

Glory

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Volume 7, Number 1*

 Rules as of Jan 04.

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Scripture:

Adaptation of Haggai ch 2.

OBITUARIES/RETIREMENT: To Whom Honor Is Due:

Lord Williams of Mostyn

“The premature death of Lord Williams of Mostyn, considering he was a Cabinet minister, garnered little attention; the wages, perhaps, of his modest personal style. Introduced to Lord Williams at a party at the home of the American ambassador, a fellow guest—oblivious of what he did—asked: ‘What line of work are you in, then, Gareth?’ ‘Oh,’ came the reply, eyes downcast. ‘I’m the attorney general.’” (“The Spectator’s Notes”, *The Spectator* 27 September 2003, p12).

NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS NEWS

NEPAL:

Some Nepal churches have been out of touch because their people live in areas dominated by Maoists insurgents. We’ve just received reports that a new church was started, now with nine baptized members.

One of our well-established churches experienced a powerful move of God, the section elder reports, when a high school young lady prophesied, “giving important information for the Church...she moved around the Church members with closed eyes and touched the head of some people who were not faithful to God [told them] what they had had done against God” and to obey God’s Word....we [for the] first time faced that movement. That environment was excited because everybody [was] crying and filled up by Holy Spirit with unknown tongue.”

EU & US:

The European Union decided to fund and maintain under civilian control Galileo—its own \$4billion satellite navigation system, ending America’s Defense Department’s GPS network’s dominance. That department’s deputy secretary, Paul Wolfowitz, wrote to EU defense secretaries saying Galileo would endanger NATO security. They call him “the Wolf at the door” and resent his hawkish views and general stupidity—he doesn’t they don’t need NATO any more because the Warsaw Pact, against which NATO existed to protect them, no longer exists. NATO’s endangered? It can cease.

Understood, but now the EU has started involving China with Galileo. China’s \$250 million in funds ensures the project is located on Chinese soil. Europeans either forgot or neglected China’s tendency to nationalize or assert national control over anything on its own soil. Europe will lose its investment when China simply pre-empted it. And when Europe complains, China will again charge interference in domestic matters. Like shooting frogs in a barrel.

This development has been encouraged by the American defense department’s encroachment on state department turf, probably to go on while Cheney and Rumsfeld hold their present posts. They are reactionary old pals from the Bush I and Ford administrations and have teamed up to alienate any nation not dependant on US funds.

UK: Dr. Rowan Williams, the archbishop of Canterbury and self-appointed head of self-righteous outrage, said Americans should remember terrorists can “use unspeakably wicked means to pursue” intelligible, desirable, moral aims. Dr.

Williams also warned America not to become “trapped in a self-referential morality,” neglecting to mention whether he was himself taking the same precautions.

USA: Thousands of dead catfish washed up in Alabama. In Kentucky, a ten-year-old boy found a snake with two heads. A deer invaded a clothing store in Linden, New Jersey. The Supreme Court let a ruling stand that the federal government may not prevent doctors from recommending marijuana as a pain reliever.

FIJI:

Residents of a mountain village in Fiji apologized to the descendents of an English missionary who made the mistake of touching a chief's head and was cooked and eaten for the insult.

THAILAND: Thai protesters captured the soul of George W. Bush, imprisoned it in a clay pot, and then drowned it in the Ping River.

GERMANY: A German man who taught his dog, Adolf, to perform the Nazi Ethics

Carter on Homosexuality

Former president and former Southern Baptist Jimmy Carter said in an interview with Baptist Press that, while homosexuality is a sin, he sees nothing wrong with a 'Christian homosexual' being ordained.

Carter announced Oct. 19 that he'd no longer associate with the Southern Baptist Convention, citing among his reasons the Baptist Faith and Message as adopted in June and its stance on female pastors. Carter said he was convinced to leave the SBC after listening to a taped message by Charles Wade, executive director of the Baptist General Convention of Texas.

Carter discussed a variety of issues surrounding his decision to leave the SBC, including his stances on homosexuality and abortion. He said if a homosexual "was demonstrating the essence of Christianity" (without explaining how a person could do that while violating basic principles of creation) he "would not object to the individual being ordained," explaining, "Yes, homosexuality is a sin but so is

salute by raising its right paw escaped prosecution for the trick.

SERBIA: Happy Serbs accidentally shot down a small plane when they fired guns into the air at a wedding.

CHINA: A Chinese astronaut orbited the earth but failed to spot the Great Wall from space.

ITALY: The pope beatified Mother Teresa.

NEW ZEALAND: The government abandoned its proposal to tax flatulent livestock.

JAPAN: A bear barged into a hospital.

adultery. When somebody doesn't give 10 percent of their earnings to the church, it is a sin. All of us are sinners every day. And adultery is a more serious sin than homosexuality." He did not explain what his argument would be in the event that a church did not ordain adulterers. Perhaps Baptist Press didn't imagine the possibility.

Carter said the ordination of homosexuals is a decision to be made by individual churches and he doubted his home church, Maranatha Baptist in Plains, Ga., would go out of its way to ordain a homosexual, saying, "If we did have a homosexual in our church who wanted to be ordained, it would be decided not on sexual preference."

Carter said he does not support legal approval for homosexual marriages but he does support laws that prohibit discrimination against homosexuals.

"Homosexuals have a perfect right to profess to be Christians, accept Christ as Savior, and I wouldn't have a problem if they worshiped side by side with me," the former president said,

I don't particularly like Bombay. My first two visits there, I'd gotten malaria and a mysterious fever that nearly killed me. Then I'd gotten bronchitis that prevented me from singing in the Sunrise choir tour. Now a broken leg. They took me to Candy Hospital, where I'd been before, and I sat on a bed waiting for the doctor. They'd X-rayed my leg and found that it didn't need to be reset, only plastered. As I waited, George Shalm, come to see off my parents, sat beside me and read the newspaper.

The Shalms have been great friends. We'd hunted in the past, met at Christmas and at conferences. Alan Shalm, their eldest son, I'd held in awe. He would allow me, a mere gradeschooler, to read some of the books he'd outgrown, and always spoke to me in courtesy, unlike many bigger guys who would boss smaller kids around.

Finally the doctor came and began to wind plaster around my leg. I looked down the bed and saw my foot getting bigger and bigger. Then I asked, "How will I get my shoe on?" to which he said, "Shoes? You don't even have your trousers on, boy!" See how good they are at Candy Hospital? Even then, they taught priorities.

We left for the airport. We flew TWA (they had TWA then, an airline whose flight attendants and airplanes aged visibly until they were decently dead and buried). I was carried from the airport to the airplane on a porters' trolley since the airport had no wheelchair with a leg support, and I had a cast, still not yet dry, over the knee.

TWA flight attendants (then gorgeous and glorious) put me in the front seat of the economy section, giving me three seats—one for me, two for my leg, and, when the relaxation of their duties permitted, graced me with their presence.

We landed in Israel, went to our hotel, and there my father found a desk clerk who had a sainted elderly wheel-chair bound relative, who had an extra wheelchair. This they obtained for us and there our family went—Dad pushing the wheelchair, Mom carrying the omnipresent camerabag, Loretta holding my leg up (because this wheel-chair, too, had no leg support) as we rattled along the cobblestone streets of Jerusalem's old city. Fortunately, this was in the lull between the Six-Day War and the Yom Kippur War, so the Arab shopkeepers took mercy on us. One brought from his shop a plywood board, and the other a piece of string. I sat on the board and they tied my cast to the other end so it wouldn't vibrate off, and we proceeded to enjoy our sightseeing.

Two weeks in Israel by car. I've since gone by bus. Car is better. I'll describe the bus tour much later when we come to it in the text. And I'll describe the car tour when I remember more of it. Seriously, I remember the car and the guide more than the sites, quite logically because I saw more of them than of anything else (remember, I had no crutches).

We next went to Greece to see Athens, Corinth (and, for all I know, Philippi, Thessaloniki, Pela, Berea, Mt. Olympus, Marathon, Thermopylae, Mycanea, Tyrea, Sparta, Delhi and Korfu) all in one day. Reminds me of a spot in Joseph Heller's book, *God Knows*, when Joab answers David's question, "What's your plan for this year's fighting?" by proposing to attack the whole world in a pincer movement—Joab would sweep north into Turkey, west across the Dardanelles, send expeditionary forces to take Greece and Italy, and continue his main force across the Alps the Iberian peninsula, then up through France, Britain, Germany and Scandinavia, and on to the Urals. Meanwhile, his brother would take Iraq, Iran, India,

Indochina, China and Siberia, then sweep East toward the Urals. If either one of them needed help, the other would assist.

We then went to Rome for a day. In Athens and Rome, we had no wheelchair and no crutches. My father carried me everywhere. My mother carried her hand-baggage and his; my sister carried my hand-baggage and hers. Our family had a tradition of traveling heavy and we probably looked like gypsies, assisted by the fact that my father's suitcase had been lost and he wore the same-green-suit for two weeks-his Christmas-tree suit, as my sister and I kindly christened it.

I do remember seeing the Coliseum-even I couldn't miss something that big.

Finally, we arrived in Switzerland, where on the hotel clerk in Zurich I saw the first red cheeks I ever remember seeing on a man. And there, where people were breaking their legs skiing, we bought crutches-which I still have and have found useful since then.

In Kaiserslautern, Germany, the first place on our travels we'd met people in our church, and where I was still tottering, learning to use the crutches, Bill Glaser carried me on his shoulders up the stairway in the schloss. Great man.

In Amsterdam, our family tried to cross the street, but I was slow on crutches and the light changed rapidly.

In Britain, we attended the church pastored by Mervyn Miller, whose assistant was James Dallas. James Dallas succeeded Mervyn Miller as superintendent, and Dallas' assistant, Leroy Francis, succeeded him--all in the example of Joshua succeeding Moses and Elisha succeeding Elijah (though not, I hope, in the attitude of Gehazi hoping, perhaps, to succeed Elisha).

I remember someone saying in that service that the church building was one of those designed for Charles Spurgeon and in the shape of a coffin (to symbolize dying to the world). The speaker said, pointing to the baptistery, "And there is the grave."

The service was, shall we say, uninhibited. I was one man kicking his feet out in front of him so high that I wondered if he could get them back down again in time to keep from falling over backward, but he did.

James Dallas, single at the time, said before leading the choir that hot day, that he would, if they didn't mind, remove his coat since there was a hole in the armpit which his wife had forgotten to sew.

After the service, Mervyn Miller's daughter, Tami, chased me around the building. Not yet ready for an affair, I merely fled her youthful lusts. She was perhaps ten years old-a precocious lass.

We stayed at someone's house and I read a book titled *The Boy Who Could Not Eat*. This so traumatized me that I've made sure ever since I can eat, and am gratified with the success.

We finally landed with grace in Memphis, its significance as the hometown of Elvis Presley lost on me at the time, though I would later genuflect at that shrine. My grandfather pastored in Henderson, Tennessee, some hours to the east, near Jackson, and many members of his congregation met us at the airport. I was struck by how many people I meet in the States whose eyelids weren't completely open. They looked half-asleep. Someone asked me, "How did you like flying?" I said, "I can't." This being the USA, before going anywhere else, we went to the restaurant (probably Shoney's, given the habits in that group), where a room had been

reserved. I looked at the huge table set for so many people and asked, "Who's going to pay for this?"

A few days later—Sunday—the first song in church was "Come and Dine." I thought, "Uh-huh? Fits about right."

(Journal continues next issue)



Hints, Ideas, Tips:

On St. Patrick's Day (March 17), dye your entire body green, then don a Notre Dame jersey, greet everyone with, "Top o' the mornin' to ye" and perform selected jigs from "Riverdance" while whistling the Irish Spring soap jingle and tossing Lucky Charms cereal into the air, all out in front of the house so the whole neighborhood can watch.

Have your pet sit still. Then, while people watch, *tell* the pet to sit still. When people say, "He was sitting before you said it. What's that prove?" respond, "That he's obedient *and* psychic."

Telephone answering service idea: "To leave a message, press the square root of 1296 minus the cube root of 13,824 times 17.5 minus the fourth root of 1,908,029,761. Sorry, time's up. Goodbye."

As a traditional demonstration of one's manly might, rip a telephone book in half while shouting, "Hoo ywah! Who's your daddy!" But choose the telephone book of a community with 40 people. No one said the book has to be thick.

In the restaurant, order onion rings, then look at one, announce, "It's evil! It corrupts! It was forged in the cracks of doom! It must be destroyed!" Then eat it.

If you're a student and someone asks you how your exam went, say, "Outstanding. Shades of Autumn '99 with daring reminders of finals '01. Imagine the playfulness of a mid-term '00, coupled with the difficulty of a late '97 or '98." There's a thin line between connoisseur and nut case—to cross that line, you could say, "I still have an old '98 upstairs. I could take it again."

WEBSITE:

www.calvarychapel.com.au United Pentecostal Church in Australia's capital city, Canberra.

<http://www.worldchristianatabase.org/wcd/>

Bethany World Prayer Center has prepared prayer profiles on the Unreached. Each profile contains a photo, map, and information about the lifestyles, customs and beliefs of the people. It also lists spiritual strongholds and addresses specific prayer needs. These can be accessed at <http://www.ksafe.com/profiles/home.html>.

Scott Phillips' webzine doesn't usually advertise, and usually has one devotional article in it. His articles are too long to include full-length in *Glory*, although we may occasionally abstract from them. To subscribe, email ScottPhillips-subscribe@MyInJesus.com



History: Civilizations, Empires and Biblical Connections IV by Stanley Scism

In 1526, Muslim warrior Babur, king of Kabul but fleeing civil war, for the fifth time invaded northern India, mainly Hindu but ruled by Muslim dynasties for the

previous 400 years. Defeated in his first four raids, he now won great victory at Panipat, even though he had 12,000 men and his enemy, Ibrahim Lodi, sultan of Delhi, had more than 96,000 and a team of war elephants who merely made big targets for Babur's Turkish allies' cannon and experienced cavalry. The elephants ran and trampled their own troops, as their forerunners had done in front of Alexander's army 1800 years before.

Then Babur took Delhi and Agra. Most chiefs controlling northern India still opposed him. Surrounded by enemies, far from home, suffering in the heat, his soldiers wanted to go home, as do most other people visiting India's plains. To inspire them to stay, Babur poured away bottles of wine, forbidden to Muslims though popular among them. Impressed by his devotion, his army stayed, then defeated attackers at Khanua to the SE. Babur was established.

He brought Persian culture to India by building traditional gardens, some remaining to this day. He dictated memoirs to a scribe, composed poetry, but, when he died only four years after his invasion, he left his son and successor, Humayun, a land still torn with fighting forces.

Humayun, more philosophical than forceful, first faced defeat and despair at the hands of Sher Shah, Afghan ruler of Bengal, but, after Shah died soon after, defeated Shah's successor to regain his own father's empire. One day soon after that, while descending his library's marble steps, Humayun heard the Muslim call to prayer and tried to turn and pray toward Mecca. He slipped, fell, banged his head against the marble, and died days later. When you visit marble Moghul monuments, don't provide a repeat performance.

Akbar, only thirteen years old when he ascended to the throne in 1555, strengthened the dynasty with early expansionist wars. Violence delighted him—by organizing hunts, particularly of tigers, before wars, he showed enemies what they could expect if they opposed him. He was merciless to enemies—in 1560, he celebrated a victory by building a great column then, before the construction material set, embedding in its walls the heads of defeated soldiers. These tactics worked—he doubled the Mogul empire's size.

In 1562, he married a Hindu princess, helping heal the Hindu-Muslim rift and winning support of rebellious Hindu rajas. He had also been tolerant of Christians who had settled on the SW coast of India.

Generous and wise to friends and loyal subjects, he cunningly controlled empire, improved local government by adopting many ideas of earlier implemented by Sher Shah, sponsored art. He ended religious persecution, gave non-Muslims important jobs and abolished *jizya* (a tax on non-Muslims). He rebuilt the Agra fort, added many buildings in the Gujarati and Bengali styles, built and later abandoned a new capital at Sikri, lived in luxury while peasants starved, and retained a cruel streak from his warlike youth, but when he died in 1605, many people still remembered him for strength and courage, and also for tolerance and insight.

His son, Jehangir, succeeded to the throne and continued practices (which Akbar had adopted from Rajas) of annually donating his weight in gold and jewels, and initiated reforms such as a golden chain plaintiffs could ring to gain immediate royal justice to a cause. He also expanded trade with European commercial interests but, as he aged, lost interest in empire and, like Xerxes, turned his interest toward smoking opium, drinking, listening to music, sitting in gardens, enjoying fine art, basically having a good time as if he had read *Ecclesiastes*. His wife, Nur Jahan, and her family ruled India in his name. When he died in 1627, not having carefully secured the succession, he bequeathed to the empire a brief struggle won by his third son, Shah Jahan, after he had blinded one brother and killed the others.

Shah Jahan's violent start secured a peaceful reign. Because the empire did not expand, but its court's expenses did, taxes rose. He loved literature and art, especially architecture and jewels, and particularly when combined in lavish palaces and, most notably, his beloved wife's tomb, the Taj Mahal. She had died in 1631 while giving birth to their fourteenth child, he started the project the next year and completed it in 1655, 100 years after Akbar's accession. Meanwhile, he had also torn down many buildings his grandfather had built, built new marble ones in their place, and eventually a whole new fort and city in northern Delhi.

When he fell ill in 1658, his eldest son, Aurangzeb, imprisoned him and claimed the empire. To hold power, he executed his brothers. Like father, like son. Aurangzeb began again to expand the empire. He was diligent, educated, intelligent, also a very devout Muslim who spent many hours in prayer. Increasingly religiously intolerant, he reimposed *jizya*, tore down temples and schools to build mosques and madrasses in their place, faced rising Hindu resentment, and, when he died in 1707, had no successor able to administrate his huge empire amid the popular disaffection. The empire began to decline.

Into this vacuum stepped various vying forces, both Indian and European. French and English commercial interests, both now in the absence of a strong central military authority in India having to provide military escort for their caravans, hired armies, fought each other and Indian forces for monopoly of trade, and expanded into India their world-wide battle for empire.

The British defeated the French as part of the Seven Years' War and, by the mid-1800s, the British East India Company controlled most of India. Mogul Emperor Badahur Shah II ruled only his fort in Delhi. In 1857, Indian soldiers mutinied against the British, who crushed the revolt and banished the emperor, thus formally ending the Mogul empire, by that time a mere pretence, as Goths had deposed the last Roman emperor in 476.

William Carey and other missionaries could not usually obtain permission from the British imperial government to live in India, since the British did not consider the opportunity to improve the life of the people as being worth the opposition such reform might engender from traditionalists, so they obtained permission frequently from other colonial interests (in the Carey's case, the Danes) or from Indian princes.

Another people, formerly British subjects, had expanded their empire. The British and other Europeans had colonized parts of the North American Atlantic coast, European wars won by Britain had eventually resulted in other nation's North American colonies being turned to British control, and by 1756, Britain had thirteen colonies, populated mostly by English, with large minorities of Germans, Scot-Irish and Africans, and smaller minorities of many other European nations and of native Americans. Most native Americans lived west of these colonies. Another French-British war of empire, by now familiar to both these nations, broke out but was this time quite decisive, finishing French involvement in North America and in South Asia.

To pay the debt caused by this war, Britain taxed the North American colonies, who, because they had no representation in the Parliament passing the taxes, resented paying for an administration in which they could not participate. They began resisting British taxation in 1765. The British government removed many taxes by 1773, but kept tea tax on principle to show their right to tax and to demand monopoly to buy tea only from the British company. On principle of not paying taxes about which they couldn't vote, and in interest of ending a monopoly threatening American business, a crowd protested and sixty people (one of them a silversmith named Paul Revere) dressed as Mohawks (a native American tribe) boarded British ships in Boston harbor and dumped overboard 340 chests of tea, each chest worth a craftsman's wages for 18 months. The harbor waters were cold on 16 December 1773, so the colonists did not indulge in a spot of sea-tea. Instead, Samuel and John Adams continued to agitate against the British through their Committees of Correspondence.

After this Boston Tea Party, the British tried to more firmly rule their rebellious colonists, especially Boston. Patriots, resenting interference, armed state militias and trained minutemen (patriot troops ready to fight at a minute's warning). When British troops marched from Boston 18 April 1775 to destroy a weapons depot at Concord, spies saw them and two men rode through the night to warn the minutemen of danger. Therefore 77 minutemen waited, ready for the British as they marched to Concord. Their local leader, John Parker, said, "If they mean to have a war, let it begin here." In a confused battle, eight died. When the British redcoats (scarlet tunics gave them this name, and provided bright targets for militia sharpshooters more used to hunting camouflaged deer and other game) reached

Concord, the arms they sought had been hidden, and they had to fight their way back to Boston with considerable and embarrassing loss.

The British closed Boston harbor, so hostile American soldiers in June besieged the redcoats in Boston, occupying hills overlooking the town. British soldiers came to drive them off, but patriots resisted. Commanders, short on ammunition, told soldiers, "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes." They killed or injured 1000 British soldiers on Breed's Hill, then ran out of ammunition and withdrew.

By the next spring, George Washington could supplement the siege with cannon captured by Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys from the British fort at Lake Ticonderoga in upstate New York, and move the cannon over mountains and snow by Henry Knox' artillery command. With the cannon on the hills around the city, the British, rather than face bombardment, fled by ship on 17 March 1776.

Each of the thirteen colonies had sent representatives to the newly-formed Continental Congress. The first Congress had accepted rule by the British king, but did not believe Britain should make American laws, but the fighting of 1775 forced all to understand Britain intended to rule by force, so they set up a provisional government to rule the thirteen colonies as independent states. By July, 1776, presided over by John Hancock, they had chosen complete freedom from Britain, set it out in a "Declaration of Independence" written mostly by Thomas Jefferson, and approved it on 4 July.

The British hired German soldiers to help crush the rebellion, and drove Washington's army from New York, where he had come because the British were there now, over the border at Delaware River, but on Christmas night, needing a victory because his troops' contracts would expire at the end of the year, Washington led his troops back over the frozen river and attacked the drunken German Christmas party at the enemy camp in Trenton. His brilliant raid greatly encouraged the revolutionaries and ended the fighting for the winter.

In the spring of 1777, the British attacked again, but failed to coordinate their plans. The troops in New York captured Philadelphia (the colonial capital and largest city), instead of meeting another British army advancing from Canada. Result: revolutionaries surrounded and defeated the army from Canada, forcing British general John Burgoyne to surrender 17 October. This victory helped persuade the French, eager for revenge over their losses in North America and in India, to recognize American independence, and four months later, they joined the war.

The American army camped for the winter at Valley Forge outside Philadelphia. Washington's exceptional leadership kept spirits up and German officer Baron Friedrich Wilhelm von Steuben trained troops. The tactics and discipline he taught helped them defeat the British in the war's final years.

In 1778, American publisher, author, inventor and ambassador to France Benjamin Franklin visited France's absolute monarch, King Louis XVI, who had authority George III could only dream of, to thank him for his nation's assistance.

Since neither side could win the war in the north, the British tried to conquer and isolate the southern states. By 1780, they controlled Georgia and South Carolina. That year, The British took Charleston, South Carolina, but many defenders escaped capture, gathered weapons and support, and began guerrilla raids on the British. Lord Cornwallis took command of British troops and marched them into North Carolina and Virginia. American forces ambushed them everywhere—Captain Frances Marion became especially good at this, was nicknamed "Swamp Fox" because after a raid his men would immediately disappear into marshland, and gained particular fame for rescuing surrounded American troops at Parkers Ferry, South Carolina, August 1781. British control weakened. French troops sailed to help. In Virginia, Cornwallis had made Yorktown his stronghold, but attacked there by land and by sea (by the French navy), he had to surrender 19 October 1781. "Oh God! It's all over!" cried the British prime minister when he heard of the defeat.

Two years later in a peace treaty, Britain officially recognized the United States' independence. Four years after that, the United States' articles of confederation having proved impracticable, the new nation's leaders wrote a new constitution, the Constitution, and in the next few months ratified it.

During these years, the American Revolution spread to the France, who had helped America. The Age of Enlightenment had produced new ideas about life, religion, logic, nature. American and French philosophers, and some British, had advocated these to the literate public, and the ideas had led the American Revolution. Support for the American Revolution had been popular in France, but had cost much money, and Louis had borrowed heavily to finance his revenge on Britain. His extravagant queen, Marie Antoinette, princess of the Habsburg empire in Austria, dominated him and kept costs high. He needed funds, and the middle class, with its coaches and servants, had the money and would have to pay higher taxes, but they wanted power in exchange. Peasant farmers, hardly able to feed their families, also had to pay higher taxes on top of high payments to nobles in form of money, produce or labor for the use of land to farm. Yet the nobles paid no taxes and opposed the king when he tried to make them start. And peasants, still starving, were forced to pay tithes to the Roman Catholic Church, whose cardinals and archbishops often lived in luxury.

To pass laws to tax aristocrats, the king had to call an elected national assembly with members from the three estates: aristocrats, clergy and commoners, so in 1789, one year after America elected its first president under their new constitution, France had its first elections in 175 years. Disagreements broke out and the third estate broke away, called themselves the National Assembly, and met in the meeting hall of the king's palace in Versailles, 15 miles from Paris. The king responded by locking the third estate out of the meeting hall, so the Assembly met in the palace tennis court and they swore not to disband until France had new, fairer government to represent the people—not the king, church and aristocrats. The nervous king agreed to some of their demands, but they did not trust him. He tried to keep power by the army's help, but he misjudged the people's mood—a bad harvest had added hunger to anger. On 14 July, citizens of Paris, supported by some police and soldiers, attacked the symbol of political oppression, the Bastille. The revolution quickly spread to other cities and to the countryside, where 80% of France lived. Many peasants attacked landlords' estates, usually seeking to destroy tax records. Terrified aristos fled the nation.

The Declaration of Rights of Man was passed, making all Frenchmen equal. Women had no vote, but on 5 October Parisian women angry at bread shortages marched to Versailles to demand that the king live in Paris so he could see and relate more closely to the people's needs. He meekly obeyed, but two years later (1791) tried to flee Paris in disguise, the king dressed as a valet. A postmaster recognized them, alerted authorities, and guards arrested the royal family 125 miles east of Paris. Exhausted after 24 hours on the road, the family did not resist capture.

Neighboring nations' monarchs feared the French revolution would spread to their own countries and endanger their own thrones. Austria and Prussia plotted to restore Louis to his throne and moved forces into France. France then declared war on both nations, and a huge, mass civilian army five months later beat off an invasion at the Battle of Valmy, a battle also noted for widespread use of artillery. The French had fought to defend the Revolution, but the next wars fought to spread it, and to gain land. A new song, the *Marseilles*, was written as call to arms for these wars, and became, and still is, France's national anthem.

In 1792, papers were found in King Louis's palace proving he'd plotted to bring foreign troops into France against his own people's revolution. On 21 January 1793, he was executed. His wife's execution made Austria France's implacable foe.

The revolution not only disestablished the Roman Catholic Church, but also set up a temple to the "goddess of reason" and turned so extreme under radical leader Maximilien Robespierre's Committee of Public Safety that counter-revolution rose up in much of France. He responded with a Reign of Terror, executing thousands of political opponents. Most executions were done by guillotine—a heavy, sharp falling blade severing people's heads quickly. The guillotine became a symbol of the revolution and a source of public entertainment. The revolution grew, but Robespierre had made many enemies and people began to turn against him. Faced

with arrest, he hid in the Paris city hall, but troops surrounded the city hall and, on 28 July 1794, he was guillotined and the terror ended.

In 1795, a military genius, former artillery officer, and now general, Napoleon Bonaparte, crushed a counter-revolution and stability slowly returned. He successfully attacked Italy, Austria and Prussia, and only overreached when he reached for Moscow. He increased France's power abroad and back home was made ruler in 1799 and emperor in 1804. His social reforms did much to create contemporary French government. He re-established the Roman Catholic Church, in some ways progressed the French population, but in other ways stifled dissent. By 1815, hereditary monarchs eventually united, defeated Napoleon, and he died in exile.

But the Revolution had not died. In 1848 the French rebelled in the streets again, still seeking freedom rather than order, and oppressed people in other nations began also to revolt. In 1859, Karl Marx, moved by these historic changes, wrote of a historic inevitability that people would eventually sweep away oppressive kings, cardinals and counts—that the state itself would fall away, and that people would live together in common ownership of all things. Meanwhile, Europe's hereditary monarchs engaged in their centuries-long battle for each other's land and empires. The German and Italian nations, till now fragmented, each united, and the Germans provoked a war, then defeated France in 1870, taking as their prize the region Alsace-Lorraine.



Dynasty of the Issue:

All you ever wanted to know about Early Mesopotamia, but were afraid to ask!

First Dynasty of Ur (2563-2387 BC):		2112-2095 (18)	Ur-Nammu
2563-2524	Mesannepadda	2094-2047 (48)	Shulgi
2523-2484	A'annepadda	2046-2038 (9)	Amar-Suena
2483-2448	Meskiagnunna	2037-2029 (9)	Shu-Suen
2447-2423	Elulu	2028-2004 (25)	Ibbi-Suen
2422-2387	Balulu		
		Dynasty of Isin (2017-1794 BC)	
		2017-1985 (33)	Ishbi-Erra
Dynasty of Lagash (2494-2342 BC):		1984-1975 (10)	Shu-ilishu
2494-2465	Ur-Nanshe	1974-1954 (21)	Iddin-
2464-2455	Akurgal		
2454-2425	Eannatum	Dagan	
2424-2405	Enannatum I	1953-1935 (19)	Ishme-
2404-2375	Etemena	Dagan	
2374-2365	Enannatum II	1934-1924 (11)	Lipit-Ishtar
2364-2359	Enentarzi	1923-1896 (28)	Ur-Ninurta
2358-2352	Lugal-anda	1895-1875 (21)	Bur-Sin
2351-2342	Uru-inim-gina	1874-1870 (5)	Lipit-Enlil
		1869-1863 (7)	Erra-imitti
		1862-1839 (24)	Enlil-bani
Dynasty of Uruk (2340-23316 BC):		1838-1836 (3)	Zambiya
2340-2316	Lugal-zagesi	1835-1832 (4)	Iter-pisha
		1831-1828 (4)	Ur-dukuga
Dynasty of Akkad (2334-2154 BC):		1827-1817 (11)	Sin-magir
2334-2279 (56)	Sargon	1816-1794 (23)	Damiq-
2278-2270 (9)	Rimush		ilishu
2269-2255		(15)	
Manishtushu			
2254-2218 (37)	Naram-Suen	(Conquest by Larsa, 1794 BC)	
2217-2193 (25)	Shar-kali-	Dynasty of Larsa (2096-1763 BC):	
sharri		2026-2006 (21)	Naplanum
2192-2190 (3)(period of anarchy)		2005-1978 (28)	Emisum
		1977-1943 (35)	Samium
2189-2169 (21)	Dudu	1942-1934 (9)	Zabaya
2168-2154 (15)	Shu-Turul	1933-1907 (27)	Gungunum
		1906-1896 (11)	Abi-sare
Dynasty of Ur (2112-2004 BC):		1895-1867 (29)	Samu-el

1866-1851 (16)	Nur-Adad	1835-1823 (13)	Warad-Sin
1850-1844 (7)	Sin-iddinam	1822-1763 (60)	Rim-Sin
1843-1842 (2)	Sin-eribam		
1841-1837 (5)	Sin-iqisham	(Babylonian Conquest, 1763 BC)	
1836 (1)	Silli-Adad		



Personality Profile:

Peter Abelard (1079-1142)--FRENCH

He was born near Nantes in Brittany, the eldest son of a noble Breton house. He studied under Johannes Roscelinus at Tours and William of Champeaux in Paris, and gained reputation as a teacher. In 1115, aged 36, he was appointed lecturer in the cathedral school of Notre Dame in Paris, where his pupils included John of Salisbury. He lodged with canon Fulbert and became tutor to Fulbert's beautiful and talented 17-year-old niece, Heloise. They fell in love, and when Fulbert found out, he expelled Abelard from the house. Abelard and Heloise fled to Brittany, where she gave birth to a son, Astrolabe. They returned to Paris and were secretly married. Heloise' angry relatives revenged themselves on Peter by breaking into his bedroom and castrating him. He fled in shame to the abbey of St. Denis to become a monk, and Heloise became a nun at Argenteuil.

In 1121, the Church condemned him for heresy and he became a hermit at Nogent-sur-Seine. There his pupils helped him built a monastic school which he named the Paraclete. In 1125, he was elected abbot of St. Gildas-de-Rhuys in Brittany, and the Paraclete was given to Heloise and a sisterhood.

In his final years, he was again accused of heresies and retired to the monastery of Cluny. He died at the priory of St. Marcel, near Chalon; his remains were taken to the Paraclete at Heloise' request, and when she died in 1164, she was laid in the same tomb. In 1800, their ashes were taken to Paris, and in 1817 they were buried in one sepulcher at Pere Lachaise.

He wrote books advocating use of reason in faith, an account of his ethical system, and a biography. Alexander Pope wrote a poem about them called, "Eloisa to Abelard" (1717).

Statistics:

14 nations received US troops between 1900 and 1993 for establishing democracy. Ten years later, 4 of them are democracies.

13x as many Ethiopians are likely to die in famine now as in 1984's record famine.

11% of American say they've "always had credit card debt".

3 students have earned Emory University's joint M.B.A./divinity degree since it was first offered in 1990.

2.9 inches is difference in height between an average South Korean and an average North Korean.

2 US commercial sites are granted no-fly-zone protection--Disneyland and Disney World.

SERMONS:

David, a Man after My Heart

by Stanley Scism

1 Samuel 17.45,50; 2 Samuel 5.2; 11.2-4; 12.7-13; 1 Kings 15.5;
Psalm 51; 89.19-21; Daniel 11.32; Acts 13.22

as he said, did they need? Besides, he did miracles to meet needs, not to provide entertainment, either now or later, when Herod Antipas wanted the same thing.

He told his disciples, "Watch out for their yeast" and they thought he was going into the bakery business. Jesus said, "Don't you remember the 5000 men I fed with 5 loaves of bread and how many basketfuls of scraps did you pick up afterwards? And when I fed the 4,000 with seven loaves, how much was left? You think I'm worried about not having bread?" *Then* they realized he meant the Pharisees' teachings.

Sometimes we wonder how the twelve could be with Jesus so long and yet not "get" his teaching or fear to follow when pressure was on. Or how the children in the wilderness could waver about worshipping God and turn to idols, or grumble so much. Yet, after we assert we won't follow their example and we profess love for the congregation, then go out and prejudge the community the rest of the week, when God never asked us to judge, but only to witness, or we back away from witnessing because of simple fright instead of boldly following Jesus as the disciples did after they received the Spirit, and laying their lives on the line as he laid his, then we're as hypocritical as the Pharisees. We can become as secular as the world around us, absorbed by it rather than reaching it.

Jesus told the Pharisees that they could not serve God *and* money, and Elijah said much the same thing when he told Israel that they could not serve Yahweh *and* Baal (a fertility god supposed to give them bumper crops and abundant rainfall—indeed, this god's supposed nature was the reason why Elijah declared no rainfall until he gave the word). Although we don't bow down to images of gold and silver, we need to make sure we also don't bow down to images of paper, copper, nickel—that would be a pity, since we'd be worshipping things worth even less than the golden calf. At least that was gold.

One can become so religious that one's regular religious habits take the place of true spirituality. When that happens, everyone will see the empty traditions of our past, maintained mindlessly after the reason and spirit behind them have died and been buried.

The disciples weren't simply religious in the sense of having a set of beliefs and customs thereby derived. They were spiritual—God, the Creator of the universe, was in them by His own Spirit and power and love and wisdom, and everything they did and said was to come from *that!*

Empty religious tradition results in obligated practitioners consoling themselves about their prison they occupy by calling everyone else lower than they are. If they practitioners feel defeat, they huddle in fear. In either case—pride or fear—when they make a convert, he becomes twice the victim they are because the victim is another step removed from true Spiritual life—the other people experienced it in the past and at least know what it is, but the convert knows nothing except the empty religious tradition.

But if someone knows Jesus Christ within, he can share truth as a person rather than just truth as a teaching, and that's when the Word is living, power and active—organic. The printed page simply records this.

So as we witness, let's:

1. Love people as God loves them. Love all—God so loved that He gave Himself, and we must give self also. Love not just masses, but individuals. Wish and work for good things to happen to them.
2. Talk with people. Show interest in them, respect for their skill, empathy with their struggles. Your heart and mind are within you, but your eyes, hands and voice express your heart.
3. Share your experience. God has performed miracles in you to transform you. Your life has changed and that difference is that you tell. Don't ask, "Give me an opportunity to witness." Witness! The people in your life *are* your audience. Tell what God has done for you. Be warm-hearted and clear.

4. Pray for them. The response is their freedom, their choice, but God can influence that choice if you care enough to pray.

Do all this love, talk, sharing and praying close to you and also from a distance for those people too far away for you to reach personally. Love enough to reach out, to help others go where you cannot go, to help more people learn about Jesus. The early church did this: Paul writes a thank-you note to Philippi for their offering toward his work, and points out to Corinth that they haven't come through yet in caring for other people. Which example—Corinth or Philippi, Pharisee or follower--will *we* follow?



Bible Study:

by Stanley

Scism

Genesis chapter five contains the Bible's first genealogy. Like the Bible itself, the genealogy begins with God himself, referring back to chapter one.

5.1 "this is the account" refers to the book's outline—the phrase occurs ten times in Genesis, each time beginning a new section:

1. 2.4-4.26 the account of the heavens and the earth
2. 5.1-6.8 the account of Adam's line
3. 6.9-9.29 the account of Noah
4. 10.1-11.29 the account of Shem, Ham and Japheth
5. 11.10-26 the account of Shem
6. 11.27-25.11 the account of Terah
7. 25.12-18 the account of Ishmael
8. 25.19-35.29 the account of Isaac
9. 36.1-37.1 the account of Esau
10. 37.2-50.26 the account of Jacob

5.1 "in the likeness" harks back to Gn 1.26. The OT (Gn 5.1; 9.6) and NT (1 Co 11.7; Col 3.10; Jam 3.9) relate "likeness" and "image." Since God made man in His image, no one may murder (Gn 9.6) or curse (Jam 3.6) man. "Image" includes "righteousness and holiness" (Eph 4.24) and "knowledge" (Col 3.10). Believers conform to Christ's likeness (Ro 8.29) to be like Jesus (1 Jn 3.2).

5.2 "male and female" Both bear God's image, blessing and commission (Gn 1.27-30; Ps 8.6-8).

"called them" to name something demonstrated ownership or dominion (Gn 17.5,15; 41.45; 2K 23.34; 24.17; Dan 1.7).

"man" is used as "mankind" in early Genesis, example 3.22-24.

5.3 "his own likeness" reflects Gn 1.26-27 and 5.1, but between God's creation and man's reproduction, an important event has taken place—the fall.

"Seth" this and other names in this chapter also occur in 1 Ch 1 and Luke 3.

5.4 "930 years" long lifespan in Gn 5 doesn't compare to lifespan length in Sumerian sources, which says *each* king reigned 72,000 years. Sumerian sources based number systems on 6, and 72 is 6x6 doubled. Some people say the numbers are symbolic, and point to Enoch's having lived 365 years (1 for each day of the year) and Lamech 777 (the number of perfection tripled). If so, symbolism for the other lifespans in Gn 5 have not been elucidated for consistency's sake.

Long-term lifespan in early Genesis can be explained another way: in 1.6-7, God has with the sky separated waters above the earth from those on the earth. This water canopy keeps out harmful, aging ultraviolet rays (meanwhile, much water wells up from the earth's surface, provides the climate conditions described in 2.5-6). This protection, plus a vegetarian diet (1.29-30), slower lifestyle, absence of pollution, and bountiful natural resources, creates longer lifespan. When God wills, the water canopy empties *and* subterranean water depths break open (7.11), creating "Noah's" flood. After that flood, lifespan begins to decrease dramatically. Seth lives 600 years, Abraham 175, Joseph 110.

5.5-21 father" the Hebrew name also means "ancestor" or "forerunner." In the previous

chapter, Jabal is called father of all people living in tents and breeding livestock, Jubal as father of all musicians and Tubal-cain as father of all metal-workers. Jesus is called "son" of Abraham and David. *Bar-mitzvah* means "son of the law." The early church nicknamed Joseph as *Barnabas*, reflecting his character by calling him "son of encouragement." Before James' and John's nature changed as a result of the Holy Spirit in them, they, whose father was named Zebedee, were called "sons of thunder," reflecting their tempestuous nature.

Therefore, "father" in Genesis 5 doesn't necessarily indicate an immediate biological ancestor, but could indicate this: so-and-so lived a certain number of years and then "begat" someone who became the ancestor of the next-mentioned person in the line. That would:

- a. retain the lifespan in accordance with factors mentioned above
- b. demonstrate that creation of Adam could be much earlier
- c. allow for flexible use of "father" in Hebrew

5.22-24 Enoch is the hero of Genesis 5 and stands out from others in the chapter. His "walked with God" replaces "lived" for the other characters. "walked with God" indicates people who live in relationship with the Creator, as in Gn 6.9; 17.1; 24.40; 48.15; 2K 20.3; Ps 116.9; Mi 6.8; Mal 2.6 "took him away" replaces "died," as in Elijah's case (1K 2.1-11). See also Ps 49.15; 73.24; 89.48. These two men, of all in the OT, did not experience death (Heb 11.5).

5.27 "969 years" if the genealogy is complete and does not list only the most famous people in the line, then Methuselah dies in the year of the flood, since figures in 5.25,28 and 7.6 add up to exactly 969. In that case, Methuseleh did not find grace in God's eyes, heard his grandson's, Noah's, preaching for 120 years, didn't repent, and died in the flood. That would suggest that calling Seth's descendents a "godly line" would be to overstate the case and over-generalize, and in turn would undermine the interpretation of "sons of God" as being Seth's line as a whole. But more on that in the next Bible study.

XX



Children!

KIDS! Your parents love you! Memories parents have of their kids: A little boy opened the big family bible. He was fascinated as he fingered through the old pages. Suddenly, something fell out of the Bible. He picked up the object and looked at it. What he saw was an old leaf that had been pressed in between the pages. "Mama, look what I found", the boy called out. "What have you got there, dear?" With astonishment in the young boy's voice, he answered, "I think it's Adam's underwear!"

While walking along the sidewalk in front of his church, our minister heard the intoning of a prayer that nearly made his collar wilt. Apparently, his 5-year-old son and his playmates had found a dead robin. Feeling that a proper burial should be performed, they had secured a small box and cotton batting, then dug a hole and made ready for the disposal of the deceased. The minister's son was chosen to say the appropriate prayers and with sonorous dignity intoned his version of what he thought his father always said: "Glory be unto the Faaaather, and unto the Sonnn and into the hole he gooooes."

Author and lecturer Leo Buscaglia once talked about a contest he was asked to judge. The purpose of the contest was to find the most caring child. The winner was a four year old child whose next door neighbor was an elderly gentleman who had recently lost his wife. Upon seeing the man cry, the little boy went into the old gentleman's

yard, climbed onto his lap, and just sat there. When his mother asked him what he had said to the neighbor, the little boy said, "Nothing, I just helped him cry."

Book Reviews

Nicola Gillies' *The First Ladies of the United States*

Earlier we reviewed a book on the presidents. Gillies' book makes the mistake of not accounting for widowed or bachelor presidents and explaining the gaps when there was no first lady. Aside from that, the book introduces each first lady, unfortunately not really weighing them by the amount of time they spent in the position. Below is a chart showing them overall:

Name	Life Dates	1 st Lady	Former 1 st Ladies
Martha Dandridge Custis Washington	1731-1802	1789 (58)-1797 (66)	None
*He married her for her money. She set the tone of dignity and hospitality			
Abigail Smith Adams	1744-1818	1797 (53)-1801 (57)	Washington
*Her correspondence shows a warm marriage and helpful political sensibility			
Dolley Payne Todd Madison	1768-1849	1809	(41)-1817 (49)
Washington, Adams			
*Happy Dolley was also acting 1 st lady for widower Jefferson during 1801(33)-1809 (41)			
Elizabeth Kortright Monroe	1768-1830	1817 (49)-1825 (57)	Adams, Madison
Louisa Catherine Johnson Adams	1775-1852	1825 (50)-1829 (54)	Madison, Monroe
*Between Adams and Harrison, two widowers (Jackson, Van Buren) were president			
Anna Symmes Harrison	1775-1864	1841 (65)	Madison, Adams
*Harrison died after one month in office			
Letitia Christian Tyler	1790-1842	1841 (51)-1842 (52)	Mad, Ada, Harrison
*She was already in ill health and was the first to die as 1 st lady			
Julia Gardiner Tyler	1820-1889	1844 (24)-1845 (25)	Mad, Ada, Harrison
*Thirty years younger than her husband, but an outstanding 1 st lady			
Sarah Childress Polk	1803-1891	1845 (42)-1849 (46)	Mad, Ada, Harr, Tyler
Margaret Smith Taylor	1788-1852	1849 (61)-1850 (62)	Mad, Ada, Harr, Tyl, Polk
*Taylor died in office, Fillmore succeeded him as president.			
Abigail Powers Fillmore	1798-1853	1850 (52)-1853 (55)	Ada, Harr, Tyl, Pol, Taylor
Jane Means Appleton Pierce	1806-1863	1853 (47)-1857 (51)	Harr, Tyl, Pol, Fillmore
*Pierce was succeeded by Buchanan, a bachelor, and Buchanan by Lincoln.			
Mary Todd Lincoln	1818-1882	1861 (43)-1865 (47)	Harr, Tyl, Pol, Pierce
*Her husband was the greatest president, she not the best first lady. Insane late in life.			
Eliza McCardle Johnson	1810-1876	1865 (55)- 1869 (59)	Tyl, Polk, Lincoln
*Taught her husband to read. Note that by 1868, Julia Tyl is <i>still</i> the youngest first lady.			
Julia Boggs Dent Grant	1826-1902	1869 (43)- 1877 (51)	Tyl, Pol, Lin, Johnson
Lucy Ware Webb Hayes	1831-1889	1877 (46)- 1881 (50)	Tyl, Pol, Lin, Grant
*Called "Lemonade Lucy" because she forbade alcohol at the White House			
Lucretia Rudolph Garfield	1832-1918	1881 (49)	Tyl, Pol, Lin, Gra, Hayes
*Her husband died of infection from wounds sustained in an assassination attempt			
Frances Folsom Cleveland	1864-1947	1886 (22)- 1889 (25)	
*The youngest first lady of all, 27 years younger than her husband, who had been her father's law partner and then her ward from her father's death until			

she turned 21. When her husband lost bid for re-election, she told White House staff they'd be back in three years. She was. When she became 1st Lady, Tyl, Pol, Gra, Hay, Garfield lived.

Caroline Lavinia Scott Harrison 1832-1892 1889 (57)- 1893 (60) Tyl, Pol, Gra, Hay, Gar, Clev.

*The second first lady to die in the White House (Tyler's first wife had been the first).

Frances Folson Cleveland again 1893 (29)- 1897 (33) Grant, Garfield

*The first 1st lady with only two living successors since the early republic.

Ida Saxton McKinley 1847-1907 1897 (50)- 1901 (54) Gra, Gar, Cleveland

Edith Kermit Carow Roosevelt 1861-1948 1901 (40)- 1908 (48) Gra, Gar, Cleve, McKinley

Helen Herron Taft 1861-1943 1909 (48)- 1913 (52) Gar, Clev, Roosevelt

Ellen Louise Axson Wilson 1860-1914 1913 (53)- 1914 (54) Gar, Cle, Roos, Taft

*The third first lady to die in the White House

Edith Bolling Galt Wilson 1872-1961 1915 (42)-1921 (49) Gar, Cle, Roo, Taft

*The most powerful first lady ever. When her husband had a stroke, she almost ran the White House in her effort to protect him and limit the number of people accessing him.

Florence Kling DeWolfe Harding 1860-1924 1921 (61)- 1923 (63) Cle, Roo, Taft, Wilson

Grace Anna Goodhue Coolidge 1879-1957 1923 (44)- 1929 (50) Cle, Roo, Taf, Wil, Harding

Lou Henry Hoover 1874-1944 1929 (55)- 1933 (59) Cle, Roo, Taf, Wil, Coolidge

Anna Eleanor Roosevelt Roosevelt 1884-1962 1933 (49)- 1945 (61) Cle, Roo, Taf, Wil, Co, Hoover

*The longest-serving 1st lady—her husband served three terms.

Elizabeth Virginia Wallace Truman 1885-1982 1945 (60)-1953 (68) Cle, Roo, Wil, Co, Roosevelt2

Mary Geneva Doud Eisenhower 1896-1979 1953 (57)-1961 (65) Wil, Co, Roo2, Truman

Jacqueline Lee Bouvier Kennedy 1929-1994 1961 (32)- 1963 (34) Wil, Roo2, Tru, Eisenhower

Claudia Alta Taylor Johnson 1912-present 1963 (51)- 1969 (57) Tru, Eisenhower, Kennedy

Thelma Catherine Ryan Nixon 1912-1993 1969 (57)- 1974 (62) Tru, Eis, Ken, Johnson

Elizabeth Anne Bloomer Warren Ford 1918-present 1974 (56)- 1977 (59) Tru, Eis, Ken, Joh, Nixon

Rosalynn Smith Carter 1927-present 1977 (50)- 1981 (54) Tru, Eis, Ken, Joh, Nix, Ford

Anne Frances Robbins Davis Reagan 1923-present,1981(58)-1989 (66)Tru, Ken, Joh, Nix, For, Car

Barbara Pierce Bush 1925-present 1989 (64)- 1993 (68) Ken, Joh, Nix, For, Car, Reag

Hillary D. Rodham Clinton 1947-present,1993 (46)- 2001 (54), Ken, Joh, Nix, For, Car, Rea, Bush

*The only 1st lady to with seven living successors. The first 1st lady to run for office.

Laura Welch Bush 1946-present 2001 (55)-present Joh, For, Car, Rea, Bus, Clinton

Youngest age for any lady to become first lady: 22 Frances Folson Cleveland

Honorable mention: 24 Julia Gardiner Tyler

Oldest age for any lady to serve as first lady: 68 Elizabeth Virginia Wallace Truman

And Barbara Pierce Bush

Honorable mention: 66 Martha Dandridge Custis Washington

And Anne Frances Robbins Davis

Reagan

Bill Amend's *Your Momma Thinks Square Roots are Vegetables*

One of the *Foxtrot* books. My favorite character in the Fox family is the youngest kid, Jason. His mother asks him, "What are you doing?" He says, "Building a model rocket which I will fill with salt and shoot into a cloud, thus seeding it for rain." She says, "I asked you to water the lawn!" He says, "Look, you do things your way, I do them my way."

Older brother and younger sister at high school. Her first day. He says, "Mom said I should be nice to you at school." Just then, guys say, "Check out the cute freshman! Hubba!" he hollers, "Back off, guys! She's my sister!" She says to him, "So when are you going to start?" He says, "Give me time. It's a difficult concept."

Elementary school teacher announces, "The day many of you have been dreading has arrived...our first math test." Voice from the class: "Woohoo! Yessss! Sweet Momma, bring it on!" She rolls her eyes, "Jason, let me be specific about what...they've been dreading." Another kid says, "Stop jumping up and down, you freak!" (Jason could point out that he doesn't jump *down*; he jumps up and gravity....)

Jason and Marcus, his best friend, exchanging insults in class: "Your momma thinks square roots are vegetables," "Oh yeah? Your momma think polygons turn into frogs," "Well, your momma couldn't integrate a nested trig function even if you let her use a computer." Teacher says, "Boys, I said no talking trash before tests." Jason says, "Sorry, Miss O'Malley." Marcus says, "Oh, man that last one hurt."

His sister sees a sheet over Jason and criticizes his party costume as being unoriginal. His response: "Who says this is my costume? I am an artiste! My costumes are masterpieces of the monster arts. As such, perhaps I prefer to keep it draped and unseen until the hour of its glorious unveiling is at hand! Oh, you will puke when you see it, dear sister! With fear, fright and intense costume envy. See you in a few days! Bwa ha ha!"

She gets a big pimple on her nose in December. Jason says, "Hi, Rudolph."

When his mother tells him to throw out the garbage, he includes his sister's new Backsync Boys CD, saying, "If I may quote a recent review..."

He's trying to do email and the computer says, "Salutations. You've got missives! Epistles! Billets! Post! Mail." He says, "I knew it'd be a mistake putting a thesaurus on your hard drive." The computer responds, "Ready to body-board the worldwide reticulation?"

Jason's reading the Bible. "Genesis...nothing. Exodus...nothing. Leviticus...nothing... Daniel...nothing. Revelation...nothing. I don't get it—putting 'N Sync in the next Star Wars *has* to be a Biblical sign of the Apocalypse." Marcus says, "Here. Try a King James Version."

His sister, trying to write an essay on *Macbeth*, finally unscrews her lamp light bulb and holds it over her head. Older brother walks in. She says, "Don't ask." He says, "Personally, I use 100-watt bulbs for Shakespeare."

George Mikes' *How To Be Decadent*

Available by itself or collected in his "minibus" *How To Be a Brit*.

This book is a sequel to *How to Be Inimitable* (reviewed in our last issue), itself a sequel to *How To Be an Alien* (to be reviewed eventually). All consider that great phenomenon, Englishness. The present volume responds to claims that Britain has declined. Mikes says, "The British—as the whole world, particularly the British themselves, keep saying—are the most fair-minded people in the world. After the Second World War they declared: 'Let's be fair. We have been Top Nation for centuries. We have done splendidly once again. Now we must give others a chance. Let's decline.'" (Remember this, and Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, when people decline an invitation or decline to assist others out of convenience to themselves—they're declining, and eventually they'll fall.) Britain's "general strategy was grandiose: let us give away our Empire as fast as possible or a little faster; let us ruin the pound sterling by pretending that we did not give away our Empire and can

still be a reserve currency; let us ruin the City and then rely on it as our main source of strength; let us distribute overseas aid in a grand manner, at the same time, let us go around begging, cap in hand...and let us divide the country into small sections. If Cyprus can be independent, why not Wales? If Malta, why not Lancashire or Cornwall? If Singapore, why not Birmingham?" As he says, "the greatest days of Rome were its days of decline. The most splendid period of the Bourbon monarchy was the period before the Revolution. It is more elegant, wise and stylish to decay than to flourish....It is much more in keeping with the British style to live in a quiet and slightly disintegrating manor house than in a super-modern and noisy market place. It is more in keeping to potter around the garden and remain healthy than to rush around town under great stress and get heart attacks...But one must know how to decay....your inborn excellence, your splendid human qualities, your shining character may keep you on the top." So he wrote this book.

To be British today, "you still have to discuss the weather...with fervent interest; you still have to form an orderly queue on the slightest provocation...if you are a worker, you are not to work, if you are a solicitor you are not to solicit, if you are a streetwalker you are not to walk the streets." To the English, "the pound is still 'sterling,' hundred mark notes are still strange pieces of paper with some Teutonic nonsense printed on them. And if Britannia does not rule the waves...that is only and exclusively because the waves...do not deserve it any more."

The British still understate: "When gales uproot trees and sweep away roofs of houses, you should remark that it is 'a bit blowy'...a man who got lost in a forest abroad for a week and was scrutinized by hungry wolves, smacking their lips. Was he terrified?—asked the television interviewer, obviously a man of Italian origin. The man replied that on the seventh day, when there were no rescuers in sight and the sixth hungry wolf joined the pack, he 'got a bit worried'...a man in charge of a home where six hundred old people lived, which was found to be a fire risk where all the inhabitants might burn to death, admitted: 'I may have a problem.' (Mind you: he may have a problem. What about the six hundred? Theirs not to make reply, Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to burn and die.)"

Class still reigns: As soon as a man opens his mouth, we can tell in what sort of school he missed his education....Britain has a working class that does not work, a ruling class that does not rule." And many foreigners emigrating to Britain change the social map: "Today, fellow-aliens from happy and prosperous countries flock here: Germans, Americans, Swedes, Arabs and many others. The British are poor—slightly beggarly, even—but well-mannered, good-humored, tolerant and civilized. Their elegant decadence is the magnet that draws people here. The English, on the other hand, leave in large numbers. Their exodus is called the brain drain....The émigrés are old-fashioned Imperialists who want cash and security....England will soon be full of anglicized immigrants from California, Frankfurt, Port of Spain and Jeddah while other lands will be full of frustrated and morose Britons.

George Mikes remembers an Austrian immigrant's letter to him saying: "I would like to speak to you urgently in the nearest convenience" (translation: this would mean "in the closest toilet"). But now many immigrants speak English better than do the British themselves, who complain, "He speaks English too well, he must be a bloody foreigner." Solution: "IF you want to sound a proper Englishman, use no more than eight hundred words and, preferably, about half of them incorrectly. Most Englishmen will tell you that 'English has no grammar', which is just another way of saying that they have no grammar. Not long ago I kept seeing Post Office vans with the attractive slogan: 'Everyone should have a phone of their own.' In a letter to the *Guardian* I remarked: 'But I think nearly everyone do already.' A number of correspondents wrote in to tell me off as a pedant and a prig, remarking that the Post Office had use good 'colloquial' English....If you want to sound truly English, you must learn to speak the language really badly. It will not be difficult, there are many language schools where they teach you exactly that."

On what we would not call political correctness: "Before the war a spade used to be a spade—often brutally so. I remember an institution named *Hospital for Incurable Diseases*. How gentle, how tactful, I thought, and tried to imagine the feelings of the patient driven through the gates. But by today a dustman has become a

refuse collector, a policeman a law enforcement officer, the pilot of a plane a captain, a man who sells second-hand socks from a market stall a business executive and a dog a home-protection officer....Remember that everything is a 'situation' or a 'problem' nowadays. In the old days a man was traveling, today he is in a travel situation. In the past he got married, today he finds himself in a marriage situation. In the past, he went bankrupt, today he has a liquidity problem. In the old days he was impotent, today he has a virility problem....are we just in an illiteracy situation?"

English food, though improving, is still reprehensible. "In 1976 the police noticed that a large number of foreign lorries were committing speeding offenses. They were driving their enormous articulated lorries as if they were racing cars...doing their level best—risking their licenses and even their lives—to get away from English meals. They wanted to deliver their goods and return to the Continent on the same day. As they had to eat something while in Britain, most of them...brought decent Continental sandwiches with them." The restaurant scene has improved in Britain, at first "full of Italian, Greek, Chinese, Spanish and Hungarian restaurants. Yugoslav and Portuguese places came later, to be joined before long by beefburger and Kentucky fried chicken establishments, Wimpy bars and other glories of American civilization," but English breakfasts, so superior to Continental ones, are disappearing even in England: "You can make your own breakfast in some hotels from instant coffee or tea supplied in little bags, or you may be served scrambled eggs made of top-quality plastic mixed with outstandingly tasty cotton wool." Fish and chip shops are spreading, thank cod, but sadly so are "canned steak and kidney pud, English sausages, porridge, cans of oxtail and mulligatawny soups, baked beans, tomato ketchup and other outrages to the human palate. You might have thought that the British leave this country in order to get away from all this. Not at all. They queue up for them all over Europe. I am happy to report that these imports have not made any impact yet on the Continentals. As soon as the French start queuing up for baked beans, I shall commit hara-kiri."

When you eat in Britain, remember 'no' means 'no': "At dinner parties...you will be offered a second helping. On the Continent, particularly in Austria but also in other Central European lands—you say 'No thank you' upon which the hostess will shriek, moan, sob and beseech you to eat a little more. She will accuse you of not liking her food, of spoiling her evening, of making her unhappy, of being unappreciative and ungrateful, a bad guest and a bad man. So you protest your appreciation, assure her that the food is magnificent, one of the memorable meals of your life, take a lot more of everything, force it down, get indigestion, and speed on to an early demise. All Continentals...start off in Britain, too, with an innocent 'No thank you' as their mothers taught them. And that is the end of the affair. To their horror, the hostess does not fall on her knees and does not threaten suicide if her guest does not make a pig of himself. With rueful eyes the poor guest sees the dishes disappear, and the subject is closed. So when offered a second helping, grab it."

When shopping, remember not to jump queue ("If the death penalty is ever to be restored to Britain, it will not be for murder—an art the English admire and appreciate as connoisseurs—but for queue-jumping, the most heinous of all crimes"), but to understand that when your turn comes, you are all: "Before your turn comes you are less than a dog. A dog would be noticed and urged to leave the shop. But you definitely do not exist before your turn comes, you are a non-person, you are thin air, a nonentity, a body non-incarnate, waiting to be materialized when the butcher turns his smiling attention to you....Shopping is a social occasion—an opportunity for a chat, an opportunity to display your charm, to show the world that you are on Christian-name terms with the butcher's second assistant and not just a casual who has dropped in from the street. When your turn comes, the butcher's full attention will be yours. No one exists but you. You are the center of his universe....You may wax a trifle impatient when—having already waited fifty-seven minutes in the queue, ankle-deep in sawdust—the lady with the large family starts explaining to the butcher which of her children loves liver and which prefers kidney, or when she enquires if the butcher's younger daughter has already had her second baby. You should suppress this impatience. When your turn comes, the butches will be yours and only yours. You can then discuss with him last night's rain, your digestion, your children's

progress in arithmetic...(but not politics or indeed anything that a reasonably intelligent adult would like to discuss with his favorite butcher)."

On sex in Britain: "Girls are being taken to bed, to be sure, but they are not courted; they are being made love to but they are not pursued. Women are quite willing to go to bed but they rarely flirt with men. Ladies between the ages of eight and eighty...come back from Italy outraged and complaining bitterly about the crude wolf-whistles. Crude they may be, but they do make middle-aged ladies feel twenty-five years younger, wanted and desired, and these complaints are just disguised boasts."

He calls homosexuals: "the most humorless bunch of people on earth....The persecution of the Jews generated some of the funniest, most self-critical and self-deprecatory yet cleverest jokes on earth; persecution of homosexuals as created jokes only against them, never by them....however innocent your joke, any homosexual present will attack you with flashing eyes for being a reactionary fossil, an insensitive twerp and an enemy of progress....They are humorless—so what? That is their business. But why on earth don't they call themselves gloomy, lugubrious, dejected, glum, mopish, sullen or grim? Why gay, the one they are not?"

On cats: a lady next door said, "I have a son...fourteen now and...more interested in girls than in cats." He responded, "That's perfect timing because I have reached an age when I'm getting more interested in cats than in girls." You do not keep cats. Cats keep you because they "find humans useful domestic animals. A dog will flatter you but you have to flatter a cat. A dog is an employee; the cat is a free-lance." He feeds a stray cat who "is generous and sometimes he arranges breakfast-parties for other cats. Always the same two cats are invited and they eat together in a pleasant and friendly manner. It is all rather formal...Other cats know about these feasts. They keep turning up and looking at me with an air of expectancy. I resist...but...I am fighting a losing battle. The stray cats...have got my name and address."

On queuing: "In shops the English stand in queues; in government offices they sit in queues; in churches they kneel in queues; at sales time, they lie in queues all night in Oxford Street." If a foreigner doesn't queue, they despise him, but don't stop him. "Perhaps one could train hedgehogs, chimpanzees or foreigners to queue up in an orderly fashion, but it is not worth the trouble."

If British are so civilized, then why the football hooligan behavior? Because "97.2% of all supporters of Manchester United are foreigners, mostly Dutch and Albanians. Of the rest, 2.8% are Irish and Czechoslovakian, which leaves just a handful of English supporters. After the defeats of the Club, these two or three English people queue up for...sandwiches...and having let off steam in true English fashion, they go home to queue up for their supper."

You do not complain about rudeness or delay because, if you complain, public opinion turns instantly against you, as in "Who does he think he is?" or "It's difficult to please some people." So, "when your brand-new toasting machine goes up in flames and toasts you instead of your bread, you nod: 'It's one of those things,' and the matter is closed." English, Irish, Scots and Welsh don't even hear complaints.

When things are bad, the English will say, "Yes, I quite agree, aren't we in an awful mess?" or "I wonder how anything can sink so low," then call their travel agent to book a skiing holiday. The British panic only very quietly. They don't work hard because they don't like hard work. Their traditional values of patience, tolerance, cool-headedness, wry humor, courtesy are the product of wealth and power. As the nation decays and the prospect arises that they'll lose these virtues along with the wealth, they panic—only very quietly. If the trade unions gather too much power, the British will do what they did at other times when power had to be broken—fight a civil war—very quietly. Dictatorship will probably never happen in Britain because "The British, on the whole, are extreme moderates, passionate pacifists, rabid middle-of-the-roaders....The British are too used to solving their problems in committees, in open discussion. They are used to no-confidence motions, to letters to the editor, and just to opening their mouths and speaking up. Besides, they would laugh any would-be dictator off....Britain lacks practice in authoritarianism. They don't know how to

be dictators; they don't know how to be slaves; they don't know how to be afraid of authority or the police."

Afraid of decline? "The country is going to the dogs. But this has always been a country of dog-lovers. So why worry?" The English relish reporting "their defeats, disasters and routs. The greater the disaster, the greater the joy....Praising is 'patronising'...and that they find offensive....who...are you to distribute medals?....If you want to flatter them, call them lazy, indolent, inefficient, inept and left behind even by Luxemburg and Andorra. Bernard Shaw made a fortune by calling the English stupid and repeating the charge for six decades, because cleverness is a virtue they particularly despise."

On Indians in Britain: "The Indians, too, are getting even with the British. Small trade—as a first step—is being taken over by Indians and Pakistanis....One shop after another has passed into Indian hands: the newsagent's, the grocer's, the greengrocer's, the small post office, the chemist and so on....I, personally, am delighted by their turning Fulham (his neighborhood) into an Indian colony, with my television-repairman as its viceroy. The small, dingy English grocer-shop has become a splendid little supermarket; at the post-office service—and courtesy—have improved beyond recognition; the newsagents—unlike their English predecessors—send me the papers I have ordered and they arrive early in the morning. And the Indians keep their shops open at all the hours when you want to shop, not only at the so-called regular hours when you do not or cannot."

Mikes is sad that Britain's separation from the Continent is ending by the easy access of other people. He also wants the English weights and measurements to remain, and not go metric. He wants what is unique to Britain to remain. He says he'll never leave, even if he were the last man left on the island. He is too old, and loves Britain too much now. "We are both decaying in good company." When he emigrated and naturalized, "I admired the English enormously but did not like them very much; today I admire them much less but love them much more."

Douglas Adams' *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe*

Available either by itself or collected with the other five books of the trilogy. Page numbers below from the collection, *The Ultimate Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*.

The book starts by saying, "In the beginning the Universe was created. This has made a lot of people very angry and been widely regarded as a bad move" (p149). One planet messed up thus: "Many years ago this was a thriving, happy planet—people, cities, shops, a normal world. Except that on high streets of these cities there were slightly more shoe shops than one might have thought necessary. And slowly, insidiously, the numbers of these shoe shops were increasing. It's a well-known economic phenomenon but tragic to see in operation, for the more shoe shops there were, the more shoes they had to make and the worse and more unwearable they became. And the worse they were to wear, the more people had to buy to keep themselves shod, and the more the shops proliferated, until the whole economy of the place passed what I believe is termed the Shoe Event Horizon, and it became no longer economically possible to buy anything other than shoe shops. Result—collapse, ruin and famine" (p196). Reminds me of some towns in Britain, and some malls in America.

In fact, maybe that explains where the people of those abandoned towns and malls have gone: "It is known that there are an infinite number of worlds, simply because there is an infinite amount of space for them to be in. However, not every one of them is inhabited. Therefore, there must be a finite number of inhabited worlds. Any finite number divided by infinity is as near to nothing as makes no odds, so the average population of all the planets in the Universe can be said to be zero. From this it follows that the population of the whole Universe is also zero, and that any people you may meet from time to time are merely the products of a deranged imagination" (p244). Problem with this logic? For one, the universe is not infinite.

History of Civilization: "The history of every major galactic civilization tends to pass through three distinct and recognizable phases, those of survival, inquiry and sophistication, otherwise known as the How, Why and Where phases. For instance, the first phase is characterized by the question: "How can we eat?", the second by the

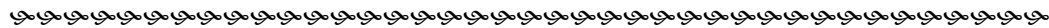
question, "Why do we eat?" and the third by the question, "Where shall we have lunch?" (p245-246).

Political power: "Those people who must want to rule people are, ipso facto, those least suited to do it....anyone who is capable of getting themselves made President should on no account be allowed to do the job....Presidents who so much enjoy the fun and palaver of being in power that they very rarely notice that they're not....Who can possibly rule if no one who wants to do it can be allowed to?" (p278). The answer is, a metaphysician who says he tries not to rule the universe, that it's odd to give a name to a bundle of vague sensory perceptions such as a human being, that you can ask questions or sing to the cat, who asks questions like, "How can I tell...that the past isn't a fiction designed to account for the discrepancy between my immediate physical sensations and my state of mind?" (p282), who says what occurs to him when he thinks he hears others speak and, "I only decide about my universe...my eyes and my ears...Anything else is hearsay....I've never met all these people you speak of. And neither, I suspect, have you. They only exist in words we hear. It is folly to say you know what is happening to other people. Only they know, if they exist. They have their own universes" (p283). He calls his cat The Lord and says, "I am kind to him....It merely pleases me to behave in a certain way to what appears to be a cat" (p284). But Adams doesn't answer a fact C.S. Lewis points out elsewhere—calling a certain behavior 'kind' implies an objective moral standard one can communicate to another.

One accusation against Biblical Judaism and Christianity Adams makes: "Your God person puts an apple tree in the middle of a garden and says, do what you like guys, oh, but don't eat the apple. Surprise, surprise, they eat it and he leaps out from behind a bush shouting, 'Gotcha.' It wouldn't have made any difference if they hadn't eaten it....Because if you're dealing with somebody who has the sort of mentality which likes leaving hats on the pavement with bricks under them you know perfectly well they won't give up. They'll get you in the end" (p288). Resolve that one, somebody, will you? I answered the last one.

The New Yorker Book of Baseball Cartoons

Part of the *New Yorker* series. Excerpts in the humor section of this magazine.



Tape/CD Review:

Baseball Hits

Songs and comedy about baseball, including two gospel songs using baseball as an illustration for spiritual lessons, such as "Will You Be Ready At the Plate When Jesus Throws the Ball?" My favorite: "Who's On First?" by Abbott and Costello. I do wish they'd included a dramatic rendering of "Casey At the Bat."

Margaret Becker's *The Reckoning*

Margaret Becker's *Simple House*

On the first album, "Come quickly, Lord," is a good song, but the whole CD/tape is still far from my favorite. So much for an artist recommended to me by a friend (who has since disappeared). On the second, many of her songs have very self-centered lyrics (I won't waste space in this magazine quoting them), and the rhythm of most doesn't connect with me. Skip this. Maybe she has a better album, or maybe she's *always* this self-indulgent.

Ray Conniff Singers' *This Is My Song*

My favorites are the title song and "Winchester Cathedral" (on which the singers use megaphones to achieve their unusual effect). On "Sunrise, Sunset", although they do well, they're beaten by the Broadway or film casts in the *Fiddler On the Roof* musical (from whence the song comes). Too many songs on this album come from films, resulting in a lower quality of choice than Conniff usually has.

Jeffcoat Sisters' *Be Calm, My Soul*

A capella music can be a lot better than this. These ladies sing in *very* dated style. Pretty music for your grandparents.

Gordon Lightfoot's *Gord's Gold*

This double selection demonstrates that Gordon is a better songwriter and guitarist than singer. Mary O'Hara does better than he does on his "Song For a Winter's Night" and "Minstrel of the Dawn." His other songs have interesting subjects but, frankly, if you've heard one....

Melissa Manchester's *Melissa*

This album changed an artist into a star. Contains her first top hit "Midnight Blue," "Just Too Many People" and more.

MEDIA:

Volcano

I'm not that excited about Los Angeles, and I don't get excited about films saying everything in Los Angeles is perfect. It's hot, the sun blazes down all the time, you drive endless freeways, the air is weird, and I'd rather be in a lot of other places. But the film is about people who live real lives in disaster control. Actually, seeing lava fall on Los Angeles does have its pleasures. Film done in 1997 about a story in the near future.

Generations

Combines parts of the casts of two Star-Trek crews. One captain helps his unwilling predecessor come back to fill responsibility one more time, and the one who returns reluctantly does his job and is rewarded by being able to return to what he was doing before. A lot of nonsense about a godless paradise promoted by Whoopi Goldberg, but Patrick Stewart is right to feel it doesn't fulfill because it's not real, and to return to real effectiveness and consequence. Film done in 1995 about story set in the 24th Century. Best actor in the film is probably William Shatner.

Should Married Men Go Home?

Another Laurel and Hardy barrel of laughs. Not their best, but they're almost always very good.

Without A Clue

Here, Sherlock Holmes is the dense man and Dr. Watson keeps getting him out of trouble. Wonderful humor by Michael Caine as Holmes and Ben Kingsley as Watson. Set in late 1800s.

The Man Who Knew Too Little

He thinks he's in a TV reality show, but this is real life conflict in the underworld. The story has all the standard spy stuff—agents, femme fatale, corpse, highway pursuits, assassins, ticking time bomb. I like his driving best. Film done in 1997 about contemporary story.

Joe versus the Volcano

Very witty. Three roles for Meg Ryan, showing her as shy secretary, brazen hussy, and herself. And Tom Hanks as everyman. Robert Stack is great as the doctor. The Hawaiians are great as outrageous islanders. Film done in 1990 about a contemporary story.

Congo

People go to Congo for various reasons—to find a disappeared colleague, to release a gorilla into the wild, to find a legendary city. They all succeed, many die, and you get African civil war and corrupt government culture thrown in as well. From a Michael Crichton novel. Film done in 1995 about a contemporary story.

Mars Attacks

Martians, complete with insta-fry guns and slimy green brains, attack in all-star spoof. Earth fights back with Muzak. Yes!

Popeye the Sailor Man : Greek Mirthology

Nine children's stories on one videotape/CD: "Greek Mirthology," "Parlez Vous Woo," "A Haul in One," "I Don't Scare," "Insect to Infury," "Private Eye Popeye," "Cookin With Gags," "Shuteye Popeye," "Floor Flusher."



Humor:

British Humor:

A man bends down in a London street to tie his shoelace. While he's at it, someone kicks him in the behind with such force that he falls on his nose. He gets up somewhat bewildered and looks at his assailant questioningly. The latter explains: "I am sorry. I seem to have made a mistake. I thought you were my friend, Henry Higgins. I meant this as a joke."

The man (presumably of foreign origin) is not altogether satisfied with this explanation and remarks plaintively, "But even if I had been Harry Higgins...must you kick him quite so hard?"

The other man replied coolly and pointedly: "What has it got to do with you *how* hard I choose to kick my friend, Henry Higgins?"

In the late 1940s, a German man was offered naturalization in Britain. He exclaimed: "What? Without India?"

Dezso Szomory, a brilliant but eccentric and misanthropic Hungarian writer...loved and respected his cat. He promised an article for Christmas to a newspaper but failed to deliver on time. A frantic editor rang him up several times. In the end he put a sheet of paper on his desk but before he could start writing his cat lay down on the paper, as cats are wont to do. To move the cat was out of the quest but the article was really urgent by now, so he wrote the article around the cat. The manuscript is still preserved in Budapest.

A man goes to his rabbi and complains, "Rabbi, I am in despair. At my wit's end. Life is unbearable. We

just cannot stand it any longer. There are nine of us—my wife and myself, her parents and five children—and we all live in one room. What can I do?"

Rabbi: "Take the goat in"

Man: "In the room?!"

Rabbi: "Yes, in the room. Do as you are told. Take the goat in and come back in a week."

One week later, the man comes back, half dead. "Rabbi, we just cannot stand it. All of us are going crazy. The goat is filthy, loud, dirty. It stinks. It makes a mess."

Rabbi: Go home and let the goat out. And come back in a week.

One week later, a radiantly happy man visits the rabbi: "Life is beautiful, rabbi. Lovely. We all enjoy every minute. No goat. Just the nine of us."

A refugee woman goes to an English greengrocer to buy red oranges (red inside), very popular on the European continent and called blood oranges. "I want two pounds of bloody oranges."

"What sort of oranges, dear?" asked the puzzled greengrocer.

"Bloody oranges."

"Hmm. I see. For juice?"

"Yes, we are."

Two years later, the orange-buying lady's husband has become terribly, terribly English. He meets an old friend in Regents Park and, instead of talking to him in good German, softly, he greets him in English, loudly. "Hallo, Weinstock. Lovely day, isn't it? Spring in the air."

"Why should I?"

Wit on Media

- “There is more joy in the newspaper world over one sinner who cuts his sweetheart’s throat than over the ninety-nine just men who marry and live happily ever after.” A.P. Herbert
- “Television is called a medium because it is neither rare nor well-done.” Ernie Kovacs
- “Television is very educational--every time it comes on, I go into another room and read a book.” Groucho Marx
- “Television is a device that permits people who haven’t anything to do to watch people who can’t do anything.” Fred Allen
- “He had been kicked in the head by a mule when young, and believed everything he read in the papers.” George Ade
- “Sir, I have tested your gramophone machine. It adds a new terror to life and makes death a long-felt want.” Herbert Beerbohm Tree
- “Television is for appearing on, not looking at.” Noel Coward
- “Never argue with a man who buys ink by the gallon.” Bill Greener
- “Television is still in its infancy--that’s why you have to get up and change it so often.” Michael Hynes
- “Hollywood is a trip through a sewer in a glass-bottomed boat.” Wilson Mizner
- “No passion in the world, no love or hate, is equal to the passion to alter someone else’s copy.” H.G. Wells
- “Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some hire public relations officers.” Daniel J. Boorstin
- “Having the critics praise you is like having the hangman say you’ve got a pretty neck.” Beverley Baxter
- “Freedom of the press is limited to those who own a newspaper.” A.J. Liebling
- “About once a month, after dinner, I gird up my loins such as they are, take as deep a breath as I can, throw my shoulders back as far as they will go, walk into the room with the television set, boldly turn it on, picking a channel at random, and then see how long I can stand it.” James Thurber
- “In Hollywood, writers are considered only the first drafts of human beings.” Frank Deford
- “You can take all the sincerity in Hollywood, place it in the navel of a fruitfly and still have room for three caraway seeds and a producer’s heart.” Fred Allen
- “A reporter is a man who has renounced everything in life except the world, the flesh and the devil.” David Murray
- “Only presidents, editors and people with tapeworm have the right to use the editorial ‘we.’” Mark Twain

Baseball Humor:

A picture of a baseball diamond with a house’s front door right behind home plate.

Umpire, eye over shoulder, to arguing ballplayer, “Shhhh! Everyone’s staring.”

A man watching a baseball game on TV and his wife saying, “Oh, no. Not already.”

Groom to bride as they drive away from the church, “Mind if I put on the game?”

Baseball players in the dugout. One says to the others, “Anybody want to play catch?”

Wife to husband who briefly left TV to get a drink: “I think you just missed something. The ball went up in the air and somebody caught it and the crowd’s yelling like mad.”

One man rushing into a taxi, telling driver, “Take me out to the ball game! I don’t care if I never get back.”

Guilt day at the ballpark: batter out. While umpire wonders if he was too harsh, batter returns to dugout berating himself for being a “dreadful person” and crowd thinks, “It’s our fault. It’s our fault.”

Wife telling husband, arriving late at ball park, “See, Grouchy? We haven’t missed a thing—the score is still nothing to nothing.”

Elegant lady in stands, speaking to husband about players with “Boston” on jerseys: “They don’t look Bostonian.”

Boy wearing baseball suit, sulking at home, to father: “It was 10-3, favor of the girls.”

Secretary to visiting businessmen carrying baseball bats and gloves, “Mr.

Reynolds can't go out to play until he wraps up the Walderson contract."

Umpire to unhappy batter: "I don't think I'd say anything about eyesight if I had your batting average."

Player to inquisitive spinster eyeing handsome young players: "Sometimes we sell them, but only to other teams."

One member of losing team, teammates: "Maybe we weren't meant to express ourselves in this particular medium."

Courtroom lawyer to judge, as umpire leaves witness stand and ballplayer approaches: "Your honor, I have a rebuttal witness."

Wife to husband, watching umpire dusting off plate: "I've noticed this one before. He seems to be *very* tidy."

King to man reading newspaper: "How are the Royals doing?"

One ballplayer to another before game: "My trouble is by the time I get warmed up, I'm all pooped out."

Psychiatrist to man in Red Sox T-shirt on couch: "Rooting for them is a disease, Ben. It's nothing to be ashamed of."

Head of umpires to umpire whose open locker door reveals a banner for Yankees, "Oh, Harris, I'd like a word with you."

Angry clergyman in stands, shouting, "Thou hast eyes to see, and see not!"

Umpire to batter, "All right! Have it your way. It was a ball."

Manager to runner, out at plate, returning to dugout, "You had me worried. For one horrible moment I thought you were going to slide and soil your uniform."

All fielders crowded close to plate, one fan to another: "They expect him to bunt."

Batter to manager, in dugout: "You always rush out and high-five me when

I homer. How about a hug when I whiff?"

Sliding batter to umpire leaping in air in midst of dramatic call, "This game isn't being televised, O'Malley. A simple 'out' would have sufficed."

One fan to another watching game in which all players are dressed in suits: "The game's gotten too big-business, if you ask me."

Lady to friend, "I'll be glad when Bill and I are married and I can stop pretending I don't know anything about baseball."

Baseball broadcast for art audience, about a pitcher: "He has the clean precision of Ingres and, even more remarkable, combines it with the swift emotional delivery of Van Gogh."

Umpire to batter and catcher, looking at him for call: "I'm sorry, but I wasn't really paying attention."

Child in pajamas, to parents in bed, all in tears: "I dreamed the Yankees lost in Game Seven."

Baseball diamond in Coliseum, play at plate, king puts thumb *down*.

One explorer to another in jungle, watching monkeys in clearing playing baseball: "What's even more astonishing is that it coincides exactly with the World Series."

Secretary to boss on phone, about man in baseball suit, with bat and ball, "Mr. Foster is here. He just wants to touch base."

One baseball player to another, in dugout: "You know one thing I've always wanted? A summer vacation."

Big boss playing short in executive softball league, seeing ball roll by him, "Somebody pick that up!"

Psychiatrist and patient, wearing opposite team baseball caps, refusing to speak.

