Three, Six Or Twelve Miles?

The days of the "three-mile limit" are about over.

Washington put up a sturdy fight for it at the current Geneva meeting of some 86 nations—but lost out to the Soviets, the Arabs, the British.

It is still not clear what, if any, agreed limit to territorial waters there will be—for the Soviets and Arabs want 12 miles, the British are arguing for six. When the United States saw that it was fighting a losing battle it shifted to the six-mile limit. But it is still possible the Soviets and Arabs and others may win this battle of the waters.

There is more involved than just the navigation rights to coastal waters. There is the vital economic issue of fishing rights, the commercial and defense issue of flying rights—and, of course, the matter of navigation rights.

The United States switched to the six-mile limit proposal because it may thus be able to block the 12-mile rule—which it opposed violently. There are several things it feels are wrong with the 12-mile rule.

Only about 20 per cent of the world's lighthouses are visible at a range of 12 miles. This creates a great danger, especially for small craft.

Radar navigation at 12 miles and beyond is of only marginal utility, as many objects normally used for radar navigation are undentifiable at such distances. Also many small boats, fishing boats in particular, would find it impossible to anchor at depths normally found outside a 12-mile limit.

Likewise the cost of extending coastal markings and services to the 12-mile limit would be considerable. Washington estimates that it would cost the United States $18,000,000 a year for more navigational aids (buoys, gongs, whistles, fog signals, channel markers, etc.), to make the change — not to mention the millions of capital outlay to make the switch.

Also any extension of territorial waters automatically reduces the area of the high seas and impinges on the present rights of nations. To extend the territorial waters to 12 miles would reduce the area of the high seas by 2,500,000 square miles, an area roughly the size of the United States.

But, perhaps, the major reason why the United States objects to the 12-mile rule (and undoubtedly the major reason the Soviets want it) concerns the question of neutrality violations. Broadened territorial waters could well become a haven for deadly submarines. A belligerent submarine in wartime could hide within the broad territorial waters of a neutral with ease; and the antisubmarine aircraft and surface vessels searching it out could not legally enter such waters.

Violations of the three-mile limit, however difficult to prevent or patrol, would become many times more difficult if extended; and with most small nations unable to protect their neutrality in wartime, the general respect for territorial waters everywhere would crumble, writes Neal Sandford in the Christian Science Monitor.

Advocates of the 12-mile limit argue that the principle of the "right of innocent passage" would keep any extension of the territorial sea from restricting freedom of navigation. However, the very provision for this right is a recognition that freedom of navigation is restricted—and the wider the territorial sea the greater the restriction. Navigation by sufferance is not quite the same as navigation by right.

Perhaps as important as the submarine problem raised by any extension of territorial waters is that of flying rights. Freedom to fly over the high seas is denied entirely in the airspace over territorial waters—unless the coast state involved gives consent. Thus there is no rule of "right of innocent passage" for aircraft over the waters as there is for ships.

A good example of the problems and complications that a 12-mile limit to territorial waters would raise is Gibraltar. If territorial waters there were extended six miles each way, there would be no high seas remaining. And an extension of the territorial sea of Greece of 12 miles would close off the Aegean Sea.

If the three-mile limit disappears, as now seems inevitable, with the United States swinging over to the six-mile rule, the question is: Can there be any wide or universal agreement on another limit? Any change that is not unanimous would cause constant trouble. At present the right of states to a three-mile limit—or one marine league—is universally recognized. To discard a universally accepted rule for something that is considerably less than universal involves danger of serious misunderstandings.

Safe X-Ray?

Since the coming of the atom age, many of the 100 million or so who undergo X-ray examinations or treatment every year have been alarmed by reports of the effects of radiation on the human body. Some women patients have refused X-ray examinations during pregnancy because they fear that their unborn children and generations beyond might suffer physical or mental defects.

How great, actually, is the radiation danger?

In his presidential address before the annual meeting of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists in Los Angeles, Dr. R. Gordon Douglas of New York set the X-ray record straight with cool common sense. "Medical radiation does present certain hazards to the obstetrical and gynecological patient," he said. "Nonetheless, these hazards can be minimized by the use of the most modern equipment (fast X-ray film to cut exposure time, shields, and filters" and competent technicians."

In obstetrical cases, X-ray films are used to estimate the pelvic capacity of the patient, to see whether a Caesarean delivery is indicated, to determine the presentation of the baby, to detect congenital defects, and to diagnose the death of an unborn child. "Probably we have used the technique more than is necessary," said Dr. Douglas. "I feel very strongly that routine use of X-rays in hospitals and offices should be abolished. Currently, Dr. Douglas in his own practice is using only one-fourth as many X-rays for determining "pelvic capacity" as he once did. Even then, films are not taken until the patient is in labor.

Dr. Douglas submitted further cautions: (1) There should be no radiation therapy for benign uterine tumors, particularly if the patient is of child-bearing age; (2) radiation should not be used to stimulate the ovaries in sterility cases; (3) dental X-rays during pregnancy, "should, if possible, be deferred." (One exception: Dr. Douglas approves the use of chest X-ray films during pregnancy to detect tuberculosis.

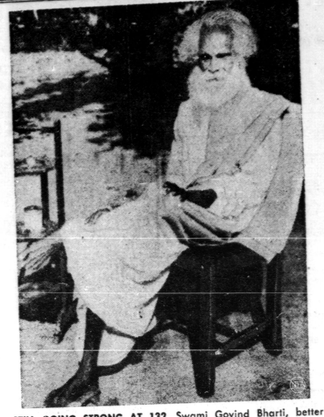
What is a safe radiation dose? None of the obstetricians and gynecologists ventured an estimate.

"The safe amount of X-ray exposure cannot be determined," said Dr. Pendleton Tompkins of Stanford University School of Medicine. "The amount of damage by X-ray depends upon the time of pregnancy. The earlier in pregnancy, the greater the damage from the same dose. What would harm an eight-week fetus woud not do any damage to an eight-month fetus."

—From Newsweek.

Q. On which side of the host should the guest of honor be seated at a dinner party?

A. The seat of honor is at the host's right.



STILL GOING STRONG AT 132—Swami Govind Bharti, better known in Kathmandu, Nepal, as Swami Shivapuri, claims to be 132 years old. The spry Swami, who attributes his long life to a vegetarian diet, lots of mental rest, and little physical labor, says he has traveled all over the world, including visits to Russia, England and the United States. The Swami says that "the cities of New York and Washington were still under expansion by hard-working people" when he visited them. He sleeps only two hours a day and subsists on a pint and a half of fresh cow's milk a day.

TABLE TALKS
Jane Andrews

It is estimated that in Canada and the United States something like **two hundred million eggs are eaten every day!**

The basic rule for cooking these millions is the same everywhere — cook at low temperature. When ready to eat, eggs should be tender and delicate. A rubbery or tough egg has been cooked too rapidly.

Eggs are popular for all three of our daily meals, but breakfast eggs have been covered several times in the past, so luncheon and dinner dishes will be emphasized today. Here is a casserole that you may like to serve for either lunch or dinner. This recipe serves 9-12.

GOLDEN EGG CASSEROLE

12 finely chopped hard-cooked eggs
½ cup diced pimento
½ cup minced celery with leaves
2 cups (¼ pound) finely crushed crackers
2 cups mayonnaise
1 teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoon garlic salt
¾ teaspoon ground pepper
½ cup milk
Topping:
¾ cup cracker crumbs
¼ cup melted butter

Blend all ingredients except topping. Spread in 2-quart shallow greased casserole. Top with cracker crumbs blended with butter. Bake at 400° F. 25 minutes or until golden brown. Serve hot.

* * *

For company or for family, this egg loaf will prove appetizing and delicious. Serve it with either a creole or a mushroom sauce.

EGG LOAF

1 egg, beaten
4 cups hot cooked white rice
½ cup chopped pimento
½ cup grated sharp cheese
1½ cups grated Canadian cheese
4 hard-cooked eggs, coarsely diced
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon butter

Mix together the beaten egg, pimento, cheese, and hard-cooked eggs, salt, and pepper. Thoroughly grease a 9½x5¼x2¼ loaf pan (be careful to grease bottom well). Cut up the 1 tablespoon butter and distribute over bottom of loaf pan. Pack mixture into loaf pan. Place in preheated 350° F. oven and bake 45 minutes. Remove from oven, cut around edges to loosen and turn out on platter.

CREOLE SAUCE

¼ cup butter
½ cup chopped onion
½ cup chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons flour
1 No. 2 can (2½ cups) tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

Melt butter in saucepan over low heat. Add onion and green pepper and cook, stirring occasionally, until onion is tender. Place flour in one corner of saucepan and gradually blend butter into it. Cook, stirring, several minutes. Gradually add water, stirring constantly; gradually add tomatoes and seasonings. Cook until thickened.

* * *

Deviled eggs are versatile when summer comes. Serve them with salad, take them on picnics, or serve them hot in cheese or tomato sauce. Here is a snappy recipe for them.

DEVILED EGGS

6 hard-cooked eggs
2 teaspoons lemon juice or vinegar
¾ teaspoon prepared mustard
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon ground pepper
2 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad dressing

Cut eggs in half; remove yolks. Press yolks through sieve, and combine with remaining ingredients; beat until smooth. Reshired, add more seasoning and salad dressing. Refill whites, decorate with parsley. Twelve stuffed halves.

Variations:

Deviled ham, finely minced meat or fish, chopped parsley or green pepper may be combined with filling.

* * *

DEVILED EGGS, SPANISH STYLE

½ cup butter
½ cup each, chopped onion and celery
2 tablespoons flour
3 cups cooked tomatoes
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon each, ground pepper and garlic salt
6 hard-cooked eggs deviled (see above)
½ cup buttered bread crumbs
6 slices toast

Cook onion and celery in butter over low heat until onion is transparent. Blend in flour. Add tomatoes all at once. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add sugar, salt, pepper, and garlic salt. Pour into shallow 1½- or 2-quart baking dish. Arrange deviled eggs in sauce. Top with buttered crumbs. Place in 425° F. oven until sauce is bubbly around edges (10-15 mins.). Serve over toast, rice, spaghetti, or noodles.

The Passing Of 'Diamond Jim' 2nd

When it came time for Jimmy Brocato to get out of the second grade, the teacher asked him what four and two were. He said seven. She tried again, with four and six. This time Jimmy said eleven. It turned out that seven and eleven were the only numbers he knew — all his friends were crapshooters. So Jimmy left the second grade and set himself up in business as a shoeshine boy outside Antoine's, one of New Orleans's most famous and expensive restaurants.

That was the apocryphal story —only one of hundreds they were telling recently in New Orleans when Jimmy Brocato died. No one knew him any longer as Jimmy Brocato; he died "Diamond Jim" Moran, owner of one of New Orleans's best restaurants—La Louisiane —friend of the great of two continents. The chief justice of the state supreme court, John B. Fournet, attended his funeral, and Mayor deLesseps S. Morrison was a pallbearer. In a colorful city, Moran was one of its most colorful though not entirely spotless figures.

Before he was a restaurant owner, Moran had been—among other things—a bodyguard for the late Louisiana governor, Huey Long: He had been only a matter of feet away when Long was cut down by an assassin's bullets on Sept. 8, 1935.

Jim Moran had operated slot machines for Frank Costello and Phil Kastel, had run a horse-race wire service, had been a boxer and a barber. He also—naturally —had been in trouble with the law.

None of that seemed to diminish the high regard in which much of New Orleans held Jim Moran. "He may have broken a few laws," said one of his high-placed friends, "but he was a straight guy." He was as well known for being a "soft touch" to the down-and-out as he was for his diamonds—it was said that he died broke because of all the money he gave away.

As for his diamonds, on a clear day and a straight street, Jim Moran could be seen twenty blocks away. He wore diamonds in the bottom of his suits (he had more than 100 suits, at $200 each), diamonds in the buttons **of his shirts** (700 tailored shirts, at $40 each), diamonds in his belt buckle, in his zipper, in the frames of his glasses. He had white-mink neckties set with diamonds. He had diamonds in his watches, in his cuff links, in his walking cane. There were diamonds in the fillings of his teeth, and he had a toupee set with diamonds.

From shoeshine boy, he was to work as a barber; at 16, he bought the barbershop he worked it into the fossiest barbershop in New Orleans. At this time, he also was fighting as a professional featherweight; he changed his name from Brocato to Moran because the fight crowd liked Irish names better.

Moran got into the restaurant business for two very good reasons. He liked people, and he liked food. In the restaurant business in the old days, it naturally was necessary to serve a little liquor, in spite of the Volstead Act; this got Diamond Jim a one-year sentence in jail, of which he served six months. He also met a lot of people that sports friends alone included Jack Dempsey, Rocky Marciano, Joe DiMaggio, Dizzy Dean, and Eddie Arcaro). He met Frank Costello and Phil Kastel; this led to an indictment for income-tax evasion (jointly with Costello and Kastel), and a conference before the Kefauver crime committee about gambling and slot-machine operations in New Orleans.

He was only a good-will man for the outfit," Moran told the committee. "Personally, I never placed a bet with a bandbook in my life."

The committee believed him, and it was typical of Moran that he ended his testimony before the committee on a note of hospitality.

"Mr. Chairman," he told Kefauver, "I'd like to issue you a special invitation to visit my hunting lodge near New Orleans as my personal guest."

Kefauver inclined his head gravely.

"That's a very handsome invitation," he said.—From NEWSWEEK.

Quiz Champions

Ten-year old schoolboy Robert Strom, whose total winnings were $224,000, won $102,000 of them by identifying three scientific trail blazers and listing their achievements, describing what happened when two different sets of chemicals were mixed together, and identifying seven first-magnitude stars and their constellations.

Jockey Bill Pearson (total winnings $170,000) got his biggest check by identifying six old-master paintings, naming the painter of each, and at least one teacher each painter had studied with.

Leonard Ross, 11-year-old won $100,000 by answering a five-part question on Wall Street and business matters, and $64,000 on another show by giving five more correct answers in the same field.

Teddy Nadler, a civil-service laborer, pushed his winnings to $160,000 by answering a three-page question on renaissance art.

Joyce Brothers, a psychologist won $64,000 on one show and $70,000 on another by answering a series of questions on boxing.

Charles Van Doren, a college instructor (total winnings $129,000), hit his peak by passing the U.S. Vice Presidents later elected President.

THE ATOMIUM AT WORLD'S FAIR IN BRUSSELS

Last Survivor Of Old Sailing Navy

Lying at permanent anchor just inside Portsmouth's historic naval harbor, the Foudroyant is the last survivor afloat of Britain's old sailing navy. Far less famed than her neighbor, the older, land-berthed Victory, she is nevertheless much more than just a museum relic.

Her French name obscures her real origin, for she has always been British and was in fact built in the old East India Company's Dock at Bombay. Her makers were a Parsee family long famed as master shipwrights, and that they put immense skill as well as stout teak and beautiful copper into her is proved by the fact that, without the customary renovations of timber, she is still perfectly sound below the waterline and expected to give a good fifty years' service in her present active capacity. It's the necessary skillful maintenance that costs the money appealed for last year.

She was launched in 1817 as His Majesty's Ship Trincomalee, a fine a 46-gun two-decker the world had then seen. Indeed, she was soon to be recognized the finest and by far the fastest frigate in the King's Navy. Looking at her today, shorn of sails, masts in their original layout, and rigging, it's a little hard at first to visualize her as a craft of great speed at sea. But study her sleek lines, trim build, and give her in the mind's eye a vast load of sail like that she once flaunted, and it's not then so difficult to imagine her outstripping her fellows, friends or foes.

Anyway, during a refitting spell at Portsmouth early in her career, she was found to be in such fine condition that she was forthwith converted from a frigate into the lighter 24-gun sparedecker corvette. As such she served her country in two eventful commissions, one in the Americas and the West Indies, the other out in the Pacific. Foudroyant appeared on the seas too late to take any part in the Napoleonic Wars, when sailing warships really showed their mettle, but she did fight the Crimean War.

Her intriguing figurehead (which still survives in perfect condition) of some long-since-forgotten Indian chief, complete with white robes, girdle, turban, and coffee complexion, was seen over many waters before she was finally paid off and commissioned as a static reserve training ship. At last, with the world's navies now all iron and steam, she was sold out of service by the unimaginative authorities and was set for breaking up at Reid's nautical graveyard at Portsmouth, writes Daniel Gunston in The Christian Science Monitor.

Then there appeared on the scene a great lover of old sailing vessels whose unaided efforts saved many a fine ship from the breaker's hammer — Mr. G. Wheatly Cobb. He secured her reprieve by buying her in 1912 after he had lost an earlier acquisition, the original Foudroyant, one of Nelson's ships, from foundering in a gale off Blackpool. He gave Trincomalee the name of the ship he had lost, his favorite, and soon she was doing good work as a privately run training vessel at Milford Haven and Falmouth. On Cobb's death she was presented as a gift by his widow to the British Society for Nautical Research as an overflow training ship.

Thus began her still continuing career as a training base for ordinary children, girls as well as boys, individually as well as cadets and members of clubs or youth movements. For some years before the war she and the old French man-o'-war, Implacable, a prize at Trafalgar, served to other, moored stern to bow. When the latter was found unserviceable and had to be scuttled in 1949, only she remained.

Then came the war, when she was nightly filled almost to bursting by naval personnel sleeping on board, and nearly sunk when a Nazi bomb grazed her bows.

By 1950, however, the patient dockyard shipwrights, Everyone was amazed at the basically sound condition of her main timbers, even after 133 years of continuous contact with salt water. Her teak was still unimpaired, held together with three-foot-long red copper bolts and tough hardwood pegs, after the fashion of the time.

As the overhaul went on, so was she restored for her peacetime duties toward Britain's youth. Her Doric stern gallaries and figurehead were repainted in gold and white and red, her low lines accentuated by the neat black-and-white squaring of her original design. Only the mainmast was restored, with the minimum of rigging, and her standard broad deck now oddly sprouts stove chimneys.

Below decks, all is tidy, efficient, and comfortable without being cushy. The spacious gundecks, where once 300 pig-tailed men toiled and sweated, are filled roomily with hammocks and trestles; there are modern toilet and cooking facilities; and the officers' cabins are still that, but rather more modernly equipped. Everywhere there's an agreeable blend of history and contemporary usefulness, tradition without the dust, the historical setting very much alive and kicking, yet unspoiled by tawdry slickness.

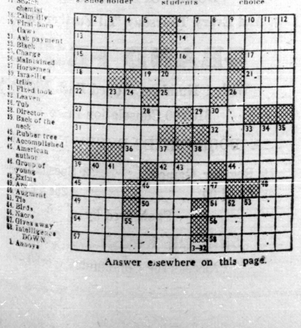
Foudroyant now has a permanent crew of picked officers and she accommodates about 100 youngsters per week. These are taught the romance of life afloat, sailing, rowing, swimming, signaling and the rudiments of seamanship. It's hard to imagine a finer school for the sea, where the very decks one has to swab are steeped in history, and all the majesty of modern shipping passes hourly close by in and out of the harbor. Discipline is by tradition of the strictest, and is based on the Standing Orders of one William Parker, a lad of only 19 who suddenly found himself by a turn of fate in sole command of the frigate Amazon under Nelson in the Mediterranean.

In 1956 the officers and boys built a new poop deck, and now, thanks to some extraordinary individual generosity plus a government grant, this valuable work is certain to continue. When the last underwater examination by naval frogmen took place, they reported the copper-sheathed bottom still sound beneath its covering of sea anemones. So all the hard work, the love of the sea and the fine ships that have sailed it, will gloriously continue.

PETAL PUSHER—This honey bee was right on the spot when the first crocus opened in Monroe, Wis. Getting back into the swing of things after the winter layoff, the bee lives up to his title of "busy".

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. American robin
6. Behold
10. Seep through pores
14. Irregular
15. This
16. Dar
17. Source
18. Cabin ship
19. Very soon (two words)
21. Art document
23. Black
24. Charge
25. Malformed
27. Surrender
29. Drizzle
30. Prize
31. Third look
32. Leaves
33. Cuts
35. Operator
37. Back of the neck
39. Palmar tree
40. Accomplished
41. American author
42. Organ of hearing
43. Forms a fabric
45. Am.
46. Aquarius
47. Fifth
48. Girl's name
49. Dakota
50. Driveway
51. Indigenous
DOWN
1. Above
2. Display
3. Go to law
4. Poem
5. Dry
6. Ventilated place
7. Smoothed
8. Shoe holder
9. Sodium symbol
10. Musical study
11. Sweetheart
12. Odor
20. Conditions
22. Harem room
24. Pluck
26. Mix with the hands
28. Turmeric
30. Affirmative vote
32. Fuss
34. Graduating students
35. Viaduct
37. European country
38. Constellation
39. Rich man
40. Iodine
41. Bird
42. Loam deposit
44. Arabian jasmine



Answer elsewhere on this page.

POT-EYED—Strange things sometimes grow in flower pots and here are two wide-eyed African Lemurs to prove it. The "bush babies", six months old, are getting used to their new surroundings in London's Crystal Palace Zoo.

MILKMAIDS—There' no need to give these young ladies a seat—they all have one at Kempten, Germany. The girls have their one-legged milking stools already attached as they prepare to compete for the title of fastest Bavarian milkmaid.

THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

Editor's Note: Co-operatives are nothing new in Canada and the problems of the blueberry growers in North Carolina may seem far afield from those of us with entirely different puzzles to solve north of the border. Despite that, I feel that passing on to you this stuff from the blueberry belt might not be amiss—especially now that the Ontario opposition party shows signs of awakening from a long, long snooze.

* * *

One farmer acting alone can gap that exists between the $40 little about the approximate $80 the farmer receives for food and the $100 the consumer pays for it. By pooling his crops with other farmers and selling them together the small grower can narrow the margin of dollars going to middlemen and processors between him and the consumer. This group selling enables small farmers to furnish the large volume big buyers demand. It also usually brings consumers products of superior quality.

* * *

Cooperative marketing means not only a chance for increased profits for small producers; it can mean the difference between their survival or failure.

* * *

Inspiring examples of the benefits of cooperative selling are the two North Carolina blueberry co-operatives—the Carolina Blueberry Association and Blueberry Cooperative Association. The organizations, located at Burgaw, in the Tarheel State's southeastern corner, have given benefits to the individual blueberryman that only a giant grower could enjoy previously.

* * *

Blueberries, cultivated varieties of the wild huckleberry, are shipped and sold together in huge lots by the cooperative directly to produce houses in large cities. The arrangement knocks out the middleman's cut and puts growers in a better bargaining position. The association pays commission houses in the cities a flat 7 per cent fee—no more, no less—for selling the fruit, thereby neutralizing the role of speculators.

* * *

Keen crop specialists know every trick in lassoing top money for berries, such as putting loaded trucks on the road without specific destination.

The strategy calls for drivers to head northward on main routes and to check in with the Burgaw office every 200 miles or so by telephone. Meanwhile market managers at Burgaw keep in touch with northern produce houses for prevailing prices and demand for blueberries, which can change within hours. Should a shortage develop in Pittsburgh, for instance, the manager directs a truck on his next call-in to proceed there.

The truck's well-en-route position insures delivery while supplies are short and prices are high.

Baskets, fertilizer, and other supplies purchased in large lots by the co-op come at greatly reduced prices. The group is also able to promote blueberries through advertising campaigns, using newspapers, billboards, and other media—an important marketing function beyond the means of most individual farmers.

* * *

Co-op trucks collect the berries at farms. This saves the grower time hauling them to market and waiting in line to sell. He is freed of marketing worries, knowing co-op experts can trade on even terms with the sharpest of buyers. There's no humiliation of having meekly to accept prices offered only by speculators or buyers' representatives, whose earnings are largely determined by how little they pay the farmer.

* * *

How does the co-op prevent members from shipping poor berries under higher grade labels?

* * *

Guilty ones are either fined heavily or tossed out of the organization. Each farm must post grading and packing rules. Every pint basket contains a small card with the grower's number printed on it. If berries prove inferior, the responsible grower can be traced directly.

This marketing system may seem militarily strict. But it pays. In 1955 an estimated 12,500 acres of blueberries cultivated in the United States returned an estimated $11,000,000 when marketed fresh, canned, and frozen.

* * *

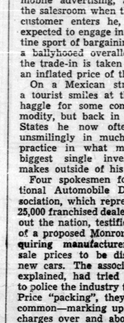
Farmers by nature are intensely independent. But many feel the marketing cooperative points a way to survival in an economy that demands the efficiencies of bigness. Dr. Albert Banadyga, North Carolina State College vegetable specialist, after returning from observing highly organized western states farming, stated this in cold-blooded simplicity at a Washington, D.C., meeting last November.

He said: "Fruit and vegetable growers of the Southeast must organize—or face the alternative of being forced out of business."

* * *

Could be—maybe nearer home than the United States southeast.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



Price-Jungle

We were all seated at the end of the long press table in the Senate restaurant talking, of course, about the automobile industry. Everybody these days talks about the slump, and then about Detroit.

"Do you know," observed a reporter, "that there isn't a new-car salesroom in this city where you can find the actual manufacturer's list price of an automobile to the dealer? When a consumer sets out to buy a car he's just operating in the dark."

"There don't seem to be any fixed prices any more," said a disgruntled voice. "You take in your old car and from there on it's like haggling in an oriental bazaar."

I was surprised at the agreement that followed. Several speakers said they wanted new cars but were holding back. I am sure the same discussion is going on over the country. A lot of people, it appears, not only don't like the length, looks, or price, of new cars but are also upset by the details of the "deal" that sells their old car and gets the new one.

"It's a price jungle," testified John L. O'Brien, president of the Better Business Bureau of Akron, Ohio. "The plain price tag on an automobile offered for sale today is so rare a thing as to be almost nonexistent. You can find out almost anything about an automobile except what the darn thing costs."

It's a queer situation. Hundreds of millions spent for automobile advertising, and yet at the salesroom when the doubtful customer enters he, or she, is expected to engage in the Levantine sport of bargaining in which a ballyhood overallowance for the trade-in is taken care of by an inflated price of the new car.

On a Mexican street corner a tourist smiles at the need to haggle for some common commodity, but back in the United States he now often engages unsmilingly in much the same practice in what may be the biggest single investment he makes outside of his home.

Four spokesmen for the National Automobile Dealers Association, which represents some 25,000 franchised dealers throughout the nation, testified in favor of a proposed Monroney bill requiring manufacturers' wholesale prices to be displayed on new cars. The association, they explained, had tried and failed to police the industry themselves. Price "packing", they said, was common—marking up or adding charges over and above the normally recognized mark-up from the wholesale price at which a dealer acquires an automobile from a manufacturer.

In large part, it appears, the fault is that of gullible customers looking for fantastic "bargains", who think they are somehow beating the system when they get preposterous trade-in allowances. They do not realize that they are paying as much, or more, for their purchase because of "jacked" prices of the new car. Sometimes there is outright fraud through the device of a faked factory invoice; sometimes the trick is done more subtly by including a long list of "optional equipment and accessories", at inflated prices; items which do not occur to the customer as price factors until the deal is all but closed.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

God's People Tested
Numbers 13:30 - 14:3, 19-24

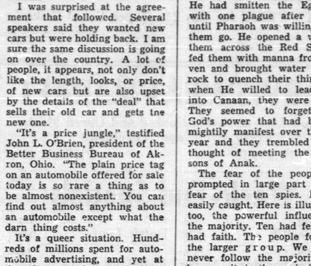
Memory Selection: Wherefore, as the Holy Ghost saith, today if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts, as in the provocation, in the day of temptation in the wilderness. Hebrews 3:7-8.

How quickly we forget! God had brought this people — more than a million of them — out of slavery. By His servant, Moses, He had smitten the Egyptians with one plague after another until Pharaoh was willing to let them go. He opened a way for them across the Red Sea. He fed them with manna from heaven and brought water from a rock to quench their thirst. Yet when He willed to lead them into Canaan, they were afraid. They seemed to forget about God's power that had been so mightily manifest over the past year and they trembled at the thought of meeting the strong sons of Anak.

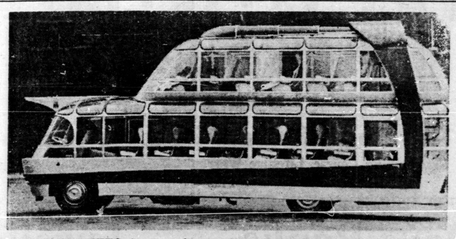
The fear of the people was prompted in large part by their fear of the ten spies. Fear is easily caught. Here is illustrated, too, the powerful influence of the majority. Ten had fear, two had faith. The people followed the larger group. We should never follow the majority just because it is the majority. We should follow the majority only when they are right.

Dreadful were the consequences for choosing fear rather than faith. The Children of Israel were doomed to wander in the wilderness for forty years till all those who were twenty years of age and over had died. There were only two exceptions; Caleb and Joshua, the two spies who tried to inspire the people to faith in God. They said, "The land which we passed through to search it, is an exceeding good land. If the LORD delight in us, then He will bring us into this land, and give it us; a land which floweth with milk and honey. Only rebel not ye against the LORD, neither fear ye the people of the land; for they are bread for us; their defence is departed from them, and the LORD is with us: fear them not."

Sputniks, the threat of war, economic recession; all these and other factors call for a living faith in God if we are to live happily and creatively in this world. "Repent and believe on Jesus Christ" is the recipe for the faith we need today.



"SNIFFER" TRACTOR—Endurance tests are necessary for future space travelers but they're needlessly fatiguing for tractor test drivers. This electronically guided "sniffer tractor" is used at a Ford Motor Co. test site. The antenna at the front picks an electrical signal from a buried wire. The tractor follows this is more women truck drivers, she says, because the gals are wire around the test track and jarring obstacle course.



GREENHOUSE ON WHEELS—A new sightseeing bus rolls through Paris, affording its occupants an excellent view of everything through its hugeglass area. The double-decker vehicle, called the "Cityrama", is equipped with a special public address system which provides a running commentary on principal attractions in the tourists' own language.