Let's Avoid Stress

Too many executives look upon life as the Norseman did upon heaven: the time was to be passed in daily battles, with magical healing of wounds.

Everyone in our western civilization has to meet demands on his nervous energy that were not made in former years.

The farmer, looked upon as living the most tranquil of lives, has economic, social and political problems of which his grandfather was ignorant. The doctor and the lawyer have clients pressing at their office doors, and are conscious that others need them elsewhere. Teachers have the task of maintaining discipline in a brood more restless than ever before. Stenographers, typing so many words a minute; operators of calculating and accounting machines, with an unending flow of papers to process; factory hands engaged in countless operations; bank tellers meeting the wants of customers with flawless accuracy; everyone is working under conditions that strain the physical, mental and emotional structure built during ages of evolution.

Nor in our immediate environment all that counts. From radio reports that accompany breakfast to the late night news we are under the pressure of baffling world difficulties. We are exposed to tension, expecting some new crisis.

We need to take what precautions we can if we expect to keep mentally and physically fit. Our failure to do so will show itself with all its unfortunate consequences in the doctor's office or a hospital bed.

Keeping fit is not simply a matter of taking physical exercise, though that is important. It concerns both mind and body. It requires that we ease the stress of living.

Dr. Hans Selye, Director of the Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery at the University of Montreal, has put forward a concept of stress that has been called "the greatest single contribution to the realm of biology and medicine since Pasteur."

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He suggests that every disease, every accident and every emotional upset produces stress in the victim. The body becomes alarmed by the stress and tries to defend itself. The endocrine glands pour out hormones, the heart beats faster, the liver increases its supply of glycogen, the blood pressure rises, and the activity of many internal organs is suspended so that their energy may be diverted to the external muscles. We, like our primitive ancestors, become tensed for fight or flight.

Improper mental states can cause trouble in our physical make-up. A publication of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company says that fifty per cent of all people seeking medical attention are suffering from ailments brought about or made worse by such emotional factors as prolonged worry, anxiety, or fear. In fact, out of a thousand diseases catalogued in a textbook of medicine, it is said that emotionally induced illness is as common as all the other 999 put together.

How we think has a definite effect on how we feel. We translate our woes from the language of the mind into the language of the body.

Whatever we allow to affect our minds in the way of pain or pleasure, hope or fear, extends its influence to our hearts. Financial worries, a monotonous job, strain at the office, emotional upsets in the home: these, and many more, may show themselves physically as high blood pressure, digestive ailments such as peptic ulcer and colitis, headache, skin disorders and some allergies.

But you cannot go into a drug store and buy a bottle of psychosomatic medicine.

The first thing to do when you feel unwell is to have your doctor give you a thorough check-up. He will learn from his tests and his questions whether there is something organically wrong, and how much of your illness is derived from emotional sources. Finding the cause is the first step on the way to cure. — From the Royal Bank of Canada "Monthly Letter."

Fashion Note

Modern Etiquette . . .

Q. When passing the plate for a second helping, should one hold the knife and fork in the hand or place them on the table?

A. Neither. The knife and fork should be left on the plate.

Q. When two men and two women attend a theatre, in what order should they enter the row in which their seats are situated?

A. It is now customary and acceptable for the two women to be seated next to each other. So, one of the men enters the row first, followed by the two women, and then the second man.

Q. Does the father of a widow or divorcee, who is marrying for the second time, give her away?

A. Yes; her father gives her away precisely as he did at the first marriage. And her family again assumes the expenses of the wedding, unless she prefers to meet them herself.

Q. Even if the wedding is to be a very small, informal one, would it be all right for the bride to wear a white bridal veil?

A. Yes, provided, of course, it is not her second marriage.

NO WOODEN EXPRESSION HERE — Famed French comedian Maurice Chevalier bestows congratulations on his "double" at a Paris theater after the marionette did an impressive imitation of him in Vittorio Podrecca's puppet show. A tape-recorded voice helped the little fellow do hte take-off.

"MONA" — A 20th Century version of Leonardo da Vinci's Mona lisa is Maria Lea. The 22-year-old Parisienne was selected by a panel of French artists as one who captured the enigmatic appeal da Vinci first put on canvas nearly five centuries ago.

TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews.

Most glamorous and talked-about of all desserts is probably Baked Alaska. And yet, although it appears elaborate, it is simple to make. It takes only care and courage. It consists of a flat piece of cake, hard ice cream containing no water ice but made of milk and cream, and a simple meringue.

For a 1-layer oblong pound cake, use a quart brick of ice cream. Make a meringue of 3 egg whites and 6 tablespoons sugar. Preheat oven to 475°-500° F. The cake should extend about ½ inch beyond the ice cream on all sides and meringue should cover the edges of the cake. To assemble, place waxed paper on an oven board, lay cake on paper, top with ice cream, cover meringue and bake until delicately brown.

For unusual individual Alaskas, omit the cake and use drained pineapple slices for your base.

PINEAPPLE ALASKA

6 slices drained, chilled pineapple
3 eggs whites, room temperature
6 tablespoons sugar
1 to 1½ pints vanilla ice cream

Place pineapple slices on board. Beat egg whites until they stand in peaks; add sugar slowly while beating until stiff and glossy. Quickly place very firm ice cream in center of each pine apple slice. Immediately cover completely with meringue out to the very edges of pineapple. Place in preheated 475° F. oven and bake 4-5 minutes or until a delicate brown. Take from oven and place immediately on a chilled serving dish or tray or on individually dessert plates. Garnish with whole strawberries and mint leaves or any other colorful fruit. Serve at once.

A modern variation of the Alaska, uses pudding or custard instead of ice cream for the center. This is the method for making it:

* * *

PUDDING ALASKA

2 cups cold milk
1 package strawberry instant pudding mix
Dash of salt
Loaf cake, 9x5x3 inches (angel food, yellow, white or chocolate)
2 egg whites
¼ cup sugar

Pour milk into mixing bowl; add pudding mix and salt and beat slowly with egg beater just until well mixed, about 1 minute. Do not overbeat or mixture will be thin. Let stand to set — takes about 5 minutes. Place loaf cake on a wooden board. Cut ½ inch slice from top of cake and set this top aside. Scoop out inside of cake leaving a shell at least ½ inch thick on sides and bottom. Fill with pudding. Replace top of cake.

Beat egg whites until foamy; add sugar and gradually beat until meringue stands in stiff peaks. Spread meringue over top and sides of cake, covering completely. Brown in 450° F. oven about 5 minutes. Serve at once. Serves 6.

* * *

Another exciting yet not-too-difficult dessert is this Brazil nut torte that is made in four layers with vanilla-flavored whipped cream between them (or, flavor your whipped cream with any fruit you like).

BRAZIL NUT TORTE

Torte Layers:
3 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 cup finely chopped Brazil nuts

Beat egg whites and salt until stiff, but not dry. Gradually add sugar and beat until very stiff. Fold in finely chopped nuts. Cut 4 eight-inch circles from brown paper; place on baking sheets. Spread each circle with ⅓ of the mixture. Bake at 300° F. for 35 minutes. Cool. Peel off paper.

WHIPPED CREAM FILLING

1 cup heavy cream
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons sugar

Whip cream until almost stiff; gradually add sugar and beat until stiff. Add vanilla and beat to mix. Spread between and on top of torte layers. Chill in refrigerator several hours before serving. Garnish with fruit and Brazil nut curls.

* * *

Try this Bing cherry crunch for a special hot dessert.

CHERRY CRUNCH

16 graham crackers
½ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup melted butter
2 tablespoons cornstarch
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups water
2 cups pitted Bing cherries (if canned cherries are used, drain well)

Crush graham crackers; mix in brown sugar, nutmeg, and melted butter. Combine cornstarch, sugar, and salt. Add small amount of water slowly to make paste. Mix in remaining water. Heat slowly to boiling point, stirring frequently. Add cherries and cook until thickened. Place half of crumb mixture in a buttered 10x7-inch pan. Pour cherry mixture over crumbs. Sprinkle remaining crumb mixture over top. Bake at 325° F. for 30 minutes. Serve with whipped cream, if desired. Serves 6.

CROWNED AGAIN — Comely May Louise Flodin, of Gothenburg, Sweden, seemed destined to wear a beauty queen's crown. A while ago she was crowned "Miss World". Now she's the "International Art Queen", after winning a contest at Cypress Gardens.

Odd Grounds For Divorce

When a U.S. Army private recently sued his wife, a lieutenant in the American Army, for a divorce on the ground of cruelty, he told the court that he had to stand to attention every morning when his wife came down to breakfast.

Strange ground for divorce, you might say, but by no means the oddest on record.

A Wilmington, Del. husband liked white mice; his wife hated them. She filed a suit for divorce. Her husband promptly reacted by stuffing one of the white mice down her neck, laughing uproariously.

He then snatched out a handful of hair, dragged her outside into the street, and punched her on the nose. At that point a neighbour hit the husband on the arm with a chair to induce him to release the woman.

A Hastings man obtained a divorce when he proved in court that his wife had been using his short-wave transmitter to send amorous messages to a man who was also a radio "ham." One day while travelling to business her husband accidentally tuned in to his own wavelength, and learned of the intrigue.

A seventy-one-year-old man recently sued his seventy-year-old wife for divorce on the ground that she refused to let him go to church because there were too many pretty girls in the choir.

A woman sought legal separation from her artist husband because of the murals he painted in their villa in Turin, Italy. She said the murals depicted her and her mother drowning while Noah, in the person of her husband, grinned down at them from the Ark.

In a Pittsburg divorce case, John Berger told the judge that he was willing to put up with his wife, Anna, smoking a corncob pipe in bed, but when she turned to Italian cigars it was just too much.

A Los Angeles woman succeeded in obtaining a divorce when her husband refused to kiss her because he thought kissing unhygienic.

A Miami restaurant owner applied for a divorce because every time he asked his wife to cook something for him she suggested that he should go and eat in his own restaurant.

During recent divorce proceedings in Paris, M. Claude told the court that his wife had only one fault—she would persist in stalking about the house all day long without a stitch on her back.

A Los Angeles wife obtained a divorce from her husband because he put the following extraordinary advertisement in several newspapers:

"Man, fifty-three, old car, no looks, no job, no qualities, no money, no hero, no nothing, seeks congenial companion to go places and do things in the pursuit of happiness."

Another American woman divorced her husband on the ground that he had only married her in order to win a wager consisting of two quart bottles of whisky.

In Detroit, a clergyman sought to divorce his wife because she consistently failed to dust the family Bible.

Mrs. Lela Diepenbrock, of St. Louis, won her case when she told the judge that on telling her husband that she could no longer live with him, he replied: "In that case we must share cut everything fairly." And so he sawed all the furniture in half.

Finally, we have the classic case of Mr. Pauline Actor, of Brisbane, Australia. She sued her husband for divorce because he insisted that his former sweetheart, together with several of his relatives, should accompany them on their honeymoon.

ROAD BLOCK

The runner ran into big Ted Kluszewski at first base, and was subsequently removed to the locker room for first aid. The trainer, who had been working on a previous casualty, looked up at him.

"How," he asekd, "did you get that tremendous black eye?"

"I was hit by a guided muscle," winced the victim.

Giant Conveyor Belt To Move A Mountain

A high-speed conveyor system will move a mountain two miles across a valley and drop it in Great Salt Lake. The conveyor, largest ever built in terms of ton-miles per hour, is ready to operate at Little Valley. It will carry 30 million tons of gravel fill to construct a 13-mile roadbed across the lake. The roadbed will replace a 52-year-old railroad trestle mounted on wooden piles. The 49-millondollar project will be complete in 1960. The conveyor system consists of two main cross-country conveyor units plus 11 smaller ones, providing continuous flow from mountain to lake. Electric shovels gouge out gravel in eight-cubic-yard bites. It is trucked to a dumping station, dropped into hoppers that feed the conveyor. At conveyor's end, gravel is transferred to a stacker capable of building a 250,000-ton storage pile 70 feet high. Under the storage pile are two 72-inch wide, 600-feet-a-minute conveyors in tunnels. These feed the gravel to 3,000ton barges, largest drop-bottom barges ever built. Barges dump the gravel on the lake bottom. Photos below illustrate the operation.

Main - line conveyor carries gravel (4,200 tons an hour) from mountain to storage pile, where it is then . . .

stockpiled by the radial stacker seen at top. Gravel is withdrawn from stockpile by conveyors in tunnel below. From . . .

. . . conveyor it drops into barges 200 feet long by 50 feet wide. Conveyors can load a 3,000-ton barge in 15 minutes.

Spare Man On A Bowling Team

Although strong men have cowered and ladies fainted at my manly physique, I am not primarily noted as an athlete. But I do think the night I beat the All Stars should go down in history, comparable, at least, to the time I was playing left field and made a put-out at home plate. These two events, together, should assure me some fame in the annals of sport.

The fact that these noteworthy achievements took place in the minor leagues, so to speak, should not detract from their significance. The baseball event, alone, is a world's record never even attempted in any league. I was on the high school team at the time, playing left field because I had rubber boots. The man who laid out our baseball diamond had to blast a ledge away from the shortstop position, and he used up all the appropriation before he got into the outfield. A boiling spring came through the ledge, and it exuded into left. Playing left field was just a token position, because it was so hard to field a ball out there the teams had a gentlemen's agreement nobody would hit there, and it by accident when anybody did, the advance was limited to two bases.

So I was standing out there an'xle deep when Red Peaks came up to bat. He hit a Baltimore chop, and our infield became confused. There was a good deal of throwing around, and we had him in three separate run-downs — between second and first, third and second and home and third. As he advanced, slowly but surely, it seemed wise to me to come in and lend a hand. Thus the play went from 4 to 3 3 to 2 to 4 to 3 to 3 to 2 to 6 to 4 to 3 to 6, etc., etc., and finally to me, and I tagged Red out as he slid home.

It was not only an unusual play, but it was exciting to watch, and the crowd enjoyed it. They continued to cheer and laugh long after the play was completed, and now and again they would subside and go limp until somebody guffawed again, and then they would go off into another round of hilarity. For a time it was a famous incidnt, but after I was graduated and went into other pursuits people sort of forgot about it.

Of late years my athletic interests have been confined to cribbage, popping corn, and shaking condiments on my meat. But recently I decided I was getting flabby and out of trim, so I undertook being secretary of our community bowling league. This gets me to the bowling alley one night a week, but the job is entirely clerical. I have to keep individual sheets on each bowler, compute averages, and show total pinfall and high scores. I took the job because nobody wanted it, and I felt the fraternal aspects of the bowling league shouldn't be peopardized by hit-or-miss records. The casualty rate in secretaries had been high. Some men had to give up the job because they moved out of town, and some moved out of town so they could give up th job. There is no emolument, but there is the happy consolation that one is contributing to a good fellowship.

The bowling league brings together every walk of life in our town, in bantering good will and in friendly competition. It was my feeling that by taking over the scoring I might protect the worthwhile aspects of the association from foundering for lack of computation.

But I am not much of a bowler. They tell me I have a smooth delivery, excellent form, and a natural follow-through of good quality. I would make high scores if I could just hit the pins. In my official capacity I am not on the roster of any team, but if some regular bowler has to be out of town or for another reason defaults, I sometimes stand in for him and see what I can do. I enjoy this. And the other night the team from the Worumbo Mill lacked a member, because Johnny Galgovich was working three to eleven. Upon due application I was prevailed upon to substitute for him.

The Worumbo team was matched, that evening, against the All Stars. The All Stars have been league champions more times than I remember off-hand, and are the team to beat. Four of their team are averaging over 100—and as we bowl candlepins with the three small balls this is a most satisfactory average and should not be compared with the miseadne figures of the much easier game where they bowl two balls with bottle-pins. The captain of the Worumbo team, when asking me to bowl with them, explained that they had no chance of winning anyway, and the evening would be little more than a cruel slaughter.

But you can't tell about me. The spark was struck. It wasn't my bowling, because I got my customary 78 the first string, but it must have been my radiant personality and my bonhomie. The other members of the Worumbo team began knocking down pins they didn't even hit. Nothing was wrong. One lad managed to beat down six spares in a row, and after the third one his eyes were glazed and he was tottering with emotio... I... would hit off to one side and get just as many pins. His score ran up like the cash register at a meat counter, and the All Stars became visibly dismayed.

The All Stars were hitting precisely, beautifully, perfectly. But nothing much happened. The more they tried, the better they bowled, and the poorer their score. In the end they all went home without saying goodnight, hardly, and seemed to be sad. They congratulated us, but their hearts were not in it. And in the record book, it shows that I bowled on the winning team. I inked it in a little heavily, to emphasize it, because I felt it was an important item, and since I am secretary I felt it was up to me to do it.—By John Gould in The Christian Science Monitor.

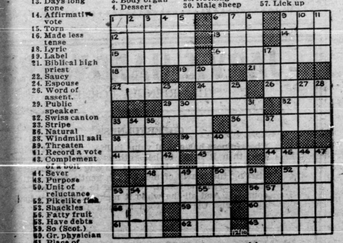
THE BARONIAL TOUCH — Breakfast in bed is only one of the baronial privileges accorded Baron and Lady Wolfschmidt, the two white Borzois seen above being served chopped filet mignon at San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel. But the Russian hounds don't always have it so good. It was just a stunt set up to plug a new brand of vodka.

WAR—EGYPTIAN VERSION—Future historians may believe that the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt was repulsed with heavy losses to the invaders if they judge by this new Egyptian stamp. It commemorates the recent fighting by showing three Egyptian "resistance" fighters, one a grenade-toting girl, charging forward as enemy parachute troops are slain on the Port Said beach and an enemy ship burns in the background.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Divide with the grain
4. Flap
8. Came together
12. Instant
13. Days long gone
14. Affirmative vote
15. Torn
16. Made less tense
18. Lyric
19. Label
21. Biblical high priest
23. Saucy
24. Expouse
26. Word of assent.
29. Public speaker
32. Swiss canton
33. Stripe
36. Natural
38. Windmill sail
39. Threaten
41. Record a vote
42. Complement of a vess.
44. Sever
45. Purpose
49. Unit of reluctance
52. Pikelike fish
53. Shackles
55. Fatty fruit
56. Have debts
59. So (Scot.)
60. Gr. physician
61. Place of repose.
62. Conjunction
63. Pay out

DOWN
1. Razor sharpener
2. Self-esteem
3. Body organ
4. Dessert
5. Portable shelter
6. Mark
7. Stage of life
8. Tree trunk
9. Moat
10. Organ of sight
11. Spread to dry
17. Armpit
20. Arouse
22. Drive at an angle
25. Present
27. Period of time
28. Nothing
30. Male sheep
31. Lyrical bird
32. Weaken
34. Pair
35. Told
37. Twilled cloth
40. Healed the sick
42. Came to rest
43. Nimble
46. Black bird
47. Tendency
49. Tableland
51. Felled trees
52. Watch pocket
54. Sheep
55. Wents swiftly
57. Lick up



Answer elsewhere on this page.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

President Eisenhower's recent visit to the drought stricken areas of the south-west has caused considerable comment, but I don't believe there are many — in Canada at least — who realize just how serious the situation is down there. So for your information I am passing along part of a dispatch from Boise City, Oklahoma, which will give you an idea.

* * *

Five years of extreme drought have left an economic scar that threatens to become as lasting as the wind-gouged erosion of this normally fertile, productive country.

It is a natural disaster that has struck primarily at agriculture. But, like an octopus whipping its tentacles out and lashing at everything within reach, the economic dislocation caused by the drought now threatens the underpinnings of this entire high plain, and even of the whole Great Plains area itself, something like one-fifth of the area of the United States.

Cattlemen, wheat growers, cotton farmers, sheep raisers all are facing economic ruin — except those fortunate few, a pitifully small percentage, who happen to be in position to tap underground sources of badly needed moisture or the few river reservoirs built in the last two or three decades by the federal government.

Here in this area are concentrated the problems of the Great Plains, aggravated by a drought now in its sixth year.

The air itself is dry. It's the kind of atmosphere that keeps wood from rotting: It dries everything up. Houses which have stood as landmarks on the flat lands for more than a decade bear the marks of grinding sand blown from the earth's surface by a wind that never stops.

There is more than irony in names of landmarks, natural and man-made. Running Water Creek, which rises northwest of Clovis, doesn't even show any permanency on the maps, where the broken line indicates a stream that disappears almost before it gets started. Old settlers along this stream don't know where it got its name. Somebody had a bitter sense of humor.

"Else he tried to cross it in a flash flood," one old-timer suggests.

* * *

But these people out here have courage, sympathy, determination, and pride.

It's different from the dust bowl days of the 1930's. There are no ling lines of jalopies, bearing families and their few possessions westward to California.

Wes Izzard, publisher of the Amarillo, Texas, News, recalls those days. They were going west on Highway 66 by the thousands. Cities like Amarillo, as well as small towns, could do little more than give them a meal of hot soup, some bread, maybe a gallon of gasoline, a pat on the back, and send them on.

The westward migration of 25 years ago was by farm tenants from Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Mississippi. Not all were fleeing from the drought. They were trying to get out of an economic trap of falling farm prices, no markets for their products, and climatic reverses.

They had no pride of ownership. Few owned anything more than an iron bed, coal-oil stove, a Model T Ford, and a few clothes. All they had to do was tie pile in the car and head west.

Today, though, a great sociological change has taken place—almost a revolution. More people own farms they live on, or have a big share of partnership.

* * *

"It will take more than a drought to get them off," said one local representative of the Farmers Home Administration.

"These people have a courage to see it through, with a determination fortified by a pride of ownership that was missing in the 1930's.

"And there is a sympathetic understanding for each other's problems. The farmer who happens to be lucky enough to have flowing wells for irrigation realizes that the dryland farmer is hitting some tough years caused by conditions beyond his control.

"And the farmer who can irrigate his crops knows that somewhere the cost of bringing that water up from deep in the ground is going to hit an economic point beyond which there won't be any percentage in farming. Then he, too, will be looking up at the skies, hoping those rain-bearing clouds get up here from the Gulf of Mexico just at the right time to run into a cold front heading south from Canada."

* * *

These people need help, but they don't want charity. Most of them have have already mortgaged their farms to the hilt just to take care of ordinary running expenses. It costs money to buy seed year after year, put it in the ground, and watch it blow away without even sprouting, much less taking root.

And it costs plenty to have to haul in hay and grain year after year to feed the stock. Some of the biggest landowners in the country have been selling off section after section, trying to keep themselves in business until the rains come.

Local banks have done about all they can to keep the economy from going under. They have stretched their facilities to make loans. But bank loans are made only to farmers who can show they are pretty good risks. And nobody is a good risk if he can't get moisture for his crops, or grass on the range for his stock.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Our Mission as Disciples
Matthew 9:35-10:8, 24-25

Memory Selection: The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest. Matthew. 9:37.38.

Jesus ministered by teaching, preaching and healing. He ministered not just from a sense of duty but because he felt for the people. He had compassion on them. But the task was too big for him alone. He urged the disciples to pray that the Lord of the harvest might send forth labourers.

Some of those who attended on the ministry of Jesus came to share his vision. They saw the need and felt for the people. They prayed for God-sent labourers. Twelve of these ardent souls Jesus called to himself and sent forth to help answer their prayers. They were given power to cast out unclean spirits and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease. They put no price on their services. Jesus said, "Freely ye have received, freely give." He warned that they would receive persecution.

Nearly all denominations are crying about this shortage of ministers. Too few are sharing the vision of the need of the people. We are too money-minded. The spiritual needs of people about us do not impress us deeply. We do not feel for them and with them. Hence there are few called of God and sent forth.

Ministers are not paid as much as those in other professions where a similar period of preparation is required. They have to dress better than they can afford. But they get along. When they have extra expense on account of such emergencies as sickness there are always appreciative parishioners who rally to their support. When one knows he has been called of God to the work he would not exchange it for any other.

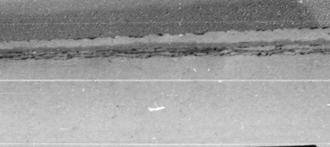
British Publisher and multi-millionaire Lord Beaverbrook said 25 years ago:

"If I were in a position to influence the life of a sincere young man today, I would say to him, 'Rather choose to be an evangelist than a cabinet minister or a millionaire.' When I was a young man. I pitied my father for being a poor man and a humble preacher of the Word. Now that I am older I envy his life and career."

THE FEAST OF ST. SWITHIN

The Feast of St. Swithin on July 15 is the familiar date because of the old legend attached to his name, but the origin of the legend is perhaps not so familar. Swithin was a pious monk of Wessex, who eventually became Bishop of Winchester. He was admired and trusted by all who knew him, and rose high in matters of church and state. Nevertheless he remained so humble in spirit that he asked to be buried outside the cathedral, where the rain from the eaves would fall upon his grave. A later Bishop with more grandiose ideas planned to have him re-interred in a splendid and orate shrine inside the cathedral. But legend has it that on July 15 in the year 971, the day appointed for this proceeding, the change so upset the Saint that it rained for forty days, whereupon the plan to move his body was given up. A minor piece of folklore attached to the main legend, and still current in some parts of England, speaks of July 15 as "the day which the apples are christened," referring to the showers which may fail to help on the apples to ripeness.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



Drive With Care

PRICELESS — Most precious animal in the world is the appealing mite pictured above in the Columbus Municipal Zoo. It's a girl baby gorilla, precious because she represents a triple triumph—first gorilla breeding in captivity, first conception and first birth. Her arrival tossed on H-bomb in world zoo circles. Theories, some 100 years old, said it never could happen. "Sweetie Face," 16 days old when this picture was snapped, has a wizened face, a head the size of an orange, is 15 inches long and weighed four pounds at birth. She lives in an incubator and is fed human baby formula.

TRAGEDY AT NIAGARA — The news camera catches the prelude to a wintertime tragedy at Niagara Falls, Ontario, as these deer struggle in the icy rapids leading to Horseshoe Falls. They are three of four that were trapped in the swirling currents. They battled for more than a mile and got ashore, but were frightened back into the water. They were swept to their deaths over the falls.