



In the **MERCURY'S** **OPINION**

By Russell Maguire

THE OTHER DAY a boyishly handsome thirty-five-year-old evangelist returned to the United States from a European trip which history will record as one of the most important events, particularly in England, since Munich.

Reverend William Franklin Graham was practically obscure to the American religious groups five years ago. He certainly was unknown in Great Britain, where this year he scored the greatest religious triumph of the century.

Billy Graham sent the British back to their nearly empty churches. Sponsored by about a thousand Protestant churches of various sects, Graham drew the largest crowds in the religious history of England. He did not stop there. Through a "Follow-up System" he and his group are

making sure that those who answered his call will become active in the church of their choice.

Billy has returned to his beloved homeland to intensify his fight to save souls. Never was such a fight more desperately needed. Never were more Billy Grahams more badly needed. And never did the clergy of the Protestant churches in America have a greater opportunity than they have today.

In our country's all-out fight against Godless Communism, the leadership should and must be taken by the churches of our nation. It is their sacred responsibility. It is their duty and their opportunity.

In a nation confused and spiritually hungry, our churches have never had a greater call than today to bring the eternal truth to those who desperately want and need to hear it.

The remarkable success of Billy Graham is but one indication of the tremendous work and achievements which await our religious leaders.



A Mayor **IN EXILE**

BY HENRY OLIVER

ONE of the most contented of the many political exiles in the world today is a tall, husky, graying Irishman in Mexico City, who despite all of the troubles of his personal and public life, still has a way with him that could charm the honey from the bees.

He is, of course, William O'Dwyer, who literally lifted himself by his bootstraps from seaman to bartender to beat patrolman; to lawyer to judge to world-famed racket prosecutor; from Major to Brigadier General of the Air Force; and finally to what many regard as the second highest political post in the land, Mayor of the City of New York. And who, in a few stifling days before the television cameras, watched the fine record and reputation that he had built up crumble into ruins under the still-unproven charges of his political enemies.

Living in pleasant, self-imposed exile in Mexico City, O'Dwyer looks back philosophically over the ups and the downs of a career that was almost as fabulous in its sudden, breath-taking descent, as it was in

its slow but equally breath-taking ascent. At least he is as philosophical about it as an Irishman who feels that he was jobbed can ever be philosophical about anything.

O'Dwyer feels that he has much to be grateful for today. He has almost completely regained his health, both in body and in spirit. He is admired, respected and sincerely liked by Mexicans in all walks of life. He lives well, though not luxuriously, in one of the most pleasant cities in the world; earns a "fair" living representing U. S. corporations and financial interests in their negotiations with the Mexican government ("And I don't have to work my head off to do it," he adds). And he is supremely confident that, in the end, history will vindicate his record and clear his good name.

"Everybody who knows anything about American politics knows that I was jobbed," he says, dispassionately. "I was jobbed by a committee chairman who wanted to become President and a counsel who wanted to become Mayor of the City of New

