Princess Wanted Sneezing Powder

In ten years' time the world's gossip-mongers will probably be weaving romance rumours around another British princess who will certainly have all the charm, glamour and fearlessness of her aunt, Princess Margaret.

Blonde Princess Anne is destined to become a vital figure in the pageantry of the Commonwealth — but none of today's royal advisers has discovered yet how to stop the constant whispers of romance that are bound to circle her when she's older.

Luckily, Princess Anne is only nine years old. But, even at nine, she is a personality in her own right . . . riding shaggy fell ponies bareback at Balmoral, fearlessly befriending racehorses at the royal paddocks. She is so very like her mother. Yet she also takes after her father, too.

When she went into hospital for her tonsils operation, she had to be persuaded to take a few toys with her. She did not particularly want them, she explained, because she needed a change. When taken to the Royal Tournament, she insisted on having two little friends there. "It will be so nice for them," she said, earnestly, "and so nice for me, too!"

Her young friends were Susan Babington Smith and freckled Caroline Hamilton, who go to "school" at Buckingham Palace. Mrs. Hamilton lives in one of the streets behind the Palace and delivers Susan to "classes" in the morning in her baby car and collects her at night.

It's all part of the "new deal" for princesses at the Palace, for it was thought that Anne might be in danger of becoming too stuffy if she took lessons alone with her governess. In the afternoons, the three children explore London, visiting perhaps the Tower, the Zoo or the Natural History Museum — and they are seldom recognized.

The Queen's policy of avoiding the limelight for her children has worked well. Few people know what Princess Anne really looks like. Tall as her brother, she is often dressed in frocks cut from her mother's clothes. She was taken for a walk outside the Palace grounds not long ago "just for a few minutes."

But the few minutes were prolonged into an hour and a half as she made a complete tour of the two big London parks near the Palace — St. James's and Green Park. No one spotted the Princess or if they did so they were too polite and sensible to make a fuss.

At Balmoral not long ago the Princess "escaped" with her brother and cycled down to Craithie village, much to the horror of a French governess who was in charge of them. Then the truant children devoted themselves to the business of shopping, buying sneezing powder for a practical joke and a horror mask with which Princess Anne hoped to scare the grown-ups.

These are stories that might be told of any little girl, but Princess Anne is happily growing up quite naturally, a triumph for the fresh breeze that has recently blown through Palace routine. Not long ago, Anne was expected to be a bridesmaid at the smart Abel Smith wedding. The Queen made her own appearance at an Abel Smith wedding when only five. But Her Majesty declined the invitation for her daughter, feeling that the publicity might not be good for the child.

Princess Anne had a mink coat at four and riding boots when even younger. She has been taken on wonderful cruises on the royal yacht and has shared smuggled trips in her father's helicopter. She has whizzed in speed boats and flown in a 'plane. Yet the last thing she is . . . is spoiled.

She has a set of the world's most glamorous dolls — perfectly costumed little ladies from France. But Anne has to address them all whenever possible in French. After her father gave her swimming lessons at the end of a long bamboo pole with a rubber loop, the secretary of the Amateur Swimming Association wanted to give her a silver swimming spoon.

The Duke explained, however, that she was not yet proficient enough. And Anne had to try harder . . . until she developed into a very good swimmre and eventually won the spoon, her first sporting trophy.

When one of the royal corgis fell ill, it was Princess Anne who first noticed the trouble. The dog was sent away to an animals' hospital, and Anne asked about him every day until he came home fully recovered.

And when she heard that one of the Celevland bays in the royal stables was poorly, nothing would content her but to visit the horse to help feed him and cheer him up.

Most people imagine that a royal princess must be surrounded by toys. In reality only a few are kept at every royal residence, to be greeted enthusiastically as old friends whenever the Royal Family settles in.

At Windsor, for instance, there is Princess Anne's own doll's house, a perfect miniature 30in. high and 6ft. long, in ultra-modern style. There is electric light in every room, running water in the kitchen, a radio that really receives programmes, and even a roof garden with a beautiful lily pond and a real fountain.

At Sandringham, the attention of Anne — and her indispensable friends — is invariably turned to the miniature child's caravan. The berths have real foam-rubber mattresses on which youngsters may sprawl.

Many of the cupboards are fitted with miniature clothes-hangers. The stainless steel sink encourages regular washing up and tidiness.

The only fake is the cooker, because it would be foolish to ask a child to play with an apparatus that could burn.

Princess Anne Elizabeth Alice Louise is eight years old and still living in the wonder world of carefree childhood. So it's "many happy returns," for the most important little girl in the world . . . the only little girl who can play a game of football and have the Queen of England taking part as goalkeeper.

DEBBIE GOES FOR A VISIT — Actress Debbie Reynolds leaves her home with her daughter, Carrie, to visit friends, marking the first time she has met newsmen since the talk concerning her husband, Eddie Fisher, and Elizabeth Taylor, started. Fisher, who was in their Hollywood home, did not accompany his wife.

YEAR'S SUPPLY — Mark Littlefield, 5, has a year's work cut out for him. His quota of the nation's hot dog output — 62 of the succulent wieners, according to meat industry spokesmen.

FISHER TALKS TO THE PRESS — Singer Eddie Fisher talks to reporters outside his Bel Air, Calif., home after his arrival from New York where he and actress Elizabeth Taylor were frequently seen together.

TABLE TALKS
Jane Andrews

Many women have given up making raised rolls, mainly because of the time involved. A new recipe for hot rolls, with the whole process requiring slightly less than two hours, may well encourage more women to whip up a tasty batch of these rolls after they get home from work and have them on the table in time for dinner, says Fern E. Lee, writing in The Christian Science Monitor.

* * *

Best of all, they don't taste like the "quickie" type of packaged roll mixes. Their texture is such that they have won prizes when exhibited at state fairs. The recipe follows:

Dissolve two packages of active dry yeast in a large mixing bowl with 1 cup water (110°F.).

Let stand for five minutes.

Add 2 tablespoonsful sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, and ½ cup sifted flour. Beat smooth with rotary beater. Let stand covered in a warm place for 15 minutes. Mixture will bubble up and become foamy.

Then add 1 cupful lukewarm water (90°F.), ¾ cup powdered dry milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2 cups sifted flour, ½ cup shortening (room temperature) and 2 unbeaten eggs. Beat for about 2 minutes.

Then work in about 4 cups flour. The dough should be soft.

Turn out on floured board and shape into round balls. Cover and let stand for 5 minutes.

Cut ball in half. Roll with rolling pin into oblong shape and cut into rounds Form these into balls with fingers and place in greased pan, cover, and allow to rise until double in bulk (about 35 minutes).

The other half may be made into additional rolls or formed into cinnamon or caramel rolls. Roll into oblong, spread generously with butter, sprinkle with cinnamon and brown sugar. Roll up, cut and place in greased baking pan to double in bulk.

For the caramel rolls we butter the baking pan generously, add brown sugar and nuts before putting in the rolls.

Raising period is from 30 to 40 minutes . . . baking time from 15-20 minutes in 375°F. oven.

* * *

Use either fully ripe or all-yellow bananas for this variety of quick bread. Variations of it, add prunes, nuts, and raisins.

BANANA TEA BREAD

1¾ cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
⅔ cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup mashed ripe bananas (2-3 bananas)

Sift together flour, baking powder, soda, and salt. Beat shortening until creamy in mixing bowl. Add sugar gradually and continue beating until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Add flour mixture alternately with bananas, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Turn into well-greased 8½x4½x3-in. pan. Bake at 350°F. about 70 minutes. One loaf.

* * *

VARIATIONS

Banana Apricot or Prune Bread: Add 1 cup finely cut dried apricots or prunes to flour mixture. (If fruit is very dry, soak in warm water until soft. Drain and dry well.)

Banana Nut Bread: Add ½ cup coarsely chopped nuts to flour mixture.

Banana Raisin Bread: Add 1 cup seedless raisins to flour mixture.

* * *

A quick orange loaf calls for finely chopped or ground orange peel, adding a faint orangy-bitter taste to the sweet bread.

QUICK ORANGE BREAD

¼ cup butter
2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup finely chopped or ground orange peel
⅔ cup orange juice
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup sugar

Sift dry ingredients together. Cut butter into dry ingredients until the consistency of coarse corn meal. Combine orange peel, juice, egg and sugar. Add to dry ingredients, stirring just enough to moisten. Spread evenly in a 9x5-inch loaf pan that has been greased. Bake at 325°F. for 50-60 minutes. Cool.

* * *

Nut bread is a favorite for tea sandwiches when spread lightly with cream cheese. This one is kept moist with applesauce as an ingredient.

TOASTY NUT BREAD

2 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup chopped toasted almonds
2 teaspoons shredded lemon rind
1 egg, beaten
½ cup brown sugar
1 cup applesauce
¼ teaspoon almond extract
¼ cup melted shortening

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Add almonds and lemon rind. Combine egg, brown sugar, applesauce, almond extract and shortening, mixing well. Add liquid to flour mixture, stirring only until flour is moistened. Pour into greased, paper-lined 4½x8½-inch loaf pan. Bake at 350° F. about 50 minutes. Makes one loaf.

* * *

Whole wheat flour is combined with prunes to make this surprise quick bread.

QUICK WHOLE WHEAT PRUNE BREAD

¼ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup chopped, drained, cooked prunes
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
1 cup sifted flour
1 cup whole wheat flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk
½ cup chopped nuts

Cream shortening and sugar together. Blend in egg, prunes, and grated lemon rind. Then, sift dry ingredients together. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk, stirring only enough to blend. Add nuts. Pour batter into greased 8x4-inch loaf pan. Bake about 1 hour at 350° F.

Medicine Men Make Millions

"If you take these pills the way I tell you, you can get rid of that limp. The same way with your heart. Your heart will be a lot better. Only $22.50 for a month's supply."

"I had an ulcerated stomach, arthritis, neuritis, pyorrhea, and I wore glasses. I had a 44-inch waistline and high blood pressure. I was finished (but) I knew that God wanted life in this body. So I asked God, and I got one word: 'Food'. Now I can trace everybody's unnatural condition to malnutrition."

"You eat food to make blood. You send down junk, your body will be junk. You send down vital elements that are needed and you can't even catch a cold."

Spiels like these, recorded on tape recently by the Food and Drug Administration, are the chief stock in trade of a modern version of the old American snake-oil peddler: The 50,000 door-to-door salesmen who each year are hawking an estimated $500 million worth of "wonder foods," vitamins, and minerals to more than 10 million Americans. Last month the Food and Drug Administration, along with the Better Business Bureau and the American Medical Association, opened a determined drive against these pitchmen's cruel exploitation of fear and false promises.

The drive, built around a movie, an exhibit of typical deceits, along with anti-fraud pamphlets, is aimed at reducing public gullibility rather than jailing quacks. The frustrating reasons: Manufacturers of useless nostrums are careful to guarantee nothing in their printed advertisements. Cures for everything from falling hair to cancer are claimed by salesmen only in the privacy of the home or small lecture hall. If the FDA's two dozen inspectors catch one of the pitchmen — usually a housewife or laborer working as a part-time medicine man — there are six others to take his place.

A further impediment to official action is the fact that the carefully labeled ingredients in the nostrums are, in themselves, harmless. Supplementary vitamins, dehydrated potatoes and cucumbers and onions, ground beef bones, blackstrap molasses and "natural foods" raised by organic farming can neither help nor harm the average well-nurished American.

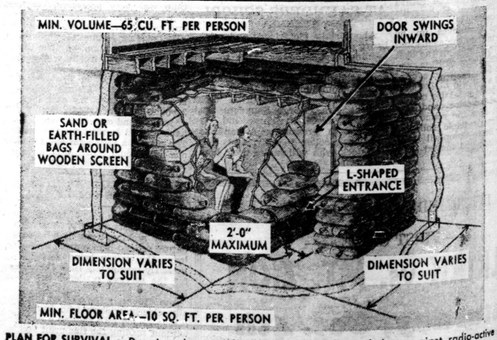
Nevertheless "the damage caused by house-to-house humbum can be great," says Dr. Louis M. Orr, president-elect of the American Medical Association. "This is particularly true when patients with diseases of the nerves, blood, liver, kidneys, heart, or digestive tract neglect proper medical treatment in the hope they can find a cure in a capsule." The damage to American pocketbooks is also immense. The nostrums cost up to a hundred times the value of their ingredients.

The task of fighting food fads and deceptions is aggravated by the fact that Americans are the most diet-conscious people in the world. As such, an AMA spokesman said recently, they are easily victimized by food myths, including (1) all diseases are caused by fautly diet; (2) all foods raised on the nation's depleted" soils are poor in vitamins and minerals, (3) the food industry kills nutrients by "processing" food, (4) aluminum pots and pans are poisoning the nation, and (5) anyone suffering from "that tired feeling" lacks a vitamin deficiency which cannot be detected but which may lead to serious ailments.

The Food and Drug Administration last week saw little hope of total victory over such hokum. "I am afraid that we can never get rid of the hard core of quacks," said Mrs. Kenneth L. Milstead, a top FDA official, said. "These people want to be food faddists — they are a certain psychological type who want to attract attention by eating peculiar things."

—From NEWSWEEK

THE GREAT SPIRIT — A workman puts the finishing touches on a 9,000-pound aluminum reproduction of sculptor Marshall Frederick's heroic "Spirit of Detroit" at an Oslo, Norway, foundry. The statue was shipped to the U.S. to be erected in Detroit's Civic Centre.



PLAN FOR SURVIVAL — Drawing above is of a low-cost temporary shelter against radio-active fallout (not blast), suitable for most home basements. The U.S. office of Defense and Civilian Mobilization recommends it as minimum protection in case of a nuclear attack. Besides sand or earth, ODCM lists other materials that might be used, such as bricks, concrete blocks, books and papers, water in containers and lumber—the thicker the better. Items which should be stored in the shelter are emergency food and water, a battery-operated radio, flashlights, bedding, first aid kit and sanitation aids. ODCM, under direction of Leo A. Hoegh, is distributing detailed bulletins describing shelters and fallout protective measures.

Rural Happenings 'Way Down East

There seem to be several things that deserve mention.

We decided to take Sunday afternoon off and get away from the place for a change, intending to drive out and see how the potato fields looked, and when we got home there were seven notes in the back door starting, "Don't you ever stay home ?"

Another thing that happened proves that time is a purely relative thing. I hadn't seen Phil Craig since 1924, when he and I were expert shovelers in the Freeport Gravel Pit. We got $18 a week for filling blue tipcarts with gravel, and Road Commissioner E. H. T. Malm was building about 75 miles of road for around a thousand dollars. The E. stood they said, for Emil, and maybe the H. T. stood for happy times, because they were.

Phil and I would shovel like mad until the gravel began dripping off the top of the load and the teamsters would haul out. Then we'd sit on our shovel blades and rest while another team backed in. This was good exercise and we slept and ate well. We'd discuss local politics and dances at Sylvester's Pavilion and the weather, and thus put in a fine summer. I hadn't seen him since.

But I parked the automobile the other day in a duly accredited spot, and as I stepped out there was Phil Craig going by, looking not greatly unlike the same companion of the pit. He lifted his head as he passed and without hesitation said:

"Hello, John!"

"Hello, Phil," I replied.

Then he continued to walk on into the next 34 years, no doubt feeling he had said about all there was to say, and so he had.

That same trip, somebody was telling about the time Whisp'irin' Stetson had a telephone put in. Whisp'irin' was a victim of that down-East sense of the ridiculous which also leads to baldheaded men being called Curly, and things like that. His normal speaking voice was a blatant blast that outdid Stentor, the bulls of Bashan, and the bass section of a combined intercollegiate glee club. When he said howdo to some passing lady, it would set her right back about three paces. You could hear him all over town.

So somebody saw the telephone man up on a ladder at Whisp'irin's house and said, "What do you need a 'phone for —all you gotta do is open a window and talk!"

Whisp'irin' said, "Yeah, but sometimes I like an answer."

We had another fellow, speaking of Whisp'irin', who was mild and moderate and never could be heard unless you whated him, and they always called him "Howlin'." Howlin' Gunderson.

One thing puts you in mind of another, so somebody asked whatever became of Sim Greem. Sim was an in-and-outer, moving around the villages doing odd jobs, and once in a while putting on a little show he had. His specialty was fire-eating. During his act he always smeared gasoline on his face and shaved with a blowtorch. This was most spectacular. On one occasion he had one side all shaved and was about to do the other when Minnielbrook Hall caught fire. This was the social site at Porter's Landing which Sim had engaged for three dollars for a one-night performance.

They put out Sim and the fire in that order, and nobody has seen him since.

Sim always talked with a rich flow of multilegged words, and that brought to mind Sassafras-Joe Minto, who was our best discourser. He was supposed to have swallowed the unabridged as a boy. Joe was of uncertain origin (which was not unusual in that era of Maine seafarers who touched all the front verandahs of the distant world) and had a little salt-water farm on which he raised various things. He'd come one day with shucked clams or spike mackerel, and the next time he might have cucumbers or blueberries. And his flair for articulation made it a treat to stand and haggle.

Ray Dyer was one of his regular customers for eggs, and one day Ray lit into him for bringing such small ones. It was pullet time and Joe was working off his peewees. After Ray had exhausted his contumely, Joe took a deep breath and said:

"I would respectfully request you to comprehend, Mr. Dyer, that these ovoid integers of poultry production are transported to you in the identical measurements originally projected by the manufacturing specialists in my employ!"

Ray swayed a little, and said, "What?"

Joe said, "I say, this is how the hens lay 'em!"

I also heard about Marshy Pillsbury, who cranked up his old Model T the other morning and started to town. He came off the little dirt road out past his place, onto the hard-top, and got there just as a motorcade by an antique-car club was going by on its way to an outing.

Marshy drove right into line, and when he got to the village there was a special motor-policeman there to convoy the antique cars, and he waved Marshy right along with the rest of them. Every time Marshy tried to turn off the policeman motioned him back into line, so Marshy kept on going and went away over to Small Point where they had an exhibition, and Marshy won third prize.

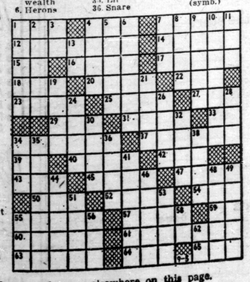
This is the first time he ever won anything, except for dry beans at Topsham Fair, and he was pleased, although when he got home his sister asked him some lively questions about where he'd been. Marshy's is a 1911 Model T; he bought it new at that time; and he didn't know about antique cars. And so on.—By John Gould in The Christian Science Monitor.

BONING UP — A girl who obviously has a bone to pick with someone is Maureen Smith, pictured as she waits in line for a bus in London, England. The skeleton, an amateur theatrical prop, probably proved invaluable in getting her a seat.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1 Commotion
4 Ibsen character
7 Utopian
12 Such sweet sorrow
14 Concise
15 Article
16 Smell
17 Thin cut
18 Old Irish coin
20 Instigate
22 Household god
23 Swiss hero
25 Short way
27 Yellow ocher
29 Ventilate
31 Girl's name
33 College degree (abb.)
34 Curonean song bird
37 Lay at ease
39 King of Bashan
40 Venture
42 Taro paste
43 Also
45 Contents of an atlas
47 Formerly
48 Choler
49 Long stick
54 Beverage
55 Back of a boat
57 Comerfield's wife
59 At home
60 Annoy
61 Incident
62 Appended
63 Bishop's jurisdiction
64 Meshed fabric

DOWN
1 To pieces
2 Mother of Perseus
3 Word of choice
4 Opera
5 Vulgar admirers of wealth
6 Herons
7 Pronoun
8 Dingle
9 Silkworms
10 Attribute
11 Shelter
12 For
19 Scheme
21 Duck
24 Famous singer
26 Support
28 Youth
30 Paper measure
32 Lilylike plant
34 African worm
35 Lit
36 Snare
38 Italian coin
41 Poems
44 Anxious fear
46 Incline
48 Avalanche
49 Dogma
51 Scotch Highlanders' language
53 County in Ohio
55 As written (mus.)
56 Man's nickname
58 Arsenic
62 About (symb.)



Answer elsewhere on this page.

GREW OLD TOGETHER — A couple of old-timers get together. Hattie Higgins, 75, holds a 100-year-old wheat cradle. The crude but graceful implement was common on farms a century ago, before wheat was harvested by combines.

THE FARM FRONT
by John Russell

Approximately a million dollars is being spent this year on poultry research in Georgia, the U.S. nation's No. 1 broiler-fryer state, to produce improved and tastier poultry in a minimum of time and at the lowest possible cost.

The big 1958 investment in research, with emphasis on breeding and feeding, comes atop ever-increasing sums which have been spent for the same purpose in recent years. And poultry experts cite that such research is constantly producing worthwhile results.

* * *

As an example, 15 years ago 16 weeks and 15 pounds of feed were needed to produce a three-pound broiler. Presently in Georgia three-pound broilers are turned out in eight or nine weeks on about seven and one-half pounds of feed. Some producers achieve better than that average.

* * *

Dr. C. K. Laurent, formerly head of the poultry department of the Georgia College of Agriculture at the University of Georgia, where much of the poultry research in Georgia is conducted, forecasts that within the next five years a scant six weeks and only six pounds of feed will be needed to produce a three-pound broiler.

* * *

Charles Vantress, who conducts a tremendous independent broiler breeding research program at the Chas. Vantress Farms, Inc., sees it a little differently. He believes a three-pound chicken will be produced soon in seven weeks on about 1.75 pounds of feed per pound of meat—a total of 5.25 pounds of feed for the three-pound bird.

* * *

What this should mean to the housewife is easy to see—better poultry at lower cost. Georgia poultry experts claim that chicken has long been the best buy in meat available, and they forecast that the day lies ahead when per capita consumption of poultry will exceed that of pork, which is currently 60 pounds or more per year.

An estimated 25,000 persons are currently employed in the various segments of the Georgia poultry industry which now benefits more farmers and their families than any other single commodity in the state.

* * *

Funds to carry out poultry research in Georgia are provided by feed manufacturers and dealers, manufacturers of feed supplements and supplies, and independent breeders, supplemented by some state and federal government funds for university research.

* * *

In his huge operation, with headquarters in Duluth, Ga., Charles Vantress and his scores of researchers and aids have developed a new variety of broiler, known as the Vantress Dominant White Male Line, especially for crossbreeding for meat, and, incredible as it may seem, his males will sire more than 1,500,000,000 "Vantress Cross" chicks in the next 12 months.

Males for crossbreeding stock are shipped all over the United States and Canada and South America. They travel in the farms' own trucks, by parcel post, railway express, and air express In addition to the 400-acre pedigree breeding farm at Duluth, Mr. Vantress also has a 3,000-acre mountain farm at Jasper, Ga., and distributing plants in the Northeast, Midwest and on the West Coast.

* * *

Mr. Vantress himself is still a relatively young man and began his pedigree testing program in Live Oak, California, in 1939. A little over three years ago he moved his operations to Georgia because he felt that this section offered the opportunity of doing the best breeding job possible and also because Atlanta is the hub of the broiler belt.

At Duluth, a continuous pedigree pure line testing program and pedigree cross-testing program are being carried out, and results have been heartening. Vantress entries won both of the National Chicken-of-Tomorrow contests and have taken numerous other honors. The farms specialize 100 per cent on male-line breeding.

* * *

As a result of the breeding program, coupled with the perfection of better feeds and improved feeding practices, the Vantress farms are now producing birds with better conformation, a larger ratio of meat to the bone frame, a better eviscerated yield, and a faster rate of growth on less feed.

The Mighty Voice Of Big Ben

When Big Ben struck three o'clock in the afternoon, we all jumped—and my ears rang for some moments afterwards. You see, I was standing within six feet of that monstrous bell in the tower high over the House of Commons.

With a special party of watch and clockmakers, I had plodded up the spiral staircase of 290 steps from the Parliament Square ground level to the clock room, where the mechanism that runs perhaps the most famous clock in the world is housed.

We were there at a quarter to three, when the eight quarter bells chimed the quarter hour, right on the dot. The actual chiming was far above us, but we could see what made it go. Pulleys pulled, wheels spun Fans whirred around. Rocker arms went up and down. There was an impressive noise quite apart from the bell.

We already had traversed the narrow passage behind the clock's four faces. Each dial is nearly 24 feet in diameter. The numbers on the face are each two feet long. The minute spaces are a foot square. The hour hands are nine feet long, and the minute hands 14 feet long.

After mounting another 44 steps, we entered the belfry chamber and were in the presence of Big Ben itself. I mean herself. Or maybe himself. That requires some explaining. Big Ben is the big bell, not the clock. And big **bells**, it seems, like ships, always are referred to as "she" in the bell-world. This she-bell, however, has always been known by a masculine nickname, writes Henry S. Hayward in The Christian Science Monitor.

Some wanted to call her "Victoria." Others advocated "St. Stephen." One of the latter was Commissioner of Works Sir Benjamin Hall, a large man himself, who in 1857 made an ardent speech in the Commons about the new clock Cried a member: "Why not call it 'Big Ben' and have done with it?" And that was how the name came about. She's a him.

But to get back to the big bell that makes one of the most famous sounds in the world. Big Ben is about 14 tons. The first version was cast at Stockton-on-Tees, and the ship that carried it to London nearly foundered in a storm. This bell didn't "speak" properly, and the experts of the day kept testing it with heavier and heavier clappers until the bell broke.

It was recast; to the surprise of many it hit the intended note of "E" and was hauled back to Parliament by 16 white horses. Again, they hit it too hard; again it cracked. But they turned it an eighth and patched it up—and that bell still is performing today.

The quarter bells are set to the following lines:

"All through this hour,
Lord, be my guide,
And by Thy power,
No foot shall slide."

Big Ben then booms to underscore the message.

Only a handful of times in more than 100 years has Big Ben stopped. Once driving snow halted the hands. But the first part of the clock mechanism to be renewed since 1859, a new pendulum spring, was not required until 1944.

During World War II Big Ben had a close call. On May 10, 1941, the chamber of the House of Commons below was destroyed by bombing. The clock's south dial was smashed and the belfry damaged. But throughout the bombing of London Big Ben's voice broadcast as usual its message of hope and inspiration to the British at home and abroad. It told the world this capital was calmly carrying on.

From the outset, accuracy has been demanded of Big Ben The original specification called for the first stroke of each hour to be correct to within one second —and for the clock to telegraph its correct time twice a day to Greenwich Observatory.

They said it couldn't be done, that no clock so big could be so accurate. But after 10 years, a clock mechanism capable of meeting the specifications had been produced.

The clock formerly was hand wound, a formidable task which took strong men many a weary hour. Now it is done by an electric motor. Large copper British pennies rest on the pendulum in careful piles to give it just the right weight for split-second accuracy. Amateurs, such as I, give a lot of credit to these pennies, which we understand, but we looked blank when it was explained that "power is conveyed to the pendulum via double three-legged gravity escapement."

Big Ben, they say, has never been more than four seconds off. For weeks at a time it has run to within one-tenth of a second per day of true time.

Big Ben is not meant to be heard close to. However, when standing in the tower you hear that mighty voice bong once or thrice, something of the majesty and history of this country sweeps over you with the sound.

But, take it from me, 12 would be too much.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Introducing the Gospel
Luke 1:1-4; 3:1-6.

Memory Selection: When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his son. Galatians 4:4.

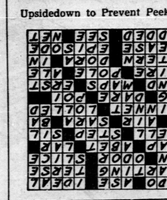
For this quarter we begin a study of the life of Christ based on the three Synoptic Gospels with a strong emphasis on the Gospel of Mark. These record chiefly the events of Christ's Galilean ministry with Luke including an account of His ministry in Perea. John records principally Christ's deeds and sayings in Jerusalem and Judea. All four give a detailed account of the last week and especially of the last twenty-four hours of Christ's life.

The writer of the lesson for today was Luke, "the beloved physician" who joined Paul at Troas on his second missionary journey. There in the account in Acts he begins to use the personal pronoun "we." He went with Paul to Jerusalem at the close of Paul's third missionary journey and evidently stayed in Palestine during the two years which Paul spent as a prisoner in Caesarea. During that two years he had abundant opportunity to talk with apostles and gather data of his Gospel also the Book of Acts.

During that two years Luke very likely had opportunity to meet Mary the mother of Jesus. One present-day scholar has remarked, "Luke's exclusive narratives concerning the birth of John the Baptist and of Jesus are such as would interest a physician, to whom such personal disclosures would be confided." Some critics say they do not believe the story of the Virgin Birth because neither Jesus nor Paul mention it. They uncover their own evil heart of unbelief when they reject the accounts by Matthew and Luke. These are in full record with God's statement that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head; with the prophecies of Isaiah concerning the birth of Immanuel; Paul's teaching of the incarnation and Jesus' references to His own unique relation with the Father. The man who rejects the account of the Virgin Birth rejects much more of the Scriptures. Let us approach the study of the life of Jesus knowing that He is indeed the Son of God.

If all the sack dresses in the world were laid end to end they would reach half way across the ocean—and lots of men think this would be a good idea.

Upsidedown to Prevent Peeking



WAR AND PEACE — A Chinese Nationalist antiaircraft battery in the background spoils the illusion of pastoral peace given by the toiling farmers in the foreground. The incongruous grouping was seen near Taiwan, capital of Formosa.