

THE SOWER

A Weekly Department of Religious and Secular Thought Contributed by REV. JAMES A. TURNER, Pastor, M. E. Church, Patton, Pa.

BLOODY ANGLE, THEN AND NOW!

Pause, during this Independence Day week, and read this editorial challenge from an old copy of the Homiletic Review:

The most famous stone wall in America runs around the brow of a little hill in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. To those who know their wars, it is the "Bloody Angle;" before it and behind it men died in heaps; on the third day of the bloodiest battle in American history, gallant George Pickett and his men broke from a little clump of trees a mile from the wall, and started across a wide meadow of gently waving grass, in the face of the blazing Federal guns atop the knoll. They moved slowly, deliberately; they dropped in the grass like flies dropping into a bonfire. A handful reached the wall; there they and their Cause struggled for a moment, reeled, toppled, and fell. It was the "high tide of Gettysburg," the turning point of the Civil War.

Fifty years later, to a day, they did it again. Old men in gray broke from the woods with their piercing Rebel yell, walked slowly, feebly, through the waving grass to the old stone wall. But—wonder of wonders—not one of them fell! There were no blazing muskets now, no double canister at ten yards. Instead, old men in blue reached out with trembling hands to grasp the hands of their smiling brothers in gray. They stood in friendly, chatting

groups behind the wall; they slapped each others' backs in honest compliment, or passed sly, dry remarks of derision or disdain as they stared misthoughtfully at the wall. Then they shook hands again and went home to untroubled sleep. Bloody Angle! They had conquered it. A laugh and a handshake had drowned out the echoing thunder of guns.

Which shall we honor this Fourth of July week: the carnage of '63 or the laughter of '13? The fatal folly of past misunderstanding, or the creative understanding of the present and the future? Are we to be content with singing our peans of hero-worship to heroes dead and gone, or shall it be a day of prevention against the slaughter of heroes yet unborn? Shall we genuflect blindly to the Bloody Angle of seventy-six years ago, or shall we lead men up to stare wide-eyed at the awful threat of the bloody angle of modern war?

The Church is aroused against the institution of war as it has seldom of ever been aroused before. Mars finds itself hard pressed. And rightly so. If the Church deny now her historic Christ of brotherhood and peace, then she had better close her doors and give over her preaching to nobler minds and hearts.

Recently a high school teacher in a suburban town, addressing her class, asked if there were any in it who would refuse to fight if this country were to declare war. One youth announced that he would not fight. The teacher rewarded his stand with a scathing denunciation, called him a disgrace, an ingrate, a coward. A preacher in that town heard of it, and the following week wrote the teacher an open letter in the columns of the daily press. It was his contribution to the peace crusade. Says preacher to teacher:

How on earth did you get to be a teacher? And how on earth do you manage to hold down your job? Here you are talking of patriotism and your country's honor, and you do not even seem to know that your country has promised, on its word of honor, never to settle its disputes with another nation except by pacific means. You do not grasp the fact that patriotism today is not what it was yesterday. Positions are reversed now, in the light of the Kellogg pact. Now, the American who wants war or offers to fight is traitor to his country's word, and the man who refused to fight is the patriot. Would you see your nation's worst peace time foe go look in your mirror.

I know just how you feel. I sat in school once, and heard words just like yours from my teacher. We took her seriously; too seriously. Some of her charges got up out of their seats and walked into the jaws of death, largely

because she told them it was the honorable thing to do. Boys I played ball with are now no more than heaps of gas-eaten gristle in Flanders graves; a boy who called signals on the football team is now a drooling idiot in Walter Reed hospital, weaving baskets. And here you are making more drooling idiots and digging premature graves for the youth in your classroom seats.

No, good teacher, you are wrong; terribly, murderously wrong. You are the traitor, traitor and the boy the patriot. You may have a code of patriotism which you swear by, but you have mighty little love for humanity in your heart. You are deliberately encouraging these boys to die for a code that is as antiquated and barbarous as the Code Duello; you are telling them the old lie about dying for God and Democracy when you know (that is, you should know) that they will die for Rockefeller oil in China or for Morgan mortgages in Latin America. You would take the precious stuff of human life and mash it like a rotten vegetable in a trench of war. You would slaughter your school boys as a backwoods farmer would not slaughter a sick cow; you would cut the throat of a budding Joyce Kilmer more cruelly than a butcher in a slaughter-house would slit the throat of a common hog.

Let's stop lying to youth. Let's stop telling children that war is a duty of glory and honor, and tell them the truth about it. Let's tell them that no war ever got anybody anything but tears and heartbreak and chaos and despair. Let's even tell them that your pay-check as a teacher has been held up all too often lately because the taxpayers of America are staggering under a burden of taxation, inherited from the World War, which is as unnecessary as it is inhuman. Let's tell them that ten million men died in Europe a few years ago in the war to end war, and that they died in vain.

Some of the rest of us love our country just as much as you do; love it so much that we do not want to see it wiped out in another war. Some of us love our fellowmen, be they German or Greek or Irish or Austrian, more than we love the half witted patriotism of half witted people who stayed safely behind the lines while youth was bleeding to death at the front. And if we can possibly stop it, we will never, never, see it happen again. You can help us to do that if you will. Will you? Or will you go on sewing the seeds of your own country's doom, sending yet another generation of youth out to die like so many blind, innocent babes in the wood trapped in a burning forest?

And you, mother and father—voter, builder and keeper of the schools? And you, Board of Education—what are

you going to do about it?

Signed,
Rev. —:Minister—; Church.

SEEKS RECORDER



Dominic C. Nastase

Dominic C. Nastase, of Beaverdale, has announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for Recorder of Deeds in Cambria county.

Born in Jefferson County in 1906, Mr. Nastase has been a resident of Beaverdale for the past thirty years. He believes himself qualified to the office for which he seeks. He was Democratic candidate for the same office four years ago, and polled more than seven thousand votes. At the solicitation of his old friends and many new ones, he says, he again in quest of a nomination.

Mr. Nastase is at present unemployed. He is married and the father of two children.

LONG STRIFE BETWEEN THE CIO AND AFL SEEN

State College.—Despite the fact that the rank and file of labor organizations want peace, the basic conflict between the AFL and CIO likely will continue for many years, declared Prof. Arthur H. Reede, of Pennsylvania State College Department of Economics and Sociology.

He told the Institute of Social Relations last Thursday that only strong Presidential pressure would vitalize the growing pressure in the ranks of the two labor organizations and make this adjustment possible.

Clinton Golden, regional director of the CIO's Steel Workers Organizing Committee, told the Institute that \$5,000 steel workers had been thrown out of work by modern machinery. He called upon organized labor to attack the problem of technological unemployment.

In common law, a child at the age of seven years is capable of committing a crime.

Hurt in Accident.
Gordon Luzier, 17, Marsteller, was injured in an automobile accident on Department.

The youth sustained a fracture of the left arm and contusions and brush burns of the body. He was taken to the Spangler hospital and his condition now is listed as good. According to the hospital reports the Luzier machine was sideswiped by an automobile owned

ed by Joseph Malik, Marsteller. Both automobiles were damaged.

SPANGLER HOSPITAL GETS APPROPRIATION

Specific appropriations allowed by Governor Arthur H. James for institutions in this area were announced last week. Included is an appropriation of \$44,000 for the Miners' Hospital of Northern Cambria County, at Spangler.

A NEW Banking SERVICE!

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Beetles on beans, cucumbers, squash, melons. Worms, loopers and beetles on cabbage, lettuce and berries—Pin Worms and Flea Beetles on tomatoes—both bugs and flea beetles on potatoes.

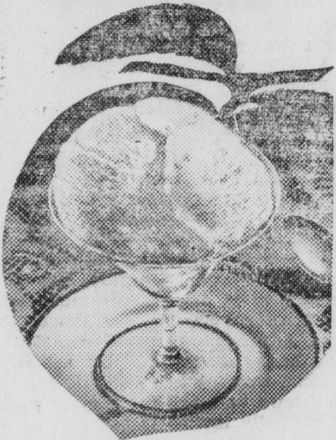
McConnon Insecticidal Dust controls these and other destructive insects shown in free booklet. Leaves no highly poisonous residue.



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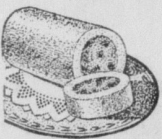
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Light, fluffy sponge cake with a center of Fresh Peach Ice Cream. Just slice and serve.

35c

Listen to "Your Family and Mine" KDKA at 9 a.m., 6-1.

Sealtest APPROVED

New "COLD-WALL" Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser!

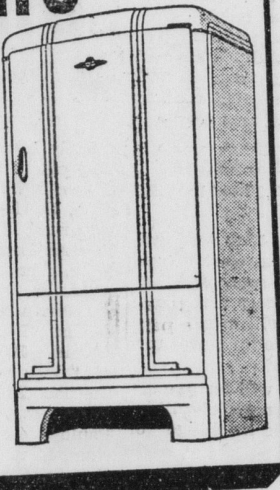
THE WORLD'S FIRST "COLD-WALL" REFRIGERATOR! Built on an entirely New Principle that saves food's vital freshness from drying out

For the first time, you can now store even highly perishable foods—and prolong their original freshness, retain their nourishing richness and peak fresh flavor... days longer than ever before! Come in. Convince yourself in 5 Minutes. See how this new Frigidaire puts you years ahead in every way—in beauty, usability, economy as well as food-preservation. Yet costs no more than ordinary "first-line" refrigerators!

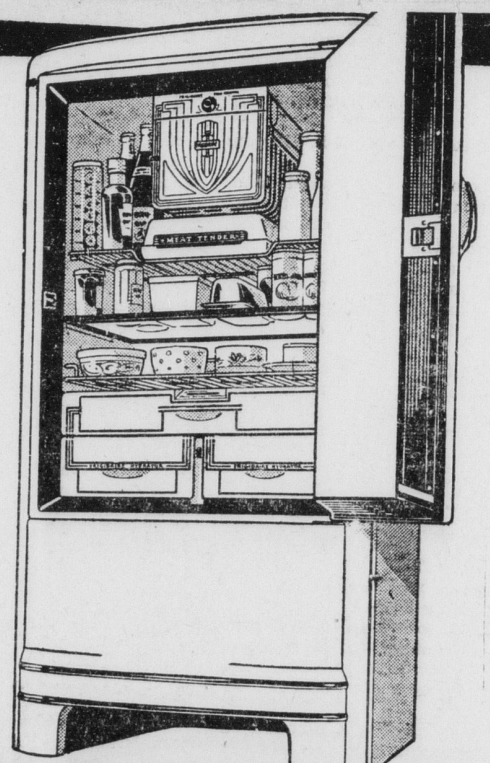
Frigidaire "Super-Value 6"

BRAND NEW \$149.75 1939 MODEL ONLY

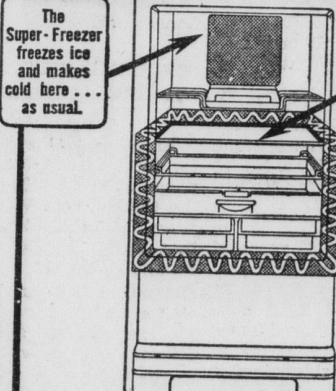
Big, roomy, full 6 Cubic Ft. size! Gives you the Same Simplest Refrigerating Mechanism, same Meter-Miser, same one-piece steel construction and same General Motors 5-year Protection Plan as Frigidaire's models costing up to \$100 more. Quality at a Super-Value price!



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