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EDITORIALS

What of the new year? What of 1942 and what are we going to make of it? What does it hold in store for us at New-treat?

This coming year and for many years in the future, we, the Christian youth of America, will bind up the wounds torn

by a devastating war. For years we will hear the reverberations of a mighty scheme of destruction by enemies of all that's free, all that's inspiring, all that's right! Bloodshed, destruction, chaos; these are the stark realities we will face; the burdens which will be ours to share. Old Father Time, you haven't been too good to this modern generation.....

Silvery bells chimed out through the night, and another year was ushered in. The future is veiled--its secrets are hidden; its joys and sadnesses are unfathomable. What will be our potion? What will be the fate of human life and happiness?

With 1942 Old Father Time sent Faith. He sent Hope--a Hope that lifts us out of the despondency and depression of current war and slips our hands into those of the Heavenly Father.

Each will have his individual problems, his sorrows, his small triumphs and joys, his loves, his personal destiny to pursue, his life to live. But what of others? A smile here, a word of encouragement there, a helping hand to all--these are the things which make American society wonderful and different--the things which really count most.

Regardless of perverse conditions which would destroy our way of life there are some things which are immortal. The common decencies of Americans, the sturdiness of independence, unconquerable faith in a mighty God, and rugged health, the courage of self-sufficiency, the joy of being happy, freedom in every sense; these are the things that can't perish! Nothing can and will replace them.

And then there's always the one about the man who ran into the cow, because she didn't blow either of her two horns.