A United States Slant On Our Queen And Her Court

Ever since a peer called Queen Elizabeth's speeches a "pain in the neck" — and got a slap in the face for saying it — there have been strange rumblings behind the Purple Curtain of British royalty.

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By TOM A. CULLEN
NEA Staff Correspondent

LONDON — (NEA) — "The greatest show on earth, bar none—"

This is one American's ecstatic verdict after watching Queen Elizabeth II, a tiny spot of scarlet in a forest of bearskin-hatted guardsmen, at a recent Trooping of the Color ceremony in her honor.

The description, if corny, is not a hard one. Viewed simply as a spectacle, the British monarchy cannot be beaten. For pomp and ceremony, for the sheer splendor of its medieval pageantry, it is without rival in Europe today.

It is one of the world's most costly extravaganzas. The question arises, can Britain afford it —cinch - in - your - belt Britain, which not long ago asked to postpone payment on the 1945 U.S. loan? Is royalty too expensive for the British taxpayer?

Certainly, the British monarchy has enjoyed the longest run of any show on record. Not counting the brief interlude of Oliver Cromwell, it has been playing non-stop for 1,100 years.

In comparison, the British law courts are only 800 years old, while Parliament is a mere stripling of 700 years.

It has for its leading lady one of the most attractive personalities in public life today, Elizabeth II, who can trace her ancestry back to the Saxon king, Egbert, in the year 829.

Her billing on the theatre marquee (if one could find a marquee large enough to take it) would read: "Elizabeth II, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of her other Realms and Territories Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith."

All of this sounds very pretty, but what "other realms and territories"? The truth is that Elizabeth is Queen of a Vanishing Empire.

In the past 10 years Britain has given independence to 507 million peoples, or nearly one-quarter of the human race—while during this period world communism has enslaved another quarter of mankind.

Since World War II, India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon, Sudan, South Rhodesia, Ghana (formerly the Gold Coast) and now the Federation of Malaya—all have joined the Independence parade.

Side by side with the older dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, these new sovereign states now take their place as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Being free to come and go in the Commonwealth as they like, how much longer will they recognize the British Crown?

A constitutional monarchy, it is called; yet Britain has no written constitution in the American sense of the word—only an ill-defined assortment of laws, customs and conventions, some of which date back to the Jutes, the Celts and the Picts.

No one appears to know for certain which of these laws are usable, and which obsolete.

Take the Queen, for example. In law, Elizabeth II is head of the State, the "fountain of justice," commander-in-chief of all the armed forces, and head of the established Church of England.

In theory, without consulting Parliament, the Queen can upset all civil government, disgrace the nation by a bad war or peace, or leave it defenseless by scrapping its armed forces. But in practice she acts only on the advice of her ministers, which she cannot constitutionally ignore.

"The Queen reigns, but she does not rule," is the magic formula which expresses her powers, and none but the British could have devised such an ingenious one.

If Elizabeth does not rule, if she can do nothing without ministerial consent, is she a mere figurehead?

The world was given a sharp reminder that the monarchy still has teeth when Elizabeth was called upon to name a successor to Sir Anthony Eden, who resigned as prime minister last January.

Ordinarily the naming of a prime minister is automatic. But Eden's sudden resignation left his party leaderless and the Queen with the momentous choice between Harold Macmillan and Richard Austen Butler.

The Queen has certain other real powers which are hers alone. Only she can summon, terminate or dissolve Parliament. Only she can grant pardons or confer peerages and honors. And no bill passed by Parliament can become law until it receives the Royal Assent.

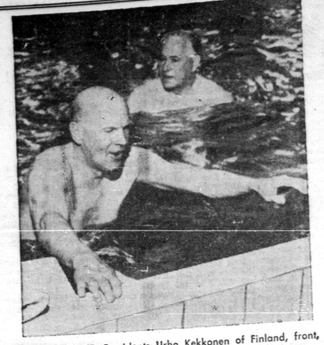
What would happen if the Queen refused the Royal Assent, no one knows, for this question has never arisen in the past 250 years, the last time the Royal Veto was used being in 1707.

Elizabeth also presides over the Privy Council, which has approved 117 proclamations in the first half of 1957, including the constitution of the new State of Ghana.

She can grant royal charters to corporations, coin money, claim any treasure trove found in her domain. Infants and insane persons are her wards. Also, only she can print or license others to print the Bible.

A lot of nonsense is written about British royalty. Some writers go all mystical in describing her symbolic role. There is, however, a sense in which Elizabeth is a symbol of national unity, in whom people of different creeds, races and origins find inspiration and strength.

Thus, when she broadcasts to the nation and to the Commonwealth at Christmas she is listened to as a universal mother, the one living link of common kinship and heritage.



DIPLOMATIC DIP—Presidents Urho Kekkonen of Finland, front, and Asgeir Asgeirsson of Iceland frolic in a pool at Akureyr, Iceland. The dip followed the traditional "sauna", famed steam bath of the region. The two leaders were in Akureyr to see the inter-Nordic swimming championships.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AT WORK—As Prince Philip stands by, she greets her public during a tour of the Midlands.

"I must have an identification card here somewhere."

TABLE TALKS
Jane Andrews.

If you serve hot vegetables with cold, sliced meat, there are many ways to make them decorative. For instance, wrap wide strips of pimiento around bundles of asparagus and circle these around your platter. Or boil and hollow out turnips and fill them with tiny green peas and tiny mushroom caps.

Decorate mounds of creamed carrots with slivered almonds.

Combine green beans with small white onions. Season with butter, salt and pepper and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese.

To introduce a red note on your platter serve tomatoes either stuffed or on the half shell. For the latter, you simply cut tomatoes in half crossways and place, cut side up in a baking dish, brush with melted butter and season with salt and pepper. Bake at 375° F. until tender — about 30 minutes.

To stuff tomatoes, scoop out centers of whole, ripe tomatoes leaving a shell about ¼-inch thick. Chop pulp and drain off juice; mix pulp with an equal amount of soft bread crumbs. Add 2 tablespoons minced onion cooked in 1 tablespoon butter until lightly browned. Season with salt and pepper. Stuff tomatoes and place in greased baking dish; add just enough hot water to cover bottom of dish. Bake at 375° F. until tender — about 25-30 minutes.

If you prefer cold vegetables, try placing potato or macaroni salad in a mound in the center of a chop dish and surrounding it with colorful, chilled, cooked vegetables. Green beans on one side, tiny cooked beets on another side, sliced cucumbers on another side and sliced tomatoes topped with white onion rings on another make an attractive cold platter to go with meat.

* * *

Potato salad is a popular accompaniment for cold meats for hot weather meals. There are so many variations of this dish that almost everyone has her own special recipe. A good plan to follow is to get a good basic recipe that your family likes and then vary it once in a while by adding some new ingredients. Here is a basic recipe.

POTATO SALAD
3 cups cooked, cubed potatoes
1 tablespoon minced onion.
1 cup thick dressing — cooked dressing or mayonnaise
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup chopped green pepper
½ cup finely cut celery
¼ cup chopped pickle or cucumber

Mix lightly the potatoes, onion, dressing, and salt. Be careful not to break potatoes. Chill until serving time. Add remaining ingredients and mix lightly. Add more salt and dressing, if needed. Garnish with tomato wedges and olives. Serves 4.

* * *

A colorful mold that combines potatoes with ruby red tomatoes will add a bright, gay touch to your summer dinner table. This serves 6.

MOLDED POTATO-TOMATO SALAD
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1½ cups hot chicken broth
¼ teaspoon ground black pepper
1 teaspoon salt
1 hard-cooked egg, sliced
4 slices fresh tomato
1 cup diced cooked potatoes
1 cup diced fresh tomatoes
1 cup diced celery
1 teaspoon minced onion
1 cup cottage cheese
Radishes for garnish

Soften gelatin in cold water. Add to hot chicken broth along with pepper and salt. Stir until dissolved. Pour a ¼-inch layer in a 9x5x3-inch loaf pan. Chill until firm. Arrange slices of hard-cooked egg and tomatoes in any desired pattern over the chilled gelatin. In the meantime, chill remaining gelatin until slightly thickened. Fold in remaining ingredients. Pour over egg-tomato slices. Chill until ready to serve. Just before serving, turn out on salad greens. Arrange mounds of cottage cheese and radishes around salad.

* * *

If you're tired of potato salad, but want one that adds a hearty note to your cold meat meal, try this one made with macaroni. It serves 6 to 8.

MACARONI SALAD
8 ounces elbow macaroni, cooked until tender, rinsed, and drained
1 cup sliced stuffed olives
½ cup chopped green pepper
2 cups chopped celery
2 tomatoes, diced
¼ pound Swiss cheese, diced
½ cup French dressing
1 teaspoon salt

Combine all ingredients in large bowl; mix thoroughly but lightly. Chill several hours before serving.

Jellyfish On Top in Annual War

The annual war between jellyfish and bathers, which usually comes to a painful climax around Labor Day, gives every indication of ending up in a resounding victory for the jellyfish this year. With unprecedented frequency, the undulating creatures have been shooting their stingers into the unwary swimmers from Maine to Florida. By last week, they had already routed thousands of persons from some of Maine's famous coves, from the large shallow bays of Long Island and Ne wJersey, and from the usually placid inlets of Chesapeake Bay.

So severe was the jellyfish, or sea nettle, situation in the Chesapeake that Sen. John Marshall Butler of Maryland was stung into strong rhetoric ("The sea nettle must go") and resolute action (a bill for crash research on how to disrupt the jellyfish's life cycle).

The jellyfish scourge, the worst in years for scores of Atlantic Coast towns, may well be a direct consequence of the East's lingering drought. One theory has it that slack rivers and low rainfall keep inland waters saltier than usual, a condition that seems to appeal to jellyfish.

Though jellyfish are the most primitive form of multicelled animal life, just one level above sponges, they are equipped with ingenious weaponry. Spotted around their umbrella and on their tentacles are thousands of tiny sacs each holding coiled, threadlike stingers. When a thorny trigger is tripped, the coil thread explodes outward and impales its prey, injecting a paralyzing poison which stuns the victim so the jellyfish can feed at leisure.

Lethal to most small fish, the sting of the sea nettle will rarely cause more than temporary agony to the bather. The large, almost orange jellyfish (Cyanea) that visit the northern coast produce a fierce burn. The sting of the bluish, transparent Aurelia cluttering New England and Long Island waters is milder. The red or white sea nettles (Dactylometra) of the Mid-Atlantic states are more vicious, sometime clutching a panicky swimmer and jabbing him repeatedly. A well-placed sting (say, on the spine) can put its victim in the hospital. The great killer jellyfish sails the Caribbean. This is the Portuguese man-of-war (Physalia), a remarkable floating colony of polyps as fearful as anything in the world's oceans.

The Gilbert Islanders in the Pacific find boiled jellyfish a great delicacy (it tastes like tripe), but their economic prospects elsewhere are generally nil. They clog fishermen's nets; they eat into the revenue of resort operators. But L. Eugene Cronin, director of the Chesapeake Biological Laboratory, Solomons, Md., which is exploring jellyfish control, raised this caution: "If we ever find a way to eradicate them, we may not want to apply it. Jellyfish eat a lot of microscopic organisms that may consume oyster larvae by the billions."

The experts have little to recommend to the bather. The Maryland biologists suggest soothing one's stings with a bicarbonate of soda solution. Down East, Leslie Scattergood, Fish and Wildlife man at Boothbay Harbor, Maine, made what was perhaps the soundest observation of all: "Anyone who goes swimming in water this cold deserves to get stung." — From Newsweek.

Asiatic Flu—How It Makes You Feel

What is it like to get Asian flu?

The ocean liner Arosa Sky docked in New York, eight days out of Rotterdam, with one-third of its 667 foreign students (coming to attend U.S. high schols for a year) still down with the new "bug" or just getting over it. Their attacks had been mild, they reported, and death seemed far away — then.

The virus had aparently been carried from Turkey; 46 Turkish students had been joined in Vienna by 26 Austrians for the voyage to the U. S. The Turkish students were already ill. At Rotterdam, the ship's doctor refused to let them sail. But the Austrians were cleared.

The third day out, a few youngsters complained of mild, throbbing headaches. "It wasn't bad," Wolfgang Steininger of Vienna said. But the next day he began to feel hot and his throat hurt when he talked. The third day he knew he had something. He felt utterly exhausted, lost his appetite, and was nauseated. By the fourth day, 39 were in various stages of Asian flu.

Their symptoms varied. Only half of them felt any nausea. Most managed to show up for meals. But almost all of them, like Johnny Hangaas from Norway, felt worse on the third day. "When I awoke I was dizzy and my knee joints were stiff," he said, " and my back ached."

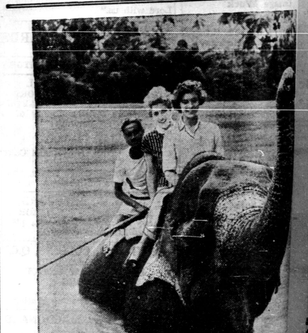
In most instances, the victim felt better after four days. When they landed, only 27 were well enough to be kept in bed. The a thin, pale 6-foot student from Athens, Nicholas Memmos, complain of abdominal pain. The height of his attack had come on shipboard.

Thinking the pains might be caused by appendicitis, doctors sent the 17-year-old Greek ashore to a New York hospital. Eighteen hours later he died. An autopsy indicated Nicholas had succombed to an influenza virus of bronchial pneumonia.
— From NEWSWEEK.

MODERN ETIQUETTE
by Roberta Lee

Q. What would be the correct way for two unmarried men to register at a hotel?

A. They should register Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Walton, Miss Sue Wallace, Detroit, Mich."



MIRRORED DESTRUCTION — The fiery destruction of a Singapore warehouse is reflected in the quiet waters in foreground. The blaze forced 1,500 residents to flee their homes and destroyed 500 tons of rubber.

JUMBO FERRY—Watching the elephants take their daily a prime attraction for tourists at Kandy, Ceylon. Ocas the less timid, like this pretty pair, climb aboard the animals for a ride across the Ganges River.

RED JETS ARE COMING—The U.S. government has approved a Soviet request to Russian TU-104 twin-jet airliners in New York in September. The TU-104, one of pictured above at Le Bourget Field, Paris, France, in May, 1957, travels at about 5 at altitudes up to 35,000 feet. The sleek, 70-passenger airliners will be first Russia planes ever to land in the United States.

About Sparrows

Some people maintain that they can do without sparrows. Take 'em or leave 'em. Preferably the latter. Or, better still, be left by them. Be left quite alone. And quiet.

To these people the dawn chorus of the sparrows is strictly for the birds. They don't want to hear it. They don't even want to hear about it. They've had it.

One has to admit that the noise that a hedgeful of sparrows makes at break of day is not that of a chorus or choir, in either the Greek or Welsh senses, but of a football crowd — a football crowd composed entirely of small boys.

And this is not because the sparrow cannot sing. Sparrows, when they want to, can sing very well. I mean not only song sparrows but chirping sparrows too; hedge sparrows, house sparrows, town sparrows, the lot. Clarence Kipps, the most uncommon London sparrow, who entertained in air-raid shelters during the blitz, could sing splendidly and was fond of piano music as an accompaniment. If the common sparrow does not sing it is because, as a rule, it is, frankly . . . well . . . common.

To be common is not a handicap. This is the century of the common bird. And personally I find sparrows, common or not, most sympathetic. Although not as wise as owls, for instance, sparrows are a good deal cleverer. The owl got his reputation for wisdom by continually asking questions. ("Huh?") Anyone or anything, bird included, that does this often, let alone continuously, is likely to find himself up a tree, sunk in perplexity. And you know what owls are like. Sparrows, on the other hand, don't bother with the questions. They get along simply by knowing the answers.

Every bird at the breakfast table tends, for a sparrow, to be a bigger bird. Yet this does not deter the sparrow. He is right in there, pinching. He will pinch anything from under the nose or beak of anything on two legs.

The sparrow knows what the bigger birds don't know. He is aware of Aesop's Law. Which is that you cannot, if you are a bird, both have your bread and eat it — when the beak opens the bird-cake will fall out.

It does not bother a sparrow if all the bread and bird-cake has been taken already by bigger and earlier birds. All the sparrow does is to find a bigger bird with a sizeable slice in its beak and follow it. For the sparrow, summing the situation up in a wink, realizes that as soon as the bigger bird opens its beak to peck the bread it will inevitably drop it on the ground. In the confusion — for the bigger bird, when it sees the bread on the ground, is confused and does not at first get it — the sparrow steps in underneath the open beak and does get it.

The odd thing is that although one often sees sparrows do this one rarely, if ever, sees the bigger bird follow a sparrow and do the same thing back. Yet, obviously, Aesop's Law applies equally to sparrows. Sparrows have to put bread down before they can peck too. It may be that the trick only works one way because sparrows are built so very close to the ground (when not flying). But it often looks to me as if the bigger bird is too busy bothering about why life is so unfair to get busy and do something about it.

A Lambeth sparrow, working in the airy riverside cafeteria, under Waterloo Bridge, by the Festival Hall, came the other day and sat on my plate and waited for me to unwrap a sandwich. I knew what it was waiting for. So I held grimly on to my sandwich even as I unwrapped it, overcoming the temptation to put it down even for a moment on the plate. Instead I offered the sparrow some crumbs. It looked me straight in the eye (the right eye), raised its beak in the air 180 degrees and flew off. That sparrow knew I knew. It aimed to get the whole sandwich.

A Lambeth sparrow is more sparrowlike than any other kind. Lambeth, of course, where the Walk is, is a famous Cockney borough. And the sparrow is frequently described metaphorically as a Cockney, just as the Cockney is often likened to a sparrow. The terms have got pretty well interchangeable.

The Cockney is traditionally small and wiry — although in fact a short tour of London now will convince you that we are in for some enormous Cockneys in the future — and he is cheeky, chirpy, and cheerful. Also he will sell you anything that will go on a barrow, including, if you insist, London Bridge. But the most accurate and lasting qualities attributed to the Cockney is love of family and a lively humor. And in these ways the Cockney certainly is sparrow-like, and vice versa.

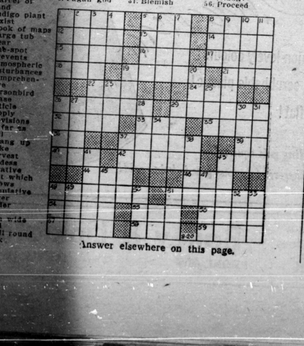
Sparrows fly about in family groups. They chase each other, grumble at each other, complain to each other, peck each other, share each other's food, sing to each other, protect each other, and together pull all the other birds' legs.

I have reported before now the spring's baby sparrows came and copied the sunbathing antics peculiar most of the time to J. B. Blackbird, actually sitting beside him and in front of him in and around his own special sunbathing place and fluffing when he fluffed.

Well, the other day I looked out of the dining-room window and there was J. B. standing on the very edge of the lawn looking up at the window in his customary manner. Beside him, in a dead straight line, "dressed" like a line of guardsmen on parade, were five young sparrows. They were all looking up at the dining-room window, too. J. B. moved. The sparrows, as one bird, all moved. J. B. hopped. The sparrows hopped. They must have been mimicking him. I don't think he thought it was funny, but I must confess I did.

It is my hope that one day they will mimic the blackbird's song. Then everything in the garden will indeed be lovely.—By John Allan May in the Christian Science Monitor.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS
1. Speed contest
5. Part of an arbor
9. Chills
12. Beast
13. Poem
14. Dickens character
15. Except
16. Parcel of land
17. Indigo plant
18. Parfait
19. Book of maps
21. Large tub
22. Tree
24. Oak genus
26. Prevents
29. Atmospheric disturbances
32. Compressive
33. Earnshaw
35. Cease
36. Article
37. Supply
39. Privations
40. As far as
41. Birth
42. Sprang up
45. Risks
46. Harvest
47. Canicle
48. Negative
49. Part which follows
51. Preparative
53. Baker
54. Horse
55. Soil
57. Cereals
58. Hard
59. Small round mass

DOWN
1. Rose genus
2. Hebrew month
3. Traversed
4. Before
5. Fastener
6. Pagan god
7. Gr. letter
8. Cretan mt.
9. Transform
10. Silkworm
11. Condiment
19. Likely
20. Held a session
23. Anger
25. Lettuce
26. Off
27. Climbing plant
28. Box
29. Perceives
30. Speck of dust
31. Blemish
34. Amer. Indian
37. Instance
38. Calif. rockfish
41. Round hat
43. Regulation
45. Golf stroke
47. Southern constellation
48. Juice of plant
49. C. Amer. tree
50. Gilded
51. Cooking vessel
52. Monkey
53. Desire (slang)
56. Proceed

Answer elsewhere on this page.

MARINES CONQUERED—The Marines have landed—but Mitzi Gaynor has the situation well in hand. The situation is this Hawaiian island of Kauai, where "South Pacific" is being filmed with Mitzi as Ensign Nellie Forbush. The Marines are some of 4,000 who hit the Kauai beaches from Navy transports in an invasion maneuver.

THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

Is it possible to produce a 70-bushel or more yield of fall wheat per acre on land which averages only 35 bushels or less — as it does in Ontario?

According to Darrel D. Dolson of the farm advisory service of C-i-l-'s agricultural chemicals division, this is not only possible but many Ontario farmers are doing it. And here's his formula for 70-bushel wheat:

* * *

Choose suitable soil. Land must be well drained as standing water in either fall or spring destroys plants and lowers yields. Tile drainage if inadequately drained areas is a good practice for nearly all crops. For wheat, benefit can be obtained also from plowing open furrows through low areas immediately after sowing.

* * *

Prepare a good seed bed. This should be carried out in such a way as to conserve moisture, destroy weeds and prepare the soil for planting. A good seed bed for fall wheat is one that is well aerated, has plenty of moisture and is firm below a depth of 1½ to 2 inches so that soil will be well packed around the seed.

* * *

Choose seed wisely. Because of the appearance of dawrf bunt in Ontario, only registered grades should be purchased for seed. If home grown seed is free of this disease, it is quite satisfactory. It should be cleaned and treated with mercurial seed disinfectant for control of common bunt.

* * *

Sow enough seed on time. Seeding rate recommended is seven to eight pecks per acre although this may vary with the district. Date of seeding should be adjusted to avoid the insect injury period but permit development of a strong root system and top to withstand winter cold. Too early seeding may lead to winter kill or attack by the Hessian fly. For correct rates and dates of seeding, the farmer should consult his local agricultural representative.

* * *

Fertilize well. Fertility requirements of fall wheat are not complex. The mineral plant foods — phosphate and potash — should be applied usually at the time of seeding together with some nitrogen. This stimulates moderate top growth and development of a strong and large root system.

So that correct amounts and analysis of fertilizer may be used on a particular field, the soil should be tested. If for any reason it is impossible to have a soil test, the following general fertilization rates will meet requirements in most cases:

* * *

Light soil: 500 pounds of 2-12-16 per acre seeded down, 400 pounds not seeded. Medium soil: 400 pounds of 3-18-18 per acre seeded down, 350 pounds not seeded. Heavy soil: 500 pounds of 3-18-9 per acre seeded down, 400 ponds not seeded.

* * *

If the field is manured or it wheat is following a plowed down clover crop, a no-nitrogen analysis such as 0-12-20, 0-20-20 or 0-20-10 may be used, depending on type of soil.

Peaceful Valleys

These are delightful days in our valleys. Of new-green meadows where the hay was cut, and the clustered red of elderberry and fireweed blazing in the clearings.

Most any road will do — up the Wishkah, the Hoquiam or Johns rivers, the Cloquallum and the long reach of the Hump-tulips. Everywhere canyons crease the hills and folds of alder and second growth lie in the sun or darken in the shadow of cloud. These are rare, homey valleys, of intimate patches of fields and houses beside old orchards, of cattle by the streams and a garden behind the house.

The everlasting flowers are blooming. The goldfinches are at work and the thistledown is flying. There is a peace in our valleys, a sense of security and well-being, and the quiet charm that can come only to seclusion. The valleys are sweet with forest smells, and hay and the wisp of wood smoke, and roses and honeysuckle and all the things dear to home.

The streams are enough to stir the soul — the tidal reaches, and the clear givings of the mountains and the hills, rippling, sparkling, noisy and quiet according to the mood, of riffle and deep eddy. The blue of sky is in the pools, and kingfisher clacking, and the plaintive call of the woodthrush.

Shadows reach down from the hillcrests and old maples lean over the fence corners. Bracken runs the roadsides. There is hardly any noise in a valley, only sounds. Sometimes the air is still, and again the wind brushes the trees and rustles the corn and sweeps the meadow grass like a breeze on water. . . .

There are stumps in old pastures, and new trees on the hills. The cascara leaves are autumning, where kids have peeled the bark, and the vine maples are thinking of turning. The transparent apple trees are laden and there are windfalls on the ground. . . .

There is peace in our valleys, and industry and contentment, people with their own patch of land, their own doorsteps and fences, their own way of life. There is snugness and haven, and perhaps a little bit of heaven, too. For beauty is heavenly.—Aberdeen (Wash.) Daily World.

London Buses Slicked Quickly

The big double-decker buses of London Transport, Eng., rambling red landmarks so familiar to Canadian visitors, are being treated to regular four-minute beauty treatments.

The push button treatment leaves the vehicles thoroughly vacuum cleaned, refuelled and lubricated. Each night, while London sleeps, a small army of 10,000 maintenance workers swings into action, examining, washing and repairing the fleet for the following day.

One gadget used is an immense frame on which 56 brushes whirl at 500 revolutions a minute. Cold water jets drench the exterior of the bus and the brushes clean and polish it in less than two minutes.

Every nine weeks the coaches are given a "shampoo" when gallons of liquid soap are sprayed through the mechanism. "The gobbler," a powerful vacuum cleaner, can clean one deck of a bus in about one minute.

Money may not buy happiness, but it's a pretty good down payment.—Charles Ruffing.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Ezekiel, Pastor of His People
Ezekiel 1:1-3; 2:1-5; 34:11-16

Memory Selection: Ye my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord God. Ezekiel 34:31.

A bishop said, "Of the complaints I have heard concerning ministers, more of them concerned the lack of a shepherd heart than the lack of preaching ability."

Ezekiel developed the shepherd heart. It was a difficult task to which he was called. He, a captive, was to speak to his own people who were also in captivity. They had rebelled against God. They were impudent children and stiff-hearted. Little wonder that Ezekiel went to them in bitterness and in heat of spirit. Apparently he scorned the people to whom he was to minister. He came to the captives at Telabib by the river Chebar. He entered into the experience of the people. He wrote of it later, "I sat where they sat, and remained there astonished among them seven days." No one can really help people in their spiritual needs until he learns to know not only the faces behind the faces but also what has made the faces what they are. "I sat where they sat," is a prerequisite for serving others.

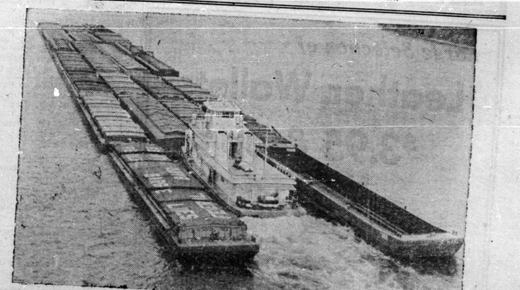
Then Ezekiel received a charge which gave him a sense of responsibility. He was to be a watchman of the house of Israel. If he failed to deliver the warning from the Lord, the blood of the wicked would be required at his hand. If his warning went unheeded he would at least save his own soul. But he must speak reproof only as God directed.

Ezekiel was to be a co-worker with God in shepherding Israel. Though they were in captivity because of their rebellion yet they were not forsaken. Ezekiel brought a message of hope. They would be gathered again to their own land. Messiah would come and be a shepherd over them even as David had been.

A railroader friend had part of his leg cut off by the train. When he came to consciousness in the hospital he looked into the face of his pastor. The pastor had brought the man's family those 200 miles in a hurry. The man will never forget that pastor with the Shepherd heart.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking

ON THE BARK—They're off in the first poodle race ever held in Berlin, Germany, or probably anywhere, for that matter. The race climaxed a poodle show at the city's fairgrounds. The dogs' owners were posted at the finish line, otherwise the canines might not have budged an inch.



THREE ACRES ON THE MOVE—The largest tow ever transported on the Tennessee River is pictured on Pickwick Lake, about 215 miles from its starting point, Paducah, Ky. The tow of 24 barges loaded with grain, scrap iron and steel is en route from Paducah to Knoxville, Tenn. The 24 barges, in a formation 100 feet wide, cover an area of approximately 126,000 square feet or almost three acres. The tow is being pushed by a diesel tow boat, the Robin, 3,200 horsepower Robin is the most powerful boat on the Tennessee River. A big tow such as this is not unusual for the Mississippi River, but for the Tennessee it is an all-time record.