

peace." And that is where heaven is. It is always over there, beyond all the hilltops. It is in our very going over those hilltops in a search and in a quest. Even Faust, as the curtain falls, is not seated in a golden chair in paradise; rather he is following the "woman soul which leadeth us upward and on." Faust, or Everyman, or you or I—as Goethe believes—in a state of paradise is reaching out in that eternal quest that is never done, reaching out and reaching up and reaching on.

## The Golden Age . . .

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- <sup>5</sup> Tipping, *ibid.*, lix.
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## "Saturday's no fun anymore"

IT sure used to be, though. Up early—even before the sun hit the window sill. Then tip-toe into Dad's room to wake him up. Sometimes it isn't easy.

He's up now. Careful not to wake Mom. Now you're dressed and in the kitchen where you and Dad whip up a swell breakfast together. Doesn't the coffee smell good? And the bacon frying . . . the hot rolls. A real man's breakfast.

"What'll it be today, Tommy?" Dad asks. "Want to toss a ball around? How about a ride out to Blue Lake? Bet the trout are jumping. You call the shots, son. It's your day."

That's the way it was. The way you thought it would always be. You're not supposed to cry because you're a big guy now. But when you ask "why" no one knows how to answer you. What's cancer anyway? Why did it take Dad away?

For little lads like Tommy—with fun in their hearts and a glove in their hands—cancer deals a cruel blow. Today, because of cancer, there are more than 160,000 children who have to learn to live without a father.

Yet there is hope. Hope for a final, certain cure for cancer. The men and women in our research laboratories are working night and day toward this end. But they need your help. Badly.

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