

Out of the

Flying Fan



25 cents

into The

Big

hit!

Out of the frying pan—boy, you know what it's like to be on a hot griddle!

And then there are times when everything just about burns you up!

You know how it is—nothing goes any more, and everybody's a deadhead.

Brother, you're not the only one!

MEET . . .



...The **HANDSOME**
HUNK OF HEAVEN

You've seen him around — the guy with the three-foot shoulders, plays end for good-old-you-know-what!

Nothing worries him, least of all Saturday night's date. Nothing much that is. Except at night when he's by himself all sorts of thoughts and arguments roam around in his head.

What's it all add up to anyway? What's he headed for? A guy has got to have something solid to grab hold of . . . and fight for.

Gee whiz —

if you don't stand for something...

... De olde sad Apple

Oh, HER! The kind of a gal you hope you aren't but afraid you are.

She'd really like to cut loose with the gang but doesn't dare. She wears what the gang wears . . . says the right things at the wrong time. She's almost but not quite . . . She's eager.

She wonders what's wrong with her. "Why doesn't anyone want to be friends with me?" "Am I always going to be afraid of people?"



Gee whiz —

if you don't stand for something...



BRAIN TRUST

He's the guy who's got all the answers, but who wants to hear them? Not the gang.

So he's got an angle on the future. Too bad he can't click now. He's wrapped up in the great things that are going to happen. But are they?

Will there always be schemes for the future and hollowness inside at the present?

How does a guy know what to do with his life? What's there to go on?

Gee whiz —

if you don't stand for something...

... The smooth operator

She's a neat dish, fast and good-looking. Not interested in the fall of Rome but the conquest of that next man. A jet job has nothing on her.

She's all "go" on the surface, but what's stopping her inside?

Even when she "gets" her man, will it be a dream boat? Mom and Dad don't seem to get along. Under the make-up it really hurts.



*Gee whiz —
if you don't stand for something...*

Gee whiz —

if you don't stand for something

YOU'LL FALL FOR ANYTHING!

Boy, we found that out!

The drugstore was our hangout—
or any place where we could meet
the gang and do pretty much what we
pleased.



You know how it goes—bluffing Mom and Dad, getting
away with plenty without being caught. We wanted to go
places, but we were riding for a big fall—



... and how!

Then...



We got hold of a new idea and really began to ride.

We met a gang with the throttle wide open.

They showed us how to fight for a plan that has fun,
adventure and takes guts.

And that's what we go for—



President Truman said:

**"... A CHANCE TO
GIVE EVERYTHING
FOR SOMETHING
GREAT."**

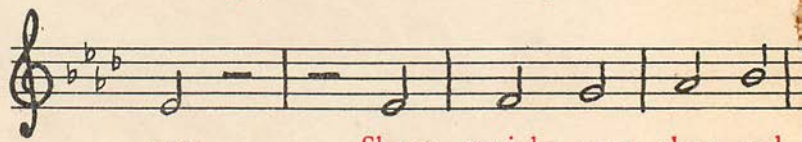
a chance
to build a
new
world!

... ready?

ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES



Roll up your sleeves and right a - bout face!



pace. Shoot straight, come clean, and



broth - er we'll move! We're on our



We've got a job to do and



fuss you'll miss the bus, So



A new world?

How would you go about it?

We used to think it just involved a lot of long-hairs and big-shots spiling stuff we didn't get. Until we found out it had something to do with us after all.

If you want a new world you've got to have new people. Most of us thought we were No. 1 anyway—so we started with ourselves.

Take four cards—large size! Label them—



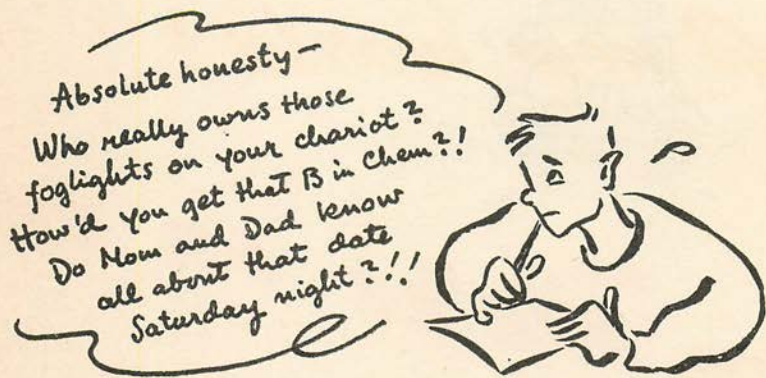
ABSOLUTE HONESTY
ABSOLUTE PURITY
ABSOLUTE UNSELFISHNESS
ABSOLUTE LOVE

You fill in the cards!

O. K. How do *you* stack up?

Write down all your thoughts—good, bad or uncomfortable, and that doesn't mean just the last two weeks either.

Go on, put it all down. No one's looking over your shoulder.



Boy, did we have a list!

Returning those foglights may be tough, and have you ever tried coming clean with Mom and Dad—about everything? You're starting out on a big job and the deck has got to be clear for action.

O. K. Then what?

We've sure messed things up on our own hook but God has a plan. No, He doesn't ring bells or write on the ceiling. All you have to do is sit quiet and listen and He speaks to you through your thoughts. Take time out every day and write down all God tells you—then do it.

Don't be surprised if He talks to you in simple language, either. He's got your number!

Things will start being different when you do—your date, your grades, your kid sister. Then let your gang in on it.

We did and here's what happened . . .





— We're on our

MY GANG couldn't believe it when they heard I had changed. One guy said he laughed for an hour. But they wanted to know what had happened. So one night I invited the guys over to a party at my house.

I told them how I got a plan from God each day, so we tried this listening idea as an experiment. That night was the start of a real change in the gang.

The next day I went down to the pool room where the gang hangs out. One of the fellows told me he had a long talk with his mother and told her the kind of guy he was and the things he had done. He said it was a big surprise to her but a relief. Another, a pretty fast runner, had hocked a couple of watermelons from the fruit market in town. He was on his way to apologize and pay back for them.

That's how it started with us. And it's gangs like that who can swing the country.

Jack

way now!



HOME was just an interlude between school and dates for me.

My friends and family didn't mix so I never brought my friends around the house. The only time my kid sister and I ever got together was when we needed an alibi for the family. They never seemed to understand.

So when people talked to me about change, I thought it was a swell idea—for Mom and Dad. Then someone said, if I changed my home could be different—with everyone honest together and no pretending because there was nothing to hide. That was a new angle.

I jumped at that because every kid wants a happy home. So for the first time I was dead honest with Mom and Dad about what happened at our parties, where I had been wrong and what went on inside. It's funny—we've stopped living in separate worlds. We love doing things together now, and the gang likes to come around.

Betty

PULL IN THE FAMILY

I USED TO say to myself I suppose parents are necessary. But I always figured the less they knew the less they'd worry.

And of course, home wasn't very peaceful on that basis—sort of catch as catch can, with me usually getting caught.

One day I was in a jam. Mom and Dad found out about it and I braced myself. You know the feeling, like waiting at the bottom of a well for a horse to fall in on you.

But they fooled me. Instead of a lecture or a licking Dad took me on a bike ride. When he told me some of the stuff he'd pulled, I saw the only difference between him and me was a few years. He said if I'd listen to God He'd tell me what to do.

Dad had told me that before when I was having one of those "father to son" talks. But this time I really tried it. You see, I usually "knew" the difference between right and wrong, but I didn't "do" the difference.



Then I began to think about the guys at school. What would they think if they knew I let God run my life? Was I going soft and losing my grip?



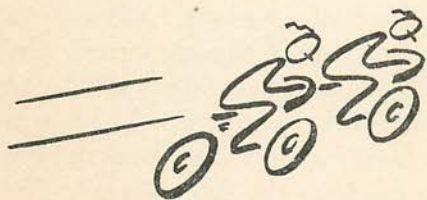
Most of my gang thought anyone interested in God and stuff like that was pretty much of a tear looking for a place to drip. But my plan had sure ended up at the wrong end of a one-way street. Maybe if I told them about what I'd found they'd go for it.



Well, things are different. I almost feel like Atlas out of a job. I told the guys at school. A few razzed me. But what the heck, I've been razzed by professionals, so that didn't matter.

I guess the real pay-off is I was elected president of my class, got my letter in basketball and got a "B" average in my studies. Only God could have done that, especially the "B" average!

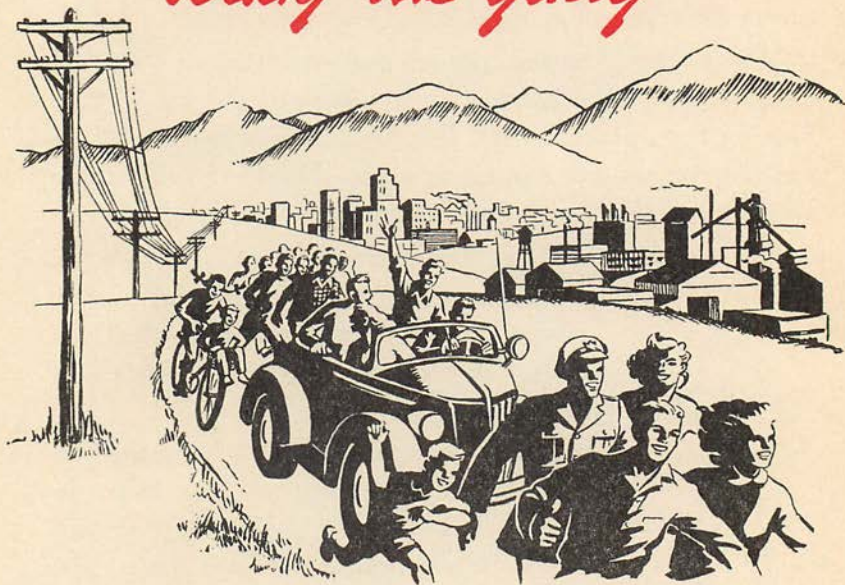
And home? Well, it's the swellest place I know.



Jim

and brother we'll move!

Today The gang —



Today the gang—tomorrow, America and tomorrow doesn't mean when you're 46 either—it means TOMORROW.

You see we doped it out this way—we love America—so do you. The mountains, the skyscrapers, the dusty road. The jalopy—your favorite beach—hamburgers—they all add up to America. Playing baseball on the vacant lot. The warm glow as you look at all the family round the Thanksgiving table. The elevator feeling inside as the flag goes up. The bursting pride as the team pounds toward the 5-yard line and the band blares. All the little things—the noises, the smells, the voices.

Then there are the things that aren't so good. You know what they are as well as we do. Think of all the headaches we've caused with our gangs. And we got to thinking what this country would be like if we were different.

Homes where there is openness and laughter and we're never afraid again that Mom and Dad won't stay together.

Schools where kids "like" to go instead of "have" to.

Gangs where we can trust each other, and be ourselves.

We can swing this country if we want to. Ever stop to think of it? 28 million kids with a plan. You can be part of it or you can skip it, but a lot of us are on our way. This idea belongs to us and to you and it'll go as far and as fast as we do.

It starts in you today—in your family and gang tonight—in America tomorrow.



Tomorrow America!

TO
DR. FRANK N. D. BUCHMAN

We dedicate this book to you,
Uncle Frank, because you're a real
guy.

Many talked of a new world. You
pioneered it for us.

You showed us that change is the
way and it starts with ourselves.
Thousands of kids all over the world
are fighting with you.

Well, that's it, kids.

We'd like to hear from you. You can get
more copies for your gang by writing:

“OUT OF THE FRYING PAN”

c/o Moral Re-Armament
Room 210, 405 South Hill Street
Los Angeles 13, California

