

room, Rod started immediately to make apologies for his barging in.

As I returned to the kitchen, where I was preparing Bob's supper, I heard the sound of voices, but I couldn't understand what they were saying. I was curious to know what the "important business" could be about, but even when Rod left and Bob and I were alone, my husband wouldn't tell me of the mysterious visit.

He said that Rod wanted the matter to be kept quiet, and he couldn't even tell me about it. He did say that he was doing a job for Rod that very night which would make us rich. This amazed me—at night! And all the secrecy! Bob was an honest man, and I was sure nothing was going wrong. I, being a woman, wasn't satisfied, so I pled with him to tell me about it. Then, he told me the whole story, at least the story Rod had told him. Rod was transporting some valuable jewels—family heirlooms—when his boat capsized and sank. He didn't want any publicity because some remote relative would try to claim them if they heard that he had possession of them.

It seemed like a phony story to both of us, but Bob left to meet Rod. Not long after Bob left, the door-bell rang; and two strange-looking men were standing in the door. When they showed me a note signed by Rod Ludder, I let them in and asked their business. They had come by to pick up Bob; and when I told them he had already gone to the wharf to meet Rod, they asked to use the phone. I could hear the voice of one talking very faintly as he conversed over the phone. Suddenly, the voice became louder and angry and seemed disturbed about something. It was then that I realized what the true story was, and I tried to think with my numbed brain how I could stop Bob from doing the "job." Rod Ludder was the leader of a dope ring and was bringing a load of the stuff to the states when the Coast Guard got on his trail. They sank the boat, swam ashore and watched the boat go down. And Rod had employed my husband to rescue dope! As I stood there with my ear pressed against the door, it suddenly opened and the two men stood there glaring at me. They knew that I had heard everything and threatened to kill me; but, they decided to take me to Rod and let him decide what should be done.

After an eternity of riding, we reached the wharf; and we all got into a small boat. All of a sudden, a larger boat pulled up, and we went onto it. I could see Rod's figure at the rail's edge, but I could not see Bob anywhere. When I called for him, the two men tied my hands and feet and put a gag in my mouth, then put me in a small room. I managed to wriggle over to the wall and looked out of the port-hole. I could see the lines over the rail's edge which meant that Bob was already in the water, thinking he was rescuing jewels of which he would get half and no way of my telling him the truth.

Then, Rod and the two men pulled on the lines, and Bob came up in his diver's suit with a black box under his arm. I screamed and banged my whole body against the wall but Bob couldn't hear me. I heard Rod tell Bob he had to go down for another box, and I heard Bob arguing with Rod about it. Bob was annoyed because he hadn't been told that there were two he must get the first time he went down. I prayed that Bob would refuse to go again, but he didn't. He had just gotten a few feet down in the water when I saw Rod pull out a long-bladed knife and cut the lines. I could see the bubbles rise to the surface, which meant that my husband was drowning. Then, I fainted.

When I came to, the two brutal men were carrying me—my body limp—outside of the little room I had occupied. Rod was talking with them as they went, saying that they should throw me overboard because I knew too much. I prayed as I had never prayed before—I wanted to live. As we drifted along without any lights, as though in answer to my prayer, the small boat was hit hard by a large boat which had come directly into us in the dark, and we were all thrown overboard.

I was told later that I was the only one rescued. The other four bodies were never found.

Although life will never be complete without Bob, it must go on. My life was changed entirely by the innocent-looking man who came to our house that night. He didn't look like a killer.

The Most Unforgettable Person I Have Met

FAYE ESTES

A long, white beard, deep, glistening eyes, and a voice that sounded as if it was coming out of the past were the characteristics I noticed about the old man who was to guide our group through the famous Luray Caverns. I wondered if this man would be able to walk the long distance of the underground world of beauty, but he began the two mile walk just as lively at heart as anyone in the party.

Almost before realizing it, we were lost in a world of wonder, listening intently in order to hear the deep, almost quivering voice of the old man as it carried through the cave forming a very dim but clear echo in the distance.

We could not have secured a guide more familiar with all parts of the cavern. He had been leading groups through these paths many times a day for forty years. He could point to objects we were familiar with in our everyday life that were now formed of these beautiful, unique rocks that grew only one inch in one hundred years.

Observing the old man, I became fascinated. In the light of this stilled quietness he looked like a picture of a loving grandfather waiting to comfort some forlorn child, but he wore a lonely and tired expression as if he knew he was growing old. At the half way mark I again was not confident the old guide would be able to continue, but with the aid of a stick he walked on and appeared to be enjoying the sights as much as we were. His voice was becoming weaker and weaker for the span of years in this work and his age were beginning to affect it. To my amazement he kept right on talking in order to show us every part of this cavern. It was then I noticed how much this work meant to his happiness. He was a part of these beautiful caves that only the hand of God could have created. He loved his rocks and through his work he could help others to appreciate this wonder of the world.

As we came through the last opening, our tour almost completed, I again noticed the old guide. He no longer looked exhausted or lonely, but resembled a young lad with his heart filled with happiness and contentment.

How could I forget this man. His love for his work and his happiness touched my heart and taught me a great lesson: though the years pass, one who is happy and content never grows old.

THE FIFTH FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 3)

the right to failure. "Freedom is not a privilege, it is a test," writes De Noux. What kind of a test is it, what kind of freedom where no one can fail? The day is past when the United States can afford to give high-school diplomas to all who sit through four years of instruction, regardless of whether any visible results can be discerned. We live in a narrowed world where we must be alert, awake to realism: and realism demands a standard which either must be met or result in failure. These are hard words, but they are brutally true. If we deprive our children of the right to fail we deprive them of their knowledge of the world as it is.

Finally, we can expose our children to the best values we have found. By relating our lives to the evidences of the ages, by judging our philosophy in the light of values that history has proven truest, perhaps we shall be able to produce that "ringing message, full of content and truth, satisfying to the mind, appealing to the heart, firing the will, a message on which one can stake his whole life." This is the message that could mean joy and strength and leadership—freedom as opposed to serfdom.

I have for long been moved to profound veneration of a great man whose qualities of character, pursuits, and intellect are much too magnificent for my pen to trace. May I give the reader a brief explanation regarding the composition. There has been no employment of exact meter, or rhyme and for a very specific reason. The regulations of verse I could not employ to an advantage, because in building a monument to such greatness, complete freedom was necessary. Here is my humble tribute.

J. E.

(See DR. ELLIOTT Page 13)