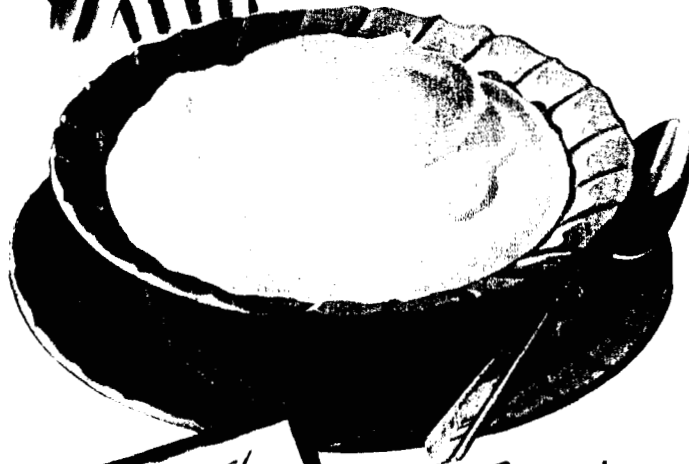


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NOW! A Delicious NEW Hot Breakfast Cereal!



CREAM OF RICE



SO NUTRITIOUS!

CREAM OF RICE adds three important vitamins—plus iron—for rich, red blood and better growth!

Specially Designed for children under 12

SO DIGESTIBLE!

MANY DOCTORS recommend Cream of Rice as baby's first cereal food. Can't irritate delicate digestive tract!

SO RICH IN ENERGY!

YES, DELICIOUS Cream of Rice actually gives children more energy than hot wheat or oat cereals!

• Here's a new hot cereal that youngsters love to eat! It's a delicious rice cereal—different from the usual wheat and oat cereals. Has Vitamins B₁, B₂ and Niacin added plus iron for better growth! Easily digestible! Brimful of quick energy! Exciting new flavor! Get Cream of Rice today!



CHILDREN LOVE IT! READY IN ONLY 5 MINUTES!

timated to have been between \$9000 and \$11,000 yearly each. The miners also contribute \$1.50 apiece to a hospitalization fund, which they also administer. Delivery of a baby is extra and not included in any payments; the doctor's fee is \$35 for a home delivery.

The miners say about medical facilities:

"The doctors are making money out of us—but how else are you going to get them to come down here? They're organized now themselves—and last October they sent us an ultimatum saying they wanted a 50-cent raise a month from each miner. We were paying them \$2.50 each before then. We gave it to them. We couldn't afford to let them quit on us and leave us with nobody. They didn't answer calls until we said okay, and it was a tough thing to say, but if we tried getting some strange new guy down here how do we know he'd take any interest in us at all? It's bad enough the way things are; you send out a kid to the nearest telephone and then wait. We can't afford to make ourselves guinea pigs for new guys—and maybe some of them no good, like the dope addict we had down here. Doc Lewis hired the men we have at Yokum and we trust him. Now we've got the running of the medical fund in the contract, we're going to stick to what we know and make the best of it. Maybe the International will have some ideas that will help on the subject too. We miners have just begun to take our own welfare in our own hands."

The operators say about medical facilities:

"A coal-company doctor works hard, and I should know; I was one myself and still am, for that matter. How did I get to be an operator? Good business sense. When I

came here from Vanderbilt University (I dreamed I'd own that mound one. I lived in a little shack—Clover Fork on my horse. Saved and put it into land—coal-people. I don't practice much any more surgery, maybe, but I'm not on take my cut of the medical fund want me to. They know I'm a responsibility for their health; they can count on me in an emergency reason I don't take regular pay I'm away a good bit—say the months every year. If the miners they'll stick to the doctors who are true. How many doctors will here and stick here?"

County health authorities:

"Two groups of people make this county: doctors and land. the doctors have their own obol money is checked off the miners and now the miners are their boss was the company who hired the like the doctors have two masters to serve the patient when to properly you may cut into the pay guy who hired you. Or, say a man in the mines; it's the doctor who how great his disability is—and the insurance company should pay the insurance company has to pay a lot of accidents, the price of insurance—and the company pays that tors here are caught trying to masters, in the worst kind of course they don't stick. Young ones here, make enough money to go to college in a better community and make they buy coal companies. Companies are trying on the most public-spirited

MY CONSCIENCE

I DO not know whether consciences in general are male or female, but I am positive that mine is a lady, an outsize creature with a strong voice, one who won't take "no" for an answer. She leads me a merry chase at times.

For instance, when I was looking at a picture magazine last winter, Europe's children stared at me from the pages, stark misery in black and white. Then my fat little John Paul crawled across the floor to me. Standing behind him, arms akimbo, aggressive as usual, was My Conscience.

"Well!" she barked. "Quite a contrast there, wouldn't you say?"

I could only nod dumbly.

"Yes, your baby—and their babies. You know how a hungry baby can cry too. You always have the bottle for John Paul. But what would you do if you couldn't get the warm milk to put in his mouth?" I hung my head.

"What are you going to do about it?" she persisted unmercifully. "Just sit there comfortably and watch your baby get fatter?"

"But what can I do about it?" I wailed. "I don't have any extra money. I'm only one person and there's millions of them. What good would my puny efforts be?"

My Conscience withdrew without a word, giving me, however, a significant look that spoke volumes. So began my project.

In a short time I found an article in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL giving the names and addresses of many of the foreign-relief agencies. I wrote to several. "May I have the name of a needy family to adopt by mail?"

The Greek War Relief Association in New York assured me that they had many names of individual needy families.

I was amazed to find I could buy forty pounds of food and clothing in special gift boxes, for the sum of \$10.00, being delivered by their own express.

My Conscience kept nagging at me when I asked for and received one, but fifty Greek dollars in the church took five and sent me a box of food and clothing. Two weeks later the local PTA rallied other churches, friends and neighbors, and responded to my plea, and I had given about thirty names.

Since there were no families in my neighborhood having small children, I picked at random from the list. I wrote the letter immediately, and as I was tallying if I might have all the names, I noticed one that seemed a short one. It was an airmail letter back from a family that had a big lump formed in my throat. "We knew God would not forget you, your letter was absolute proof of His love."

Enclosed in this letter were fifty dollars fully traced feet on thin paper. It belonged to the six members of the family. There is the father, a former major in the Greek army, crippled, but active in the church. The family barely makes a living on his tiny pension. Then there is the mother, who thanked God for my prayers, were answered, please send them a few pieces of clothing, since theirs would have been worn out after all these years. There is a daughter, Marina, 22, the English in the family, is an archaeologist at the University of Athens; a son, a law student; George is 16 and Christopher is 12.

It was a distinct pleasure in buying shoes, knowing that they were