

In the Hearts of the People
CONSTITUTION WEEK SPECIAL
By Wilfrid Dellquist
This is our Constitutuon. It is not just a scroll inscribed with words and covered by a glass case for the peering eyes of generations.
It is the outpouring of the hearts of men and wome determined to win their freedom and hopeful that thei
It came out of the maelstrom of revolution, swirling over hills into the wide valleys of the new Republic.
It sang our hymn of liberation, robust, challenging sonorous. We are the people, it said, and, under God, our
will shall guide our destinies. We shall worship in our own will shall guide our destinies. We shall worship in our own
way. We shall suffer no tyranny, save the tyranny of our ignorance. We are the people. Each of us is an individual endowed with equality before the law and shielded by the
armor of our sacred rights. armor of our sacred rights.
This is our Constitution, our hymn of freedom. It is
written with the blood of our ancestors, punctuated by the graves of those who gave it birth.

Followers of the Nazarene, progeny of Moses, children of the African forests, the rich, the poor, the sorrow laden,
gather with us here. You are all as one with us. Kneel beneath the warming sun of liberty, and rise to face tomorrow
with the noblest accolade: American. Another Day, Another Dollar "Another day, another dollar!" That was a common
expression when grandfather hitched up his suspenders, expression when grandfather hitched up his suspenders,
grabbed his lunch pail, and set forth to wait for' the horsegrabbed his lunch pail, and set forth to wail for the horsewas balm to tired muscles, and brought anticipation of the
Sunday picnic, the band concert in the park, or a happy day at the ball game

Six dollars a week for twelve hours a day, and the 19th century was dying on the vine, warmed by a sun that
had seen the birth of a great new republic creeping westward with the passing of the years.

Fifty short years unwinding on the reel of time, and grandson is grumbling at his meager sixty dollars a week,
wondering whether he can keep up the payments on his' deep-freezer.
During that quickly passing span of existence, science ing into a bag of magic. Comfort, safety and luxury poured blessings into the lap of the average man. As the decades
pass in review, the most heartening note is evidence that pass in review, the most heartening note
there was correlating spiritual progress.

The conscience of society was not stilled: Men develop ed a deeper realization of their obligation to each other The base of democracy was widened. Women were given
their right to vote. More people than ever participated in the decisions of their government. The scourges of illhealth were fought with substantial success, life-expectancy
lengthened. The ideals of social justice were, in many ways, lengthened. T.
implemented.
War still menaces us, but it is no longer regarded as a glorious adventure. It is recognized as a horrible calamity
that honest people everywhere are sincerely trying to prethat ho
gone so far from the old cry, "Another day, another dollar!"


LAW IN ACTION



The Freelancer


The SQUIRREL CAGE

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Before you say just what
you think,
It would help if you think
 Of All Things

AFTER HOURS

