

Summer Reading

(Vardis Fisher, the Idaho novelist and author of "The Children of God" and "Passions Spin the Plot," has written a new novel entitled "Pemmican," which is the story of the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada's most turbulent times. The title of his book derives from "pemmican," the dried buffalo meat pounded into paste with melted fat, which was the main item in the diet of the trappers and hunters in the early days of the American West. Mr. Fisher wanted some of his readers to taste some present-day pemmican. His book was published by Doubleday on June 21, and the following article is an account of his search for the elusive item. —Editor)

The thought of pemmican, the food, was naturally never very far from my mind while I was writing "Pemmican," the novel. But I kept down my appetite for the food and I kept up my work on the book. Then, when I was through with the writing, I decided I had to have another taste of the famous staple of the mighty men of the North.

From my typewriter, as the book took shape, I had looked north towards Canada, where I could see the whole area from Peace River to Thunder Bay simply bulging with the stuff, and squaws with their drying-racks everywhere. I got off an air mail to the Edmonton Chamber of Commerce, asking them to ship me fifteen pounds along with the bill. What I got was a short note which said, "There's no pemmican up here." They seemed to imply that there might be tons of it down there, perhaps at the South Pole.

I then air mailed the chambers in Calgary, Regina and Winnipeg, and received almost identical notes: "We haven't a ghost of an idea where you can find pemmican. Suggest you write the Secretary of the Hudson's Bay Co." Still sanguine, still convinced there were mountains of it up there, I wrote the secretary of "ye olde honourable cie" and got a real shock: "We haven't a ghost of an idea where you can find pemmican. Suggest you write the Chamber of Commerce in Edmonton."

Well, I was right back where I started from, and a little wiser—and a lot hungrier. My wife,

Opal, was convinced that Alaska must be full of it, and since she had sources there, she got off air mail letters. I hustled over to my friend Dr. Edwin S. ("Robby") Robinson, who goes fishing or big game hunting away up in Headless Valley or the Valley of the Thousand Smokes; or on the Peace, the Smoky, the Liard, the Nelson or the Mackenzie river. I had heard him say that he had brought pemmican home.

I stated my problem—that I wanted my publisher to send kits to various book reviewers and dealers, including tubes of such famous Western scents as sage, buffalo bush, buckskin, maybe a little jar of huckleberry and chokeberry jelly (the finest on earth); and, of course, a sample of pemmican. Robby said, "I'll have you a hundred pounds within a week." I told him I thought a hundred pounds was more than all of us could eat, for a little of it went a long way. He said he had a chunk in the basement and we turned the basement upside down, but all we could find was tons of various semi-precious stones and petrified woods. Since well-aged pemmican resembles petrified wood, Robby said he guessed he must have made it up into necklaces and earrings.

No matter. He had dozens of friends up North, he would get wires off at once. A week later I went over to get the pemmican and found his face off-color. His friend, H. Bowtell, at Beaver Lodge, Alberta, a government telegrapher, had sent telegrams all over the vast country. Stewart Anderson, trapper, hunter and guide, at Dawson Creek, and Jack Andrews, a trapper on the upper reaches of the Peace, had almost chased the legs off their dogs but had found no pemmican.

Robby and I had a lunch of chipped beef, which he says is about the same thing; and he said, "You really want pemmican? Man, you'll be standing in it up to your neck." All he had to do was get off another bunch of telegrams.

After two weeks I went over and found his face as red as moose liver. James Watts, explorer, mapper, geologist, of Headless Valley in the Northwest Territories (stories about his hair-raising adventures once appeared all over this country), had found no pemmican. The Hudson's Bay Co. at Fort Nelson away up the Nelson river had sent wires to all

its posts in the area, including the most distant. No pemmican. A dozen soldiers at the Army post at Fairbanks had searched the country almost to the North Pole. No pemmican.

Robby by now had become so sensitive and my hunger so ravenous that he winced when I used the word pemmican. He said he would try again but his voice was weak. So in desperation, I got an air mail off to Senator Henry C. Dworshak, saying, "Dear Henry, I'm calling a novel 'Pemmican' and I've simply got to have some. They took it all to the South Pole. Can you get me a hunk of it?" The Senator replied that he would do his damndest, and for weeks I got reports from him. The first said, "We have picked up a lead on the source." The source, I supposed, was Canada. The second said, "Give us just a little longer, we are close enough to smell the stuff." The third said, "We almost have it, how much do you want?"

And then the blow fell. The stuff taken to the South Pole, reported in the American press as pemmican, apparently had not been pemmican at all. It was called Trail Ration and was concocted by an enterprising gentleman on the eastern seaboard who, so far as I know, has never been west of Charleston, and couldn't possibly tell a Holstein from a moose. I assume that the meat he uses is plain old beef or Carolina deer.

Senator Dworshak expressed his regrets, as well as the hope that I would, in spite of his failure, vote for him next time. Opal and I returned to the hopeless search. I called Doc Robby but was told that he was not answering the phone. A letter came referring us to a gentleman up in North Dakota. I don't know what he makes or what he calls it, but it certainly isn't the good old pemmican of the kind the squaws made, when they poured melted hump fat over the powdered jerky, and mixed in the flies and beetles and their own sweat, and everything else that got in the way.

The letters are still coming in. One received only yesterday says, "I suggest that you write the Secretary of the Hudson's Bay Co." As a matter of fact, I think I will.

THE BIBLE SPEAKS
International Uniform Sunday School Lessons
BY DR. KENNETH J. FOREMAN

Background Scripture: Acts 2:44-47; Hebrews 10:19-25; 11:1-13:8.
Devotional Reading: Ephesians 4:1-13.

Great Company
Lesson for July 22, 1956

MAN is not made for loneliness. He not only feels incomplete when circumstances force him for a time to live alone; he is actually incomplete. It is only through existence with others that we arrive at our true selves. People who have never thought this through know it by a kind of instinct. That is why there are so many organizations and societies and fraternities and groups of innumerable sorts in the world.



Even when an organization has no very important reason for its existence, its members just like to get together.

The Great Company
Of all groups of human beings, the greatest is the "great company" we call the Church. Belonging to it is more than joining another organization. It is more than any denomination, more than any existing list of members, even if you put all the members of all the churches into one master-list. The writer to the Hebrews, thinking of the heroes of faith, does not think of them as past-and-gone saints. They live now; they are the great "cloud of witnesses"—the cheering grandstand, we may dare to say—in whose presence our own race is being run. They are living members of the Fraternity of Faith. All those who have dreamed God's dreams after him, all who have looked beyond their times to the heavenly city yet to be, all who have toiled to make this world a bit more like the world of God's intention, who have by faith seen what God promised and greeted it from afar; these make up the company to which every man and woman is invited; these are the light-bearers, the builders, to whose fellowship every Christian belongs. Men of faith often have to live lonely lives; they can be misunderstood, imprisoned, tortured and killed; but they take heart, knowing that they do not stand alone.

Marching With the Heroes

For some persons, precise accuracy of belief is what makes a good Christian. Surely accuracy of belief is a good thing. To say the least of it, there is no point in believing what isn't so, or not believing what is so. But from the standpoint of this letter to the Hebrews, indeed from the standpoint of Jesus himself, accuracy of belief and completeness of understanding are not the last word in what makes a Christian. Faith, in the way the word meets us in the famous 11th chapter of Hebrews, is not voting "aye" to a set of propositions. Faith is doing something for man and God. It can be expressed in the slogan, "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God." Faith of this rousing, robust kind is more than thinking, it is doing. It is thinking too; faith certainly is no substitute for thought. Reading the stories of the men and women the writer to the Hebrews lists in his roll-call of faith, one finds them planning ahead, working, fighting, never blindly but with the determination that comes from a thinking faith. Heroes think, plan, believe; but also heroes DO. It is the doing that makes them heroic. So the Great Company is a marching, fighting company, marching at God's orders, fighting God's war.

Supermen?

Thinking about such things, and such men, has put iron into the blood of many weaker men and women, struggling through their own battles on this earth. But it has a discouraging side, too. These men—Abraham, Moses, all the rest, and all the others that Christian history can name—these heroes of faith were supermen, we feel. Quite out of our class. In such a company, many a humble Christian feels like a boy who can't do simple arithmetic being elected by accident to a Mathematical Society, or a boy twelve years old suddenly finding himself in the middle of a football game between Notre Dame and Texas. It's embarrassing. But no—that is a mistake. The men named to that Roll-Call of Faith were not really supermen. Indeed some of them felt so small that they tried to resign before God elected them. By themselves they would have been no more remarkable than ourselves. For after all, it was not their faith, or their character, or their power, that made them; it was the God in whom they had that faith, who made them. And God still makes men!

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Bookmobile Schedule

Tuesday, July 24—Michael's Store, 9:15; Mrs. Ben Blue 9:45, Velma Prim 10, Mrs. J. Blue 10:30, C. F. Wicker 11, Mrs. H. A. Blue 11:15, Love's Store 11:30, E. B. Cook 12:15, Mrs. Green 12:30, Mrs. Lewis 12:45.
Thursday, July 26—Inmans 9:45, Highfalls 10, Putnam 11:15, Glendon 12:30, Miss Alma Edwards 1 p. m. Wilcox 1:30, Miss Nicholson 2:15, Carthage 2:45.
Friday, July 27—W. E. Graham 9:45, Jackson Springs 10:15, Carl Tucker 11, Philip Boroughs 11:30, Adele McDonald 12, George Hunt 12:15, Betty McKenzie 12:30.

In a move to check the spread of the Mediterranean fruit fly, USDA has awarded a contract to a firm to spray 180,000 acres along the southeastern coast of Florida.

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HOLD TIGHT!

Ever find yourself caught out in the middle of a storm with your umbrella blowing itself inside out?

There you are, clinging like mad to that frail bit of cloth and metal . . . and you realize that if the wind gets one whit stronger your "protection" is going to blow right out of your hands.

Fortunately, it doesn't hurt to get wet, so losing your umbrella wouldn't be much of a tragedy. But when you're caught in one of the other types of storms life deals out . . . a storm that buffets at your inner sense of security . . . or your idea of right or wrong . . . a storm that tries to undermine your marriage, or your career . . . or a storm of sickness or strife . . . then it's a very different matter.

How fortunate that in those more difficult moments, you don't have to rely upon something as flimsy as an umbrella. How fortunate that you can turn to the Church and find in it solace, protection, courage, and the faith to keep going. You will find that the Church is a shelter that will always protect you.

THE CHURCH FOR ALL . . . ALL FOR THE CHURCH

The Church is the greatest factor on earth for the building of character and good citizenship. It is a storehouse of spiritual values. Without a strong Church, neither democracy nor civilization can survive. There are four sound reasons why every person should attend services regularly and support the Church. They are: (1) For his own sake. (2) For the sake of his community and nation. (3) For the sake of the Church itself, which needs his moral and material support. Plan to go to church regularly and read your Bible daily.

Day	Book	Chapter	Verses
Sunday	Psalm	107	23-32
Monday	1 Samuel	15	20-26
Tuesday	Luke	12	22-34
Wednesday	Romans	12	22-34
Thursday	Matthew	8	14-27
Friday	Mark	4	30-41
Saturday	Luke	8	15-25

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BROWNSON MEMORIAL CHURCH (Presbyterian)
Cheves K. Ligon, Minister
Sunday School 9:45 a.m. Worship service, 11 a.m. Women of the Church meeting, 8 p.m. Monday following third Sunday.
The Youth Fellowships meet at 7 o'clock each Sunday evening. Mid-week service, Wednesday, 7:15 p.m.

EMMANUEL CHURCH (Episcopal)
Martin Caldwell, Rector
Holy Communion, 8 a.m. (First Sundays, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m.) Sunday School, 9 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sermon, 10 Holy Communion—each Wednesday and Holy Days, 10 a.m.

MANLY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Grover C. Curry, Minister
Sunday School 10 a.m. Worship Service, 2nd and 3rd Sunday evenings, 7:30. Fourth Sunday morning, 11 a.m. Women of the Church meeting, 8 p.m., second Tuesday. Mid-week service Thursday at 8 p.m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH
New Hampshire Ave.
Sunday Service, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 11 a.m. Wednesday Service, 8 p.m. Reading Room in Church Building open Wednesday 3-5 p.m.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
New York Ave. at South Ashe
David Hoke Coon, Minister
Bible School, 9:45 a.m. Worship 11 a.m. Training Union, 7 p.m. Evening Worship, 8 p.m. Scout Troop 224, Monday, 7:30 p.m.; mid-week worship, Wednesday 7:30 p.m.; choir practice Wednesday 8:15 p.m. Missionary meeting, first and third Tuesdays, 8 p.m. Church and family suppers, second Thursdays, 7 p.m.

ST. ANTHONY'S (Catholic)
Vermont Ave. at Ashe
Father Peter M. Denges
Sunday masses 8 and 10:30 a.m.; Holy Day masses 7 and 9 a.m.; weekday mass at 8 a.m. Confessions heard on Saturday between 5-6 and 7:30-8:30 p.m.

THE CHURCH OF WIDE FELLOWSHIP (Congregational)
Cor. Bennett and New Hampshire
Worfford C. Timmons, Minister
Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Worship Service, 11 a.m. Sunday, 6:30 p.m., Pilgrim Fellowship (Young people). Sunday, 8:00 p.m., The Forum.

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