Have Your Dreams A Real Meaning?

It was the most vivid dream the attractive, auburn-haired typist had ever had. She awoke from it feeling strangely exhilarated and full of a strange yearning of a kind she had never previously experienced.

For she had dreamt about HIM. Yes, they had met in a grove of acacias not far from the sea.A soft breeze fanned her cheeks as she walked and talked with that dark and handsome stranger.

The pair had parted in the moonlight and he'd kissed er and tenderly as he said: "Auf wiedersehen! We meet again tomorrow, my dear."

As the typist walked to her work in Vienna that morning, every detail of that romantic dream returned to her memory. It was so real.

She felt quite sure that her dream man really existed. And she thought so much about him during the day that her employer twice had to reprimand her for absent-mindedness and typing errors.

Evening came and she hurried home—to bed As she pulled aside the pink coverlet of her "bed-sitter" and lay down, her only thought was of HIM.

Was se being sentimental and silly? To her annoyance she found she couldn' sleep. She lay there restless, impatient. But no sleep came and she began to reproach herself for imagining there was any special significance in her dream.

She got up, dressed, and went out. It was a fine night, the moon shone and crowds flocked to and from the Prater, Vienna's centre of gaiety and pleasure. As it was only ten o'clock, she called at a coffee-house for a drink and a sandwich.

Then it happened. There was the man of her dream, sitting alone at a near-by table. He looked faintly bored and was sipping a glass of wine.

Their eyes met. She felt indescribably thrilled. He came across and soon they were talking freely. Of cours, she told him of her dream and excitedly noticed he was wearing the same brown fedora, the same sports jacket and tie that he had worn last night.

"Last night!" he echoed, as though reading her thoughts. "Last night I was walking through a grove of acacias at a seaside resort near my home, but I was alone. I flew back to Vienna and work this morning."

The girl and her dream man have recently married. Neither has tried very hard to account for her strangely prophetic dream. But during their honeymoon the moon shone and they actually did walk through that grove of acacias!

For years science has been trying to learn more about the mysteries of dreams. For centuries they have puzzled and fascinated mankind.

Now comes news that a woman doctor is launching an Institute on dreams, for, she says, dreams are frequently an infallible guide to happy marriages. But she points out that most young people have difficulty in interpreting their dreams.

The number of theories about why we dream grows every year and the experts have now produced at least thirty. The ancients referred to dreams as visions and certainly the great majority of them relate to sight.

Many strange and true stories are told of people's dreams. Problems have sometimes been solved in dreams. Some time ago a scientist who had utterly failed to determine certain atomic linkages dreamed that he was watching a dance in a great ballroom.

The pattern of changing partners he revealed later, gave him the solution to his scientific problem.

Is there such a thing as a warning dream? Ask a Surrey mother who had the nerve-racking experience of twice dreaming that she had fallen asleep with her baby son in her arms and that he was slowly suffocating.

"One night my dream was so vivid that I woke up with a start to find the room on fire and flames licking his cradle," she said. "My husband put out the flamees and baby was saved. I often wonder whether that nightmare was a warning."

Plots for stories and plays have come to writers in dreams. An official of a telephone company in the U.S.A. dreamed in 1940 that he was firing an anti-aircraft gun which was electrically controlled. He woke up suddenly and at once sketched the device. The U.S. Army used it.

Eating in dreamland seems to be very unsatisfactory, but there is plenty of evidence to show that we can hear and smell in our dreams. A physician told me: "Our movements in dreams differ in several ways from those in the waking state.

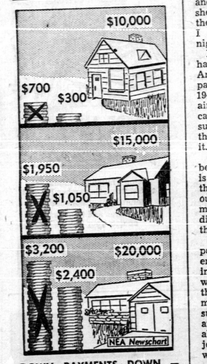
"True dream movements are peculiar in that we can experience sensation of flying or floating in which our bodies as a whole have freer movement than in real life. And whereas movements at the smaller joints such as the wrist, ankle, fingers and toes are easy to dream about, movements of the large joints are always carried out with difficulty.

"When in our dreams we are fighting or kicking anyone, our blows and kicks lack all force. It is as though we tried to strike or kick when immersed in water."

"Did you know I don't drink any more?" said Griggs to his neighbour.

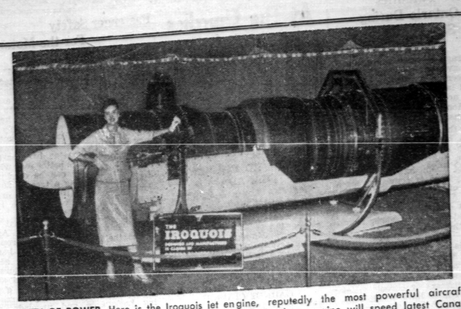
"Really, that's wonderful."

"Not really. I don't drink any less either."



DOWN PAYMENTS DOWN — Newschart above shows the new and old down payments required on home mortgage loans insured by the United States Federal Housing Administration. In a twin move, designed to spur home buying, FHA cut minimum down payments almost in half and raised the interest rates on FHA loans from 5 to 5¼ per cent.

'FOR INSULTING OUR QUEEN' — Philip Burbidge, 63, a retired British Army sergeant, slaps Lord Altrincham across the face in London after the nobleman refused to withdraw his criticism of Queen Elizabeth in a nationwide television broadcast. "That's for insulting our Queen," said Burbridge after the slapping. Altrincham had attacked the Queen's speaking style in a magazine article.



PLENTY OF POWER—Here is the Iroquois jet engine, reputedly the most powerful aircraft engine in the world. Unveiled in Toronto, the 25-foot-long engine will speed latest Canadian fighters at 1,200 to 1,500 miles an hour and can lift a 40-ton craft 11 miles into the air in less than two minutes. That's enough power to push the liner Queen Mary through the seas.

TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews.

It's really too hot, in most places, to bother about reading — let alone trying — new cookery recipes. So I thought it might be a timely gesture this week to pass along to you the following account of how "Grandma" did her cooking, as described by John L. Cooley in The Christian Science Monitor. I especially enjoyed "Grandma's" description of what she put in her mincemeat — but you must read it for yourself.

* * *

Grandma was born to the skillet and the rolling pin. She used them expertly, artistically, even lovingly. However, it is a satisfaction to report that our little family's needs were small and she was not fettered to her kitchen tools. Thus she had ample time for the many other activities that were to provide me with so many pleasant memories.

My grandmother never cooked by the book. Her recipes — 'receipts," she called them — were in her head, always available, always reliable. Experience was her measuring cup, "horse sense" her calorie counter. She never compromised with quality, despite budget limitations. "Better none than second rate," she'd say.

* * *

In a day that knew few prepared foods and no domestic deep freezers, she cooked as she lived, simply. And if the essentials of dietetics were strangers to her, she certainly had a way with an apple pie and a strawberry shortcake!

Although Grandma like to cook, she would sometimes imply that it was a chore and a bore. Thus, late on a rainy afternoon when I hoped to be read to, she'd exclaim, "Land's sakes, it's time to get supper! Seems as if I'm always in that kitchen." Thither she would go, and soon I'd hear her drawing water, shaking the old stove, humming a snatch of a Civil War ballad, a hymn, or a tune of her own improvising. This signaled that everything was under control and that when the stocky clock on the mantel struck six she would be ready for my appetite.

* * *

It was fun to sit in my special corner of the kitchen and watch Grandma assemble the flour, milk, and shortening for the biscuits. Occasionally I helped with the preparations; and such minor ministrations as sifting the flour, filling the sugar bowl, or closing the stove draft taught me that the satisfaction of even life's humblest wants requires somebody's time and work.

* * *

We ate at the round black walnut table, sitting, on cold evenings, with our backs to the range, our faces to the hills that peered at us through the west window. As we began our meal I hoped that the people in the house whose lights blinked across the river were having hot biscuits, creamed dried beef, and honey in the comb.

The most important part of the menu, of course, was the dessert. I preferred it to be a surprise, although that element was missing in the case of leftovers, a situation which recurred rather often. Grandma was of the Clan MacIntosh, and today's uneaten item always had another chance tomorrow. But when I knew we were due for a fresh start on dessert, my curiosity was keen. As I consumed the required preliminaries I would speculate on what delicacy waited in the pantry or the icebox. Cake? Stewed prunes? Applesauce? Doughnuts? (We called them "fried cakes.")

* * *

My fondest hope was for snow pudding, a quivering concoction named for its color and texture, which always came to the table in a stately vase I invariately called "the snow pudding dish." To me, this was the dessert supreme. It still is, and my wife presents it occasionally in Grandma's "sprig pattern" stemmed compote, now the cornerpiece of a pressed glass "collection."

* * *

Grandma's culinary triumph, undoubtedly, was her bread; its reputation traveled far from our Academy Street. Her luscious loaves not only brought the highest prices at church food sales, but they wore an even more distinguished laurel: my friends, treated to "bread and butter and sugar" in post-school visits to our kitchen, invariably asked for seconds.

Saturday was bread-baking day; however, the work began Friday evening. I liked to watch Grandma, her sleeves rolled high, her hands manipulating the deep, soft sponge that filled te ancient wooden mixing bowl. When the dough looked right, it went into the cool pantry which would retard its rising until tomorrow's oven time. As the loaves came from the stove each wore a coppery coronet that drooped rakishly over the side of the tin. And they were usually accompanied by a pan of "bread biscuits," an extra dividend of the baking.

* * *

Grandma could work wonders with apples. Early in a winter we acquired a barrel of Northern Spies, which her skill transformed into puddings, sauces, jellies, dumplings, and such other delectables as occasion demanded.

Nor must I omit her molasses cookies, also famous among my associates. These sturdy stopgaps for between-meal use were produced in prodigious quantities; countless generations of them moved from the oven to the tall earthen jar, their quite temporary headquarters. The standard pattern was square, but Grandma always turned out a few in the shape of a little brown man whose outstretched arms and legs were first to go when a boy clutched him.

* * *

Mincemeat will be the dessert of this inadequate memoir. It was made on a vast scale each fall, and stored in a great stone crock against the lean, hungry days that stretched interminably between Thanksgiving and Christmas, and thence on to Easter.

This succulent product, highly flavored, highly favored, rivaled Grandma's bread. I have only a general idea of the ingredients, and it is a matter of record that she herself was rather vague about the formula. Once a neighbour, fortunate sampler of a fresh batch, exclaimed:

"I never tasted such mincemeat! How do you make it?"

Grandma smiled.

"Well," she said, "I give everything I have in the house then send it out for more."

Light Rays Power Movie Camera

One of the greatest problems of the amateur camera user — setting the lens for proper exposure — has been answered in a new automatic 8mm. movie camera. The new camera is the first in the world in which light energy alone supplies the power to generate the electric current which adjusts the lens. The current is transmitted directly from the photoelectric cell to a mechanism controlling the lens iris.

It is considered to be the world's first completely automatic movie camera in the 8mm size. The movie maker simply confines his attention to winding the camera, sighting and shooting. The featured electric eye, which adjusts to changing light faster than the human eye, sets the lens for proper exposure before the starting button is touched. It can operate the lens through its full range of stops from f/1.9 to f/16 in less than a second.

With this new camera feature the novice can follow a scene from light to shadow, fully confident that the electric eye is accurately computing the light changes and automatically adjusting the lens.

An amber exposure beacon in the viewfinder glows as long as available illumination is adequate for taking pictures. When there is insufficient light the beacon turns black, indicating to the user he is wasting film.

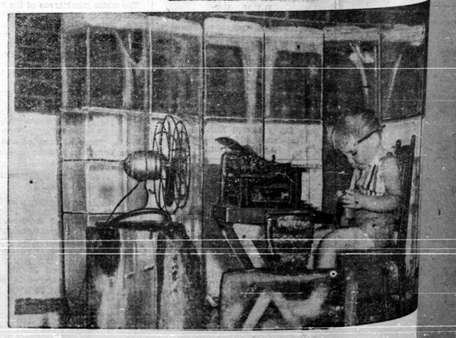
The camera can also be operated manually. Turning a dial from "auto" to "manual" disconnects the automatic exposure control so that the lens may be set for under- or over-exposure for special effects.

DOMESTIC TEAM-UP—Shirley Jones, star of "Oklahoma!" "Carrousel" and Singer Jack Cassidy, her husband of a year are making a bid for Hollywood stardom as a Mr. and Mrs. team. Here she displays the "new" Shirley—she's lost her starved look and her long tresses and in her new movie, "I Love", she'll join the whistle-bait set.

WHA HOPPEN?—Clere Scardigno is all confused by the spaghetti that has landed on her at dockside in New York City. The tangle of paper ribbon is the result of a traditional confetti shower from an incoming liner. Clere was waiting to greet an uncle returning from Italy.

ICE--- ---NICE!

The youngster swimming amid blocks of ice, right, is solving the heat problem in Frankfurt, Germany. As many as 100 blocks were added nightly to the pool to beat the near-100-degree heat. The ice house proves the perfect spot for two-year-old "reporter" Sandra Peterson, below, to coolly record her impressions of a heat wave. Fan and drink help, too.



No Bathing At The Village Pump

In Campana, a little hamlet in interior Panama, a sign was recently placed close by the village pump. In informal translation it reads, "Attention. Conserve with hygiene. Do not wash your feet nor bathe babies here."

Hilarious though this may sound to the average American reader, it is no laughing matter to the writer. He considers it a milestone of progress for Panama.

Just a few years ago, the people of Campana would have thought nothing of washing their feet and bathing their babies in the village well or at the pump. A few more years back, they did not have a pump. From the days of Columbus up until recently, the villagers had gone to the nearby river for bathing and to obtain water for drinking and cooking.

One of the commonest sights in interior Panama today is that of women and children (never men!) trudging along the side of the road carrying water. Usually it is in five-gallon tin cans balanced on their heads. Infrequently, it is in a small container. Never is it in a pail. In some 20 years in Panama, the writer has never seen anyone carrying water in a pail.

The great desire of every interior village is to have a pump for water. Few have it. Wells cost money, which Panama's interior villages don't have. Only through the intervention of the national government are wells sunk and pumps provided in rural Panama.

Panama's present President, Ernesto de la Guardia, Jr., has provided in the current budget for sinking some 200 wells throughout the provinces away from the capital city.

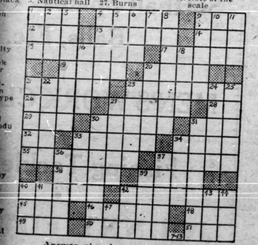
Providing water for small communities may help solve one of Panama's problems: poor distribution. Its farmers are almost nomadic. Instead of closely knit communities, the people of Panama are sprinkled over its hills and coastal plains as if thrown at random by a giant hand.

With no concentration of pupils, it is impossible to establish schools. For the same reason that prospective clientele are widely scattered, stores are unable to operate. There is simply no community life in such regions. It seems to be a case of every family for itself as it seeks to scrape out a mere subsistence

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Wager
4. Flag
8. Chief
12. Congealed
13. Ire
14. Usual place
16. Cheeds black
18. Dabbler
19. Intersection
12. Sample
13. Reward
20. Hebrew
21. Mania
21. Narrowcity
22. Made sleek
25. Forced air
26. Wood
27. Upon year-old colts
28. Jumbled type
29. Pioneers
31. Confined
32. Mystic Hindu
33. Ceremony
34. Insanity
35. Ill
37. Beef
38. Porridge
39. Cheddar
40. Preceded by
43. Small table
45. Face
45. In what way
46. —Howe, inventor
48. Nattering
49. Metal
50. Mt. chain

51. Amer. humorist
DOWN
1. Large
2. Shield
3. Shrines
4. Wander
5. Nautical hall
6. Animation
7. Alternative
8. Easily
9. Wading bird
10. Chin. dynast.
11. Exist
16. Pulled
18. Diplomacy
20. Singly
21. Loathe
22. So. Amer. animal
23. Sign of fire
24. After song
25. Eating car
27. Burns
28. Loot
31. Fresh-water duck
33. Bewilder
34. Beverage
36. Shrimplike
37. Prostaceau
37. Misdiction
39. Male deer
40. Fluid
41. Pedal digit
42. Transgression
43. Endeavor
44. Understand
47. Note of the scale



Answer elsewhere on this page.

UNDER HIS HAT—Farmer Gust Meyer indicates with aid of his sun helmet just how high his rain-stunted corn crop should be at this time of year. The "lake" in background is a portion of his 30 acres at Tinley Park, Ill., that are flooded by run-off from excessive rain. Thousands of acres planted to corn in that area will be lost.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

In some rural areas the goose is called the poor man's hired hand. But since wealthy plantation owners of the South, cotton growers and pecan orchardists in Texas, and nursery, truck and strawberry growers in many states have taken so enthusiastically to the goose as a most reliable "grasser," a more accurate term for this modern field worker might be the "no-pay" hired hand.

* * *

A goose will waddle down the furrows and strip the ground clean of crab grass, Johnson grass, foxtail, and most weeds and not touch any of the crop plants. Geese cannot work all crops but have been successfully used in potatoes, corn, sugar cane, sugar beets, strawberries, asparagus, young orchards and nursery plantings.

* * *

When the inner spring and airfoam mattress factories ended the homemade feather-bed era, farmers looked askance at their flocks of geese. But Fred Cervinka, who operates one of the largest goose farms in the Midwest, the Heart of Missouri Poultry Farm at Columbia, Mo., says the goose has made a spectacular comeback.

* * *

"We sell geese by the thousands to work as weeders in fields and we could rent them by the hundreds of thousands if we just had them. In fact, I don't know of a more promising business than 'rental geese,' although let me add it is not for an inexperienced operator.

"But most of the farmers needing geese as weeders do not care to carry on a goose business, too. They would prefer to rent the geese for the few months they are needed. But they are rather desperate, as most rural hand laborers have gone to the cities and it isn't always possible to import Mexicans."

* * *

Folks are accustomed now to expensive motorized machinery taking the place of men, horses and mules. But the fact that a $3 goose can do a better job on the weeds in a half acre of cotton than a day laborer is astounding.

* * *

One of Mr. Cervinka's customers who keeps records says he found that 3 men and 200 geese did the weeding on a hundred acres of cotton which had required 15 men the season before. Furthermore, the goose-weeded fields were much cleaner than those weeded by hand —so much so, that the cotton was graded higher at harvesting time, writes Hallie M. Borrow in The Christian Science Monitor.

* * *

The geese spread fertilizer and eat some insects. They never stand leaning on their hoe handles, complaining of the weather, wages or rising cost of living. They belong to no union and work by neither sun or clock—they seem to enjoy nibbling on bright moonlight nights. They do not sing along the rows as the Negro hoers used to, but they do quack!

* * *

Of course there are some precautions to take. Geese must be well watered and if the trough is at the other end of the field, you may be sure the geese will start toward the water, pulling grass en route. There must be a man to look after the water and feed the geese as the "pick-in's" get thinner. Since dogs and predators can create havoc, the fields must be fenced.

* * *

After the goose is through as a weeder, usually it is fattened and marketed. There also is a market for down stripped from the pelts.

* * *

Then the goose is the main source for quills for pens traditionally used by justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. The supply of quills ran out at the end of World War II, and a new supply could not be obtained from the London manufacturer who had supplied them for years. A goose farmery at New Haven, Conn., has now added the quill pen to his goose business and he supplied the court with 1,500 quill pens at 15 cents.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren B.A., B.D.

Amos, Crusader for Righteousness (Temperance Lesson)

Amos 1:1; 6:4-7; 7:10-15.

Memory Selection: Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live. Amos 5:14.

Would Amos be received any better today? We doubt it. He had no training in the school of the prophets. He was a farmer who thought he had a message from God. He spoke out bodly against the oppression of the poor. He pointed to the trickery in business as selling substandard merchandise and falsifying the balances. He deplored the desecration of the sabbath and the selfish ease and indulgence of the people. They drank wine in bowls. Amos said that because the people persisted in their sin they would be carried into captivity and the house of their king cut off. No wonder the priest said, "The land is not able to bear all his words." He bade Amos to go back to Judah and prophesy no more in Israel. The predictions of Amos were fulfilled.

Canadians are drinking wine in bowls, too. Many of them are starting it in the teens under social pressure. My seventeen-year-old cousin recently said goodbye to her missionary parents in India and returned to Canada by freighter to continue her education. She had refused the intoxicating beverages poured at the meals for all the others at the captain's table. At the last farewell party the waiter insisted on pouring a little in her glass for the toast. But Ruth toasted with water instead. A lady said in disdain, "Well, what a fine sport you are!" Ruth flushed. A senior officer spoke up, "That's all right, Ruth I admire you for your principles and if you have never touched it, don't start now."

Driver at the Bar

The Travelers Insurance Companies' valuable annual analysis of circumstances surrounding fatal highway accidents has been out some time. But it is not too late to deduce lessons from its findings. As in previous years its statistical tables point an accusing finger inexorably at the driver. An endeavors to show that inanimate factors should share much of the blame fade in the light of the figures.

Ought we to blame the weather? Almost nine-tenths of fatal accidents in 1956 occurred in clear weather. The road? Over 80 per cent of such accidents took place on dry roads and 75 per cent on straight stretches.

Might the difficulty lie with inexperience? Almost 97 per cent of the drivers involved in such mishaps had operated a car for a year or more. (But the inexperience of youth — yes. Drivers under 25 years old are involved in twice as many fatal accidents as their numbers warrant.)

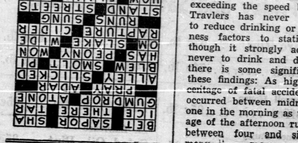
Mechanical failures on the part of the cars? Over 96 per cent of the cars were apparently in good condition.

To what extent, then, can the 1956 fatality toll be laid at the door of things the drivers could have chosen to do or not to do? In 43.5 per cent of the accidents one or both of the drivers were exceeding the speed limit. The Travlers has never attempted to reduce drinking or drunkenness factors to statistics, although it strongly admonishes never to drink and drive. But there is some significance in these findings: As high a percentage of fatal accidents (9.4) occurred between midnight and one in the morning as the average of the afternoon rush hours between four and six when many times more cars are on the road.

Mr. Driver, you might as well face it. It's up to you. —From The Christian Science Monitor.

The only thing that keeps some families from having a phone of their own is a teenage daughter.

Ups' iedown to Prevent Peeking



SEEING IS BELIEVING—A cow that roller skates? A pooch that struts about like a human and drinks from the bottle? Here's photographic proof these things do happen. The roller-skating bossy, Lady Linda, below, churns along a sidewalk on her homemade roller skates. Lady Linda's owner, Doc (Peg) Ford, spent 18 months teaching her to skate. Doc, who gets around pretty well himself on just one leg, says the free-wheeling Guernsey enjoys her unusual means of locomotion. Brownie, right, a pooch of undetermined origin, probably doesn't know what the expression a "dog's life" means. All dressed up for a morning stroll, Brownie takes time out for a cool drink, supplied by her master.