

# WITHERSPOON SPONSORS AWARDS!

by Madge Witherspoon, Publisher

This summer we at the *Metropolitan World* were enormously pleased to announce the winners and finalists of the first annual Witherspoon Awards for Excellence in Chronojournalism. We received many excellent submissions from cub reporters all across the nation. Indeed, we are unable to print here all of the worthy entries.

Some have questioned the importance of studying the forgotten events of history. They wonder what good it does, in an era of short tempers and even shorter attention spans, to relive “old news.” But as Harvard philosopher George Santayana noted, “Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.”

The past contains much we at the *Metro* would like to avoid repeating: the crash of the Hindenburg, the invasion of Belgium, the exploitation of the poor in overcrowded slums, the sinking of civilian ships by submarines, and the widespread use of commercial, martial and political propaganda—to name just a few of history’s black marks.

By immersing themselves in the stories of real people—and by making those stories matter to our readers—the Metro’s young reporting staff has elevated not just the significance of “forgotten” history, but their own place in it.

We invite you to explore in these pages some of the most important stories of the past, unearthed by those who represent journalism’s future. *The World* lies before you.

*Inspired to compete for next year’s Witherspoon Awards?*

Keep your eye on the *Byline* email newsletter for next year’s dates and submission guidelines.



## Revere’s Rival

RHYS SHARPE

The “midnight message of Paul Revere” has gone down in history as one of the greatest events in history. However, the next night, a lesser-known patriot accomplished a feat which makes all other midnight rides pale in significance.

Israel Bissell, a professional postrider, galloped 345 miles, spreading the news of the British assaults on Lexington and Concord.

“He went tearing down the street like a madman,” reported

a Connecticut Minuteman. “He flung something at the door of one of the houses without bothering to stop, and then disappeared around a corner, yelling for all he was worth that a war had started.”

Israel Bissell’s four-day ride took him through five different colonies, covering more than 17 times the distance of Revere’s ride. Society has a tendency to praise the underdog, and this tendency has exerted itself, raising Revere’s ride over Bissell’s—alliteration over statistical superiority.

Lesson 24



## The President Is Here!

Dad’s Slowness Secures Once in Lifetime Event for Canadian Correspondent David Helgerson

2nd

WASHINGTON DC—What are the chances of meeting a prominent or famous person? What about the President of the United States of America? The chances would be slim, but I have.

In the month of October in the year of 2014, my mother, my father, my sister and I took the liberty of touring around the capital of United States: Washington DC. We went around the city with a group of homeschoolers and witnessed many shows, historical sites, and monuments. Some of the sites we saw included the Washington monument, Lincoln Memorial, WWII memorial, Korean War memorial, Vietnam War memorial, the Congress and, last but not least, the famed White House. Almost every important site had tight security and police forces were evident everywhere. It took only cool heads and clean slates to pass through security lines. When we arrived at the White House, huge hordes of people were squeezing their way through. The line at the entrance booth for the White House was incredibly long. Because of that, we made sure to arrive early when there were less people and we got through with no trouble whatsoever. Once we began our tour of the White House, we were not prepared for the unexpected turn of events.

We found ourselves enchanted by the history of the White House -- so much so that Dad took forever to make his way through the opening hallway exhibit. Mom and I were getting impatient. “Come on, Dad! There is much to see. Don’t take your time, please!”

“Give me some more time,” Dad would only mumble. We didn’t realize that Dad’s slowing us down actually secured us a once-in-a-lifetime event. In a matter of minutes, there was a commotion among all the tourists as a White House staff member came walking through announcing that the president, THE President, Barack Obama, would be leaving the West Wing via helicopter and all tourists inside the opening hallway were given two choices: to either see the President leave or continue through to the rest of the White House. We were ecstatic. How could we refuse the opportunity to see the President?

We found ourselves whisked to the South Lawn. Already standing there were several security guards and FBI agents. The number of tourists alongside us was not a big group, it was only a handful. In a matter of minutes, a massive helicopter came roaring in, creating a huge gush of wind against our faces and hair.

Once it landed, a Marine soldier came out and opened the door through which the President would ascend into the helicopter. For minutes on end, we waited and waited. We started to get tense. Would the President ever come? Or did he change his mind about going? Would we then not see him?

Finally, finally, he came. At first he was a small blur until he came walking across the South Lawn.

He was nicely dressed in a suit and he waved. I waved and my family did also. We all cheered. I noticed how normal he looked. There wasn’t anything different about him. He looked just like any other average person. We took pictures and the President hastily got into the helicopter. The helicopter roared once again and flew off with the President. Two other helicopters followed suit. We were part of just a handful of people who saw the President that day. Ironical, since we are Canadians!

Lessons 46–48



# Risk Being Uncool... to be the Coolest of All!

Oliver Nikkel

Lessons 46–48

Bored of video games? Glazed eyes as you stare at the screen? Ready for an entirely new form of unbeatable entertainment? Try LEGO—for hours and hours of 100% reusable fun!

Why is it so wonderfully stimulating? I'll tell you why: it's high quality, reusable and creatively challenges every inch of your brain.

### History

Founded in 1916 by a poor carpenter named Ole Kirk Kristiansen, LEGO—short for LEg GOdt, meaning ‘play well’ in Danish—started as a humble Danish wooden toy shop that could barely keep itself afloat. From the very beginning, quality was never sacrificed, even if it meant staring bankruptcy in the face and building a brand new workshop from scratch (when his sons played with matches and burnt down the old one), renting out the extra space to pay his bills.

Ole Kirk worked tirelessly to create only the most top quality entertainment for both boys and girls—stated in his motto, which

serves as a reminder to his employees never to skimp on quality: ‘Det Bedste Er Ikke For Godt’, which means in english ‘Only the best is good enough’.

After yet another devastating fire flattens his workshop in 1942, Ole Kirk himself painstakingly remade the lost designs by hand—just to ensure they were up to spiff with the quality of the old designs. By 1948, one year after Ole Kirk imports a plastic injection-molding machine, the company was employing 50 people, and wooden toys were met by with plastic ones. Soon after that, in 1949, the predecessor of the brick, the ‘Automatic Binding Brick’ was released.

And finally, in 1958, the LEGO brick’s interlocking principle was patented at 1:58 pm on January the 28th. In 1960, two years later, when the plant was wiped out by fire yet again (they did have very bad luck with fires), wooden toys were abandoned, sending the sole focus of the company shifting to the LEGO system. And that is when it really took off—when the LEGO brick was sent out to the world. And now, exactly 60 years later, LEGO’s high quality standards are still just as high as when

they were in 1916.

### Reusability

Unlike hobbies such as painting, pottery, making model cars, or woodworking, there are absolutely no limits whatsoever on how many times a single piece can be used. Hyperdrive on a spaceship Monday morning? Sure! Medieval prison door on Tuesday afternoon? Why not?

Because the fact that not even the most grumpy critic can ignore is this: LEGO is absolutely, 100%, unconditionally, reusable. Unlike other activities that have only one use (for instance, paint can only be used on one painting; after that, new paint must be acquired), LEGO has no expiration date, no limit on how many times it can be used, or in how many different settings.

In fact, three ordinary two by four bricks can be assembled in 1,060 entirely different possible combinations. Six may be amalgamated in 915,103,765 different ways, and with eight or more...well, the combination possibilities are virtually endless. A brick you buy one day is still going to provide the same entertainment thirty years later. In my opinion, this is an amazing perk.

### Creative

Finally, its unbeatably creative. Why bother sitting on a couch playing video games when you can not only be entertained in a positive condition but be creatively challenged in an educational environment. In addition, you can strengthen your Picture-Smart (Visual-Spatial Intelligence) skills in a way nothing else can. Its a brainteaser, a puzzle, and plain old fun all wrapped up in a parcel.

### Conclusion

Unfortunately, as many kids get older, they get eyebrow-raising ideas about what is or isn’t ‘cool’. And sadly, LEGO falls into the category of ‘uncool’. How can this be, I ask you, given all the awesome pros listed above? The only logical solution, as far as I can tell, is to ignore it. Who cares if you’re not ‘cool’? Because in my mind, there’s nothing not cool about LEGO. As mentioned above, it is creatively stimulating, enjoyable, and a brain teaser. How is this ‘uncool’, while staring at a screen playing video games isn’t? In my opinion, building with LEGO is worth all these risks. So what are you waiting for? Get building!

## The Metropolitan World

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Lessons 28–30

# Immortal, Beloved

*Beethoven’s 9<sup>th</sup> Symphony Premieres in Vienna. Two Reviews.*

## Melissa Morgan: “The Dance of Life”

VIENNA, May 7, 1824—Beethoven’s 9th Symphony calls to the listener to feel her story. To behold the dancer who is confident.

Her strong and swirling movements can be heard in the forceful drawing of the bows across their strings—every step a confident one. The deep base notes, mixed with the strong striking of the drums and piercing trumpets, all create the rising and falling brilliance. The orchestra, in beautiful harmony, speaks her story to us.

As each note rises and falls, I am numb. I lean in closer toward the stage, straining to feel. I can hear the beauty, but can’t touch it, as if I’m trapped behind a glass wall. The notes splash with brilliance, reverberating through the entire room, echoing inside my chest, but my heart still

needs to be woken.

By the second act she’s floating. Quick, sailing notes reach my ears and finally, my heart. They sound like a rushing stream dashing over rocks, flowing to my soul. The gentle bow strokes and quick notes have awakened me, mingled with gentle high ones. I hear the striking of the drums, foreboding, invading this victory. She’s trying so hard to stay on her feet, forceful notes indicating her need to succeed. Trembling violin notes, strong flutes, quietly coming back from the dead as they rise from stillness into hopeful triumph. She’s fighting, those intense notes back again, still twirling in beauty, still hopeful. They waver, overwhelmingly tense, her resolve to stay on her feet driving her forward.

She blunders, wobbling on that final swirl, and crashes. A pause. The bows saw gently against the strings, as tears fall down her cheeks; she’s alone. Ruined. Failure. Sorrow. The notes hold a deep richness, and, like soft water, they wash over me; running painful, gentle and sad. She’s lost something she cannot regain, she misses it, longs for its return. Slowly, she grieves, overtaken by the sorrow of what once was. After a time, the notes, though mournful, gently reintroduce hope, as she stands to her feet—wobbly, but recovering. She dares to leap again, to twirl. Carried on wings of hope, she glides. Sorrow returns, she stumbles, but doesn’t stop twirling.

And then her final act. The notes build and build, straining for the

climax. The main theme hums, softly beaconing, rousing strength in me. Hushed notes reach for my soul, stirring up courage. The lead singer stands, and the words burst from his lips. My heart drops to my feet. Sorrow starts to weigh on me like stones. I stare at the dancer; she is blindfolded. The curtain separates, and she drops to her knees, hands raised high to the goddess of stone, unfeeling, unseeing, that stands there before her. And I realize, as I look at her dress, torn, dirty and stained, that once appeared beautiful—that this was her offering to one who could never see it.

## Katelyn Hess: “Broke Every Mold”

VIENNA, May 7, 1824—Everyone in Vienna agrees that Ludwig von Beethoven’s performance tonight will lack its former brilliance. How can a deaf man write music that is not chaotic and clashing?

Though the auditorium is packed, most of the audience have a relative on stage or are friends of the Master Musician. I am here only because I promised to attend every Beethoven performance possible. Dark clouds loom over the theater and I brace myself for the shriek of violins and untimely entrance of drums. As Beethoven takes the conductor’s stand, I clench my teeth and hunch my shoulders, certain this will destroy my appetite for concerts.

Beethoven lifts his baton and pauses. The silence is so deep with expectation it seems to stretch interminably. Then down it swings. A mighty crescendo erupts; yes,

but more, they ripple like a brook in perfect harmony. As if the music tapped me on the shoulder, I lean forward, absorbing every nuance. Somehow, this deaf musician had created a meadow of sound. High notes flew as bees. Bass and drums pounded like running feet. Violin strings cried sweetly in this minor key. Flutes blew as a gentle breeze. Voices soared in the sky. Smooth as honey, blooming brightly the music caressed the worn and weary corners of my soul. Shouting from the rooftops, with uncontainable emotion, trumpets proclaimed joy like the angels to the shepherds. And Beethoven conducted as if the music ran through his blood. Precise, measured, and breathtaking. What bliss is permission to hear even a single pure note. Hearing the entire chorus of woven notes is priceless privilege.

Then I realized that this whole

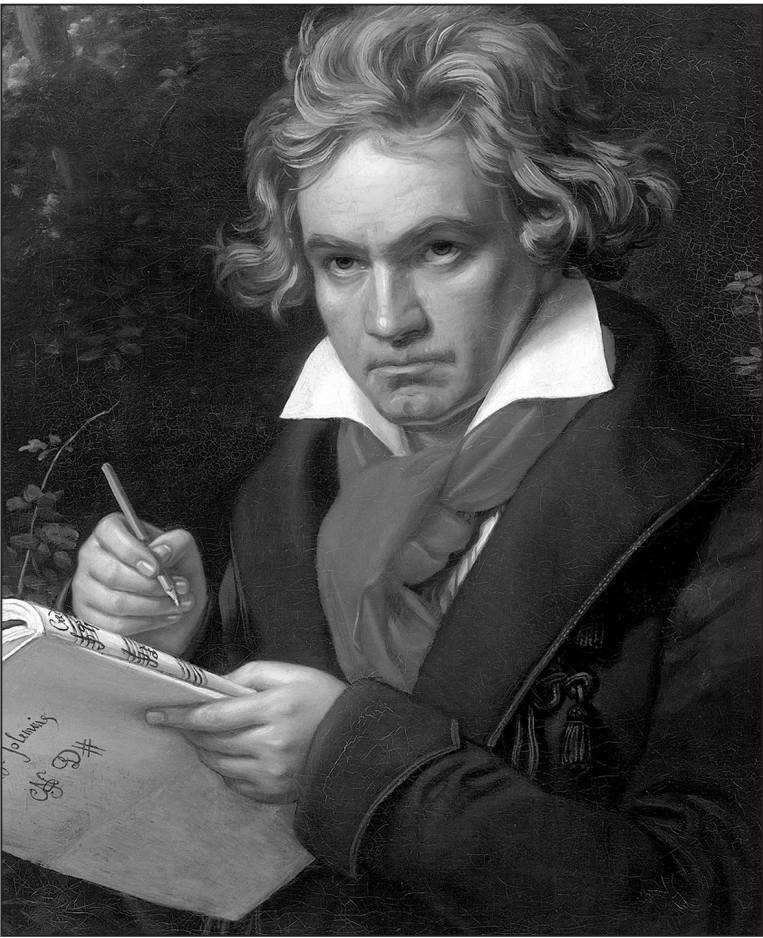
performance broke every mold expected of it. No one could say it was a flop. Nor could any say this was simply beautiful. Though it was beautiful, you knew it rose above description. No words can convey the moment us marvel.

Beethoven’s life was music. Now he finally unveiled his heart and allowed all to look inside. Joy whispered, joy rose, joy shouted, joy triumphed.

Into the emptiness it spoke of eternal secrets. The theme was joy, the music was joy, the life was joy. Buried in Beethoven’s heart, the knowledge of joy expanded...even in his deafness. Beauty surrounds the world if only it would open its heart to the experiences that seem worthless.

This song of the ancients shall unite another generation.

*Portrait by Joseph Karl Stieler, 1820*





# HINDENBERG CRASH! “Little Point In Hope”

## Babcock & Nikkel: Two Chronojournalists Report

### JONATHAN BABCOCK:

Yesterday, May 6 1937, the German Zeppelin the Hindenburg blew up, killing 35 people in its fiery plummet towards the ground. At 7:25 P.M. the ship was just docking at the Lakehurst Naval Air Station when the explosion occurred.

Fred Bamberger, a young man who was watching the Hindenburg docking when the catastrophe occurred, was able to capture quite a few photos of it. An avid aviation fan, he was hoping to take as many photos of the dirigible as he could – even bringing two

cameras in case one failed. He was supposed to be at school that day, but he decided to see the landing instead. “So I played hooky. I was supposed to be in school that afternoon,” he said during an interview. He was really looking forward to seeing the airship landing. What happened next took him completely by surprise. “I saw some smoke on the upper fin on the tail” he said. Moments later the back of the dirigible burst into flames, sending searing heat shooting in every direction. “The heat was so great that it burned my eyebrows all the way off,” were the words Bamberger used. It seemed

there was little point in hoping anyone could survive the fire. The flames began shooting high into the air. The flammable hydrogen within the airship had caught on fire, and nothing could stop it. Since the hydrogen in the tail of the ship was burning, that section quickly began to lose altitude. Like holding a burning match upside down, the licking flames rushed up the now almost vertical airship.

As the flames spread towards the front of the ship it rapidly began losing altitude, and it seemed that the people inside would either be consumed by the flames or die from the fall. As

Bamberger was recalling, “People were jumping out of it from 30 and 40 feet in the air.” It seemed that many chose to die of the fall instead. But amazingly not even half of the people on board perished. As soon as the ship crashed into the ground an impromptu band of rescuers began trying to save whom they could. The wind was blowing the flames in their direction, which initially halted their progress. However after making their way to the other side of the ship they were able to continue. Entering the still glowing framework of metal they pulled out all they could. Had the wind turned just once they would

likely all have perished. It was due largely to their work that 62 people were saved. Nearly all of those people are now in intensive hospital care, but they are still alive.

It was not just the people on board who were injured however. Many of the observers are still horror stricken, and that is one kind of injury that can sometimes take an entire lifetime to heal. One journalist who witnessed the catastrophe spoke the terror edged words “Oh the humanity.” For many on the airfield, including Fred Bamberger, it will be a long time until the memories of that day fade.

Lesson 15



### OLIVER NIKKEL:

May 6, 1937—After over a 15 hour trans-Atlantic flight from Prussia, Germany, the German airship ‘Hindenburg’ arrived at it’s mooring mast at the Naval Air Station in Lakehurst Manchester Township, New Jersey, with 36 passengers and 61 crewmen at 7:23 P.M..

Few would have guessed that only 62 of these lives made it off the airship alive.

In 1937, Zeppelins such as the Hindenburg were relatively new and provided exiting possibilities. As the crewmen aboard the airship tossed its mooring lines down to the ground crewmen waiting below, numerous passersby watched with glee. But those smiles would be transformed into screams of terror in less then a minute.

There was no warning for what came next. A flash of light by the fin, and the rear of the Zeppelin disappeared in an inferno of searing

hot flames. In seconds, the explosion had engulfed half the hull when a second plume of fire erupted from the nose of the airship.

Moments later, at 450 feet, the Hindenburg started to lose altitude.

13 passengers were killed, along with 22 crewmen, plus 1 ground crewmen, bringing the death toll to 36. Some lives were saved my mere luck. A young cabin boy explained how, upon discovery of the fire, he was too stunned to move as the blaze swept down the passage toward him. His life would likely have been lost had he not been standing underneath a large water tank, which conveniently chose this time burst, dousing the boy but also extinguishing all the fire around him.

While this fortunate boy’s life was saved, we shall never forget the 36 lives lost. This disaster righteously shattered public confidence in Zeppelins, and the use of airships such as the Hindenburg declined with ferocity.

# Personality Feature:

# James Connolly

By Rhys Sharpe

Lessons 31–36

The chairman of Harvard University looked up as a young man strode into his office. The chairman recognized him as James Connolly, a sharp-faced Irish student who had enrolled recently. Returning to his Everest of paperwork, the chairman listened distractedly to Connolly asking to leave for eight weeks to— suddenly the chairman jerked his head up. He wanted to compete in the Olympic Games at Athens?! He snorted.

“Athens! Olympic Games! You know you only want to go to Athens on a junket!”

Connolly nearly lost his temper, only restraining himself at the last moment. Slightly subdued, the chairman asked, “You feel as if you must go to Athens?”

“I feel just that way, yes sir,” Connolly replied.

“Then here is what you can do,” said the chairman. “You resign, and on your return you make re-application for re-entry to the college, and I will consider it.”

The young man became the perfect picture of indignant fury. “I’m not resigning and I’m not making application to re-enter. I’m getting through with Harvard right now. Good day!”

With that, James Connolly whirled and stalked out of the room, a self-satisfied smile on his face.

On March 20, 1896, the German steamer Barbarossa set out from New York, bound for Europe.

Among her passengers were ten American athletes. Among them was James Connolly, a little the worse for the wear. He had strained his back while exercising two days before. It was embarrassing to have to rely on arm power to get himself up and down. However, he didn’t seem to be quite as depressed as would be expected. He had looked forward to his “adventure

on the high seas” more than competing in the Olympic Games. He was enjoying himself tremendously, spending most of his time sprawled in a deck chair, contentedly watching the tranquil waves. The prolonged rest seems to have helped, because a week later Connolly woke up without a single ache he could find...not that he was very eager to find any.

Nearly two weeks after the Barbarossa left America, Connolly and his friends were spending their last few minutes in Naples, Italy, before moving on to Brindisi. As the train was preparing to leave, a policeman pulled Connolly aside. The officer’s companion asked in English if Connolly had lost something. Connolly had indeed lost something— his wallet. Connolly was taken to the police station, where another officer returned his wallet. The train to Brindisi was nearly ready to leave.

However, the officer detained Connolly, ordering him to stay and prosecute the thief. Connolly finally



Continued on page 6



# BROKEN BARRIER

By Emily Keller

Lessons 64-66

You watch intently for your friends from the window. Your glove sits on your lap, and you nervously finger the laces. You still can't believe that Sam's dad got tickets to the Brooklyn Dodgers opening game. Since you and your buddies are black, you never would've guessed that you could attend a real major league baseball game. Typically, black fans went to Negro League games, so this will be a whole new experience. You dart outside as your friends arrive.

At Ebbets Field, you gaze in wonder at anything and everything, trying to take it all in. The air is filled with the mouth-watering aroma of peanuts and hot dogs, and you feel the crisp air on your face. Suddenly, you're snapped out of your reverie when Sam remarks, "So my dad was saying something about us seeing history made here today. I was asking him a whole bunch of questions, but he wasn't letting on. It's mysterious."

"Is Jackie Robinson playing today?" Henry inquired, and your eyes widened. Imagine! Seeing Jackie Robinson in his major league debut! He was the first black player to be signed by a big league team, and was currently playing for the Montreal Royals in Brooklyn's farm system.

Dodgers president Branch Rickey had taken a big chance by signing him from the Negro Leagues.

Sam shakes his head in answer to Henry's question. "I wish, but I doubt it. Surely we would have heard something by now."

You and Jacob agree. Sam's dad

keeps close tabs on Jackie Robinson, and gives the four of you any articles he finds on the infielder. If Robinson is playing today, you would already know.

Jacob glances around. "Did you all notice how many black people are here? Half the fans in the stadium have to be black!"

You scan the crowd. Jacob was right, there were a lot of black people here. There's an air of excitement in the chatter and laughter of the crowd as everyone awaits the start of the game.

You hear the shouts of the vendors, and spot the players taking the field.

"Hold on." You rub your eyes, wondering if they're playing tricks on you. "Is that Jackie Robinson at first base?"

Jacob follows your gaze. "It is!" he shouts with glee. "Sam! Henry! Jackie's starting at first base!"

"Wow!" Sam exclaims. "And I bet Dad knew all along. He must've wanted to surprise us!"

In the first half-inning, the Boston Braves leadoff man Dick Culler sends a ground ball to third baseman Spider Jorgenson. The rookie throws to Robinson at first for a routine out. The four of you cheer wildly with the rest of the crowd.

Unfortunately, Jackie grounds out in his first at-bat. In the third inning, he steps up to the plate again, only to fly out to left field. You're treated to a better show in the fourth, when Brooklyn scores the first run of the game. Their lead doesn't last long, however, as the Braves tie it in the fifth and score two more in the sixth.

The Dodgers bring it within one, but are still down 3-2 in the middle of the seventh.

"Jackie's due up this inning," Sam sighs. "Hopefully he'll do something exciting."

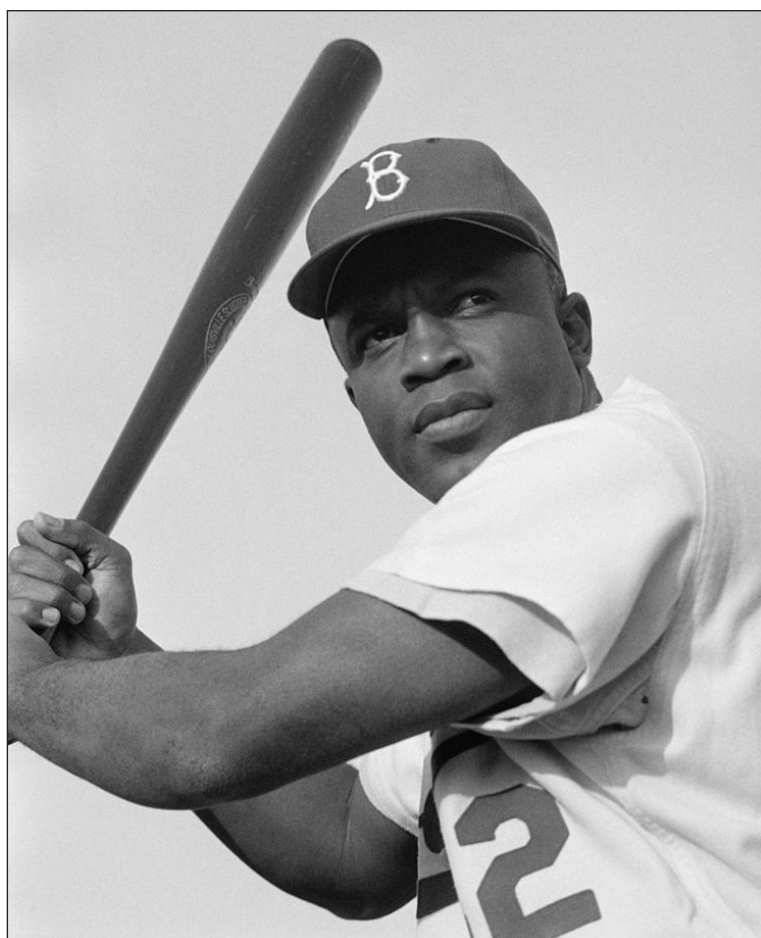
Henry tosses his peanut shell to the ground. "I know! He's 0 for 3 today, and I was really wanting to see his first hit."

After second baseman Eddie Stankey draws a walk, Robinson is up. You find yourself holding your breath between every single pitch.

Jackie lays down a perfect sacrifice bunt. Boston's first baseman attempts to throw him out, but in his hurry the ball hits Robinson's shoulder, allowing him and Stankey to advance to second and third. The crowd roars its approval, drowning out your cheers. You've barely had time to catch your breath before both runners score on a double from center fielder Pete Reiser. The Dodgers score Reiser later in the inning, building their lead to 5-3.

Neither team scores again. After the final out, you and your buddies let out a loud cheer. This is the best day ever! You all attended your first big league game and saw history made, Jackie had been a key part of the Dodgers victory, and best of all, the baseball color barrier has been broken. As you leave the stadium, Jacob shouts, "Race you to the ball field!"

The four of you tear across town to the park, and scramble to grab your bats. You laugh with glee. Who knows? Maybe one day the four of you will play in the major leagues, too.



## U.S. SILENCES BERNARD AND FAVORED FRENCH. PHELPS'S HOPES STILL ALIVE



Emily Keller

Lessons 61-63

AUGUST 12TH, 2008—The US defeated France to win gold in the men's 4x100 freestyle relay yesterday at the Beijing Olympics. This is Michael Phelps's second gold medal of the Games, and his quest for a single Olympic record of eight gold medals continues.

Shortly before the race, French anchor man and world record holder Alain Bernard was asked about the Americans being a possible gold medal contender. "The Americans?" Bernard repeated. "We're going to smash them. That's what we come here for."

Former swimmer and NBC's color commentator Rowdy Gaines remarked before the race, "How many times have I broken this down over the last two weeks? Every time I do it, it comes out

France."

Phelps dove into the pool as the shot echoed through the Cube. Having swam in the semis of another race just over an hour ago, he was now competing in the finals of the most difficult race he would face during the Olympics. Australia pulled ahead of the US and France after the first leg.

As Phelps touched the wall, first-time Olympian Garrett Weber-Gale took the wheel. He crept away from Australia, and gave the US a slight advantage heading into the next leg. Cullen Jones turned in a solid 47.65 split on the third leg, but it wasn't enough to nourish America's lead. Frederick Bousquet of France bettered him and handed Bernard a lead for the final leg.

Dan Hicks had the play-by-play for NBC. "Alain Bernard awaits as the anchor guy," he reminded viewers as the US anchor Jason Lezak stood at the ready, "and Jason Lezak is gonna have to make up some ground on

Alain Bernard, who stands 6'5" and can absolutely fly."

Bernard slipped away from Lezak during the first half of the leg.

"I just don't think he can do it, Dan," Rowdy Gaines sadly informed his partner.

During the last 50 meters of the race, Lezak made a little ground on Bernard . . . then a little more . . . and then a little more . . . Bernard began to tighten up. The crowd was electric as Lezak worked to chip away at the French lead. President Bush cheered him on from his seat. His teammates leaned intently over the side of the pool, willing their team captain to hit the wall first. Lezak pulled even with Bernard. Both swimmers lunged for the wall. Time seemed to stand still as the entire world held its breath and awaited the final result. The crowd erupted as everyone saw that America had pulled off the upset. Jason Lezak had swum a record-breaking 46.06 split to give the US



the gold. France had lost by eight onehundredths of a second, and with the most unlikely victory out of the way, Phelps has a good shot

at winning eight gold medals.

Stay tuned. These Olympics will be going down in the record books.



# Dodgers vs. Giants

By Kira Macarthur

## Lessons 61–63

1947, Ebbets Field - There was a holiday spirit in the air, though if one looked hard enough tension was in every corner. The Dodgers were facing the Giants in a massive face off near Montgomery, and it was all sports fans could talk about. This game was even more tantalizing as it was the first ever game where 3 African-Americans took part, determined to prove their worth. They said that people should look past their copper-coloured skin and see their talents.

Ebbets Field was packed two hours before the first pitch. The game was sold out by noon, but many of the ten thousand fans turned away stayed on the streets outside the stadium. Young boys climbed over a gate near Montgomery to get a better view, and whilst many were thwarted, sometimes a policeman seemed to turn the other way, infected by the holiday spirit that ruled.

Dodgers president Branch Rickey was preaching caution, but said on the night before Opening Day, "This is the best team coming back from spring training I have ever been associated with." Jackie Robinson was established as the starting second baseman and hitter, Roy Campanella was starting his second season behind the plate. Pitcher Dan Newcombe would soon be called up from Montreal as well. The first three African Americans in the National

League would all play for the Dodgers, and they would all help make the team a winner.

Robinson, entering his third season, was now expected not just to contribute but to help carry the offense. The two-year suspension Rickey had given Robinson on responding to racial hostility had expired, but while Robinson would be more vocal in 1949, he still wanted his bat to speak the loudest.

“More than revenge, I wanted to be Jackie Robinson,” Robinson recalled of his mindset entering the ’49 season. “When I reported to spring training I was right on target, weight wise, in excellent condition, and my morale was high.”

Once the opening game started, the Giants punctured the crowd's festive mood almost immediately. After taking the opening pitch for a strike, leadoff hitter Bill Rigney hit the second pitch from Dodgers starter Joe Hatten over the left-field fence. Rigney, who had lost his starting job to rookie Bob Hofman in spring training but was back in the game thanks to Hofman's sore finger, tied a record for the earliest home run in Opening Day history.

Jackie Robinson led off the bottom of the fourth with the Dodgers down 2 points, still looking for his first hit of the season. Robinson hit the ball into the left-field seats bringing the home crowd to its feet. Four batters later, Campanella came to the plate with runners at the corners and the Dodgers still down by one. He swung at the

first pitch and hit a deep line drive that cleared the wall. The Dodgers took the lead, 5-3.

Robinson got a two-out single in the fifth but was stranded. Billy Cox tripled and came home on a wild pitch in the sixth to make it 6-3. Then Robinson dazzled the crowd in the top of the seventh with his defence.

When Johnny Mize hit a grounder that deflected off first baseman Gil Hodges' hand, Robinson swooped in, grabbed the ball and fired to first, where Hatten was alert, to end the inning.

The Dodgers poured it on with another four-run rally in the seventh round.

They were facing Hank Behrman, whom the Dodgers sold to the Giants in the offseason. Reese led off with a single and Robinson added a single to centre.

Robinson reached third on a Cox single that scored Reese and came home on a wild pitch to Hodges to make it 8-3.

After Hodges singled to put runners at the corners, Campanella hit his loudest blast of the day, a fly ball to deep centre field. It looked like his second-round trip of the day, but the wind suddenly held it up. Bobby Thomson slipped and fell making the adjustment, and the ball hit the ground. Two runners scored and Campanella made it to third on the error. Hatten, for whom Dodgers manager Burt Shotton was about to hit in the fifth before Campanella homered, held the Giants hitless the rest of the way and the Dodgers won 10-3.

"It makes it easy on a manager,"

Shotton joked afterward about his team's three home runs. "All I had to do was ask 'em to hit a home run and they (got) up and did it."

Because of this impressive

game, maybe people's view of African-Americans will change. Maybe they will see the value in everybody. After all, if it wasn't for Jackie, the team wouldn't have had much of a chance.



## POETRY

## Clerihew Corner

The general Hannibal Barca  
Should have brought a parka  
When with a lot of pomp  
He went for an alpine romp.

- Jonathan Babcock

James Matthew Barrie  
Was unusually wary  
Of being an ordinary man.  
He thus wrote Peter Pan.

- Mr. S.

Clive Staples Lewis  
Gave Narnia to us,  
And seeing Tolkien's worth  
Nurtured Middle-Earth.

- Mr. S.

*Write poetry? Send us your poems for consideration.*

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managed to break away, and ran for all he was worth towards the train station, where, if the clock in the police station wasn't late, the train would be within seconds of leaving.

Connolly reached the train station as the train was gathering speed. Dodging a guard, he flattened out into a powerful sprint, slowly gaining ground on the train. Three other athletes were hanging out of a window, yelling wildly in encouragement, hands ready to snag him the moment he came within reach.

The sight of those reaching hands brought back a rather unpleasant memory. Connolly had been working as a dredge inspector. One day, during an underwater dive, he had gotten careless and managed to get himself stuck. He barely managed to get free. One of his most vivid memories was his chums reaching over and grabbing him, pulling him back onboard their small ship.

By this time, Connolly's flying strides had brought him alongside of the train. He lunged out in a tremendous leap, landing on the running-board of

the coach. He latched onto his friends' arms, and they pulled him inside.

Connolly was participating in the "triple-saute", or triple jump contest. The method he used was referred to as the hop, step and jump. However, almost all of the others were using a different style—two hops and a jump. Connolly had tried that style before, but he hadn't practiced it since he was twelve years old. Connolly sighed. When you go to the Olympics, you generally doesn't expect to have to change your competition style in the last 60 seconds. Generally.

The judges did not let anyone know how far they had jumped until after the contest. Connolly did not approve. After listening to him complain, a friend told him to relax and enjoy himself—he had the event in his pocket already. And he did—James Connolly won the triple jump by a full 3' 3", becoming the first ever American athlete to win an Olympic medal.

In the dressing room afterward, Connolly caught himself muttering, "...and are you lucky! S'posin' you missed that train to Brindisi!"



# THE DIRIGIBLE MENACE

## "Abandon Ship!" says Rhys Sharpe



Lessons 58–60

The modern airship is a sleek, luxurious vessel, packed with the comforts of home. The body is filled with a very light gas—hydrogen—to give the ship buoyancy. The problem is that hydrogen is also very flammable. Between April 17, 1918 and February 21, 1922, over 8 blimps exploded, caught fire, or crashed, dealing injuries and death to more than 200 people. Still, hydrogen is used—for several reasons. Hydrogen is the lightest substance known to man, making it ideal for use in dirigibles.

However, helium is not much heavier—and will not burn. Needless to say, helium airships would be much safer, and much more resistant to sabotage.

The reason why helium airships are not commonplace today is because helium is rare and expensive.

Hydrogen is cheap. But one must ask himself what is more costly—the price of helium or the price of hundreds of human lives?

Airship designers complain about the low payload capacity of helium blimps—about 60% of a similar-sized hydrogen blimp. They say that all the equipment needed to keep the precious helium from escaping makes the airship too heavy to be of practical use. But if the usefulness of the airship is counteracted by the need for safety, then why use airships at all?

The age of the hydrogen dirigible is ending. Someday, a catastrophic airship disaster will rock the world, and the use of hydrogen will be abandoned—and possibly the dirigible as well. But must we wait until such a disaster occurs? Why not abandon the use of hydrogen right away, and spare the lives of many?



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## FEATURED LETTERS

Dear Father,

I saw the whole thing! I was there on the banks of the Rubicon when the Imperator arrived.

My cohort, the seventh of the thirteenth legion, arrived in the afternoon of January 9 under an unusually warm winter sun. We camped on the north side of the river—it's more of a stream, really—and our centurion placed me on picket duty. Caesar has always been strict about security, even there on the border between Italy and Cisalpine Gaul. I grumbled a little, for it meant a cold night under the stars by the water, but my words were half-hearted. We had heard that Caesar would arrive before dawn, and we all knew what that meant. Something was about to happen that would change the course of our lives. Either he would turn back to the glory of his conquests in the barbarian provinces, or he would continue south, trailing fire in his wake.

The night before, Caesar had found some flimsy excuse to march all five thousand of us—spread apart and in secret—all the way to the border. An inspection, he called it. Public games and verifying progress on a fencing school he wanted built.

But we knew better! Why the secrecy if some other scheme were not brewing? Why divide the legion into smaller units if not to confuse spies from the senate? If there had been some barbarian incursion, he would not have felt it safe enough to separate us. But if there were no threat, why march us so close to the border? Besides, we'd heard rumors of Tribunes fleeing Rome, so we knew this march south could only mean one thing. If Caesar were to order the thirteenth legion across the Rubicon in the morning, civil war would grip the empire.

I've seen enough of war, Father, and yet I couldn't help but feel excited. We who have seen Caesar fight know him to be a courageous and brilliant leader of men. He's so different from those dithering fools back home, those pompous senators who talk of the greater good and the plight of the poor while they enlarge their estates and grow fat on the labor of ordinary citizens. I feel something must happen soon, and who better to make it happen than Caesar? Gaius tells me the empire will collapse if Caesar keeps marching south, but I'm certain it will fall if he doesn't.

He didn't arrive till well after daybreak on the 10th. By then we had struck camp and sat waiting with hitched wagons and oiled armor. My friends played at dice, gambling for scraps and arguing about which way we would turn.

When he emerged from a bend in the road the whole cohort went silent. He paused as he passed, staring down at the game as if lost in thought. He smiled sardonically and said, "The die is now cast!"

I tell you, Father, it is impossible not to believe in the man! When he tells you where you shall go, you accept it. The thirteenth legion would have followed him anywhere. It didn't matter to us which way we turned, so long as Caesar went before us. We knew the gravity of the moment. We just trusted him to make the right decision for all of us.

So when he plucked a trumpet from one of the cohort signalers and sounded the advance, all of us cheered, from the centurions to the wagoners to the spearmen of the auxiliaries. Even Gaius pumped his fist and shouted.

If all goes well I shall see you in a few days.

Claudius

(By Mr. S., Lessons 25–27)



PERSPECTIVES

GREEDY BRITAIN IMPOSES  
MORE TAXES  
\*  
HARDWORKING AMERICANS  
PROTESTING  
\*  
STILL NO REPRESENTATION IN  
PARLIAMENT  
\*  
WAR ESSENTIAL

As taxes and tempers rise, it is imperative to declare war on Great Britain. We will get nowhere without doing so. The king has decided that he needs more money to cover the war he initiated. And so what better idea than to snatch it out of the hands of the hard-working colonies across the ocean? While America labors for every well-earned cent and makes a new life far away from the mother country; King George does nothing but complain about France, drink too much expensive wine, and order more taxes.

We honest, common people have no representation in his aristocratic Parliament! Why, then, should we bear the brunt of the economic disaster of King George’s uncalled-for wars? Why should we have our tea and paper taxed? What a disaster of government! America is too far away from Britain to be ruled with such a heavy hand by a monarch who cares little or nothing for its people. They have no right to impose taxes on us. As redcoat troops stream into Boston, tempers ignite and tea is boycotted, more has to take place.

Declaring war would be a logical solution to this outrage. America must be independent. Great Britain will never again dare tax us.

By Rachel Paul, Lessons 49-51

YOU DECIDE

INNOCENTS TURNED KILLING MACHINES  
-----  
CHILD’S DEATH SMALL SACRIFICE IN HITLER’S EYES  
-----  
HITLER DECLARES WAR ON AMERICA  
-----  
PROTECT OUR CHILDREN

By Melissa Morgan, Lessons 49–51

Children are our future unless Hitler takes them from us. Join the war so he won’t get the chance.

The children of Germany raise tiny hands to salute the Führer, their new guide, oblivious that they’re a generation of killers in the making. As they cry “Heil Hitler”, they are too young to understand the words they scream. Or that their allegiance is to a murderer of children. The blood of thousands stains Hitler’s hands, yet he hugs and listens to them like a father. He’s their hero.

During the summer, eager boys of the Hitler Youth gather for summer camp. But they are not boy scouts. Most of their group time resembles military training. When they’re learning how to shoot a gun, they’re learning how to exterminate the inferior race. They learn how to spot a Jew and harassing them and other “non-Aryans” is encouraged. The youngsters even break up peaceful church youth groups and Bible studies.

At large group meetings, Hitler stands as their god, shouting. His subtle lies sink into their vulnerable hearts. If what it takes is these children’s death to save the Master Race, so be it. Heart and soul belong to Hitler now. In class, they recite a chilling pledge as they stare at his picture, “Sieg Heil” on their lips, ready to kill.

If he can do it in Germany, he can do it here. He’s already declared war on us. Join up and do your part. Stop Nazi terrorism before it stops your child’s heart from beating. Silence the dictator before he silences you.

Are all arms raised in surrender to the Führer?  
You decide.

Have an opinion? Sure you do.  
Send it in for possible publication.

Opinion

BEEP! BEEP!

Halt in the name of the Law!

Lesson 18

My friends, I find I must write you today to warn you of a threat to society! Something that can turn a perfectly normal day into a whole truck load of danger, interrogations, and maybe even a jail cell! I am referring to those shoplifter detectors in stores, of course! Maybe you think that it’s no big deal, what makes you so sure about that?

Why, just the other day, I had one of the scariest moments of my life involving one of those devices!

I went to the local supermarket to get my groceries. Two hours later, I paid for ALL my purchases at the checkout and headed for the door. Everything was going great, I mean, the sun was shining outside, and the store had only one million people in it, instead of its usual Saturday three million. Like I said, everything was great until I got to the door and passed through the shoplifter detectors. Then, suddenly, a terrible thing happened! Suddenly, the lights began flashing on the detectors and an alarm that sounded like a tornado warning siren began blaring.

And then thousands of rocket launchers, sawed off shotguns, and bows and arrows popped up on either side of me. Each one locked and loaded, pointed straight at me and my shopping cart heaped high with groceries. I froze, fear gripping my chest. Everything else froze too, and it seemed that each head of each person in the store turned to stare at me with accusing faces. For a moment,

everything was silent, everything except for the pounding of my heart. I didn’t dare move, for fear that any movement whatsoever would send the rockets, bows, and shotguns off.

Then suddenly a deep, commanding voice boomed: “Do not move! Stay where you are!!”

I turned my head slightly to see a huge, brutish looking man with no hair, come marching towards me. His name tag read: Bone T. Crusher. As soon as he came up to me, he shoved a massive finger in my face and barked: “Pull out your receipt and put it on the ground! And no funny business!!”

I SLOWLY reached into my pocket and pulled out my mile-long receipt with a trembling hand. I SLOWLY placed it on the ground and backed up. The store attendant carefully reached down and picked up my receipt, keeping a close watch on me the whole time, and still with his weapon trained on me. He unraveled the receipt and ran his eye down the list of items I had purchased. By this time, I was sweating bullets and my heart was beating a mile a minute.

Suddenly, the attendant looked up at me and barked: “How many stolen items are you trying to smuggle out in this cart?”

I wanted to say, “None, you idiot, can’t you see they’re all bagged!” but all I could stammer out was, “N-n-none”

“Huh!” He grumbled, “A likely story! Start taking out the bags nice and easy!”

I did what I was told, and for the next hour, the attendant ran the bags

through the detectors to find out what was “stolen”. He did that until he had gone through all the bags I had, but not one made the detectors go off. He finally turned to me with a suspicious look on his beat red face. “Step through the detectors!” he barked.

“B-b-but- “I stammered.  
“Now!!” he roared, waving his huge finger at me. I gulped and stepped through the detectors. Instantly the alarm screamed and once again I froze in terror.

“Ah!” The attendant cried, pointing a finger the size of Delaware, at me, “It’s you!!” I gulped once more.

“How dare you try to smuggle yourself out of our store!” The attendant roared, and at that moment I was certain he would flip the switch that would send the rockets, shotguns, and bows off, but thankfully, the manger came and saved me from certain doom.

As it turned out my shoes were what set the alarm off in the first place.

So, there you have it, those shoplifter detectors are a menace to society. We need to ban them from all stores ASAP! Now I’m not saying we should just let shoplifters off the hook, but why don’t we just have attendants check people’s receipts like some stores do, nice, sweet attendants, not SS Officers that threaten innocent people with guns and other deadly devices. Or you could just do what I started doing and start growing your own fruit and vegetables. If you need meat, go fishing or hunting, but don’t go to a supermarket; they’re deadly places. Take it from one who knows!

Opinion

The Overlooked Killer

By Jonathan Babcock

Lesson 18

To all of the young men considering enlisting with the King's army, I want to warn you that there are more dangers than at first appear. There are many things that can get you killed or injured. Getting shot by enemies, pre-combat training, and certain hazing rituals are just a few. But I will focus on a lesser known danger, but one that certainly needs to be addressed: Hardtack.

Yes, you did read that correctly. Hardtack is probably one of the most dangerous military inventions of all time. But tragically it is working against our own soldiers. And it doesn't even give them the dignity of a soldier's death. Instead it leaves its victims gasping in the excruciating pain of injuries.

Hardtack is such a grievous problem because it is putting good soldiers off the field before the action even starts. Extreme hardness has caused untold mouth injuries. Teeth are destroyed and jaws are cracked. And from what? Just from trying to chew the stuff!

Of course, chewing it is an absolute necessity. To prevent mouth injuries, many soldiers have attempted to simply break it and then swallow

it whole. In many cases this is more disastrous than simply chewing it. Soldiers who attempt this feat usually end up choking terribly. Their lives are saved only by the quick action of their comrades to assist them. Hardtack sticks like a rock in your throat, and it is just about as easy to get out. Soldiers who get past the mouth injuries and choking hazards are faced with one final danger: Indigestion. This is the final source of hardtack casualties among our soldiers. When nothing else is eaten with this monster it can be extremely dangerous. Horror stories are told of people who ate hardtack improperly, and paid the consequences. Many recount not being able to use the washroom for weeks at a time. And they are not the only ones affected. Their comrades are haunted by the sounds coming from the loo. Deep guttural groaning, and hopeless moans reach their ears. The soldiers not affected by indigestion sit in silence and look at each other. No one ever says it, but they are all thinking the same thing: Who will be next? That question never leaves them. Emotional damage has been dealt to them. They will never forget. The memories never leave, and they have a wish to remember the fallen friends. Suffering is something that is impossible to forget, and soldiers never do.

Thankfully, however, our soldiers are not the only ones being harmed by hardtack. Enemy soldiers have actually been killed on several occasions by it. Reports on how they died are hard to verify, but it is obvious that they have died from it.

To be clear, it is not actually that the enemy is issuing hardtack to its soldiers. Instead they are being killed by our own hardtack. On occasion soldiers run out of ammunition, in which case they always try to load the cannons with the hardest objects that come to hand. Rocks, buttons, and scraps of metal have all been used. But if those are not present, what then? In a few areas the genius idea of using hardtack has been presented. Hardtack was then fired out of the cannon. And enemy soldiers were killed. Whether they were hit by hardtack and died from blood loss, or whether they attempted eating the hardtack and died thus is unclear. But so it appears, it is not only our soldiers being injured by hardtack.

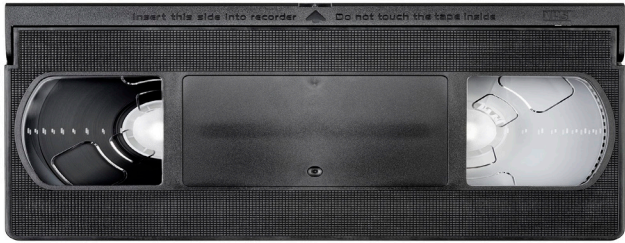
Untold numbers are being harmed by hardtack, and it truly grievous what we are doing to our own.

Always remember our brave soldiers, horrors attend them. So when you consider enlisting, remember this: it is not just enemy fire you need to be concerned about!



# NEW “VHS” HOME VIDEO SYSTEM

## RECORDS LONGER FOR LESS



PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA—August 18, 1977. Lessons 55–57

Do you enjoy watching television? Are you sad when you miss your favorite program? If you answered yes to either of these questions, then we have the product for you.

The Video Home System videocassette recorder will revolutionize the way you watch TV.

The RCA VBT-200 SelectaVision VHS VCR features a recording time of up to four hours, a digital clock/event timer, and wired remote. A comparable Betamax unit, the Sony SL-7200, has no timer, no remote, and a maximum recording time of an hour and a half. The facts are clear. The RCA VBT-200 is the better choice. Sony offers only an analog timer for the SL-7200, and that they think a timer is an optional accessory is incredible. Timers are absolutely necessary! Time-shifting does not work without one. The Sony SL-7200 has fewer features, and costs a whopping \$1,295, The RCA VBT-200 costs a mere \$1,000 has more features, and offers the best recording capacity in the category.

So run to the store TODAY! And get ready to watch the television you want, when you want it, and with who you want! Experience TV in a whole new way with VHS, starting August 23, 1977! Experience SelectaVision, the best VCR on the market!

#

Nicolas A. Arnold, Radio Corporation Of America Executive Offices, 201 North Front Street, Philadelphia, PA

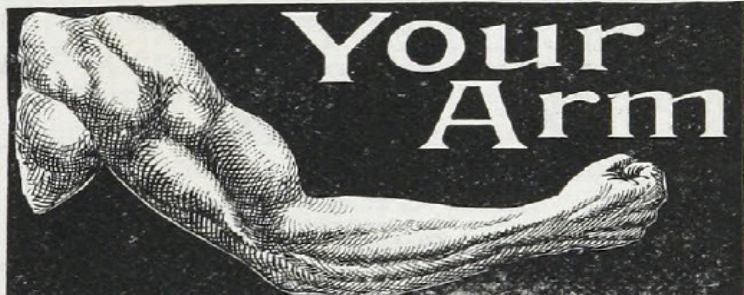


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# NEWS BRIEFS



## Lusitania Heads back to England!

Ben Lamothe | Lesson 23

Recently Dubbed “Greyhound of the seas” The Lusitania is going to be making a transatlantic crossing again for the 8th year in a row. Of the largest of the great liners, the Lusitania is also the fastest, with it’s 68,000 BHP engines pushing the monster forward at 25 knots (approx. 50km/h). Next week, May 1 1915, the Lusitania is to return to Liverpool. The voyage may take anywhere between 12 to 18 days. It is rumoured to be carrying ammunition to support english troops, however it is unlikely. There are still tickets available, but book them soon or don’t book them at all.

## Revolutionary Mob Attacks New York’s King’s College!

Rachel Paul | Lesson 23

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: On the night of May 10, 1775, a crazed mob descended upon New York’s prestigious King’s College. They intended to capture the college’s president, Myles Cooper, who was a staunch Loyalist. As they proceeded to attempt to break down the college’s door, one of the students began to speak from an open window on the first floor. Later described as having immense oratory power, the speaker held the spellbound crowds back long enough for Myles Cooper to escape. Oddly enough, he was later identified as a Patriot: 25-year-old Alexander Hamilton.

## “The War Has Begun!”

Emily Keller | Lesson 24

On April 19, 1775, Israel Bissel began the ride of his life in order to deliver a letter from General Joseph Palmer to cities all over New England. Using multiple horses and a lot of endurance, Bissel completed a four day ride from Massachusetts to Philadelphia without stopping to rest. Bissel was a post writer who lived in Massachusetts. He was sent to alert the American people that the British had attacked Lexington. Riding an approximate 345 miles in 4 days and 6 hours, he stopped only to receive fresh horses and for the letter he carried from the general to be copied and redistributed at each stop. As he rode along the Old Post Road, he shouted, “To arms, to arms, the war has begun!”

Bissel’s remarkable ride is a wonderful example of perseverance, and sacrifice for his country. If it weren’t for him and the many other men who have been willing to sacrifice themselves, America may not be the great nation it is today. (Lesson 24)

## Challenger Will Take Off January 22

Emily Keller | Lesson 23

The Challenger shuttle is scheduled to launch into space on January 22, 1986. The shuttle will be taking off from Kennedy Space Center in Cape Canaveral, Florida on its tenth mission.

Strangely enough, there have been concerns of an explosion expressed by multiple Morton-Thiokol engineers, including Roger Boisjoly. Six months ago, Boisjoly predicted “a catastrophe of the highest order,” which may result in “loss of human life.” NASA is not postponing the launch, however, so most likely these concerns will be forgotten, and Challenger will make several more trips before retiring.

High school teacher Christa McAuliffe will be joining the mission and thus will become the first civilian in space. Stay updated on this interesting flight!

## USS MADDOX Fired Upon By North Vietnamese

Nicholas Arnold | Lessons 49–51



Three North Vietnamese vessels launched heavy torpedoes against the United States Navy destroyer USS Maddox on the afternoon of August 2. Two North Vietnamese vessels were heavily damaged and one was sunk in the U.S. counterstrike, all the heartless Communist crewmembers on board being killed. The destroyer Maddox accounted for one vessel, and United States Navy F-8 Crusaders accounted for the other two. The Maddox only sustained minor damage from a 14.5mm heavy machine gun round, as the crews of the North Vietnamese vessels had poor training and aim.

## Communists Struck Without Provocation

The U.S. vessel acted in self-defense against hostile vessels which attacked them without provocation in international waters. To be clear, the U.S. vessel was some seven nautical miles from North Vietnamese territorial waters. This is a clear violation of international law and highlights the ruthless expansionist mindset of both the North Vietnamese specifically and Communism generally. An example of Communist aggression is the 1959 attacks against Laos by the North Vietnamese, as well as the 1960 Communist Party of North Vietnam call for the liberation of the south from American imperialism. The recent attacks are just the manifestation of Communist expansionism and aggression. The Communists will stop at nothing to conquer the world, and these events prove it.

## War Likely to Be Declared Within Week

Congress is now considering a resolution, H.J. Res 1145, that gives President Johnson the ability to conduct military operations in Southeast Asia. It would give him approval “to take all necessary steps, including the use of armed force, to assist any member or protocol state of the Southeast Asia Collective Defense Treaty requesting assistance in defense of its freedom.” The President is expected to order retaliatory airstrikes in his capacity as The Commander-In-Chief Of The United States Armed Forces within twenty-four hours.

If you, too, are interested in preserving peace and freedom in the world, please call Congress and urge them to pass H.J. Res 1145! The world will thank you!