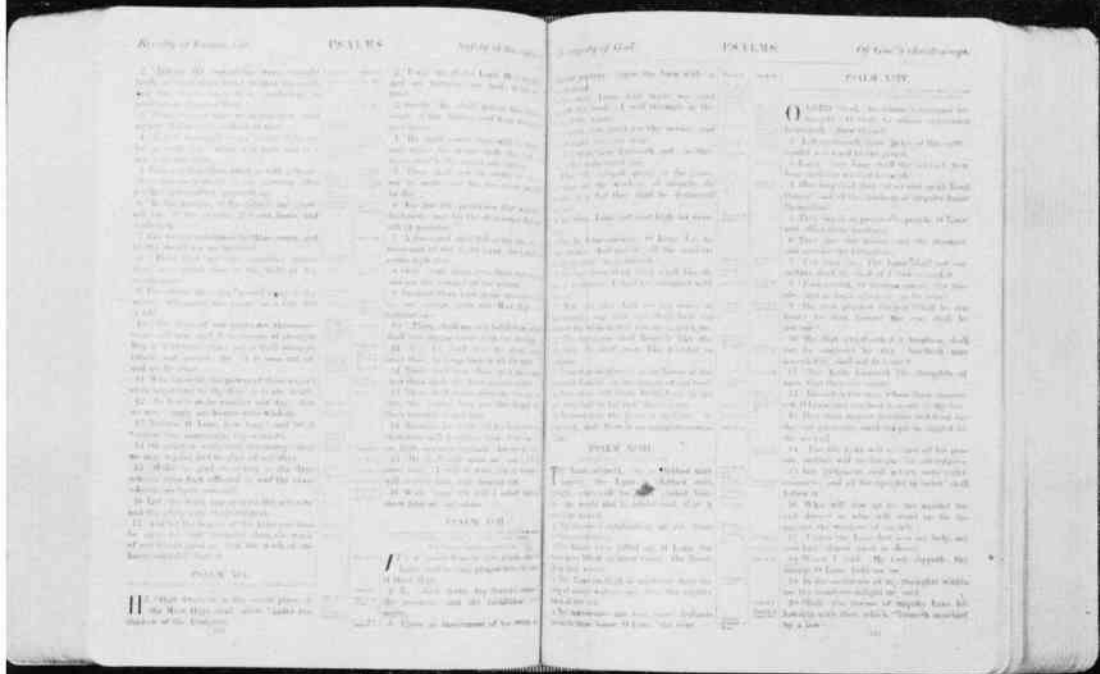
I'd rather give a welcome hand,
To a sin-sick soul in need,
Than to scale the heights of earthly fame,
Or do a glamorous deed.

My humble task I do with pride,
My pay is inward joy;
We're "doorkeepers" in the house of God,
We're in the Lord's employ.

(L. C. F.)



Mr. Cadde's Bible



God's Anvil

"I stood one evening by the blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
'To wear and batter all these hammers so?'
'Just one,' the blacksmith said, with twinkling eye:
'The anvil wears the hammers out, you know.'

"And so, methought, the Anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
And though the sound of clanging blows is heard,
The Anvil is unharmed, the hammers gone."

Our Missionaries in Cuba



NATIVES ACCEPTING CHRIST
IN CUBA

DID YOU KNOW:

1. That we have four native missionaries at work for Christ in Cuba?
2. That there are more than 1,000 towns in Cuba without a Protestant church or mission?
3. That Cadle Tabernacle is doing all it can in the shortest possible time to reach these needy people for Christ?
4. That you can help by sending a missionary offering and designating it for our work in Cuba?



DR. LAKIN AND
CUBAN CHILDREN

AN EXCERPT FROM A LETTER RECENTLY RECEIVED
BY A MEMBER OF THE CADLE CHOIR . . .

. . . Keep on keeping on for Jesus. Your man now
at the Cadle Tabernacle is SOUND BIBICALLY;
listen to him! He is the soundest preacher on the air
today. I mean B. R. Lakin.

Sincerely,
H. C. MARLIN,
Editor, *The Postscript*,
Covington, Ohio

Mrs. Cadle, Mrs. Lakin
and Dr. B. R. Lakin, off
to a one-night meeting.



Dr. Lakin ready for take-
off to a preaching en-
gagement.



The Christ of Every Crisis

Words & Music
by Lee C. Fisher

1. Once I walked the crowd-ed high-way With a rest-less, care-less
 2. When I stood at Wit-ness With a - - - - - and trou-ble
 3. When I walked thro' death's dart I was bro - ken with my

throng. Then my heart was tired and wear - y Oh, thy
 brain, All my prob - lems so pur - ple'd me, And I
 wor. All my tremb - ling an - gel to - - - - - take me, And I

sour - rey rough and long. Oh that road I met a
 strong - ght, all in vain. Then, I saw the Sav - or
 knew not where to go. Then, I heard the Sav - or

strang - er And He took me by the hand. Soon I
 stand - ing With a smile so kind and true, There He
 call - ing Me! the dark - ness and the din, And He

found it was the Sav - or. He has been my dear - est friend
 solved my ev - 'ry prob - lem. He will do the same for you.
 what - so - ever. "I'll be with you, I'll be with you to the end."

REFRAIN
 He's the Christ of ev - 'ry cr - isis, He is just the
 same to - day. He will solve your ev - 'ry
 prob - lem. If you on - ly let Him have His way.

Copyright 1943 by Lee C. Fisher, Portland, Ind.

(This song, sung often on the Nation's Family Prayer Period by Mr. Ford, was written by our Choir Director, Mr. Fisher. Mr. Fisher tells the story of its origin in the following words):

"A few years ago I was undergoing a particularly heavy trial. Sickness, sorrow, and death had been my portion. One day as I drove down the highway to a meeting, I said, "Lord, my burden is almost greater than I can bear!" In answer to this confession of helplessness came the assuring Word from God Himself: "He's the Christ of Every Crisis!" And then followed the words of the above song. They came so thick and fast that I stopped the car and wrote down the above verses. I've been singing them ever since, and they have proved true in my own life."



In Memoriam

to E. HOWARD CADLE

Born, August 25, 1885. Died, December 20, 1942.

"The Man with a Vision"

"Where there is no vision, the people perish."—Proverbs 29:18

He blazed a trail of Gospel Light;
For God and home he pressed the fight;
And Heaven's goal he kept in sight—
Because he had a vision.

He preached the Word (let come what may);
He didn't care what wordlings say;
When storms assailed he didn't sway—
Because he had a vision.

Plucked from a life of sin and shame,
'Twas his to praise the Savior's Name;
God's will he chose: not earthly fame—
Because he had a vision.

On land, o'er air, he sought to tell
How Jesus saves from death and hell;
He told the story—and told it well—
Because he had a vision.

His preaching reached the sinner's ear;
His pleading found the contrite tear;
To God he brought the wand'rer near—
Because he had a vision.

At rest, his body 'neath the sod;
At peace, his soul is home with God;
At last, great hosts to Heaven trod—
Because he had a vision.

—William M. Schofield

Written at the graveside of the founder of Cadle Tabernacle and the
Nation's Family Prayer Period, July 4, 1946.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

The following poem, reprinted by request from several of our readers, is to appear in the 1945 edition of Anthology of Verse, published by the Poetry Digest Publishing Company of New York.

For manifold blessings—trophies of love,
Gifts good and perfect from Heaven above;
Life, food and shelter; family and friends—
What wealth is revealed in such dividends!
 . . . for this I am thankful!

For the blessed Old Book, God's Word so complete
With counsel and wisdom, as problems we meet.
A light on our pathway; a comfort in sorrow;
Unfolding God's plan today and tomorrow—
 . . . for this I am thankful!

For the plan of salvation—no merit we claim:
To Him be the glory, oh, praise His dear name!
It's grace, love and mercy (not our works, we're told);
Ours is to enter that Heavenly fold—
 . . . for this I am thankful!

Afar from this fold—a slave unto sin,
Discouraged, distressed and wounded within.
From out of the depths, with fear in control
I cried, and the answer: "He restoreth my soul"—
 . . . for this I am thankful!

Blessed deliverance—Christ breaks every chain!
Blessed the cleansing—He removed the stain!
Blessed assurance—Oh, what a refrain!
"Chords that were broken now vibrate again!"
 . . . for this I am thankful!

—William M. Schofield

(This poem was written by Mr. Schofield, the editor of the CADLE CALL after the rededication of his heart to Christ at the old Tabernacle altar several years ago before he became editor of the CALL.)

[If you do not take the CADLE CALL, our official publication, you are missing some wholesome, helpful Christian reading. Subscription price \$2.00 per year.]





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Manager

*Cadle
Office
Staff*

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GIPSON
Typist



LUCILLE
DAVIS
Circulation
Manager of
CADLE CALL

ADA
STEADHAM
Filing Clerk



ELSIE
BARNARD
Filing Clerk

HELEN
ROSENBERGER
Typist



Big Business for God

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." It is almost impossible to describe in words the scope and influence of the Cadle Tabernacle, the home of the Nation's Family Prayer Period.

But, in this article we hope to be able to describe in part something of the magnitude and reach of this institution which was conceived in prayer, born by faith, built by sacrifice and sustained by the power of God.

The Cadle Tabernacle (the largest institution of its kind in the world) was conceived in the heart of E. Howard Cadle, in himself a miracle of Divine grace. He was a product of a mother's prayers coupled with a Savior's love. Prior to his conversion he did big business for the devil. He succeeded in making a fortune and then squandered that fortune in the use of Satan's devices. But his mother's prayers wrested him from the clutches of the enemy and committed him to the Savior who redeemed him from sin.

He was a transformed man. His interest in worldly gain was supplanted by a passion to win men for Christ. His inclination to burn himself up in the fires of hell was transformed into a desire to burn himself out for God and souls. His desire to do Big Business for the devil was changed to a desire to do Big Business for God.

From the moment of his conversion E. Howard Cadle proved to be a problem and nuisance to the devil. His vision reached beyond the horizon of Divine possibilities and claimed great things for the Christ who had redeemed him.

E. Howard Cadle has gone to his reward, but he needs no stone monument to keep his memory alive. The institution which grew out of his faith is a greater monument than any sculptor could hew from stone.

The Cadle Tabernacle is a building constructed of stucco and brick covering a space of 40,000 square feet. The seating capacity is 10,000 and the choir loft accommodates 1,400 singers. The maintenance of this building due to its tremendous size is as much as that of twenty ordinary churches. The seven furnaces consume from seven to ten tons of coal per day in cold weather. The hundreds of lights required to illuminate the auditorium take as much electricity as thirty-five average-sized homes. Just to redecorate the Tabernacle this year cost over \$15,000. Many have exclaimed, "What a tremendous expense!" But Mr. Cadle called it "Doing Big Business for God." In view of the number of souls who have sought and found Christ at the big altar, and the number of homes which have been salvaged as a result of men and women finding Christ, it might well be termed "the world's biggest investment."

To perform the various duties and execute the program of the Tabernacle requires a staff of eleven people. The radio staff is composed of Dr. B. R. Lakin, Rev. Russell Ford, Lee Fisher, Buford Cadle (announcer), Jack Newlin, John Moore, and last but not least Mrs. E. Howard Cadle. The office staff is composed of Mrs. Lucille Davis, Mrs. Helen Bonham, Mrs. Elsie Barnard, Helen Gipson, Helen Rosenbarger, Ada Steadham, and Mrs. E. Howard Cadle, director of correspondence.

The office is a hub of joyous activity as the workers receive and answer the hundreds of letters which stream into the Tabernacle every month. No one could estimate the good that is done by our consecrated workers in the office. Their faithfulness, tirelessness and unstinted service could not possibly be surpassed.

Hundreds of thousands of letters have been received from every corner of the nation and from many foreign countries telling of the blessing which the Nation's Family Prayer Period has brought. From people representing every creed come words of appreciation and thankfulness for the radio work. One lady from Sandusky, Ohio, writes: "I take great pleasure in your program every day on the radio. Your prayers are beautiful; real praying right from the heart. Your singers are wonderful, and I could listen to your preachers all day. I am a Catholic and live across the street from the Catholic church, but really we don't get this kind of preaching in our church. I hope and pray that the Cadle Tabernacle will be on the air for years to come."

Among the really noteworthy achievements of the Tabernacle is the project of the Nation's Family Prayer Period. This program, which is aired every morning over WLW and is identified by the genial voice of Mrs. Cadle singing "Ere You Left Your Room This Morning," has become a national institution. Some have estimated the listening audience to be over 800,000 people. This is more people than ten average preachers would minister to in a lifetime of service. And yet this program has been blessing multitudes since 1938. In three years of broadcasting the estimated audience would total more than the entire world's population. This is what might be termed "Big Business for God."

Scores of conversions have been witnessed to via the mails and remarkable changes in lives have been reported as a result of the ministry on the air. This is "Big Business for God."

The publication, which you all know as THE CADLE CALL, has proved to be a real blessing to the Christian reading public. Mr. W. M. Schofield is the capable and efficient editor, and the circulation is over 20,000 copies. Its timely, terse messages follow up the radio messages and give you a monthly souvenir from the Cadle Tabernacle, which in itself is a masterpiece of graphic art. You could render no more tangible spiritual service than to present a year's subscription to the CALL to one of your friends.

The maintenance of such a gigantic program calls for many hundreds of dollars each week. The radio time is paid for at regular commercial rates, and the huge expense of the weekly programs challenges our faith and works as a radio family. We want you to feel that you are a partner in accomplishing "Big Things for God." We are co-laborers with Christ. We are building a better world. So as we continue to perform our duties here, we want you to join with us in this grand task by praying a bit harder and doing your part to continue the work of "Big Things for God."

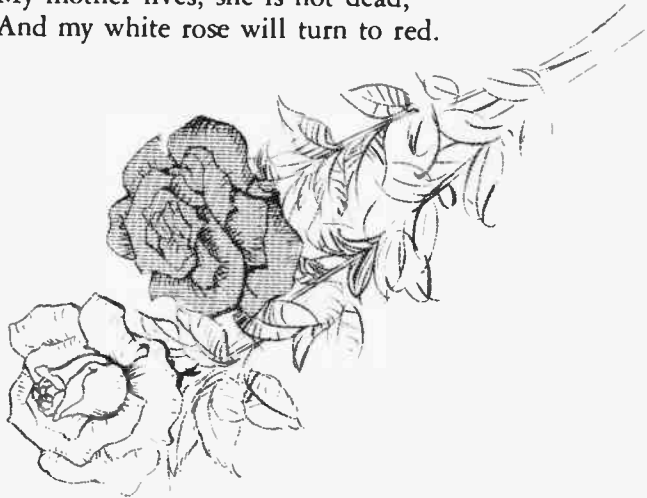


EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following beautiful poem was a favorite with Mr. Cadle, and it has been an established custom to publish it in each Mother's Day issue of THE CADLE CALL. If any of our readers know the name of the author, we would appreciate so much to have this information, as we have made diligent search for the authorship in the Indianapolis Public Library.*

My Rose

My rose is white, your rose is red;
Your mother lives, but mine is dead.
And looking on your red, red rose
Which you wear, ah, so happily,
I wish some lucky wind that blows
Would bring my mother back to me,
That I might take her hand again,
And press it so tenderly.
I would dry the tears and ease the pain
That in her life she bore for me.
That chance is yours, not mine tonight,
Your rose is red, but mine is white.

Your rose is red, and mine is white,
And yet, when I kneel down tonight
To say my prayers as shadows creep,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
The same sweet prayer I used to know,
And love in days of long ago,
My mother will come back to me.
My head will rest upon her knee,
Her hand will soothe my furrowed brow,
And I will know somehow, somehow,
My mother lives, she is not dead,
And my white rose will turn to red.



Because He Prayed

Copyright 1940 by Russel E. Ford

1. Be - fore Je - sus died on the Cross for me He
2. While there mid the rocks and the thorns He wept His
3. If Je - sus the per - fect one had to pray This
4. O Mas - ter help me to be brave and true Lead

pray'd all a - lone in Geth - sem - a - ne His pray'r was not
cho - sen dis - ci - ples a - bout Him slept And Pe - ter de -
world sure - ly has that same need to - day In heav - en He
me to the gar - den to pray with You And in - to my

my will but Thine be done And God placed my sins on His
nied Him in that dark hour For Pe - ter neg - lect - ed to
now in - ter - cedes for me I too find the pow - er Geth -
life comes that strength di - vine When I learn to pray not my

CHORUS

on - ly Son.
pray for power. A - lone on Mt. Ol - ive my Sav - ior pray'd 'Twas
sem - a - ne. will but Thine.

there in the gar - den He was be - trayed He could have es - caped but for
me He stayed He was will - ing and rea - dy be - cause He prayed.





CADLE TABERNACLE

Buford, and his
two girls, Susie
and Toby Ann



Rev. Russel Ford
and children,
Irene, David and
Billy



Following is a typical letter from one who has found the "way of life" through the ministry of the Nation's Family Prayer Period. We have received as many as 5,000 letters in a single day telling of the benefits derived from our program on WLW.

Bucyrus, Ohio

Dear Dr. Lakin:

I was privileged to hear you speak in Marion, Ohio, last evening. God is to be praised for blessing your ministry in such a wonderful way.

At the meeting last evening I had testified that I found Christ precious to my soul through the Cadle Tabernacle. I have never written to the Tabernacle before this to express my appreciation for God using your program to bring me to Him. I said many times that I was going to write you but just seemed never to get it accomplished.

I was in the service at Fort Knox, Kentucky, in my Army Barracks May 12, 1943. I had been a Christian since twelve years of age but one that tried to serve both God and mammon. I had a fine praying mother that prayed me into the arms of God before I was born. I liked to listen to your program but was at the same time enjoying some of the pleasures of the world. I knew I was doing wrong, and the Spirit of God had been dealing with my soul. This particular Sunday your program was unusually convicting to me. I listened until the choir sang the last song and the message was over, the invitation over the air had been given. By this time I was so deeply under conviction that I could say nothing but "All right, Jesus, have your way. Take my life and let it be consecrated, Lord, to thee." When I said this, something happened to me that words cannot describe. I had to leave the barracks where I was and go outside to thank and praise God for the peace that passes all understanding. Now as I look back I cannot see why I ever tried to hang onto any part of the world. Christ alone is sufficient and He supplies my every need. (Phil. 4:19).

My story does not stop here, Dr. Lakin. After this experience my mother's prayers were answered. I answered the call to be an evangelist. I now wanted to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ more than anything else in the world. I had been undecided before as to what God wanted me to do in life. Someone has said, "If you can stay out of the ministry then do not enter it." Frankly, I could not stay out of it. I have had one year of training at Bob Jones College in Cleveland, Tennessee, and am now waiting to enter Moody Bible Institute to finish my training. Dr. Lakin, you and Dr. Zoller from Detroit, Michigan, are two ministers of the gospel that I look up to very much. I have been using some of your sayings and illustrations. I trust that you have no copyright on anything you use in your messages. I listen to you every Sunday and am praying for you.

Your program in May, 1943, touched me so deeply that I never remembered who the speaker was. I do not know one song the choir sang. All I know is that the joy of the Lord became my strength. All things became new. Gospel songs took on new meaning. Praying and studying the Word were made precious.

Am enclosing some money for you to use in spreading the gospel by radio. May God ever continue to bless you to the salvation of many souls.

Sincerely in Christ,

G. G. D.





(Following are some of the personal testimonies of some of our young people who have discovered that Christ fulfills the longing of the youthful heart. Each Sunday night a large crowd of young people gather in the Tabernacle to sing gospel songs, to share their Christian experiences, and to hear a message especially designed for youth.)

"For I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.' I am glad that I am a child of the King, and that He is able to not only save me, but to keep me."
RUTH MORROW

"To me the Christian life is the fulfilling of all my desires. I know He saves, keeps, and satisfies."
"FORKY" FARRIS

"I am especially thankful to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ for His saving and keeping power. It is a joy to know He is ever ready to comfort me in hours of sorrow."
LOU ANN HANCOCK

"'He must increase, but I must decrease' (John 3:30). That is the prayer of my heart."
ROSE MARIE HUDSON

"'And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength' (Mark 12:30). I can truly say today that I love the Lord Jesus with all my heart, my soul, my mind, and my strength; and my prayer is that He may truly have *all of me*."

"He loved me enough to die for me; loved me when I was a sinner; loved me even before I was born. He loves you just as much as He loved me. So if you know him, won't you turn to Him today and find the great love which He is waiting to bestow?"
SALLY BANKS

That Radio Religion

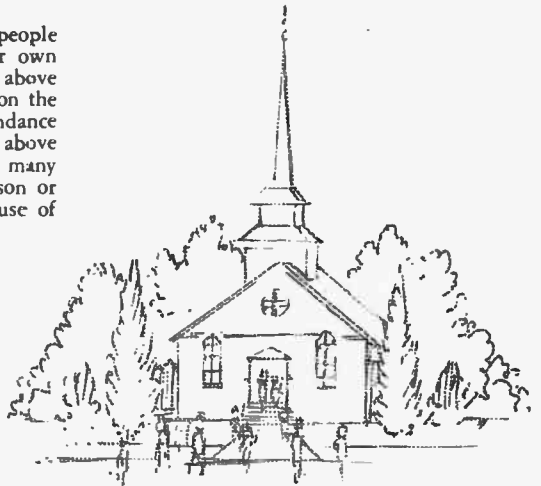
Now whether folks are Methodists,
Or Baptists, it's the same;
Or whether they profess to faiths
Of any other name.
If they elect to stay at home,
To churches never go,
Whatever be the creed they own,
They've swapped for radio.

It's nice to loll in easy chairs,
In comfort when it rains;
And listen to the cheerful songs
And distant organ strains;
And not be worried by the fact—
The passing plate is due,
To pause a second at your place,
For an offering from you.

These gospel broadcast programs
For shut-ins do a heap—
But for those well enough to go,
To church, there's much to reap;
And whether folks are Methodists,
Or Baptists, here or there,
No house of God can be replaced,
By a service on the air!

—Anon.

(We have always urged people to attend and support their own churches. We print the above poem to reassert our stand on the importance of church attendance and loyalty. Of course, the above lines do not apply to our many listeners who for some reason or other cannot attend the house of God.)



The Little Chap that Follows me

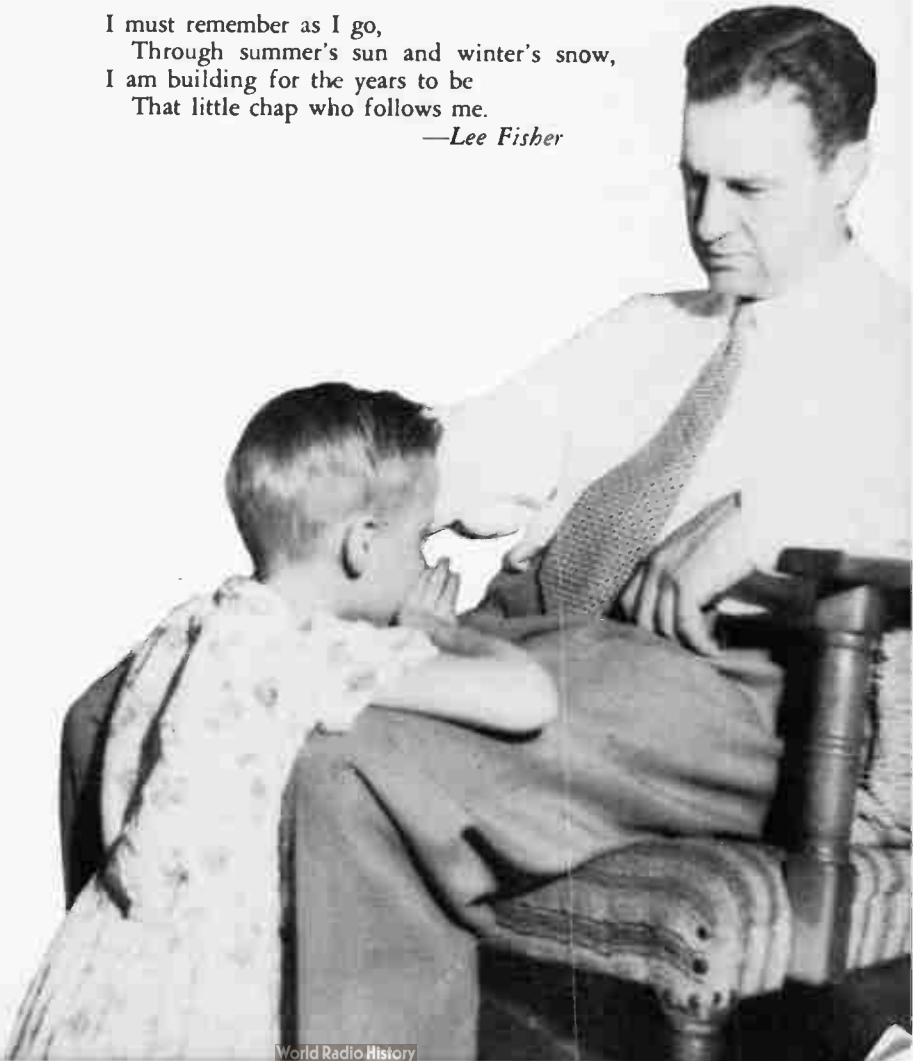
A careful man I want to be;
A little fellow follows me;
I do not dare to go astray,
For fear he'll go the selfsame way.

I cannot once escape his eyes;
Whate'er he sees me do, he tries;
Like me he says he's going to be,
The little chap who follows me.

He thinks that I am good and fine;
Believes in every word of mine;
The base in me he must not see,
The little chap who follows me.

I must remember as I go,
Through summer's sun and winter's snow,
I am building for the years to be
That little chap who follows me.

—*Lee Fisher*





Immortality of the Soul

Victor Hugo's great soul found utterance in his later years for these thoughts, which will find an echo in many hearts:

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, and heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

"You say, 'The soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers.' Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is like a fairy tale, and yet it is history.

"For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song, I have tried them all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn."



HELP US TAKE THE NATION'S FAMILY PRAYER PERIOD TO THE NEEDY!

Although there are approximately 800,000 listeners in our big radio family, there are thousands who do not have the facilities to hear the program. We are currently in the midst of a project to make radio sets available to institutions and individuals in need of such equipment.

We have just ordered ten large receivers to be placed in old people's homes. These radios will bring joy and inspiration to hundreds of aged people.

In the near future we hope to place other equipment in the following institutions:

1. Prisons
2. Schools (isolated)
3. Hospitals
4. Reformatories
5. Abandoned churches

If you would like to have a part in this worthy project, let us hear from you. We will be glad to tell you about the details of this much-needed work.

